NO. 47.

## VOL. I.

# him on the strength of their good

wishes in his behalf. But his time was

so much occupied with his profession,

that he really could could not visit peo-

ple except in the excercise of that profes-

her pretty niece Aurora to visit her

markably healthy that there was no oc-

casion for the doctor's visits, and so both

Now, Dr. Upton had one friend, Mrs.

"Fred, I am not generally in favor of

persuade her to 'accept the situation.'

In addition to her other charms and vir-

tues, she, as only daughter of a well-to-

do lawyer, will one day come into pos-

graph, and proposing a correspondence

with a view to acquaintance, and per-

haps future matrimony-not mentioning

my name, of course, as proposer of the

"It seems indelicate, Mrs. Grant, with all apology to you for the remark. I have

too much respect for the sacredness of

"To enter into it as a mere matter of

would not for the world have you marry

a woman if you did not love her. But

since I believe your heart to be yet dis-engaged, I really believe that an ac-quaintance with Amelia Fanshaw would

ripen into love. She is really so lovely

"Fastidious, is she? Then I suspect

my chances would be poor," said Upton,

with a grimace.
"Of course I can't admit that doubt,

knowing you so well," was Mrs. Grant's

flattering reply.
"I declare, Mrs. Grant, I wish you

"You will scarcely find a more

reflection, with, it must be confessed,

rather quizzical expression on his hand

some face, " I would not take anybody's

advice but yours in such a matter, I as

sure you. But if you really and serious-

I do in all truth and soberness," wa

"Then, I will write." And the reader

knows how the letter was received. Two

days after its receipt by Amelia, Mrs. Grant received the following letter from

-in fact, I have no other friend in Au-

" A-, September 24th.

"AMELIA FANSHAW."

" I don't like slang, as a general thing,

up this note, after reading it; " but the

most expressive thing I can say now, is,

closed and let matters take what course

"I have received the lady's answer

Well, and what does she say ?" asked

" Oh, her answer is very nice and lady-

like, indeed-exquisitely worded, in fact.

She has handled the extremely peculiar circumstances as few ladies would have

done. I admire her epistolary gifts ex-

" And how about her face? Hasn't

impressions of the face are unsatisfac-

" Not so obtuse as they imagine,

Mrs. Grant," said Upton, with a smile, as he seated himself that afternoon on

they will."

ly recommend it-

of her extreme fastidiousness.'

Grant, on whose sound judgment he was much in the habit of relying. This lady

very urgent case.

marriage to-

said to him one day:

#### POETRY.

[Original.] LET EVERY ONE SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

(A Paraphrase.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from day "Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear th

Let no filth, no rust there gather,-leave no traces Pluck up every weed unsightly, brush the fallen leave

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep withou

Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each be-Poisonous weeds the heart defilling, bearing bitte

bor watch to keep—
All the work assigned as finished, we before his doo

Where the thistles, thickly springing, daily must be But, alas! our work neglecting, oft

With his failings, his omissions, we our weary brothe ne hidden nook forgotten, searching with a care

ful eye, We the springing weeds discover-some slight blemish For his slothfulness, his blindness,

harshly chide. Glorying in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him Ask not why he has neglected thus before his door to

Why grown careless, he has slumbered, falled his gar On the judgment scat still sitting, we no helping han-

For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion From our store no cordial bring him, no encourages

But, while busied with our neighbor, preing him Calling to the thoughtless idlers, to their labor to

Lo! unseen the dust has gathered, weeds are growin where of yore Flow'rets rare and sweet were blooming when we swep

Ah! how easy o'er our brother faithful ward and watch

Rasier far to sit in judgment than to humbly watch and pray.

