THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. V. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1872. NO. 5.

Outside.

Just a gleam thro' the darkness;
The lift of two eyes from a book;
A glance—but some glances are heaven;
To such eyes 'tis given
To make Paradise in a look.

Just a face in the lamp-light;
A hand, and some glittering hair;
But hearts have been broken, it's said,
And white steel stained red
For faces less faultlessly fair.

Just a girl in her beauty,
Her glory of freshness and youth;
But what has earth better to sigh for—
To live for—to die for—
Than innocence, beauty, and youth?

The Four Voices.

Alone, by the seashore I musing go,
And pensively regard the sky serene,
That smiles impartial on the joint demeane
Of earth and water. Meditating so,
My thoughts turn inward, noting there the flow
Of constant intuition, that between
Them and the soul makes me distinction know
And ask, "Whence am I?" Silence veils the scene.
Anon are voices: "Whither, whither, whither?"
The Past cries out, from ocean's rolling wave.
"Hither, yes, hither; hither, hither, hither!
The present answers from an inland cave.
"Thither, yes, thither; thither, thither, thither!"
The Future thunders, pointing to the grave.

Again was silence. Gradually arose
A still small voice from out the deep within
My spirit saying, "I that am have been
And will be; but no past or future knows
The immutable. Things end, and things begin;
But not the eternal essence, wherein grows
Whatso may hold of time or taint with sin.
No grave awaiteth me, no mortal throes.
Suffice it, I am changeless, steadfast proved;
While all by me perceived now lives, now dies,
Stays but a moment, and each moment flies,
Each object fading, howso'er beloved—
I am for ever, moving, but not moved
By aught that seems, surviving even the skies."

A Child's Poem.

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop!
Up he goes
To the tree-top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he comes
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where is his supper?
In the shell;
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell!

Stir the fire,
Put on the pot;
Here is *his* supper,
Hissing hot!

JANUARY BILLS.

The year 18—proved a very good year for Mr. Archibald Lane. His business steadily increased from the first of January, and his profits were as fair as they had ever been. Heretofore, his expenses had kept so closely side by side with his income, as to leave his mind expressed with care, and in some doubt as to future success; but during 18—all had been so brisk in matters of trade, and so easy in matters of money, that his mind was uniformly cheerful, and sometimes elated. He felt that, at last, he was entering the way to prosperity; a way he had so long been seeking earnestly to find.

As the year drew toward its close, Mr. Lane experienced a feeling of self-satisfaction unusual at such times. Doubts as to which would over-balance the other, his expenses or his profits, had usually made the last week of the year one of great sobriety to Mr. Lane. In 18—, it was different. As the year waned, he had none of his old feelings, for he was well satisfied that he would have several hundred dollars on the profit side of the account, above and beyond all expenses, something that had not occurred in former times.

"If I have made both ends meet, I will be satisfied," was his usual mental declaration, when he proceeded to make up his accounts for the year. It was different now.

"If I don't have five or six hundred dollars over, I shall be much mistaken." This was the pleasant remark of Mr. Lane to himself, as he began the work of ascertaining the result of his year's business. All came out pretty much as he expected. There was a balance in his favor of about six hundred dollars, after a liberal margin had been allowed for certain bad and doubtful accounts. "Things begin to look a little brighter," said Mr. Lane, as he sat alone with his wife on New Year's eve. The younger children were in bed, and the two oldest daughters, Kate and Emily, were out, spending the evening with a friend. This was said after taking a cigar from his mouth, and letting the smoke curl lazily about his head, which was reclining on the back of a cushioned rocking-chair.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Mrs. Lane. And she spoke from her heart. New Year's eve had not always been a cheerful time.

"I've been looking over my affairs to-day," continued the husband, "and find myself better off than I was this time last year by at least six hundred dollars."

"That is encouraging."

"I feel it so. I trust things are to be easier in the future, and that we will get a little beforehand in the world. It is time; for I will soon be in years, and less able to give active attention to business."

I'm pleased on more than one account," said Mrs. Lane," to hear that you have done so well this year. I've been a good deal worried to-day, about a bill that I had no idea would be half as large as it is. It was sent in this morning."

"Whose bill is that?" asked Mr. Lane, with an apparent change of feeling.

"Mr. Mercer's bill for dry goods.,'

"I didn't know there was a bill there."

"Oh, yes. Don't you remember that you told me to get whatever the family wanted from him?"

"I didn't mean to run up a bill though."

"It was so understood by me. But that makes little difference. If the money had been paid down, the cash would not be on hand now.'

"How much is the bill?"

"I'm most afraid to say?"

"How much?"

"One hundred and thirty dollars."

"Why, Anna! Bless my heart! How in the world could you run up a bill like that?"

"I've bought very little for myself," replied the rebuked wife, in a subdued and choking voice. "Nearly all has been used for yourself and the children."

"A hundred and thirty dollars! O dear! dear! dear!" ejaculated Mr. Lane, throwing his cigar into the grate, and beginning to rock himself violently. "So much of my six hundred dollars' profit scattered to the winds! I wonder how many more bills you will have coming in!"

This was downright cruel; and so Mrs. Lane felt it.

She did not, however, punish him for the ungenerous remark with tears, for she was not a woman disposed on all occasions to give way to this weakness. Her reply was!

"None that the wants of the family have not required to be made."

"But I wish you to pay cash, Anna. You know that, last January, when we were almost smothered with bills from all quarters, we made a resolution to pay cash for every thing during the coming year: and I thought this had been done."

"I know very well that such a thing had been talked of," replied Mrs. Lane; "and, I believe, acted upon for a time. And I also know that you yourself told me to open an account at Mercer's in the spring, when I asked you for money to purchase summer clothing for the family."

"I didn't mean to have it go beyond that," said Mr. Lane, modifying his tone. "But what other bills are there?"

"There is a bill at Cheeseman's for groceries."

"That can't be much, for I have bought almost everything in quantities.'

"No I don't suppose it will amount to anything of consequence."

"Any other bill?"

"No; none, except the bread bill.,'

"I thought you paid cash for bread?"

"We never did that Mr. Lane. The baker serves us daily, marking on his tally-stick the number of loaves; and once in three or six months sends in his bill, when it is paid."

"How long has his bill been running?"

"Six months, I believe."

"And will be forty or fifty dollars?"

"Not half of it," replied Mrs. Lane.

"Well, what else is there?"

"Nothing more I believe."

