

## THE FUTURE LIFE.

By WILLIAM CELLEN BRYANT.

How shall I know thee, in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of these that time could wither  
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of transient pain,  
If thence I meet thy gentle presence,  
Nor hear the voice of love, nor read again  
In thy serene eyes the truth I thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me  
Thence?  
That heart, whose fondest throbs to me were  
Given,  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
And wilt thou never utter it in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing  
And, in the presence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfeeling  
And will you forget the love that joined us  
Here?

That love that lived through all the stormy  
And deathly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deep grew, and tender to the last,  
And shall it expire with life and no more?

A happler lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And loved all, and rendered good for ill.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Will thou not keep the same beloved light,  
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle  
Love, in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the  
Same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—  
The wisdom which is love—ill I become,  
My faithful companion in that land of bliss?

## THE GAME FOR LIFE.

An Adventure in the Far West.

It was a terrible stormy night; dark as pitch, and blowing a hurricane. My overcoat was wet through, and my jack-boots completely filled with water. The lightning kept up one constant succession of vivid flashes, and the deep thunder rolled in every direction. Under the most favorable circumstances such a night would not be considered pleasant; but when you are alone in a country you don't know, have lost your way, and can't see a foot beyond your horse's nose, I don't think any one can imagine anything more unpleasant. This, however, was my case. I was in the far West, on a "beaver" business, and had been at my post for some days. At one point before business had called me there, and for certain reasons I had had to travel toward the backwoods, taking with me a considerable sum of money, which it was of the utmost importance I should deliver safely at its destination.

As I was about to perform my mission, I had foolishly passed the place where I ought to have rested for the night, fondly hoping to reach another station before the close of evening; but the storm coming on, I lost my way, and there I was, stumbling about over stumps of trees, my horse knee-deep in the mud, and I without the slightest idea which way to turn.

Down came the rain in torrents, beating the muddy earth as if it wished to wash it clean. I was wet through to the skin, and my horse at every step seemed sinking deeper and deeper into the mud, till at last he refused to move a step further. In vain I plunged my spurs into his sides, and used my whip, not another foot would he move, but stood with trembling flanks and extended nostrils, the picture of agonized fear; so I was forced to dismount and lead him. But you may judge my surprise when I reached his head to find that he was nearly touching a wall. I stretched forth my hand, and, to my delight, found it was a log-hut.

"Here is shelter, at all events," said I to myself, "though I scarcely deserve it for my foolhardiness in riding past the station. Well, I suppose I shall have to go supperless to sleep, and heaven knows that is not enough in my present condition."

Drawing the bridle over my arm, I led my horse round the building, feeling carefully so as not to miss the doorway. I passed down one side and turned the corner, when, to my delight, I perceived a light shining through some chinks in the logs. Without pausing a moment to consider what guests might be assembled inside, I hastened to the door, and beating loudly upon it, demanded admittance. I had not long to wait, the door opened slowly, and a tall, thin man stood before me.

The fellow was roughly dressed, and wore a large broad-brimmed hat thrown carelessly on his head; a coat, much the worse for wear, hung from his shoulders, and nearly reached the ground; his figure was spare, but very powerful. With his left hand he held the door, so as to be ready to close it in an instant, and in his right a Colt's revolver—Young America's constant companion.

Having glanced at his toilet, I turned my attention to his face, and I must say, a face disagreeable and I never witnessed. It was long and thin, but very sallow, high cheek-bones, sharp, evil-looking eyes, a nose like an eagle's beak, low, receding forehead, and a huge mouth filled with horrible tusks. A long tuft of hair hung from his chin, and his upper lip and cheeks had not felt the touch of a razor for some days.

Having fixed his evil little eyes on me, and taken a good inventory of my personal appearance and effects, he pocketed his pistol, and drawled out: "Wal, what's the matter?"

"Matter!" I exclaimed, "matter enough, I should think. I have lost my way, and am wet to the skin."