that I am only able to account for her present single-blessedness on the ground

# THE STORY-TELLER.

#### RECOMMENDED. "And so you are going to answer that

absurd letter ?" "Of course I am going to answer it. were twenty years younger," said Upton, o you think I would throw away so gratefully. "I shouldn't have to look Do you think I would throw away so gratefully. "I shouldn't have to look rare a chance for fun of the first water? far for a wife then," and he gallantly

ous! Now, for a young lady of twenty-live, not killingly handsome, I think iota of its severity in all the years she Recommended! Ha! ha! that is glorimy chances are looking up, don't you?" had worn it. 'I wish my chances were half as good," said Lina, with slight pique. The fact preciative wife, my dear Fred," said she, is, Lina was a little jealous of her friend with a gratified blush. "But now, to —as jealous as was consistent with sworn friendship—on account of one Ralph Chester. "But, Amelia, you must not do this. The gentleman—foolish as his and because I really believe that you sction is—is evidently in earnest, and you might excite hopes in him that you "Well, my dear friend," said the doc you might excite hopes in him that you "Well, my dear friend," said the doc-never meant to fulfill. Besides, it is tor, after he had sat a few moments in dangerous; you will commit yourself-

"Pshaw! what a timorous creature you are, Lina! It's fun, I tell you. And, oh, now I think of it, I am to send my photograph in response to this;" taking up the "false presentment" of fine-looking gentleman of about thirty the lady's answer. years of age. "Let me see that, Amelia," said Lina,

eagerly. "You didn't tell me about "Didn't I? Well, here it is. Not a bad-looking face, after all. More character in it than I should have given him

credit for—judging by his imbecile act of seeking a wife solely on another's recommendation." 'Upon my word, Amelia, he's a splendid fellow. Not exactly handsome-but most singular procedure of Dr. Upton's

-what fine, earnest eyes! and what a mouth-so firm, and yet so gentle in its burn that I could forgive for conspiring expression! Were it not for Ralph, I in a plot to interfere with my future in should really expect you to fall in love dependence. Of course I must regard with him. I'm half in love with him the whole affair as a joke—and to carry myself, and almost inclined to take him | it out to perfection, I have enclosed Lin off your hands." "Capital! Lina, capital! I have it!" his letter. Please do not undeceive him

exclaimed Amelia, clapping the prettiest —let him continue to imagine the pic-imaginable pair of hands. "You shall ture mine; then, if he should happen to send him your photograph, and I will fall in love both with my letters and answer his letter-and thus puzzle his consciousness by making two impres- the fact that a man's heart possesses one sions instead of one. What a lark it will of the common properties of matterbe " and her merry blue eyes fairly divisibility. Yours, affectionately, danced with delight at the thought. "AMELIA FANSHA

"And what will Ralph Chester say asked Lina, demurely, yet with the faintest shadow of a blush on her face. Amelia regarded her quizzically for a

moment, and then answered, "Oh, I that I have decidedly 'put my foot in it' shall tell Ralph you know. He will enjoy the joke as well as you and I. The only fear I have is, that you may fall in love with this paragon yourself."
"Well, and why shouldn't I?" asked

Lina, saucily.
"Why, indeed—of course!" said Amelia, with a slight tinge of raillery in her

her tete-a-tete. the old lady, demurely, as she picked up some stitches she had dropped in her Frederick Upton was a physician, who, having taken his degree at twenty-five, had ever since been established in the knitting.

thriving town of Auburn, and by dint of fine talents and solid acquirements in his profession, had been steadily rising in public estimation ever since. Dignified and gentle in his manner, yet cheerful withal, he was a favorite everywhere; and the only bar to his complete success as a physican was that he was a bachelor. There is a great prejudice in the minds of many against employing an unmarriod physician.

she sent you her photograph ?"
"Yes—but I was going to reserve my judgment on that. The fact is, my first Now, Dr. Upton had many lady tory. There is an incongruity between friends, any one of whom would have it and the letter that puzzles me." been only too happy to help him in his search after this great desideratum; some thought Mrs. Grant. But she merely of them, indeed, would no doubt have remarked : "Faces cannot always been willing to sacrifice themselves to understood at the first reading.

