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The Life-Clock.

There is a little mystic clock
No human eye has seen,
That beateth on, and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
All silent and alone,
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

O! wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived
The Life-clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

The Perplexed Housekeeper.

I wish I had a dozen pairs
Of hands this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
The very deuce is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it—
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants—
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday,
And baby cross as he can live
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, 'tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Oh dear! if P—— comes home,
And finds things in this bother,
He'll just begin, and tell me all
About his tidy mother.

How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the dinner bell rung—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble;
Had clothes and pocket money too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate
When I, *a lass!* was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,
For the sake of being supported.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

I was on my way from Paris to Rome, and one morning in May found myself in the City of Marseilles, where I had made up my mind to take the steamer for Italy. The vessel I had intended to sail in had departed the day previous to my arrival, so there was nothing to do but to select the next best and commence my journey. After noting the offers of the various companies, I finally settled upon the General Abbertoci, of the Valery Line, and after seeing my baggage aboard, and looking in vain for some one to whom I might say good-by, I followed suit, and was soon on the deck.

I looked around me at our passengers; never was there a greater mixture of nations. French, Spanish, and above all Italian, was heard on every side, but I listened in vain for a sound of our good old English tongue. After numerous leave-takings and kissings, such as only a foreigner can indulge in, we managed to get off, and steamed from the harbor with a light breeze following, and as happy a company as was ever got together. There were several notables on board, the Consul-General of France to Rome, and his wife, an accomplished and elegant woman; several Secretaries of Legation, besides many officers of the French Army, who, with a company of troops, were on their way to relieve a part of the garrison at Civita Vecchi, then held by the French. As we sailed along many small boats followed us, the occupants shouting and waving their good-byes until we were out of sight. Could they have seen what the next twenty-four hours would produce; could they have known that their good-byes were indeed farewells to those who, before the morrow's sun, would be in eternity, their gladness would have been changed to sorrow, and their rejoicing to tears.

As I said, we sailed on the morning of the 7th of May, 1869, and nothing occurred to mar our voyage up to 8 o'clock that night, when the wind changed, and a head sea set in, which quickly drove all the ladies and most of the men below. As for myself, (having spent nearly a year at sea, and never suffering from that malady called sea-sickness,) I walked the deck for some two hours, partly for the fresh air, which I could not get in the saloon, and partly because a feeling of uneasiness and insecurity had taken hold of me, which I endeavored in vain to throw off. There were good grounds, however, for my feelings, for I had not been half an hour on board before I noticed a lack of discipline among the officers and crew, which boded no good in case of accident, and which was afterward fully confirmed by their conduct. We were also heavily laden, including among our freight a deck-load of petroleum, upon the barrels of which the troops lay or sat smoking. I endeavored in vain, by signs, to make the Captain understand the nature of such inflammable material, but he treated the subject with the utmost indifference, and, shrugging his shoulders, went into his room, as if the fate of over sixty lives were of no possible consequence

Having remained on deck up to nearly 11 o'clock, I went to my room and lay down, taking off my coat merely, for the horrid presentiment that something would occur still clung to me, and made my sleep anything but quiet. It was about 1 o'clock when I was awakened by a fearful crash, followed instantly by two more shocks repeated in quick succession, while at the same moment shrieks and cries burst from all parts of the cabin, where terrified women and children were rushing madly hither and thither. My first thoughts were that we had struck upon some hidden reef or shoal which this part of the Mediterranean abounds in, but on reaching the deck I soon saw my mistake, for a large brig, whose outlines I could just see in the darkness, was slowly drifting away from us, and I knew in a moment that we had crushed into her, and the only question now was, were we sinking or was she?

Every one was now on deck, and the confusion and excitement was dreadful. Men called aloud for their wives, and mothers for their children, while others on their knees called upon God to save them.

I went to forward part of the ship and there saw enough to convince me that an hour would soon decide the case for us all, for our bows, which were made of iron, (in fact, the ship was iron, and Clyde built,) were all stove in, and the water fast pouring in in great volumes at the apertures. But another sight I saw, which, for cowardice and unsailorlike conduct, could hardly be equaled. The Captain and crew, with only one or two glorious exceptions, had seized the only boat left uninjured, and in the indistinct light I saw them pulling away from the ship, and leaving us to our fate. I rushed back to the stern, where the passengers, who had now caught sight of the boat, were vainly stretching forth their hands and begging for the love of God to take them in. The Consul, whom I have mentioned, shouted a reward of two hundred thousand francs, would they but take his wife. In his agony he beseeched and prayed them, but money in that hour had no temptation, and his words fell on ears deaf to all mercy.

