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THE NEW LAW ON THE MARRIAGE OF QUAKERS.—One of the last Acts of the present session was passed to extend the provisions of the statue relating to marriages in England and Ireland according to the usages of the Society of Friends. With the view of making "fully effective" the relief intented to Friends, a provision in the Act 23 and 24 Vic., c. 18, is to be repealed, which enacted "That the parties who shall not be a member or members of the said society shall profess with or be of the same persuasion as the society." It is now provided that from and after the 1st of January next the provision shall cease; but no marriage is to be valid unless a certificate is produced to the registrar, signed by a registering officer of the society, that the party is duly authorized to proceed to the marriage; but no such certificate is to be required where it is declared that the parties are either of the society or persuasion.

JEFFERSON AND HIS FIDDLE.—Thomas Jefferson, the third Presidens of the United States, was very fond of playing on the fiddle. He was a welcome leader among the young people in Virginia, in his early years, because his skill gave zest to their amusements. He carried his beloved instrument with him when he went to Williamsburg, which was then the capital of Virginia, to attend seasons of the Colonial Assembly; and when he went to washington as a delegate from Virginia to the National Congress. It was a chosen companion, also, in Europe, when he was sent thither in the service of his country. He was regarded as one of the finest amateur performers in America, and music was an unfailing recreation from the burdens and anxieties of public life.

☞ Miss Ida Greeley is a brunette of pale, clear-complexed type, has bright, dark eyes, full, red lips, features very like her father's and abundance of black hair. She is quite petite, looks very young, and has all she simplicity of manners of her philosophic relative Horace, combined with a certain elegance and dignity that are as charming as indescribable. She betrays excellent taste in her toilet, discarding all fashionable monstrosities. She is a Catholic, having been educated in the convent of the Sacred Heart. All the above is told by a lady correspondent of the New York *World*, who has visiting the fair Ida at Chappaqua, and finding out all about her.

☞ It is said by yachtmen of prominence and experience that the pleasure yachts of the New York Club alone have cost nearly $2,000,000, while the fleets of the whole country cost about $6,000,000. The yachts of the Brooklyn Club cost $350,000; Atlantic $400,000 and all others in New York bay about $390,000. The Eastern Club of Boston harber is very wealthy, owning yachts valued at $400,000. The best class of these vessels cannot be built and equipped for less than $150 a ton, or about $5,000 for a sloop of 35 tons, the smallest craft which can be constructed with due regard to comfort and convenience in a cruise.

A FOOLISH WAGER.—Mr. Stienmeet tells us that, in 1813, Mr. Ogden wagered 1,000 guineas to one that "seven" would not be thrown with a pair of dice ten successive times. The wager was accepted, (though it was egregiously unfair), and, strange to say, his opponent threw "seven" nine times running. At this point Mr. Ogden offered 470 guineas to be off the bet. But his opponent declined, (though the price offered was far beyond the real value of his chance.) He cast yet once more, and threw "nine," so that Mr. Ogden won his guinea.

☞ No wood is used for fuel on the Russian railways. This order is very strict, and it is intended to preserve the forests from complete destruction.

THE WIDOW'S WAGER.

Widow Deane sat at the front window of her little parlor one morning, busy with some kind of fancy-work which showed off her plump, well-shaped hands, with the wedding ring sparkling on her left one, to the best advantage. She was a very pretty widow, and no one was better aware of the fact than she was. Her snug-fitting dress set off as plump and trim a figure as any in Downsborough, and nowhere in the whole neighborhood could you find a brighter pair of brown eyes, or a more kissable, charming face. I wonder why young widows are always pretty and charming? No matter how plain they may be before their husbands "go the way of all flesh," straightway after that event takes place, and they come out in black dresses and the other etceteras of a mourning toilet, they are voted bewitching and *so pretty!* It is strange that such should be the case, but it seems to be the effect which widowhood has on them.

Widow Deane heard steps coming down the road, and leaned out to see who was going by just as a man came opposite her gate.