should imagine, for instance, from the letter, that Miss Fanshaw is a sort of Beatrice; and from the face, that she is a Hero. Now, a Hero would make too tame and sentimental a wife to suit me. I never could love a woman, however amiable she might be, who had no sense sion. So that, when Mrs. Smith invited a Hero. her pretty niece Aurora to visit her house for the express purpose of making her acquainted with the doctor, and when Mrs. Brown sent for her own daughter prematurely from boarding-school for the same charitable purpose, the Fates arranged it that both the Smiths and the Browns should be so reof humor. And the face depicted here lacks the virtues of that. I am surprised that you have never noticed this

yourself, observant as you are." Of course he misunderstood the smile that played round Mrs. Grant's features in this remark. "You think I am hy-percritical," said he, "I know. But I assure you that I have no disposition to be so. I am altogether anxious to be pleased with Miss Fanshaw." "Ah, well," said Mrs. Grant, "I think

plans, like the demonstrations of Euclid's fifth preposition, fell through. And when the blooming widow, Mrs. Vance, suddenly left off her mourning, and came to church in a perfect love of a hat, with her flaxen ringlets flowing temptingly about her piquant little face, she was you will be pleased with her. Wait till you see her; photographs are often deceitful." The good lady had been revolving in her mind a plan which she now resolved to carry out. much disappointed to find that Dr. Up-ton's pow was empty, in consequence of his having been called that morning to a

Accordingly, about two weeks afterward, she sent for Dr. Upton professionally. There was a young lady at her house, she said—one Miss Lina Edwards-who was suffering from a severe headache. She had arrived from the city only the day before, and having but a short time to stay in the village, was recommending marriages; but to one situated as you are, I think the experi-ment allowable, especially as I have thought of a lady every way calculated to make you a pearl of a wife, if you can anxious to be as well as possible, so as not to lose her anticipated pleasure in her visit.

When the doctor called, in the course of the morning, he was ushered up stairs to the best room, and introduced to his patient. She sat in an easy chair, with session of a pretty competency that will be no unwelcome addition to your in-come. What do you say, now, of writ-ing her a letter, inclosing your photoa handkerchief tied round her head, which pushed the wavy red gold of her hair away from the most attractive face, Dr. Upton thought, he had ever seen. A white brow, with a pair of the sauciest blue eyes beneath it, rather nearer together than the strict laws of beauty admitted, but just near enough to make her face all the more piquant; a nose that the Fates had undertaken to make retrousce, but for beauty's sake had come short of it; a mouth, the rosy roundness of which harmonized exquisitely with its extreme firmness. And when sho expediency, you would say. My dear Fred, I don't ask you to do that. I spoke, the soft gayety of her tone and the merry flow of her conversation, quite completed the capture of Dr. Upton's fancy. "I think your headache will be soon relieved," he said, as he took his hat to say good-morning; "it is a slight neuralgic attack, and will easily yield to medicine. But I will call in again, to-

morrow. Miss Lina Edwards's behavior, on his aving the room, was rather odd for a patient. She tore the handkerchief rom about her pretty brows, and, tossing her abundant "tawny" curls into shape, she laughed a little mocking laugh, in which there was the slightest uspicion of sadness.

"Oh, Mrs. Grant, what a farce !" she said, with two little tears of vexation gathering in her eyes.

"But isn't he handsome, Lina !" askd Mrs. Grant mischievousi lon't you like him ever so much? Lina's blue eyes flashed, as though

she would have made some saucy answer, but the gathering tears quenched the fire in them, and she hid er face in her hands, sobbing : "Oh! Mrs. Grant, what an indelicate

thing for me to do! What will he think of me when he finds it all out?" "Leave that to me, my dear," Mrs. Grant. "I will take all the res-

ponsibility." Of course Miss Edward's headache was deal better the next morning; but, strange to say, Dr. Upton found it necessary to call every day for a week after-ward. The last time he called, Miss Edwards was out, and Mrs. Grant received him alone.

