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The Swell.

On the walk a hat did lie,
And a gallant chap sailed by,
And he cut a lively swell—
He was clerk in a hotel;
And he gave that hat a kick,
And he came across a brick—
Now upon a crutch he goes
Minus half a pound of toes.

MORAL.

When you see a person thrown
By misfortune or by vice,
Help him thrice or seven times thrice,
Help him up, or let alone.
If you give the man a kick
You may stumble on a brick—
Or a stone.

Fate is liable to frown,
And the best of us go down
And in just a little while
She is liable to smile,
And the bad luck and the vice
Seem to scatter in a trice,
And to hunt their holes like mice.
And the man you tried to kick
Now has changed into a brick.

TWO QUEENS.

One rainy evening toward the close of April, 1791, a ponderous old traveling coach toiled wearily up the hill, the summit of which is crowned by the ancient town of Jougne, on the road between Lons les Saulniers and Besancon, the capital of the province of Franche-Comte. There were two women in the vehicle; one, tall, handsome, and exceeding elegant, occupied the seat facing the horses; the other, who sat opposite to her, was a young person of sprightly countenance, whose simple costume and deferential manner announced her at once to be either a waiting-maid or a dame de compagne. From time to time one or the other of the two travelers would thrust her head out of the carriage window to urge on the postillion or look back down the road apparently to see whether any one were following.

Notwithstanding the entreaties of the ladies, and his own best endeavors, Maitre Jacques, the postillion, failed miserably in his attempts to induce his two heavy Flemish horses to get into a trot, let alone a gallop. The road was so bad, the rain so blinding, the ruts so many, the mud so deep, that the best the poor beasts could do in response to their master's oaths and loud cracks of the whip was to give an occasional jerk forward, or a stumble, and then resume their wonted funeral pace.

"Heaven help me, Susanne! This dreadful journey will never end; we can not possibly reach Besancon to-night," observed the lady who sat with her face to the horses. "Mon Dieu; how I wish we were all over it and safe!"

"Madame is too nervous; that gentleman on horseback we have seen at the last three stations, and who has followed us, has frightened her. Believe me, I am sure he is no spy; he is too nice for that. I am persuaded that he is only fascinated by madam's charms, and has not recognized her. Oh, he is no more a *sans culotte* than I am."

In a few moments more the carriage rumbled through the narrow streets of Jougne, and presently stopped under the *porte-cochere* of the hotel of the golden lion.

"Will the ladies get down," said the jolly innkeeper as he stood with the half opened door in one hand and his cap in the other, bowing with extra civility to his two new guests, and delighted at the prospect of their being detained all night under his roof, for travelers had become very rare in those troublesome times. "Will the ladies get down? Supper will be ready at a moment's notice."

"Certainly, we want it at once, and let it be a good, substantial meal, for I can assure you, we are really hungry," answered the tall lady, as she jumped out.

Susanne, loaded with rugs and satchels, followed her mistress into the house, and the two travelers emerging from the shades of the hall entered the brilliantly illuminated dining room. A fire crackeled cheerfully on the hearth, and the large apartment, with many little tables covered with snow white cloths and shining glass, looked quite cozy. The ladies taking off their wraps, seated themselves by the fire, and presently the landlady drew in front of them a table on which she placed two smoking bowls of broth.

The bright light of the fire threw its cheerful glare on the countenance of the tall lady, and showed her to possess such a rare and stately beauty that the worthy landlady, on returning to the kitchen, proclaimed to her satellites that she never before had seen so queenly a passenger—"*C'est une veritable reine*" (she is a perfect queen.) "I'll warrant she's some fine court marchioness on her way over the frontier," said she, "and, poor soul, I would be the last to prevent her flight."

Her costume was simple, consisting of a gray petticoat and a flowered chintz overskirt, made in the fashion recently so popular and styled "Dolly Varden." Her attendant, whom she called Susanne, was a pretty and unpretending young woman, belonging to the vivacious class of French serving-maids immortalized by Moliere and Beaumarchais as *soubrettes*.