"Wal, I can't help that," he replied, "drew back and shut the door."

"But I need shelter," I cried, "my good fellow, I am nearly drowned."

"You do look as if you'd been making wet goods of yourself," he drawled, opening his mouth, and showing his frightful tusks.

"Don't keep me here, my good fellow," I exclaimed, looking anxiously at the door. "I only want a feed for my horse, and shelter for myself, for both of which you shall be well paid."

"There's a barn at the end of the hut for the 'oss," said he, jerking his head in the direction. "You had better go and put him up, stranger, and then come here."

I saw there was no help for it, I led my horse to the barn, made him as comfortable as I could, and then taking my saddle-bags over my arm, entered the hut.

It was a wretched hovel, composed of rough-hewn logs, rudely put together, and plastered mud, great masses of which had fallen away, leaving the logs exposed to view, and the sharp wind whistled through the chinks in a miserable manner. The hearth was composed of stones beaten into the earth, and upon this blazed a large fire, which, although it filled the room with smoke, was, in my condition, most acceptable.

My newly made acquaintance appeared to have fallen fast asleep before the fire; so giving one look to his disagreeable countenance, I took off my coat and waistcoat, laid them out to dry, and placing the saddle-bags for a pillow, prepared to go to sleep.

"Wal, stranger," said my host, starting with a start, "I think you might be more perille, and just land over the now. I guess it isn't often we get any down in these parts, and therefore we don't lose a chance of rising any when we can."

"I must beg your pardon," I replied; "I thought you were asleep, and therefore was quiet in case I might disturb you."

"Air you hungry?" he demanded.

"As a hunter," was my emphatic reply.

"I guess you won't object to this bit of corned beef then," said he, pushing some coarse bread and salt meat toward me.

"On the contrary," I replied, "nothing could be more acceptable."

"I guess you're thirsty," he said, after watching me devour the meat.

"Sahara is nothing to me," I avowed.

"I don't know anything about your Sahara," he replied, "but I do know a girl named Polly, who does drink the water from a patent double-pressure engine is nothing to her, that it isn't; she takes in more liquid than a Mississippi steamboat, and when she's at high pressure I guess she's as dangerous."

I expressed my sorrow at Miss Polly's falling, and asked him if he had anything to drink.

"Wal, yes; here's some Bourbon whiskey; put yourself outside that, and you won't feel no soaking."

I needed no second invitation, for, in spite of the huge fire, I was shivering with cold; and as I had most important business to execute, was most anxious at any risk to keep up my strength, so as to accomplish my journey.

As I drank the whiskey my companion lapsed into silence, and I began to ponder upon the weakness of human judgment, and the unfairness of what people call "impressions" in particular.

"Here is a man," thought I, "that everybody would proclaim a scoundrel from his diabolical countenance; judging from that, you would say that he was mean, cruel, and unprincipled; yet, although I have not seen him before, he not only gives me the shelter of his roof, but also shares his supper and whiskey with me. I will never trust to appearances again."

Whilst I had been making these reflections, I again prepared for sleep; but my doing so evidently displeased my companion, for stretching out his long legs to their full length—evidently to kick mine—he gave a terrible yawn.

"Darned if you ain't the slowest cuss I've met on this side of creation," he growled. "Ain't you got no news?"

Half angry and half amused at his strange manner, he replied:

"I am extremely sorry that I have no news to give you, and unfortunately I have not the imagination of some of our New York papers, or I would invent some for your amusement."

"Now, look here, stranger, none of your impertinence. I guess you are a doctor, which accounts for your infernal rooster. That's the good of a parrot, if there isn't something new in it? S'pose there's a murder or a robbery, and it's a real one, wal, you read it and enjoy it. But s'pose it's a false one, 'bout people you know nothing about, wal, you enjoys it, and there isn't half the darned slight injury done. You laugh or cry as much ever one as the other, and you don't know the people; therefore, what can it matter to you whether it is true or false? It does just the same."