"Is that you, Mr. Fields?" she called out cheerily. "Good morning; pleasant weather, isn't it, after the shower last night?"

"Beautiful," stammered Mr. Fields, blushing up as delightfully as a woman could have done, and appearing as awkward as an overgrown schoolboy on his first morning at school.

"Won't you come in?" asked the widow smiling very sweetly, as she brushed back her curls, which would persist in falling about her rosy face in the most charming confusion, as she leaned out of the window.

"I—I can't this morning," stammered Mr. Fields. "I'd like to—" with a look full of bashful admiration into the widow's pretty face, "but I'm rather in a hurry, you see."

"Come in this evening, then," urged the widow, "can't you? It's real lonesome. I wish you would, now, really Mr. Fields.'

"I—I will!" answered Mr. Fields. "I'll bring my chess-board and men along, if you've no objections, Mrs. Deane."

"I should be delighted to have you," answered the widow, smilingly. "I'm sure I can beat you, Mr. Fields."

"I shouldn't wonder," answered Mr. Fields. "I—I'm no match for women," he added with a very rosy face, and wondering how he was ever bold enough to say it.

"Oh, you naughty man!" cried the widow. "I shall beat you, just to pay you for that! See if I don't!"

"I dare say," responded Mr. Fields, as he bowed good-morning. "What a charming creature she is," he thought, as he passed on. "I'd be perfectly happy if she was Mrs. Fields." Here he had to blush at the idea of any woman's being Mrs. Fields. "I do believe she likes me, but I wouldn't dare to ask her, for anything. Every time I think of such a thing, my heart thumps just like a trip-hammer against my ribs. I—I wish the women had their rights. Then they'd have to do their share of popping the question, and the like. What if Martha Jones, or Miss Spooner, or some of them old maids should take it into their heads to ask a fellow to have them? and of course they would! Good gracious! I'd never dare to tell them no! and I'd sooner be in the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico than to have any of them!"

Mr. Fields broke out in a cold perspiration all over at the bare idea.

"What a funny man!" said the pretty widow to herself, with a soft little laugh, as Mr. Fields went down the road. I'm sure he'd like to ask me to be Mrs. Fields, if he dared to, but he hasn't spunk enough. How he does blush when I look at him! I came near laughing in his face, he looked so confused. I like him ever so much, and I don't think I'd answer him no, if he asked me a certain question, but I don't believe he could muster up courage enough to ask it. I don't see why he need be so bashful! I'm sure I'm not at all dignified and distant."

The widow looked more charming than ever when she sat in the parlor waiting for Mr. Fields that evening. She had on a neat brown dress of just the precise shade to show off her clear complexion, and the little knot of blue ribbon at her throat was the least bit coquettish in its appearance. Her curls were tied up with a ribbon of the same pretty color, and the white rosebud which she fastened over her pink ear made her look as youthful as she did the day she married Archie Deane, six years before. She sighed softly, when she looked at the plain wedding-ring upon her finger. Archie had been dead three years and over.

A step on the path announced that some one was coming. Pretty soon some che knocked. She went to the door, and admitted Mr. Fields.

"I thought it was you," she said taking his hat. "Take the easy-chair, Mr. Fields. I'm ever so glad you came over. I got so lonesome," and a little sigh gave emphasis to the words.

Mr. Fields sighed too. He got lonesome sometimes in his bachelor quarters, but he wouldn't have dared to say so for the world, with the widow's bright eyes looking square into his face.

The widow sat down and chatted away in her lively fashion. Mr. Fields kept watching her when he could do so without her seeing him. Once she looked up suddenly, and caught his eyes fixed on her face, and then he turned as red as the tea roses in the window, and just the faintest tinge of carnation came into her cheeks. It made her look ever so much prettier, Mr. Fields thought. He almost wished she'd look up again and catch him watching her, if she'd blush in that way. Innocent man! he never dreamed that the widow was as well aware of his admiring glances as he was!

