

With all the gravity he could possibly command the young man began:

"She says she will have me."  
"What do you mean?" thundered the old bachelor; "who says she'll have you?"  
"Nobody but Rose."  
"Rose Addison?"

"To be sure. I thought there was no chance of my getting anybody else, and as you advised me to offer myself to her—"

I forbear to repeat the expression of amazement and consternation that escaped the old gentleman's lips. I cannot describe the awful look he gave his nephew.

"But you have not been such a fool!" he exclaimed, a moment after.

"I have followed your advice—"  
"My advice! You are a blockhead! I didn't mean it! You shall never marry her!"

"O, uncle! why did I misunderstand you?" said Frederick, with a pitiful look. "It will break poor Rose's heart, for she confessed she loves me, and now that she expects to become my wife—"

The old bachelor was softened. He seemed to remember that Rose was a worthy girl, although poor. Then, when Frederick excused himself for misunderstanding his uncle, by praising Rose's character, and declaring that he thought her every way his equal, except that she had no such kind uncle as Uncle Philip the old gentleman's anger evaporated, and his determination to marry Frederick more advantageously gave way altogether. In short, he was so taken with the lover's eloquent description of Rose's virtues and charms, that he slapped his shoulder, and calling him a "lucky dog after all," gave his consent to the marriage he desired.

Frederick flew to Rose with the joyful news. I need not describe the scene that followed, nor need I dwell upon the happiness which crowned the wedding day.

Our hero waited until the honey-moon was over, when, relying upon the strong attachment which his uncle had conceived for the amiable and charming Rose, he good-humoredly confessed the "witchcraft he had used" in bringing about the three refusals, at which the old gentleman had been so mortified and enraged. The latter pretended a little displeasure; but he was inwardly so delighted with the amusing narrative, that he never mentioned the subject afterwards, except to laugh at it heartily, and extol his nephew's shrewdness and humor, which he had mistaken for awkwardness and ignorance of the world.

The old gentleman has now attained to the dignity of two hundred and twenty pounds, and so far from complaining of "falling away" on account of the vexations and misery of bachelor life, he declares that he was never so happy as at present, with Fred, to take care of his estates, and Rose to oversee the comforts of his household, and a little Fred and a little Rose—beautiful children—to dandle upon his knees and amuse with wonderful stories, in which he himself takes infinite delight.

The Prussians are wonderfully well informed of every thing that goes on, even to the smallest details, in the country they are invading. Some days ago a regiment of Uhlans entered a village through which the French army had passed four-and-twenty hours before. The French, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had with great difficulty obtained three thousand rations from the country people. The Prussians required twenty-five thousand; they were told that it was impossible to comply with this demand, and that by completely despoiling the inhabitants it would be impossible to collect more than one-quarter of what was claimed. The commandant pulled some notes out of his pocket and looked through them. "Where is Schultz?" he asked. "Here I am, commandant," replied an honest fellow, reddening with pride at finding himself known to so powerful a person. "You have three cows, a hundred hens. I know where you have hidden your oats; you withdrew your flour yesterday. Be so good as to fetch all that, and be quick about it." Thus the commandant called all the inhabitants one after the other, and proved to them that he was as well acquainted as themselves with their resources. It is needless to add that the twenty-five thousand rations were made up in an hour's time. The Prussians act in this manner everywhere, thanks to the skill and number of their spies; and this explains how such great numbers always seem well provided with food.

### Chinese Justice.

IN China, lawyers are unknown, and no one is permitted to appear for a prisoner except by favor of a magistrate. Each official is therefore the exponent of the code as he reads it and precedents are seldom regarded. Some of the magistrates are brutal ignorant knaves, while a minority are able, clever men who would not disgrace a civilized bench. The administration, even of the written law is therefore very uncertain, while justice in many cases is a mere matter of chance.

Among the better class of mandarins the writer enjoyed the acquaintance of one whose reputation for both just dealing and mother wit stood very high. He resided in the Peichih-li province, and was much esteemed in the neighborhood. Upon a certain occasion two men one of whom sold tea-oil and the other rice, came before him to decide a dispute regarding the proprietorship of a measure made of basket work. It should be mentioned the Chinese produce wicker ware is of so close a texture that it will almost contain water without leaking, and easily carries any viscid substance such as oil or molasses. Well, the oilman's story was that he had lent this basket-work measure which he had used only a few times to the rice man a few weeks before, but that he now refused to return it. The rice man, on the other hand, declared that he had never borrowed the measure at all—he had purchased it new some months previously, and it was never used for anything but rice. An examination of the measure simply showed that it was coated with rice dust. The magistrate asked if they had any witnesses, and each brought a shopman who confirmed his own master's story. It was a case of "big lie, somewhere, without doubt."