Not feeling inclined to argue with my friend over the matter, especially as I could see that he was a man who would not take contradiction quietly, I readily owned that I was wrong and he was right.

"S'pose you don't want to sleep directly, stranger?"

"Indeed I do, for I am very tired."

"I guess it's not safe to sleep in these parts, unless you can manage to keep one eye open."

"Why? Surely you are safe here?"

"I don't know that. I calculate you air a stranger in these parts?"

"But I guess you've heard of Silas Cass—he dwells hereabouts."

Silas Cass! I had indeed heard of him as one of the most desperate and depraved characters that haunted the out-lettlements of America. He was suspected—nay, it was morally certain—that he had committed more murders and robberies than any man in the world; but he had contrived to evade the law, for although suspicion was great, there was no proof, and the wretch had always escaped the punishment he so richly deserved.

As I looked at the diabolical face before me, I was convinced that my host was no other than the notorious Silas Cass. I felt a cold sweat burst on my forehead, and a terrible dizziness seized my throat. A fiend-like expression of delight spread over the wretch's face as he noticed these symptoms of

terror; his thin lips were drawn back in a devilish grin; his greenish eyes were fixed on me with the malicious gaze of a cat watching a caged bird.

Gathering all the resolution I could muster, I replied:

"I have heard of Silas Cass, but really can't believe the stories they tell about him. Some people are born unlucky, and it has been the misfortune of Cass to be placed in suspicious circumstances; but there has never been any proof of his guilt, and therefore I prefer giving him the benefit of the doubt—in fact, I think he is more sinned against than sinning."

The monster threw himself back and roared with laughter at what he thought my credulity, and pushing the whiskey-bottle toward me, ordered me to drink.

I placed the bottle to my lips, and pretended to take a hearty draught, but very little of the fiery liquid entered my mouth.

"Wal, you air a queer cuss," said the ruffian, "Now, I shouldn't be surprised if those saddle-bags of yours held a good amount of dollars."

"A few," I replied; "and there is a tale belonging to them."

"Just so," said Silas, pushing the whiskey-bottle toward me. "S'posing you take another pull."

I took hold of the bottle, and kept it glued to my lips for such a length of time that Silas's eyes seemed ready to start out of their sockets.

"Guess you're a tall drinker, stranger," he said.

"Yes," I replied, in as drunken a voice as I could assume; "that's how I came by those dollars."

"Bully for you," grinned Silas. "I've heard of many a boy drinking himself out of a fortune, but n'er one that drunk himself rich."

"Oh," sighed I, with drunken earnestness, "I once was honest."

"Once!" said he, opening his eyes.

"Yes," I replied, "I held a place in the Broadway Bank as one of the chief tellers; but I got to gaming and drinking, and lost all my money."

"Wal, that didn't make you rich?"

"No; but in a fit of desperation I emptied my till, and the dollars are there."

"Whew!" whistled Silas. "I guess you did it up pretty spry."

"You haven't any cards about you?" I asked.

"I guess I have, though," he replied; "s'posing we have a game of poker?"

My heart beat with delight as he drew a pack from his pocket, and grasping the cards, I commenced dealing them with the assumed eagerness of a regular gambler.

I saw the wretch cheat me every time. I lost and lost; still, I continued playing, only repeating my losses in a maudlin drunken way, that made my companion roar with laughter. He commenced to thoroughly enjoy himself directly he saw my misery; he lighted his pipe, and began smoking. He did not puff out the smoke as an ordinary man would have done, but opened his mouth and let the dense clouds roll round his horrible tusks and long, thin tongue. Each time he won, he seized the bottle and drank heavily of the whiskey. When the bottle was finished, he produced another from a small cupboard at the back of the hut. This soon disappeared, and was replaced by another; but the more he took the better he seemed. As he swept up my dollars he roared with delight, flinging his huge legs about in the most grotesque manner. He began chanting bits of songs, certainly not fit for respectable society. To make the scene more horrible, the storm without had become so violent that the hut shook beneath the heavy claps of thunder, and the blue lightning flashed through the cracks between the logs that composed the walls, perfectly paling the red light of our fire, and nearly blinding me.

