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We Never Talked of Love.

We roamed the woods together,
Sweet Rosalie and I,
In fair and sunny weather,
Just when the corn stood high.

The woods were thick around us,
They formed a roof above;
We talked as subjects found us,
But we never talked of love.

We wandered home together,
Sweet Rosalie and I;
Across the purple heather,
And where the streams runs by.

The sun was slowly sinking,
And softly moaned the dove;
We both knew we were thinking,
Though we never talked, of love.

My Ships.

"When I sit on market-days amid the comers and the goers,
Oh! full oft I have a vision of the days without alloy,
And a ship comes up the river with a jolly gang of rowers,
And a 'pull'e haul'e pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!'

"There is a busy talk around me, all about mine ears it hummeth,
But the wooden wharves I look on, and a dancing, heaving buoy,
For 'tis tidetime in the river, and she cometh—oh! she cometh
With a 'pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave hoy!'

"Then I hear the water washing; never golden waves were brighter,
And I hear the capstan creaking—'tis a sound that cannot cloy.
Bring her to, to ship her lading, brig or schooner, sloop or lighter,
With a 'pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!'

"'Will ye step aboard, my dearest? for the high seas lie before us,'
So I sailed adown the river in those days without alloy,
We are launched! But when, I wonder, shall a sweeter sound float o'er us
Than you 'pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!'"

THE NEW WITNESS.

An old sort of a personage, as regarded his pets, was old Mr. Ovington, and he had indulged his peculiarities to his heart's content in these latter years, and there, on the head of one gate-post while John Grapley leaned against the other, perched the most disagreeable favorite of them all, except, perhaps, these newly discovered grandchildren whose inopportune arrival had so wrung what ought to have been John Grapleys's heart.

On the top of the gate-post, with his dark, brilliant satirical eye turned knowingly sidewise, now at John's moody face, and now at the doctor' buggy at the roadside, as much as to say:

"I know all about it. Don't you wish that you did?"

John would have thrown a brick at his step-father's tame crow, if he had dared, and silenced his irritating caw for ever.

"The old man isn't sick," muttered John; "but he always consults with Doctor Prindle on money affairs, as much as on physic. It was the doctor that drew the other will, and I know what was in that."

"Ca-a-a-ca-caw!" emphatically remarked Martin the crow.

"It's more than likely," John continued, with a petulant glance at Martin, "that the old man has got the doctor here now to cook up some confounded change in favor of that white faced girl and her brother. To rob me for the children of a scapegrace whom he disinherited a score of years ago. It's a shame?"

"Ca-a-a-caw," philosophised Martin.

"Shut up, you ill-omened croaker! Anyhow, I can lounge around under the window, and see if there's a chance of knowing what they're at."

The low and vine-hung window of old Mr. Ovington's "study" was opened wide that Summer afternoon, and a man who chose to crouch under it, as John Grapley did, could hardly fail to hear most of what might be said, in any ordinary tone of voice, by those within the room.

John had slipped noiselessly away from the gate, leaving the tame crow to his own meditations; but Martin was a sociable bird, and had already completed his observations of the doctor's horse and buggy. He was morally sure that he could steal neither, and they were therefore matters of indifference to him. But we must go a little ahead of Martin.

When, some twenty minutes earlier, Doctor Prindle had entered the house, he had been ushered into the study by sweet Alice Ovington herself, daughter of that Adrian Ovington, whose runaway love-match had embittered so many years of his father's existence.

A lovely girl, indeed, was Alice, of not yet eighteen Summers; and it was no wonder that her stern grandfather had opened his heart to his son's dying petition in behalf of her and her brother.

Doctor Prindle was one of those brisk but dignified old gentlemen who know almost every-thing, say very litt'e, and are exceedingly valuable members of society. Alice told him that her brother George was well, and would soon be home from college, to spend the vacation with his grandfather.

"Yes, Alice," said the doctor; "let him spend it all here, It will be better."

And then he disappeared through the study-door, closing it fast behind him. Alice hurried away, to attend to household affairs, and the muffled sound of voices from the study died quickly away. Very few words passed, at first, between Mr. Ovington and his counsellor, and the old man's red and choleric visage betrayed no atom of emotion, as he took from its envelope a paper of every moderate dimensions, and spread it on the table, saying:

"There it is, doctor. I guess you'll find it right. That's the will."

"Sensible thing. Glad of it," growled the doctor, as he settled himself in his chair.

A moment more, and he was deeply engaged on the precious document. Slowly and carefully he read it down, as if he did not mean to do it twice, and when he had completed it he only said:

"Correct. And now what?"

"Ca-a-ca-caw!" croaked a doubtful voice at the window; and then Martin himself flapped heavily in, and perched on the table beside his master.

