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Psalm of Marriage.

Tell me not, in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art; to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Life is long and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb-driven cattle;
Be a heroine—a wife!

I Would Not, If I Could!

I would not dig my past
Up from its grave of weakness and regret;
Up from its hopes — which glimmered but to set,
Its dreams that could not last.

Yet I can look before,
And profit by the lesson sadly learned;
As children, playing with the fire, are burned,
And tempt its glow no more.

I would not, if I could,
Live o'er again this dark, uncertain life—
This slipping backward in this daily strife
Of reaching after good.

And yet I can know how weak
Are all below, and so sweet charity
Will cling and glow about each form I see,
And thus to me will speak:

I would not open out
The half healed wounds of other years, long fled;
Twere better they were numbered with the dead;
Better than fear or doubt.

Yet I can truly say,
Let the dead past bury its dead. We go
So swiftly onward to life's sunset glow—
And then, there is no day!

Life is too short to waste
In vain repinings or in weak regrets;
The strongest heart endures and never frets
O'er joys it may not taste.

And he who can go on
Bravely and firmly in the allotted way,
Gaining new strength with every darkened ray,
Shall surely reach the dawn.

And so I would not lift
Up from the grave the shadows of my past;
The clouds that all my sky once overcast
Into the night may drift.

For there's enough to fill
Each hour and moment of the days to come;
Then wherefore woo the shadows to our home
The valleys to our hill?

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life. Why, it's as long as the moral law. There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful amd acquiescent.

"About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money at dinner time; that is, if"—

"No 'ifs' nor 'buts,' if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was in at Silkskins yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in his face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning from his wife, as she thought, a little abrubtly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street doors came jarring upon her ears. "Just pay money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."

She sat down pouting and half angry.

"Forty dollars for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day—thirty-three dollars—but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty-dollar silk dresses are in order, there's an end to that decently to be wished-for circumstance. Debt, debt! How I have always shrunk from it; but steadily, now, it is closing its Britnian arms around me, and my restricted chest labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see—if I could only make her understand my position rightly. Alas! that is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps, because his heart beat quicker and his thought was unduly excited.

Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left his base, the postman delivered a letter to its address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold masculine hand, and said to herself, she did so: "I wonder who this can be from?"

Something more than a curiosity moved her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the mind bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times, of late, such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and become silent and sobered.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had come for the most of the time, of late, seemed to present himself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor Charles!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something ising wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantel-piece, where could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties, but a strange impression, as of weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troublous disturbance of her usual inward satisfaction.

If thought of Mrs. Whitman recurred was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Somehow its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

She went to the mantel-piece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More indrawn, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind, in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something has gone wrong with him," she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?"

The letter was in her hand.

"This may give me light." And with careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired so to do. There was a bill for sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing for over a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter came in for her husband from the postman. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing for three or four months.

"This will never do!" said the awakening wife—"never—no, never!" And she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking, for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket, and handing them to Ada, as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying:

"Thank you, dear! It is kind of you to regard my wishes."

Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, to her face. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband, after dinner.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he replied, with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes. It will be something splendid," she answered.

He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with a thoughtful face, her mind indrawn, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room, and commenced dressing to go out.

Two hours later, and we find her in a jewelry store.

"Can I say a word to you?" She addressed herself to the owner of the store, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of the long show-cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show-case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband:

"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you besides."

The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch, he said: "Wait a moment," and went to a desk near by.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket-book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feeling trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good-morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went, with light steps and a light heart, from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweler's she went to the bootmaker's and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars; from thence to the milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arm within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom, and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."

Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence, than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my Ada become lost to me?" he said in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large, cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned upon him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.

"Ada! how is this? What does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager.

"I returned the watch, and Mr. R— receipted the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was uninjured, and asked nothing."

"Oh, Ada!"

