

OUR OWN. Had a snore for the morning... Would it be my mind, that when I went away, I had been so much, darling, nor given you a kiss as you say, with love and care...

A Heroine in Rags.

Jacqueline Dubois was not French, though her name would seem to indicate that such was the case. She was an American working-girl of mixed parentage, her father being of French extraction and her mother a true-born American.

She had neither beauty nor education to assist her to gain a livelihood; hence she was obliged to toil daily in an immense factory, along with at least a hundred other unfortunate girls and women.

The factory was rattling and buzzing away in the midst of one of the busiest parts of a great city. It had been there for years, and its tall, grimy brick walls stood like a specter amid the heavy mists of trade which surrounded it.

The office of this factory was upon the ground floor, easy of access and a model of ease, elegance and comfort. The owner was very robust, fat in outline; a prominent member of an uptown church; a man whose name was frequently seen in the daily papers heading some description of a liberal donation. It was a good advertisement. He liked it; it paid well.

This good man's factory room, where his hundred female-slaves toiled through the week to fatten his already adipose purse, did not possess a seat, except the few boxes the girls had begged from the store-room to receive their weary bodies after their limbs had given out and refused longer to support them.

As they neared the crossing quite a few of the girls stopped on the corner to ogle a party of mechanics, who sat with tin snips between their blue-covered legs, eating the cold bite, which nature craved.

Three girls attempted to cross the street. One of them was Jac. Dubois. Coming toward them from the other side was a nurse and child, about four years old. As the nurse endeavors to pull the little one along it stumbles and falls, the little woman relaxes her hold upon the little white hand and springs forward to avoid the approach of an express wagon.

The child knows not its danger, but the bystanders see it. The nurse and several women scream, but no one tries to save it. The burly driver strives in vain to check the restive horses. Almost unawares they step on the little creature lying so helplessly there with out even abridging the skin. But see! the lovely little head with its clustering curls is directly in the course of the heavily tread wheel. No one can grasp the infant and no one tries. What an instant, what terrible suspense, when the frightened bystanders expect to hear in an instant the cracking bones of the child's head.

One hand does strive to grasp the infant and snail. What can she do—a slight girl? "What is Jac. Dubois doing?" springs into the brains of her companions.

Really the girl saw that nothing could save the child's life but a sacrifice, and the sacrifice—which came, God knows, from a pure heart—was made. Her slender form was placed firmly before the ponderous wheel, then she grasped the spokes and pushed with all her strength to change its course. It turned from its former track just sufficient to avoid the infant's head; but in its revolution it pushed poor Jacqueline's foot out of all shape.

The child was quickly picked up by one of the bystanders and brushed off by the frightened nurse, who tried to quell its sobs, while her own tears were chasing each other down her cheeks. The inanimate form of our poor heroine lay flat upon the broad flagging of the sidewalk. She had fainted.

"Brave girl! Who is she?" said a benevolent old gentleman, who had just approached, attempting at the same time to chafe some life into her hands.

"Only Jac. Dubois," answered one of her former companions, who was already surmising what change her absence from the factory would occasion in her particular work, and hoping to step into her place.

"Jac. Dubois? Oh, Heaven! is it Jac?" cried one of the young carpenters, his pale being flung from him into the street, and he bending down and looking intently into the young girl's face.

How can I help loving you, knowing as I do what you did to-day? "Oh, I couldn't help that." "No, indeed, a heroic action is the first impulse of a brave heart."

"Kneel! Kneel!" "See who it is, George." "And your answer is—" "I love you!"

In a few moments George returned, bearing in his hand a letter addressed to Jac. "Read it to me, George," she said, as she closed her eyes and set her teeth, determined to endure the excruciating pain without a cry.

Miss Dubois—Enclosed I send you my check for \$1,000. This is but a statement of what I intend you shall have. My daughter's life is dearer to me than all my wealth. This you preserve by the sacrifice of your future prospects, and weeks and months of pain. I will call soon and make your acquaintance; but I cannot hesitate an instant in giving you this token of my obligation. My dear girl, a thankful father blesses you.

"George, all this for me?" queried the bewildered girl, eyeing the check. "I'll give it to father so he can pay off the mortgage. George, I am glad I did it."