After hearing both sides the magistrate thought awhile and said: "Well as the evidence on both sides is equal, the only thing I can do is ask the measure itself who it belongs to. Put it on the floor in front of me." All the people in the court laughed and were extremely tickled when he said, "Measure! whom do you belong to?"

Of course the measure did not reply, so the question was repeated, the magistrate adding, "If you don't answer I will give you the bamboo!"

Silence being still preserved, he gave a sign to the executioner who turned his mouth downwards, and administered twenty-five vigorous blows. The people grinned more than ever at this, and laughed loudly when he repeated the twenty-five blows, bidding the executioner "lay it on well for its impertinence." When this had been done the magistrate said, "Well, there is no getting anything out of it, take it away!" and, getting up from his seat, walked over to where the measure had been placed, stooped down and examined the ground, and then returned to his chair.

Addressing the parties, he said: "I pronounce that the measure belongs to the oil man and that the rice man is no better than a thief. Give the oilman his measure, and give the other man fifty blows with the bamboo—well laid on." The sentence was immediately carried out to the great inconvenience of the rogue, and it was perfectly just. It appears that tea-oil carried in a basket-work vessel deposits a very fine seed in the interstices, and when dry and the article is violently beaten they of course fall out. Some of these seeds were in the rice dust which fell from the measure under the bamboosing it received, so that of course the story that it had never been used for tea-oil was a falsehood.

The penalties of giving a wrong decision places Chinese magistrates at times in queer positions, as if it can be shown that they have decided contrary to evidence, they are liable to the same flogging which they dispense with so liberal a hand to those beneath them. Not only is the sentencing magistrate himself thus liable, but the superior judge who confirms a wrongful sentence or appeal, is equally so.

The means used to secure prisoners before trial are generally barbarous and revolting to everyone with any feeling of humanity. If a supposed piratical junk be captured the unhappy crew are lashed together in couples, the wrists and elbows being tightly secured with leathern cords behind the back, while the ankles, similarly secured, are drawn up to the wrists as far as they will come. In this position the prisoner is absolutely helpless for any purpose whatever, and the difficulty of movement is increased by his being tied to a companion. When, as is sometimes the case, a nest of thieves is hunted down and the soldiers capturing them are too few to act as efficient guards,

they will actually nail their prisoners down to the cart in which they convey them by the hands. Of course, in these cases, the innocent suffer with the guilty, and great is the torture which these unfortunates undergo. As for the torture "legally" inflicted on prisoners, and on witnesses, a long essay would be necessary to detail them at length. It is in cases of this nature that the terrible distinction between Chinese "law" and Chinese "justice" becomes apparent.

There are, of course, many Chinese officials who possess some feelings of humanity, and discountenance a resort to torture as much as possible. Even with them the stick or bamboo is in constant requisition, and nobody loses in dignity because he happens to meet with the "misfortune of a flogging." The bamboo is in fact the mainspring of Chinese administration, and there is no conceivable (or inconceivable) offense which is not duly "ticketed," so to speak, with so many blows. Singularly enough, responsibility in official matters decreases according to the rank of the offender the lowest grade clerks in an office where a mistake occurs receiving the heaviest punishment. If, for instance, a seal is affixed to a state document in the wrong place, or upside down, the "keeper" of the seal is heavily visited, while the mandarin who may actually have affixed the seal gets off with a lighter penalty. Should any military operation be delayed, or fail, owing to a question of the authenticity of the orders from such a cause, the clerk who wrote the document was put to death.

### A Tale of Horror.

Last week's *Saginaw* (Michigan) *Republic* says:

It has been known for some time that a dirty, wretched old man lived outside of the city, a mile or so, in a filthy little cabin, entirely alone, and that he was a hermit. No one ever went near him, for it was said he was a seaman.

His only companion was a skeleton-looking dog. He came into the city sometimes to beg, and would piteously implore for money, stating that he was starving. Sometimes he would gather rags and scraps of paper and sell them. Everyone supposed him to be wretchedly poor. He had an evil look, and mothers would remove their children when they saw him coming. One day last week, however, a child, a son of Mr. Abraham Skinner, went out alone to fish in the stream, and happened to wander on until, before he knew it, he came to the hovel of the old man. At first he was frightened, but seeing no one around he plucked up courage and went nearer. Everything was silent. He went and peeped through a crack in the side of the hut.