The two travelers had scarcely tasted their first spoonful of soup when the doors of the apartment were thrown open, and a *fonctionnaire* of the provisionary government, wearing his tri-colored scarf, entered. Striding up to the table at which the two ladies were seated, he drew from his pocket a letter, and fixing his eyes with vivid interest on the tall lady, made a mental comparison between her countenance and that of some one described in the document he held in his hand.

"What is your name, citoyenne?" asked he, suddenly, in a tone of authority.

"May I ask, first, sir, who it is I shall have the honor of answering when I do give my name?" returned the lady, who, although she had become exceedingly pale, retained her self-possession in a remarkable manner, for it was no joke for a woman of position to fall into the hands of *fonctionnaires* in those days.

"I am the Mayor of Jougne."

"In that case, M. le Maire, I am Madame de Pryne."

"Have you no papers about you—no passport?"

"Mon Dieu! Yes—no; that is of course I have, but in my trunk," answered the lady. "We are only going to Besancon. This is my maid, Susanne; we are two women traveling on business. I have an engagement at Besancon; and really, M. le Maire, I had no idea passports were necessary when traveling in France."

"You said you had one in your box. Very well, Madame de Pryne, allow me to see this passport."

"Willingly; call in your men and let them bring my largest trunk; all my papers are in it."

The order was given and the box opened.

"It is useless your troubling yourself, citoyenne. See! Look at these grand trains, these alone suffice to prove that you belong to the court, and intend emigrating into Switzerland," cried the mayor, as he threw out of the box on the table several magnificent robes of velvet, one of which was lined with ermine. "And here—here my suspicions are more than confirmed. Ah! ah! Madame de Pryne!—that is your name, is it?—and you wear a crown, do you?" exclaimed the mayor, as he suddenly rose from his inspection of the box's contents, brandishing in one hand a crown studded with large gems, and in the other a sceptre. "Ah! ah!" laughed he exultingly, "Madame de Pryne, so you were going over the frontier with the crown jewels of France? I know who you are."

"Who?" asked Madame de Pryne, as pale as a sheet.

"You are Marie Antoinette, of Austria, some time queen of France. In the name of France and the law I arrest you."

"Without any further proofs?"

"Certainly; I do not require them."

"Will you not at least look at my passport?"

"Bah, a borrowed passport," said the mayor in an impatient tone. "You had better give yourself up, madame, without any further ado. Believe me, it will be for the best."

"Then, sir," the lady answered, rising majestically from her seat, and assuming an imperial attitude, "I am the queen."

It would be difficult to imagine a more noble figure than that of the unfortunate princess as she spoke these four words. Seeing that Susanne was impatiently about to interrupt her, she silenced her by an imperative gesture, and then reseated herself with much dignity in her chair. So queenly did she appear at this critical moment of her existence, that, staunch republican as he was, the mayor of Jougne forgot all about *egalite*, bowed low before his fallen sovereign and retired at once to give the necessary orders for her majesty's detention and to announce the news of her capture to his fellow-citizens.

In less than an hour the mayor returned accompanied by a dozen or so of the municipality. They found the queen calm, and even cheerful. She acknowledged their deferential manner toward her with royal grace, and when informed that the upper floor of the hotel was placed at her service until further instructions were received from Paris, followed them thither with so quick and even gay a step that several of them afterward remembered it as an instance of unusual self-command.

Having assembled his fellow-functionaries in the saloon of the inn, he made them a patriotic speech, in which he invoked the spirits of Brutus and Cato, and wound up by proposing that the "patriots of Jougne form themselves into a battalion of true republicans, and, placing Marie Antoinette of Austria in their centre, lead that arch-traitress before the national tribunal. Possessed as they were of her crown, sceptre, globe, and royal mantle, they could carry these emblems of fallen despotism in their triumphal procession, and offer them as a holocaust on the altar of liberty."

An address to the national assembly, stating their intention, and giving the most minute details of the queen's arrest, was forthwith written out and signed by the entire conclave, and dispatched immediately to the capital. To this letter was added a private one from the queen herself, and so artfully was it sealed, that do what they could it was impossible for them to read a single word of its contents. Having dismissed the council, the mayor went once more to the queen, to inform her of what had been determined.

While he was conversing with her majesty, a gendarme hurriedly entered the chamber in a state of great excitement.

