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Zimmerman brothers & co
Bellefonte

"Wanted."

The world wants MEN—large-hearted, manly men,
Men who shall join its chorus, and prolong
The psalm of labor and the song of love.
The times want SCHOLARS—scholars who shall shape
The doubtful destinies of dubious years,
And land the ark that bears our country's good,
Safe on some peaceful Ararat at last.
The age wants HEROES—heroes who shall dare
To struggle in the solid ranks of truth;
To clutch the monster Error by the throat;
To bear opinion to a loftier seat;
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead a universal freedom in.
And Heaven wants SOULS—fresh and capacious souls,
To taste its raptures, and expand like flowers,
Beneath the glory of its central sun.
It wants fresh souls—not lean and shriveled ones;
It wants fresh souls, my brother—GIVE IT THINE.
If thou, indeed, will act as man should act;
If thou, indeed, will be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors,
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hearts,
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled—
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

Open Your Heart to Me, Dear.

Open thy heart to me, dearest and fairest;
Doubly my child and my sister thou art,
Since of all the pure gems that are brightest and rarest,
True motherhood shines like a pearl in the heart.

Smile through those tear-drops of happiness—beaming
'Neath the closed lashes—I see on thy cheek;
Trust in me, Lilybud; tell me thy dreaming;
Open thine heart to thy mother, and speak.

Now the quick tear-drops fall faster and faster:
Say, has he come who all men is above?
Has my queen found her king? has her heart found its master?
Lily, my sweet, is it dawning of love?

There! O, I guess it, I know it, my dearest,
So it is he—it is just as I pray'd.
One to thine innermost bosom is nearest—
Nearer than she at whose feet thou hast play'd!

Well, be it so, love; 'tis Nature's decreeing:
Think not that she who held thee to her breast
From the all-blessed hour of thine earliest being
Owns not that God ever orders the best.

See! the red sunlight grows pale 'i the gloaming';
'Tis the last day of the quick-dying year:
Gold the horizon, unerring the omen;
Morn shall dawn smiling, unclouded, and clear.

You sportive birds, now the summer hath ended,
Yearn not for warmth of the mother's soft breast:
When spring brings her green, with her flower-buds blended,
In turn they will build 'neath the fly their nest.

Darling, I love thee! What though I am weeping
A few tender tears? there is joy in my heart;
For I give my sweet blossom with pride to the keeping
Of one who will guard her 'till death do them part.

There! I have done, love; what *is* the meetest.
Bring 'him' to me, he shall see not a tear;
A dear gift will I give him, my best and my sweetest,—
A bride, and a wish for 'a happy new year!'

The Heart Bowed Down.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling,
To thought and impulse while they flow
That can no comfort bring;
With those exciting scenes will blend
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown,
But memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own!

The mind will, in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight that were
Too beautiful to last;
To long, departed years extend
Its visions with them flown,
For memory is the only friend
That grief can call its own.

A LEGEND OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

No hero except Solomon, perhaps, has so many wonderful adventures credited to him by the professional story-teller of the East as Alexander the Great. One of these, which I am told is also to be found in the literature of the Hebrews, is not only entertaining but possesses some deep and graceful morals.

During the unprofitable march of Alexander in India he came to a lovely oasis watered by a clear running stream. The great king stretched his weary limbs on its banks and ordered from the scanty stock of provisions a few dried salted fishes for his repast. Clear water, served in a golden goblet, replaced the choice Lesbian in which the great king so often indulged. But how astonished was the conqueror when an accountably delicious odor and taste pervaded the water from this running stream! "Surely," said Alexander, "a river so full of rich properties must take its rise in a happy land. Let us explore its sources." After a fatiguing journey on foot in quest of the head-waters of the stream, the king at last came to what seemed an immense enclosure, the walls of which were of great height. He was reassured by finding a pair of colossal gates right before him. Knocking loudly at the postern he demanded entrance. A voice from the interior answered, "Thou canst not enter here; this is Paradise, and the gates are the gates of the Lord."

"I am," answered Alexander proudly, "the conqueror of the earth; why do you hesitate to open the gates for me?"

"Here," said the voice, "no conqueror is acknowledged except he who can conquer his own desires. Art thou fit Alexander, to enter?"

The great conqueror felt that if admittance to Paradise depended upon this law he had no chance to effect an entrance. "Give me," said Alexander to the voice which spoke to him, "some token at least, so that I may show the world that I have been to the very gates of Paradise, where until now no mortal was."

A small port-hole was opened, and from it Alexander received a portion of a human skull. "Take this," said the voice within; "a single look upon it may teach thee more wisdom than thou hast received from all thy masters and philosophers."

Alexander contemptously took the gift, and wended his way to his tent. Throwing it down in disgust, he said", "And this is the present that is given to the conqueror of the world; truly, a paltry present from such a source as Paradise."