"I hope not. Here are about two hundred dollars cut off at a blow from the supposed profits of the year. Confound these bills! I wish there was no such thing as credit."

Mr Lane was, as a matter of course, unhappy from that moment. Had these bills not existed, and the surplus of the year shown the pleasant aggregate of four hundred dollars, he would have been quite as happy as when he figured up at six hundred. But, in imagination, he had been better off by two hundred dollars than the truth now discovered him to be, and the loss was felt as real. The remainder of the evening passed gloomily enough.

When Mr. Lane retired to bed he could not sleep for thinking of the dry goods, grocery, and bread bills. While he thus lay awake, memory assisted him to the knowledge of two or three other little matters of the same kind. There was an unsettled tailor's bill that might take twenty-five or thirty dollars to balance; and the boot-maker had something against him. Ten bushels of potatoes and three barrels of apples that he had ordered sent home in October, were yet to be paid for. At least fifty dollars more of his year's profits vanished.

At last Mr. Lane fell asleep, and dreamed all night of bills, that came almost in a shower around him. On New Year's morning, he sat silent and moody at the breakfast-table, eating but little, and looking no one in the face. All were oppressed by his state of mind, though none but his wife knew its nature and the cause from which it was produced.

It was early when Mr. Lane went to his place of business, on the morning of the first of January; not so early, however, but that one or two persons had preceded him, and left behind them visible tokens of the fact. On his desk were a couple of sealed notes. He opened them with a vague presentiment of something disagreeable, and he was not disappointed. The first contained a narrow slip of paper, with a printed head, and certain written characters and figures below, which plainly enough expressed the fact that he was indebted to a certain dealer in groceries in the sum of seventy-six dollars.

"Oh dear!" was the mental exclamation of pain that followed the perusal of this bill. That a little piece of paper, three or four inches wide and six long, should have such power over the feelings of a man!

The next billet was opened with a more nervous state of mind. As he broke the seal and displaced the envelope, another narrow piece of paper, folded over from the ends in three sections, dropped upon the desk. It was the bread bill for six months, and called for forty-four dollars and ten cents.

"Is it possible? Too bad! too bad! too bad! I had no idea of this."

"Thus the unhappy man expressed his fellings. While yet holding this bill in his hand, a lad entered the store; and coming back to the desk where he sat, politely handed him an ominous piece of paper, and retired. He opened it, and read:

"Mr. Archibald Lane—Bought of," &c.

The particulars were an air-tight stove, at twelve dollars; a cooking-stove, at thirty; and various others matters of Russia pipe, fire-boards, etc., in all, amounting to fifty-five dollars. Though the genial heat from the air-tight stove had comforted Mr. Lane every evening since it came home, and he had enjoyed the improved cooking of the new addition to the kitchen department, he had entirely forgotten that the bill for these increased advantages had never been settled.

"I declare!" he exclaimed, as he spoke, How came I to forget that bill? I meant to have paid it when it came home, and told Jenkins to send it in."

Soon after this, Mr. Lane's young man came in from the post-office. There were three letters, each with the city post-mark, and each with a bill inclosed. One, the tailor's bill, wanted forty-eight dollars; another was from a hatter, and demanded five; and the third was a jobbing carpenter, who had been called in at sundry times to mend and make, and asked for the sum of twenty-three dollars and ninety-two cents.

Mr. Lane read them over, and then placed them under a paper-weight on his desk; uttering, at the same time, a long-drawn sigh.

The morning paper was yet unread. It lay on the desk beside Mr. Lane; and, more from habit than from any desire to know its contents, he opened it and commenced reading. An occurrence of some interest had taken place in a neighboring city, and he was in the midst of a narrative of the event, and much interested in it, when he started and turned quickly at the sound of a voice near him. A man had entered, and was standing at his elbow.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lane," said the man.

"Good-morning, Williams," returned Mr. Lane.

"Can I do anything for you to-day?" he added, in a tone of affected cheerfulness.

"Not much," said the visitor, removing his hat as he spoke, and taking therefrom a small package of papers, which he commenced turning over.

"You haven't a bill against me?" Mr. Lane spoke confidently.

"What do you call it?" replied the man, as he drew a slip of paper from the package in his hand, and presented it.

"One barrel of flour; five hams; a bushel of corn meal, and a sack of salt. Bless me! Didn't I pay for these at the time?

The man smiled and shook his head.

"Why, it's nine months since I made the purchase! And I'm certain that I told you to send in the bill. I never like small matters like this to stand."

"It has been overlooked. But the money will be just as good now," was the pleasant answer.

With a good a grace as possible for him to assume, Mr. Lane turned to his desk, and drawing forth his pocket-book, counted out thirteen dollars saying, as he did so,—

"The next time I make a bill at your store, I wish you to send it before the first of January."

"I won't promise," was the good humored reply, as the man bowed and withdrew. The pleasure was all on his side, and he could afford to be in good humor.

"I hope that's the last," said Mr. Lane, as he wound the string of his great pocket-book around and around its distended sides, and then laid it carefully back in his desk. But he was in error. Ere the day passed, his bootmaker sent in his bill, amounting to fifteen dollars; and from a lady's shoemaker came a little token, footed up with the sum of twenty dollars more. An upholsterer had been called upon to make a chamber carpet, and do sundry little matters about the house during the year: and he called for eight dollars and thirty-four cents. Then the jobbing cabinet had his account to settle with Mr. Lane, for sundry applications of his art to broken-backed chairs, rickety tables, loose veneering, etc., etc., for all of which he wanted sixteen dollars. Thus it went on, hour after hour, until toward evening. The glazier called for two dollars and a half; the tinner called for five dollars; and the gasfitter for eight.

By this time human patience, at least so far as Mr. Lane is concerned, had become well nigh exhausted. He felt like making a severe application of his foot to any man or boy who might again invade his premises with a bill.

He was sitting at his desk in this not very amiable mood, with the bills he had received since morning spread our before him, and a slip of paper in his hand upon which the whole of the sums they had called for, amounting to four hundred and sixty-nine dollars and eighty-six cents, had been added up, when he heard the door open and shut. Turning with a nervous start he saw the familiar face of an old negro, who had polished his boots for the last half-dozen years. He knew his errand, and knew that this was adding insult to injury. Peter came shuffling back toward the desk at which Lane remained seated with contracted brows, revealing at each step more and more of his polished ivory.

"Little bill, Massa Lane," said the negro, producing as he spoke a dingy piece of paper.