He made me stoke my horse, my coat and waistcoat in fact, everything I possessed. I lost all, and then threw myself back as if in despair, bewailing my bad fortune and rashness in having trusted to cards. Silas seemed highly delighted with my melancholy, consoling me with the assurance that there were plenty more banks in the world, and I might regain my fortune. After hearing his taunts for some time I pretended to place my face in such a position that I could see all that Silas did without appearing to watch him.

No sooner had my first snore sounded than Silas rose from the ground, and drawing his revolver, advanced toward me.

Of all the damned fools I ever did meet, this one beats them all. He is a thief! Bah! he is a disgrace to the name. I s'pose it's no use potting him; he can't bring anything against me; he lost all his money in play. Besides, he won't care about kicking up a noise in case of the bank finding him. And yet he would be safer."

As he spoke, he leveled the pistol straight at my head. I shall never forget that terrible moment. I knew that the slightest movement would be the signal for my death, and so remained perfectly motionless; but the strange, horrid, cold calm that stole over me will never pass from my memory.

"Bah!" he said, putting up the pistol, "let him live; I've got the other one to attend to."

He turned away and left the hut, carefully closing the door behind him. I listened to his retreating footsteps, and

when they sounded distant I sprang to my feet. My first idea was flight, but a moment's consideration told me that that would be certain death. I crept to the door and peeped through the chinks in the wall. The storm still raged, and by the constant flashing of the lightning I was enabled to see for some distance. Silas was coming toward the hut, carrying a heavy burden on his shoulder. He stopped by the side of a pond about ten yards from the building, and threw down his load—it was the body of a man. Silas then took some cords from his pocket, and with them bound a huge stone to the body. When this was done he picked up the ghastly object, and with more than human strength heled it into the pond. The lightning gleamed out brightly; the pale, ghastly face seemed turning one appealing look to heaven for revenge; the cold, dull waters closed over it, and all was still again.

Struck with horror, I could scarcely move, and with difficulty regained my position by the fire before Silas returned. Quietly taking off his own coat and waistcoat, which were as bad as they could be, he threw them into one corner of the room, and then, with all the coolness imaginable, dressed himself in my garments. He again left the hut with my saddle-bags, and a few minutes afterwards I heard the ring of my horse's feet as he galloped away.

In a moment I had seized his coat, and putting it on, dashed from the hut in pursuit.

I ran until almost ready to drop. Still I pressed on; the spirit of revenge had entered my soul, and bore me up. At last I saw a horseman crossing the hill. I knew the figure but too well—it was Silas Cass.

Till morning I dodged from bush to bush, keeping as close to him as I dared. Had I had a pistol with me I fear Silas would have stood a very poor chance. At last I perceived a party of horsemen riding toward us, and in a minute I burst from my hiding-place and commenced shouting as loudly as I could.

"Stop him, stop him! he is a murderer!"

Silas looked quietly behind him, and, seeing me running, drew his revolver, presented and fired. The bullet whistled close to my head, but did no damage.

By this time my horsemen had ceased my cries and were close upon Silas, who hesitated for a moment whether to attack me or not, but seeing the party of horsemen were armed, he turned his horse's head as if to gallop across country; but the leader of the horsemen swung his rifle round, and presenting it at Silas, called upon him to stop.

"I guess this is a pretty shindy," said Silas, coolly, "all about a fellow who has lost his money at poker."

"Stop that man," I cried; "he has robbed me of my money, horse and clothes."

"Why, you damned viper," said Silas, "didn't he save me fairly at the block-hut?"

"No," I cried; "he robbed me there, and I call upon you all to help me arrest him for having committed murder. I saw him throw the body into a pond by the log-hut last night. Expecting the same fate, I wrote on an envelope these words: 'I have been robbed and murdered by Silas Cass—James Ansel. You will find it in a slit in the lining of my coat, which that man now wears, for he is Silas Cass.'"