"Martin, my boy, it's all right. I only wish you could sign as a witness."

"Ca-a-caw," said Martin.

"I wish he could," said Dr. Prindle; but as you've only got old Hector's name here, I suppose you will want mine. It's all right, otherwise."

"Of course it is," gasped the old gentleman. "It's a copy of the one you drew, in all but the names and the division. It's no injustice to John Grapley. He is well taken care of, and, besides, he has property of his own, from his mother, and he has no claims of blood on me."

"Still, it cuts him out of a very comfortable pile," said the doctor. "Where's the pen? That rascally bird! Look at him. There he is on the top of the bookcase, with the pen in his mouth."

"Martin, you scamp," laughed his master, "come down with that pen, or I'll disinherit you. Never mind, doctor. Don't look at him, and he'll bring it back in a minute. He's fond of stealing, but he never keeps anything long."

Sure enough, in the course of two or three minutes the pen was on the table again, and meantime the two friends talked on.

"John will hardly be pleased with this," said the doctor.

"I shan't care, then, whether he is or not, and I don't care much, anyway."

"Have you destroyed the other will?"

"No; but I'm going to. It's over there in the secretary. You will know where to find this one, if you outlive me."

"All right," said the doctor. "Martin has brought back the pen." It was a slow and crabbed signature that the doctor affixed, but it was good enough for the purpose.

When he had signed the will, and put it back in its envelope, he looked around over the table, only to find that Martin was again on the top of the bookcase, and this time with the little negro-headed penwiper in his beak.

"That rascally bird!" laughed the doctor. "Well, the pen can go unwiped."

"He'll bring it back again. Martin is a good bird," said Mr. Ovington.

"Ca-a-caw!" exclaimed Martin, and the penwiper dropped lightly on the floor.

"Come, doctor—come and take a look at my new Devons, before you go. I'm half-minded to drive into town with you. The walk back will be good for me—help keep down this too heavy carcass of mine. I don't get half enough exercise."

"No more you don't," growled the doctor, with a side glance at his friend's plethoric proportions, as they made their way out of the study.

Their conversation had not been in whispers, and John Grapley had lost none of it since he took his stand by the window. Nor was it many minutes after the departure of his stepfather before John, with an unaccountable pallor in his face and a hesitating step, was passing through the house from room to room. All was deserted, solitary. Even the fair face of Alice Ovington was brightening some more distant corner of the mansion.

The young man's step became even more stealthy, and his thin, white lips shut more closely on each other, as he laid his hand at last on the knob of the study door It turned in his grasp, and he stepped within.

The room was empty of human forms, and John Grapley's eyes wandered in vain search around the room—not finding something they expected. A few loose papers on the table were hurriedly turned over, and as hastily thrown down, with a sharp exclamation of angry dissatisfaction.

The key was in the secretary, but John Grapley's hand shook more than a little as he turned it in the lock. He did turn it, however, and then at least his search seemed to be successful; for from one of the little pigeon-holes he drew and opened a long yellow envelope.

John gave the paper which he held in his hand but one swift, keen, eager glance, and then thrust it into an inside pocket of his coat, muttering:

"At all events, he shall *not* destroy this. He has got the other with him now, and I must trust to luck to get it out of the way. Now, I must get out of this."

He put the empty envelope back in the pigeon-hole, locked the secretary, left the key as he found it, and hastened away. He did not make his appearance near his home again until the next day at noon.

It was late that evening before old Mr. Ovington returned from town, weary with his unaccustomed walk, and anxious only to get straightway to bed. It was late in the morning when he arose, and then his Devons and his other mute favorites kept him for a time from his cosy study.

Alice Ovington had looked at the cattle with him, and Martin had cawed graciously about them as if he considered himself a good judge of both brutes and human beings; but John Grapley did not put in his customary appearance.

When he did return, however, half an hour later, he was met in the gateway by the form of his stepfather, looking a foot taller than usual, being, literally, in a "towering" fit of anger.

"John Grapley, do you know where they are—do you?"

"Where what are? What on earth's the matter?" gasped John, with a well-assumed look of bewildered innocence.

"The will, you scoundrel, the will! Both of them! Give them up or I'll——"

Alas for swollen veins and hasty passions! For, as John Grapley quailed and trembled before the wrathful face of his stepfather, suddenly the old man put on a strange and set expression, his tongue ceased to obey his angry will his limbs failed under him, and the old gentleman sank helpless on the grass!

John Grapley's face wore for a moment the look of a reprieved criminal; but he returned his self-possession, and no alarm could have been more prompt and loud than that which he sounded.

Mr. Ovington was borne into the house, and medical aid was summoned.