"I know you are, dear Jac., we will forget what I said a few moments ago." "What for, George?" she asked pathetically.

"You will now be amply provided for." "No, George, not wholly provided for unless I have you to share it."

Shopping on the Sea. People after a long sea-voyage are naturally eager for fresh fruit. A lady passenger on board one of the Pacific mail steamships, informs us how her desire was gratified while the vessel was at anchor five miles off the little Mexican coast town of Mazatlan.

London Firms. Some very curious and interesting statistics have been furnished on the subject of mercantile and other firms engaged in business in the city of London. It appears that in the beginning of the present year there existed in the city no fewer than 11,440 firms engaged in the wholesale business, exclusive of stock exchange, publishing, retail, and small industrial trades, etc.

Tragedy at Sea. Captain Higbee, of the schooner Speedwell, of Somers' Point, N. J., recently narrated a terrible sea tragedy. He says: "I left Charleston, December 17, loaded with phosphate rocks—a terrible load to carry in rough weather. We were bound for Baltimore and had provisions for a short voyage. Up to Dec. 30, we had light, pleasant winds, but on the night of the 30th a hurricane burst upon us. We were then about twenty miles off Cape Hatteras. The wind lasted several hours. When it gave us a chance to clear up our decks we found our galleys gone, and our split, our boat was split, and the water came from the deck that the water could get a purchase on. We made the best sail we could, but our progress was slow. On January 18, I was startled with the thought that our provisions might run short. All hands were put on short allowance, but what we had left lasted us only five days. The last mouthful was eaten on January 23. The men were feeling very weak, and to make it worse, a northwest gale took us on the contrary side, starting the upper-deck and causing us to throw a leak three days after that, the men having been without food four days, and weakened by laboring at the pumps, three of them, David Barrett, George Seaman and Walter Sampson, all colored, gave out. The cook, Sylvester Herbert, one sailor, George Hicks, and myself, four men, to manage the vessel. We four are all white. We were fast becoming exhausted."

George Washington interviewed. A spiritual reporter at a private seance recently held an interview with George Washington, with the following result: "Intersector.—You must be very much shocked at coming back and finding so much corruption in politics and business."

Washington.—"Nonsense! You are no worse than we were." "Why, I thought you were the time of old-fashioned purity and honesty?" "Old-fashioned fidelities! Was not Arnold a traitor? Didn't the Continental lobbyists from the start try to supplant me with General Artemus Ward? Weren't one-fifth of the Yankees cowboys and skinnners, robbing friend and foe? Didn't deacons every-where trade in slaves, black and white? Didn't people drive sharp bargains then?"

Intersector.—"But history—" "But history! Half your histories are made to hide facts, and to give them a false coloring. They've made me out a saint and a demi-god. I was neither. Only a man with altogether too much dignity for comfort."

Intersector.—"But you were found praying once at Valley Forge, and—" "Well, lots of men will pray when things look dark. That reminds me when I recollect how I swore at Light-Horse Lee a few months afterward."

Intersector.—"But isn't it better that we keep up your reputation as a very good and proper man, and all that, just for an example to our youth?" "Where's the sense of 'examples' that never existed? That reminds me that my friend Abe Lincoln says he wants to be taken out of the Sunday-School books. He says he was no saint, and that it is a fact that the stories he used to tell in frontier bar-rooms, when on the Illinois circuit, would disperse a convention of Sunday-Schools."

Intersector.—"But you'd like your character for republican simplicity preserved?" "Hold there! I never was one of your so-called republicans, I didn't mix freely with the people. I was aristocratic and exclusive in my tastes, like my people before me; drove my carriage and six; hunted with the gentry; had a family pew with the family arms over it; would have one-to-day were I to live that life over again. I didn't compose a document about the equality of all men either."

nothing but calomel, and frequent blood-letting. Every disease and accident was a dispensation of Divine Providence; and nobody but the rich ever got out of bed with me from home. You're an improvement, but as you are. Good-night! I must be off, as I'm fighting now for the independence of Venus."