Scarcely had the words escaped my lips when Silas again presented his pistol, and this time with better effect, for the bullet pierced my arm, but at the same time my hiding-place and I was discovered by Silas Cass—James Ansel. You will find it in a slit in the lining of my coat, which that man now wears, for he is Silas Cass."

Silas was handed over to the authorities and searched; my envelope was found upon him. The body was found in the pond as I described. My story was told and proved true, and in a few days I had the satisfaction of knowing that Silas Cass was no more.

## The Absurdity of Tight Lacing.

There would be no tight lacing if girls could be made to understand this simple fact—that men dread the fact of marrying a woman who is subject to fits of irritable temper, to bad headaches, and other ailments we need not mention, all of which everybody knows, are the direct and inevitable product of the compression of the waist. Men like to see a small waist, certainly; but there is a very great difference between the waist that is well formed and in proportion to the rest of the figure, and a waist which is obviously and artificially compressed, to the destruction of that easy and graceful carriage which is one of the chief charms of a woman's appearance. It is a common complaint, a waist is far more certain of detection than a mass of false hair or a faint dusting of violet powder. The rawest youth who enters a ball-room can pick out the women who have straightened themselves artificially; and there is no more ready handle for his harmless jokes, than the young lady who, to obtain the appearance of a dragon-fly, has been subjected herself to considerable pain, and who has been laying up for herself a pretty store of ailments which only want time to pronounce themselves, could only see the stare of scarcely-disguised contempt and understand the scornful pity which greet the result of her labor, who should have a change of fashion—and it is merely fashion. There is nothing intrinsically beautiful in an unnaturally small waist, and if it were the fashion to go into the opposite extreme, women would see beauty in padded waists. It is a great misfortune that popular taste never alters in this as it alters in other matters. Observers may notice what a regular ebullition of flow wide skirts and narrow skirts alternate; how we have the peg-top garment of men, followed by the sailor's wide-angled attire; how square-pointed boots give place to peak-toed boots, and how the peak-toes go out again for the square points. Through all changes women remain true to only one fashion. Whether her clothing is as long and lank as that of a Grecian virgin, or whether she builds around the lower

half of her figure a rotund and capacious structure of steel, she is forever faithful to the tradition of a small waist; and she will weaken her spine, she will make her hands red, she will incur headache, she will crack her voice, and she will ruin her digestion, all to procure a malformation which wise men regard with pity and fools with derision.

### Soluble Glass.

Among what are called the "lost arts" of the ancients is that of making malleable glass, to which we find numerous references in the old writings. But we have, in place of malleable glass, a more remarkable product—that is to say, water glass; in other words, soluble glass, which may be utilized in a variety of ways. It has all the constituents of ordinary glass, but combined in different proportions, soda and potash predominating. It may be a limpid fluid, a syrup, or jelly, or a paste, according to the objects sought. What renders this compound especially useful is its quality of drying and hardening by heat or exposure to the air, thereby regaining its glassy qualities, and a hardness such that one kind assumes a vitreous and conchoidal fracture, and a hardness such as to give sparks on steel, without the brittleness of flint. Its fluid form allows of its being applied as a paint or varnish for numberless purposes of use or beauty. It is employed instead of ordinary paint for covering the guns and other iron objects at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Wood, having absorbed a sufficient amount of the stuff, becomes harder and more durable, and interesting experiments have been made in railroads with prepared wooden rails instead of iron; for fence-posts, railroad sleepers, wharf piles, and endless other purposes where wood is exposed to decay, the use of wood saturated with glass is of immense advantage. It is known that silica is to be treated as an acid, and a peculiarity of alkalies is that the more potent and biting of them take acids from their weaker brethren when the three are brought together. Thus when we mix the silicate of potassa or soda with lime, the lime takes up a quantity of silica and forms a silicate of lime which is nearly or quite insoluble. Thus with sand, lime, and water glass, we get a hard, durable stone, proof against weather and atmosphere, fire and water. The mass is of course pasty when first manufactured, and may be molded and worked like so much putty. So here we have a splendid future in the fabrication of tiles, building-blocks, architectural moldings and ornaments, statues, vessels, linings of cisterns, and a thousand other matters of use and of beauty. By using an admixture of alumina or clay, we get a so-called hydraulic cement, or one which hardens under water.