"Well," said she, after ordinary topic had been discussed, "what do you think of our Lina?" "It is precisely about Lina that I wish

to speak," said Upton, his lip trembling a little. "I want to tell you frankly that, after having seen her, I am quite sure that, in Miss Fanshaw's case, love "MY DEAR MRS. GRANT: I have will be impossible. Now, what am I to ust been favored with a very curious Miss Fanshaw has every reason to letter, a copy of which I enclose for believe me in earnest, and in good faith your perusal. Somehow I cannot help connecting you in my mind with this has answered my letters. It is very awkward for me to have to break off with her, and looks very dishonorable; but my conscience will not allow me to do otherwise. For, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Grant, I do most decidedly love Miss Edwards. Now, what am I to do? You

are my best adviser." "I have not proved so, it seems, in this case," said Mrs. Grant. "But it seems to me, the straightforward way is the only Edward's photograph in my answer to honorable way. If you love Lina Ed wards, tell her so; and if she loves you, marry her-she is well worthy of you. Lina's picture, we shall be able to verify As for Amelia Fanshaw, I can answer for her. She is a girl of good sense and fine feeling, and not at all one to allow herself to fall in love with a man that she has never seen. In fact, I'm sure she is generous enough to be delighted with said Mrs. Grant, to herself, as she folded

the choice you have made."
"I wonder," said Mrs. Grant to herelf, after he had left, "what he will think of my straightforwardness, when he comes to know the part I have taken in deceiving him?" mains for me to do is to keep my mouth

A day or two afterward, Dr. Upton was driving along a country road leading to the village, on his return from a visit to a neighboring farmhouse. He was driving slowly, and reflecting on the dubious position of his affairs. Did Lina love him? was the question of all questions that came uppermost in his thought. He could not expect her to love him on so short an acquaintance, though he needed no more time to make up his mind as to loving her. He wished he dared muster courage to ask her the question. Just as he came to that wish for the hundredth time, he heard a door shut, and looking up, beheld the very object of his thoughts coming out of Squire Tuthill's house.

"Good-morning, Miss Edwards." "Oh, good-morning, doctor," said she, with a blush of recognition. "I have just been calling on Mrs. Tuthill." "A long walk for you." "It is only two miles, I believe. Just

long enough for pleasant exercise this

"The Fates have sent me along just in

"This is very true. But some faces are much harder to read than others. I alighting from his carriage. "Allow me to help you to your seat.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1872.

"Oh, thank you! It will be charming to drive back." And with a bound she gained her place, and the doctor seated

himself by her side. It was very awkward. It always is awkward when two people are left by themselves, who have something very particular on their minds that remains unsaid, to undertake to say naturally the common words of courtesy. So they were both silent. After a while, however, Dr. Upton, as if ashamed of his pusillanimity, cleared his throat for speech.

"Miss Edwards," said he, "I have changed all my previous opinions about

" How so?" "I used to think it was a plant of slow growth, but find I was wrong. Experience is the best of teachers. I love

you." "On the contrary, you ought to des

pise me."

He looked at her in amazement. Her head was bent down; blushes covered her face, and tears were starting from her

He took her hankerchief, and tenderly wiped them away. "What do you mean, Lina?" he asked.

"That I am not Lina at all, and that I have burnt my own fingers with the fire that I have been playing with," said she, with a burst of mortification. "I am Amelia Fanshaw. There, now, let me get out of the carriage and walk home." "And whose photograph was that you sent me, then?" he asked, as if unable to

take in the idea completely.
"It was Lina Edwards's! You see, at first we took your letters as a joke, and sent her picture inclosed in my letter, just to confuse you. If you want Lina Edwards, I'm sorry to say you can't have her, for she received a proposal from one Ralph Chester just before I left home and accepted it. Do please to let me get out!

Dr. Upton's puzzled face cleared up rapidly, as Amelia went on with her explanation. When she came to the final plea, he burst into merry laughter.