"Great king," said a sage who was present, "to me this gift possesses a secret meaning. Pray, put it into one scale, and fill the other with the finest gold."

The king ordered it to be done, and lo! the piece of human bone outweighed the filled up scale of gold.

"This is a wonder," said the king.

Larger scales were brought, heaps of gold were placed in one, and the human fragment of the skull in the other, yet the bone outweighed them all.

The sage then ordered the skull to be covered with earth, and behold it only weighed its own specific gravity.

"How remarkable is this," said Alexander, "can you give me a solution?"

"Great king," answered the sage, "this fragment of a human skull is that part which in life encased the eye. The human eye, although hemmed in, is nevertheless insatiable and unlimited in vision. The more it possesses the more does it desire. The treasures of the earth fail to satisfy its continual longings. But when once descended to the grave, and covered with its mother earth, it finds a limit for all its once boundless wishes. Learn, O great king, wisdom! Of what avail will thy conquests and riches be when thine eyes are covered with dust and thou sleepest the sleep of death?

"What!" cried Alexander, "is fame nothing, that thousands of years hence people should speak my name—nay, be as familiar with it as are my own legions? Thou art a grovelling philosopher, and hast not the soul of a conqueror in thee."

Heedless of the warning he had received at the gates of Paradise, Alexander marched on from kingdom to kingdom, leaving destruction, famine, misery, and death behind him. At last he came to the country governed by the Amazons, where women govern and fight and men do the household work. Alexander summoned their chief city, which was walled in, to surrender. The Amazons sent him a deputation, who thus spoke to the great king: "Great conqueror, if thou intendest war with us thy arms prevail, thou wilt not add a jot to thy fame by having conquered a kingdom of women. But as all war is doubtful, and battles are not always to the strong, thou mayest be beaten; and then behold the ignominy with which thy name will be branded forever: The conqueror of the world was beaten by women!

Alexander felt the force of this argument, and abandoned his undertaking, ordaining an obelisk to be erected, with the following inscription:

I, Alexander, until now foolish and vain, have learned wisdom from women.

Somewhat subdued in his desires, he marched on a northerly direction and reached the small but happy kingdom of Burinapoor. The native king, knowing his own weakness against the mighty hosts of Alexander, received him and his army hospitably. He sent messengers to invite Alexander to his modest palace, and prepared a banquet. When the conqueror was seated, he beheld a most singular spectacle. Instead of the usual fish and flesh and fowl and bread, all that was placed before him was either of gold, silver, or precious stones. Thus, instead of the soup there was a plate of emeralds. The goblet of wine was represented by a goblet of pearls. Birds artistically made of gold were served up to him, and silver leaves were there to represent the wheaten loaf.

"Do you eat gold and silver and drink pearls in your land?" asked Alexander astonished.

"Can I believe," said the native king, "that you, the great conqueror of the world, who has left your own land to subdue the remotest kingdoms of the earth—can I think that you can feel satisfied to be fed from the usual productions of the land like other men? Surely, of grain, meat, and wine you have plenty in your country. Your roaming and conquests can have no other object but riches and power. Here there is gold, silver, and precious stones. Eat and drink them, and show us that you are more than a common mortal."

Alexander who could at times appreciate stern truths, kindly answered, "My friend, I have not come to conquer nor rob your kingdom. I wish simply to inform myself of your habits, your customs, and your laws."

"Alas, great conqueror!" said the native prince, "if inquisitive princes thirsting for knowledge should all adopt your plan, by bringing an armed host along with them to learn the customs and laws of distant lands, there would be little of either left after the departure of such a body of philosophic travellers. However, I will gratify the curiosity of my great guest." Clapping his hands he demanded of the attendants whether any causes or lawsuits were at that moment before the great gate of the palace; and, finding that there were, "Let the suitors come before me," said the native king.

Two villagers then appeared before the king. The first one addressed him thus: "I have bought a small piece of ground from this my neighbor. Digging upon it I suddenly discovered a hidden treasure, which I forthwith took to my neighbor, telling him that although I bought land I did not buy gold and silver from him; therefore the treasure belongs to him."

The second villager said, "May it please the king, when I sold my neighbor the land I felt that I had no further right nor title to it; how then can I accept the treasure which no longer belongs to me?"

The king, stroking his long beard, asked whether the contending parties had children. "Yes," was the reply, "we have both of us sons and daughters."

"Well, then," said the king, "my judgment is that the daughter of the one litigant marry the son of the other, and the treasure be given as a dowry."

The villagers thanked the king and left rejoicing.

Alexander, who had listened to this strange suit and to the king's decision, could not conceal his astonishment.

"Has my decision failed to obtain your approbation," demanded the native king of Alexander. "How would you, in your own country, in a case like this, have decided?"

