The Schoolhouse.

Yes, John, our district well may brag
On this new schoolhouse. I brag too.
I'm for improvements. I dont lag
Behind when things want putting through.

But that old, battered, wooden shell
That stood on this spot fifty year,—
I'd learned to know its face so well
That somehow——John, it's mighty queer.

But when you pulled the old house down,—
The time this new one was begun,—
I had to go to lower town;
I couldn't stand to see it done.

For there I studied A, B, C,
Got licked, and learned, by hook and crook,
To read about the apple-tree
In Webster's old blue spelling book.

And, where that church stands, many a morn
('Twas a field then)—a love sick fool—
I stood behind a shock of corn
To see the schoolma'am come to school.

Her cheeks, as she the cornfield crossed,
Were redder than the scruboak leaves;
Her eyes were brighter than the frost
That sparkled on the tasselled sheaves.

And in among the noisy throng
Of barefoot youngsters she would go.—
And, as I watched her, I allowed
It wasn't strange they loved her so.

But when, just at the schoolhouse door,
Each urchin claimed his kiss, ah! then
I longed to go barefoot once more,
And read the spelling book again.

Sweet Lucy! How came it to pass
I can't explain,—but any way,
I might as well have joined a class,
For I hung round there half the day.

At noon I'd take her nuts, a pear,
Or apples,—my best grafted fruit,—
To trade for smiles, she traded fair,
And gave me manny thanks to boot.

And sometimes, after study hours,
When Lucy led her merry throng
Into the woods for late wildflowers
And autumn leaves, I'd go along.

She had some dozen boys, half grown,
That loved her well. They shamed me though,
For I loved too, and I alone
Had not the pluck to tell her so.

"You happy boys!" I thought, "you swap
Wildflowers for kisses from her lips;
I'd harvest the whole flower crop
To kiss her very finger-tips."

But winter came, and when the ground
And the big hills with snow were white,
I'd hitch my colt up and go round
To take her home from school at night.

One frosty evening, riding slow
Through Johnson's woods her rosy cheek
Lay close to mine and thrilled me so
That I determined I would speak.

"Lucy!" I said, "dear Lucy!"—Here
Her eyes met mine and flustered me
As awkward as a yearling steer
I backed and tried again. "You see—

"I want to ask you"—a big lump
Came in my throat—'Whoa, Bill, you fool!
That's nothing but a hemlock stump!
If—if you love—the boys in school."

'Twant what I meant; but, any way,
She dropped her eyes, and I could see
She guessed what I had tried to say.
She said, "Of course. They all love me."

Emboldened by this, her hand I pressed,
And cried, "Dear Lucy couldn't you
Love me a little with the rest?
For I—I love the schoolma'am too."

See, yonder comes my schoolma'am wife;
Her cheeks are fresh and rosy yet;
And, for our happy married life,
We bless this spot where we first met.

All Sorts of Sayings and Doings.

Kind words are better than gold, and the voice of a friend has saved many a man from ruin.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

We could not endure solitude were it not for powerful companionship of hope or of some unseen one.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable, perfects the character of a gentleman.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies, without making arrangements for the purpose.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

If you wish to be clear and forcible, don't use foreign words. Be natural. A man never stops to hunt up a foreign word when he is stung by a hornet.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, it paves the way for a thousand iniquities.

Every woman has a mission on earth. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some degraded or homeless humanity to befriend. The soul is poor indeed that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

A large ear denotes generosity. A small ear denotes fickleness. A deformed ear denotes a freak of nature. A cropped ear denotes a freak of justice. An ear that has been partially masticated is a sign that a Chicago editor has visited St. Louis. If ears are of unequal size, it is a sure sign that the intellect is not well-balanced. An ear pointed at the top is sharp.—*Gruphic*

When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop within the rim, and call it charity; when the crumbs are swept from our table, we think it generous to let the dogs eat them, as if that were charity which permits others to have what we cannot keep; which says to Ruth, "Glean after the young men," "Let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for her."