"And this is receipted also; and this;" handing him the other bills which she had paid. "And now, dear," she added quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily upon her husband's slender income, for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment

A WHALESHIP'S ESCAPE.

Indian Pirates Attempt to Seize a Whaling Brig and to Murder the Captain and Crew—A Hand-to-Hand Conflict.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, writing from Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, has the following account of an attack by Indian pirates on a whaling brig in the Arctic Sea: The William H. Allen sailed from Honolulu on the 19th of April, and made ice on the 18th of May. This was surface ice, and proved to be a very dangerous enemy. The weather was very foggy, and for days at a time Behring Sea was as dark as the darkest night. By the greatest watchfulness and good management, however, the brig escaped, only to fall into greater perils from the natives, who had resolved upon her destruction. The vessel sailed and drifted about, according to winds and tides, until the 5th of July, when the captain found himself about fifteen miles off Cape Prince of Wales, a point commanding the entrance to the Arctic on the American side. The officers and crew were in good spirits, as a large herd of walrus was in sight. There was also, in an opposite direction, something else in sight, which, at first, was not distinctly visible, but upon near approach a large canoe was seen, apparently followed by others. About eight o'clock in the evening the canoe in the lead reached the brig, and, without asking permission of the captain, the Indians sprang on board the vessel. The canoe was very large, containing no less than fifty redskins, headed by a chief who was just intoxicated enough to be ugly and dangerous. This chief was a very powerful man, standing over six feet six inches in height, and was accompanied by two other chiefs, evidently one grade lower in rank. The latter were also tall, powerful men.

Immediately on boarding the Allen the principal chief asked the captain for rum, and the latter answered that he had no liquor on board. The chief then attempted to bribe Capt. Gilley by offering to trade some valuable skins for rum, and again being refused intoxicating drink, the high chief wished to trade his skins for cartridges. The captain offered the chief what he thought a fair bargain, which the Indian contemptuously refused. It must be remembered that at this time, at eight o'clock at night, it was as light as day—there being no fogs—during the months of July and August. Events had reached the point already described when the other two canoes reached the brig, and instantly all the Indians jumped on board without saying a word to the captain. The leading chief, who arrived in the first canoe, now grew more insolent, and finally he seized Capt. Gilley by the throat, and shook him as if he were a straw, demanding rum, and threatening to go into the cabin. The captain by a desperate effort escaped from the clutches of his antagonist, and, drawing his revolver, told the chief to leave the vessel. In the meantime, another chief had made an assault upon W. H. Murphy, the first mate, but the latter escaped unhurt.

The chiefs being so far worsted, now apparently determined to take charge of the vessel, run her ashore, and murder the officers and crew. Preparatory to action, the leading chief ordered all the old men, the young boys, and the three Indian women, evidently wives of the chief, to get into one of the canoes and go ashore. As soon as Capt. Gilley saw this he knew the Indians meant bloody work. When the Indians left in the canoe there were about seventy five warriors on board the Allen, while the crew all told numbered only twenty-four men, and of these there were only four white men, the remainder being Sandwich Islanders. At this instant firing was heard toward the forecastle, and the captain and Mr. Murphy saw that a Sandwich Islander lay murdered on the deck. "It's life or death with us, Murphy; are you ready for action?" said Capt. Gilley. "All ready, sir," answered the mate. Quick as a flash Murphy had a Henry rifle in his hand, passed to him by the cook, who was at the cabin door. As Murphy turned about he saw an Indian in the act of plunging a knife into the heart of a Kanaka. A chief standing near the mate attempted to seize the rifle, but Murphy took aim, and before the Indian could murder the Kanaka, shot him dead. Then followed a rough-and-tumble fight, in which the chief fell overboard. Capt. Gilley all this time had his hands full. The leading chief again and again tried to throttle him, but the captain escaped unhurt every time. The chief, thus foiled, stepped back a little, and as he approached, the captain struck him with the butt-end of his revolver, and the towering Indian fell to the deck weltering in gore. Soon afterward the chief was seen to go overboard, but in what manner nobody knows. Many of the other Indians followed him in a mysterious manner. The redskins, now seeing that they had the worst of the fight, commenced to jump overboard, and those that were too lazy in so doing were helped to get over in a hurry. When all had disappeared the captain took a survey of the deck, and found one Kanaka dead, another dangerously wounded, and a third with several stabs on his body. There were no dead Indians to be seen. The dead Sandwich Islander was appropriately buried, and the two wounded Kanakas were taken care of.