"Let you get out? No indeed! Do

you suppose you are to go unpunished for playing such tricks on a poor helpless doctor? You are my prisoner now. Get up, Lightfoot!"—and he gayly touched the horse with the end of the lash, to accelerate his speed.

He drove like a whirlwind for a while,

eeming to enjoy the sensation of feeling her tremble at his side. Finally, he slacked up, just as they were nearing the vil-lage, and bending his face down toward her, like one not to be contradicted, said: " Now, Amelia, before we meet any one

else-while none but God is our witnesstell me that you love me!" "I do," she said, quite simply.
And so they rode into Auburn together,

#### time afterward as Dr. and Mrs. Upton Truthfulness.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant, his store steadily decreasing and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said, "What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir and, though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy,

turning it over.
"So there is," said the man; "I think
I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open counte-nance, "is it not very unbusiness-like to point out the defects of goods to cus-

mers ?" "It is better than being dishonest

sir," said the boy, modestly.
"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man, also; I shall remember your little stand in fu ture. Are those clams fresh ?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning, I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went

Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he

had gone away."
"Ben, I would not tell a lie or act one ither, for twice what I have carned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a cusomer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed, the gen-tleman finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him

few minutes about his future prospects To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through va-rious posts of service, he became an honored partner in the firm .- Journal of the

A Detroit policeman lately found a note book evidently belonging to a man who believes in routine business. The book is full of such sentences as these Monday-Buy a gallon of whiskey today; take four drinks. Tuesday-Get a gallon of whiskey at noon of ; also get shaved; don't get drunk. Wednes-day—See if the whiskey is out, also, don't drink until after dinner; also, see about

## STREET FLOWER GIRLS.

# The Trade in Flowers-Where They Con From-How They are Disposed of.

The fashion of wearing button-hole conquets came, like most other fashions, from France. A young and very pretty a basket of flowers on the steps of the Jockey Club and presenting to each member a single flower as he passed. The plan proved eminently successful, and Mile. Isabelle became quite the rage. She followed the Club to all the races, and wore the colors of Count Lagrange, the owner of the famous Gladiateur. From that time a flower in the button hole became quite an institution, and finally developed the button-hole bouquet, which is now considered de riqueur

for a wedding toilet.

The poor little girls who accost the theatrical visitor with piteous entreaties to buy a bouquet, are the true successors of the famous Isabelle, but do not receive quite such handsome pay for their blossoms. For she often received a gold Napoleon for a single rosebud, while the little bouquets proffered by these chil-dren are sold for only ten cents. These perishing wares are arranged on a board pierced with holes for their reception, and invariably appear very bright and blooming. A closer inspection shows the critical purchaser that some of the flowers, such as fucshias, verbenas, and heliotropes, have faded, but these are only the sides of the bouquet, the centre being almost invariably occupied by a large tuberose or a blush rose. Next to this is generally a mass of searlet gera-nium, and the whole has a backing of searlet geranium leaves. The stalks are

