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Where is Home!

Home is where affection bind
Gentle hearts in union;
Where the voices all are kind,
Holding sweet communion.

Home is where the heart can rest
Safe from darkening sorrow;
Where the friends we love the best
Brighten every morrow!

Home is where the friends that love
To our hearts are given;
Where the blessing from above
Foretastes are of heaven!

Yes, 'tis home where smiles of cheer
Wreathe the bows that greet us;
And the one of all most dear
Ever comes to meet us!

The Boy and his Angel.

Oh, mother I've been with an angel to-day,
I was out all alone in the forest to play,
Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woodpecker tapping the trees;
So I played and I played till so weary I grow,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly, high up in the top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop.
Thus a long while I sat looking up to the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling, just over my head,
That sounded as if "Come, Oh brother!" it said;
And there right up over the top of the tree,
Oh mother an angel was beck'ning to me.
And, "brother, once more come, Oh brother," he cried,
And flew on light pinions close down by my side!
And mother Oh, never was being so light,
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight.
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in fair ringlets fell,
While his eyes resting on me so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove;
And somehow dear mother I felt not afraid,
As his hand on my own he caressingly laid,
And whispering so softly and so gently to me,
"Come brother, the angels are waiting for thee!"
And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses, Oh mother, they thrilled through my breast
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high
When the chariot of God rolls along the black sky;
While his breath floating 'round me was soft as the breeze
That played in my tresses and rustled the trees.
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions, upwards he soared;
And up, up he went through the blue sky so far,
He seemed to float there like a glittering star;
Yet still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till lost in the azure he passed from my sight.
Then Oh how I feared as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
When soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
"Come brother the angels are waiting for thee!"
Oh pale grew the mother and heavy her heart,
For she knew her fair boy from this world must depart,
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere th' autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.
Oh, how his young footsteps she watch'd day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of Heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.
"Oh, clasp me dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest.
Let me gaze up once more to that dear loving eye,
And then Oh, me thinks I can willingly die.
Now kiss me dear mother! Oh quickly, for see—
The bright blessed angels are waiting for me!
Oh wild was the anguish that swept through her breast
As the long frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed,
And felt the vain search of his soft pleading eye,
As it strove to meet her's ere the fair boy should die,
"I see you not dear mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear loving face from my sight,
But I hear your low sobbings, dear mother good bye,
The angels are ready to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there,—but Oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song."
He ceased, with his hands meekly clasped on his breast
And his sweet face sank down on its pillow of rest;
Then closed his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

THE ONE DOLLAR BILL.

How it did rain that November night! None of your undecided showers, with hesitating intervals, as it were between; none of your mild persistent patterings on the roof, but a regular tempest, a wild deluge, a rush of arrowy drops and a thunder of opening floods!

Squire Partlet heard the angry rattle against the casements, and drew his snug easy chair a little closer to the fire—a great open mass of glimmering anthracite—and gazed with a sort of sleepy, reflective satisfaction at the crimson moreen curtains, and the gray cat fast asleep on the hearth, and the canary bird rolled into a drowsy ball of yellow down on its perch.

"This is snug," quoth the Squire. "I'm glad I had that leaky spot in the barn roof fixed last week. I don't object to a stormy night once in a while when a fellow's under cover, and there's nothing particular to be done, Mary!"

"Yes," Mrs. Partlet answered. She was flitting about, between kitchen and sitting room, with a great blue checked apron tied round her waist. "I'm nearly ready to come in now, Josiah. Now, I wonder," *sotto voce*, "if that was really a knock at the door, or just a little extra rush of the wind and rain."

She went to the door, nevertheless, and a minute or two afterwards she went to her husband's chair.

"Joe, dear, it's Luke Ruddiloves" she said, half apprehensively. The Squire never looked up from his paper.

"Tell him he's made a mistake. The tavern is on the second corner beyond."

"But he wants to know if you will lend him a dollar!" said Mrs. Partlet.

"And couldn't you have told him, No, without the preliminary ceremony of coming in here to ask me? It is likely that I shall lend a dollar or even a cent to Luke Ruddilove? Why, I had a great deal better throw it among yonder red coals! No—of course, No?"

Mrs. Partlet hesitated.

"He looks so pinched and cold and wretched, Josiah. He says there's nobody in the world to let him have a cent."

"All the better for him, if he did but know it," sharply enunciated the Squire. "If he had come to just that patch half a dozen years ago, perhaps he wouldn't have been the miserable vagabond he is now."

"We used to go to school together," said Mrs. Partlet, gently. "He was the smartest boy in the class."

"That's probable enough," said the Squire. "But it don't alter the fact that he's a poor, drunken wretch now. Send him about his business, Mary; and if his time is of any consequence, just let him know that he had better not waste it coming here after dollars."

And the Squire leaned back in his chair after a positive fashion, as if the whole matter was definitely settled.

Mrs. Partlet went back to the kitchen, where Luke Ruddilove was spreading his poor thin fingers over the blaze of fire, his tattered garments steaming as if he was a pillar of vapor.

"He won't let you have it, Luke,' said she. "I thought he wouldn't."

"Then I've got to starve, like any other dog!" said Luke Ruddilove, turning moodily away. "And, after all, I don't suppose it makes much difference whether I shuffle out of the world to-day or to-morrow!"

"Oh, Luke—not to your wife?"

"She'd be better off without me," said Luke, down-heartedly.

"But she ought not to be."

"Ought and is are two different things, Mrs. Partlet. Good night. I ain't going to the tavern, though I'll wager something the Squire thought I was."

"And isn't it natural enough he should think so Luke?"

"Yes—yes, Mary; I don't say but what it is," murmured Luke Ruddilove, in the same dejected tone he had used throughout the interview.

"Stop!" Mrs. Partlet called to him, as his hand lay on the door latch, in a low voice. "Here's a dollar, Luke. Mr. Partlet gave it to me for a new piece of oilcloth in front of the dining room stove, but I'll try and make the old one do a little while longer. And Luke, for the sake of old times—for the sake of your poor wife and the little ones at home—do, do try to do better."

Luke Ruddilove looked vacantly first at the fresh, new bank bill in his hand, and then at the blooming young matron who had placed it there.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, and crept out of the warm, bright kitchen into the storm and darkness that reigned without. Mrs. Partlet stood looking into the kitchen fire.