This was too much. It was an ordeal beyond what overtried patience could bear.

"Clear out you black rascal!" exclaimed the sufferer in a passionate voice. "If you say 'bill' to me, I'll cut your ears off!"

Such an unexpected reception from "Massa Lane," who had been looked upon by Peter as one of the most amiable men in the world, completely astounded the poor negro, and he beat a hasty retreat, glancing back every now and then to see if an ink-stand or paper weight were not advancing in the direction of his head with something like lightning speed.

To sudden storms there always follows a deep calm. By the time Peter had vanished through the door, retiring at a velocity which could not be greatly increased had seven devils been at his heels, Mr. Lane's mind was trembling back from its state of uncontrollable excitement. Laying his face down upon the desk he sighed heavily. Mortification took the place of irritation, and anger against others, was succeeded by anger against himself.

"Ah me!" was breathed forth heavily at last; and raising himself up he gathered together the bills that were spread out before him, and thrusting them in the desk turned the key with a firm hand, making the lock click as the bolt sprang to its place.

When Mr. Lane went home that evening his mind was calm. He had passed through a day of trial and disappointment, but he knew the worst, and was prepared for it. When the milk bill, milliner's and mantaumaker's bills, and sundry other little bills were laid before him, he exhibited no emotion. They were to his feelings like a gentle breeze after a violent tempest. But one thing he was resolved, and that was to pay cash in the future for everything.

"There must be no January bills next year," said he to his family, after he had looked at the sum to pay long enough to be able to speak on the subject without visible emotion. "Let cash be paid for everything in the time to come. If the money isn't in hand when the want presents itself, let the want wait."

This was a good resolution. But did Mr. Lane and his family abide by it? Next January will tell.

Elephants at Sea.

A few facts about the elephants now going to Chittagong in the "Scotia," says a Calcutta paper, may be interesting to our readers. The hoisting up into the air and lowering down into the hold of a ship, such huge animals is not only an unusual sight to most men, but also a strange experience to most elephants. They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes with threefold tackles, and lowered into the steamer's hold like bales of cotton. When in the hold they were placed in pens built of strong teak-timber baulks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them breaking loose. The fear the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent, and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest; tears trickled down their mild countenances, and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was sanded for them to stand upon. We are told that one timid female elephant actually fainted, and was "brought to" with a fan and many gallons of water. At sea, it appears that the animals got into a curious habit of occasionally—evidently with a preconcerted signal—setting to work rocking the ship from side to side by giving themselves, simultaneously, a swaying motion as they stood athwart ship, the vessel rolling heavily, as if in a seaway. This they would do for a spell of an hour or more, and then desist for several hours, until the strange freak took them again. At Chittagong, we hear that they were hoisted out of the hold, and swam on shore, thirty-five being thus safely landed without any accident whatever. When they were released from the slings it was a supreme moment for the mahout, who was always on the elephant's neck from the time of its touching the water to letting go. As the word was given to "let go," each of the elephants, either from the lightness of his heart at being freed from his floating prison, or from his own weight we are not sure which—lightness of heart, like lightness of head, causes elephants and men to play pranks—plunged down deep into the water, the mahout on his neck. The anxiety on the face of the mahout, just one second before the plunge, was a study; so, too, was it when elephant and man rose to the surface again, the former blowing water from his trunk, and the latter from his nose. Forty-four more elephants go down by the same steamer to Chittagong.

A Commune Divorce.—There were some curious as well as bloody things done under the brief reign of the Commune in France. A couple wished to be divorced. The commune granted the separation, the parties signing the following:

I, upon my wife's request, authorize her to dispose of the chamber and furniture, which were our common property; and I authorize her to dispose of herself at her pleasure. I reserve for myself that she can make no request nor take any legal proceedings touching my liberty. We re-enter, on common agreement, into our full and perfect liberty, as if we had never been married. *Salut.*

I acknowledge having received authority for the furniture which was common between my husband and me; the authority to dispose of the said furniture; I on my side undertaking to have recourse to him for no rights. I leave his full and perfect liberty. *Salut.*—Neither Chicago or Indiana could beat that.

Such a Joke.—Upon the trial of a suit for divorce, one of the witnesses was asked whether he had spoken to any of the jury since the trial commenced. "Yes, sir, I spoke to Mr. ——," pointing to a juryman with a face as red as a blood beet. "What did you say to him?" Witness appeared reluctant to tell. The attorney insisted upon the answer. "Well," said the witness, "I told him that he had a pretty face to sit on a jury to decide whether a man was a habitual drunkard or not."

A New Idea.—The thermometer is now extensively used in hospitals to ascertain the temperature of patients, in order to determine whether fever exists. The instrument is placed under the arm, which should then be folded over the breast, and is kept there several minutes. If the mercury stands at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or over, treatment for fever is directed.

Laboring Men and their Wages.

Now that the labor question is attracting so much attention in this as other countries, it may be interesting to note a few figures. In 1869 Lord Clarendon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, directed all the British consuls abroad to furnish reports as to the condition of the working classes in the various countries, the wages they received, etc. The reports were of course, interesting.

The report from the Province of Armenia, Asiatic Turkey, said that the farms are almost all in the hands of small proprietors and are generally limited to eight acres in extent. The only employment for capital is in lending on usury; and that, of course, only aggravates the evil. The average earnings of a field hand are forty dollars, and of weavers—the principal branch of industry—from sixty dollars to one hundred and twenty dollars a year. The wages of artisans, however, are relatively much higher—those of masons, carpenters and smiths, going up to seventy-five cents a day. On these latter wages the workmen could live well, but the report says the Asiatic Turk is proverbially improvident and thinks nothing of spending in a nuptial celebration more than he can save in years. In European Turkey the wages were from twenty-five to sixty-five cents a day.

In Russia the great trouble, is the vast number of holidays on which no work can be done. They number, including Sabbaths, 163 in the year, leaving only 202 for labor. And out of these must be deducted Mondays, which, for most workmen, are also holidays, as it is considered unlucky to commence work on that day. The lowest class of workmen earn from thirty to sixty cents per day, and on this they can support their families, because black bread and butchers' meat are cheap. All other commodities, however, are dear in Russia. House rent is twice as dear as in England. One of the Consuls says that an English artisan would require to earn twice as much in Russia as he would in England in order to live as well.