Seeing one of the sailors, who yet bravely stood at the wheel, I asked, by signs, or life-preservers. He shook his head; hey had none. I then tried to get two or hree men together, who would help me wrench off doors or cut away the seats and benches which ran along the upper deck for a raft, but they would not stir; either they could not understand or fear had paralyzed them. And now the ship was settling by the bows and rapidly sinking; already the water was nearly amidships, and almost up to the fires. The engineer had left his post, with the engine at full speed, and it was pushing us here and there, as chance directed. I now began to look around to see how I might save myself. The time had passed when we might have passed together, and every one for himself was the thought of all.

Having taken off my clothing, I seized a small settee; it was almost good for nothing as a float, yet more than one attempted to take it from me, and it was only by threatening them all with my knife that I could keep possession. I knew that it was a chance, if it would hold but one, and life was too dear to part with lightly.

As the water reached the boilers, the steam poured out in volumes, and many, thinking we were on fire, added to the scene, by their cries. I had made up my mind to throw my settee overboard, and was about to put it into execution when my attention was drawn to the brig, which was approaching again with the evident intention of affording help. The ship had now sunk so far that her stern was raised some thirty feet above the water, and only the mizzen-mast was clear of it. Every moment, we could feel her settling lower and lower, preparing for her final plunge to the bottom. We were all huddled together in the stern, anxiously looking for boats, or at least a boat from the brig, when the Captain hailed us, asking what nation the ship was. He spoke in French, and we cried back: The General Abbertoci, Italian; we are sinking; can you save us? Then a silence ensued, and mothers hushed their children, and we all waited the words—the words of life or death. The answer came back clear and distinct: We cannot help you, we are sinking ourselves. Oh, the agony of that moment. Yet there was no more frantic crying, but men grasped each others hands in a farewell grip, and a dark, settled despair was on the face of all.

I now determined to reach the brig or perish attempting it, for I saw there was no hope for us, and I reasoned that the brig, being a wooden vessel would hold out the longest, or at least afford means of building a raft, at any rate it was death to stay where I was, for I knew I should be drawn in by the suction when she sank. So, grasping my watch, and what money I had with me, which I had taken from my vest, I went up the rigging, and as the brig sank on the swells, I jumped down and across. The exact distance I sprang I could not say, but I struck her gunwale and fell in the passage way, between it and the after-cabin. I lay for a moment stunned, and then springing up, I came amidships. Here everything also was in confusion, our steamer having struck her on the starboard side near the bow, cutting a hole in her to the water, and carrying away a good part of her rigging.

The Captain and sailors, numbering about ten men, were endeavoring to get a small boat, which lay keel upward on her deck, free from the entangled rigging, and launch it. It was only after working with a will that we were enabled to get it over the side, and jumping in as best we could, we pulled away from the brig toward the steamer, but we dare not approach too near for fear of being drawn in, but shouted for them to jump, and we would try and pick them up.

It was too late. One awful scream, one cry of agony—such as I pray I may never hear again—as she plunged to the bottom; and of all those cabin passenger, I alone was left. The waters met and closed over her as peacefully and calmly as if nothing had occured, and nearly sixty souls, men, women and children, were in eternity.

The day had fairly broken now, and with the new light we seemed to have new hope. Finding that the brig, which had drifted some way off, was still floating, we steered for her, and, clambering up, threw ourselves upon the deck worn out and exhausted. I think, had our vessel than sank that not a man could have saved himself, so utterly were we used up.

But help was near at hand. We had discovered, while in the boat, the masts and spars of a ship looming up on the horizon, and now she was in plain sight. We hoisted our flag as being in distress, and shouted, and almost cried with joy, as we saw her return the signal, and then came bearing down toward us. As she passed where the steamer sank, she put out her boats and picked up two passengers, and then came to us. She proved to be *The King* bound from Norway to the coast of Africa. Her Captain, a bluff old sailor, but a kind-hearted man, after a consultation with the Captain of our brig, told him he would help him into the nearest port, which was Leghorn, or, as he called it, Lircano. Our vessel, although severely damaged, would still float, for being, as sailors have it, only in ballast, viz., having no cargo we were enabled by constant pumping to keep the water out until we had stuffed the rent full of old cordage, sails, &c., and nailed a large lot of canvas over the side.

The Captain of *The King* had also picked up the Captain of the steamer and his crew in the boat which they had taken so basely, and, being rather short of provisions, with so many more thrown on his hands, all that could had to stay on the brig.