John went himself for Dr. Prindle; but could hardly even simulate vexation on learning that that gentleman had been called away to an important consultation, and would not be home under two days.

Physicians were to be had in abundance however, and they came; but they came too late to do anything helpful for Mr. Ovington. The silver cord was loosed, and his pitcher was utterly shattered at the fountain of life.

Great was the consternation of poor Alice Ovington, and it was great help to her that her brother George came home next day, in the midst of the funeral preparations. Still, both George and Alice found themselves of small account in the house of their grandfather, for George Grapley had taken all matters in charge at once, and issued his orders with the air and manner of a well-assured proprietor. At first they did not mind it much, though George Ovington, more selfish than his sister; remarked to himself that it augured little of good for their future prospects.

Poor Martin had not seemed to comprehend the terrible change in the household affairs, and perhaps his instincts of self-preservation taught him to do his allowance of discontented cawing at a safe distance from the spirited hands of John Grapley.

The succeeding day had been set for the funeral, and the coffin lay in the old, deep-windowed drawing room, which was, perforce, all thrown open for the circulation of the warm Summer air, and the entrance of the unsympathising sunlight.

More than an hour before the time fixed for the funeral, Dr. Prindle drove up to the gate, threw his reins on his horse, and strode into the house. He gave George Ovington a hasty grasp of the hand, spoke to Alice a few kindly words, and then went on into the parlor.

Here he was standing in sorrowful silence, his usually firm features working slowly as he gazed down upon the face of his old friend, when he heard a step beside him, and the voice of John Grapley said:

"Ah, doctor, I am so sorry you were not here. I fear you could have done nothing for him, but just before he was taken he was wishing to see you."

"To see me? What for?"

"Something about a new will. He said he had made one, but destroyed it, and he wanted your help in framing another. He led me to believe that he intended making some liberal provision for George and Alice."

"That, indeed, he did," replied the doctor, but somehow he did not feel called upon to say any more.

"Ca-a-caw," added a hoarse, complaining voice at the window; but the flap of departing wings told that Martin's policy was still one of doubt and prudence.

"Here," said John, "is an envelope addressed to yourself, which I have taken the liberty to open; as it is unsealed, and as I have long known it contained my step-father's will.

"You know its contents, then?"

"Oh, yes, of course. They are in accordance with his repeated assurances to my sainted mother and myself. As it is in your own handwriting, I can tell *you* nothing, except that I shall take pleasure in carrying out what I believe to have been Mr. Ovington's intentions toward the children of his disinherited son. They shall always have a home and good provision while I live."

"Ah—yes, indeed, I hope so," abstractedly returned the doctor. "Are you sure there is no other will?"

"Quite sure. I have searched everywhere," replied John.

"Well, as I am named an executor under this instrument, I shall deem it my duty to take a look on my own account," half curtly rejoined the doctor.

"I might have something to say as to what is done in my own house," replied John; "but I have no manner of objection. Let us go to the study."

John Grapley might well have waived all objection, for his search had been most thorough, and he was altogether sure that no subsequent seeking would reveal more. He had been haunted by a fear that the doctor himself could account for the paper whose absence had so excited Mr. Ovington, but that dread had now vanished.

Straight to the secretary went the doctor, and John Grapley showed him where he had found the will.

"I knew it would be just there," said the doctor; "but there's something——"

"Ca-a-ca-caw!" croaked Martin, from the window-sill.

"That rascally bird!" exclaimed John Grapley; but, if he had any present notion of doing harm, he was defeated by the bird's quick, flapping dash for his citadel on the top of the high bookcase.

"I think there will be no use in seeking farther," said John, "especially in view of what Mr. Ovington said to me just before he was seized with this sad attack of apoplexy."

"I fear not," muttered the doctor, as he bent his eyes for a moment, musingly, on the floor. Slowly he raised them, still evidently in deep thought; but, as he did so, they flashed with a sudden light.

"That rascally bird! What is that he has got in his beak?"

"Ca-a-a-ca-caw!" vigorously croaked Martin, and, as his thieving mouth opened, a long, yellow envelope fell at the doctor's feet.

John Grapley gave a convulsive start, and essayed to pick it up, but the doctor was too quick for him.

"It is addressed to me," he said; and, as for its contents, I put them in myself, in Mr. Ovington's presence, the day before he died. This, John Grapley, is your step-father's last will and testament, and Martin has proved himself a good witness to it. I am more than half inclined to think that he has been a most valuable friend to George and Alice. Martin, my boy, you are a trump!"

"Ca-a-a-caw!" said Martin.

"That rascally bird!" faintly gasped John Grapley, as he stole out of the study.