In Germany the tradesmen's bunds, or guilds, possessed exclusive privileges, so that a tailor or shoemaker belonging to one petty principality could not be set up his business in another. In Silesia, wages have doubled in the last thirty years, while the cost of living has not increased in anything like the same proportion. In Saxony the farm laborer earns from twenty-five to thirty cents a day; the day laborer in towns from thirty to forty cents, and mechanics from fifty to sixty cents. Women earn from thirty to forty cents.

In Berlin at least sixteen per cent, and often twenty and thirty per cent, of the resources of a moderate family goes for house rent. A budget of the estimated expenses of three types of family was prepared at Berlin. The first belonging to the lower class, is supposed to have an income of from two hundred and twenty to three hundred dollars. Of that twelve per cent goes for rent, sixty-two per cent for living, fifty per cent for clothing, five per cent for fuel, and only one per cent for amusements and pleasures. The family of the second class is supposed to have an income of from four hundred and fifty to six hundred dollars. Of that fifty-five per cent goes for living, eighteen per cent for clothing, twelve per cent for rent and only one and one-half per cent for recreation. The family of the third class is supposed to have an income of seven hundred and fifty to twelve hundred dollars. Of this fifty per cent is assigned for cost of living, eighteen per cent for clothing, twelve per cent for rent and only three and one-half per cent for amusements. In these tables the statistician assigns no place to savings; but yet it appears that in Saxony the number of indigent persons diminished twenty per cent in the decade from 1855 to 1864.

In Belgium, in the rural districts day laborers earn from thirty to forty-five cents a day, and women from sixteen to twenty cents. In manufactories common workmen are paid from thirty to fifty cents, superior hands sixty cents and women from twenty to fifty cents. In the coal mines wages vary from sixteen to forty cents a day for women and from eighteen to seventy cents for men. Mechanics, such as carpenters masons, &c., earn from sixty to eighty cents. Those who earn from one to two dollars a day are the exception. A comparison between the wages of London and Antwerp has been made, from which it appears that where a mason earns fifty cents a day in Antwerp he earns one dollar and forty-five cents in London, and the cost of living is about equal in both cities. Consequently the artisan classes in Belgium enjoy but little of the comforts of the same classes in England, and still less of those which their fellow laborers enjoy on this continent.

Something About Wills.

Here are some rules governing the making out of wills, which may prove important if not interesting. A will cannot be made in language too simple or concise; it must be written in ink, on paper or parchment; and, if contained on one sheet, must be signed at the end by the testator, in the presence of two or more witnesses, and, if written or more than one sheet, the testator and witnesses had better sign each sheet. The witnesses must rigidly comply with every particular required by the attestation clause, at the end of which clause they must sign their names. A codicil to the will is to be made with the same regulations as the will itself, and may be written thus: This is a codicil to my last will and testament, bearing date the ——day of——18—, and which I direct to be taken as part thereof. I give, devise, and bequeath, etc. As witness my hand this——day of——. Obliterations or alterations are dangerous, and when of necessity made, ought to be signed by the testator and witness. Marriage after making a will, renders the will void. It is not indispensable for a witness to know the contents of the will, which may be so folded as to prevent any other portion than the signature and attestation clauses being read.

Good Manners.—Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many a good girl and boy feel that they can't behave to suit themselves in company. They feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners; that is, do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned by arbitrary teaching so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. Coarse, rough manners at home beget a habit of roughness which we can ot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all good things, especially for good manners.

Snake Bites.—A medical officer writes to the *Punjaub Times* that during a long professional experience in India he had never succeeded in curing a case of snake bite by either the cobra or kerait. All the remedies recently suggested proved useless, and the writer regards the entire extirpation of the snakes as the only means of reducing the mortality of nearly 20,000 gives a year which they inflict upon India.

How to Get Rich.

Put on the airs of an eight-keyed flute,
If you're only a penny whistle;
Pass where you can for a garden rose,
If you're only a wayside thistle.

Blow, whenever you blow your horn,
So people can understand
That you may be sharp, but you won't be flat
In society's great brass band.

If you carry a nose six inches long,
(And a beak can scarce be longer)
Believe it a *sign* of perception strong,
And the longer it is, the stronger.

But if in the order of nasal tubes
Your organ is brief in measure,
Then, brevity being the soul of wit,
Consider your pug a treasure.

Love your neighbor—but mark the force
Of the gospel rule of grace—
The more you admire yourself, my friend,
The higher your neighbor's place.

Clink your dime in the deacon's pan,
As if you were throwing gold,
And give, with an eye to the business hope
Of reaping a hundred fold.

Whether your reading is little or great,
Quote right, or never quote;
Polish your uppers, though down in the heel,
And never endorse a note.

Always advance best hand, best foot,
(Best hand, best foot, your own,)
And thus you may feast on the fat of the land,
While others enjoy the bone.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

I met the young people at a picnic, and was not long in discovering their sentiments toward each other. It was plain that Tom Tilby loved Bessie Welfit, and it was impossible to doubt that the feeling was reciprocated. I took an interest in the young couple because I had been the intimate friend of their fathers, when they were young, and before the business of life led us apart on separate roads.

Tom Tilby *pere* and Sam Welfit had been fast friends both at school and at college; fast friends, boon companions, and sure partners in every scrape as in every stroke of luck.

Until they took their degrees they were inseparable. After that of course their paths were bound to diverge somewhat. As for me, I left college two or three years before they did, for my means were slender, and it was necessary that I should, as soon as possible, undertake the management of of my father's practice as an attorney, as he was growing old and feeble.

I went up to the University on a special invitation to be present at the parting supper given by Tom and Sam when they had taken their degrees. It was a great occasion, that supper! I can well remember how the two returned thanks for the toast of their "health and success!" standing up hand-in-hand and making one speech between them, Tom beginning a sentence, which Sam finished, and then beginning another for Tom to complete, and so on.

Next day I was instructed to draw up their wills, in which each left all he possessed to the other, if he should survive him. The documents were drawn up, signed, and witnessed, and I was requested to take charge of them. From that period I saw very little of either. Tom in regular course served his curacy, and at last got his living. Sam got into a good practice, and I went on plodding at my business, which, though not vast, was sufficient to keep me occupied and to supply me with a modest competence. I heard occasionally from both parson and barrister, but the letters were generally brief and of a business nature, for I was their legal adviser whenever they chanced to need such assistance, which was but rarely. I was glad to learn therefore—dear me! how the time must have slipped away, said I to myself—that the pretty golden-haired girl at the picnic was the daughter of my worthy old friend Sam Welfit; and that the handsome manly young fellow who was paying such attention to her was the son of the Rev. T. Tilby, who was best known to me as Tom Tilby.