"In my country," said Alexander, the autocrat and conqueror speaking in every word, "a treasure found in the bowels of the earth, no matter who the owner of the surface may be, belongs to the king; and I would put to instant death any subject of mine who, finding a treasure, should dare to conceal or fail to deliver it to the authorities within the day."

The native king, much astonished, and looking at Alexander attentively, at last said: "Pray tell me, great conqueror, does the sun shine in your country?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"How strange?" said the native king, musingly. "Does it rain in your country?" he asked again.

"Certainly," replied Alexander.

"Wonderful!" murmured the native prince. "Have you any domestic animals in your land?"

"Of course we have," answered Alexander."

"Ha!" cried the native prince, relieved, "it is for the sake of these poor animals that a good and wise Providence allows the blessed sun to shine and the rain to fall upon your fields; for surely you and your people, O great king, do not deserve these blessings."

FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO SOON.

The sun had almost left the eastern window of Mrs. Grey's kitchen, as she sat on a low seat, with a willow basket on the floor beside her, patiently assorting a huge pile of carpet rags, and putting the pieces of red, yellow, blue and black in separate heaps, ready to be tied up into bundles. On the floor sat the two-year-old baby, watching the proceedings with great interest, and sometimes working away as busily as mamma herself, but whose tiny fingers were, unfortunately, more of a hindrance than a help. Over the fire the kettle and dinner-pot were boiling briskly, while from the oven a savory odor issued forth of the good things within.

As the forenoon waned, Mrs. Grey glanced anxiously at the clock, from time to time, but kept steadily at work, overseeing the cooking of the dinner at the same time. A look of satisfaction rested on her countenance as the great pile of rags gradually diminished in size and finally disappeared, and the pieces of different colors were all ready to be tied up and put away.

"Just a quarter to twelve," she said to herself. "I shall have time to put these away, set the table, and have dinner precisely at twelve."

This had been a busy forenoon with Mrs. Grey. She had risen earlier than usual, had performed her household duties with more than usual dispatch, and by a good deal of close calculation had gained an hour for this work. As every moment counts where the work of a family is to be done by one pair of hands, she thought that a little extra effort in making a carpet would save a vast deal of time now spent in scrubbing and cleaning, and then too, the room would look so much more tasteful and pleasant. So it was with much satisfaction that she looked upon her morning's work, as being the first step toward such a desirable end.

But just as she rose from her seat she looked out of the window and saw her husband coming up the path to the house.

"O, dear," said she, "Henry has come, and dinner is not ready. What *shall* I do?"

Now, to most wives the coming of the husband a few moments before dinner is not a matter of such fearful importance as to cause a disarrangement of the whole household economy, but Mr. Grey always expected dinner to be ready at the moment of his coming, whether before or after the usual hour, and his wife, who was a timid woman, stood greatly in awe of her husband, and deemed it the most awful thing in the world in any way to cross his wishes and thus offend him.

So she hurried to the stove, lifted the heavy dinner-pots, somewhat changed their places that they might boil faster, and gave the fire a vigorous stirring, which, by the way, was all unnecessary, for the fire was burning before just as brightly as it could, and the dinner was already cooked; then hastily brushing the carpet-rags all up together, she crammed into the basket, and rushed with it into the bed-room. Little Annie playfully caught hold of her dress as she passed, and her mother being in too great a hurry to notice her she was dragged along a step and fell ever backward, hitting her head against a chair.

Now followed a scene of confusion. Baby's loud screams mingled with the mother's exclamations of pity and regret, as she vainly tried to soothe her, and in the midst of it all Mr. Grey came in, with a frown on his brow, and in a stern tone said, "What is all th's? Why isn't dinner ready?"

"It is all ready, Henry; you shall have it just as soon as I can take it up. But see how Annie has hurt herself"

"Never mind her; she'll soon get over crying. I am in a hurry. Seems to me I never have my meals when I want them."

"O, yes, Henry, sometimes you do, for yesterday I waited a full hour for you; but it isn't quite twelve yet; I didn't expect you before twelve."

"The clock is too slow, I know," said he, going to it and moving the hands. "There, now it is twelve."

Mrs. Grey made no reply, but resolutely putting Annie, who was still sobbing and crying down in a chair, turned away and commenced taking up the dinner. In a few moments she called her husband to the table, and, with the child again in her arms, sat down to pour the coffee.

Mr. Grey's stern features relaxed a little as he looked over the table. Every thing was just right, and had evidently been cooked with a view to pleasing his own particular appetite. The roast beef was juicy and tender, the potatoes white and mealy, the fragrant coffee, light, spongy bread and golden butter could not well be improved, while his favorite apple pudding had turned out a perfect success. A good dinner naturally puts one in good humor with one's self and the world generally; thus it was with Mr. Grey. He was disposed to be quite social and communicative, and to chat about the little affairs that had taken place during the forenoon.