Caste in India.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the recent outbreak of prisoners at Bareilly jail, an occurrence which ranks in importance with the assassination of Chief-Justice Norman:

"The outbreak occurred on the night of the 6th of September, and a commission of inquiry, which was immediately afterwards appointed, received instructions to report on the conduct of Dr. Eades, superintendent of the jail, who had a short time previously removed the Juneos, or Brahminical threads from the prisoners. The commission reports that the act of Dr. Eades was likely to cause the worst possible results, and that it was unprecedented, no prisoner having up to that time been deprived of his precious thread, the badge of his dignity as a descendant from the gods. The history of the outbreak, therefore, dates from the deprivation of threads. The Brahminical thread is a simple skein of cotton, composed of three threads fastened together in threes. I believe the *maximum* number of distinct threads ought to be six, each three of which are termed dhoondee. The threes may be multiplied at pleasure. The skein hangs from the left shoulder, and falls as low as the palm of the right hand when the arm is stretched by the Brahminical side. To take away a Brahmin's thread is to break his caste. Dr. Eades found, as many persons have found before him, that this bit of common cotton thread was to the prisoner the passport to a great many privileges. No warder would report a prisoner who wore the sacred thread, be the prisoner's behavior what it might. Dr. Eades had power by the jail rules to remove the clothing of the prisoners, and what, he argued, was this thread but clothing. The threads were removed. Every Brahmin prisoner was degraded, was no longer of the material that first issued from Brahma's head when the different castes and races of the world were made. Henceforth any warder might say of the degraded Brahmin what the prison rules demanded. The degraded prisoners refused their food. Dr. Eades paraded them, and flogged a refactory cook, after which the men ate their food, and the victory over caste seemed complete. Probably Dr. Eades went to bed that night convinced that he had secured a place in the history of India. Alas for human schemes and resolves! The Hindoos were immediately played upon by some Mohammedan prisoners, and to such good purpose that an attempt to break open the jail was decided upon. Two Mohammedans devised a plan for cutting away a rivet from one of the barrack doors. Thread, emery and glass were procured—the first two, it is feared, by the connivance of some subordinate official of the jail. At 11 o'clock in the night, the rivet, previously filed through, was knocked away, and forty-seven of the prisoners rushed into the yard. There was only one gate between them and full freedom. To this gate a fierce rush was made, the prisoners arming themselves with portions of looms which were stored in the outer yard and knocking down several sentries on the way. But before the gate could be broken open thirteen men of the police guard, brave Jemadars, were at their heels, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. So well did the watchmen manage that not a man escaped at that point, and the nature of the fight may be judged from the fact that of thirty-seven wounded prisoners twenty-one were disabled by clubs and only sixteen by gunshots. On the approach of help from the prison officers the prisoners ran to a corner of the yard and tried to escape by standing on each other's shoulders. Several were shot down here by the police, who by this time were in some force on both sides of the wall. Seven of the prisoners escaped, but four were recaptured. Those inside fought furiously, and at last, after several fierce sallies on the police, they were fired upon. They then ran along the wall, but made two more stands the moment the police overtook them, and in each case they had to be fired on before they gave ground. After this they were all secured.

New York Swindlers.

Many novel and ingenious methods of earning a subsistence without labor have lately been brought to light. The most notorious of them is what has been called the "sawdust swindle," the exposure of which has developed some very interesting and curious facts. The originators of this scheme have for the past few years flooded the country with circulars offering counterfeit bills at a very low price. After forwarding the purchase money as requested, all the applicants receive are small, neat wooden boxes which contain small pieces of cast-iron wrapped in shavings or imbedded in sawdust. When the dupes write and ask for an explanation, they receive a mysteriously-worded circular, headed "caution," informing them that the Police have obtained a clew and are on the track, and that the box containing the iron and saw-dust is merely a "blind" and the dupe is earnestly requested to keep "dark" for a time to save himself, and when the thing has blown over, the real counterfeits will be duly forwarded. This is a trick, of course, and is only resorted to by the swindlers to keep their victims quiet while they enshare others in the same fold.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A GOOD WIFE.—The following old receipt for the choice of a wife seems to us a very good one:

As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as claims protection;
A docile mind, subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and reflection,
And every passion kept in due subjection;
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection.

The Treasury Report.

The Secretary of the Treasury, in his report, says the revenues and receipts show the time has arrived when a considerable reduction in taxes can be made, and yet leave fifty millions annually for the reduction of the debt, including the sinking fund. He adheres to the conviction that the annual payment should not be less than fifty millions. Large as the revenues have been they have not been oppressive to individuals, and while relief is desirable, it is yet more desirable to maintain the public credit in its present elevated position for its historial value in anticipation of future exigencies. The power to negotiate bonds at low interest is derived entirely from the exhibition of an honest purpose to maintain the public faith. The amount of paper money is still so great that it cannot be maintained at par with coin.