Physicians of Berlin have sent forth an urgent warning against the use of the popular baby carriage in which the little ones sit facing the nurse and are pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing the normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to affect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

Rev. Dr. John Hall says four perils threaten our young men—shallowness, a mistaken conception of what constitutes success, a certain unsettledness in life, and the danger that comes from being surrounded with enervating influences. He also says there are four perils threatening the community—a defective public spirit, a weak commercial conscience, an exaggerated idea of personal freedom, and the feebleness of religious life among us.

"Minerva" sends us a poem in which the following lines occur: "I am sad and sick and weary, My life is ebbing away." Instead of sending the poem to us, she should have sent for a physician. Her liver needs repairing. All of our lives are ebbing away, but there is not a particle of use of getting sad and sick and weary about it—especially at this season of the year, when there is such a numerousness of strawberries, and picnics and ice cream, and excursions, and other refreshments.—*Norristown Herald.*

Never fear, young man, never falter. Press forward with living courage burning in your heart; "there's room at the top." No. 2,839, five stories beyond the elevator, right under the tin roof, thermometer 129 in a cool place, no fire escape, no bell, no water in the pitcher, only one towel and no soap, and the only window in the room opening into a dark hall. Yes, young man, there's always room at the top, and the dustier you are, and the more weary and travel worn you look, the more absolutely certain is the clerk to send you there.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Idleness is the mother of vice, and a boy who is allowed to grow up in idleness is pretty sure to be a vicious man. The parents of such boys have a fearful responsibility resting upon them when they let their sons run about late hours of the night instead of keeping them at home reading good newspapers and books, and training them into moral habits so as to become respectable men instead of idlers, rum drinkers, gamblers and loafers, which is sure to be the case with the night runners and day idlers, then the responsibility is increased. Give the boys plenty to do, and you will preserve their morals. Better a tired body than a vicious mind.

John Mole, an Englishman noted for his skill in rapid calculation, was indebted to chance for the discovery of his talents. When in the humble capacity of a farm servant he was sent to a carpenter's shop for a load of lumber. A workmen asked him whether he could tell how many cubical quarters of inches he could cut out of a solid foot of wood, upon which Mole replied that he could tell how many could be cut out of ten thousand solid feet. He then answered the question: How many farthings there were in a million of moidores of the value of twenty-seven shillings each. From that time he applied diligently to acquire a knowledge of figures, and became eminent for his skill in algebra.

There was recently received in Milan a great curiosity in the shape of a clock made entirely of bread. The maker is a Peruvian, a native Indian, and he has devoted three years of his life to the construction of this curiosity. He was very poor, and being without means to purchase the necessary metal deprived himself regularly of a portion of his daily bread, which he devoted to the construction of this curiosity, eating the crust and saving the soft part for his work. He made use of a certain salt to solidify his material, and when the various pieces were dry they were perfectly hard and insoluble to water. The clock is of respectable size, and goes perfectly well. The case, which is also of hardened bread, displays great talent, both in design and execution, and taken altogether it would be difficult to find a greater curiosity.

To all who make use of the comparative leisure of mid-summer to visit the orchards, gardens and grounds of others, we have one bit of advice to give: "Shut your own gate behind you!" When you leave your garden, fruit-patch or grounds, of whatever kind, shut the gate and leave whatever is behind you there—don't take it with you. Recollect that when you visit the place of another you go to see what he has to show and learn what he has to teach. If you would be a welcome visitor and dismissed with a pressing invitation to come again, place yourself in a receptive mood; be for the time the attentive pupil and not the teacher. When others visit your place will be the proper time to teach. Of all the intolerable bores who visit us is the man who brings his own place along with him, and who, whatever may be shown him, at once institutes a comparison with his own, and at once begins to tell that "mine are much better than that," and ignoring the things before him, tells us, "Ah, you should see my strawberries, my roses, my tomatoes," and so on all through; in short, the man who did not "shut his own gate behind him."—*American Agriculturist.*