A Great Scientific Problem Solved.

Harlem was much excited last winter over a young colored woman who declared that she had snakes in her stomach. To the many reporters and physicians who visited her, she gave garrulous explanations of her sufferings; she felt the stirrings of a reptile within her, and at times heard terrible rumbling and hissing sounds. The mysterious tenant was fastidious in its tastes and protested strongly against certain articles of food. Several physicians made an examination of the woman, but nothing could be learned save that she was the victim of great internal strife. Constant anxiety at last wore out her health, and she died at her home, No. 433 One Hundred and Twentieth street, yesterday morning. At five P. M., Coroner Woltman and Deputy Coroner Cushman held a post-mortem examination. As the medical men were grouped about the corpse, said Dr. Demarest solemnly: "One of the greatest scientific problems is about to be solved." The moment was big with expectation. The skeptics, however, triumphed. No trace of snake or animal was found in the stomach. The woman's sufferings had been caused by imagination and indigestion!—*New York Tribune.*

The president of an Illinois college has been indicted for setting fire to a watch factory.

THE WESTERN VIGILANTES.

How the Early Settlers of Nevada Protected Themselves Against Assassins and Desperadoes.

A letter in *Forest and Stream* has the following about the Western vigilantes: The vigilantes were made up of all classes of citizens—merchants, miners and professional men. Everybody who possessed any activity or had suffered any grievance was counted among those retributors. They had signs—a code of telegraph signals—passwords and vouchers as to each other's faithfulness. The whole order-loving community recognized the necessity of their terrible vengeance, and supported them in sympathy if not in deed. In general the members of the committee were not known, and details, chosen by the general body, were assigned to the making of certain arrests and conducting the inevitable execution in as quiet and disguised a manner as possible. The effort usually was to hang their captive before he knew he was a prisoner, allowing no time for any plan of rescue or escape to mature. If their justice had the terror and swift surprise of a lightning stroke, their work was guided by fair judgment and restraint on the whole; and, when one thinks how many lives were at their mercy, and richly deserving their punishment, and considers how few comparatively were sacrificed, he will believe that more moderations than could be expected characterized their proceedings.

When the hand of the vigilantes began to be felt in Virginia City, the desperadoes were alarmed. Here was a determined check to their lawlessness, against which their fury was wasted. They fled, and the news came out of the plague of their presence in other camps. The vigilantes were not thus to be foiled, and "scouts" of determined men started in all directions after the miscreants. An armed police patrolled the Territory, and no mining camp or isolated ranch or mountain cabin was obscure enough to hide these wolves of society. They suspected every man to be a vigilante, were always prepared, and often were shot dead at last in defending themselves. But, if possible, the pursuers captured and hung them—hung them from limbs of trees, all seizing the rope together and running the condemned men twice their length off the ground; standing them on barrels and kicking the barrels from under them the instant the noose was adjusted; balancing a plank over a stone and playing a short game of see-saw, with a road-agent for a counterpoise; suspending them four and five at a time from the rafters of new cabins, the gateposts of corrals and the wheels of huge freight wagons; standing them on the tail-board of a wagon and driving out from under; seating them behind a vigilante on horse-back and putting spurs to the pony, who sprang away with but one rider; holding them high in their arms and letting them drop as the hemp would allow. Such were some of the methods of hanging, but the same irrevocable fate resulted from all.

