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The Merry Laugh.

I love to hear a merry laugh,
Out ringing wild and free,
As floats the music of the winds
Across the sunny sea.

The merry laugh goes hand in hand
With happiness and mirth;
And as its silvery-toned command
Joy nestles round each hearth.

The merry laugh bespeaks a heart
With noble feelings warm;
One that will bravely do its part
In sunshine or in storm.

The music of a merry laugh
Sets aged hearts aglow;
The smiles gleam o'er the wrinkled brow
Like sunset on the snow.

Then let the merry laugh ring out
Upon the balmy air,
And let its gladness put to rout
The bold intruder—Care.

Hidden.

Down underneath the water,
In the ocean's purple gloom,
Resplendent gems are lying
In their eternal tomb.

Far up above the storm-clouds,
And the sun's bright burning eye,
A Hand is ever weaving
A time-long mystery.

Within my heart's still chamber,
Where only God can see,
In tender incense rising
My love goes up to thee.

But waves and clouds between us,
Forever surge and roll,
And hide from thee, beloved,
The secret of my soul.

MIGNONETTE.

An Emblem.

I waited for a single flower to blow,
While all about me flowers were running wild;
Gold-hearted kingcups, sunnily that smiled,
And daisies like fresh-fallen flakes of snow,
And rarest violets sweet, whole colonies
Nestled in shady grasses by the brooks,
Thai sang, for love of them and their sweet looks,
Delicious melodies.

Now are they perished, all the fragile throng,
That held their sweetness up to me in vain,
Only this single blossom doth remain,
For whose unfolding I have waited long,
Thinking, "How rare a bloom these petals clasp!"
And lo! a sickly, dwarfed, and scentless thing,
Mocking my love and its close nourishment,
And withering in my grasp.

O dream! O hope! O promise of long years:
Art thou a flower that I have nurtured so,
Missing the every-day sweet joys that grow
By common pathways; moistened with my tears,
Watched through the dreary and sleepless night,
And all about thy slender rootlets cast
My life like water, but to find at last
A bitterness and blight?

February.

Noon—and the north-west sweeps the empty road,
The rain-washed fields from hedge to hedge are bare;
Beneath the leafless elms some hind's abode
Looks small and void, and no smoke meets the air
From its poor hearth. One lonely rook doth dare
The gale, and beats above the unseen corn,
Then turns and whirling down the wind is borne.

Shall it not hap tha' on some dawn of May
Thou shall awake, and, thinking of days dead,
See nothing clear but this same dreary day,
Of all the days that have passed o'er thine head?
Shalt thou not wonder, looking from thy bed,
Through green leaves on the windless east a-fire,
That this day, too, thine heart doth still desire?

Shalt thou not wonder that it liveth yet,
The useless hope, the useless craving pain?
That made thy face, that lonely noontide, wet
With more than beating of the chilly rain?
Shalt thou not hope for joy new born again,
Since no grief ever born can ever die
Through changeless change of seasons passing by?

HOW I CALLED HER MINE.

However much I may have admired his daughter, even from short acquaintance, I did not like Mr. Edelston. Still it became my duty to ask his consent that the two girls might go to a picnic. We knew his prejudices, but it was thought I, if anybody could, might overcome them. We all took pity on his daughters, whom he seemed to harass by his strick rule and invalid's exactions, and we did what we could to enliven their stay at Heleshore. I had been particularly attentive to Agnes, the eldest. With my request in my mouth and amid doubts I invaded Mr. Edelston's sanctum. He pushed aside some blue-lined books, and gave me readier audience than I anticipated.

"So you 'want to speak' to me, hey?" he said; "that's a phrase I can generally interpret."

"Your daughter has referred me to you, to ——"

"Ah, I thought so," he exclaimed (for he never allowed me to get out more than six or seven words at a time.) "You have come to ask my ——"

"Consent."

"Consent," he repeated, overwhelming, as usual, my attempt to take up the talking by raising his voice—"to your marrying Agnes." (I started.) "You are surprised at my anticipating you, but we city men are not entirely devoid of sagacity," he continued in his pompously complacent tone. "I hope you have refrained from extracting a definite promise from my daughter until ——"

"Indeed, Mr. Edelston, I assure you I have never once thought of ——"

"Doing so. Quite right; quite right. This is not the first application of the kind which I have received. Agnes has personal attractions, and she will have comparative wealth; hence suitors for her hand have not been wanting ——"

"But, Mr. Ed ——"

"*Do* allow me to proceed," he said so snappishly, that I gave up all idea of explanation. "Those suitors I have considered ineligible, and have thought fit to reject. Now I look at you," (I sat with idiotically parted lips, the picture of bewilderment,) "you are very young—too young to marry. You have no profession; you do not seem to possess much business energy." (It was rather hard to be refused something one never asked for, and to be disparaged into the bargain.) "On the other hand, your demeanor is unpretentious and unobjectionable. Your estimable aunt, whose opinion I value, gives you a high character for steadiness. You do not seem to have imbibed that expensive taste for bloodshed which unfortunately characterises your uncle. I understand that you are the owner of a small landed property; and I must confess that I have been most agreeably impressed in your favor by remarking the intelligent view you take of the great political question of the day."