"M. le Maire! M. le Maire! we have arrested Polignac or Lamballe!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the queen, "it is that young man."

"What young man?" inquired the mayor.

"A gentleman who followed our coach, that is all," answered she, in some confusion, seeing that she had evidently committed an imprudence by this last observation.

"Let him be brought up here immediately," commanded the mayor, and in a few moments a tall and remarkably handsome young man was dragged into the appartment by two guards. His clothes were dripping wet, he had lost his hat, and his soiled cloak dragged on the ground behind him.

"It is the same," whispered Susanne; "Perhaps he may help us."

"Please God!" murmered the queen.

No sooner was this young gentleman disengaged from the hands of his captors than, throwing himself on his knees, he raised her hand to his lips: "Pardon me, madame. Had I but suspected it was the queen of France to whom I presumed to raise my eyes, I would have died rather than have so far forgotten what was due to my sovereign, especially in her hour of trouble. I am a gentleman by birth, the Count de Millettes. Unaware of your majesty's true rank, I followed your carriage, struck by your surpassing beauty and enslaved by its power, hoping through persistence to be favored with one glance of pity, if not of love. Now that I recognize my error, as your majesty's most humble servant and subject, my life is at your service, and I crave only your gracious pardon."

"Oh, you have it, count; I grant it willingly, and only see in your conduct," answered the queen, smiling, but with an evident meaning, for she fixed her keen eyes on the kneeling gentleman in a manner that forbade his answering—"I see, sir, in your conduct only a proof of your desire to serve an unfortunate woman and a fallen queen."

"It is well," broke in the mayor. "Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, this young man evidently forms a part of your cortege, madame. He is arrested and shall share your apartments. The chamber at the end of the corridor, sir, is yours. You have, however, free access to the queen whenever she desires your presence," and bowing civilly the good mayor withdrew for the night.

When the door was closed on the mayor the count was about to withdraw also, but the queen prevented his doing so, entreating him to remain and partake of supper with her, which was presently served. During this meal the queen became exceedingly lively, and the merry laughter of the imprisoned sovereign and her new friend being heard outside in the corridor led the guards, when changed, to announce to the public "that her majesty was a singularly fearless woman, for, notwithstanding the danger she was in, she laughed like a true daughter of Monus, and was having a fine time of it with the prince."

The sixth and last day of her captivity at last arrived. The answer from the national assembly reached Jougne toward noon, and the queen was at breakfast with the count and Susanne, whed the mayor entered her presence, followed by the whole municipality and several guards. The good mayor was flushed with excitement, and in his hand he held the as yet sealed document. Arranging all his colleagues according to their various official grades in a semicircle around him, he addressed the queen, who rose to hear him, with a stately and majestic air: "Marie Antoinette of Austria, we have this morning received the following answer from the government of Paris, and hasten to communicate to you its contents." Here the worthy magistrate broke the seals and read: "Citizen mayo.—Marie Antoinette is still in Paris, and has never left it. Let Mademoiselle Sainval, actress of the theatre Francais, pass on to Besancon, where she has an engagement."

Had the earth opened at his feet, the mayor of Jougne could not have looked more utterly dumbfounded. "So you have played us a trick, have you, Mademoiselle Sainval?" cried he, furiously.

"My dear M. le Maire, allow me to remark," answered the quondam queen, "that it is you who have played me a trick. Had you but examined my passport, as I told you, you would have found that, although I have been queen of Tyre, Sidonia, Greece, Jerusalem, Rome, and Mesopotamia, I have never, up to the present time, laid claim to the throne of France, even for a single night. You, however, have forced me to play a part which does not belong to me for six days and nights in succession, and an irksome role it has proved. Confess, now, that it is not my fault if you have mistaken the crown and sceptre of Melpomene for that of Gaul. But since I am free to proceed to Besancon, perhaps you will order my carriage to the door, for as soon as I have finished my breakfast I intend to be off. Bon jour, messieurs," added she, bowing to the mortified council as it withdrew. Suddenly recollecting herself, she cried out, "Eh, may the count go too?"

"To the deuce if he likes," answered the mayor snappishly as he slammed the door.