But not so with the weary wife. The consciousness that fear of her husband had caused her to undo in a moment the toilsome work of the last hour, the uncomfortable reflection that one idea was uppermost in all her domestic arrangements, and that idea the gratification of all his whims at the expense of every thing besides, roused up rather rebellious feelings for the time, while the nervous excitement she had felt for the last half hour caused a violent headache, which disinclined her to talk much.

Henry, being unable to sustain the conversation alone, hastily finished his meal and hurried off to work, thinking all the way how dull and commonplace Mary had become, and wondering what had changed the bright-eyed, light-hearted girl he had wooed and won three years before, into such a sober, mopish woman. Then he settled it in his mind that it was the way with all married people. Of course their cares would make them grave and sedate. But just then his memory served to remind him of Mrs. Morris, an intimate friend of his wife, who was married about the same time they were. She looked not a whit older or sadder than on her wedding-day, and seemed to enjoy life just as well as in her girlhood. It was strange; did he not provide bountifully for his family? Was not their every need supplied? He could not understand why it was, and it not being a very pleasant subject on which to reflect, he put it out of his mind.

Mrs. Grey still sat by the table with a weary, desponding look on her countenance that would pain you to witness. The tide of angry feelings had rolled away, and now the poor, tired heart ached for sympathy; for a word, a look of tenderness and love; and unbidden tears streamed down her cheeks. Long, long she sobbed, but gradually the intensity of her feelings wore away, and she became calmer. Then her woman's heart pleaded for her husband, and she said, "Henry is not so considerate as some, but he doesn't mean to be unkind," and she tried to forget self in the absorbing interest in what she felt to be her life-work; but still the little incident of the day, trifling though it seemed, was helping, with many others, to steal the bloom from her cheek, the lustre from her eye, and the joy from her heart.

Ah, husband, it is not the great, heart-crushing sorrows that imbitter life so much as the little, selfish exactions, the petty unkindnesses, the thoughtless neglect; and the "small, sweet courtesies" of life are far more potent in their power to smooth the roughness of the way, than all the wealth of the Indies unaccompanied by them.

AN ANECDOTE is told of Chief-Justice Marshall, evincing his ready humor. The old gentleman like Miles Standish, was very fond always of doing everything for himself, and objected strongly to any assistance being rendered him. One day, wishing to consult some work of reference, he entered the law library and proceeded to mount the steps and draw out a book from an upper shelf. The books being tightly packed together refused to leave one without the other, and the Chief-Justice, not noticing this, in withdrawing the one he wished dislodged the entire row, which come down upon him, felling him to the floor. The librarian instantly ran to the rescue, inquiring if the venerable gentleman was hurt, and offering him assistance in rising. "Let me alone," said the Chief-Justice; "let me alone, I'm a little stunned for the moment; that's all. I have laid down the law often, but this is the first time the law has laid me down."

INSANITY AND MURDER.—At a murder trial in Memphis, wherein an attempt to establish insanity was made on the part of the defence, Dr. J. R. Allen was called as an expert, and testified as follows: I have been a practising physician for nearly thirty years; I have had some experience in cases of insanity, having been for ten years medical superintendent of the Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and during that time had over two thousand crazy people under my charge; I have heard the hypothetical case read by Mr. Phelan; I am here as an expert, and before answering this question, would like to say that the more I studied the question of insanity the less I understood it; and if you ask me where it begins and where it ends, neither I nor any physician in the world could tell you; in fact, on occasions like this, lawyers make fools of themselves in trying to make asses of doctors.

TORPEDOES ADRIFT.—There is something extremely disagreeable says a London paper in the story that during the late experiments carried on with torpedoes in the Elbe some of these unpleasant machines broke loose and floated away into the ocean. The possibility of a yacht, steamer, or peaceful trading ship coming in contact with one of them is a very uncomfortable idea, as we fear they would not respect neutral bottoms. It is earnestly to be hoped that if any of those torpedoes have wandered from their proper paths, they will sink by their own weight without loss of time, or become the prey of some sea monster, who will not be a little surprised at the effect produced by such a peculiar pill.

PENNSYLVANIA has 2,002 school districts, 14,212 schools, 2,892 graded schools, 13,100 directors, 79 country and other superintendents, 17,612 teachers, 828,891 pupils, 5 normal schools with 2,675 students, 66 professors and students, 8,135 volumes in the libraries of the normal schools, 13 colleges with 157 professors and teachers, 2,805 students and 75,000 volumes in their libraries.

Immigrants from Europe.