We found by observation that we were about 100 miles from Leghorn, and turned our prows in that direction; but now, one of these calms so frequent in this sea set in, and it was only after three days and nights' increasing labor at the pumps that we reached the port. The ship, meanwhile, kept close by us, and at night our lamps answered each other's welcome light, while deck-watches of the two vessels sent across the water the joyful cry of "All's well." I was quite used up and unfit for duty after the second day, for my feet were swollen and purple, and my left wrist sprained from my jump, but it was not until cramps set in that I gave up taking my turn at the pumps, for there was many a poor fellow worse than I.

The moment we arrived the news spread like fire, and soon a crowd of many hundreds were about us asking questions and pressing upon our acceptance food and money, and in fact, like many others of our species, we needed both, for a more sorry looking crowd it would be hard to find. Our wardrobe was made up of the odds and ends belonging to the Captains of the two vessels, and was anything but comfortable, but we little thought of that, for life had been spared us, while so many had met a watery grave. Of my journey to Rome, and the reception I received there, I will not speak—suffice it to say that a more kind-hearted people than the Italians, or ones more ready to help those in actual distress, do not live. I made a statement of the affair before an American Consul at Leghorn, and have since learned that the Captain of the *Abbertoci* is serving out a term of eighteen years in the Government Prison for not having his lights out, and cowardice in leaving his vessel.

Nearly two years have now passed since that night, but I can yet see those pale faces, and hear the shrieks as they sank. It will cling to me while I exist, for I am sure I can never forget while memory lasts—my leap for life.

A WELL-KNOWN SAILOR DEAD.—Milwaukee papers note the death, on the 5th inst., of Capt. Dennis McBride, one of the earliest navigators of the Lakes, who was wheelsman on the Erie, in 1841, when that steam-boat was burned on Lake Erie, by which memorable disaster—the first of any magnitude to occur on the Lakes—nearly 400 persons lost their lives by burning or drowning. He has served as Captain for twenty-eight years and navigated one steam-ship, the Detroit, across the lake between Milwaukee and Grand Haven 2,752 passages, without the loss of a single life or accident to the vessel. Indeed, he never lost a passenger nor met with any serious accident while in command.

A Boston man disposed of an estate of over three millions in a will consisting of eleven lines.

"The Birds are Coming."

When northern winds blow let all the southern birds sing! When the late snows drowse through the air, let all the birds clap their wings and plume their feathers. It is the old battle of the birds against the winds. Last autumn birds were driven away by the winds, but it was not till they had forgotten to sing. Prosperity had made the birds gross and songless, and the winds prevailed. But now it is spring. The birds have found their voices. They are coming every day in royal array towards the north to avenge themselves upon the dispossessing winds that drove them away. The battle of the birds and winds! Sing, victorious choirs! sing till nights grow short, till long days are full of heat, till the meadows are full of fragrance, and the trees of blossoms! Come, all of you, and bring all of your relations! Come, sparrows, blue-birds, and robbins, earliest of all comers! Come, black-birds, those with red epaulets on your shoulders, and those without! Come, larks, wood-threshes, bobolinks, linnets, nut-hatchers, warblers, fly-catchers, fire-birds and orioles! Come, hungry hawks, and solemn old crows, flapping funeral wings to keep time with croaking song! Come, everything—flies, and spiders to eat them; squirrels and owls to catch them; worms and hunting birds to catch them. Wake up, all beetles and droning insects and fat larvæ—the birds are coming, and you must be ready to be eaten! And so the world rolls on. The winter consumes the autumn, the spring devours the winter, summer consumes the spring, and autumn ransacks the summer. Insects are the food of birds, and birds are devoured by stronger birds and animals, and both by man; while Time, the great destroyer, consumes both man and beast. Only God is young and unchanged. "Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure. * * As a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed then; but Thou art the' same, and Thy years shall have no end.—*Beecher.*

Neck-Tie Socials.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing from Macon, Mo., says: A somewhat novel entertainment under the above head, took place in Macon City last evening. The *modus operandi* of this exhibition, and which doubtless rendered it more attractive, was the fact that the ladies, one and all, wore a calico apron, and from the same piece and pattern was made a gentleman's neck-tie, which was placed in an envelope and deposited with door-keeper or ticket-seller. The gentleman attending, upon paying the admission fee of twenty-five cents, was presented with an envelope containing one of these calico neck-ties, which he immediately opens, and upon entering the hall, proceeds on a hunt to find the young or old lady, as the case may happen, that sports an apron matching his neck-tie, which lady according to announcement, is to be his partner for the evening; and who knows but what it may in some instances result in a life affair. We have heard of ladies holding the sterner sex in many different ways, but this is the first instance we have ever known of a neck-tie being both an introduction and a passport for an evening's entertainment with a lady that perchance you have never seen before or ever will again. Your correspondent was afraid, for sundry reasons, to venture on any such adventurous affairs, for I never had any luck in gift enterprises, and in such a one as this, would certainly have drawn one of the oldest and most imperfect of her sex in the assembly; hence I did not invest. All ladies, of course, are beautiful, but some are much more so than others, and I prefer some other less hazardous method of obtaining a fair partner. A very pleasant evening, however was passed, the only objection being that the old men succeeded in drawing a majority of the young ladies, while the spruce young men in many instances had to, like good boys, and for the way of a change, entertain their dear mammas for an evening. Upon the whole, the young men didn't draw worth a cent, and express themselves as opposed to a repetition of any such kind or lottery.