"I dare say I've done a very foolish thing," she pondered; "but indeed I could not help it. Of course he'll spend it all at the public house, and I shall do without my new oilcloth; that will be the end of it all.

And there was a conscious flush on her cheek, as if she had done something wrong, when she rejoined the Squire in the sitting room.

"Well," said Squire Partlet, "has that ne'er do well gone at last?"

"Yes.'

"To Stokes' tavern, I suppose?"

"I hope not, Josiah."

I'm afraid it's past hoping for," said the Squire, shrugging his shoulders. "And now for a pleasant evening. How it does rain, to be sure."

And Mrs. Partlet kept the secret of the dollar bill within her own heart.

It was six months afterwards that the Squire came into the room where his wife was preserving great red apples into jelly.

"Well, well," quoth he, "wonders never will cease. The Ruddiloves have gone away."

"Where?"

"I don't know—out West somewhere, with a colony. And they say Luke hasn't touched a drop in six months.

"I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Partlet.

"It won't last long," said the Squire, despairingly.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I haven't any faith in these sudden reforms."

Mrs. Partlet was silent; she thought thankfully that, after all, Luke had not spent the dollar in liquor.

Six months—six years—the time sped along, in days and weeks, almost before busy little Mrs. Partlet knew that it was gone. The Ruddiloves had come back to Sequosset. Luke had made his fortune, as the story went in the far away El Dorado, vaguely phrased "out West" by the simple Sequosseters.

"They do say," said Mrs. Buckingham, "that he's bought that ere lot down opposite the Court House, and he's goin' to build such a house as never was."

"He must have prospered greatly," said gentle Mrs. Partlet.

"And his wife, she wears a silk gown that will stand alone with it's own richness," said Mrs. Buckingham. "I can remember when Luke Ruddilove was nothing but a poor drunken creetur."

"All the more credit to him now," said Mrs. Partlet emphatically.

"It's to be sure all o' stun," said Mrs. Buckingham, "with marble mantles and inlaid floors. And he's put a lot o' papers and things under the corner one."

"The corner what!" said Mrs. Hartlet, laughing.

"Floor or mantle?"

"Stun, to be sure," said Mrs. Buckingham. "Like they do in public buildings, you know."

"That is natural enough."

"Well, it's kind o' queer, but Luke Ruddilove never wan't like anybody else. Folks thinks it's dreadful strange he should put a one dollar bill in with other things."

Mrs. Partlet felt her cheek flush scarlet; involuntarily she glanced up to where the Squire was serenely checking off a list of legal items in the bill he was making out against some client. But the Squire never looked around, and Mrs. Buckingham went on with her never-ceasing flow of chit chat, and so the hot color died away in her cheek. After all, the money had been her own to give, and the old oilcloth in front of the dining room stove had answered very well.

She met Luke Ruddilove that afternoon for the first time since his return from Sequosset—Luke himself, yet not himself—the demon of intemperance crushed out of his nature, and it's better, nobler elements triumphing at last. He looked her brightly in the face, and he held out his hand.

"Mary."

"I am glad to see you back here again, Luke," she said, tremulously.

"And well you may be," he rejoined. "Do you remember that stormy night, Mary, when you gave me that dollar bill, and begged me not to go to the tavern?"

"Yes."

"That night was the pivot on which my whole destiny turned. You were kind to me when every one spoke coldly; you trusted in me when all other faces were averted. I vowed a vow to myself to prove worthy of your confidence and I kept it. I did not spend the money—I treasured it up—and Heaven has added mightily to my little store. I put the dollar bill under the corner stone of my new house, for the house has risen from it and it alone. I won't offer to pay you back, for I am afraid," he added, smilingly, "the luck would all go from me with it; but I'll tell you what I will do, Mary. I will give money and words of trust and encouragement to some other poor wretch, as you gave to me."

And Squire Partlet never knew what his wife did with the dollar bill he gave her to buy a new piece of oilcloth.

A Lot of Suns.—Some astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, and have, like our sun, numerous planets revolving around them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter 3,600,000,000 of miles, and that which it controls is much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbor to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun 22,000,000,000 of miles. Now, if the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, and if the solar system be the average magnitude of the systems of 75,000,000 of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation? Every sun of the 75,000,000 controls a field of space of about 10,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing 75,000,000 circular fields, each of them 10,000,000 miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the water in the hollow of His hand, and meted our heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; Him who, sitting upon the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in!

A Terre Haute, Ind., professional sheep-shearer says that he has not seen such fine fleeces in the last fifteen years as this year's clip shows.

The Anti-Jewish Riot.

A correspondent of the *Levant Herald* writing from Smyrna, says: "We have passed through a week of great excitement and anxiety at Smyrna. A few days ago the report flew around the town that the body of a poor Christian child of four years of age was lying exposed at the Greek hospital, who had been tortured and murdered by a band of ferocious cannibal Jews, who, it was declared, required the blood of a Christian child as a sacrifice every year at their Passover. I at once proceeded to the Greek Hospital, as upward of 10,000 people had done before me and, on inquiry of the surgeon found that the death of the child had been one of accidental drowning.

On expressing my surprise that such a melodramatic sort of exhibition should be made over the body, the crowd being admitted in immense numbers to inspect and overhaul the remains, I was assured that there was no other way of counteracting the effect of the fable in circulation, and persuading the excited populace that the child had been simply drowned and not put to death by torture. Even as it was, the worthy surgeon expressed his fear that the fanaticism of the mob would lead to serious results, and his apprehension, unfortunately was too speedily and sadly realized. A fearful onset was made upon the Jews that very day. In vain did the priests from the church pulpits and elsewhere proclaim the truth, and assure the people that the child had simply met its death by drowning. Every Jew met with was horribly maltreated, and, after some hours of indicision, in which it was vainly hoped that sober sense might prevail, the excited Greek mob, with all the rascality of the town in its train, made for the Jewish quarter, sacked the houses, murdered the inmates, and committed other acts of brutal atrocity. Many Jews at length turned upon their assailants, and from attacked, in self defense became attackers. Then the fury of the Greek rabble knew no bounds; men were fiendishly beaten, women were violated, children even were not spared, and day after day until Wednesday was the Jewish quarter converted into a pandemonium of pillage, rape and murder. Not until then did Hamdi Pasha, Governor of Smyrna, and responsible for human life and public order within its walls; not until then did he advance the troops upon the scene and quell the mob effectually. The apparent inaction of Hamdi Pasha may be explained by the fact that on Saturday he had only 180 soldiers in the town to make headway against 10,000 of a fanatical and exasperated Greek populace, whereas, brought in hurridly from all quarters, we have now eight full battalions of troops. The result is that the rioters have held their hands; the mob is kept thoroughly in check; and lamentable as what has occurred, you need have no fear of its renewal.