"Oh! our game of chess," cried the widow, suddenly. "I came near forgetting all about it. Did you bring the men and board, Mr. Eields?"

"I put them on the centre table," answered Mr. Fields.

The widow fluttered about and got the chess-board and men, and drew her chair up opposite Mr. Fields.

"I promised to beat you," she said, arranging the board on a little stand between them. "I'm going to do so if I possibly can, Mr. Fields," with an arch glance into his face. Mr. Fields happened to be admiring her brown curls as she looked up, and the fact that she detected him in the act so disconcerted him that he knocked over the chess-men she had arranged, and then he had to help her set them again, and their hand came in contact on the board; somehow the touch of the widow's plump white hand made him thrill all over with the delightful sensation, and he wondered, if the accidental touch of her fingers affected him so delightfully, what it must be to hold that hand in his? Poor Mr. Fields! He was very deeply in love, but he didn't dare to say so.

At length the board was arranged, and they were ready to open the game.

"Oh!" cried the widow suddenly, "wouldn't it be nice to have a wager? It would make the game so much more interesting! Don't you think so, Mr. Fields?"

Mr. Fields didn't know but it would.

"I'll tell you what!" said the widow, blushing like a gilly-flower pink, and looking every bit as sweet, Mr. Fields thought; "I read a story not long ago about two persons laying on a wager, and the stake was a kiss! Now, I'll agree to kiss you if you beat, and if I beat, you shall kiss me! Isn't that fair?"

"Yes," stammered Mr. Fields, "but—but I am afraid you'll beat!"

"Why, then you'll have to kiss me, that's all," laughed the widow. "If you beat, I'd just as lief kiss you as not. As likely as not you'll beat me."

"Well, I—I'll take the wager," answered Mr. Fields in desperation.

And so the game commenced. If ever he played to win, it was then. There was something very fascinating about the idea of kissing the widow, but he didn't believe he could muster up courage enough to do it, if he won the game. He much preferred that she should kiss him. He could stand it with considerable fortitude to be kissed, but, to kiss was more than he could think of with composure. He never had kissed a woman, that he could remember, and he was sure he should make some awful mistake, if he tried to. But from the first the game went against him. His pawns were captured right and left, and then his bishops were taken from him. Then his king got in check, and he had to sacrifice his queen to get him out, and then, by one masterly move the widow planted a knight directly in front of the kings' block, and left him in check with her castle, and cried out, "Checkmate!" her eyes sparkling with mischief.

Something that was almost a groan broke from Mr. Fields' lips. How was he ever going to pay his wager? It made him shiver to think of it.

"I am waiting for you to pay your debts," said the widow, smiling bewitchingly into the bachelor's face.

"I—I wish I'd won the game," stammered Mr. Fields, bursting into a cold sweat.

"Why, then I'd have to kiss *you!*" said the widow, coquettishly.

"I—I know *that*," cried Mr. Fields. "That's why I wish I'd got the game!"

"What a selfish man!" laughed the widow. "I didn't suppose you was so selfish, Mr. Fields, upon my word, I didn't!"

"I—I ain't selfish," cried the poor man, driven to desperation, "but—but I *dassent!*"

"What an excuse!" cried the widow. "I won't accept it! You don't want to kiss me. That's the reason! but I'm going to insist on your paying your debts, Mr. Fields. I should like to know why you're afraid of *me!* I know better! You'll have to get up some other excuse before I let you off. I wouldn't have been afraid to kiss *you*, if you'd won the game, I'm sure."

"I—I wish you'd kiss me and call it square!" said Mr. Fields, feeling that he was being cornered pretty closely.

"I would if it wasn't for encouraging you in your selfishness," answered the widow with an arch smile into his face, which set the blood tingling clear to his toes, and made him feel almost bold enough to pay his wager.

"I—I'll dare you!" cried the bachelor; "if you'll kiss me, I—I'll kiss you!"