Women Gamblers.

The Kansas City *News* says: "A woman went through on the Kansas Pacific train a few evenings since, who was pointed out to us as one of the celebrated female faro-bankers of Denver. She was dressed tastily and quietly in a gray alpacca traveling suit, with gloves and trimmings of hat to match; was of medium stature, well-formed, and not more than thirty-four or thirty-five. Her face was not at all an unpleasant one, must have been very pretty, some time, ere so many tell-tale lines were drawn upon it; and, what is most unusual in women of her class, the complexion was good. She was on her way back from St. Louis, where she went, so our informant stated, to place a young boy at school. Their faro-bank at Denver has been in full blast for some time, and the two proprietors are reaping a rich harvest. No fights or disturbances of any kind have ever occurred at their rooms, and the women conduct the game with all the suavity of experienced professionals. Several lights of the gambling fraternity were at the depot, and seemed much interested in inquiring after her welfare.

Hints to Poetical Advertisers.

"The Flaneur" in *London Society* has a new idea: Advertising, as an art, is at a very low ebb among us; and though we have imported certain wrinkles from America, much remains to be done. Poetical advertisements seem to have died out with Warren's blacking, but they might be made very effective and the products of the day would offer excellent subjects. Thus:

'I said to my darling, "I'm going to tell you
The meaning of something you are anxious to know;
Though you vowed once that nothing would impel you
To ask one of aught that was not *comme il faut*;
Yet since fierce curiosity fires your brain,
Undeniably needing no stoker, it
Would be cruel in me to refuse to explain
What I understand by Orokerik."'

Or thus:

'Sweet as verbena,
Comes my Pearline.
No gelatina
Offer to me!
Talk of the town, oh!
Poison and Brown owe
All their renown, oh!
"Darling, to thee!"'

Or thus:

'Breaths there, with soul so dead, a man
Who ne'er used Ashes' "Kaffee Kanne?"'

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says this is the style in Havana: "Whenever a carriage arrives the jaunty footman jumps from his seat, springs to the door, and doffing his glossy beaver with his right hand, opens the door with his left, and stands there a miniature Beau Brummel. Just as the ladies rise to vacate the carriage the driver (sitting bold upright in his seat, with reins in his left hand nearly on a line with his chin, and whip perpendicular in his right), suddenly, and with military preciseness, places the whip in his left hand, and taking his beaver in his right holds it at a respectful elevation."

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE says that the taxable value of all the property of the United States in 1860, was in round numbers $16,100,000,000—a rate of increase in ten years of a fraction more than 126 per cent.

Running a Newspaper.

The Memphis *Avalanche* has the following suggestive paragraph, which should be carefully read and pondered over by a certain class of newspaper readers.

"By some unaccountable misapprehension of facts, there is a large class of people in the world who think it costs nothing to run a newspaper, and if they buy a copy from a newsboy when too far from the office to beg, think they are regular patrons, and entitled to unlimited favors. Men call every day at the office to get a copy of the paper, just from the press, for nothing, who would never think of begging a pocket handkerchief from a dry goods store, an apple from a confectioner, even on the plea of old acquaintance, or having bought something before.

One paper a day amounts to nothing, but a hundred a day amounts to something in the course of time. But this is a small drain compared with the free advertising a newspaper is expected to do. Some men who have paid two dollars for an advertisement worth four or five dollars, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for life. They demand the publication of marriages and funeral notices, obituaries and family episodes, for the next forty years. Speak of pay and they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes, but you receive the value for what you paid." "But," says the patron, "it will cost you nothing to put this in," which is just about as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your axe on a grindstone and tell him it wont cost him a cent.

It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business, and no paper succeeds financially that carries on a dead-head system. Any mention of the people's affairs they wish to see in print, is worth paying for, and when printed is generally as good as any other investment of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small, the proprietors risk more money for smaller profits, and the reporters and editors, and printers work harder and cheaper than any other class of men requiring the given amount of intelligence, training and drudgery. The life has its charms and pleasant associations scarcely known to the outside world, and anxieties, and hours for exhaustion, which, likewise, are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle, where the members lead a life of ease, are free from care, and go to the circus at night on a free ticket, and to the Springs in summer on a free ticket, is an idea which we wish to explode practically and theoretically.

Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is conducted on a square business footing the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.

The Cryptogram.

The Cincinnati *Times* refers to a letter recently written by Horace Greeley, proposing New York city as a site for the national capital. The paper states that it is a little difficult to decipher the letter, but Greeley evidently "bases his of the fifteenth resisting codfish cucumbers of Cincinnati at twenty-five cents per pound." The body of the letter is given as follows: "It is not possible that I should ever stole them again. As pudding is a reproach to comic sections, the very gayest conveyances of our are untrue, and preserves are bankrupt. Swill your nicest cantaloupes in Washington until it swims in an unfortunate location. All the McCarthys are sure to be veneered unless they accept moral polecats. I bought four of the earliest, and I suffered fearfully undeniable crossed cut saws. Who bought all the nuts and lozenges of the Ecumenical Council? The babe of the Federal parentage is the bearer of its two-horse lumber wagon. It squealed when surrounded by a dose of Widow Cliquot. Experimented on by the population of repeating voters in myriads to the defeat of nautical anchovies and tomatoes. It swelled to a forest of artichokes; and amid the solitude of resin barrels thus inviting the Bois de Boulogne, and accommodating the formation of cheese factories throughout the civilized world."

A NEW INVENTION FOR THE MANUFACTORY OF NAILS.—An English inventor has taken out a patent for a new method of making nails. From his specification we learn that the method is substantially as follows: The inventor forms flat bars or strips of wrought iron in the ordinary machinery. While the bars or strips so formed are still hot, he passes them between a pair of shaping rolls. One of these rolls is a plain cylinder, and the other roll has the general figure of a cylinder with a series of incline or steps made on its cylindrical surface, the said incline or steps of the roll having such a conformation that the bar rolled between it and the plain cylinder roll has in longitudinal section the figure of a series of headless nails joined together shank to point. While still hot, the shaped bar or strip is slit into nail rods by a series of circular slitters, the whole bar being simultaneously slit up by the said slitters into nail rods. These nail rods when cold are fed into a heading machine, by which the nails are headed and cut off from the nail rod. The heading and cutting off machine which he employs differs in no essential respect from other machines commonly used for heading and cutting off nails.

A CERTAIN Massachusetts farmer, a temperance man, by the way, who is justly proud of his fine imported stock, recently fancied that one of his best milkers was stricken with the cattle disease, and sent in a great fright for the village farrier, a ne'er-to-do-well sort of a fellow, whom he had often lectured for his tipling propensities. Dick came, examined the animal, looked grave, and said, "Have you any whiskey or brandy handy?" "No," said the farmer. "Pat, run to the druggist's as soon as possible, and tell him I want a quart of brandy for medical purposes." When the bottle arrived, Dick took it and uncorked it, smelt of it, and taking a good drink, put the bottle in his pocket, saying, "Your cow will be all right presently; I have pulled a thorn out of foot," and walked off.

SAILING VESSELS built in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1870, are officially reported to number 816, of which the ships are forty-one, of 57,107 tons, and the schooners 519, of 56,903 tons—showing the coasting trade very near the foreign shipping. The steam vessels number 290, of 70,620 tons, there being six ocean steamers, eighteen for the lakes, and 266 on the rivers; the barges reported are 162, and the canal boats 512; or a grand total of vessels built, from ocean steamers to canal boats, of 1,418; tonnage, 276,953.

HEAVY LOSS.—The Rothschilds are said to have lost from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 by the result of the Franco-German war. They all believed at first that the French would be victorious; but two weeks after the Germans had crossed the Rhine, they saw their mistake, and made new investments which prevented them from losing thrice as much as they would have done had they not corrected their blunder in good season.

A Feeding Machine.