Russian Proverbs.—The wolf asked the goat to dinner; but the goat declined.—A fox sleeps, but counts hens in his dreams.—The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf.—Dog, why do you bark? To frighten the wolfs away. Dog, why do you keep your tail between your legs? I am afraid of the wolf.—Love, fire, and a cough cannot be hid.—Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of the axe.—Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.—Bread and salt humble even a robber.—A full stomach is deaf to instruction.—If you hunt two hares you will catch neither.—God is not in haste, but His arm is sure.—You may shut the door on the devil, but he will enter by the window.—Praise not the crop until it is stacked.—It is not necessary to plough and sow fools—they grow of themselves.—With God go even over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.—Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire.—A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.—No bones are broken by a mother's fist.—Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praise I sing.—Lies march on rotten legs; who lies will steal.

The French code does not allow lovely woman to drive a coach in the streets and parks of Paris. As a matter of fact she drives every afternoon a pony chaise or a dashing victoria around the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, and no presumptuous policeman ever dreams of interfering with an amusement which has risen to the height of fashion; and for all that the visitor to the Bois can suppose, the police interdict against ladies who drive might be a complete dead letter. Three weeks ago an accident led to the tardy application of the forgotten law. The young lady driving her victoria, had the misfortune to run over an old woman; and although the latter, comforted with all sorts of good things, was quite content to forget and forgive, the guardians of public morality felt in duty bound to interfere. She was summoned before the Correctional Tribune for "striking and wounding by imprudence," as well as for infraction of the police rules. She was indignant at finding her sex included with infants in such prohibition, and commented upon the want of gallantry of the law. There was great impudence, she declared, on the part of the old woman, who, "as it were, threw herself at the head of Zidor." The Judge inquired as to the charms of a creature for whom such affection was displayed, and was informed that he was her hunter, an English bay, noted for his exquisite performances in the field. So the willful offense of driving was visited with a fine of $20, and the upsetting of the old woman with a penalty of $1.

THEODOSIA BURR.

The Story of Her Remarkable Life and Tragic Death.

The beauty and accomplishments, as well as the social position of Theodosia Burr Alston, her eventful life and premature and tragic death, have thrown around her name a spell of romance and sympathy which recent events have greatly enhanced. After her marriage in New York (in January, 1801), at the age of eighteen, she accompanied her husband to South Carolina, where she resided for several years interrupted by occasional visits to the home of her father. Her last voyage commenced in December, 1812, when with impaired health, at the request of both her husband (at this time the Governor of South Carolina) and her father, she embarked from Charleston for New York in a small pilot-boat vessel, called the Patriot. From that day she has never been heard from. By many it was conjectured that the vessel had foundered in a gale of wind at sea and all had perished. By others it has been stated that the vessel was captured by pirates, and all on board murdered. Similar statements have appeared in the public prints, and a painful obscurity rests upon the fate of this unfortunate and lovely lady. But a recent discovery has been made in our State which dissipates this obscurity and makes certain the mode of her untimely end.

A few months ago the late Professor Pool showed me an exquisite photograph of the original painting of Theodosia Burr, now in possession of his brother, Dr. W. G. Pool, who now resides near Elizabeth City, of which he gave the following account:

"Dr. Pool is a native and resident near Elizabeth City, in Eastern North Carolina. Some eight or ten years since he visited, in his professional capacity, a family near Cape Hatteras, and, although they were in moderate circustances, he observed hanging on the wall an exquisite oil-painting of a beautifnl woman. On inquiry he discovered that this had been found, with some other articles, by the man of the house (now about eighty years of age), when a youth, on a vessel that had been wrecked near Cape Hatteras in a furious storm that occurred in the winter of 1812 or 1813. The vessel was a small one, and all on board were drowned."