left pretty long, so as to enable the pur-chaser to pin the bouquet to the inside lappel of his coat. These flowers come almost entirely from New Jersey, and principally from Union Hill near Orange. The little girls buy them from the men and women who keep stalls about the Astor House, Vesey street, and the vicinity. These individuals are, some of them, owners of nurseries and hot houses, and in some instances worth several thousand dollars. During the day time they sell what they can themselves, and then toward the afternoon they dispose of the remainder of their stock to the children, from whom they receive four, five and six cents a bouquet, according to the amount of stock they have to get rid of. The flower girls then arrange them on their perforated boards, give them a light sprinkling of water, and take their staons along Broadway between 5 and 6 o'clock, when gentlemen are very good customers for flowers. Even among the florists the greater part of the profit comes from the orders of gentlemen, ladies not purchasing, often apparently from a feeling that flowers ought to be bought for them, not by them. The rejust as they were destined to ride many a mainder of the little girls' flowers they have no market for, until the theatres are open. Then they present their boards to all the gentlemen accompanied with I ladies as a sort of mute appeal to their gallantry. Generally the fair ones, either from motives of coquetry or of pity, evince a wish for floral decorations, and the flower-girls are made happy. But on wet nights, and on wet afternoons, no one will stop to buy flowers, and the little venders find themselves in straits of comings. When darkness first came difficulty. They then try the large upon the little fellow he experienced lager-beer saloons and the concert-garlens, but this they do with reluctance, for the men in those places are coarse and brutal, and seldom will give more than five cents. Those children who are sent out by drunken parents to sell their bouquets, have then a terrible time Though dying with fatigue and sleep, they dare not return until the last one has been sold under penalty of severe beating. Little things of seven and eight years may on such nights be seen taking furtive naps under porticos and kitchen stoops, curled up in an uneasy ball, with the little board of bouquets lying by their side. They will often pass a wet and cruelly cold night in this manner rather than face the brutalities of some drunken father or fierce virage of a mother. All the flower-girls, however, are not so miserably situated. Some are warmly clad and well cared for by their parents, who send them regularly to school in the afternoon. Some of these more fortunate ones work in the morning at artificial flower making or tobacco stripping, or some other occupation open to children. None of these are so remunerative, however, as the flower-selling, by which the neat and tidy girls can average \$2 a day. Gentlemen like to buy of girls whose at-

HORSE POWER VS. MULE POWER. Two farmers living near Galesburg got tire is decent, and whose hair is trimly to bantering about whether a span of arranged, and if they purchase from orses belonging to one could pull more shoeless, stockingless, ragged flower-girl, it is from motives of charity alone. But than a span of mules belonging to the other. It was decided to try it in the middle of the main street of the village. the neat ones, especially those who are pretty, have regular customers who buy of them every afternoon, rain or shine, and who give them little presents on holidays. In the winter time the out-door flower business is almost entirely suspended and the florists have no competition from the little flower-girls. Then the respectable ones go regularly to their trades, and the unkempt, ragged ones peddle matches and big mourning pins, and sometimes tooth-picks. Up and down over the frozen snow and pavements they wander, with their poor little naked feet, their faces blue and pinched, their fingers cramped with the cold. Sometimes they get frozen to death, as happened last year to a little

French flower-girl, and sometimes their failing limbs betray them when they attempt to cross the street, and are driven over. In either case there is a hurried inquest and a careless verdict. The tortured body, now insensible to pain, goes to the Potter's burial-ground, and the soul of the little flower-girl ascends to those regions where flowers bloom forever and know no decaying, and where pain, cold and hunger never come.—N.
Y. Paper.

A story is told of a lecture before the

agricultural college students at Amherst.

on grape culture, in which the lecturer

presented a bottle of wine made from his

own grapes, and requested the class to

sip it to test its quality. The bottle lasted only to the third man.

#### The Chinese Plot to Destroy the Christions.

The Rev. J. E. Mahord, Church of England Missionary in China, has pub-lished an interesting account of a recent tour in China. He gives a brief history of the plot against Christians, and of hi personal adventures. The plot originated in Canton, and had for its object the general destruction of missionary work throughout the Empire. About the first of July last its execution began.
Through all the cities and villages in the
region of the country around Canton
small powders called Shan-Sin-Fan, or

gods and genii powders, were distribut d. These were represented to possess the power of preventing calamity and disease, and were taken by multitudes of people. On and after July 12, placards, written and printed, were issued by thousands throughout the district, within a hundred miles of Canton, anat the furthest 100 days-be attacked | week to suit them.

with a dreadful disease. This disease, it was affirmed, would cause the bodies of those who had taken he powders to swell until they died, unthey obtained relief from foreign physicians. The foreign physicians, the placards asserted, would demand large sums of money from their patients, and compel them to enter their church be-fore they healed them. Those who entered the church, and especially the women, it was declared, would be required master, the women were allowed to to join in the vilest deeds of shame. Similar placards were circulated in Foo-Chow and other treaty ports, and for some time the greatest excitement prevailed among the people.