Sometimes the ruffians would tremble, and plead, and threaten in crazed and incoherent despair. Prayer and menace were unheeded by their stern captors. But ordinarily they had died as they had lived, reckless of present or future, and profaning every sentiment which men deemed worthy of respect. "Launch your old boat; it's only a mudscow, anyway," ordered one as he stood on the shore of eternity. "Gentlemen, I'm green at this business, never having been hung before. Shall I jump or slide off?" Being told to jump, he leaped into the air, as one steps from his carriage after a morning ride.

The road agents rarely buried their murdered victims; the vigilantes usually left the malefactors hanging where they put them, allowing friends to bury them where they pleased. Usually quiet and seriousness attended all executions. Spectators were always many, and sympathizers not a few; but a guard of vigilantes stood about the gallows with cocked revolvers, and a movement in the crowd met instant death. Once an outsider pressed against the guard, at the same time putting his hand in the bosom of his shirt. "Take away your hand, please," remarked the vigilante, pleasantly, "I want to shoot just through that middle but ton." The hand came down, and the man kept his distance very carefully.

On one occasion, however, the hangmen were enraged beyond control. They went to the cabin of a Mexican named Joe Pazanthia, known and feared everywhere as "The Greaser." His crimes were numerous and bloody. Concealing himself in his hut, he shot the two men who first entered the door, killing one—a very popular citizen—instantly. The vigilantes retreated. They could see no mark, and were sure of death if they approached. A mountain howitzer was not far away, and while some guarded, the rest brought the cannon, and with shells and round shot, soon demolished the building—no reply coming from the concealed foe all this time. Two men ventured near, and at last inside the house. From under the ruins of the chimney, knocked to pieces by a cannon-ball, peered the Greaser's boots, and by these they pulled him out. He was fatally hurt, but his six-shooter was by his side, and as soon as he was free from the debris of masonry, he reached for it. It was his last move. The man whom he had wounded at the door sat there waiting for him, and the Greaser's body was filled with bullets before his head had been dragged out of the hole. It was like killing a snake, and it was little better than a snake they were killing. But this was not retribution enough. They hung the body up, drawing together on the rope as if the soul was still in the mangled inanimate form, and could appreciate the agony, and fired hundreds of bullets into the riddled corpse swaying there so dreadfully. Then they cut it down, and setting on fire the ruined cabin, cast the body on the blaze with savage glee and loud laughter as they joked about his fate.

Just how many persons the vigilance committee at Virginia City and neighborhood found it necessary to put to death I do not know. There were scores, and the rest of the villains fled. When Slade was hung the last support of outlawry gave way, and the reign of terror was over. The vigilantes slowly disappeared from view, but never disorganized, and every year since, even to the present week, has witnessed the assertion of their determined power in the form of a secret warning to bad men whom the law would not or could not reach, which warnings, if not heeded, were followed by sudden and merciless administration of justice—justice, not in the technical construction of the statute; nor on the other hand, as a name to hide malicious vengeance, but in fact, and as a protection to the widely-scattered and weak population, for whom the agis of government and law affords utterly inadequate shelter from the assassin and thief.

A farmer lost a portion of his crop of potatoes, a thief having dug them and taken them away in the night. He put up a tent in the field, and remarked that the thief would think he was watching the crop. But the tent did not prove a good guard, for the next time the thief came he stole the tent.

Josh Billings says he knows people who are so fond of argument that they will stop and dispute with a guide-board about the distance to the next town.

CONCERNING LONGEVITY.

The Chances a Child Ten Years Old Has of Attaining Old Age—An Interesting Table.

Our modern life insurance tables contain very accurate approximations to the average age attained by civilized mankind, and being founded upon the best attainable statistical information, can be relied upon. It would appear that the chances of the child who reaches the age of ten years in fair health for arriving at the "three-score-and-ten," designated by the psalmist as the reasonable limit of life, are four out of ten; that is to say, there are 40,000 men and women alive at seventy years of age out of every 100,000 who reach the age of ten years. Only one in that 100,000 may expect, however, to round out a full century, although ten may live to see ninety-five and 100 up to about ninety-three.