During the year 1870 there arrived at New York alone, 211,110 immigrants from the old world. During the year 1869 the number was 258,989, showing a falling off the year just closed of 47,799. This result is probably due in a great measure to the European war, but it must be taken into consideration that the year 1869 was an exceptional year, the number of immigrants being largely in excess of any year previous; still, looking at the tables, it will be seen that the greatest decrease is from those countries affected by the war. Thus, Germany in 1868 sent to this country 99,605 souls, and during the last year only 72,368, a decrease of 27,237. France sends only 585 less than the year previous, Ireland 1,036 less; England 2,600 less; while Sweden comes 11,902 short of the number of 1869. But that year the immigration from Sweden was exceptionally large, having been 23,453 against 14,520 for 1868, and 4,843 for 1867. Norway is 787, and Denmark 159 behind the previous year. The countries from which the immigration has increased are Scotland 88, Italy 533, Russia 57, and China 5, more than came from those countries in 1869. The largest immigration last year was in the months of April, May, and June, the total in May footing up to 52,105, or 15,416 more than arrived in any other month. During the year the immigration from Germany kept in excess of that from Ireland until April, when the number of Irish was 2,243 greater than the Germans. Then again in August, September, and October, the number of Irish was in excess of the Germans, but for the last two months the number of Germans have exceeded the Irish by 3,319, and for the whole year 7,200. The countries which send the fewest immigrants to this country are Japan and Turkey, which have sent one apiece. China sent but 20 during the last year against 15 the year before. The total number of aliens who have landed in New York since May 1847 is 4,509,170.

Size of United States Senators.

A Washington correspondent writes: One cannot help recalling the phrenological dictum—"that other things being equal, size is the measure of power," when looking on the Senate assembled. There is a good deal of head here, and proportionately a larger amount of belly also. Small men are by contrast at a great disadvantage. Look over the outer circle to the left of the Vice-President, as an illustration. There are no small men in it, though some are not fat ones, yet the lean men, however large of brain, are made to look small by contrast. There is Hamilton and Flannagan, of Texas, "lean and hungry kine," tall and lank men of the Cassius stripe. Next comes your goodly proportioned Senator, both physically and mentally, Matthew H. Carpenter, one of the strongest men in the Chamber. Scott, of Pennsylvania, sits next to him—a man of moderate stature and weight. Rice, of Arkansas, long-headed and long-limbed, follows; his colleague is by his side, young, but weighty in averdupois and sagacity; then Ramsay, handsome and stout, flanks Chandler, homely, coarse, and large of frame, and heavy in flesh. Howard, Nye, Sumner, sit side by side, sustained by Kellogg and Yates, who complete the row. Of the fifteen Senators named, there is not one weighing less than 160 pounds, and all but three or four will acknowledge 200 and upwards. So size in body and head does really give evidence of power. In the House there is not so marked a distinction. The representatives will average better, and there are some little men who hold large places; ability, not experience, perhaps, is as great.

The Battle of the Pigs.

The following story was related to us by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who vouches for its truth: In the village of Brewer, opposite this city, two men carry on the livery business—occupying stables situated about a quarter of a mile apart—and each owns a huge Chester hog weighing nearly 400 pounds. The other day Mr. A's hog broke out of his pen and strayed down on Mr. B's premises, and the latter, mistaking the animal for his own, drove him into the pen under his stable. Presently he heard a terrible rumpus, and found that his own porcine had resented the intrusion, and was giving the hog he had turned in a terrible thrashing. Separating the combatants, Mr. B drove Mr. A's hog home and he was secured in his own domain. The next morning Mr. B upon going to feed his hog, found him lying upon the bottom of the pen utterly exhausted, and his adversary of the previous day industriously engaged in knawing a hole in his back. It appears that after Mr. A's hog had been driven home he meditated upon the drubbing he had received until he had got mad all over, and breaking out in the night, he had made his way through the darkness to his adversary's sty, smashed his way in, and proceeded to avenge his wrongs by nearly killing his antagonist.—*Bangor (Me.) Whig.*

What a Battle is Like.

As a matter of fact, says a correspondent, unless one is riding with the staff of a general who commands, one cannot form an idea of what is going on by hanging about, and it is a horrible sight to look with an opera glass at men and horses being massacred. When knights charged each other with lances there was a certain chivalry in war; but there is nothing either ennobling or inspiring in watching a quantity of Breton peasants who cannot even speak French, and an equal number of Berlin grocers, who probably ask for nothing better than to be back in their shops, destroying each other at a distance of two or three miles with balls of lead and iron, many of them filled with explosive materials. I confess that I pity the horses almost as much as I do the men. It seems a monstrous thing in order that the Alsatians should be forced into becoming subjects of Prussia, an omnibus horse, who has honestly done his work in the streets of Paris, should be taken outside the walls of the town to have his head blown off or to stump about on three legs until he dies of cold and hunger. Horses have a way when they are wounded of making desperate efforts to get on their feet, and then letting their heads fall with a bang on the soil, which is horrible to witness.

LUMBER AT ALBANY.—The official statement places the receipts for 1870 at 452,363,900 feet, which are the highest figures Albany has ever reported by 8,000,000 feet. The stock of lumber on hand at the close of the year is estimated at 90,000,000 feet, which is about 20,000,000 feet less than the stock a year ago, and the receipts are about 8,000,000 feet greater than those of 1869.