A New Way to Retain Subscribers. An indignant subscriber to a New Jersey paper went into the office a few days ago and ordered his paper stopped, because he differed with the editor in his views of abolishing fence-rails. The editor conceded the man's right to stop his paper, and remarked, coolly, as he looked over his list: "Do you know Jim Sowders, down at Hardscrabble?"

Very well," he said the man. "Well," he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to grow on huckleberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours."

How She Lost Her Reason. We were on board the steamer Ventura, which afterwards went to pieces off the coast of Monterey. The Ventura was a fine-looking steamer, and well manned, and plied between San Francisco and the lower coast, carrying freight and passengers. I do not remember how many of the latter were on board the boat at the time I write; my recollection alone recalls about a dozen, and a man of forty. I remember the man of forty very distinctly, and I may say vindictively, for he threatened to kick me into the sea if I didn't mind my business; and as for the girl of seventeen, I remember her because she was in company with this man, and was mourning, and was altogether very pretty and interesting. I misunderstood me; she was not pretty in the sense that other girls are pretty; she was not bright, animated, chatty; on the contrary, she was cold as an icicle; she never smiled, she scarcely ever looked up; she was like a person brooding over a terrible wrong. Her black eyes had a far-away look, as if trying to pierce the gray hills, or, when turned on the water, they seemed to fish on the ocean; yet, I believe now that her mind was turning inward, and she was nothing external.

Probably you would like to know what business I had observing this girl so close. That is a question I cannot answer; I do not know myself, only that I was young, and, perhaps curious, not only this, but very impressive. As I have said, she was a girl of very peculiar behavior and appearance; she looked like no one else I had ever seen, and I began to wonder, and think, and conjecture who she was, where she came from, and whether she was going. She was on the forward deck in the morning, and at noon and at night, all the time looking at the water or at the distant hills or the sky, or at some creature of her own fancy floating in the air.

Had this big, black-whiskered man not been constantly by her side, I would have questioned her at once on the cause of her strange melancholy; but, as it was, I merely kept my wondering eyes on her, all the while thinking, all the while building around this mournful beauty the walls of a terrible mystery. The first night I even dreamed about her. She was the last person on deck, and as I left her still bending over the railing looking at the foaming sea, I went to my room, and, retiring, I had a long and restless night, and the man who was so constantly watching her, and that he was a murderer. I dreamed more than this, a disconnected story, altogether wild and improbable, and the next morning, long before any one else was up, I was on deck, ready to seize upon any new developments.

I had no idea of finding or seeing any thing of a startling nature, but I did find and see just this and nothing more. It was simply a thin strip of paper torn from a book, and it was covered with elaborate writing, which, when interpreted, had this significance: "JEAN: The way to kill him is to cut off his head. Do it and I'll give you a hundred dollars."

This was a strange note, and I wondered about it more than a little. I could scarcely believe that it was the work of the young girl in mourning, yet all the circumstances of the case tended that way. But what did the note signify? Was there a dark deed of blood contemplated? And who was Jean, or, for that matter, who was Margaret? I still held the note in my hand as the young woman came on deck, but she did not see it, nor did she see me, but, passing to the prow of the boat, she leaned over the railing and fastened her eyes on the gray hills in the distance. I do not remember how I felt at that moment; I only know that I stepped quickly forward, and with a voice that I could not control, asked the dreamer if she were not afraid of falling into the water. Then, like a flash, she turned her eyes on me and said: "Afraid of the water? You do not know me, it seems, I am afraid of nothing. Who are you?" "I told her my name, but she did not appear to comprehend my words; but, with her black eyes still upon me, spoke again: "Are you going far?" "To Los Angeles," I replied. "Do you live there?" "Yes, do you?" "No; do you?" "Yes, when they will let me. I have

been away for a year." "That's a long while," I said. "I suppose you are glad to get back." "Are you rich?" "No, on the contrary, I am poor."

"What could you do with a thousand dollars?" she asked. "The note I had found came into my mind like a flash, and for a moment I could not speak. Was the girl going to offer me money to take a human life? As I did not answer at once, she repeated the question, and I said: "I could do a good deal with a thousand dollars, but I refuse."