This picture was presented to Dr. Pool, and from this the photograph was taken. This settles beyond all question the manner of the death of the loved and lost Theodosia. It was near that dreaded Cape Hatteras—so often before and since the death place of the fearless and the gallant—with the wild foam of the Atlantic for her winding-sheet and the fierce north wind for her requiem, did this gentle spirit wing its flight to another world.

The Foreclosure of the Mortgage.

Walk right in the settin'-room; it's all in a muddle, you see,
But I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've jest let every thing be.
Besides, I'm a-goin' to-morrow—I calk'late to start with the dawn—
And the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upset and forlorn.
I sent off the children this mornin'; they both on 'em begged to stay,
But I thought twould be easier, mebbe, if I was left alone to-day.
For this was the very day, Deacon, jest twenty year ago,
That Caleb and me moved in; so I couldn't forgit it, you know,
We was so busy and happy!—we'd ben married a month before—
And Caleb *would* clear the table and brush up the kitchen floor,
He said I was tired, and he'd help me; but, law! that was always his way—
Always handy and helpful, and kind, to the very last day.
Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm?
Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to 'tend to the farm.
There night and mornin' I saw him, a-settin' so close to my bed,
And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my head.
He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me behind—
Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my mind.
And he sot such store by *you*, Deacon, I needn't tell you now,
But unless he had your jedgment, he never would buy a cow.
Well, our cow is gone, and the horse too—poo Caleb was fond of Jack,
And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the empty rack.
I hope he'll be kindly treated; 'twould worry poor Caleb so
If them Jones should whip the cretur—but I s'pose he ain't like to know.
I've been thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died,
Her father's sperit was broken, for she was allys his pride.
He wasn't never so cherry; he'd smile, but the smile wa'n't bright,
And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd ben his delight.
The neighbors all said he was allin', and they tried to hint it to me;
They talked of a church-yard cough; but, oh! the blind are those who *won't* see
I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-layin' here dead.—
There, there! don't be anxious Deacon; I haven't no tears to shed.
I've tried to keep things together—I've ben slavin' early and late—
But I couldn't pay the int'rest, nor git the farm-work straight.
So of course I've gone behindhand, and if the farm should sell
For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doin' well.
I've prayed against all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian ought,
But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he bought;
And readin' that text in the Bible 'bout widows and orphans, you know,
I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.
But there! I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for tea.
"*Won't I come over?*" No, thank you; I feel better alone, you see.
Besides, I couldn't eat nothin'; whenever I've tried it to-day
There's somethin' here that chokes me. I'm narvous, I s'pose you'll say.
"I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that keeps me strong;
If I sot there thinkin', I'm sartain my heart would break before long.
Not that I care about livin'. I'd ruther be laid away
In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the judgement-day.
But there's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear,
And I'll try to foller it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly speer.
Good-by, then. I sha'n't forgit you, nor all the kindness you've showed;
'Twill help to cheer me to-morrer, as I go on my lonlely road;
For— What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?
You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over slow.—
Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bime-by
That I can stay. Why, Deacan, I don't know what makes me cry!
I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here.
He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin' clear.
There's a picter in our old Bible of an angel from the skies,
And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,
He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good and trew
And whenever I see that picter, 'will make me think of you.
The children will be so happy! Why, Debby will 'most go wild;
She fretted so much at leaving her garding behind, poor child!
And, law,! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing—
Now I can tend the poises I planted there last spring
On Caleb's grave: he loved the flowers, and it seems as ef he'll know
They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there befow.

—MRS. E. T. CORBETT, *in Harper's Magazine for September.*

A Venetian Funeral.