The Birds in Winter.

What do the birds do in winter? Many, you know go South. As a general thing, winter's cold does not seem to affect those that stay with us. The truth is, birds are remarkably well guarded against cold by their thick covering of down and feathers, and the quick circulation of their blood. The chickadee is never so lively as in the cold weather. When the thermometer is three or four degrees below zero, it shows by its behavior that it is pretty cold. On such a morning I have seen a small flock of them on the sunny side of a thick hemlock, rather quiet, with ruffled feathers, like balls of gray fur, waiting, with an occasional chirp, for the sun's rays to warm them up; a little sober, perhaps, but ready, if cold continued, to get used to it. What do they eat? Our merciful Father does not leave the earth bare. There is food enough and to spare. The seeds of the grasses and taller summer flowers, and the elders, birches and maples furnish supplies that the cold and snow does not destroy; also the buds of various trees and shrubs, for the buds do not first come in the spring, as some people think; there are buds all winter; there are insects, too.

A sunny nook any time during the winter will show you a variety of two-winged flies, and several kinds of spiders, often in numbers, and as brisk as ever. Then in the crevices of the tree bark and dead wood there must be something nice to be had, judging from the activity of the chickadees, gold-crests, and their associates. In the winter no mischief can be done; there is no fruit to steal. Nothing can be destroyed now except the farmers' enemies; yet the birds keep at work all the time. Winter, too, is favorable to sociability among birds as among people. The chickadee the gold-crested wren, the white-breasted nut-hatch, and the downy wood-pecker form a little winter clique. You do not often see one of the members without one or more of the others. No sound in nature is more cheery than the calls of a little troop of this kind, echoing through the woods on a still, sunny day in winter—the lively chatter of the chickadee, the slender contented pipe of the golden crests, and the emphatic, business-like hank of the nut-hatch, as they drift leisurely along from tree to tree.

The Lottery Business.—It is estimated by a person fully conversant with its details that there are in New York city between five hundred and fifty and six hundred places where lottery numbers are sold. The amount of money daily received at these places averages $20,000 per day, or $120,000 per week, and for the year $6,240,000. The profits of the business, if legitimately conducted, would be great; as it is, they are claimed to be enormous. It is alleged that the business is now simply fraudulent. The numbers given out to the various policy shops, and against which those who invest their money play or bet, are supposed to be those first drawn in the lotteries sanctioned by the States of Louisiana and Missouri, the results of such drawings being telegraphed each day from the places where the drawings are held to the principals of the lottery business in this city. It is alleged that in many instances these numbers have been falsified in order to cheat those who have wagered on the result, and in various other ways have the credulous gamblers been duped.

True Hospitality.—I pray you, oh! excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man and woman that have alighted at our gate; or bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents, and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price in the city, what he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparely, and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality, be in bed and board; but truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.—*Emerson.*

Horrible.—A pig-drover, early in the morning, having in vain knocked for admittance at the doors of a public house near the gates of the Polish town Jaroslaw, at last bethought himself of looking through one of the windows, when he was struck by a most appalling sight. There lay several horribly mutilated corpses in a pool of blood. The landlord, his wife, three children (the eldest of whom is six years of age), and a maid-servant, were found in the same room, with bleeding wounds and broken skulls. The whole house was in a state of disorder. The perpetrators have not been traced as yet.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

Switzerland—The Home of Wm. Tell—Mountain Scenery—A Brilliant Illumination, Etc., Etc.

Just before reaching Fluelen, the boat stopped at Tell's Platte, a ledge of rocks at the base of Arcenberg mountain, where, shaded by overhanging trees, and almost washed by the waters of the lake, stands the romantic chapel of William Tell. It contains a few rudely executed frescoes representing scenes from Tell's history, and was erected by the canton of Uri, on the spot where the Swiss libgrator sprang out of Gessler's boat. About five minutes after we left the chapel the boat stopped at Fluelen. We there took a carriage to Altorf, and after a quick but dusty ride of thirty minutes arrived at the scene of William Tell's world renowned exploit. It is a very rude village, and the event that makes it interesting is perpetuated by yet ruder art, but the spot is not less dear to the people and interesting to strangers, who visit it in crowds. A fountain in the middle of the town, which is surmounted by his statue, marks the spot where the hero stood when taking his perilous aim, and a tower close to it covered with rough frescoes occupies the place where the tree grew to which he was bound.