There has recently been invented and is now at work in New York City an improved feeding and registering machine. The invention combines an automatic feeding apparatus with an adjusting attachment, by which a perfect registry is secured. It is constructed as follows: A movable table, on which the paper is laid, oscillates backward and forward by means of a cam, working from the main cylinder. Directly above the table is a suction apparatus, consisting of an oscillating pipe, with a series of cups or short tubes, with oblique edges. At each upward movement of the table the air is exhausted from the pipe by a common air pump, and by reason of the vacuum the top sheet is sucked up from those beneath, and adheres closely to the mouths of the cups. Owing to the inclination of the cups only a single sheet is allowed to adhere; the front edge of the tube being above the paper at an angle of 45 degrees. To complete the operation, a second tube is placed parallel with the oscillating pipe, and is provided with several perforations opposite the table, from which currents of air pass underneath the raised sheet of paper and separates it from the other sheets lying on the table. At this instant the suction of the pipe ceases by the action of a cock cutting off the communication with the vacuum chamber, and the paper is released from the cups and delivered to the adjusting apparatus. The latter consists of a series of grippers and clamps by which the sheets are adjusted and delivered to the printing press without manual assistance. The sheet is seized by traveling carriers moving horizontally, and if oblique, or out of place on the back table, the front edge is drawn squarely up to the gauges by means of guides, while at the same time side-cramps, acting at right angles to the carriers, seize the lateral edge of the sheet and adjust it according to side-guages. A rest-bar prevents the edge of the paper from curling up, and the sheet is delivered to the grippers of the printing cylinder. In this way, printing paper of any size, placed in any oblique position upon the oscillating feed-table, is perfectly adjusted and delivered to the press. The machine is self-feeding and self-adjusting, and requires no supervision whatever. The apparatus is not adapted to printing presses alone, but may be used in connection with rolling, folding, cutting, and all other machines which are fed with paper. Its speed is 2,500 sheets an hour, which fully equals the capacity ot any rotary press.—*N. Y. Tribune, March* 14.

What Becomes of the Coin.

In the reign of Darius, gold was thirteen times more valuable, weight for weight, than silver. In the time of Plato, it was twelve times as valuable. In that of Julius Cæsar, gold was only nine times more valuable, owing, perhaps, to the quantities of gold seized by him in his wars. It is a natural question to ask, what has become of the gold and silver? A paper read before the Polytechnic Association, by Dr. Stephens, recently, is calculated to meet this inquiry. He says, of the annual gold product, fully fifteen per cent. is melted down for manufacture; thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe; twenty-five per cent. to Cuba; fifteen per cent. to Brazil; five per cent. direct to Japan, China and the Indies; leaving but five per cent. for circulation in this country. Of that which goes to Cuba, the West Indies, Brazil, fully fifty per cent finds its way to Europe, where, after deducting a large percentage used in manufacturing, four-fifths of the remainder is exported to India. Here the transit of the precious metal is at an end. Here the supply, however vast, is absorbed, and never returns to the civilized world.

The Orientals consume but little, while their productions have ever been in demand among the Western nations. As mere recipients, these nations have acquired the desire of accumulation and hoarding, a passion common alike to all classes among the Egyptians, Indians, Chinese and Persians. A French economist states that in his opinion, the former nation alone hide away $200,000,000 of gold and silver annually, and the present Emperor of Morocco is reported as so addicted to his avaricious mania, that he has filled seventeen chambers with the precious metals. The passion of princes, it is not surprising that the same spirit is shared by their subjects, and it is in this predilection that we discover the solution of the problem as to the ultimate disposition of the precious metals. This absorption by the Eastern nations has been uninterruptedly going on since the most remote historical period. According to Pliny, as much as $100,000,000 in gold was, in his day, annually exported to the East. The balance of trade in favor of those nations is now given as $80,000,000.

A Singular Duel.

That infraction of the code did not necessarily involve social ostracism is evident from the fact that De Witt Clinton left the field with impunity, while Swartwout, his opponent, was protesting he was satisfied. After the first shot the latter demanded a second, and after the second a third. Neither was wounded.

"Is your principal satisfied?" asked Riker, Clinton's second.

"He is not," replied Smith, after consulting Swartwout.

The fourth shot was then exchanged, Clinton's ball entering the calf of Swartwout's leg.

"Is your principal satisfied now?" demanded Riker.

"He is not," replied Smith.

Shots were exchanged the fifth time, and again Clinton's ball entered Swartwout's leg.

Riker again asked the question, "Is your principal satisfied, Mr. Smith?"

After a moment's consultation with Swartwout, who, standing while the surgeon extracted the bullets from his legs, manifested great fortitude, Smith replied that he was not.

"Then he may go to thunder, for I will fight no more!" replied Clinton, and immediately left the field.

A COUPLE in Dubuque have managed to get through the winter quite pleasantly. The wife gave out that her husband had gone to Wisconsin, and that she was left with the several children to get along the best she might. This, of course, excited the compassion of all the benevolent people at the town, and she has been supported by the different churches during the past winter. The other day a benevolent lady visited the woman and opened the door without knocking. She was somewhat surprised to see a pair of boots disappear under the bed, and still further astonished when she discovered that the owner of the boots was the husband, who was supposed to be in Wisconsin, but who, in reality, had lived comfortably on the fraud he had been perpetrating throughout the entire winter.

JACOB LUENBURGER, who shot Miss Frederica Myer, at Sing Sing, a few weeks ago, and has been indicted for murder, has so far recovered from the effects of the wound inflicted by himself on his own head by the discharge of a pistol, as to be considered entirely out of danger, although the ball has not yet been extracted. He speaks freely on the subject of the late tragedy, and still expresses, his regret that he did not succeed in taking his own life as well as that of Miss Meyer.