The girl gave a suspicious glance over the deck, and, turning, I saw two black eyes glaring at me, and the next moment the tall, black-whiskered companion of the girl strode toward us. "What do you here?" he said sharply, looking at me. "Nothing," I replied, "only looking at the sea. Who are you?" "I am the guardian of this girl," he thundered, "and don't dare speak to her again."

And here is where he threatened to kick me into the sea. I left the deck at once, more perplexed than ever, and I saw neither the man nor the woman again that day or the next, and I have not seen them since. At the wharf I met a reporter of one of the city papers, and I showed him the note without hesitation, and he smiled and said: "I understand it. Come with me." Half an hour later we entered a yard which led to a low, rambling house, the veranda of which was a man of great age. His hair was perfectly white like his beard, and his form was bent and tottering.

"What is it?" said the old man as we halted before him. "A note from your granddaughter," answered my friend, the reporter. "What does she say?" "She offers Jean La Rus, the murderer, \$1,000 to kill Vasquez, the renowned robber."

"Poor girl," sighed the old man, "I fear she is as crazy as ever. My son, I suppose, is bringing her home?" "Yes," and then turning to me the reporter said: "You do not understand this, so I will tell you the story. "This young girl is crazy; she has been in the asylum at Stockton for over a year. To begin with she had a lover, a fine young man, who met his death eighteen months ago at the hands of Vasquez, the robber. A former lover of the girl hired the outlaw to commit the deed, and when it was known that he was dead, Margaret lost her reason. Everything has been done that can be done, she thinks constantly of her lover and the man who took his life, and seems only to wreak vengeance on the murderer."

I understood all now, and turned to go, and there, coming up the walk, was the man and the girl. I did not wish to meet them, so, taking my friend by the arm, we took a by-path to the road. For several weeks following I heard nothing of the case, when one morning my friend, the journalist, told me that the beautiful but unfortunate girl Margaret was dead.

Discovery of Treasure. In the month of December, 1830, a mutiny arose on board of the brig Vineyard, then in the Long Island coast. The mutineers murdered the Captain and mate, and scuttled the ship. Part of the cargo consisted of coin to the value of about \$100,000, the property of Mr. Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, to whom the vessel was consigned, and with this sum the crew left the ship and started for the shore in two boats. They made for Barren Island, the present depot for the dead animals of New York and Brooklyn, on which, at the time, lived a man named Johnson, the only inhabitant of the island. The two boats contained the mutineers and their plunder found the surf too heavy, and were in danger of being swamped, so to lighten one of them, a large chest in which part of the treasure was contained was thrown overboard. They then reached the beach and buried the remains of the treasure in the sand. Proceeding to Mr. Johnson's house, they spent the night there, in the course of which one of the party told Johnson of the crime they had committed, and the money hidden on the shore. Johnson immediately informed the authorities, and the mutineers were captured and tried, and two of them were condemned and hanged on Kennedy's (now Bedloe's) Island. Search has been made from time to time for this buried treasure, and a large amount of it recovered. A son of the Johnson who resided on Barren Island at the time of the mutiny now lives in Bridge Street, Brooklyn, and is engaged in the fish business. A short time ago he was fishing inside the island when he blew very hard, and he lost his anchor in about three fathoms of water. Soon after he returned with a drag to recover the anchor, and was occupied three days in the search. Tired and disheartened, he was about giving up the task as hopeless, when on the fourth day, the iron grapple brought up a large square box so covered with weeds and shell-fish as to be scarcely recognizable. On examination it proved to be a sailor's chest bound with iron, but wanting a lid. The loss of this, however, was supplied by a solid layer of sand about three inches thick, which was removed with great difficulty. Under this was a layer of black mold, apparently the remains of clothes, which was easily cleared away. Johnson then saw before him a chest nearly half filled with Mexican and Spanish gold and silver dollars. The coins were stuck together, and were black with the action of the water—the silver pieces especially being so closely attached that hammer and chisel had to be used to separate them. The gold was honey-combed and the surface rough and defaced, the principal coins being \$20 pieces. The whole amount found was \$4,800.

The Girls—Advice Josh Billings has to Give Them. Dear girls, are you in search of a husband? That is a pumper and you are not requested to say "Yes" out aloud, but are expected to throw your eyes down onto the earth as the you was looking for a pin, and reply to the interrogatory with a kind of drudgery sigh.