He almost screamed at what he saw, for he beheld the old man bending over a bag of money that he was counting. There were other bags beside him containing large quantities of money. Mr. Skinner's son was so terrified that when he attempted to move he stumbled. Like lightning the old man ran out and seized him. "Ha!" he screamed, "I've caught you, have I? You saw me, did you? Well—now you'll pay for it." And before Mr. Skinner's son could say a word the old monster, with an awful laugh, drew out a knife, and (oh, horror!) cut the child's tongue out. Then he chopped off his fingers. "Now," he said—"now you can go, for you can't tell." The poor boy ran off overcome with agony, and ran to his father's house only to fill them with consternation. What was the matter with their child? He could not speak to tell them! He could not write, for his fingers were cut.

Still the poor boy, after efforts of the most horrible pain, managed to fix a pencil between his bloody stumps of fingers, and wrote the awful tale! A party was immediately organized, and hastened to the miser's den. He was at the door as they approached and fired a revolver six times at them, wounding two of the party seriously. Mr. Skinner returned the fire, and the aged villain fell, with a piercing yell, mortally wounded. "My money! My money!" he moaned, "my beautiful money," and he crawled to his bags of gold and sank upon them—a corpse! Over \$10,000 was discovered, which was presented to the Poorhouse and other charitable institutions. The event will never be forgotten by our citizens. The child is slowly recovering. The miser was buried the day after, and the hut was torn down.

Connecticut has nine pin-factories. One of these concerns make 7,000,000 pins a day, or 2,191,000,000 per year.

### An Ingenious Safe.

A London correspondent says:—A stranger in Threadneedle street, standing in the narrow thoroughfare, shortly before ten o'clock in the morning, would have his curiosity aroused by the number of well-dressed men whom he would see entering a silversmith's shop, and in a few minutes reappearing with small Japan boxes under their arms. If by further chance it so happened he was at the same spot between five and six o'clock in the evening, he would probably observe the same young men return to deposit the same Japan boxes on the counter of the same shop. The explanation is simple. The boxes which contain the unbanked securities and cash of merchants and brokers, are locked up for the night in the silversmith's strong room, built in an excavation of sand rock far below the surface of the street and upon which falls when closed up for the night a considerable flow of water; the merchants pay a rent for the use of this secure depository; and acting no doubt upon this idea, a Mr. Streeter, an extensive jeweler, intends to give the wealthy possessors of costly jewels the opportunity of using his "Chatwood Safe," with its hydro-pneumatic envelope and patent water level gauge. This safe stands on the floor of his shop, and is open to daylight. It rests upon a foundation of many details, and of sufficient solidity to sustain more than ten times sixty tons—the weight of the safe itself—which is incased in concrete, embedded in which is a water-chamber, connected with an apparatus and air tubes, to give timely warning of sinister assaults. Besides this security the safe is burglar-proof, engineer proof, gunpowder proof, chemical proof, miner proof, and expert or dexterity proof. It can't be fused, melted, wedged, or bored, nor can the lock of the door, which weighs six tons, be picked or tampered with by the most skilled manipulator, without bringing down on himself a detector.—The key consists of four parts, each in the possession of different persons, so that danger is averted in that direction; while, supposing the whole key to be lost the wards of the lock admitted of no fewer than two thousand variations, and a new key could be made that would render the old one perfectly useless. Granting, however, the possibility of a successful breaking in the safe, it would require sixty hours to accomplish the feat; and, as before stated, the first blow, may the merest scratch of the operator would at once be shown by the index of a patent water gauge level. The inventor is relieved of a good deal of anxiety in the protection the safe affords for his own valuable stock, and already many wealthy clients have secured space in it for the safe-keeping of their jewels and title-deeds.

### Wanted to But Couldn't.

In an interior town in old Connecticut lives an odd character named Ben. Hayden. Ben has some good points; but he will run his face when and where he can, and never pay. In the same town lives Mr. Jacob Bond, who keeps the store at the corners. Ben had a score there, but to get his pay was more than Mr. B. was equal to. One day Ben made his appearance with a bag and a wheelbarrow.

"Mr. Bond, I want to buy two bushels of corn, and I want to pay you the cash for it."