There is also another statue of Tell, larger than life size, made of plaster, which stands on a pedestal a short distance from the fountain. It was presented to Altorf in 1861 by the riflemen of Zurich. We also visited the Capuchin Monastery above the church, and it is claimed to be the most ancient of Switzerland. After taking lunch at the hotel, we drove back to Fluelen, arriving there in time to meet the boat to Luzerne, where, after a pleasant sail up the lake, we arrived about 5 P. M., thoroughly delighted with the excursion we had made. The following day we left Lucerne at 11.25 by steamboat for Alpnach, where we took a diligence for a ride over the Brunig Pass to Brienz on our way to Interlaken. After leaving Lucerne it began to rain, and continued until we arrived at Alpnach, when it cleared off, the sun came out and it continued pleasant the remainder of the day. We had secured the "banquette," which is an outside seat back of the diligence, and over it was a moveable top, that could be put on in case of wet or hot weather. It gave us an excellant opportunity of viewing the scenery without unnecessary exposure. After a delightful day's ride through some charming Swiss scenery, we reached Brienz about 5 P. M., where we took the steamboat and crossed the lake to Giessbach. After arriving at the hotel and securing a room, we took a walk to see the Falls, which are the attraction of the place. The Falls are seven in number and precipitate themselves from a height of 1,148 feet above the lake. One thing gives an exquisite charm to the Falls, and that is the richness of the foliage and brilliant green of the herbage, which is owing to the continued spray which prevents it being burnt or withered by the heat of the sun. In hot weather it must be perfectly delightful to rest under the shadow of the lofty trees and enjoy the coolness of the breeze produced by the Falls. The landlord of the hotel treats his guests every evening during the season to a grand illumination of the Falls for which we were charged twenty cents for the first night and after that there is no charge. While at dinner the landlord informed us that if we would go to the terrace before 9 P. M., the Falls would be lit up at that hour. We were on hand at the appointed time, and when the signal rocket flashed in the air, our souls were thoroughly ripened for the coming wonder by those few minutes of trembling expectation. The rocket flashed up—the Bengal lights blazed out crimson, green, purple and blue, and each of the most beautiful shade of color. First the dark firs and foliage on each side of the Falls were all ablaze with light, then the waters gleamed out stream after stream of the brightest of reds, the most emerald of greens, and the lovliest shades of violet and blue. Rapid and fitful the ever changing hues flitted up and down the successive leaps of the Falls. The effect was magical, not to be forgotten by any one who had seen it; worth seeing at the cost of many a dollar and ever so much trouble. When it was over we were all like Oliver Twist, "asking for more." I would advise every one going to Switzerland if it is possible, to see the illumination of the Giessbach Falls. It is in every sense of the word "a success," and to use a favorite quotation, "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever." Next morning we left by the boat for Interlaken, and after a fine sail on the lake arrived there at noon.

The day was cloudy, and everything betokened a storm, and by the time we were in our rooms in the Hotel Jungfrau it commenced to rain, and continued at intervals during the afternoon and evening. When we arrived, the Jungfrau could be seen in all its beauty from the windows of our room. Framed as a picture between the mountains that come down to the plain on either side of the valley of the Lauterbrunner, the artist has but to take his place on the balcony of the Hotel Jungfrau, to find his composition ready made to his hand. For a foreground he has the active life of the promenade, bordered with noble trees; beyond a broad green meadow, dotted with cattle; and beyond that again, skirts of wood, with the smoke of unseen dwellings curling above the tree tops; and then the grand framework of the mountains at the entrance of the valley, and between them, eminence rising above eminence until the line of snow is reached; and finally the Jungfrau, towering in its shining garments to the heavens. It was one of the handsomest sights we had witnessed in Switzerland, and the hotel Jungfrau one of the best we had seen anywhere in Europe.

During the afternoon we walked through the village stopping to look in the windows of the different stores, nearly every one of which is filled with Swiss carvings, stereoscopic views, and photographs of alpine scenery.

The remainder of the day was spent in the hotel, the streets being to muddy for walking, and before retiring for the night made arrangements for a carriage to go at 9 A.M. next day to Grindelwald, and Lauterbrunen, and visit the Falls of the Staubbach. But "man proposes and God disposes." When we awoke the following morning the rain was falling rapidly, and continued all the forenoon. Seeing no prospect of its clearing off, we concluded to leave Interlaken, which we did by boat at 1 P.M.

Lake Thun is about fifteen miles long and three miles in width. The approach to Thun is singularly picturesque. The chateaux of the wealthy and the nobility, some of them bearing the marks of centuries, and others constructed in the very best style of modern architecture, are placed in the most favorable localities, and, as the little steamer winds along, a combination is presented that is really inspiring. Thun itself is an old and romantic town. The appearance of one street is very remarkable. In front of the houses a row of shops and cellars about ten feet high, project; and on the flat roof of which is the pavement, for foot passengers, and the approach to the shops. The western portion of the town is situated on an islet, formed by two branches of the river, and traversed by a single street, the Rosengarten. By the time we had reached Thun the storm had ceased, the sun came out bright and warm, and the view of the mountains from the deck of the steamer was one which for natural grandeur was nowhere to be surpassed even in Switzerland.

From Thun to Berne it was but a short ride, and by 4 P.M. we were comfortably located in the Hotel Berner Hof one of the finest in Switzerland. We had been from one end of Switzerland to the other, and now saw, once more, the mighty mountains with which we had become familiar, collected in one grand landscape, before losing sight of them, perhaps forever. As in some of the Italian cities, the principal street in Berne, on the crest of the ridge whose base sweeps the Aar, is lined with arcades; emerging from these, we crossed the Aar by a handsome stone bridge to the opposite side of the river. Not far from the bridge is the Barengraben or Bear garden, which is a walled pit, sunk some twenty feet below the pavement, in which were several bears, and around the parapet were a number of men, women and children watching the animals.

The ancient Egyptians had not a greater veneration for the Ibis, than the modern Bernese have for the Bear, which would seem to be the tutelary deity, as well as heraldic emblem of the canton. Here Bruin in *propria persona* is supported, according to immemorial usage, at the expense of the municipality; and great is the amusement he affords by his cumbrous gambols.

The architecture of the old houses is most quaint and grotesque. Crossing the principal street is a large clock tower, in front of which stood a crowd of people waiting for the hour to strike. A few minutes before five o'clock, a wooden cock gave the signal, by clapping its wings and crowing: a minute later, several bears walk 'round a seated figure; the cock then repeated his signal, and when the hour struck five, the seated figure, an old man with a patriarchal beard, turned an hour glass and counted the hour by raising his sceptre, and opening his mouth, while a bear on his right inclined his head: an odd looking figure struck the hour on a bell with a hammer, and the cock concluded the performance by crowing for the third time.

Near the tower was another of the sights of Berne, known as the Fountain of the Ogre, or the Kindlifresser-Brunnen as it is called in German. It is a singular looking figure, on the top of a pedestal in the centre of the fountain, in the act of devouring a child, while several others doomed to the same fate protrude from his pockets and girdle; below the figure is a troop of armed bears.

We stopped a few moments at the Cathedral, but found nothing there of any interest. In the open space at the west part of it we saw a fine statue of Rudolph von Erlach, the conqueror at Laupen, and at the corners of it were four very healthy looking bears.