"By Jove!" thought I, in utmost perplexity, "he's going to approve of me;" and, to my extreme bewilderment, he eventually *did*. Now, there was a pretty condition of things! I hurriedly reviewed my extraordinary position, in a state of excited mental confusion resembling that of a volunteer colonel who has got his rear rank in front, with his adjutant way on leave.

Agnes Edelston I liked, excessively, more so almost than any girl I have ever talked to, but she was one of the sweet, sisterlike girls to whom flirtation or "spooning" seems foreign, and I had never ventured, or even thought of venturing, on anything of the kind. She was too frank and unaffected to "assist" at such contemptable amusements. One could not imagine that her round thoughful eyes would ever learn or try to "give a side glance and look down," or her tender curved lips simper at a compliment. But she was sensitive and lovable; and while His Longwindedness, her father, prosily discussed the question of our marriage, I thought how delightful it would be to call her wife.

The idea pleased me as much as if I myself had originated it. One seriously-looking difficulty presented itself: What would Miss Edelston say to the arrangement? When my self-constituted father-in-law paused for want of polysyllables, I had sufficiently mastered the situation to be able to express due gratitude for his good opinion of me, and the honor he was bestowing, but I told him that I had not ventured to test his daughter's inclinations on the subject.

"You see," he explained, after some further ass ciation, "this arrangement as to my daughter's future has relieved my mind. Hitherto, I have opposed her going much into society, since my wife died, having noticed that she attracts admiration, and fearing that some ineligible fellow might engage her affections, if opportunity were presented. Picnics, and above all, water-parties, do give opportunities for—that sort of thing. Young scoundrel upsets Agnes into water, picks her out again, and expects to be allowed to keep her for his trouble. Oh, I know," he continued, seeing me smile. "Don't think I read nothing but these;" and he patted the account-books, to which I then suffered him to return.

On reaching the drawing-room, I found Agnes alone there; Edith had gone to the town.

"She gave up all hope of reaching Birds-home," said Agnes of her sister, "as you were so long away—Why, you've succeeded!" she added, with a quick glance at my elated face. "Papa will let us go! Oh, I'm so glad! Edith longed for it. How did you persuade him to trust us with you?"

"*Will* you trust yourself with me?" said I, forgetting Birds-home.

"*That* I will," she replied heartily—"anywhere. I'm sure you will take care of us."

"Miss Edelston," I said a tone lower, and in a different key (I was going to have the late treaty ratified)—"Miss Edelston, let me take care of you always."

Another quick glance at my too easily perused countenance, and Agnes knew what I was asking.

"O dear, dear!" she muttered, her face and voice saddening—the "dear" was but an exclamation, and did not apply to me.

I began to be eloquent. She stopped me, not like her father, but prettily, nervously.

"I like—I like you so much," she said, almost as it seemed, mourning over me; "and then ——"

"Then love me," I exclaimed, becoming very earnest indeed. "I love *you*." And, by Jove! I *did* love her too, and felt quite grateful to Mr. Edelston for putting the idea of doing so into my head.

"And I thought you were not like the others," continued the sweet girl pathetically, her eyes glistening, her voice tremulous. "I must say No; I must, indeed; and if I did not, papa would. He always does;" this sadly.

Then my triumphant announcement: "But he approves—he wishes it. Now, what do you say?"

"What?" Agnes questioned quickly, and then almost solemnly—"Did—papa—say—he—wished it?"

"Yes."

"What—*shall*—I—do?" The same expression crossed her face that I had seen there often before.

I spoke of myself, my prospects, the conditions imposed on me. I pleaded—pleaded as I never can (or have an opportunity of doing) at the Bar. She sat silent, her countenance hidden in her small white hands. After a peroration (spoiled, I remember, by my losing the nominative case,) I ended simply, but, as I thought, effectively: "Miss Edelston, may I call you mine?"

A long pause; then she looked up, her face brighter—merry-bright, almost, it seemed. "*You may*," she said. The blue eyes, though shining through "a sea of melting pearl which some call tears," smiled at me, and I was very glad. How many thousand times have I said: "I'm very glad;" yet in my life (no gloomy one) that was the only occasion on which I could safely made such a statement, and have verified the same by an affidavit properly sworn. "But, Mr. Landore," was added to "You may"—"but, Mr. Landore, please don't let this make any difference between us; we've been such friends, you know."