Not too press so tender a theme until it becomes a thorn in the flesh, we will presume (tear and argument) that you are on the lookout for something in the male line. Let me give you some small chunks of advice how to spot your future husband:—

1. The man who is jealous or very little attention which you get from some other fellow you will find after you are married to him he luv's himself more than he d'uz you, and what you mistook for solititude you will discover has changed to indifference.

2. A mustash is not indispensible; it is only a little more hair, and is much like most other excesses—often dox the best on sife that won't raise anything else. Don't forget that those things which you admire in a fellow before marriage you will probably dislike in a husband after, and a mustash will get to be very weak diet after a long time.

3. If husbands could be took on trial as Irish cooks are, two thirds of them would probably be returned; but there don't seem to be any law for this. Therefore, girls, you will get that after you git a man you have to see keep him, even if you loz on him. Consequently, if you have got any kold vitties in the house, try him on them once in a while during scouring season, and if he swallows them well and sez he will take sum more, he is a man who, when blue Monday comes, will wash well.

4. Don't marry a pheller who is always telling how his mother does things. It is two hard to ween a young one. If a fellow can be took on a pianor and kant hear a fish horn playing on the street without turning a summer on account of the musick that is in him, I say to leave him; he might answer to tend baby, and if you set him hooing out the garden you will find that you have got to do it yourself. A man whose whole self lies in musick and not too loofy at the law is no better than a sellitz powder; but if he luv's to listen while you sing some gentle ballad, you will find him mellow and not soft. But don't marry anybody for just one virtue eny quicker than you would dop a man for just one fault.

5. It is one of the most tuffest things for a female to be an old maid successfully. A great many has tried it and made a bad job of it and had a hard time. Every body seems to look upon old maids just as the dox upon dried herbs in the garret—handy for sickness—and therefore, girls, it ain't a mistake that you should be willing to swop yourself off with some true hearted phellow for a husband. The swop is a good one; but don't swop for any man who is respectable just because his father is. You had better be an old maid for 4,000 years and then join the Shakers than no woman ever made as good a swop as that. I got either a phool, a mean cuss or a clown for a husband.

6. In digging down into this subject I find the digging goes harler the further I get. It is much easier to inform you who it was to take, for the reason there is more of them. I don't think you will foller my advice if I give it, and, therefore, I will keep it. I look upon advice as I do upon castor line, and upon a good swop and a mean dose to take. But I must say one thing, girls, or spile. If you can find a bright eyed, well ballusted boy, who looks upon poverty as sassy as a child looks upon wealth—who had rather sit down upon the curbstone in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and eat a ham sandwich than go inside and run in debt for his dinner and toothpick—and who is a man with that sort of place that mistakes a swop for a victory, I advise is to take him body and soul—snare him at once, for he is a stray trout, a breed very scarce in our waters. Take him, I say, and bid him on him as hornets build on a tree.

Yankee Clock. It is a curious fact that the United States was the first nation to force an entrance through the closed straits of the Dardanelles. In 1831 Commodore Bainbridge, who had a secret message to convey to the Sultan from the Doy of Algiers, sailed from Algiers for Constantinople in the American brigate George Washington. As he knew he would not be allowed to proceed up to the capital, he made show of coming to anchor off the Castle of the Dardanelles, in the meanwhile firing a heavy salute. As the wind blew strong up the channel, under cover of the smoke of his own and the reciprocal salute, he spread all his canvas to the breeze. Before the Turks could discover his manoeuvres he was out of range of their cannon, and speeding his way with such velocity that it was impossible to overtake him. When he cast anchor off the mouth of the Golden Horn, and displayed the stars and stripes great was the surprise and consternation. He was supposed to be a pirate, as the flag of the United States, never having been before floated in Turkish waters, was unknown. Having no knowledge of America, the Turkish authorities were informed the vessel was from the New World. After considerable delay, and threats of imprisonment in the Seven Towers for having passed through the Dardanelles without previous permission, the Commodore was admitted to an audience at the palace, and eventually accomplished the objects of his mission.

With the advertisements, the London directory has now become a massive volume of more than three thousand pages.