We had a fine view this morning of a Venetian funeral, or at least of the ceremonies at the cathedral, and the debarkation of the body on the way to the cemetery. When we entered the Cathedral, mass for the repose of the dead was progressing, and the coffin was on an elevated bier, under a canopy of black velvet, surrounded by about a dozen acolytes bearing immense gilt candelabra, with candles in them as thick as a man's wrist. Behind these stood the pall-bearers, to the number of about thirty, bearing immense wax candles, seven feet long, each having a bundle of four of them banded together, the lower end resting on the pavement, and the flame above their heads. Across the chancel, at the head of the body, stood the relatives of the deceased, the ladies dressed in black, with black veils thrown over their heads, and each bearing a burning candle in her hand. When the mass was finished, a procession was formed of the mourners and friends, accompanied by all these candle-bearers, and the line of march was taken up to the quay in front of the Doge's Palace, where a funeral gondola was waiting, with other gondolas for the relatives and friends, the gondolas arrayed in black, with scarfs.

The large gondola upon which the body was placed was evidently only used for funerals, doing the duty of a hearse, the ornaments indicating such to be the case. The coffin was placed upon a raised platform in the center and covered with a black pall, having funeral emblems upon it in white. The candle-bearers, with their candles, all stood in a line at the head and foot and by the side of the coffin, and thus moved off in solemn silence, followed by the gondolas with the mourners. Seeing the throng rush to the bridge overlooking the Bridge of Sighs we followed, and had a view of the funeral cortege moving with solemn dip of the oar under the bridge and on the way to one of the out islands, which is appropriated almost exclusively to the different cemeteries. It is a very solemn scene, most of the spectators standing with uncovered heads as the body was being transported to the quay for embarkation. There was also a band of music accompanying the procession, playing a solemn dirge. There was nothing to indicate that the deceased was of any great standing, as the funeral cortege was not large, and the attendance at the Cathedral consisted mostly of the lower clases who are usually about the square on Sunday mornings.—*Cor. Baltimore American.*

The Umbrella Trick in Paris.

The thief of the period has begunto betake himself to a new system of warfare, in which the defensive is largely combined with the offensive art. A very simple but effective stratagem has been doing duty in the jewelers' shops in Paris which has never before in its history been so full of "knights of industry." The new trick is most easily performed by a person of English appearance, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella is essential for it; and, as every one knows, our countrymen are never expected to abandon, even under the clearest sky, a companion so familiar to them. The operator, provided with his umbrella, enters a shop with it in his hand, having pulled down the silk covering, but not securely fastened it, so that its folds hang round the handle in a loose mass, forming a sort of open mouthed net. Into the net thus opened it is not difficult to jerk a ring or two, or even a larger article, which will fall into it without the slightest sound, and remain safely ensconced there as long as may be required, If the shopman should miss the bijou thus abstracted, he will, of course, run after his customer, and equally, as a matter of course, the other will protest his innocence. A search will ensue, at the end of which, just as every one is beginning to be hopelessly baffled, the owner of the umbrella will be struck by a bright thought, and will himself bring to light the desired object, apologizing in the blandest way, and making merry over a joke which was so nearly, as he says, assuming a serious character. The trick has been tried as usual once too often, but it is dreadful to think what successes it may have had throughout a month which has been so exceptionally favorable for the use of umbrellas in Paris.

Snuff-Dipping.

An Atlanta (Georgia) paper says that it is not generally known to what an extent the practice of dipping snuff is carried in some sections of our Fair South, nor how matrons and young girls of intelligence and high social standing are slaves to a habit that gradually undermines their health, shatters their nerves, and too often insidiously opens the door to the terrible opium habit. Snuff-dipping is demoralizing in the first instance, because in most cases it fosters concealment and deceit. The habit is kept secret from parents and friends. We know daughters whose snuff boxes are concealed in their rooms, where they use it constantly without the knowledge of their parents. We have seen at board-schools girls go into hysterics when deprived of their snuff, and borrow tobacco from the servants, as a substitute, until they could obtain their usual stimulant of Scotch and Maccaboy, and we are well aquainted with three sisters—beautiful young girls, were it not for the sallow hue tarnishing their complexions—who are at present under medical treatment for derangment of the nervous system and digestive organs, arising from the constant use of snuff. Their physcians have assured them that it was the cause of the disease thus blighting their young lives, and that medicine must be in vain as long as the practice was continued; and still they cling to their snuff-bottles as persistantly as the toper to his demijohn. And this when they know that the vile poison nourishes the worm disease at the root of life, silently, slowly, but surely destroying it ere its prime; for aside from the filthiness of this habit, the constant drain of the salivary glands throw the delicately-balanced system out of order, and bring on a train of diseases to render life insupportably burdensome.