One man in every 100 reaches the age of ninety. No less than 50,000 attain sixty-five, while more than 25,000 will pass their seventy-fifth year. At eighty-three there are but 10,000 left, nine out of every ten having dropped out of the ranks. Fully 75,000 souls alive at ten years of age will see forty-four.

The fewest deaths occur between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight inclusive, at which period men and women should be in the very prime of their lives. Of the hundred thousand, 750 will die the first year; then the annual number of deaths gradually declines to 718 between the ages of twenty-five and twenty-eight, after which they again increase until at fifty-one they reach 1,000 per annum; at sixty they number over 1,500, at sixty-six more than 2,000, and between the ages of seventy-three and seventy-four they reach their maximum at 2,500 each year. At seventy-five, there being but 20,000 of the original hundred thousand remaining altogether, they commence to decline again. At eighty the number of deaths annually is about 2,000; at eighty-seven it is less than a thousand.

For the benefit of those curious in such matters, the following table may be of interest, the estimates being based upon 100,000 children, of either sex, who have reached the age of ten years:

90,000 will live to attain the age of	23
80,000 will live to attain the age of	37
70,000 will live to attain the age of	50
60,000 will live to attain the age of	58
50,000 will live to attain the age of	65
40,000 will live to attain the age of	70
30,000 will live to attain the age of	73
20,000 will live to attain the age of	77
10,000 will live to attain the age of	82
5,000 will live to attain the age of	88
2,000 will live to attain the age of	85
1,000 will live to attain the age of	90
500 will live to attain the age of	91
350 will live to attain the age of	92
100 will live to attain the age of	93
25 will live to attain the age of	94
10 will live to attain the age of	95
1 will live to attain the age of	100

The deaths average less than one per cent. per annum of the whole number up to the age of fifty-one, although amounting to upwards of ten per cent. of the number surviving after the age of forty-one. Of course, thenceforward the annual percentage of deaths increases very rapidly until at ninety-three it amounts to nearly the entire number of survivors. To sum up, modern statistics would divide the average human life into three portions of twenty-five years each, which may be entitled youth, maturity and old age.—*New Haven Register.*

One Bride's Outfit.

Speaking of the marriage of a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt to Mr. Twombley, of Boston, a New York paper says that the bride's outfit is undoubtedly the most elaborate and costly one ever given to an American bride.

The wedding dress is of white satin brocade, trimmed with three kinds of lace—round point, point Venice, and applique—with pearl trimmings and orange blossoms. It is in the Princesse style, with the neck cut low *a la* Pompadour, and the bosom filled with lace fichu and pearl trimmings. The corsage is short, and finished with a belt at the waist. The front of the dress is trimmed with festoons of lace, supported by three folds of satin drapery, coming to the front and caught up with bouquets of orange blossoms. The pattern of the lace is exquisite. Each festoon is a quarter of a yard deep, and bears a beautifully interwoven design in flowers representing roses, lilies and baskets overflowing with floral treasures of all sorts. Each alternate festoon is of point Venice and point applique, and the intermediate ones are of round point and point Venice. The lace is the finest that the *ateliers* of the Paris *modistes* could furnish, and eclipses anything heretofore seen in this country.

The bottom of the skirt in front is trimmed with sectional shirrings of white satin, filled in between with bouquets of orange blossoms. At the sides the trimming is deep, and grows gradually narrower toward the front. An elegant court train of white satin brocade extends three and a half yards back from the body of the dress. The brocade runs into points at the bottom, with several rows of white satin pelisses laid under the points, making a very stylish effect. A choice trimming of round point, point applique, and point Venice embellishes the train, which is also adorned with pearl trimmings of great beauty. The sleeves are entirely of lace, set off with orange blossoms. The cost of the whole dress is known to be greater than that of Nellie Grant's, or of the one worn by Miss Lizzie Tweed at her wedding, and which represented over $5,000, exclusive of diamonds.