### Mental Overwork.

In an article on "Physical Diseases from Mental Strain," the *American Journal of Insanity*, Dr. Richardson gives the following interesting example of the overtaxing of the faculty of memory:

I knew an instance in which a child was "blessed" with a marvelous gift of verbal memory. This being his forte," his teacher, who wished every scholar to be remarkable for something beyond ordinary scholars, played on his powers, and with wonderful effect. By constant cultivation of the one faculty, this marvelous boy could learn off fifty lines of "Paradise Lost," or any other English book, at a single reading, and could repeat his lesson on the spot, without missing a word or omitting a comma. At first the results were excellent. He was able to learn a lesson, and when this remarkable boy was sent to a university to learn a profession, he was beaten in the learning of detailed and detached facts by every fellow-student. Seeing slowly but surely where his weakness lay, this student ceased at last to call upon his remarkable talent. It was a terrible task, he accomplished it at last to a considerable degree, but never effectually. For a long time he made mistakes that were most annoying; he was unable, for instance, to cast up accurately any column of figures, he forgot dates, he ran over or under important appointments, misnamed authors in speaking of works of art or letters, and in reasoning he would mix up two or three subjects. It took him full ten long years to learn his wonderful technical art. We cannot be too careful of the mental and physical training of the young. Upon it depends a hardy and vigorous maturity.

### The Miseries of a Comic Writer.

Repeatedly being called upon, in the midst of a strange party, "to say something funny."

Having half a dozen scraps put into your head, "for some prompt."

Being expected, wherever you go, to sing a comic song.

Never being allowed to be in the least unwell, or to look serious, without a dozen people asking, "Why, what's the matter with you?"

Being the special confidant of everybody's bad jokes, and being made the favorite victim for the "capital thing" some one is sure to have "heard yesterday."

Asking for "some potatoes," or some commonplace thing, and finding the whole room roar at it incessantly for ten minutes.

Making desperate love to a pretty girl, who only laughs, and says, "La, Mr. Smith! you're always joking."

Having people labor under the notion that it is not customary for a comic writer to pay anybody, that he generally goes to bed tipsy, and that he cannot write unless he has a bottle of gin by his side.

Being saluted, as you go into a room, with "Bravo! here's Smith. Now we shall have something good."

Being introduced as "the young gentleman who does all the funny things in the 'Stunning Magazines'."

Being suspected of turning everything you see into ridicule, and putting everybody you meet into print.

Sixteen Iowa counties are trying liquor prohibition.

### Trials of a Witness.

MR. PENCHINELLO: As all people seem to come to you with their troubles and grievances, I hope you will not refuse to listen to my woes, And whether they are my woes or not I leave you to judge yourself.

At the beginning of last week I made my first appearance in the court room in the case of Valentine against Orson, in which the point in dispute was the ownership of a tract of land in Wyoming territory. I knew something in regard to the sale of these lands, and was fully prepared to testify to the extent of my knowledge in the premises; but judge of my utter surprise and horror on being obliged to go through such an ordeal as the following extracts from my examination will indicate:

The counsel for the plaintiff commenced by asking me if I was a married man, and when I had answered that I was, he said:

Is your wife a believer in the principles of the Woman's Rights party?

I could not for the life of me see what this had to do with the land in Wyoming, but I answered that I was happy to say she was not.