The first victim of this plot was an anfortunate foreign seaman who happened to sit by a well in one of the suburbs of Foo-Chow. He was accused by the people of having poisoned the water, and was severely beaten. After this things became quiet for a time, and the authorities assured the foreigners that the people were peaceable. Soon, however, intelligence was received that the Christian and the control of the garment was just recovering from an attack of smallpox of the most malignant type. It is to be feared the ruse of the despoiled reporter will prove to be "too thin."

An ingenious Yankee was before the Christian places of worship had been destroyed in several localities, and that the lives of those who attended them were in jeopardy. Many Christians had hair-breadth escapes—Mr. Mahard lemon, and so through the list of popular among the number—and the authorities. foreign and native, were alike unable or indisposed to prevent the outrages.

## A Remarkable Canary.

The Chicago Tribune says: One of the nost remarkable instances of endurance and sagacity in the ornithological line is at present to been seen on South Hal-stead street, in the shape of an elderly stead street, in the shape of an elderly canary that has now reached the age of twelve years, and is still as spirited a songster as he was ten years ago. What songster as he was ten years ago. What the timber which enters into the construcis more surprising in regard to this wee stone blind for two years past, and "looks" down with contempt on its younger mates at their dearth of music, and still warbles his delicious music from

his own "song-book" with volume enough to compensate for their shortmuch difficulty in locomotion, and was constantly coming in contact with the wires of the cage or with the perches thereof. By degrees his birdship was taught caution, and now he is perfectly sure-footed. He moves about with a method wonderful to observe. On going from perch to perch, he climbs along by the wires, at each step putting out the foot as carefully as the blind man his cane, and when he has reached the desired position he tunes up with great volubility as if in self-congratulation at his superio accomplishment. In walking on the floor of his cage he uses the same precautions, and in his daily ablutions observes all the forms and customs in vogue among his more fortunate companions In this performance it is noticeable, however, that he never forgets his infirmity, for he washes his head with the utmost care, always avoiding contact between his claws and any portion of the feathers in the vicinity of his sightless eyes. Such sagacity in a bird so fragile is really astonishing, and this little blind musician is the pride of his owner, the wonder of the neighborhood, and, we suppose, the envy of his feathered brethren

The mules were hitched to one end of a ong, stout chain, and the horses at the other end. At the words "get up," quickly sprang each span, both sharpshod, gaining and losing by fits and starts, the horses finally pulling the mules after them. At another trial, the mules went off with their load. This was followed by a long, cheering shout from the crowd. But after various trials, it was decided that the horses were the strongest, for in the last trial they pulled the mules after them, turning them about in their harness, amidst the great applause of the by-standers.—
Louisville Courier-Journal. A STORY WITH A MORAL .- A Vermonter named McNamara was "confi-denced" out of fifteen dollars in Troy, Friday. The victim had the sharpers

be rewarded, the Green Mountain man

started out of the court-room without

settling with his legal friend. The lat-

ter thereupon had him arrested for gam-bling, and he was fined fifteen dollars,

which was remitted on his agreeing to pay this amount to the lawyer. Moral—Never bet on another man's game, and keep out of Troy and the law.—Utica Hereld.

Keokuk, Iowa, has established a ten ent course of lectures by employing home

Facts and Figures.

talent exclusively. The receipts of grain at Buffalo last

year were 78,000,000 bushels, against 49,000,000 in 1870.

Trenton, N. J., owns the largest circular saw in the world. It is twenty-two feet in circumference.

A Sioux City paper tells of a woman there who "died, and was dead two hours and recovered again."