Among the other elegant costumes of the trousseau are the following: A sulphur-colored silk, composed of sulphur and white brocade. The waist is cut *a la* Pompadour in points, with Valenciennes and pearl trimmings laid under. Other portions of the trimming are of Valenciennes lace, with chenille. There are two pairs of sleeves, one of Valenciennes and the other of white chenille net, in meshes one-quarter of an inch square, each corner being caught up with a pearl bead. This is a costume of rare beauty.

A magnificent black silk, trimmed with chenille lace and amber beads, very rich.

A maroon velvet shirred on a silk foundation, trimmed with coke feathers of the same color as the velvet. There is an almost endless variety of summer, reception, evening, traveling and morning dresses, all of the costliest and most elaborate description, and cut and trimmed in the highest style of the dressmakers' art.

Monkeys' Tricks at an Aquarium.

The other day, after the visitors had retired from the New York Aquarium, a sportive monkey known by the name of "Sullivan" was allowed the freedom of building, the when, after duly inspecting the fishes in the various tanks, he sought a higher field of operations. He ran up one of the pillars and amused himself by hanging head downward. This did not seem to satisfy his desire for fun, as with a sudden spring he bounded upon a statue of Venus which stood upon a shelf above the seal tank, when his weight toppled it over, and "Sullivan" and Venus arrived in the seal tank together. Venus, unfortunately, fell upon Ned, one of the trained seals, fracturing his skull and sealing his fate for all time. "Sullivan" was captured and returned to his cage unhurt.

THE ORIGIN OF STORMS.

The Laws that Underlie the Changes of the Weather.

In a recent essay Prof. Elias Loomis has traced the genesis of our great storms. They generally, he finds, begin in the neighborhood of the Rocky mountains. A few can be traced to the Pacific ocean, near the northern boundary of the United States, but no example is found of any considerable storm arising on the Pacific coast south of Oregon. A large proportion of our great storms originate and are developed wholly within our territory. The following is the usual process in the birth of a storm: To begin with, there is generally an area of several hundred miles diameter, through which the barometer stands at the mean. On opposite sides of this area—generally east and west—at a distance of perhaps 1,000 miles apart, are areas of high barometer. The rise of the mercury in these side areas is usually one-quarter of an inch or more above the mean, sometimes it is a full inch above. The atmosphere in these two areas begins to move toward the central area. The currents thus established are deflected toward the right by the earth's rotation, and a diminished pressure at the center; the inflow increases and comes from all sides. The area of low pressure assumes an oval form, but if the winds are very violent, it may be more nearly circular With rotation, a centrifrugal force is developed which increases the depression. An upward movement of the atmosphere within the depression area is continuous; otherwise the inflow would restore the equilibrium. This upward movement carries large amounts of aqueous vapor, which, when cooled at a higher level, condenses as rain. The heat liberated by condensation increases the rarefaction of the area; and thus rain increases the force of a storm, though never originating it. The latter conclusion may also be deduced from the fact that the inflow begins before there is any precipitation of rain.

As to the forward progress of the storm, the following general observations may be made: The west wind, which is characteristic of this part of the world, carries along the storm area. It may, however, meet interruptions, such as a local storm. In that case the low area, thus arrested in its forward progress, will be the seat of increasing force during the interruption, and the storm for a few days afterward is likely to show greater violence. The disturbance which constitutes the storm is plainly within the lower currents of the atmosphere, the upper currents being comparatively unaffected. The pressure of the general wind from the west tends to fill up the rarefied area on that side, both above and below. On the east side only the lower or surface wind constitutes an inflow, while the upper portion of the storm is moving toward the east under the pressure of the west wind. It follows that the upward motion within the storm area takes place chiefly on the east side of the area, the motion being so rapid that the inflow is insufficient to restore equilibrium. A further result of this process is that the depression at the center is constantly transferred toward the east.