Power of the Human Eye.

Some years ago an officer of high rank, a colonel in the Blues, was visiting his friend, Col. ——, of the Guards, who resided in Buckinghamshire. This gentleman had a very fine bloodhound, which he kept fastened in the yard. One morning after the arrival of his visitor, Col. ——, was much surprised at not seeing his friend as usual at the breakfast-table, and he sent a servant to his room to ascertain what had become of him. The servant found the bedroom door ajar, and, on knocking, the gentleman cried, "Come in, and remove this beast out of my room," whereupon the servant entered, and was astonished to find the master's bloodhound in the bedroom, a very large and fierce dog, who had broken his chain and escaped from the yard, and, having scented a stranger in the house, had slipped into the bedroom, as the door had been left unclosed by a servant who had called the visitor in the morning. The dog was on his hind legs at the foot of the bed with his forefeet resting on it, fixing his eyes intently and ferociously on the unfortunate gentlemen, apparently waiting for an opertunity to spring upon him, from which he was only restrained by his prisoner keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the animal, and the colonel was detained in this most unenviable condition for more than half an hour. The dog must have been very cunning, as he made his way up stairs unobserved by the servants. This story (an authenticated one) reminds one of well-known accounts of lions, which have in a similar way been kept from making the final spring by a resolute and determined gaze, carried on to even utter prostration of mind and body. There is one remarkable anecdote of this, where a man was obliged to protract this mode of self-defense for such a length of time that he was disabled by the blistering of his feet on a scorching rock, where he was first assailed.

Justice in the Good Old Times.

Says Camber's Journal: To Tyburn doomed men from Newgate were carried in half dozens, as if for a public entertainment. We can hardly in the present day realize the brutality of these exhibitions, to which, however, ladies of quality regularly adjourned to see the show. Hanging formed a holiday amusement of the fashionable society of London. Such was the disregard of human feeling that officers of the law were not ashamed to practice cruel deceptions on convicts at the very scaffold. A person named David Lindsay, convicted of traitorous visits to France, was sentenced to die, and carted to Tyburn in spite of an amnesty. When his neck was in the noose the Sheriff tested David's courage by telling him he might yet save his life on condition of revealing the names of alleged traitors. David, however, sorely tempted, declined to save his neck on such terms. Thereupon the Sheriff ordered the cart to drive on; but even this move toward leaving Lindsay suspended did not shake his stout spirit. All this time the Sheriff had a reprieve for the unnecessarily-tortured fellow in his pocket. Before the cart was fairly from under Lindsay's feet it was stopped, or he would have been murdered. Taken back alive to Newgate, a very unusual spectacle, Lindsay, after being nearly starved in a loathsome dungeon, was sent into perpetual banishment; ultimately he died of hunger and exposure in Holland. As the hanging of some thousands of rebels would have shocked ordinary decency, vast numbers were condemned to be banished, as an act of grace, to the Plantations, or were "made over as presents to trading courtiers," who might pardon them for a "consideration." Think of lords and ladies at Court being presented with groups of convicts on whom money could be made by selling pardons! The fact throws a new light on this period of English history. As regards transportation, some not uninteresting and little known particulars are given concerning Rob Roy. Twelve years after the rebellion of 1715 Rob was taken to London in connection with the Disarmament Act, and sentenced, with many others, to be transported to Barbadoes. Handcuffed to Lord Ogilvie, he was marched from Newgate through the streets of London to a barge at Blackfriars, and thence to Gravesend. "This," says Dr. Doran, "is an incident which has escaped the notice of Walter Scott and of all Rob's biographers." Before quitting England the barge-load of convicts were pardoned and allowed to return home.