The difference between paper and coin furnished the best instance for ascertaining the quantity of paper which can be used, and its value kept at par with coin. One mode of relief is to await the growth of the country; the other to reduce the volume of the currency. It is practicable to dispense with all internal revenue but that derived from stamps, spirits, tobacco and malt liquors.

These will furnish one hundred and ten millions, a reduction of sixteen millions. The reduction of customs revenue should be within twenty millions. He recommends a reduction of duties on salt, bituminous coal, rawhide and skins, and the removal of all duties on certain articles used in arts, manufacturers, etc.

We copy from the report as follows:

RECEIPTS AND EXPENSES.

The net receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, were as follows:

From Customs	$206,070,468 66
From Internal Revenue	146,098,138 03
From sales of Public Land	2,388,646 68
From miscellaneous source	31,565,728 53
Total	$383,322,941 89

The expenditures for the same period were:

For civil and miscellaneous purposes	$69,498,710 97
For War Department	34,799,991 66
For Navy Department	19,431,127 21
For Indians	1,426,997 44
For Pensions	31,481,371 64
For Interest on the Public Debt	129,576,563 93
Total	$282,177,188 85

The internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, were derived from the following sources:

Premiums on sales of coin	$8,872,839 95
Fees from United States Consuls	565,563 21
Storage rent, labor, &c., at Custom-Houses	414,510 61
Fines, penalties, and forfeitures for violations of customs laws	592,572 66
Fees on letters patent	620,319 11
Tax on circulation, deposits, &c., of National Banks	6,009,584 32
Prepayment of interest by Pacific Railway Companies	815,244 75
Homestead and other land fees	645,959 17
Steamboat fees and Marine hospital tax	335,535 16
Proceeds of sales of coin interest on Bonds and special Funds	7,701,662 73
Judiciary fines, penalties, and forfeitures	75,856 30
Tax on skins	103,080 90
Reimbursement to the United States for salaries of storekeepers in Internal Revenue bond warehouses	557,289 21
Direct tax	580,355 37
Emolument fees	565,887 69
Charges for refining gold and silver bullion	211,721 14
Indian trust lands	1,140,119 28
Accrued interest on proceeds of sale of Indian Trust Fund stocks, and interest on deferred payments on Indian trust lands	387,921 01
Reimbursements to the United States for moneys advanced to meet matured interest on non-paying stocks held in trust for various Indian tribes	55,535 00
One, two, three, and five cent coinage	150,000 00
Unenumerated	765,441 43
Total	$31,565,728 53

ESTIMATED RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1871-72.

The receipts for the first quarter of the present fiscal year were:

From Customs	$52,289,229 37
From Internal Revenue	35,553,175 01
From sales of Public Lands	1,024,683 65
From miscellaneous sources	8,733,767 61
Total	$102,198,374 64

The expenditures for the same period, excepting payments on account of the Sinking Fund, were:

For civil and miscellaneous purposes	$16,579,732 46
War Department	12,590,653 05
Navy Department	6,573,049 93
Indians	3,464,133 42
Pensions	8,990,059 69
For interest on the public debt	36,746,164 37
Total	$83,903,382 92

The estimated receipts for the remaining three quarters of the present year are as follows:

From customs	$148,000,000 00
From internal Revenue	100,000,000 00
From sales of public lands	2,000,000 00
From miscellaneous sources	38,000,000 00
Total	$288,000,000 00

The estimated expenditures for the same period, excepting payments on account of the Sinking Fund, are:

For civil and miscellaneous purposes	$50,000,000
War Department	31,000,000
For Navy Department	12,500,000
For Indian Department	6,000,000
For Pensions	24,000,000
For Interest on the Public Debt	85,000,000
Total	$209,500,000

These estimates show a balance applicable to the payment of the principle of the public debt for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1872, of $21,794,991 68.

ESTIMATE OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1872-73.

The receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1873, are estimated as follows:

Receipts from Customs	$212,000,000 00
Receipts from internal revenue	126,000,000 00
Receipts from sales of public lands	2,000,000 00
Receipts from miscellaneous sources	18,000,000 00
Total	$359,000,000 00
Expenditures.—Legislative establishment	$3,421,819 40
Executive establishment	17,449,537 36
Judicial establishment	3,383,350 00
Military establishment	31,422,509 88
Naval establishment	18,946,088 85
Indian affairs	8,445,612 97
Pensions	34,480,000 00
Public works under Treasury Department	3,164,500 00
Public works under Interior Department	244,800 00
Public works under War Department	14,609,862 97
Public works under Navy Department	1,433,100 00
Public works under Agricultural Dept	2,500 00
Postal Service	5,474,001 00
Miscellaneous	12,238,325 44
Permanent Appropriations	126,201,276 00
Sinking Fund	22,875,930 00
Interest upon Capital Sinking Fund	5,783,933 00
Total	$307,765,026 72