Of course I lost no time in introducing myself. To my surprise, the young people did not seem overwhelmed with joy to hear I was an old friend of their fathers. They exchanged looks of surprise and consternation. What could it mean?

It was not to be left in ignorance long. Tom, tearing himself with evident reluctance from the side of his charmer, asked me to favor him with a few words in private. To my surprise, his first request was that I would not mention the picnic, and the fact that Bessie and he met there, to either his father or hers. My surprise was changed to sorrow when I heard the reason of his request. Those confounded wills were at the bottom of it! The two friends had begun to suspect each other. Tom Tilby thought Sam Welfit must wish him dead that he might have his money; and Sam felt certain that Tom Tilby would not be grieved to hear of his decease. Friendship grew cooler—at last cold and stark.

Why, you ask, did they not make fresh disposals of their money when their marriages made the old wills void? Well, I can't exactly say, but I fancy that either they thought it a point of honor to stand by their old arrangement, or else they were ashamed to ask me to make alterations, when, after drawing up their marriage settlements, etc., I had to redraft their wills.

Time went on. Suspicion begot indifference paving the way for hate. Of course each was conscious of a change in the other, but did not observe it in himself; and so the mutual dislike deepened, and the breach widened imperceptibly. As luck would have it, young Tom, who was entered at Lincoln's Inn, met Bessie, who had come to stay with some friends in town, and they fell desperately in love with one another. They wrote to their parents, like good and obedient children, informing them of their acquaintance, and perhaps revealing unconsciously what that acquaintance had ripened into. That brought matters to a crisis. The Rev. T. Tilby told his son that Bessie was, no doubt, a designing minx; she was not likely to be a fig, springing as she did from a thistle like Sam Welfit. He threatened to cut his son off with a shilling. if he heard any more of his nonsense, and forbade him to see her again.

Sam Welfit was equally stern. He told Bessie that young Tom was a mercenary adventurer, and, like his father, probably a rake, an idler and a scoundrel. If he heard any more of her having any more to do with the scamp he should bring her visit to an abrupt end.

Naturally, in spite of threats, the young people did meet, and their love was intensified by the opposition of the parents. It was a bad case, and I told young Tom so. He implored me to keep their secret. I consented—and what is more, I promised to aid them. That very night, in my lonely bachelor chambers, I laid my plan and acted on it. I wrote two letters—one to Tom Tilby and the other to Sam Welfit I asked them, for reasons alleged, to meet me on the following Tuesday—Tom at twelve and Sam at one. Then I dispatched a little note asking Bessie and young Tom to lunch with me at three o'clock on the same day.

The day came—the hour came—and the men came! Old Tom Tilby arrived at 12, dressed in deep mourning, and carrying in his hand my black-bordered missive bidding him to come here, to proceed with me to the funeral of our old friend Welfit. I asked him to sit down, and began to talk of old times. Tom had been on recalling the past, his heart was touched. Tender recollections came in a flood, the old love revived, and by a quarter to one the old boy was weeping bitterly, and wishing he had been more just and true to dear old Sam.

Presently came a knock at the door. Tom begged me to let him get out of the way, not to show his emotion to strangers. I put him in the next room, but left the door a little open, and then gave orders for the admission of my next visitor. Sam Welfit, of course! I could see about his tremulous lip, the moment he entered, that I should have an easy task with him. He spoke softly, luckily, or old Tom might have recognized his voice, but, as a precaution, I monopolized all the talking, and spoke in a low tone, until I had Sam blubbering like a child.

"After all, Sam," said I raising my voice, "you benefit by the death. Tom Tilby would have been pleased enough if it was your funeral instead of his!"

"No, he would not," said Sam, with emphasis; "and for the money, I won't touch"—and then he turned white as a sheet, and stared at the door, from which Tom Tilby came rushing, with tears in his eyes.

"Tom!"

"Sam!"

The two shook hands with such persistence, I thought they would never leave off. But at last they turned round to me, and intended to lecture me for practical joking.

"His wit was not of the highest order in old times—was it, Sam?" said Tom Tilby

"It's improved vastly," said Sam. "It's the best joke he ever was guilty of!"

"No," said I, "I've better in store!" and with that I opened the door, at which I heard a gentle tap that had escaped their notice—and led in Bessie and young Tom! Of course, those trembling culprits fell on their knees when they saw their respective parents, expecting a severe reprimand. That reprimand was in each case, as I need hardly say, exchanged for a blessing!

Those old wills have been destroyed, and I have drawn two new ones, by which Tom and Bessie inherit all the properties of their respective parents.

I am very glad I went to that picnic after all.—*Tom Hood.*

A New Revelation.

A statement to the effect that Botts, the murderer of Halsted, was the husband instead of the paramour of the women Wilson, has caused no little sensation. The murderer has been dictating a story of his life, with a full account of the murder. He relates circumstances connected with his first acquaintance with Mrs. Wilson, his marriage to her, and her unfaithfulness to him. In conversation with a reporter he gave some of the leading incidents of the tale: In 1864, Botts first met Mrs. Wilson at a disreputable house in Newark. Becoming interested in her, he persuaded her to quit the place in which she was living and he furnished her with the means of doing so. In the fall of that year they went together to Paterson to see the races, and on their return Mrs. Wilson said she would "dare him to marry her." Botts said he would, and they drove to Little Falls, where Rev. T. H. Landon, a Methodist clergyman, performed the ceremony. Botts says: "Afterward she made me promise not to tell any one about it, and that is the reason I did not say anything about it at the trial. She was married under a false name and I gave my real name. I suppose I was a little drunk at the time." For seven years thereafter the woman lived with Botts and was supported by him, still going under the name of Wilson, for she had another husband living, from whom she had never obtained a divorce. Botts says he never would have betrayed her secret but for the fact that she lately wrote him what he calls a "scandalous letter," in which she told him that she had all along loved another man, at the same time abusing him soundly for bringing her before the public. The letter preceeding this one, and by means of which Mrs. Wilson obtained an assignment of furniture and other property owned by Botts, was of a different character. After using many terms of endearment, referring to past associations, &c., she wrote: "I am so unhappy, and can never be happy again. I will try and be good, and meet you in heaven."