A girl writes a composition as follows: SNOW.—I Love To see snow I Love to get up in the morning and see a Deep Snow I love to see the trees and the ground all Covered with snow some girls do not like to come to school for they say it tis so cold and they watch till school is in and then they go then on the hill to slide

THE mayor of San Francisco has given his entire official income for the present year, amounting to the sum of $4,200, to the public charities of the city.

Intermittent Brigandage.

The brigands in Greece are not, as in other countries still cursed with brigands, a class completely cut off from society. Each troop had in olden time, and probably has still, its director, its impressario, in a town, sometimes in the capitol, sometimes at court. The subalterns often return to civil life; often also the peasant turns brigand for a few weeks, when he knows that a good haul is to be made. The job finished, he returns to his tillage. Of all the countries in the world, Greece is the country in which opportunity has called forth the greatest number of highwaymen.

A Frenchman, residing in Athens, has told how his servant one day timidly accosted him, twisting his cap between his fingers.

"You have something to ask me?"

"Yes, effendi, but I dare not."

"Dare, nevertheless."

"Effendi, I want to spend a month on the mountain."

"On the mountain! What for."

"To stretch my limbs, saving your respect, effendi, I get rusty here. In Athens, you are a heap of civilises, (I have no intention of offending you,) and I am afraid of catching your complaint."

The master, touched by such valid reasons, allowed his valet to take a month's man-shooting. He returned at the expiration of his leave of absence, and never touched so much as a pin of his master's property.

There was a poor gendarme who, for long, long years, aspired after the rank of corporal. He was a good soldier, brave enough, and the least refractory in his company; but his only patron was himself. So he deserted, and turned brigand. Here he was able to display his talents. He was soon well known to all the heads of the gendarmerie. They tried to catch him, and missed catching him five or six times.

Giving up that game, they sent a friend to treat with him. "You shall have your pardon, and, to make up for your trouble, you shall be made a corporal tomorrow, and a sergeant in the course of the year."

His ambition was satisfied. He consented to be made a corporal, awaiting patiently his sergeant's stripes. He had long to wait for them. One day, his patience was worn out, and he returned to the mountain. He had not killed three men, before they made haste to make him a sergeant. He afterwards rose to an officer, with no other patrons than the persons he had put underground.

Sam Houston's Love.

The most singular incident in the life of Sam Houston, and one never hitherto explained, was his abandonment of the Governorship of Tennessee only three days after marrying a young wife. He became a voluntary exile among the Indians of the plains for years thereafter, was made a great chief, and only reappeared in public life when Texas was struggling for independence. The Galveston *News* lifts the veil from this secret chamber of Houston's heart by this strange narration: "What we know about this matter is so honorable to him that we shall, for the first time, put it in print. We may premise that our information was indirectly derived from one now deceased, who, during her life, had a right to know what caused this strange episode in the life of a great man. Governor Houston's first bride was a Tennessee belle of surprising beauty and considerable social standing. She was, if not the affianced bride, at least the sweetheart of a neighboring gentleman when Governor Houston sought her hand. Her family being very ambitious, forced the match and she was married. After retiring to her bridal chamber her deportment was such as to cause him to suspect that she did not love him; that while her hand was his, her heart was another's. She confessed the truth when interrogated, and, while promising fidelity and wifely duty, declared herself unable to love him. He at once retired from the house, leaving his bride as pure and spotless as ever. He then resigned his position and went among the Comanches. In due course of time the lady sought and obtained a divorce.

A Bill's Wonderful Adventure.

If antiquarians divide the periods of primeval man into the stone, bone and iron eras, we stand a good chance of going down to posterity as belonging to the advertising age. "Ah!" said a traveled friend of ours, "when I was in Soudan, news came to us that a great chief some days' journey from us had a treasure, a picture of untold beauty. We mounted our camels and went through the burning sands for three mortal days. At last, just as our water-skins were dry, we arrived at the Sheik's tents. He was a superb old man, and after a sheep was killed and eaten, with a traveler's curiosity, I broached the delicate subject. From the bottom of a cedar chest, beneath bournesses and caftans, he disentombed something done up in a shawl. 'See! behold!' he cried; 'this came to me from a strange land. It traveled here from the Nile, in boats. From even further than that.' I was quite excited. Was it some old papyrus, some grand relic of the Pharaohs? I trembled with emotion. With shaky fingers the old man undid the coverings, and exhibited to me a show bill of Dan. Bryant's—the flaring picture of a regular nigger breakdown. 'I cannot sell it to you,' went on the old man, 'it has preserved our stock from murrain this year, and in cases of fever and blindness it works marvelous cures. Blessed be the Prophet.'"

Sickening Scenes.