Birmingham Buttons.

At one time Birmingham, England, buckled and buttoned the three kingdoms, and half the world beside, requiring such adornment. It furnished every variety of both buckle and button, but its chief staple was the metal button. When shoe-buckles went out the affrighted makers went about in shoe-strings, petitioning Parliament to compel people to wear buckles. In like way London perruquiers went up to George III., in their own plain hair, to solicit him to bring back the departing fashion of powder and wigs! When the metal button yielded to the mold of wood or horn, covered with silk or some other woven materials the metal button-makers so besieged Parliament by their shrieking entreaties to be saved from ruin that a law was passed which made it illegal for a tailor to sew on to a suit of cloth any button made of cloth, serge, camlet, or other "stuff." Unless this law was swept away by the enactment which recently abolished all laws that had become practically obsolete, this Button Act is still in force, and we believed it to be so. About half a dozen years ago a tailor named Shirley sued in the Marylebone County Court a customer named King for £9, the price of a suit of clothes made for the latter. The defendant's counsel asked the tailor of what material the buttons were made, and on being told they were of cloth or silk or horn molds, he remarked that by the law made for the protection of the Birminghrm button-makers, not only could the tailor not recover, but if the defendant chose to sue for the penalties, the plaintiff would have to pay forty shillings for every dozen of such buttons sewed on by him. The Judge agreed, and the tailor was non-suited.

Love Outwitting the Sentries.

A gentleman of Savory who had fallen in love with a young Countess at Dresden found the utmost difficulty it getting access to her. A window belonging to the Countess had, indeed, been quite conveiently arranged by the chambermaid to get in by, but certain sentinels, whose walk was in front of of it, seemed to render all approach in that way impracticable. At length the gentleman ordered his *valt-de-chambre* to disguise himself and steal by night to the sentinels and divert their attention from the window. The man did as he was directed, went up to the soldiers and, after some consideration, produced a bottle of brandy, of which he gave them a liberal allowance. He then showed them a stone in the pavement, which was in the walk of sentinels but remote from the window, and told them he wanted this stone for a chemical experiment. He offered each of the grenadiers a lois-d'or if they would assist him and dig up the stone with their bayonets. They took him for a fool, and accepted his money, and he obtained what he wanted. In the mean time his master slipped through the window unperceived. The genadiers, quarreling about the money, the story of the stone came out, and made great noise, it being supposed that the robber of the stone was some Italian in disguise, who had carried off an invaluable jewel, nor was it until 1774—twenty-two years after the event—that the secret transpired.

Life at White Sulphur Springs.

John Esten Cooke writes about this Virginia resort as follows in *Harpers' Magazine*: It is the nearly universal custom of the *habitues* to repair to the spring before breakfast to drink the water, or to the bathing establishment for a bath, though for the latter many prefer a later hour of the day. From half past eight to half past nine breakfast is served in the great dining-room of the great hotel, to which the occupants of the cottages, in common with those of the main building, repair to take their meals—sometimes through torrents of rain, which is the price paid for the greater quiet, retirement, and freedom of cottage life. After breakfast the parlor is thronged, and the ten-pin alley, shooting-gallery, billard-table, croquet ground, and at noon the "German" in the ball-room, have their votaries. Promenades under the oaks on the lawn or to Lovers' Walk, drives, rides, the last newspaper or magazine, and every species of occupation consistent with the sweet do-nothing of the time and place, then follow; at half past two, with appetites sharpened by the mountain air—warm in the middle of the day, but so chill at night that blankets are necessary in the middle of July often—the company, numbering sometimes more than a thousand, have dinner served to them in the great dining-room, where at each of the small tables a little circle interchanges jest and laughter. In the afternoon the programme of the forenoon is repeated, especially the riding, driving and walking to picturesque points in the vicinity; and after tea the parlor, larger than the East room in the White House at Washington, is the scene of interminable waltzes and Germans—on two nights of the week of full-dress balls.