"Done!" cried the widow, and kissed Mr. Fields plump on the mouth before he could say Jack Robinson. "Now you *can't* back out!" cried she, as rosy as the pinks in the garden again.

"I—I *won't!*" cried Mr. Fields, and caught her and kissed her on her cherry lips. And then, suddenly grown bold and courageous, he kissed her three or four times for interest, I suppose, on the debt he had contracted, and somehow every kiss seemed to give him additional courage, for before he let her go, he managed to squeeze her hand in a decidedly lover-like way, and the widow didn't seem to object, but rather returned the gentle pressure.

After that there was a little silence, but for some reason Mr. Fields wasn't so bashful as he had been. He began to think it best to follow up the advantage he had gained over his timidity, and so he by and by, after a good deal of self-encouragement to do the deed, managed to scare up bravery enough to kiss the widow again, and she didn't seem at all put out about it, he thought. And then—Mr. Fields couldn't tell how, for the life of him—he actually asked the widow to be Mrs. Fields. He felt great wonder, after the deed was done, how he ever got bold enough to ask a woman to marry him, but he did, and she did not answer no.

I rather think that the widow did her full share of making the proposal; but since they are happy as two turtle-doves, it dosen't matter much who furnished the necessary courage to ask the important question. He isn't as bashful as he used to be. The widow, or rather Mrs. Fields, is curing him of that.

☞ Among the Republican members and officers of the last Legislature of Minnesota who support Greeley and Senator Everts, of Filmore county; Senator Morrill, of Hennepin county; and Edward Ely, Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate; while, of the House, are Ebenezer Ayers, of Washington county; John L. Blair and H. M. Burchard, of Winona county; H. Huntington, of Faribault; W. W. Murphy, of Watonwah; A. Wellman, of Dodge; and Thomas George, of Faribault county, Sergeant-at-arms.

HOW THE RADICALS CARRIED NORTH CAROLINA.

The following letter, written by a gentleman who held high office under Abraham Lincoln, appeared in the New York *Tribune*, of Monday, August 26th. It is dated Washington, August 14th, and is as follows:

SIR:—A desperate scheme has been hatched from the fertile and vicious brain of Grant's managers in Pennsylvania and Indiana, with the collusion and concert of the Administration and the Washington Ring, in the hope of carrying those States at the October election. The plan is to colonize 4,000 or 5,000 negroes from Kentucky in Indiana, among the counties were the black race is sufficiently numerous to make the experiment, and to offer a chance of escaping detection. Negroes now in the employ of the Boards of Public Works here are to be sent to Pennsylvania under contracts for high wages and expenses paid. Cameron was here yesterday and has visited Washington twice recently, to perfect his unscrupulous work. As the Grant men have no hope of Kentucky the negroes can be spared from that state without any disadvantage. So far as this district is concerned, the Philadelphia system of counting out Liberal candidates has been adopted, and therefore the absence of a few thousand stample voters will not be felt, when the Ring ticket is to be "returned."

The Waslington negroes who engage in this business have been thoroughly trained as repeaters, and probably excel all others by their perfection in this respect. Experience and adroit handling have made them dexterous. They are thoroughly drilled in the art of voting under various names, and of rapid changes, by which personal identification is almost impossible. The outrages of this Territorial despotism, by which the people are plundered in a worse degree, relatively, than under Tammany, have been protected by Grant, who has personal reasons for favoring the Ring, and sustained by the aid of regular "repeaters" hired to vote down the intelligence, worth, and property of the District. There is no doubt whatever that a large body of negroes, over 800 in all, were sent down into North Carolina to carry out the system in which they have had such extensive practice here. The vehement denial of a number of the Board of Public Works of complicity in this villany has only served to confirm the public belief in the fact, although covered up by the use of base instruments. The same thing has been done here, without much care of concealment, by the same men. Why should they not extend the operation to North Carolina, where every vote had an exceptional value?

The truth about this exportation of repeaters is daily coming to light. Some of it is not now divulged, for prudential reasons, but here are certain leading facts which have been established beyond all doubt.