Women Lecturers.

Yet there remains in many courteous and generous minds the old prejudice. A women should not speak in public, they say. Go if you will, and enjoy listening if you can; but we will stay away, for we do not think it feminine. Yet the good friend who says this went with delight to hear Jenny Lind; and pays for himself, Mrs. Friend, and the two Misses Friend, sixteen dollars to hear Nilsson; carriage, four dollars; gloves, and incidental expenses, five dollars—a neat sum total twenty-five dollars. He likes music, she is a sweet singer, and it is *comme il faut* to hear a famous prima donna. Certainly the Easy Chair does not quarrel with those who like to hear music and sweet singers. But we were speaking of propriety. Now why is it not as unfeminine for a woman to sing upon a platform in a public hall as to speak upon the same platform? If she sings badly, certainly she ought to be severely discouraged; and if she speaks badly, let her—we say it "in a spirit of love"—hold her tongue. But then, in the same spirit, we say the same thing to singers and orators who are not women. Is it proper and manly and becoming to his sex that a man should sing or speak who has no talent for singing or speaking? It is not this Easy Chair which asserts it.

But when the woman has a noble talent for song, exquisitely cultivated—when Jenny Lind stands before us, with her hands resting one upon the other, and with her very soul sings, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—is it improper? Is it unbecoming? Is it unfeminine? Why, our good friend himself goes home a better man, because a more believing, for that marvelous song. But suppose that instead of singing those words she had read other words from the Bible, with earnestness and conviction and power that they shone with new light, and illuminated duty, would it be unfeminine or improper that she should do it? If a woman is evidently shallow and vain, and is plainly more concerned with the effect that her toilet will produce than with that of her words—if what she says is evidently said for sensation—no man and no woman will care to hear her. But there are women as intelligent, who think as much and feel as deeply, as the best men; and when one of them, feeling the influence of certain customs and laws in society as no man can feel them, appeals soberly and eloquently to the judgment and conscience of society, it is a peculiarly becoming, and especially feminine, duty that she does.—*Exchange.*

Close Quarters with a Bengal Tiger.

Mr. Felix McDonald, a wild beast tamer, had a narrow escape from a frightful death at Louisville, Ky., a few days since. Heming's menagerie is "wintering" in Louisville, and several of the animals, including a pair of royal Bengal tigers, are quartered at a livery stable in this city. Such is the savage disposition of these animals that no one can approach them except Mr. M. He is in the habit of entering the den every day for the purpose of cleaning it, and of keeping the tigers under control. A few days since he entered the dens as usual, armed only with a heavy whip. As soon as he enters, the door of the den is closed and locked. The moment the iron door closed upon Mr. McDonald the largest of the animals, which is called Frank, without a single warning growl, sprang upon Mr. M. with all the natural ferocity of the tiger in his native jungle. Fortunately, Mr. M. was thoroughly acquainted with the disposition of the animal, and was on the alert. As the tiger dashed at him he stepped quickly aside, avoiding the onset, and reversing his whip, dealt the tiger a furious blow, momentarily stunning him. The tiger sprang at him again and again, but bewildered by the rapid blows of the daring man, rendered desperate by the terrible danger, he retreated to the corner, when, by the assistance of the men employed in the building, who came to the aid of Mr. McDonald with iron bars, he was enabled to entirely subdue the tiger. As it was, he narrowly escaped a horrible death.

A SENSIBLE PROTEST.—A New York lady protests in one of the morning papers against long dresses for street costumes, from which we infer that trails are again coming into fashion. The short walking-dress of the last one or two years is at once so pretty and sensible that we hope it is not going to be discarded. Trailing robes are very graceful—we will not say convenient, in a drawing-room, but they are detestable out of doors. If we could get at the number of women who have caught their deaths by walking in damp skirts we should probably have very curious and startling statistics. We quite agree with the lady referred to in wishing to have the subject so talked of that a woman would be mortified to be seen sweeping the sidewalks and the crossing with her drapery.

TEACHING HORSES.—In teaching a young horse to drive well, do not hurry to see how fast he can trot. Keep each pace clear and distinct from the other, that is, in walking; make him walk, and do not allow him to trot. While trotting, be equally careful that he keeps steady at his space, and do not allow him to slacken into a walk; the reins, while driving, should be kept snug, and when pushed to the top of his speed, keep him well in hand, that he may learn to bear upon the bit, so that when going at a high rate of speed he can be held at his pace, but do not allow him to pull too hard, for it is not only unpleasant, but makes it often difficult to manage him.