These estimates show a balance of $57,294,963 01 applicable to the payment of the principal of the debt, in addition to the sum of $28,679,268 due on account of the "Sinking Fund," or the sum of $85,974,226 01 in all. In the estimates for the next fiscal year I have not included in the receipts the premium on gold which may be sold, nor in the expenditures the premium which may be paid on bond to be purchased in currency. In the suggestion I have the honor to make in reference to the reduction of taxes, I keep in view two important facts; first, that the ability of the nation to pay at least $50,000,000, annually of the principal of the public debt shall not be impaired, and secondly, in the revenue system no violence shall be done to the business interests of the country. While I do not undertake to state precisely the causes which have contributed to the public prosperity, there is no substantial reason for questioning the truth of the statement that the last five years have been the most prosperous in the history of the country—years without example in our own affairs, and without parallel in the affairs of any other Government.

THE DATE OF IT.—The story told of witness in an English court who testified with great minuteness as to the color of wax used in sealing a will, the kind of matches used to light the taper, and other particulars, when the seal was only a wafer, had its parallel the other day in the Superior Criminal Court in Boston. A noted individual named Spencer weltes was on trial for forgery, and a witness was produced to prove an *alibi* Who swore that the prisoner was in New pork on a certain day, Jan. 27, 1866, and Produced a diary in confirmation of the statement, testifying that the entries relating to the affair were made at the time. The diary being examined by the District Attorney and the Court, it was found that it bore the printed date of 1869. It was not considered necessary to cross-examine the witness.

A New York Target Company.

The procession of a target company in New York City, on a wet day is a mournful sight. At the head comes a miserable looking band of musicians, with instruments that have never been polished from the moment that they left the factory. They play some doleful tune, to which even the best trained soldiers could hardly keep step. The ragged crowd that follows has no great pretention to discipline and makes no effort to keep step. In front of them, indeed, marches one tall, fine fellow, with a flag, who does not belong to the company, and has been hired for the occasion at $5 for the day and all he can eat and drink. The following, however, of twenty or thirty men drag'les through the rain with hopeless despondency painted on every face. They shift their muskets from arm to arm so recklessly that the bayonet describes a sweep which threatens the integrity of neighboring hats. Down comes the soft swizzle of the rain, and plashing up to their eyes in mud wade the unhappy targeteers. They are in the way of all the vehicles; they know it, and the only thing that consoles their wretchedness is the consciousness that they are so completely a nuisance, and that they have no business in the middle of the street. Some of them have paper bonquets, painted gaudily, but affected in streaks by the rain, which has combined tints after an unseemly fashion. Some of them have military hats with dangling plumes, which cling with most pertinacity to their countenance and refuse to wave proudly. Almost all have ragged pantaloons and leaky boots, whose deficiencies have been covered from observation by the kindly mud. They are supposed to be enjoying themselves, but it is evident that they are stoning up sentiments of deadly hatred to the human race which they will demonstrate practically in their return by going through the stores along the route. One or two have fallen, overcome by the proverbial slipperiness of sinners' ways, and the amount of whiskey stowed under their hats. Their overcoats and faces are covered with a fine brown mellow coat of mud, and they look more like resurrection men who have been prospecting unsuccessfully in a newly dug grave, than gallant targeteers. But as the longest lane will have a turning, so at last the excursionists arrive at their destination. They have dinner, and drink plentifully to insure precision of aim. Then the shooting commences. The target is stuck up, and the contestants try their skill, which is not marvelous. The fact is that the target is seldom touched, while things are made lively for everybody within a radius of a mile. It is wonderful where the bullets contrive to go. As Diogenes remarked of an unskillful archer, the only safe place is in front of the target, and everywhere else is to be considered dangerous. Everything being settled comfortably, the targeteers drink themselves into a state of uproarious frenzy and rob every one they meet on their way home.

A New Manure.