Mademoiselle Sainval turned gracefully to the count and said, as a sweet smile illuminated her beautiful face, "My dear count, when you have done justice to that omelette, perhaps you will give me your arm and lead me down to the coach. Oh, how I wish that poor queen had left Paris while I was enacting her part, which I did in hope that these people, believing the paste to be a real diamond, would have let the true jewel pass! Poor, poor queen! *Allons*, Susanne! let us go. Count, you have served me as sovereign of France; will you not still continue to be my squire as tragedy queen?"

The count bowed low, raised the fair actress' hand to his lips. Then, leaning on his arm, and followed by her faithful maid, Mademoiselle Sainval swept down the staircase to the carriage in which the count took his seat opposite Susanne.

An Affecting Incident.

A man named John Wilkinson died recently at Raleigh, Tenn., regarding whom the *Appeal* relates the following affecting incident of the battle of Chickamauga: It was late in the afternoon, when the fight was most desperate, and the soldiers on both sides were in utter confusion, where the dead lay thickest, and groans of wounded men were commingled with the shouts of a reckless soldiery. John's horse fell under him. He had been riding the animal three years, and borne by him safely over many battle fields. There was a strong attachment between the man and animal, and when he stood beside the fallen horse he saw that the wound was fatal, a ball having penetrated the horse's body. The horse seemed, in fact, already dead, while John stood by almost paralyzed with grief. He was ordered to leave the spot by an officer who witnessed the incident. John lifted his holsters and saddle from the animal and went away. The poor horse, devoted to his master, raised his head and lifted up his body, and making a desperate effort to follow John, neighed faintly. John dropped his burden, ran back to the horse, and putting his arms round Sultan's neck, kissed him. The nerves and muscles of the faithful, affectionate horse were greatly relaxed; he sank down slowly, and died quietly and peacefully, without a struggle, as John used to say, perfectly blessed that his head rested on his master's bosom. John never told this story of his much-loved steed that his eyes were not filled with tears.

ENGLISH MATRIMONIAL CLUBS.

One of Them Gets Into Court and Some Curious Developments are Made.

Clubs, says a New York paper, are usually supposed to retard rather than advance, marriage. They supply young men with amusements which keep them out of the society of young ladies, and they furnish married men with so many excuses for remaining out at night as to entitle them to be put under strict legal surveillance as soon as women can enforce their convictions by their votes. It would, therefore, seem to be a peculiarly happy inspiration which induced a number of young men in Liverpool, England, to associate themselves in a club for the promotion of matrimony. We say "seem," because a solitary instance which has come to light in the Divorce Court of the results of matrimonial selection on the club principle does not warrant entire confidence in the plan. The constitution and by-laws of the Matrimonial Club were not read in court. The only indication given of its mode of working is conveyed in the statement that it was intended to obtain wives with fortunes for its members. If we may judge from the member who has lately attained an unenviable notoriety, the club was composed of young men who had no fortunes of their own, but who had no misgivings about their ability to attract the heiress of the period. In what way the club net was spread for the golden fish of which they were in quest can only be vaguely conjectured. Perhaps they paid fees to needy fashionable people fyr introductions into the desired circles; perhaps they lent out a set or two of club diamonds to enable aspiring clerks to cut a figure beyond their means; perhaps they even furnished suitors likely to be successful with advances to buy costly presents withal, subject to repayment after the close of the honeymoon.

Whatever were the functions of the club, to obtain perfectly accurate and exhaustive information regarding marriageable ladies with fortunes, or to assist in making tight legal "settlements" for the impecunious suitor, does not appear to have been among them. Such, at least, was the experience of one Watson, a ship-broker's clerk and member of the Matrimonial Club, who, some years ago, wooed and won the daughter of a deceased Liverpool merchant, possessing £400 a year in her own right, with expectations of succeeding to more. A few days after marriage, Watson found that his wife's fortune was settled on herself, and that he could not touch or interfere with it. Greatly disgusted thereat, he asked for any papers she might have, and finding among them a certificate for £675 invested in a building society, he had it straightway transferred to himself. After this it frequently struck the noble minded Watson that £400 a year was a very paltry sum, and that could he only have a few thousands all to himself, he could distinguish himself in business. Having failed to obtain this, he applied himself to the cultivation of matrimonial brutality. He took to drinking, and to the habitual use of violent language; he took to keeping bad company; then he proceeded to answer his wife's protests against this sort of thing by such cheerful pranks as tearing skin from her arm, biting her in the neck, grinding her beads into powder, and biting a piece out of a glass. One night he came in the worse for liquor, and, swallowing three bottles of champagne, fell back dead drunk, condemning his wife to the delightful vigil of watching him all night. Three to five years' endurance of this kind of life naturally wearied out his wife's patience, and, after a narrow escape from being murdered with a carving-knife during one of her husband's drunken fits, she finally left him.