One Million Eggs.

From the Chicago Prairie Farmer.

All kinds of meats, fruits, vegetables, and in fact nearly every article used in cooking by families or otherwise have been desiccated or canned, with the exception of eggs, so as to preserve them for any length of time in any climate and with the best results. The preserving of eggs in any manner has met with but partail success, and, in most instances, total failure up to the present time, but now Chicago takes the lead as usual and is able with improved machinery that has been tested within the last few weeks to desiccate from five to twenty thousand dozen eggs per day in such a manner as to keep them for any number of years in any climate. The amount desiccated could be doubled with little expense, and, in this manner, immense quantities will be canned when the market is low. This will add a new feature of wealth and enterprise to the central position and energy for which this city is celebrated.

The eggs are preserved simply by evaporating that portion which causes decomposition and decay, leaving the yolk and albumen, or the egg itself, in a rich golden-colored granulation, which can be used in cooking at any time by adding water or milk according to directions to the desiccated egg, in which it readily dissolves in from three to five minutes. The difference between this and a fresh egg cannot be detected, as it is nothing else than a fresh egg. By this method it is impossible to preserve limed eggs or eggs that are even slightly stale. England and other countries import millions of eggs annually and their importations increase with each successive year. The shipping interrests and the armies of the world will find one more luxury added to their bill of fare. The West now competes with the Eastern and Middle states and Europe in almost everything pertaining to the table, and this will only add one more article to the list.

Beavers Beat a Smart Man.

Beavers are good engineers; they build dams which resist mountain torrents. They are also practical woodchoppers; they choose the best tree for their purpose, and fell it to the exact spot required. They are also smart in outwitting smart men, as the following ancedote told by an army officer who vouches for it from his personal knowledge, shows:

A party of men dug a ditch, five miles long to a pool pre-empted by beavers. The use of water for gold washing lowered by several inches the surface of the pool. This the beavers did not like, and therefore so damed the ditch as to stop the flowing of the water into it. The miners opened it again, but the next night the beavers re-dammed it. A guard was placed at the pool, but as a man's time was valuable, a smart miner undertook to outwit the beavers.

Out of a pair of overalls, an old red shirt, a condemned hat and a flour sack, the smart man made a dummy-man. Two heavy stones served for its feet, and propped by a stake, it stood astride of the ditch, brandishing a club, and threatening any beaver who might approach.

But the next day the water again stopped. The smart man started for the pool. He found the dummy had been pulled over, floated down the ditch a little way, and stuffed into its narrowest part, and all crevices stopped with mud.

He returned crestfallen, and was known as the man outsmarted by the beavers.

A Curious Duel Case.

A curious duel case has just been decided at Nuremberg. A law student, during his compulsory one year's service in the army, deemed himself insulted by the treatment he received from a Lieutenant. On concluding his term a duel was fought, and the Lieutenant—a Prussian—was killed. The question before the jury whether a duel had been fought, whether it had a fatal result, and was it the accused who was guilty of that result. The jury gave a verdict of "Not Guilty" on all three charges. The German papers are puzzled to account for this repetion of the decision of a recent St. Petersburg case. Some say the reason of the verdict was pity for a promising young man whom the jury did not hold responsible for actswhich custom demands and the law halt sanctions; others, that it was an instance of the dislike in which Prussian officers are held; and, lastly, it is believed that the jury found itself confronted with the difficulty that if the officer had been in the student's place the casewould have been one in which the law, after compelling him to fight, punished him according to its result.