The Value of a Scrap-Book.—Every-one who takes a newspaper, which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles, can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable receipt you had almost forgotten, and which you have found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's care and trials. Indeed, you hardly take up a single paper without perusing it. Just glance over the sheet before you, and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold. Hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of a year what a rich treasure you have accumulated.

A General Blow[illegible]

This time the scene is laid in Pennsylvania; the hero of the play is a teamster, "native [illegible] the manner born," and the plot has [illegible] to do with benzine. Mr. Teamster is riding cheerfully along the public highway seated upon a load of benzine. As he travels he has an idea that a social cigar would prove a good companion, so he lights a cheroot, and musing on things certain and uncertain, permits his team to continue the journey according to their own pleasure. But all things, good, bad or indifferent, must have an end, and a cigar is no exception. In due time the cigar is burned down to an unpleasant proximity to our hero's moustache. Roused from his meditations he throws the stump behind him and is instantly an involuntary participant in a grand transformation scene. Numerous barrels of the excitable, fluid unite in one grand "burst" of harmony and light. The astonished driver concludes to stop on the road while the frightened horses plunge ahead at the top of their speed, leaving behind a firey train which bears out the simile of a sort of terrestial comet. A collision stops the horses; the frightened peasants imagine the millennium; the owner loses his benzine, the driver finds but a single screw left to remind him that he once owned a wagon, and—the curtain falls.

A Brutal Mother.—A woman named Case, living at Decatur, Ill., murdered her boy a few days since by forcing him to kindle a fire with kerosene while she remained in bed. The boy poured a quantity on the fire and wanted to desist, but the woman ordered him, with an oath, to put on more. An explosion followed, and he was burned to death. He was twelve years old.

Found it.—The Grand Duke Alexis found out the strong point of Niagara after a half-day's stay there. The landlord charged an enormous bill—$1,500 at the rate of $75 for each member of the suite for the half-day. The young man at once declined the preposterous imposition, and the amount was finally reduced to $1,000.

Society and Fashion.

Bias bands and small flounces is the latest fashionable style of trimming silk underskirts.

The breaking of a wedding ring is said to be a sign that its owner will soon be a widow.

The latest fashion at parties and Germans is to hang a mistletoe bough between the folding doors.

Bridesmaids' dresses this season cost as much as that of a bride, and are made of as rich and costly materials.

An artificial rose-bud, worn in the button-hole, is now considered quite the correct thing by our society young men.

The latest style in rings and bracelets is in the shape of a serpent, with ruby eyes, and the back studded with small precious stones.

Fichus, or tight-fitting capes, or waists of velvet plush or velveteen, the color of the dress are very much worn with street costumes this season.

Black silk costumes trimmed with Chinchilla and the fur of the silver fox, are very elegant for receptions, and for the street, although rather conspicuous.

A bachelor says "all" he would require in a wife would be a good disposition, beauty, good figure and connections, conversational talents, elegant and polished manners and—money.

The latest style of bows for the neck are of point or Valenciennes lace, made in the shape of a pyramid, small at the top and large at the bottom, and is made to cover the whole front of the waist.

White lace veils, dotted with black, are no longer worn, as they make the face look as if enamelled, and give a "fast" look to the quietest dressed lady. Plain tulle, pointed in front and edged with maltese lace, is the style now most preferred.

The latest fashionable ornament for adorning a lady's hair of an evening is a bandeau of small gilt bells, which tinkle softly with each motion of the wearer's head, and are a pretty accompaniment to the music and running fire of small talk.

Some New York ladies, wishing to put down the high-priced dress-makers and milliners, have formed a society and agreed to make their own dresses and bonnets, and show an amount of skill which is not equalled or excelled by even the French *modistes.*

A Peculiar Parade.—The mystic society known as the "Strikers" made their 29th parade in Mobile recently. The subject of illustrations was the "Realms of Fancy." They were borne through the street on ten street-cars. First—An iceberg, drawn by Polar bears journeying towards the north pole, bearing a poet and philosopher of the Darwinian school, in search of birds who have emigrated north to escape the tyranny of man; upon arriving, they are arrested and tried, with a sportsman, the soul of a lady who has been decorating herself with feathers, and a French cook; a bird of Paradise as Judge, and the jury composed of other birds. The next was the wonders of the Deep—Neptune's car drawn by sea lions, surrounded by all kinds of fish; mermaids, who have allured a sailor boy to their cavern; Davy Jones' locker. The next was Fairy Land—fairies, elves, &c., Chariots drawn by butterflies. The next Christmas Eve—Santa Claus' car drawn by reindeer, snow man, Jack Frost, icicles, &c., Christmas characters, roast beef, mince pies, plum pudding, and all good cheer of the season; harlequin as Christmas pantomine. It is said the costumes were magnificent, and the display was witnessed by thousands, among them numbers of strangers from the North.

Licking a Pump Handle.—In New Albany, Ind., a little son of Mr. John Koch, met with an accident which should be a warning to all boys in the future. It seems that the little fellow went to the pump at the market space, and very foolishly touched his tongue to the iron handle, to ascertain if it was cold. Of course the result was not only fearful, but extremely painful. The tongue, being very moist and warm, and iron being a good conductor of heat, the moisture and heat were almost instantly withdrawn from the latter by the cold handle, and it froze tight.

The little fellow endeavored to withdraw his tongue, but could not. Several gentlemen went to his rescue, but it required the most careful handling to loosen the boy's organ of taste from the iron. They ejected saliva upon the handle, and rubbed it with their hands fully five minutes before they succeeded, and then a piece of the skin of the tongue, about the size of a nickle, was left on the handle, leaving the surface of the tongue where it had come in contact with the handle as white as though it had been seared with a red hot iron. During the time the boy was fast, he gave vent to his excruciating agony in loud and continuous screams.

Haytian Proverbs.

The day that the little chicken is pleased is the very day that the hawk takes hold of him.

Eggs ought not to dance with stones.

Before you speak turn your tongue over seven times.

When you go to the donkey's house don't ask if his ears are long.

A little dog may have courage before his master's door.

It's only the shoe that knows whether the stocking has holes.

Good soup may be made in an old saucepan.

The cock wears spurs, but he is no horseman for all that.

Pardon does not heal the wound.

A pig that has two owners is sure to die with hunger.

Very bad is not death.

Reproach is heavier than a barrel of salt.

A promise is a debt. Flies are caught with syrup, not with vinegar.