After this event, the ex-member of the Liverpool Matrimonial Club departed for New Orleans, taking with him a child who formed the sole living issue of this ill-starred union. He was undefended in the suit brought by his wife for a judicial separation, but it is hardly possible that the proverb about the absent being always in the wrong should apply to his case. His wife's testimony was fully corroborated, and the daughters of our sunny South may safely be recommended to beware of this insinuating person by the name of Watson, who has lately arrived in their midst. The field for matrimonial clubs for the trapping of heiresses is, we suspect, less extensive among the society upon which he has bestowed, himself than on his native shores.

Houston's Skeleton.

The life of Sam Houston, says an "old stager," has yet to be worthily written. A more adventurous and checkered career was never run by an American. He was affianced in early life to an accomplished and charming lady, and before the consummation of the marriage he fled from his home and civilization, and sought refuge with the Chickasaw tribe of Indians. There he remained for more than two years, conforming to the habits and modes of life of the Indians. He was adopted into the tribe, and chosen a chief, and was said to have exerted a very wholesome influence upon the savages. There was a mystery surrounding his abandoning the lady to whom he was contracted in wedlock that was never so fully solved as to satisfy the curiosity of his Tennessee neighbors. He never spoke on the subject or allowed his acquaintances to interrogate him, and as he was not a man to be safely affronted, care was taken to avoid all allusion to it in his presence. The truth is, the lady was attached to another gentleman whom her friends would not permit her to marry, and they persuaded or constrained her to contract an alliance with Houston. She stated the facts to him at the last moment, appealing to his forbearance and generosity to spare her the pain of the connection. Houston was full of chivalry and delicate tenderness, and he took the most effective mode of relieving her. But the affair tinged his whole life. He never forgot her, and much of the eccentricity and waywardness that marked his conduct after he went to Texas, and as long as he lived, was the result of this pathetic incident.

THE MILL RIVER DISASTER.

Incidents of the Calamity as Described by an Eye Witness.

THE FLOOD.

The reservoir broke at fifty minutes past six on Saturday morning. At seven there was a column of dust and mist—a great rumble, and the bank shoved down the stream. In a moment the whole reservoir of water, forty feet deep and a mile long, came seething, boiling down the gulch. It came like the rapids of Niagara, scattering where it touched, and destroying everything in its way. The valley of Mill Stream is only a gulch with deep sides. It was covered with houses and shops. Every inch of level ground for ten miles from Williamsburg to Northampton was built upon. There was no chance for the water to spread out. It came pent up, thundering, hissing through the gulch. In front of it was a cloud of mist, rising like a cherubim. On the top of the flood were houses, trees, timber, and the *debris* of the whole valley.

It looked like a ledge of moving rocks. Mammoth trees bowed down before it, or snapped like a reed shaken in the wind. There was no time for preparation—no time for reflection. The water came and swallowed up. The people on the low places were no more, and the people on the high places wrung their hands.

In ten minutes it was passed, and in a half hour Mill stream was in its channel again. The people came down from trees, and from high banks only to find their families and friends dead and gone, and their houses desolated. Where ten minutes before was a beautiful cottage with vines and trees, and fountains, and playing children, now was a heap fo stones—perhaps the bed of a creek.

A HARD CASE.

Mr. Broulette came into the Florence Hotel this afternoon. He is a poor shoemaker, whose family worked in Warner's button factory at Leeds.

"Have you found your baby?" asked a bystander.

"No, I have not found the baby, but I have found my wife and three children. We are looking for the baby now," replied Broulette with a sigh.

"How old were your children?" I asked.