Samuel Goodridge, of Canaan, Me., is the oldest man in New England—105 years. His last farm labor was perform-ed in his ninety-ninth year. His wife lived to be ninety-seven, and their oldest child is now living at the age of eighty-

within a hundred miles of Canton, announcing that these powders were a subtle poison, and were circulated by the foreign devils to ruin the people. The placards said that those who had city. They claim there are too many attrictions of the companion of the companion of the city. They claim there are too many attrictions of the companion of the city. They claim there are too many attrictions of the companion of the city. taken the powders would-within 20, or tractions at the lodges every night in the

The St. Louis Democrat is a little severe on Tennyson's effusions in the New York Ledger, and says that if it had been sent anonymously to a country editor, unaccompanied by a piece of fruit-cake, or a cord of wood, it would have been unceremoniously consigned to the waste-paper basket.

At a recent election in Greeley, Colorado, to take the will of the inhabitants vote-ninety-eight in all embracing the opportunity to express their preference. Both candidates had sleighs running for the purpose of bringing in the lady

voters. A thief stole the overcoat of one of the reporters on the Cincinnati Gazette last week. The paper announced the fact, together with the information that the owner of the garment was just recover-

An ingenious Yankee was before the Postmaster-General the other day with a postage stamp that had on its adhesive side a taste of choice candy. One sort had chocolate, another orange, a third lemon, and so through the list of populations. creased sales and waste that would come from this improvement. The Postmaster-General reserved his decision as to the advisability of the Government buy-

ing out the confectionery business. There is still a house standing in Greenland, N. H., which was built in 1638, and is consequently 233 years old. It is a two story-brick building, with high strong. This was for better protection against the Indians. There is a serious rent high up in the east wall, believed to be a trace of the earthquake of 1727, or that of 1775. A Mr. Weeks built the house, and it has remained in the family possession ever since—a rather remarka-

ble circumstance. The War Department, in addition to its weather-signal system, is about to establish an electrical system of storm signals in all the larger cities of the country, by which every man who is on the magnetic belt can, by watching the signals on his chimney-top or ridge board, tell just the moment when it will be safe for him to leave port (or champagne) for home. A black flag flying will signify "cross as a bear—typhoon approaching." A white flag—"everything is lovely; she is asleep." A red flag, with white centre—"look out for squalls; baby just spanked." While a white flag, with red centre, indicates simply "cautionary" measures on the part of the "old man," who can go home under full sail, but should reef his boots and douse the binnacle lamp before going up stairs.

- Titusville Herald.

A Kansas paper revives amusingly how Gen. Sherman failed as conspicuously in law as he succeeded brilliantly in war. In the early "jayhawking days, the General made a slender livelihood in Calhoun county, and once, when he had prepared himself most elaborate-ly, it is related that a "long, lank, lean genius," leaving his ox team, came before the court as his competitor. The General summed up grandly, quoting freely from an immense pile of books placed carefully before him, and citing the English common law to prove his point. The "bullwhacker" followed him, and ridiculed his precedents and scouted at his books. He said it was an insult to the court to read from "the common law of England," and declared that "if we were compelled to take any of that aristocratic British law," he wanted the " very best Her Majesty had, and none of her common law." That was enough; the justice's face was set, and the General lost his case. It was the last he ever

tried in Kansas. At a reunion of the New England Asociation of Deaf Mutes, a few days since, dinner-table speeches were made in the sign language by several persons in the company, and one individual supplied entertainment and expressed the general sentiment by singing "We Won't go Home till Morning" with his nimble fingers. The Philadelphia Bulletis thinks "it would be a fortunate thing for most persons who are compelled to attend public dinners, if all the orators upon arrested for gambling, and, through the such festive occasions could be induced exertions of a lawyer, recovered his money. Thinking, like many other innocent persons, that justice should never tion to church choirs of the suggestion afforded by the deaf-mute singer would be productive of even more pleasing results. The services at many of our churches would be made much more reverential if the singers should sing only with their hands. There would be small opportunity for display of harmonic effects, but the sad truth is that too often the larger the opportunity in this respect the worse the result."