We had a delightful drive through the environs, crossing the river at Pont de Wydeck, and then following the ascending road on the left, to the table-land, commanding a fine view to the north, and stopping at Schanzli, where there is an excellant cafe, from whose terrace, while enjoying "a small bottle," we had the same grand view which we had from the windows of the Berner Hof Hotel, with the addition of the city itself as a foreground on the opposite bank of the river. Leaving the Schanzli, the river was crossed lower down, near the railroad bridge, and after driving around the city in every direction we returned to the hotel. Later in the evening we had a charming view of the Bernese Alps by moonlight. B. M.

Fashion Notes.

Says a New York fashion journal:

A dainty hat of white chip, with a scarf of pale blue tulle, a rose with just the faintest blush upon it, and a trailing vine, which falls with the scarf at the back, is one of the gems of the season.

Another charming little hat of Italian straw, with a cluster of golden-headed pansies, a band and loops of two shades of pale violet ribbon, and a long scarf of black tulle edged with Chantilly lace, is attractive enough to suit the most fastidious taste.

The pointed veils of black Spanish lace are very fashionable, and are generally becoming, which is, of course, the very best reason for their being *la mode.* However, the veil of real Chantilly still holds its favor with ladies of requisite taste.

Two or three fichus of either black or white lace are now quite indispensible to a lady's wardrobe. They form a very heavy addition to a toilette, and may be made to harmonize with any dress by the simple change of ribbon bows.

Among the novelties in suits which we have noticed lately is a dress of blue silk. Upon the bottom of the skirt is placed a very deep flounce, which flounce is trimmed first with a narrow ruffle, next with a band of salmon-colored guipure insertion, above this a double box plaiting of silk, and still another which covers the seam where the flounce is put on to the skirt. The polonaise of blue silk, which is cut in the princess shape, is trimmed with two rows of the salmon insertion, and a deep fall of the same colored guipure lace. A small double talma, open at the back and trimmed to correspond with the rest, is worn with the polonaise. A bow of blue gros grain ribbon with long ends is placed upon the back of the talma.

A dress of foulard, striped in two shades of grey, has the underskirt cut so that the stripes run bias. This is trimmed with three narrow ruffles of plain silk of the darkest shade of gray. The polonaise of the striped foulard is cut straightway of the goods, is made with a Watteau plait in the back, and is trimmed with a narrow ruffle to match the ruffles upon the street. The sleeves are small, flowing, trimmed with a ruffle which extends to the elbow, where it is finished with a bow. A bow is also placed at the back above the Wafteau plait, and bows are used to fasten the front of the polonaise.

A Word to Landlords.—The New York *Standard* in referring to the summer flight of so many Americans to Europe, takes the occasion to say a few words to the landlords, who, it declares, are actually driving away renumerative customers by their greed. While there are places, within two or three hundred miles of our large cities, possessing abundant attractions, thousands go abroad as a matter of economy. They assert that so high are the hotel charges at our own watering places and mountain resorts that they cannot afford to seek health and a summer's pleasure at home. It is cheaper to pay for a week or ten days on the ocean and pass two or three months in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, than to climb the White Mountains, sketch the lunar bow at Niagara or taste the surf at Long Branch or Newport. Europe offers more for the money, so thither our citizens go, taking very considerable amounts of currency which they would much rather spend at home, provided it could be made to go as far.

The Franking Privilege.—Before the last U. S. Congress adjourned, Mr. Farnsworth introduced the bill abolishing the franking privilege, which was defeated early in the session. The vote stood 128 n favor, to 29 against.

The word love in the Indian language is "schemleudamoushtcwageretar."

How Beecher Talks.

The following extract is from a Sunday sermon of Henry Ward Beecher:—People who were never sick could never believe that anybody else was sick; but let any man get an autumnal catarrh, and before he gets through he will find that nearly every other man he meets has got an autumnal catarrh. How few there were who remembered the young gentlemen at picnics paying their polite attentions to the ill-favored and the homely ladies of that party! What an artistic eye those young men seemed to have! How they seemed to have singled out the girls with pencilled eyebrows, the delicate profiles, and the sparkling eyes, and how few of them bestowed a word of kindliness and thoughtfulness to the poor girl who was half crippled! We should therefore make a habit of bearing burdens in this way, and our piety would be something more than a sentimental pleasure. Then there were a number of self-possessed people, who were always living in a groove of comfort, and who had never been out of it. If shiftless, thriftless, ne'er-do-well people went to them for assistance, it was so much easier to say to a man, "Go West, go West!" than it was to think and act on his behalf. Why, if it would please Divine Providence to make these self-possessed people shiftless and thriftless for a month, it would do them a sight of good. They would find out then how much good telling a man to "go West" would do him. (Laughter.) Poverty is a good thing and a bad thing. We all say, "Blessed are the poor," and if there is one blessing more than another that we do not wish for ourselves it is that.

It seemed a marvel to some people what boys were created for. If you could get a boy shot from the bow at birth clear up into manhood that would be all very well. But a boy, what a plague he is! What a blessing at one time of his life he is to his mother. Was there ever a neighborhood that had a bad boy in it that that boy was not the worst boy in the world? You see two men coming along the street, and they know him when they see him. One of them puts out his foot towards the boy, and says: "Git along you little cuss!" But the other man talks to him as though there might be some latent good in him, and asks him whether he would not like to be a better boy and do some good for somebody. Which of these two is bearing the boy's burden?

Then there was a way we had of talking about our friends, or the people we know. It was a bad thing to speak evil, but it was a much worse thing to think evil one of another. It was this supercilious Pharisaism that was so difficult to deal with. It was said that New Orleans was the worst city in the States and that Boston was the best. Well, he (Mr. Beecher) would rather undertake to cure the bottom section of New Orleans than he would the bottom section of Boston. The good people coalesced, kept to themselves, had no fellowship with the erring, were so far above the bad people, that in Boston it would be difficult to raise the bottom section of the population into sympathy with the good. These latter were very apt to think that they had done their duty, when they had sent some poor, half-starved missionary to preach a little bit of the Gospel of Christ to the bottom sections of the population of their city.

The Boat Race.