The country between Orleans and Toury, and in front of it, is beyond conception, terrible to contemplate, now since the storm of war and battle has passed over it. The villages and farm-houses are burnt; the towns gutted. They are, nevertheless, full of wounded men. Every house, almost, is crammed with them—Prussians, Hessians, Bavarians, Hanseatics, Mecklenburghers and French. The fields and roads are covered with dead men and dead horses, frozen and stiffened in hideous multiplication of fantastic contortions. Orleans has not suffered except in the suburbs, but those are shell-blackened and in ruins. The Catholic cathedral is filled with irreverent prisoners, who swarm in the sacred places, play Offenbach on the organ, and mistake recklessness for *gaite de cœur* in their captivity.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—Details are given of a frightful railroad accident on the Mississippi and Tennessee Road. The accident was caused by the breaking of an axle of one of the passenger cars. This car was overturned by the shock and caught fire from the stove. Several persons were burned to death, one woman being literally jammed head foremost into the stove and reduced to a cinder. The terror of the unfortunate negroes who occupied the car was indescribable. "Packed upon one another, thrown violently from seats that were broken from their fastenings, the car on fire from the overturned stove, they crushed one another; children were suffocated and crushed under foot, and many met horrible deaths."

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

What a Woman Did.

A Buffalo paper tells how a woman put to flight a mob of twenty drunken men, in the village of Holland as follows: The mob was on a general "spree," and the disposition to do mischief was manifest. Entering the tavern of a Mr. Paul, the landlord was speedily driven from the scene, his two young sons, one eighteen and the other twenty years of age, coming forward to deal with the riotous visitors. The boys, who vainly endeavored to pacify the drunken, savage gang, and to induce them to leave the premises, were finally set upon and badly beaten, as were also a couple of men boarding in the house, who came to their rescue. Up to this time Mrs. Paul had not appeared. It was not until one of her sons, covered with blood and bruises, retreated to her, in the rear apartment of the house, that she felt herself summoned to action. Her first instincts were altogether womanly. She thought that she could persuade the ruffians, by an appeal to the ordinary respect of man for woman, to desist from their violence, and she boldly went into their midst, drunken and armed with clubs as they were. Her appearance and her appeals had no effect upon them. They threatened her own person with violence, and swore that they would burn the house and kill the inmates. Then this strong-hearted woman rose to arms, and declared for battle with the savage mob which would not be conciliated by peaceful persuasions. Escaping from a side door, she attempted to rally the neighbors, of whom there were enough near at hand, to the defence of her threatened house and family. But the neighbors would not rally; the mob looked too formidable to them. She could gather no force to assist her; and perhaps it is not singular that the villagers stood timidly aloof, because, without some resolute leader to give them confidence in each other, men are apt to appear cowards in such an emergency, through every one's fear that he may expose himself without good backing from his fellows. At all events, the neighbors of Mrs. Paul declined to assume the defence of her premises, so she was left to her own resources. Nothing daunted she borrowed two revolvers, dispatched a messenger to the village store to purchase a hundred rounds of cartridges, and returned to her beleaguered home. The rioters were in full possession of its front rooms, and engaged in indiscriminate smashing of windows and furniture, helping themselves to liquor and appropriating property. She loaded the revolvers that she had borrowed, placed them in the hands of her two sons, stationed them at the two doors leading into the bar-room, where the mob was mostly congregated, and directed them to fire several shots, first into the ceiling of the room, above the heads of the crowd, in the hope that that might suffice to alarm the marauders and drive them off. That the shots were so fired is attested, we are told, by the bullet marks in the ceiling. They had no effect; the rioters were too mad with liquor and with their passion to be sobered by the warning. Some of them, on the contrary, made a rush toward one of the boys, and then his brother fired a shot which struck the foremost of the assailants in the abdomen, and then, too, under the directions of the courageous mother, who reloaded the revolvers as they were emptied, the firing was kept up, straight into the mob, until it broke into panic and fled. One man was killed outright, or dropped dead a few paces from the door, and was found lying as he fell, with a bottle of whisky under one arm and a piece of clothing plundered from the tavern under the other. Two others are likely to die from the wounds that they received.

Gunpowder Tactics.

On the last third of July we witnessed a singular dispute between two youngsters of the *gamin* sort. One held an open pack of firecrackers defiantly in air, and the other a bigger boy, flourished a lighted bit of punk.

"Hand that pack over!" shouted the punk-boy, fiercely. "One uv them crackers is mine! You promised I sh'ud have it."

"Sha'n't do it!" roared the cracker-boy. "Ta'n't time to break the pack till to-morrer."

"I tell you, I want to fire off my cracker; so hand it over. You ha'n't got no right ter hinder me—"

"Yes I *have*, too!"

Whereupon the punk-boy rushed upon his adversary, and, after a moment's fierce struggle, secured the pack.

"You just take out a single one of them crackers if you dare!" panted the vanquished boy, now very red in the face, but retreating before the other's threatening gestures.