"Very well," says B. And so they go up stairs, and B. puts up the corn and Ben takes it down, while Mr. B. stops to close up his windows. When he got down he saw old Ben some ways from the door making way for home.

"Hallo, Ben! You said you wanted to pay cash for that corn."

Old Ben sat down on one handle of his barrow, and cackling his head on one side said: "That's all true, Mr. Bond, I do want to pay you the cash for the corn, but I can't."

On Tuesday of last week, says the *Titusville Herald*, a wild cat entered the house of Elliott Walters, who resides at Wilson's Mill, on Toby creek, in Knox township, about seven miles north of Clarion, and took a young child from the cradle, and was about to commence devouring it when it was frightened away. The parents had gone out to gather in potatoes from a lot and left the babe wrapped up, sleeping in its cradle. A little girl was sent in after they had been absent a short time to see about the child, and when she opened the door, was horrified to see a large wild cat with the infant behind the stove. The little thing was crying piteously, and in a short time would have been killed and devoured by the savage beast. On the alarm being given the wild cat escaped through the window, but has since been seen in that neighborhood.

### The Story of a Faithful Horse.

MANY years ago there lived on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsylvania, an old Quaker gentleman, who possessed an old faithful servant. This servant was a horse, and his name was Charley. Now Charley had trotted before the family chaise for many a long year, to the village post office, to the Sabbath day meeting, and upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley was ever ready to be "hitched up." Not one trick had he shown, nor had he once proved unfaithful, and grandfather always rode him upon such errands of business as he might have about the farm. The river divided the farm and it was at times necessary to visit the lot on the other side; there was a bridge a mile and a half from the house, but there was a good ford just down by the bank which was always used when the water was not too high. One day in the spring time grandfather had to go over the river, but the freshet had come, the banks were overflowed and the ice in great cakes and fields was coming down with a rush, so he mounted old Charley and set off by way of the bridge. Arriving safely on the other side, he spent some time in the business which had brought him over, and it was nearly sundown when he got ready to go home. He looked up toward the bridge, said it was a long three miles around and that he believed he would try the ford. "Old Charley can swim," he said as he rode down to the bank of the stream "and it is but a short way over." Charley looked reluctant, but after considerable urging he entered the stream. In a moment he was striking out bravely for the opposite shore, but in another moment a great cake of ice came pounding along, overwhelming both man and horse. They both rose, but grandfather had lost his seat, but as he was swept along by the powerful current, he caught the drooping branch of a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe from immediate danger. The riderless horse pursued his journey towards the house, and soon reached the shore. Here, appearing to miss his familiar friend, he looked around, and as it seems discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree; immediately and without hesitation, turned around and swam boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch he stopped and permitted his grandfather to get on his back, and then, although quite exhausted, he started at once for home. The whole scene had been witnessed by the whole family, and they got ready with boats and went to meet the nearly famished horse; he was caught by the bridle, when near the shore, and the old gentleman relieved from his perilous position.

### A Talking Machine.

A German named Faber has invented a talking machine which is now on exhibition in London. A writer says of it that he listened to its strangely distinct utterances of various words and phrases in English, French and German, comprising many characteristic elements in the pronunciation of each language. It also spoke Italian. An examination of the mechanism after the removal of the face or mask displays working lips behind the slant lips, a very flexible tongue, and altogether a queer mouth of wood and India rubber, surrounded by rods and tubes which in the sounding of some syllables—*pa, ma, si*—show pretty clearly a movement resembling that of the natural organs. The voice is controlled by two sets of keys, and the breath supplied by a pedal-worked pair of bellows. Some of the keys serve only to alter the pitch of the voice; the others, fourteen in number, are used singly or in various combinations for the several vowels and consonants; thus B D can be converted by one auxiliary key into P and T. The French nasal vowels require a peculiar apparatus for which the mask is always replaced. The machine is a very curious one, but will prove impracticable. The world is already full enough of "talking machines," and those we have are little profit. Their disadvantage is they do not get out of order as readily as the manufactured article.

A young man, who was suspected of murder was tried and acquitted at Fremont, Iowa, the other day. Before the trial it was as much as the officers could do to prevent the people from lynching him; but after the speech of the counsel there was an entire change of feeling. The cries of execration gave place to deafening cheers, in the course of which the liberated man was carried off in triumph by the very men who had threatened to murder him two hours previously.