A Norwegian company offers for sale a fish guano from the Lofoden Islands, prepared from the heads and backbones of the cod-fish, collected during the great winter fisheries off the Norwegian coast, principally by children and old and infirm persons who have no other means of subsistence. Formerly this matter was thrown into the sea as refuse, and materially affected the permanence and efficiency of the fisheries; but it is now carefully collected and hung in bundles on the rocks to dry. In June and July it is brought to the mills, where it is cut into pieces, dried artificially, and then ground between millstones. This article, prepared quite differently from the fish guano of the United States, is put up in bags, and finds a constant demand at about $45 a ton. It contains a great variety of ingredients fitting it for an excellent manure. The same company furnish what they call fish hour, which is made from the best dried cod-fish, by grinding them up, bones, skin, and all, to the fineness of sawdust or flour, in which form it is largely used in Scandinavia for various kinds of cookery. It is sometimes mixed with potatoes or other substances, and sometimes formed into cakes or biscuit. The fish is more readily packed and transported in this form than any other, and it is said to keep a long time without deterioration. We would commend this last-mentioned preparation to the attention of our people, as furnishing a hint toward a new article of trade in this country, and one that could be conveniently employed in cookery in a great variety of ways.

The Dress of Children.

Now that winter is come, it behooves parents more than ever to see that their children are clothed in such a manner as to protect them from the inclemency and sudden changes of the weather. The chief cause of infantine mortality, in addition to foul air, or too rich or too poor food, is the false pride of many mothers. Children are killed by the manner in which they are dressed as certainly as by any other cause. In our changeable climate children of the most tender age are left with their arms and legs, and with low-necked dresses. The mothers in the same dress, would shiver and suffer with cold, and expect a fit of sickness as the result of their culpable carelessness. And yet the mothers could endure such a treatment with far less danger to health and life than their tender infants can. A moment's reflection will indicate the effects of this mode of dressing, or rather want of dressing, on the child. The moment the cold air strikes its bare arms and legs, the blood is driven from these extremities to the internal and more vital organs. The result is congestion, to a greater or less extent, of those organs.

STOLEN CHILDREN.—A benevolent Police Captain of New York once restored a stolen child to its parents by this means. The girl was found under precisely the same circumstances, only that she stated that she had once lived "away off." The kind Captain kept the child in his custody, and, enlisting the sympathies of the reporters, advertised his prize far and wide, thereby finding the sorrowing parents in a Connecticut village, who had for ten long months mourned the loss of their darling. Frequent raids are made by the Police on these child beggars, for no other purpose than placing them under the care of some charitable institution.

AN INTERNATIONAL RACE.—Col. McDaniel, the owner of the famous American horse, Harry Bassett, has written the following letter to England: I am anxious to test Harry Bassett with the best horses of England, or any other country, but under the circumstances stated, that test must be made on American soil. If Mr. Gretton will not bring Sterling here, you may say, through the *Turf, Field and Farm*, that I will make one or a series of races, of from two to four miles, heats or dashes, for from $25,000 to $50,000 a side, each race $10,000 forfeit, Harry Bassett against any horse in the world; the races to be run under the rules of the American Jockey Club, either at Jerome Park or Saratoga.

THE Los Angeles (Cal.) Grand Jury have found 35 indictments for the Chinese massacre, and severely censured the municipal authorities.

The Planets and their Inhabitants.

M. Figuier, a noted French scientific gentleman, says that modern astronomy has demonstrated that there are other worlds than ours, that the earth simply makes a part of a class or a group of stars which do not differ essentially, and that there is an infinity of other globes like it, proceeds to consider the internal affairs of the other worlds. Since there is nothing to distinguish the earth from the other planets of our solar system—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—he argues that we must find in the others as we find here—air and water, a hard soil, rivers and seas, mountains and valleys. There must be found also in them vegetation and trees, and tracts covered with verdure and shade. They must have atmosphere and heavens. There must be in them animals and even men, or at least beings superior to animals and corresponding to our human type:

"Science has shown that the physical and climatological conections of the earth and the other planets are identical. On these planets as on the earth the sun shines and disappears, yielding place to night, and cold and darkness succeed to heat and light. In them as on the earth, the rich carpet of herbage covers the plains, and luxuriant woods cover the mountains. Rivers flow majestically on to the seas. Winds blow regularly or irregularly and purify the atmosphere by mingling their strata charged in different degrees with the produce of the evaporation of their soil. In quiet nights dwellers on these planets see the same heavenly spectacle that delights our eyes, the same constellations, the same celestial visitors. They have panoramic views of the planetary globes with their following of faithful satellites and luminous stars, shining like gently-brandished torches. Once in a while there is a sudden luminous trail which furrows the heavens like a flash of silver; it is a star that shoots and drops into the depths of space. Again, it is a comet with a beautiful tail that comes to bring news from worlds millions of miles away."

The planetary man, according to his belief, corresponds to the terrestrial man In the planets the process of creation of organized life must be the same as in the earth; the successive order of appearance of living creatures is the same as on the globe. And, like the terrestrial man, the planetary man dies, is transformed after death into a super-human, and passes also into other.