But if there should be a great precipitation of vapor on the west side of the storm area, the center may be prevented from going eastward; may be held stationary, or may even be quite diverted toward the west. Several remarkable instances of this exceptional kind were cited. In one of the most striking of these cases—December 30, 1874, to January 1875—the storm oscillated within a range of about 1,000 miles from west to east. During the most of that time the winds on the west of that area blew with the force of hurricanes, accompanied by snow, sleet and low temperature. The explanation offered in that instance by Prof. Loomis is that the extensive precipitation on the west side of the low center was probably a cause of the slow progress, and was itself due to a cold wind from over the continent, underflowing a warm currents arising from near the Gulf Stream.

Cobbett's Wooing.

A story which, from its inherent simplicity and natural pathos, will be ever fresh, is the true tale which tells how, close upon eighty years ago, a certain sergeant in an English regiment of foot, commanded by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and stationed in British North America, happened to pass one wintry morning, just after dawn, the door of the cottage where dwelt a non-commissioned officer of artillery. Standing in front of the hut was a very young English lass, the artilleryman's daughter, hale, hearty and pretty, and with her sleeves turned up to the elbows. Early as was the hour and bleak the weather, she was scrubbing a wash-tub as though for dear life. "That's the girl for my money," quoth the sergeant, glancing observantly at her over his stiff black leather stock; and away he plodded to the orderly room. Soon afterward he began, in simple, honest, straightforward fashion, to court the pretty maid of the washing-tub. He found favor in her eyes; but in a short time the battery to which her father belonged was ordered home, her sweetheart's regiment remaining in the colony. Now, the sergeant was a very hard-headed, self-reliant, frugal man, and when he bade his love good-bye, he gave her a bag full of golden guineas, the fruit of his long and painful savings, and told her to expend as much of the money as was needful for her comfortable maintenance, and to take care of the rest, until, in two years' time, he returned, God willing, to claim her as his wife. And in two years he did come back, being honorably discharged from the regiment, in which he had risen to the rank of sergeant-major. He found his sweetheart at Woolwich, looking as young as ever and prettier than ever; and, with joy and honest pride, she handed to him intact the bag of guineas, and in addition a round little sum of her own savings; for during the two years of his absence she, disdaining to live in idleness on his bounty, had slaved as a domestic servant. She was emphatically the girl for the ex-sergeant's money; so they were married, and lived long and happily together, and had many children. Only a few days since the daughter of the notable housewife who scrubbed the washing-tub and saved the guineas for her true love's sake died in Brompton-crescent, London, at the advanced age of eighty-two. Her father, the ex-sergeant of Lord Edward's regiment, has been dead there four-and-forty years. He was the famous William Cobbett, formerly editor of the *Political Register*, and member of parliament for Oldham.

From Penury to Plenty.

The California Supreme Court has been occupied for a year or more with a case against a little woman, fifty-five or sixty years old, named Crowel *alias* Golinsky, the matter involved being about $30,000 worth of property. A decision was reached a few days ago, and the little old lady gets the benefit of it. She had sold all her jewelry and spare clothing to raise money for the payment of her counsel, and for some time before the decision was rendered was actually obliged to beg for bread. Her good fortune was announced to her upon the street as she was on her way to borrow money to buy bread for the next few days, and the intelligence overcame her to such a degree that she fainted.

TOUGH TO THE LAST.

Jumping from a Train and Running, Swimming and Fighting while Wounded.