The examination then proceeded as follows:

Q. You are happy, then, in your matrimonial relations? A. Yes—(and remembering the oath) reasonably so.

Q. Is your wife pretty? A. (Witness remembering at once his oath and his wife's presence in court)—She is pretty pretty.

Q. What are her defects? A. (Witness remembering only his wife's presence)—I have never been able to discover them.

Q. Do you wear flannel? A. Yes, in winter.

Q. Can you testify upon your oath that you do not wear flannel in summer? A. I can.

Q. Now be careful in your answers. What do you wear in the spring and fall? A. I—I wear my common clothes.

Q. With flannel, or without flannel? A. Sometimes with, and sometimes without.

Q. No evasion; you must tell the court exactly when you wear flannel, and when you do not.

A series of questions on this subject brought out the fact that I wore flannel when the weather was cold, or cool; and did not wear it when it was mild, or warm.

Q. Have you a lightning rod on your house? A. I have.

Q. How much did it cost you to have it put up? A. It has not cost me anything yet—I owe for it.

Q. Is that all you owe for? A. No. I have other debts.

Q. Have you any money with you now? A. I have.

Q. How much? A. (Counting contents of porte-monnaie.) Sixty-two cents.

Q. Where did you get that? A. (With embarrassment.) I borrowed it.

Q. Were you present when defendant first offered his land for sale to the plaintiff? A. (Brightening up.) I was.

Q. Have you ever been vaccinated? A. I have.

Q. On which arm? A. The left.

Q. At the time of the first mention of this land to the plaintiff, were you present? A. (Witness speaking with hopeful vivacity, as if he hoped they were now coming to the merits of the case.) The plaintiff, defendant and myself.

Q. Do you use the Old Dominion coffee-pot in your house? A. (Dejectedly.) No, sir.

Q. What kind of coffee-pot do you use? A. A common tin one.

Q. Are you willing to swear it is tin? A. I am.

Q. Has your wife any sisters? A. She has two—Anne and Jane.

Q. Are they married? A. They are.

Q. Are either of them as pretty as your wife? A. (Quickly.) No, sir.

Q. Have you any children? A. Two.

Q. Have they had the measles? A. They have.

Q. Has any other person in your house had the measles? A. I have had them, and my wife has had them.

Q. How do you know your wife has had them? A. She told me so.

Q. Then you did not see her have them? A. No, sir.

Q. We want to hear your evidence here; how can you swear that she has had them when you did not see her have them? A. She told me so, and I believed her.

Q. Did she take an oath that she had them? A. No, sir.

Q. Then, sir, you are trifling with the court. Do you understand the obligations of an oath? A. I do.

Q. Beware, then, that you are not committed for perjury. Is your gas-metre ever frozen? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What do you use when the gas will not burn? A. Candles.

Q. How many to the pound? A. Nine.

Q. How do you know there are nine to the pound? They are sold as nines.

Q. Then you never weighed them yourself? A. No, sir.

Q. Council to the court: May it please your Honor, this is the second time that this witness has positively testified under this solemn oath, to important points of which he has no certain knowledge. I ask the court for protection for myself and my client.

Here a long discussion took place between the lawyers and judge, and at the end of it the case was postponed for four months. I suppose it is expected that I will then reascend the witness stand; but I have determined that when I enter a court room again I shall appear as a criminal. These fellows have much the easiest times, and they run so little risk, nowadays, that their position is far preferable to that of the unfortunate witness.

Dr. Boetger has found a "German beer bouquet," and that it consists of a solution of the essential oil of lemoniac liquid petroleum oil, and a coarse fusel oil containing spirits colored by tumeric. Petroleum and fusel oil should make a charming beverage for educated stomachs.

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Pittsburgh paper brought thirty-five dollars at auction.

A new daily journal at Fort Dodge is called *The Cardiff Giant*.

A New Orleans fortune-teller netted \$1,200 in twenty days.

A Chicago saloon bears the modest name of "Lamb's Rest."

California promises twenty million bushels of wheat next year.