"Difference! Agnes, dear Agnes!" I fervently began, advancing from the corner of the mantelpiece, where, in my nervousness, I had been playing quite a marriage-peal upon some girandoles—"my dear Agnes ——"

"Oh, don't—that is just what I meant—pray, don't—call me—those names!" she implored anxiously. "Please, don't change."

I was utterly puzzled. This was all contrary to the experience I had gathered from romances studied in many vacations. Fiction does mishaul one dreadfully. Seriously I should "fold her in my arms," I said to myself—"I have seen it done in scores of volumes." But Agnes did not seem in the east to comprehend the necessity of being enfolded.

"Now, about the pic-nic," she suddenly said, resuming the frank, friendly manner which was to her like a sweet-brier border to a rose tree—an ornament, but yet a protection.

So I obediently talked of the pic-nic, avoiding all *tendresse* of tone; and she seemed quite grateful. To please her (it was such pleasure to see her looked pleased,) I carefully called her "Miss Edelston" (not Agnes) when I rose to leave, whereat she was evidently delighted, and shook hands heartily, just as some college chum of mine might have done, at parting. I ran off to Insect Lodge with my news.

"Aunt, what do you think I have done?"

"Something foolish, no doubt, dear nephew," replied aunt confidentially.

"I've proposed to Agnes Edelston."

"Of course! My poor boy, why didn't you come to me first? I could have told you she would have refused you."

"Then you would have told a—"

"*What!*" screamed aunt joyously, dragging me into the failing daylight, to inspect my legible physiogomy. "Well, I *am* surprised!" was her commentary on what she read there.

"Thanks," I growled out. "You might congratulate *me*, at all events."

Then she did congratulate me, good soul, very heartily. Still, I could discern that her uppermost feeling was that of wonderment, so I asked why she should be surprised.

"Because I fancied that Agnes was too affable and sisterly in her manner towards you for her to be in love. But, I suppose Aunt Mary's getting stupid in her old age, or girls are more deeply cunning than they were in her time. What does the father say?"

I informed her.

The pic-nic was a jolly one, and everything went merrily. On the approach of Christmas-tide I went home to Nottinghamshire; the correspondence between Agnes and myself waned a little, and I began to long for my uncle's return to Heleshore, that I might again quarter myself upon him, and be near her. But the old colonel could not tear himself away from the vicinity of the clubs, and I was driven to the expedient of writing a letter to Agnes' father, "fishing" for an invitation to stay with him. I was duly invited. Mr. Edelston wrote, moreover, that he "rather wanted to speak to me." I did not quite like the anticipation of being "spoken to," and set off for Helshore with a dim foreboding that my father-in-law-in-future had confiscated one of my letters to his daughter, and was going to blow me up about its martial tone, for Mr. E. always disliked the military. He was very civil, (for him,) but there was a certain reserve and embarrassment in his greeting. A visitor was there, too, when I entered, a very pale invalid, who might have been good-looking had he not been looking so ill. The young fellow seemed rather worse than the old one; and I therefore came to the uncharitable conclusion that the sick father cultivated his acquaintance for the purpose of gloating over his weaker condition. It was evident, however, after a little general conversation. I could see that Mr. Edelston was leading up to my anticipated rating, altogether regardless of the presence of a third person.

"You would learn from my note," he began, "that I had something to say to you. I regret it should be of an unpleasant nature—I fear—hum, I must, that is—confess that a—a—a—" Odd! The usually fluent rebuker was stammering and hesitating in a remarkable way. After an improvised coughing-fit and a preliminary fidgetting round the room, he commenced again. "One cannot, of course, overlook, that is—a—a—" And then he had another singularly bad attack of wordlessness. At this point the visitor, with an effort, rose from his chair. I thought that he was about to relieve the embarrassment of the would-be speaker by taking his departure, but, on the contrary, he made a stride, half a hop and half a hobble, up to him, and laying his hand familiarly on his shoulder, exclaimed in a genial good tone, "My dear, good sir, you're incoherent today; suppose you evacuate the citadel, and leave me to do the talking, as I know what you want to say." Then, much to my astonishment, I saw the awe-inspiring Mr. Edelston quietly pushed unresisting out of his own room. "Am I to be lectured by deputy?" I sulkily asked myself, as I sat down in obedience to a wave of the cool fellow's emaciated hand. "The old gentleman's rather disconcerted," he said, resuming his own chair opposite me: "the fact is, there has been something worse than a misunderstanding; and as you are the sufferer, and I am unconsciously the cause of it, the pain of explaining ought to fall upon me." He spoke in an irresistibly pleasant fashion, and I "could not choose but hear." "You are, I believe, under the impression that Miss Edelston is engaged to you?"