THE HAIR.—Chatelaine braids are as popular braids and as notable as ever. The false ones are fastened on the top of the head and looped under below. Those possessing hair of their own of moderate thickness and length deftly plait a false braid beneath their natural hair, making the braids more ponderous, and at the same time gives a natural look to the arrangement, which is above all things most to be desired. Curls are worn down the centre beneath the braids. The hair in front is slightly waved, and is becoming, brushed back over a pompadour roll.

WHEN rabbits, squirrels, and various other gnawing animals are fed on soft meats, their teeth often grow so long and so crooked as to prevent them from taking food, and instances have occurred in which, to preserve life, it became necessary to break off or extract the teeth. Dr. Darwin, was of the opinion that if a deaf person dreamed of hearing, the internal parts, essential to the function, were unimpaired. The same remark, says Dr. Smith, of Boston, is applicable to the blind. "I have invariably found that the incurably blind never dream of seeing or hearing.

THE SPANISH troops took the oath of allegiance to King Amadeus and the Spanish Constitution. The volunteers only took the oath of fealty to the King, omitting that to the Constitution, because they all are a permanent Cuban force, and the Spanish Constitution does not rule Cuba, which is governed by special laws.

There has been a curious breach of promise action in London, the converse of the usual case. The plaintiff had been jilted by a lady of fortune, being himself dependent on his father. The jury gave him $750.

Condition of the Piegans.

The present condition of the Piegan Indians, concerning whom so little has been heard since the massacre of last year, is thus reported by Colonel John Gibbon, commanding at Fort Shaw, in a letter:

I accompanied the officer to witness the distribution of annuity goods to the Indians, and found assembled there some six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, principally of the Piegan and Blood tribes—tribes of the Black Feet Nation. I never heard Indians talk more peaceably. Bird Chief, an old man, who was in the fight with Colonel Baker last year, said he had not had a good night's sleep since that fight, and had ever since been moving from place to place, expecting every day to be attacked by somebody, he did not know who; that they all wished to live at peace with the whites now, and to have no more trouble. A number of others spoke, all in the same strain. They all expressed pleasure in having an agent living among them. They all seemed satisfied with their present agent, Major McCarthy, and said that I would be surprised if I could compare the present issue of goods (with which they seemed very much pleased) with former issues. Peace with the Piegans is much to be desired and can be easily maintained, provided they can be dealt with justly. The agent complains that of the $50,000 appropriated by Congress for the Piegans only $17,000 worth of goods has yet reached him. The Indians appeared very destitute and some breadstuffs, coffee, and sugar should be sent to them without delay.

Babies and Feeding-Bottles.

The London *Chemist and Druggist* says: The latest lead-poisoning sensation, for which certain Liverpool chemists are responsible, reveals the horrible fact that we are now training our babies to the use of this addition to their nutriment, by feeding them through tubes composed of "india-rubber dissolved in ten per cent. of bisulphide of carbon and thickened with white lead, resin, and sometimes oxysulphurent of antimony, from which, when it comes into contact with the milk, sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved, and lactate of lead formed in the stomach." The fact that several millions of infants have not only survived this treatment, but have to all appearances thrived on it, somewhat diminishing the horror which we ought to experience on learning this report. But we remember, and now for the first time intelligently comprehend, the touching American epitaph in a graveyard a very long way out West:

"Grim death has taken darling little Jerry,
The son of Joseph and Syrena Howels.
Seven days he wrestled with the dysentery
And then he perished with his little bowels.

Most likely it was weaning injured little Jerry,
His bottle seemed to hurt his stomach's tone:
But with the angels he'll get plump and merry,
For there's no nursing bottles where he's gone."

The fact that some millions of infants have thrived on one form or another of feeding bottles, is indeed capable of affording consolation, but the comfort we derived from that reflection will be materially diminished by calling to mind the many millions who have perished.

AMERICAN EATING.—We all eat too much, says Dr. Lewis. Our American system of diet is bad. There is too great a variety; the food is too rich; the cooking is bad; we eat too often, and we eat at the wrong times. Dr. Lewis gives an account of a dinner at the house of a lady who is recognized as standing at the head of the intellectual aristocracy of a most intellectual and refined city. The plate and crockery were most beautiful. The dinner consisted of four little courses: 1st, a small glass of lemonade; 2nd, a bit of melon; 3d, roast beef and sweet potatoes; 4th, ice-cream. Nothing should be eaten after dinner, and dinner should be taken early in the day, not later if possible, than 2 o'clock. Eat nothing between meals, not even an apple or a peach. Avoid cake, pies, all sweetmeats, nuts, raisins, and candies. Wine and liquors Dr. Lewis will not tolerate, and no young woman who is