Tees and furs are coming eastward across the continent in large quantities.

A nugget of gold weighing 888 ounces has been found in Berlin, South Australia.

A big squash raised in Vermont has been sold for the big price of twenty-five dollars.

Hector and Plato are among the floor managers of a negro ball to be given in Hartford.

Linen can be glazed by putting a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped white soap into a pint of starch.

Female pickpockets wear the conventional Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

A thirty-two months' girl thus accosted her father a day or two ago: "Papa, will you buy me some holes to put in my ears, so I can have some ear-rings?"

A physician said of a quack that "he was such an ignoramus that, if he could take a lantern and go down inside his patient, he couldn't find out what the matter was."

The report is current in the clubs of London that John Bright is to be sent to Washington as a special envoy to negotiate a settlement of the Alabama and fishery questions.

Several of the California Judges have decided that murder is a bailable offence, and have acted in accordance with that decision. The press has taken the subject in hand, and is making an excitement over it.

The Shah of Persia, who is performing a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Kербela, lately passed through Bagdad, accompanied by a suit of 10,000 persons. The horses and other beasts of burden composing this caravan number upward of 15,000.

The big grape-vine at Santa Barbara, Cal., is five feet two inches in circumference where the main trunk branches, and the arbor which it covers is 69 feet by 68. At these limits, the branches are three inches in diameter, and are kept trimmed to prevent its spreading over more ground.

Into the city of New York there flow five great streams of milk each day. One over the Harlem road, another over the Erie, another over the New Haven, another by the Hudson, and yet another by the Long Island, amounting to \$250,000 worth daily, besides that which comes in by numerous small rivulets.

Last year of income tax Mr. A. T. Stewart paid more than either of twenty-seven States, including territories, more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and Montana combined, more than either of the districts of Massachusetts, and \$53,000 more than the Ninth and Tenth Districts paid. Mr. W. B. Astor paid more than the whole State of Vermont.

Here is the son's story in a Wisconsin divorce case:—Am thirteen years old; remember talk about a pencil once morning; mother was behind the stove making pancakes; father took her by the neck of the neck and put her head over the work-box; He then, and got another from the box and struck at him over her shoulder; then father put her head under the pump and pumped water on her face.

A bill has been introduced in the House by Mr. Hill, of New Jersey, which provides that the Postmaster General "be and is hereby directed to furnish and issue to the public, with postage stamps impressed upon them, 'correspondence' or 'post cards,' manufactured of good quality paper of such form and size as he shall deem best adapted for general use, which cards shall be used under regulations to be prescribed by the Postmaster General, and shall be transmitted through the mails at a postage charge of one cent, including the cost of their manufacture, to be issued immediately after the passage of this act."

At the leveling of an ancient Indian mound near St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, a very interesting spectacle was presented. Among those who witnessed it were Professor Marsh, of Yale College, Dr. Briggs, of St. Louis, and Gen. A. J. Smith. The mound was originally forty feet in height, oval in shape, and about 300 feet in length. About twenty years ago there was a house on top of it, and a graveyard on the side. During the progress of the work the laborers have dug up the bones of three races, first those of the whites, second of the Indians, and last of the ancient mound builders. Professor Marsh secured thirty skulls of the mound builders, one alone being perfect. These were found in two vaults, one a square structure, the other of crescent form, and both about fifty feet across.

The N. Y. State Fish Commissioners announce that they are prepared to furnish spawn and small fish to any persons residing near any of the lakes in the State who may desire to engage in pisciculture. It is stated that the State hatching house at Caledonia is filled with white fish and Salmon trout, nearly or quite ready to be deposited in any waters. There are also thousands of more common, perhaps, but not less valuable fish, of larger sizes, ready for distribution—such as black bass, white bass, and bull heads. The latter, a fish once despised, has now become occasionally in the markets. They will multiply rapidly in any water if protected from wanton destruction. Persons desiring to procure any of these fish should apply to Seth Green, Superintendent, at Rochester.