Matricide in Indiana.—A family fray occurred in Gibson County, Indiana, which resulted in the death of a mother at the hands of her son. The boy, who is 15 years of age, and has always borne a very bad character, had a quarrel with his father about a dog and threatened to shoot him. Procuring a shot gun he proceeded to carry the threat into execution, but the father rushing at him with a chair so diverted his aim that the charge entered instead the head of the mother producing instant death. The name of the family is Hedgespeth. The murderer has been arrested and is lodged in jail.

Ashamed.—The people of Grasshopper Falls, Kansas, are again ashamed of the name of their town, and are agitating the question of changing it. They tried that once, some nine years ago, by act of the legislature—calling the name Sautrelle. Every wag in the county had his joke over it, and the name was soon transmogrified into "Sow-tail," by which name it was commonly known, and letters for the town were thus directed. The next session of the legislature they made haste to become Grasshopper again.

Lord Courtenay, a young English nobleman, has gone into bankruptcy with debts amounting to £824,306, or more than four millions of dollars!

Moscow Street Scenes.

A picturesque view of the street population of Moscow is given in the following sketch:

Neither cathedral, nor bazaar, nor hospital has more charms for the stranger than the out-door life of the city. The streets are of varying width; crooked, paved with sharp, flinty stones, and lined with buildings of every style of architecture. Churches, palaces, pink or yellow whitewashed cottages of peasants are jumbled together, and from whatever point you look some picturesque group of domes and towers delight the eye, or perchance down the vista you catch a glimse of the Kremlin wall.

Through these avenues pour the varied population. Princes pass in their swift carriages, and perhaps the Metropolitan, hidden in his stately coach and drawn by sleek black horses of noble breed; merchants dash by in their droskies—men, it may be, of enormous wealth, and whose transactions are now with Paris and now with Pekin; drays and country carts lumber along driven by peasants with white blouses tucked into high boots, or tied with a string—their feet incased in shoes made of plaited reeds or strips of limetree bark—a blouse like shirt of pink calico (why, with their florid faces, they should choose pink, I cannot understand) over the trowsers, confined at the waist by a sash or a belt of leather, and above this, unless in heat of noon, a wrapper of sheepskin reaching below the knee—while often there is no covering for the head but the yellow, matted hair, bound with a fillet and falling low on the shoulders as the full beard falls on the breast.

In the open spaces stand the coachmen with their vehicles, waiting to be hired—dressed in low, broad-crowned, black hats; caftans of dark cloth fitting close about the neck, but without a collar; padded at the hips, double in front, and fastened under the left arm with six metal buttons; while their thick white gloves, when not in use, are secured by the thumbs to their girdles. Men carry about buckets filled with salted cucumbers, selling them one by one, to the present crowd as a relish for their black bread, which they eat as they go. At the churches and the street shrines of the Virgin, passers-by make the sign of the cross, and even prostrate themselves in their reverence. Nurses appear clad in the Russian national costume—a white undergarment, rather low in the neck, with full, short sleeve; a dark skirt gathered into a band just above the bosom, and suspended by straps over the shoulders, and a belt above the waist, from which depends a long white apron. Ear-rings and a necklace of beads are worn, and on the head a high, turban-like cap of some bright color.

This striking but rather formless attire seems now to be given over to nurses and court ladies for State occasions, when the head-dress blazes with jewels. Merchant's clerks, when not busy, may be seen sitting in the shop doors playing chess or dominoes, and perhaps holding a pet cat the while. Loads of birch-wood go by, sold at twenty rubles a cord—a large sum for the peasants; but a little wood lasts them long, as their brick ovens are not allowed to cool and air is excluded. Soldiers conscious and unbending in their uniforms are always in view, and the dark faces of Gipsies, Tartars, Persians and Jews are a pleasant relief after the fair monopoly of the average Russians. Why is it that the men of the Slavonic family are so much comelier than the women? Handsome men abound, and doubtless there are lovely, graceful women here, though they are rarely visible in church, or street, or bazaar.

I saw only one or two who could be called beautiful, but they showed the possibilities of the race—dainty creatures with the lily complexion, blue eyes and blonde hair, which we ascribe to angels; the type, perhaps, of the Anastasias and Natalies whom the early Czars chose out of all the land to share the throne. The women of the lower classes, with their flat features, and hair, and eyes, and skin of the same hue, have ordinarily nothing but an honest, good-natured expression to redeem their round faces from positive ugliness. They wear loose boots, short skirts, long sacques of wadded cloth or sheepskin, tie a thick handkerchief over their heads, and a little distance look so much like men that you can hardly tell whether you are gazing at Ivan or Nadia.

A Story of the Fire.—The world will probably never know of half the suffering which has been caused by the Chicago fire. Day after day we hear of some new case of heart-rending distress. A man was recently met traveling toward California, who had a very affecting story to relate. Thirty years ago he went from the East to Chicago, and settled in that city. After working hard as a clerk for some time, he was taken as partner in an iron foundry, at which business he was supposed to be making a large yearly income; but just as he was, to all appearances, in the zenith of success, the firm lost heavily and became bankrupt. He then went to St. Louis, and worked there for several years, finally returning to Chicago with his savings and started another foundry. Fortune did not favor this enterprise either, and he was on the lookout for something new when the fire swept over the remnant of his property, and threw him with his wife and four daughters upon the world, homeless and penniless. But even all this adversity was not sufficient to crush the indomitable spirit which possessed him. Instead of waiting to shed tears over the ruins, he started at once for the gold mines of California, where, it is to be hoped, he may soon succeed in finding a nugget large enough to make up for all his losses.

Transporting Fish.—Lieut. Smidt of the Danish Royal Navy—has recently invented and put in practical operation a simple method whereby live fish of all kinds are securely transported from the place where caught, and delivered at any seaboard or inland town, or market, all as fresh and lively as when in their native element. And indeed they *are* kept and carried over the whole route, no matter how long it be, *in* there native element. Briefly, the plan is this. A water-tight tank of suitable size is provided and attached to the smack, or fishing craft. Into this tank the fish are turned as fast as taken, it being first filled, of course, with water of the immediate vicinity. When a smack thus has her cargo of one or more well-filled tanks, she starts for her market. Lieut. Smidt provides each vessel with an ingeniously constructed air-forcing pump, by means of which fresh atmospheric air is driven into and infiltrated all through the entire body of water in each tank. Thus the water is renovated, and its finny population breathe freely. This pumping in of the air is, of course, to be repeated as often as required—say three times in twenty-four hours; and, as they can be carried over land as well as on water, these denizens of the deep can be delivered, all fresh and frisky, in their native brine, wherever wanted for consumption.