Deputy Sheriff Edsall, of Chemung county, N. Y., was on his way to Rochester on an Erie railway train, with Mike Murphy, a criminal who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. When two miles west of Kanonah, and while the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Murphy jumped from the car. The train was stopped as soon as possible. The officer went back, expecting to find the mangled body of his prisoner. He found the ground torn up for twenty-five feet along the track where Murphy had tumbled and ploughed through it. There was blood on the ground, but Murphy was nowhere to be seen. Some men working near said they saw Murphy jump off, and that he had picked himself up and told them the conductor put him off. He had started across the fields on a run. He was sighted by the officers nearly a mile away. The sheriff started in pursuit. Murphy plunged into Five Mile creek and swam across, and ran up along the stream. The sheriff crossed the stream in the same way, and gained rapidly on the fugitive. When within pistol shot he fired at Murphy, who then jumped into the water a second time and crossed back again, and continued up the stream. The officer swam the creek again. After running half a mile Murphy again swam the creek, followed by the sheriff.

Murphy then struck off into the fields and took the Hammondsport road, which he finally left and made for a thick piece of woods. In crossing a rough piece of ground Murphy fell. He made two efforts before he could get up. The sheriff was then so nearly exhausted that he was unable to go much faster than a walk. Murphy reached the woods followed by pistol balls. The sheriff had noticed blood at intervals on the trail. When the officer got into the woods Murphy was nowhere to be seen. The sheriff walked in, when he was soon almost stunned by a blow across his neck from a club, and, before he could turn, he was siezed by Murphy, who began to shower blows on the officer's head. The latter managed to free himself, and made an effort to use his revolver, but Murphy knocked it out of his hand, and tried to get the weapon himself. A struggle then began between the two men for possession of the pistol. By a lucky chance the officer got the club Murphy had dropped, and, springing back, he struck him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then choked Murphy until the latter was forced to beg for mercy. Edsall secured the pistol and marched Murphy in front of him to Kanonah station, threatening to shoot him if he turned or ran. Murphy's wounds were in his legs, pieces of flesh having been torn out when he jumped from the train. How he managed to run four miles, swimming a swift stream three times, and then offer resistance to his pursuer, is wonderful.

A Tattooed Ambassador.

M. Mamea, secretary of state of the island of Samoa, recently arrived in San Francisco on his way to Washington as ambassador for his country. His appearance is described by a reporter, who says. Mr. Mamea is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, straight as an arrow, and about six feet six inches in hight. A massive head, surrounded by a shock of woolly hair, sits gracefully upon a pair of broad shoulders. He has a pleasant and smiling face, beaming with intelligence and adorned with a small coarse mustache of the darkest hue. He converses fluently in English in soft dulcet tones, and has a thorough knowledge of the events of the day. On the vessel, up to the time of his landing on our shores, he clung to the native and primitive garb of his island home. A colorless shirt descending to the waist, with a primitive cloth attachment, were the only articles of dress save an extra breast-pin or two, with which he clothed his collossal form while journeying across the ocean. This garb, however, has been discarded for a black broadcloth suit that sets of his stalwart frame and is in fine contrast with his bronze countenance. His body, from the waist to the knees, is a gem of the tattooing art. It is completely covered with the distinctive signs and figures common to the chiefs and members of the royal family in the Navigator islands. He is a devout Christian, being a convert, and a Bible is his constant companion. It is, he says, the unanimous wish of the natives that this country will guarantee some protection to them, so that the increasing and profitable trade between Samoa and Europe may be turned this way.

Business is Business.

A reporter on the local edition of the Danbury *News* went to see the young lady he is keeping company with Sunday evening. She met him at the door with a colorless face.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried in an agitated voice, "we have had such a scare! Ma was coming down stairs and she caught her foot in the carpet and went the whole length ——"

"Hold on!" shouted the excited youth, diving nervously into his pocket for his notebook, while he whipped out a pencil from another recess. "Now go on! go on, Matildia! go on, but be calm. For heaven's sake be calm! Kill her?"

"Gracious, no!"

"Break her back? Crush her skull? Be calm! For the sake of science, be calm!"

"Why, Tom," gasped the girl,