Under the impression! Jove! that was too much. "I *am* engaged to Miss Edelston," I hotly interrupted, "and should like to know what right you—"

"Ah! I must begin at the beginning, I see," he said; "but don't be angry yet—you can throw me out of the window when I've finished my story, you know. Shall I start with myself? Well, I am now supposed to command a company of the—th Foot—if there's a whole company of the poor fellows left. Some time ago, when only a sub., I had the sense to fall in love with Miss Edelston; a great many other men were equally wise. But she was weak enough to care about me; the other men had not my luck; nevertheless, several of them proposed to her. I did not, for her father discountenanced me altogether. I was hopelessly ineligible, being poor and a soldier; he hated poverty and military men. One week I called upon her rather too often, and on the last occasion found that a parental edict had been issued by which I was banished. However, Agnes considered herself engaged to me. I knew she did, and my only fear was that she might be forced into some marriage by her father, of whom she is rather too afraid. Then the regiment was sent to the Crimeas, on the breaking out of the war. It was much cut up at the Alma, and, by great luck, so was I, for a well-meant twelve-pounder took off one set of toes, while a good-natured opponent sliced my left arm; and when I was down among the grapes, an expiring Russian spent his last moments in thoughtfully prodding me with his bayonet. Then I had a fine fever for a few months, and they sent my remains home. Well, in the meanwhile, Agnes——Ah! here she is," he exclaimed, as that culprit timidily re-entered the room. "Come here, and excuse yourself," he said to her, "for I don't know what can be said to you, I'm sure—you double dealing darling!" was added in a murmur, as she stole up to him, and, pretending to arrange the head cushion of his armchair, took up a position behind it.

"Shall you be very, very angry?" she asked me from her fortification. "Captain Firmin says I have done wrong—and he thinks I have."

"I do," said the invalid in a serious tone, that made Agnes' sound sobbingly as she began in her most nervous manner, "Must I tell you how it was? Please promise to forgive me. I was in such despair—for people kept going to papa about me, although I'm sure I always tried to be rude to them. I knew he would decide upon somebody some day. But I was so frightened when you pro—posed to me, and said papa wished me to mar—marry you, Mr. Landore,—that is, I mean I liked you extremely, you are so"—numerous eulogistic adjectives here uttered in most winsome way. "But you know I had solemnly promised myself—I mean, had promised Lawrence Firmin—I mean had promised him *to myself*," the girl was in a pitiful state of confusion, but I was not going to ease her explanation for her—guessing the black worst that was reaching me, "and then I fancied you didn't care for me *very* particularly; and I thought that if I pretended to be engaged to you, nobody else could marry me until—that is—I could wait until—something might turn" ("Up," I suggested, with gloomy resignation to my now certain fate,) "no; turn papa's heart to Law—Law" ("*War*, you must mean," I bitterly muttered,) "Lawrence. Well, papa was so ill after you left us, and I had to read the *Times* to him. Gradually I gave him bits of Russell's letters; he grew to like them. The story of the Alma quite stirred his feelings, and did him good. Just as he got better, Law—Captain Firmin returned from the east, and, by happy chance, came down here, for his family live in this county. He was the first of the wounded that arrived at Heleshore; so all the town met him at the station, and had arches and addresses, and cheered him as he was carried out of the train. Papa was quite as enthusiastic as the crowd, and went up to welcome him; and asked him to come to us, and, of course, likes him immensely, now he knows him well. He is gaining strength fast, and stands well at headquarters, and is to be a major directly. So we explained the whole matter to papa; and it's all right." Agnes in her exultant finale had utterly forgotten my claims.

"But you promised to marry *me*," I expostulated feebly."

"Never!" she answered with a covert smile. "You only asked if you might 'call me yours,' and I said that you might—because, of course, I could not prevent your *calling* me whatever you liked."

With this miserable quibble was I discarded! Yet, would any one believe it! I am of such a mean-spirited nature, and have so little self-respect, that I go constantly to dine with Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Firmin, and have even become surety for the good behavior of a certain infant belonging to them.

A Terrible Mistake.

In Lee County, Iowa, a man named Rafer had a large and ferocious dog, which some young man of the neighborhood determined to kill. He accordingly entered the premises and shot the dog, which was chained close to the door of the house. Mr. Rafer, hearing the report of the pistol, so near at hand, naturally concluded that burglars were about the building, and that the pistol had gone off accidentally, as one of them was making his entrance. He arose, seized an axe, and quietly began to examine about the premises in the dark. Pretty soon he found himself near somebody, and struck the intruder with all his force. A terrible scream followed, and he discovered that he had struck the axe in the face and shoulder of his wife, whom he had left in bed, but who had got up to look out of the window to see if she could catch any glimpse of the burglars. The probabilities are that the injury will prove fatal.

THE compositors' cases in the mission printing house in China have each over six thousand compartments for the reception of the numerous letters of the Chinese alphabet. The cases are built in the form of an amphitheatre, and the compositor stands in the middle. Every letter he sets, he selects from the six thousand.