A man in New York has been arrested on complaint of over one hundred ladies, who stated to him that while passing along Broadway after the close of the theatres this person would besmear their dresses and cloaks with kerosene oil, completely destroying them.

Facts and Fancies.

How to test the weight of a wall—Scale it.

A key that unlocks many a till—Whiskey.

How to have eggs all winter—Buy them.

A Florida three-year-old has a heavy beard.

A Californian makes gin out of sage brush.

A magnesia mountain has been discovered in Oregon.

A little boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.

A vase in a California hotel is labelled 2th pick.

A Joint Affair with but a Single Party to it—Rheumatism.

The *Monthly Scientist* predicts the sun will burn out in 44,389.

A vocalist was nearly chocked to death recently by his swelling notes.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

Massachusetts has sixteen cities. The aggregate population of fifteen of them is 640,000.

A new style of ear-ring is a crystal in the shape of a snail, resting on a leaf of frosted silver.

An old Roman law was that no couple should be married until they had been engaged two years.

What is it that has three feet and cannot walk, sixteen nails and cannot scratch? A yardstick.

In Milwaukee, when a distinguished guest arrives, he is taken to a lager beer vault and entertained. D. G. likes it.

A lady in New York recently broke off her engagement to a gentleman, because he had shown a letter she had gritten him to his mother.

"Auntie," said a little three year old one day, "I don't like mine apron tarched so dreffel. So much tarchness makes the tiffness tatch my bareness."

The Creek Indians now number 14,800, and own nearly 4,000,000 acres of land, with $1,519,000 in money which is held in trust for them by the Government.

Four sportmen from Randolph, during a four weeks' visit to Currituck Sound, N. C., bagged 300 canvas back ducks, 470 ducks of other species, 100 geese, and 14 swans.

One of the best toasts ever given: "Woman—the last word on our lips, because it comes from the bottom of our hearts."

The insurrection in Cuba has now lasted more than two years, and as both armies destroy everything they come across, one may imagine how devastated the island is.

A Chicago suicide loaded a pistol with powder and wad, and filled the chamber with water. He then placed the muzzle in his mouth and fired. The effect was terrible, the whole top of his head being blown off.

A men in Illinois has patented an iron shingle roof. The shingles are about 6 by 13 inches, lap each other so as to ensure a water-proof roof, and are fastened by headless nails. The patent is said to be less expensive than slate.

A young lady in a suburban town who has received the attentions of a young man for some time, on being asked what his business was, replied naively. "Oh, he is a *bummer* for dry goods firm in Boston." She meant drummer.

Two men own nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in the San Joaquin Valley, Cal.; the traveller may ride 45 miles in a line upon it, and may follow a fence around a single pasture for sixty-five miles; while one other man monopolizes 350,000 acres.

The latest style of sending presents of flowers, in earthen dishes made flat, in which the flowers are regularly planted and growing, which is a far more sensible present than the old style of baskets, which, with the utmost care, only lasted a day or two.

The supply of India rubber is said to be inexhaustible. Each tree can be tapped for twenty successive years, and yields on an average three tablespoonfuls a day; 43,000 of these trees have been counted on a tract of land thirty miles long by eight wide.

A farmer out West, recently bargained his farm to another farmer for $2,000, but when the day and purchaser arrived informed him his wife was in a hysterics about the trade and he guessed he would back out. "But," said the purcheser, "I have come a long distance, want the farm and must have it. How much more would induce you to sell it?" "Well," replied the agriculturist, "give me $250 more, and let her cry."

One-half Acre will Keep a Cow.—This can be done if the ground is sufficiently rich and properly managed. Half the ground should be in clover, which will be ready to cut in June and will last three months; one-fourth should be put in corn for fodder, in drills two feet apart, planted quite thickly in the row (12 grains to a foot), and well hoed and weeded; this may be used occasionally to help out the clover, if necessary. The remainder of the ground should be put in turnips, or sugar-beets, or partly both, and may yield 200 bushels, which, with the stalks left over, will feed the cow through the winter and until clover is ready again. Remember, the tops of the beets and turnips will last quite a time if used economically. Keep them in a cellar in a heap, well pressed down and covered with boards.

Locomotive Signal.—The following particulars of railroad signals will be interesting: One whistle of the locomotive means "down brakes;" two whistles, "off brakes;" three whistles, "back up," continued whistles, "danger;" a continued succession of short whistles is the cattle alarm. The conductor's signal, by a sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes, means "go ahead." A downward motion of the hand, "stop." A beckoning motion, "to back." A lantern raised and lowered vertically signals starting; swung at right angles or across the track, to stop; swung in a circle, to back. A red flag waved on the track is a signal of danger; hoisted at a station is a signal for stopping; stuck up by the roadside is a signal of danger on the track ahead; carried unfurled on an engine is a signal that another engine or train is on its way.

Immigration Statistics.—An analysis of the aliens landed at New York from foreign ports in 1871 may be interesting as exhibiting the heterogeneous nature of the immigration for the year. It is based upon the manifest supplied by the masters of arriving vessels:

Countries of Birth		Countries of Birth.	
England	51,027	Norway	2,781
Ireland	50,229	Denmark	2,340
Scotland	10,154	France	4,245
Wales	1,224	Switzerland	2,630
Austrian and German Empires	88,661	Italy	2,809
Sweden	10,749	Miscellaneous	3,552
Total in 1871			229,639
Total in 1870			212,170

She Did.—The Southbridge *Journal* says that a farmer's wife in Dudley recently had a footrace with a woodchuck, and caught him when he had got half way into his hole:

And there she sat and held his tail,
And held his tail, and held his tail,
And there she sat and held his tail,

for two hours, until her husband came and killed the beast.

The Chicago *Republican* records that "two small piles of calcined bones and ashes were found in the ruins of the Tremont House. They were in the midst of a heap of fire still burning, although three months had elapsed since the fire. By the fragments of bone, alone, the doctors were unable to determine that a human being had met his fate upon that spot."

The brig Jessie Lowe was boarded near Calais, by some French fishermen, and was found to be abandoned although she was in good condition. It is suspected that a mutiny occurred on board; that the captain was murdered, and the crew left the vessel to escape the consequence.

The New Jersey Court of Pardons refuses to commute the sentence of the murderer of "Pet" Halsted.