"I ha'n't agoin' to," sneered the punk-boy, "if you're so 'tarnel mean about it. But I'll do what no feller on earth can hinder me from doin'—*I'll fire off my cracker!*"

Suiting the action to the word, he blew upon the end of his punk, at the same time applying it at the fine red specimen in the very heart of the pack. Off it went! And with it—

Do you see the moral dancing about in that exploded chain?

In the affairs of life, in our pet enthusiasms, our schemes of reform, our enterprises, our pleasures, it is very trying to have our single cracker in the Community's pack, especially when said Community has his own notions concerning the proper time for letting us fire our own. On the other hand, it is equally trying to have a Community's single cracker in our pack, when that Community is determined to set off its one little firework regardless of consequences. But is it not often so?

As society stands, are not half its members holding open packs aloft out of harm's way, waiting the appointed hour of explosion; and the other half as earnestly flourishing their lighted punk? And are not the men who keep their eye on their own cracker as apt to have their own way as those who own the rest of the pack?

And, all things considered, when a cracker-boy is smaller than a punk-boy, isn't it sometimes wiser for the former to quietly allow the latter to enjoy his own single cracker at will?

BALLOON PRISONERS TO BE COURT-MARTIALED.—Bismarck sent word to the French Government that several balloons have fallen into the hands of the Prussians, and that the persons thus captured would be tried according to the laws of war. However, the French refuse to believe that the Prussian Government has any serious intention of taking the responsibility of such a barbarity as the trial by court-martial and execution of balloon travelers. It is believed that the object is simply to strike terror and discourage resistance.

A HAPPY youth in Connecticut has three living grandfathers and six living grandmothers, making nine grandparents. His grandfather, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother are living in the same family. Next door live his grandfather, grandmother and great-grandmother, and within a mile live his great-grandfather and a third great-grandmother.

In English, the *Mercurious Politicus* in 1652 advertised an heroic poem, the "*Irenodia Gratuloria*," and this was the sire of the whole progeny of advertisements.

The Winter Fashions.

EVENING DRESSES.—Solid colored gros grain, poult de soie, and faille, heavily reped and of the palest hues, are the favorite materials for evening dresses this season. Shell pink, ciel blue, pearl, chrysoprase green, gnabo gray, and the delicate Frou Frou tints of buff are the colors shown. These choice colors in fine qualities of reped silk cost $6 to $7 50 a yard. Very handsome corded silks are also sold for $4 a yard, but the rage shades now in vogue are not found among them. Still lower priced than this is a line of silks, costing from $2 75 a yard to $3 50, of thin, uneven quality, detected readily by holding the fabric before the light.

FANCY SILKS.—Of the fancy silks shown the reversible striped gros grains are the only novelty. These have satin stripes two inches wide of rose-color, alternating with white on one side of the fabric, while the reverse side has black stripes on white, or else two shades of violet or of purple are used with white. These are $7,50 a yard. Other striped silks are shown at various prices, beginning as low as $1,75 a yard. All figured silks, except the novelty just mentioned, and the rich satin brocades, are reduced in price, $2 a yard buys very pretty white silk with blue, mauve, rose, or green stripes half an inch wide. Solid colored silks are still expensive, and will become more so.

MANNER OF MAKING.—Contrary to prediction, low corsages are again in favor. They are straight around the neck, falling low off the shoulders, instead, of the three-quarter square neck with shoulder-straps worn last year. Round waists are entirely superseded by points back and front. Some times only one dart and a sort of side [illegible] are seen in the front of pointing waists, but for fleshy figures there are two and even three darts. The points are very sharp, slender, and three or four inches long. A double cord is the prettiest finish for them. Lace or fringe is often attached to the points, to imitate basques, or the flounces of the skirt, but this has a poor effect. A silk lacing fastens the dress behind. By way of variety the back of low corsages has sometimes a postillion basque instead of a point, but the pointed front is *de riguer*. The sleeve for such waist is the merest puff or band. The ornament is a berth of folds of tulle, or of the material of the trimming. These are called Grecian folds, and give beautiful round fullness to the bust.

TRAINS.—Of the immoderate length worn two years ago have disappeared. Ladies who refused to give them up last winter are now having demi-trains about sixty inches long. The newest fancy is to cut the three straight back widths of the skirt half a yard longer than the side widths next them, giving a square train, and trimming the long widths with a pleated flounce, which, extending up the sides to the waist, has the effect of a court train. A skirt of this kind, with a corsage pointed in front, the back in a long, slender basque, is very becoming to a stout person.

TRIMMINGS.—Velvet ruffles an eighth of a yard wide, put on in scanty gathers, trim the handsomest silks of the season. The velvet is exactly the shade of the dress. Pink, blue, pearl-color, and clear green velvet flounces are exceedingly admired; but the shadowy gray silks and the undefined pale tea-rose, apricot, coon tints are not effective in velvet. For the latter there is,