The contest between the Atlantas of the United States and the London Rowing club, was won by the latter in an easy manner. A London correspondent says: Both crews being in readiness, the gun for the start was fired at 6:23, and in an instant the water flashed as the cars of both crews dipped, and both boats sprang from their position as if impelled by one common power. To the surprise of all who had witnessed the practice of both crews, the Londoners were the first to show in advance, and in about two hundred yards had forged a clear length, and were gradually taking the Atlanta's water. At the head of the river, close to Barnes Bridge, the London men had increased their lead to a length and a half, amid deafening shouts of "Go it Stout," "up with her Withers," according as the feelings of the crowd dictated, and bravely did both crews respond to the cheers and enthusiasm of those on the shore. Doc Withers here called upon his men for a spurt, and nobly did they answer his appeal, gradually lessening the gap which existed between the boats, until they almost lapped the London boat. The fearful exertions they had made to do this, however, began to tell a tale, and the Americans already began to exhibit slight signs of exhaustion. Despite the gallant efforts of the Atlantas to hold their position, when they reached the waterworks opposite Chiswick Mall, the Englishmen were rapidly gaining on them, Stout, the London stroke, pulling a long and steady stroke which did not appear to distress his crew in the least, and which yet increased their lead bit by bit. Going down Corney Reach, the Englishmen gained still more rapidly; the distress of the Americans being so great that th y were obliged to slacken their pace. At Hammersmith bridge the Londoners led by twenty boat lengths, and the race was practically at an end. The Americans pulled on, however, but below the bridge they were run into and had to stop for an instant; this had no effect upon the race, as it was already lost. Crossing to Craven Point from the soapworks the Londoners put on a spurt and regularly walked away from their rivals and arrived at Putney bridge at 6:50 amid enthusiastic cheering. The Atlantas followed and pulled the entire course, but were fearfully exhausted as they stepped out of their boat, when they were as heartily cheered for their pluck as were the Londoners. The time given as official was 21.16, over a course of four and a quarter miles. Thus finished one of the pluckiest and most determined stern races ever pulled by a defeated crew over this long and trying course. There is no doubt that they were outweighed and completely outrowed.

A Singular Act.—We learn from the Whitewater, (Wis.) *Register* that C. M. Clark recently found the bodies of twelve of his best sheep piled up in a corner of the fence near the railroad. Their throats had been cut and the pelts taken off. Mr. Freeman lost seven sheep in Lima the same way, and another farmer not far from Whitewater lost thirty. At the present high price of wool good pelts are worth three and four dollars each. No clue to the perpetrators of this villainous act has yet been discovered.

Another Queer Way of Marrying.—A pair were married at Plainview, Minnesota, in an unusual way lately. The ceremony was performed in a dancing hall, the floor of which was filled for dancing, except one set. Then the happy couple followed by three newly married couples, stepped forward and formed the lacking set, the minister stepped into the centre of the circle and performed the ceremony, the music struck up, and the dance went forward as if nothing had happened.

Sensible Idea.—The board of agriculture of the state of Maine have decided that one-fourth of the money received from the state by the county agricultural societies shall be devoted to the organization of farmers' clubs.

In a Cranberry Patch.

Some years ago Mr. Sackett was a successful merchant in Chicago and being known as a man of generous and speculative turn of mind he was requested by two friends of his to invest with them an equal share in the purchase of western land with a view to its rapid increase in price. More as an accommodation to them than regard for the profit, he consented, and furnishing his part they went West to make the purchase, while he remained at his business in Chicago. Now these enterprising friends of his found that they could buy up a large tract of land near Berlin, Wis., very low by including in it a portion of worthless swamp. They closed the trade and in making the division among themselves they took each a third of the fine land and left the mud and water for Mr. Sackett, who had never seen the land and accepted the division on faith in his friends and for some time he continued to pay the taxes until he failed in business and thinking to realize on the sale of it, he went West for that purpose, when to his dismay, he found that far from being able to sell it, he could not even give it away. Sighing just a little at the duplicity of his friends, who had so divided the valuable and left him the worthless, he wandered over the swamp, he almost disdained to call his own and splashed through its mud and water in desperate hopelessness. Poverty and want, stared him in the face, when, lo, something else stared him in the face too; he found something upon his land. What was it? It was not California gold nor North Africa diamonds, neither was it oil, iron or coal. It was wild Cranberries. "Presto change!" Now mark the result; that land is worth $800 per acre, and he is worth half a million dollars. He was a shrewd man, with an eye to business and he saw at once a fortune in those Cranberries and went to work to realize it by cultivation and systematic labor, and now he has a regularly trained brigade of children and hands to pick and prepare the Cranberries for market, for which he realizes as high as $24 per barrel, while the men who intended to play a joke on him now mourn over their own unvaluable land and sigh for the fortune their joking lost them.

This is true, and if it is not as romantic as fiction, it has a better moral.

Bennett and Webb.

The late Mr. Bennett twice suffered street-attacks from Mr. James Watson Webb. The first attack was made on Wall street in the month of January, 1836. On this occasion Mr. Bennett was knocked down and struck with a stick. He told the story in the *Herald*, saying: "General Webb, by going up behind me, cut a slash in my head, about one and a half inches in length, and through the integuments of the skull. The fellow, no doubt, wanted to let out the never-failing supply of good humor and wit, which has created such a reputation for the *Herald*, and appropriate the contents to supply the emptiness of his own thick skull. He has not injured the skull. My ideas in a few days will flow as freshly as ever, and he will find it so to his cost." The result of this report was that the *Herald* containing the account of the fracas sold 9,000 copies. On the 9th of May, 1836, Mr. Bennett was again assaulted by General Webb in Wall street, very near the scene of the former attack. As was the case with the first assault a newspaper controversy led to this second exhibition of anger on the part of General Webb. The particulars of this affair were also duly given in the *Herald* by Mr. Bennett. In his autobiographical account of it, after describing the mode of General Webb's attack he said: "My damages is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which any tailor will reinstate for a sixpence. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian $40, and a blow in the face, which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth for anything I know. Balance in my favor, $39 94." Thus was it that even out of his misfortunes did Mr. Bennett extract nourishment for his struggling paper. It was by such direct gossip with the public, upon all imaginable subjects, light sketches of city life, and half earnest and half cynical references to events in which he himself figured, that in the earlier years of the *Herald* was laid the foundation of its ultimate success as a newspaper.

A Word to Fathers.