"One was nineteen, one seventeen, one sixteen, and then came the baby—all drowned!" and then he buried his face in his hands, but no tears came into his eyes. They had a dry, hard look, as if his grief was bordering on insanity.

"My poor man," I said, "you have been up all night. You are tired and hungry. Come into the hotel and get something to eat."

He looked up strangely a moment, then burst into tears. It was the first sympathy that he had received, and a kind word melted his heart. Everybody were too busy taking care of their own loved ones to help the poor shoemaker.

On several occasions to-day I have seen men laying out their own wives or children, and often searching for them in the piles of *debris* which line the river bank.

The disaster is so startling that it becomes a sensation. People do not cry. Grief is inadequate. They stare vacantly, run their hands through their hair, and hold them over their aching eyes.

THE REV. J. P. KIMBALL.

Meeting the Rev. J. P. Kimball in the morgue, where lay about twenty bodies, I asked him to describe the flood. "It was this way," said Mr. Kimball: "I heard a confused roar and stepped out of the house. Some one tapped the church-bell, and then I saw a big bank of timber and foam and spray coming down the valley. I heard voices cry, 'Run for your life!' several screams, then a confused murmur. Then the flood covered up the village. I saw a few people in chamber windows—saw houses tumble over in the flood—saw the brick bank fall down and float away, and then the water went down."

"How long did it last?" I asked.

"Oh, about fifteen minutes. In half an hour the flood was down, and in an hour the river was in its old channel."

"Did you see any especial acts of heroism?"

"No. There was no chance for heroism. There was no accidents. It was all one accident. A struggle to get away; then water all around; then death. No man had time to think of wife or children. There was no reflection."

"Will you preach to-day?" I asked.

"No, I cannot preach. My church is a morgue. Twenty dead bodies lie stretched out on the benches. God is preaching the sermon to-day."

A SUDDEN STAMPEDE.

To illustrate the suddenness of the flood in Williamsburg, I tell an incident about Mr. William Brown and Mr. Donn Dean, who were drawing lumber across the valley:

"As we reached the middle," said Brown, "I saw a big bank of smoke about twenty feet high. I thought it looked queer. Then I heard a roar, and my horses became frightened and stopped. Then I saw trees and houses tumbling over, and I shouted:

"'For God's sake, Donn, cut those traces—cut 'em quick!'

"Donn cut 'em and in a minute we were on their backs and off to the high ground. As we turned back a house tumbled over on to my wagon, and I suppose it is in the Connecticut river now." In a moment more Mr. Brown was carrying the dead bodies of his neighbors into the morgue.

THE DEAD.

It is strange how badly the dead are disfigured. Almost every face is bruised black and blue in innumerable places. This was done by the timber and driftwood. In many instances even the bark of the standing trees is peeled from their roots to the highest branches. Not a vestige of the bark remains. In one instance a little boy's head was found in one place, while they have been unable to find his body.

In the temporary morgue in Williamsburg are the bodies of gray-bearded men, beautiful girls with long flowing hair, and infants with eyes wide open as if in a trance.

DESTROYED.

Mr. Skinner says the section destroyed by the flood can never recuperate without aid from the State. Indeed, the destruction has been so complete that no employment can be given to the laborers this season. Every dam, flume, dyke or wheel for ten miles is destroyed, and only the walls of two mills are standing. New villages will have to be built and a new reservoir before the work can go on again.

The Story of a Hero.

A Pittsburgh paper, says the New York *Tribune*, contains one of those commonplace histories of heroism in the discharge of ordinary duty which we note with emphasis from time to time, not only because of their own stirring meaning, but for the indication they give of the tone and temper and the ruling motives of the great undermass of American society; the men and women whose names never find their way into the papers; never even enter into calls for public meetings or charitable subscriptions; who go through life with one days's meals, and work with no better prospect than to begin another the next morning; who know nothing of the college graduate's lofty resolves or aims; never analyzed their own souls æsthetically; would set down Longfellow's Psalm of Life, or Carlyle's Thoughts of Living as sentimental bosh, yet, when occasion demands, live and die in their cheap homes, beside their tools or their engine, simply and grandly as though all the years gone before had been a solemn, preparatory vigil. Take this young fellow Sutton, for instance—a subordinate of some kind or other on a railway train. The conductor sent him to the rear to flag another train coming up behind. On his way he fell on the track and was run over by five cars and the caboose. His legs were completely cut off above the knee, but, remembering his orders, he cleared the track of the dismembered portions of his own body, and taking a flag out of his pocket, waved it until he had stopped the approaching train. Without this, a collision would have been inevitable.