GOV. Geary has signed the bill incorporating a Steamship Company between Philadelphia and Liverpool.

Sound the Alarm.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* of January 23d says: "Missing—a dashing young man, recently resident here. He occupied a high social position for one of his years, and apparently enjoyed the confidence of a large circle of acquaintance. He was not in any sense a waif. His home, abounding in gentle womanly influence, intelligence and refinement, could hardly be otherwise than pleasant. Of relatives and friends he had a sufficiency. The young man held the position of salesman in a wholesale stationery house, and received reasonable compensation for his service. His expenses were not, necessarily, greater than those of his companions. He had no person other than himself to support. His earnings, under ordinary circumstances, should have sufficed to pay his expenses; even more, a moderate bank account might have been opened. The salesman had long been in the stationery firm, and was esteemed and respected by the partners. His character for honesty and industry was above suspicion. But the serpent of San Francisco, fashion, won him over to her side; he entered the ranks and became one of fashion's legion. The particular station to which he was assigned has not transpired. Whether he disposed of money at the gaming table, in the haunts of fallen women, or at the stock market, we are not prepared to state. If he did dispose funds in either of the modes described, he simply followed the example set by men of wealth and influence in the community. If he spent his earnings upon fast teams, and dashed along the Cliff road House Sabbath after Sabbath, his case is not without precedent. We do not know that the young man indulged in any of the stylish pastimes' enumerated above, though damaging rumors are afloat; and allowing that reports are true, precedents are not admissible excuse for criminal action. But it is true that the young man has disappeared. The haunts which knew him once know him no more. He has betrayed the confidence of friends and employers to the tune of several thousands dollars. There are no mitigating circumstances in the case. He has deceived parties for whom he claimed to have the greatest friendship. The peculations at his place of business, constitute a mere moiety of the whole amount supposed to have been invested in fashionable amusements. His friends find themselves out of pocket in sums ranging from $50 to $500. No criminal action will be brought against the unfortunate fellow. The victimized parties have hopes that he will yet come back, and in some manner explain his conduct.

It is high time the alarm was sounded in this community. The city is drifting towards a vortex of crime; and parties who should aid in shaping her course properly are away from their stations. Curtail the fashionable vices, and confidence transactions, of the nature alluded to in this article, will decrease."

The Approach to Jerusalem.

The approach to Jerusalem from the East is not very impressive; for the mountains shut out the view of the city until almost at its very gates; and the emotions befitting the first view of the Holy City are somewhat deadened by sensations of fatigue, and a desire to find a resting-place within its walls. The Russian monastery is the most prominent object in the view from the eastern side of the city. There are five gates leading into Jerusalem, of which the most important are the Damascus gate on the north, and that of Jaffa on the east. Entering by either of these, you find the streets very narrow and stony, crowded with camels and mules, and quite terrifying to the uninitiated. Here are congregated all the different nationalities of the world; and crowds of pilgrims, Russians, Austrians, Turks, Poles, Armenians, &c., constantly coming and going, make this city of eighteen thousand inhabitants seem much larger. Jerusalem is built on four hills, the most famous ones being Mt. Moriah and Mt. Zion, on which the greater part of the city stands. These two hills are separated from each other by a valley called the Tyropœan, formerly quite deep, but now filled up with *debris*.

The ancient Jerusalem is supposed to be buried thirty or forty feet beneath the present city. Interesting excavations have been begun; but the Pasha does not favor them, and often stops the work. A walk around the walls of the city gives a very good idea of its position. The walls only date back to the sixteenth century, and are quite perfect, but very irregularly built, and of different heights. The Valley of Jehosophat lies between the Mount of Olives and Jerusalem on the east. This is the Jewish burying-ground, in which it is the ardent desire of every Jew to be interred. Among the most striking tombs are those of Absalom, St. James, and Zacharias. In this valley also is the Garden of Gethsemane. One is somewhat shocked to find that the Greeks and Latins quarrel over this sacred spot, and have each a different location for it. The Latin garden is very small, and enclosed by a green and white paling, very offensive, to say the least, to one's ideas of good taste. Inside are shown several venerable olive-trees; and against one of these Christ is said to have leaned in his agony, while his disciples slept. The walks are bordered with flower-beds, to supply strangers and pilgrims with mementoes. The view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives is acknowledged to be one of the finest; and it is only in looking down upon the city from this point, that its size and extent are fully realized.—*Old and New.*

THE ANNUAL REPORT of tha New York Post office for 1870 shows some curious facts. The whole number of letters sent to foreign countries was 6,164,435, upon which the postage amounted to $508,543-003. The preponderance of these over the number received is striking. Of the latter there were only 5,715,714; postage, $522,788,006. In both lists Great Britain, of course, comes first. Then the North German Union, then Switzerland, then France and Belgium. Allowing a quarter of an ounce to each letter, about ninety-three tons of foreign mail matter have been received and distributed at the New York office. The increase during the year in foreign mail has been nearly seventy-five per cent. The most marked increase is the Italian mail, by reason of arrangements made with the British Post office, whereby the letters for India, China and Japan are sent direct to Brindisi. The growth of the business is surprising and gratifying; but it is not so gratifying to reflect that the profits from its transaction all go to the marine of rival power.