We have read a story of a little boy, who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said the boy, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." There is a sharp reproof to the father in the reply of his son. Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him that they never feel confidently acquainted with him. They feel that he is a sort of monarch in the family. They feel no familiarity with him. They fear him and respect him, and even love him some, for children cannot help loving somebody about them; but they seldom get near enough to him to feel intimate with him They seldom go to him with their wants and trials. They approach him through the mother. They tell her everything. They have a highway to her heart on which they go in and out with perfect freedom. In this keeping off plan fathers are to blame. Children should not be held off. Let them come near. Let them be as intimate with the father as mother. Let their little hearts be freely opened. It is wicked to freeze up the love fountains of little ones' hearts. Fathers do them an injury by living with them as strangers. This drives many a child away from home for the sympathy his heart craves, and often into improper society. It nurses discontent and mistrust, which many a child does not outgrow in his lifetime. Open your hearts and your arms, oh, fathers! be free with your children; ask for their wants and trials; play with them; be fathers to them truly, and they will not need a mediator between themselves and you.

Be Economical.—Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair, heads get bald; straw by straw, the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop, the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you begin to save begin with your mouth, many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste, in all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Slag answers admirably for road-making and for preparing concrete.

Tom.

There is a picture for sale in a neighboring city with which there is connected a curious story. On the back is scrawled, "T. A., Obiit 1865." The artist died by his own hand, for a cause of suicide more common than love, or religious mania, or despair; and as poor Tom was well known, and near akin to many of our readers, the history of his picture and himself seems to us worth telling. As for the picture, it is in execution nothing but a crude, strong dash or two of color; only a bit of sandy beach, a dead woman washed ashore, a man keeping watch over her, and a bird, the solitary living thing in the world, disappearing in the stormy sky, leaving him alone with his dead. But there is the subtle something in it which touches us, as do all great utterances of truth or human feeling; it is one of the inspired words, painted, or spoken, or written, that are strong as love, or grief, or death, and share their nature.

There was something about the painter, too, from the time he was a boy, that set him apart from other men as one who had a message given him to utter. After all, God does give nowadays to certain men special errands to their fellows: and whether it be to make them cry or laugh, to call them to be heroes or saints, to show the stupendous joke of misery or comfort under life, or to explain fishes, or, like Bezaleel, to be "filled with the spirit of God in working with iron and brass," they carry about them the signs of their commission as plain as the shining on Moses's face when he came down from the mountains with the tables of stone. Even as a boy, Tom knew that he had an errand. It might be but a petty thing, a picture to paint, or a crayon sketch or two to finish. But it was his work, which no man could do but himself. He caught hints of it everywhere in the glass of water flickering in his hand, or the stone under his feet as much as the song nobly sung or the life of some other man greatly loved. It was clear enough to him; but flickering light or songs and loves of others would not make it clear to the world. There were times when the desire for its utterance was so strong upon him that if he could have accomplished his work he would have been ready, shy, hearty, young fellow as he was, to cry, "Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace." He did not fall into the usual mistake of genius as to the ease of delivering his message. He had a slip-shod dependance on winged Pegasus to carry him, or draughts from Helicon to give him divine strength. Slow and incessant work, and unflinching integrity to his errand, he knew only would carry him safely to his journey's end, and he set out on his career most gallantly.

But Tom was poor, and—Tom married; married a woman who thoroughly recognized him and his errand. They lived in a shabby little house in the suburbs of New York, where their first baby was born; a house where the roof leaked, and where the floors were carpetless. But going there, you found their talk furnished with such high and noble thoughts, their daily lives so rich in love, so gay in jests and fancies, so sweet and admirable in temper, that the background of want seemed only meant to throw into relief these sunshiny figures. Books, too, music, nature, and art meant so much more to them then to other men and women; they drew such strength and wealth out of even the blades of grass at their gate or the sunlight on their bare floor, that one could not but envy the rich heritage that they would bequeath to their boy. It was about this time this picture was painted. Men found in it something of a message from the gods struggling to be heard; they looked curiously at Tom and said, "Presently we shall have a great man among us." But they did not buy the picture. They did not buy any of Tom's pictures.

As years went by this fact forced itself closer and closer upon the painter. The more he fixed his eyes upon the stars the more his empty pocket took life and gnawed like a fox at his vitals. He and his wife could have always found food and royal clothing for themselves in their consciousness of their great work for mankind, but for their boys they wanted broadcloth, beef, and potatoes to equal those of their neighbor's children across the way. One day a picture auctioneer offered Tom a place as "hack." "Give up this Flemish accuracy and this peculiar fancy which struggles through all your work. You can dash me off two or three bold studies a day; something to catch the public eye. Coarse as you please. You need never put your name to them." The wages offered were a competency. It was an everyday transaction; the man had simply to make a choice between poverty with his own work and wealth without it. To Tom however, it seemed a choice between God and Mammon. It threatened to rench soul and body asunder. But the children had their hands upon him. Should they not have their share of the world's comfort, gentility, style? Tom went into the road where all hacks tramp together their treadmill round which leads nowhere in life or death. He had meant to be deaf and blind if any Voice summoned him out of it. But he never heard again the heavenly Call. His body is alive yet, goes about, with those of his wife and children, well-fed and well-to-do. Their floors are carpeted with cheap Brussels, and in their clothes they follow the fashions scrupulously and promptly. But Tom, finding this old picture exposed for sale the other day, scrawled on its back, "T. A. Obiit 1865."

There are so many Toms in studios, in newspaper offices, in the pulpit, that we have thought it worth while to tell his story. We do not know whether he ever questions what the loss in his choice has been to himself, his children or the world; but it may not be too late for some of them to pause in theirs, and ask themselves, "Was this well done?"

The Women of Utah.—The petition against polygamy, signed by women of Utah, has created a great sensation there, and the papers are full of it. The ladies who drew up and circulated the petition say in a card they have published: Think what regard for womanly purity and delicacy must prevail in a family where a mother and all her daughters hold the relation of wives to the same man. Think how much Mormonism has done to elevate womanhood, when it has sanctioned the marriage of men to their own nieces and even their own half-sisters. Think how womanly delicacy is fostered in households, (and there are many such in this Territory) where the home consists of a cabin with but a single room which is occupied by a man and his three or four wives with their grown daughters. Is it any wonder that true women everywhere, virtuous matrons and pure-minded girls, should enter their indignant protest against a system which has produced such results?