It is only necessary for us to repeat the story. All our college and school-boys have histories of countless heroic deaths stored away with the rest of their book lore. They can tell you how Cato paused, sword in haud, and Socrates waited to sacrifice a cock—so coolly did these old sages watch Death's coming. Their eyes will flash, and their ingenuous faces redden, and their hearts beat to loftier measure thereafter at the hackneyed recital of how Nelson died in the first breath of his great victory; how kings have died like kings, on the scaffold, a spectacle for the attentive world; how unnumbered young heroes leaped to meet Death, as though he bore crowns for them. Such facts of history are ennobling and good for any American boy to learn and remember, be the book Latin or English. But the notice in the morning's paper of this poor railway workman throwing his own severed legs from the track, and signaling the train before he lay down to die, is of more import to him than all the others, and more wholesome in its meaning.

Securing Salmon Eggs.

A correspondent writing from the Maine salmon breeding ponds says: The fish are dipped out of the pens one by one, and brought to the principal operator, who sits on a stool with a shallow tin pan before him. First a female salmon is taken in hand, and her eggs pressed out into the pan without any water other than that contained in the viscid fluid that comes with them from the fish. In clear water the eggs would soon lose the capacity of fecundation, but in their natural fluid they retain it for a long time. As soon as the fish has yielded all her eggs she is slipped into a bag and weighed, placed on a bench and measured, marked by attaching a small stamped metal tag to the back fin, and placed in one of the pens, where she soon recovers from her exhaustion, and whence in due course of time she is turned out into the brook or carted down to the river. The eggs are also weighed, and then replaced before the operator, who now takes a male salmon and presses his milt into the same pan. This is the most important part of the whole process, for without the fecundating influence of the milt the eggs would never develop into fish. It was formerly the practice to let eggs and milt fall from the fish into a dish of water; but the milt, when in water, loses the power of acting upon the eggs even quicker than the eggs lose the capacity of being acted upon, and it thus often happened that the intimate contact essential was not effected soon enough to insure fecundation. From this cause a large percentage of eggs commonly failed. A Russian gentleman made the discovery that if water were kept away from the eggs until fresh milt had come in contact with them, nearly all were fecundated. This is the method pursued at Bucksport, and with such success that, on the average, not more than two or three per cent. of the eggs fail to be fecundated. The rate of fecundation is obtained by very careful observation.

Signing with a Cross.

Persons who cannot write sign their names, as is well known, with the mark of a cross. Such mark, however, can be easily imitated, and how, in ordinary circumstances, are forgeries to be detected? In the following, picked from an American newspaper (1848), there is perhaps a solution of the difficulty. A wealthy merchant in Chili could not write, and he signed with a cross. A bill upon him with a forged cross, on being presented for payment, was refused. A lawsuit ensued. The judge before whom the case was brought asked the merchant how he could tell that the mark was a forgery. In reply he said the proof was a secret which he would reveal to him privately. He then explained that in signing with a cross he drew the pen along the side of his thumb, so that each limb of the cross was the side of his thumb in profile. The proof was deemed satisfactory. The holder of the bill was nonsuited.

Items of Interest.

A passenger on a steamship, says Birdey, must be either seasick or despised. It is not pleasant to be despised.

It is now asserted that Santa Fe, in New Mexico, and not St. Augustine, Fla., is the oldest settlement in the United States.

Long stories tire the listener. Your shot-gun only kills the woodcock a few yards off; the same lead in rifle ball knocks a grizzly at a mile."

Granite and macadam are to be banished from the city of London, the Street Committee have determined to lay down in future nothing but asphalte or wood.

If you wish to live to eighty-five in the full enjoyment of all your faculties go to bed at 9 o'clock, eat twice a day moderately of plain food, and drink accordingly.