MR. GREELEY having suggested that charging a borrowing neighbor with the full price of a borrowed tool might have a tendency to bring it back sooner than is now common, Mr. Meehan, in Forney's Press, expresses his surprise that Mr. Greeley should not have known that borrowing people like nothing better than to have things "charged." He thinks it might do to have small cash deposits at the time of borrowing, but thinks that if the charging plan were adopted, there would be fewer chances for crediting on the other side.

THE Grand Chapter of Freemasons, in session at Albany N. Y., elected R. G. Williams, of New York, Grand High Priest, together with a full staff of officers.

The New United States Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that books will be opened on the 6th day of March in this country and in Europe for subscriptions to the national loan under the act approved July 14, 1870, entitled, "An act to authorize the refunding of the national debt," and under the act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871. The places at which subscriptions may be made and the names of the authorized agents of the government will be announced hereafter. The proposed loan comprises three classes of bonds, namely: First, bonds to the amount of $500,000,000, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. Second, bonds to the amount of $300,000,000, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum. Third, bonds to the amount of $700,000,000, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable in coin, at the rete of four per cent. per annum. Subscribers to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely: first, subscribers for equal amounts of each class of bonds; second, subscribers for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of 4½ per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent; third, subscribers for five per cent. bonds. When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof, to be accounted for by the Government when the bonds are delivered, and payment may be made either in coin or in bonds of the United States, known as five-twenty bonds, at their par value. The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds. The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by the subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500 $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, or any Assistant-Treasurer or designated depository of the Government. The bonds of the several classes aforesaid and the interest thereon are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority. After maturity the bonds last issued will be first redeemed by classes and numbers, and may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mrs. General Gaines.

Here is a pleasant sketch of the celebrated Mrs. Myra Gaines, written from New Orleans to a Western paper;

Since we came to New Orleans, on going into the parlor one evening I saw a group of ladies and gentlemen, in the midst of which was a small woman with sharp-cut features, holding the attention of those about her in sprightly and animated conversation. She was a remarkable woman. "Who is that little woman talking there?" "Don't you know her? That is Mrs. Gaines." She was talking about her celebrated claim, one wing of which, involving property in this city to the amount of $50,000,000, had been decided against her. She said, "I have been called upon to-day by numerous friends who desire to express their sympathy; but, dear me, I don't want any sympathy." And then she broke out in a clear, ringing laugh: "Why, I have been fighting for thirty-four years for my rights; about a hundred lawyers have been employed against me; of these, seven have committed suicide, and several others drank themselves to death. My Heavenly Father has spared me, and kept me in good health, and here I am, at 64, as joyful as when in my 'teens." And then she broke out again into that indescribable laugh, hearty and joyful. Then she went into a discussion of courts, commissioners, reports of committees of Congress, &c., &c. She epitomized the whole case with an eloquent vivacity, a terseness and compactness of argument that would win renown for any lawyer in the land. She confesses to 64 years of age, though she does not look above 45; says she expects to live to be 120. She goes about the street much on foot, walking with a quick, elastic step; dresses in good taste; evidently enjoying life as she finds it, and from long association rendered happy by the years of litigation that would have proved the death of most any other woman in America.

The Kind Conductor.

It is a pleasure to say something to the credit of an individual who belongs to that much-abused class of our community, horse-car conductors, whom people like to believe dishonest. On the morning of the Fourth, a little girl riding to Boston tendered to a conductor, for fare, a dingy-looking scrip, of the denomination of twenty-five cents. He took it, looked at it, said, "Counterfeit!" and returned it to her.

Evidently judging by her appearance that it was all she had, he added, "Never mind; let it go till next time."

But the girl was mortified by the circumstance, and, her eyes brimming with tears, she turned her face away. A lady standing near remarked, "Her Fourth of July is spoiled."

The conductor heard her, and, hesitating but a moment, said to the girl, "Let's see that money again."

She handed it to him, and then he took from his pocket the brightest, newest twenty-five cent scrip he could find, and gave it to her in exchange. When he saw her countenance expressing the thanks she could not utter, we have no doubt that he felt amply rewarded, and we will wager quite an amount that his wearisome labors that day were very much lightened by his little act of kindness.