A Curiosity.—A curiosity from the marine world is now to be seen in the shop of Herr Thenius, chemist, in Dresden. It is the skeleton of a giant sea-spider in an exceedingly good state of preservation. The body, which is a quarter of a yard long, rests upon eight legs, which, when stretched out, cover, with the body, the space of a yard. Crab-like claws, or long arms with joints, rise above the head, and give the whole a ghastly appearance.

Iron Workers.—There are one hundred and forty thousand men working in iron in the United States, and eight hundred thousand persons who get their living out of it.

Facts and Fancies.

Minnesota whisky sellers have been fined $50 for selling liquor to habitual drunkards.

A new bug has arrived in the Western States. He bores into grape vines and kills them.

An Indiana patriarch has lived to form the acquaintance of his great-great-great grandchild.

The British iron product is about 5,500,000 tons a year, and the American about 2,000,000 tons.

Virginia has voted a constitutional amendment striking out the usury clause.

Locusts are in Tennessee in immense numbers, and the woods are alive with them.

A Janesville, Wis., girl frightened her serenaders away by falling out of the window.

Dr. Bartol says the real thief of the world is he who consumes more than he produces.

The convicts at the Michigan State Prison are building a new wall around themselves.

An insane asylum at Troy has a small theatre attached where amateurs give performances.

Some of the largest steamships burn eight hundred tons of coal crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

Texas papers report that ten Indians, who recently raided into Wise county, were all killed by the sheriff and his assistants.

An examination of candidates for admission to the Military Academy at West Point, resulted in the rejection of twenty-our out of ninety one applicants.

Some jocose fellows in Newbern, Ind., robbed a friend in the night for a joke, and paid a heavy fine the next day in earnest. The friend had no sense of humor.

"One who knows" makes it a point o select a cow with a yellow skin. One whose skin is pale or colorless is not, he says, half so likely to produce good butter.

A young man in Augusta, Wis., recently killed a companion while intoxicated, and the father of the murdered youth has sued the saloon keeper for $10,000.

The St. Petersburg *Globe* says that the personal expenses of the Grand Duke Alexis, during his travels in the United States, amounted to upward of $200,000.

Russian agriculture, is of a very primitive character, They use the same old wooden plow that had served their ancestors before civilization came to them.

Judge Hoar once said of a lawyer: "He has reached the superlative life; at first he sought to get on, and then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

Startling developments have come to light in St. Paul, Minn., exposing an attempt by a Mrs. Robinson to bribe members of the grand jury not to bring in any indictment against her.

No person can enter the Russian dominions without an accurate description being taken of his person. His age, employment and the object of his visiting the country are all recorded.

Those best acquainted with the topography of the Colorado desert are confident that a larger subterranean stream runs under it, and that the entire desert may be reclaimed by artesian wells.

The California *Republican* is incorruptible. A man sent the editor a basket of strawberries and a leader. He ate the berries and sent back the leader, which shows that his morals are all right.

It is so pleasant to know that Agassiz has found a few species of gasteropods, fourteen kinds of shinederus, including an ouryeal, fifty specimens of ophiurans, and, to crown the whole, a large helias ter.

At a boarding house in Chicago, common fish oil is used in the lamps. The proprietor, who evidently has a sharp eye to business, says that "it is good as the boarders go to bed quick 'cause he smell so bad."

A band, which serenaded a young married couple, in one of our suburban towns the other evening, selected a peculiarly happy and flattering piece known as "The Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister."

An attorney in that delightful country, New Mexico, gave weight to his argument before a jury by threatening to put a bullet into the brain of any man who should dare to intimate that his client was guilty.

The figures in the absolutely latest style of Dolly Varden are so delightfully large that it takes two young ladies to show one of them properly. They have to go arm in arm and keep step or else the effect is spoiled.

The first Jewish ceremony ever witnessed in Portland was performed lately. A priest of the faith came on from New York, and went to the slaughter house, attired in his official robes, to kill an ox, for the food of the faithful.

Walter, a five-year old, was surprised at breakfast by the presence of a diminutive egg, served for his special delectation. He thus accounted for the egg's smallness: "Mamma, I think the chicken was learning to lay."

It is estimated that there are 400 saloons and groceries in San Francisco, which dispense annually 20,000 barrels of lager, 500,000 gallons of wine, and 2,000,000 gallons of the more stimulating fluids, the total value of which is $10,000,000.

A young lady in New Hampshire has just secured a position as school teacher upon the following certificate: "This is to certify that Tamer Noyes stands on a medium with other girls of her age and sex, and, for what I know, is as good as folks in general."

Billy Brennan, while playing cards in San Antonio, Texas, said, as the game turned against him, "May Christ paralyze me!"—a favorite expression of his. No sooner had the words escaped him than he fell down in a fit, from which at last accounts he had not recovered.

Little Johnny Moore, away out in Monroe, Mich., went to a picnic, and like a foolish little boy that he was, tried to smoke a cigar. It made him sick, of course, and he threw himself on the wet grass and lay there a long time. The result was he had congestive chills and died.

A physician was called to see a dying infant, in Mobile, and found that the parents had previously engaged the services of a Voudou woman, named Ellen Drake, who scarified the child's back, and made it swallow the blood that flowed, mixed with a quantity of the mother's milk.

A Boston bride, whose groom remonstrated with her at the wedding for indulging in a rather indiscriminate bestowal of her maiden kisses on a number of her male friends, remarked with natural naivete that the gentlemen in question had been in the habit of kissing her all her life, and she didn't see why they should stop now.

The last of the Marshals of France who have undergone a capital sentence was the best known and most celebrated of them all, Marshal Ney, shot on the 7th of December, 1815, for fidelity to his old and treachery to his new master. Marshal Bazaine is the first Marshal of France arraigned on a charge of bad conduct in face of the enemy.

The great pyramid weighs 12,760,000,000 tons, if anybody wants to know. According to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it. To show the mechanical value of modern improvements, Dr. Lardner affirms that 480 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting machine, would have raised every stone to its position.

Here is a good thing on the "tater bugs." Three men comparing notes: One says: "There are two bugs to every stalk." A second says: "They have cut down my early crop, and are sitting on the fence waiting for the late crop to come up." "Pshaw!" says the third, "you don't know anything about it. I passed a seed store recently, and the bugs were in there overlooking the books to see who had purchased seed potatoes."