"If I save ten cents a day from my drinks," ruminated old Rednose, "it will be $36.50 a year, and in fifty years it will be $1,825, and then I can marry Mary. Dear Mary!"

A Savannah dancing master has entered suit against the Savannah and Skidaway Railroad for $100 damages from the failure of the train to take him to his dancing class on time.

A gentleman of Louisville has a dog—a pointer. The dog ran up the steps of a house and refused to come down. His master followed and found "A. Partridge" on the door plate.

A French surgeon proposes to prevent the spread of hydrophobia by blunting the teeth of dogs and cats with files, pincers, or like instruments. This would prevent bites which would break the skin.

It is pleasant to see a young creature come into a hall, seat herself for admiration, look happy for five minutes, and then wake up to the dismal consciousness that there is a rip in the middle finger of her right glove.

A Miss Anna Short, of Hazel township, Alexander county, Ill., was bitten by a spider a few days ago, and in a few hours her whole body became so terribly swollen that no hope was entertained of her recovery.

A Western paper says dealers in butter classify it as wool grease, soap grease, varieguted, tessalated, cow grease, boarding-house breakfast, inferior tub, common tub, medium roll, good roll, and gilt-edge roll.

The romantic youth who hankers to be a canal boat driver and encounter typhoons, and so forth, ought to know that every canal boatman is knocked down an average of twenty-one times per month. So says the Lockport *Journal*.

One of the most recent advertising novelties in London is a system of printing advertisements upon eggs, and in several of the windows of the provision merchants may be seen a quantity of them inscribed with all manner of notices.

A young man calling himself Minister Jewell's son has been living very handsomely lately in various parts of England and Ireland, and several tradesmen have sent their bills to St. Petersburg. The Minister desires an introduction first.

An old negro woman was arrested and brought before the Mayor of Montgomery, Ala., for picking up some drift wood at the edge of the river. Her defense was that God sent the rain that raised the river that brought the wood. The Mayor thought it a good defense and discharged her.

In a Sunday-school, the other day when the basket was handed round or a collection for the heathen, the teacher was somewhat surprised to find a bank note in it. Closer examination revealed the fact that it was a counterfeit. The inquiry among the boys brought to the front one who acknowledged having handed in the spurious scrip. "Yes," he said, "but I didn't think it made any difference to the heathen; they could pass it off."

What Dogs Destroy.

Dogs destroy each year more property in this State alone than is stolen by all the rogues in the Union, Congressmen included. In our town the question whether sheep or dogs are to predominate is in a rapid process of solution. Within a very brief period no less than 60 prime breeding ewes from three flocks, worth $10 a head, have been killed by curs of low degree. We formerly kept 5,000 breeding ewes. The destruction by dogs has made many farmers abandon sheep husbandry. At present our flocks number 500 ewes, and these the dogs will probably soon slaughter. As thousands of farmers in this State might keep small flocks of sheep—say from 25 to 75—advantageously, I advise a more strict dog law for their protection, and the election of a dog constable in each town to enforce the same, thus making a saving to the Empire State in sheep, lambs, wool, mutton, and manure, of at least $3,000,000 per annum.—*E. Elphee, Secretary Montezuma Farmers' Club.*

Welsh Rabbits.

It is a common habit of etymologists, when a word is troublesome, to alter it a little, so as to put sense into it. One of these clever scholars (the great mistake of philologists lies in being too clever) was puzzled that a Welsh rabbit should mean a piece of toasted cheese, so he decided that it must be a corruption of Welsh rare-bit. The public believed him, and took to spelling it accordingly, so that even now the best edition of Webster's Dictionary gives it as "properly Welsh rare-bit." Now, the whole of this is stuff and nonsense; the very name rare-bit is a fiction, and Welsh rabbit is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large group which describe in the same humorous way the special dish, or product, or peculiarity of a particular district. For examples: an Essex stile is a ditch, and an Essex lion a calf; a Fieldlane duck is a baked sheep's head; Glasgow magistrates, or Gourock hams, or Norfolk capons, are red herrings; Irish Apricots, or Munster plums, are potatoes; Gravesend sweetmeats are shrimps, and a Jerusalem pony is a donkey.