Woman's Work.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in an article in the *Independent*, entitled "Rights and Relatives," says:

"I think a little reflection will convince us that many, if not most, of the directions in which women now expend themselves, demand as much actual strength as many, if not most of the departments of what is called 'masculine labor,' though theoretically the light 'afternoon work' of the world falls to them." She says:

"Take a single instance of a conversation I stumbled upon the other day. He that hath ears to hear let him hear its counterpart any day. The speakers were both women.

"'I'm trying to get along without my girl. I had engaged her, but it seems like murder to take her away from Mrs. B——. I haven't the heart to send for her. She's all the help that poor creature can get; and she has twenty boarders in her house to-day, and four little children of her own besides. One's a baby born last May. She never was a strong woman. She looks like death this summer. I believe she is dying, myself. It's enough to kill any woman. I'm sure I don't wonder. You never saw such a face. It's like a ghost. She isn't fit to have a boarder across her door-step; but she's anxious to do and very ambitious to get along, and they're poor, you see.'

"'But where is her husband?'

"'Oh! he keeps the tin-shop down town.'

"'Why doesn't he support the family?'

"'Well, you see, he's just beginning; and he doesn't make it very fast, and it's a growing family. She feels as if she must help, anyhow.'

"'Help? It seems to be *he* that only "helps." She supports the family. Why don't they change work, if she is killing herself with hers?'

"'*What?*'

"Why does's she learn the tinsmith's trade; and he learn how to keep twenty boarders, and take care of four children, with one ignorant assistant? If he is a strong man he could probably bear it awhile. At any rate, it might save her life, if it is not too late.'

"'Oh! well,' with a puzzled laugh, hardly sure whether the speaker expected some recognition of an original joke, 'women can't do much unless they do work, you know—especially mothers. *They're not strong enough*, I think.'"

THE DIFFERENCE.—The recent visit of the son of the Emperor of all the Russias recalls an anecdote of a Scotchman on the advent in that country of another royal Russ. While surveying the west coast of Scotland, Captain Robinson had received on board his ship the Grand Duke Constantine. As the duke could only remain a very short time, the captain resolved to show him as much as possible during his brief stay. According he steamed to Iona on a Sunday, believing that day especially suited for pointing out to this royal visitor remains associated with religion. Landing on the island, he waited on the custodian of the ancient church with the request that he would open it.

"Not so," said the keeper; "not on Sunday."

"Do you know whom I have brought to the island?" said the captain.

"He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the Queen herself, I wadna gi'e up the keys on the Lord's day."

"Would you take a glass of whiskey on the Sabbath?" inquired the captain.

"*That's a different thing entirely*," said the keeper.

WHAT A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you where newspapers are plenty. Nobody who has been without these silent, private tutors, can know their educative power. How important, then, to secure those which tend only to good! Anything which makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Long Islander.*

A BALL DRESS.—A New York lady who ordered a dress for the Duke's ball says: My dress has come home—I am stunned. Here are the figures of cost:—

Thirty yards of silk $10 per yard	$300.00
One piece French crape	25.00
Ten yards Brussels point	100.00
Linings	10.00
Making	50.00
Materials	35.00
Silk buttons	12.00
Passementerie, etc	15.00
	$547.50

Many ladies in full dress suffer more in the shape of high heeled shoes, tight dresses, and badly placed hair pins than any amount of pleasure can compensate for.

An Outlaw's Fate.

[From the San Diego (Cal.) Union.]

Our readers will remember the brief account published in June last of the death of the notorious desperado, "Buckskin," who had fled to Lower California after the murder of the Bilderback brothers, in Los Angeles County. A gentleman who has lately returned from a visit to San Rafael, Lower California, gives us some exceedingly interesting facts in connection with the pursuit and final killing of the outlaw, and the melancholy fate which subsequently overtook the Indian woman who was companion of his flight, and her babe.

"Buckskin," with one Graham, murdered the two brothers in Tejunga canon, Los Angeles County. The latter was arrested, and in his confession, it is said, implicated the former, for whose apprehension a reward of $1,000 was offered. "Buckskin" had in the meantime escaped, passing through this country across the line into the mountains near San Rafael. The real name of this man was Pyburn, as may be inferred from the record of the birth of a male child to the Indian woman, entered in an almanac found on "Buckskin's" body, where he names the child "James Pyburn." He was a tall and well-formed man, with the exception of a deformity in his feet, the great toes of which overlapped the smaller ones, and was constantly clad in a full suit of buckskin.

"Buckskin" was accompanied in his flight by the Indian woman and his little son, eight months old, and a partner named McFarland, who has been a counterfeiter in Los Angeles County. During their sojourn in the mountains a dispute arose between the two men; they left camp together one morning to hunt, and at night "Buckskin" came back alone. This was his