THE BILL NOW before Congress giving to every soldier and sailor who served in the army or navy during the late rebellion, and who was honorably discharged, 160 acres of land, provided he shall actually settle on the same, does not meet with the approval of the soldiers in the Eastern States. At a recent meeting of the Association of War Veterans of the Fourteenth New York Regiment resolutions were adopted declaring that the proviso requiring actual settlement upon the land will make the act of no value to a majority of the soldiers and sailors of the Eastern and Middle States, inasmuch as they have not the means to pay the cost of transportation to points so distant, much less to erect a shanty and provide themselves with agricultural implments and stock. They therefore request the Representatives in Congress to offer an amendment to the bill giving title to the land without actual settlement thereon, and the right to dispose of the same for a money consideration. They invite all associations of soldiers and sailors throughout the country to unite with them in this petition. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Land Association has unanimously endorsed the resolution.

THE Chicago *Times*, in chronicling the fact that a man there married to get out of jail, remarks that "some chaps have a queer idea of liberty."

A Big Jewel Robbery.

It really would seem as though London jewellers are very foolish people from the ways in which thieves often get the better of them. A case in point, writes our London correspondent, occurred a few days ago. A well-dressed man entered the establishment of Messrs. London & Ryder, who have a remarkably pretty shop in Bond street, where the great jewellers mostly do congregate, and stated that he had lately come into a good deal of money, and requested that goods, which he selected to the amount of $30,000, might be sent to a house he named in a very respectable street, for his wife to select from. Accordingly a clerk was sent with the articles, and on reaching the house was asked to sit down at a table, "Mr. Tyrrell," who had ordered the goods, and the lady being at the other side.

The jeweller pulled out of his bag valuables to the amount of some $10,000, and put them on the table for the customers to examine, but left his bag with the rest under the table with his foot upon it. Presently the lady rose, but the jeweller took no notice of her movements until he found a handkerchief stuffed with chloroform applied to his face. He was then placed in an almost unconscious state on a sofa, with his arms tied behind and threatened with death if he moved. At length he got his hands free, obtained a policeman, and with him searched the house only to find it perfectly deserted.

At eight o'clock in the evening the servant returned, who stated that she had been engaged the previous evening, and had on the day of the robbery been sent off to a distant part of London with a note addressed to a lady, whom she had in vain spent hours in endeavoring to find. It subsequently transpired that "Mr. Tyrrell" had previously visited another eminent jeweller and ordered goods to a large amount. In this case, however, what would appear to most people as an ordinary discretion, had been displayed, and two men, one strong and stalwart, accompanied the valuables. Consequently Mr. Tyrrell appeared and stated that Mrs. Terrill was not at home.

In their haste to get away the sharpers forgot the bag with the greater portion of the jewelry which the jeweller had placed under the table. The robbery is the neatest thing in thefts which has occurred in London for some time.

Horrors of the Texas Frontier.

We know nothing in the records of Indian barbarities (says the Galveston *Civilian*) since the settlement of America, exceeding some of recent occurrence on the Texas frontier. The following are some further details of the recent massacre of a family in Wise county:

In the night the Indians entered the house. Mrs. Paschal sprang from the bed where they were all sleeping, fell on her knees and commenced praying, "Good Indians, spare me my children." They shot her in the mouth, and killed her with knives, shooting the bed full of arrows, the children twisting and writhing in their blood, taking some of them and dashing their brains out against the wall, window, and door facings; killed with their knives and clubs, as thought, all the children. They then shot three arrows deep into the breast of Mrs. Keenan, dragged her on the door shutter they had cut down, cut around the edge of her hair, and tore off her scalp! She was cognizant of all that passed, and lay in that state with the dead and dying all scattered around her.

One of the children had its bowels cut out and its arm with the shoulder severed from the body, with a knife, and the body dashed out into the yard. One of the women slipped an infant between the beds, and another small one was so secreted as to lie very quiet next to the infant. These were the only two that escaped unhurt. One of the little boys, about eight years old, after being severely wounded, jumped out of the window in the midst of the tumult and hid, and after the Indians left he carried water from a lake, about two hundred yards distant, and gave to the wounded all night.

Mrs. Keenan tried to pull the arrows from her breast, and twisted one off. She could not move her baby, and kept her place on the door shutter all night without covering. She lived twelve days. The suffering she endured cannot be expressed. The child that carried the water could be trailed the next day by the blood, was found holding a little infant near the embers next morning, and was crying, saying the Indians had killed ma and little Willie. The same evening the little girl who was nursing died.

Ravages by Wild Beasts in India.

The Government of Bengal has sent to the Government of India a report of the war in the province against wild animals and snakes; and the Madras Government has a like report on alligators—a man-eating one is now at large, to the great terror of the people, in one district, which has lost by alligators a man, thirteen head of cattle, and fourteen buffaloes during the year. The Government pays ten rupees, nearly one pound English, for every alligator above eight feet and a half long killed on the coast of Malabar. The Bengal Government has much greater trouble. In the Burdwan district above thirty thousand rupees were paid in a short time for the destruction of poisonous snakes, though only two annas (3d.) were paid for each. In Behar the wolves are the principal pest, and the Government has to fight against a popular belief that any village where a wolf's blood is spilt will have ill-luck. Not only, therefore, do the people not enrol themselves on the side of the Government against the wolves, but they actually take the side of the wolves against the Government, and this in spite of a dreadful loss of human life from wolfish depredations. At Chung Bhukar several herds of wild elephants have been devastating the country for two years, while authorities have been differing as to whose business it is to attack them. Some action, however, is at last to be taken. And so with tigers, which have been allowed to multiply upon the people, till it is now very difficult to check them.

IN ADDITION to the annexation to the Dominion of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island, now determined upon, there are whispers of a scheme by which the British West India Islands are to be also brought within the Confederation. For some time past the people of those islands have been agitating for a union among themselves, and the idea has developed into the larger one of the union with Canada. So far very little has been said about the matter in Canada, or in the West Indies either, but the idea has been set afloat; and to those who are accustomed to study the signs of the times, it will not be a matter of much surprise if, before many months have elapsed, the British West India Islands will be seeking for admission into the Canadian Confederation.

Dr. Galentine, who was recently convicted, in Cleveland, Ohio, of manslaughter, for killing Dr. Jones, for the alleged seduction of Galentine's wife, was sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for ten years, the full penalty of that crime.

Several Chicago clergymen have organized a raid on dancing as a "carnival joy."

"Dead Broke."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells this no doubt too common tale:

"Much has been said and written of that terrible passion, which, when once it has coiled itself about the heart of man, brings more misery than all other evils combined, which once taken on is seldom taken off, and which never leaves the soul until it has blackened it and seared it until the moth of hope would find itself strengthened in the pangs of starvation, should it attempt to batter upon it. This by way of a starter. Here is a sad and plaintive story, which we have from the lips of a professional gambler:

"A few mornings ago, our informant, who has gazed upon the dark side of life, until a rainbow, set in beauty in the sky, would have no more merit in his eyes than the feed box of a Conestoga wagon, left his gambling house and went home. The snow was slowly eddying down, filling the uneven street, and spreading a white mantle of charity over the naked deformities of the town. A few squares from his establishment, and in the neighborhood of another 'gilded palace,' sacred to the usuages of King Faro, he saw a well-known frequenter of faro banks, standing under a flickering gas lamp. He held in his hand a printed 'fab,' such as sinful men are wont to record the order of a faro deal, and the wretched man was scanning it with a devotion of a churchman at his rosary. He had been engaged in that occupation for some time, for the snow had drifted about his feet, and was fast obliterating his boots. He was studying the last play in the pale light of the lamp, and, shivering with cold and chill with the dead currents of excitement within him, he muttered in anguish to himself: 'One hour ago I could have slept in the best bed in the Burnett House—now no one knows where I'll sleep? Why didn't I play to break even on the last deal? Dead broke, dead broke.'

"Dead broke, your Majesty. Dead broke, my members of Council and Board of Aldermen. Dead broke, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead broke, man born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And breaking dead thus around us every day."

A German Spy.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: Paris has been very much astonished to learn that one of its pet heroes, Sergeant Hoff, was in reality a Bavarian lieutenant who was playing the part of a spy. For a long time Hoff was the object of universal admiration. General Trochu conferred the Legion of Honor upon him for having slain over thirty Prussians. General Schmitz gave him an official bulletin, and he was interviewed by journalists. Hoff generally used to go out alone at night, and bring back helmets and muskets in proof of the amount of business he had performed. In looking back at some notes, I find that when that wily gentleman went out with a party he generally advanced alone, and the Prussian post was soon heard scampering off. On the 2d of December Hoff, much to the grief of his comrades, disappeared, and the Government was greatly blamed for having allowed such a valuable man to go into action like a common mortal.

In some quarters it was considered that Hoff should have replaced Trochu. When it was supposed that he had fallen, a subscription was raised for his disconsolated "widow," which was carried to that lady with the greatest respect by four officers (reminding one of Monsieur Malbrook's funeral). To the astonishment of the military deputation, the first exclamation of the bereaved one on seeing men in uniform enter her apartment was, "I didn't know he was a Prussian till the other day." Tableau! Paris can't help laughing at having been outwitted, shrugs its shoulders, and says, "Sommes-nous betes?" According to the Franc-tireurs Hoff has since been caught and executed. I must say that I hope Hoff will live long enough to write his adventures and revisit his disconsolated Delilah.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Mr. Walter Lyon who was on the ill-fated Hudson River train, bought his berth No. 10 in a Bu