The election in North Carolina took place on the 1st of August. The *Vanderbilt*, a steamer not now engaged in the Washington trade, was brought here under a temporary commander for special service. The berths and furniture were removed, and a contract made for a trip to Norfolk and return, with as many "passengers" as could be stowed away. Five hundred dollars were paid down in greenbacks by a colored man for the round trip, who was put forward to make the bargain and conceal his employers. Between 500 and 600—some say 700—men composed the party. Not a woman was of the crowd. The *Vanderbilt* left Washington on the evening of the 27th of July, four days before the election in North Carolina, and returned here on the morning of the 4th of August, three days after that election; the voyage thus consumed seven and a half days. Contemporaneously with this incident, large numbers of negroes employed by the contractors of the Board of Public Works mysteriously disappeared when the *Vanderbilt* returned. A poor attempt has been made to explain this migration of repeaters by calling it a "religious excursion!" That thin disguise has deceived nobody. Whoever heard of a negro "excursion," religious or social, extending over such a length of time, and without the presence of the female element, which always predominates on such occasions?

It also appears that about 200 repeaters were transported by railroad, taking a different route into North Carolina. A force of 800 or 900 was thus scattered by a preconcerted plan, and North Carolina "returned" for the Grant candidate. These trained mercenaries are now to be thrown into Pennsylvania and utilized there for a similar purpose. The money for this and other corruption will be furnished from the Treasury, under the fraudulent devices which have already been employed, without stint or scruple. With falsified public accounts, forced balances, and forged exhibits of debt and interest, backed by whitewashing committees in Congress, millions may be appropriated and stolen without detection. Let this warning be passed round.

A PALACE OF ICE.

It was during the Winter of 1740, the severest that Russia had had in a century, and it was ordered that a palace of ice should be erected on the Neva, directly opposite to where the present royal palace stands. The palace of ice was built; in one of its rooms a bridal bed, also of ice, was furnished; all the furniture was of the same material, including some cannon which were placed before the ice palace, and out of which they were able to shoot by means of balls made of iron. It is also related, but this is happily not confirmed, that Buhren selected a number of men who had equally merited his wrath by belonging to good Russian blood, at the head of whom stood Molvniski, the finance Minister, and placed them outside the palace as sentinels; that he then caused water to be thrown upon them with a hose until they become statues of ice, and thus kept them in their places.

The governors of all the provinces in the land, even to the remotest, received instructions to send a number of persons of both sexes to this wedding festival. They were all clothed in new peasant dresses at the expense of the Empress. This wedding procession, numbered about three hundred persons, paraded through the streets of the capital and halted before the Imperial Palace. Here the bridal pair was taken up, placed in a kind of a baroche, and this was mounted on the back of an elephant. Some of the guests were mounted on camels, the others riding deer, goats, oxen, blood-hounds, and even dogs.

The wedding feast was spread in Buhren's barn, and each nation was served with the peculiar dishes of its nationality. After the supper followed a ball, in which each bridal couple appeared in the dance peculiar to its province. Finally, the bridal couple led into their palace of ice, a salute of cannon honoring their arrival, and then laid upon their bridal bed of ice, which was furnished, however, with a quantity of pillows and covering. Watchmen were placed at the doors to prevent the newly-married couple from abandoning their cold quarters before the break of the next day.

And all this was provided for the distraction of one whose weak crimes and cruelties had brought her remorse. It is said that she enjoyed it immensely.

☞ Under the head of Administration Tactics, the St. Louis *Republican* of the 6th has this:

A gentleman representing one of the railroads terminating at East St. Louis, and who lately held the office of postmaster at a town of Illinois, had a circular addressed to him a day or two since from the Grant and Wilson headquarters, Chicago, assessing him $48 towards the expenses of the present campaign. The circular states that the contest is a close one in Illinois and expensive. It states further that money is especially wanted to secure German speakers and documents in German for circulation. Thus, by unwittingly sending a note to an uninterested party, have the emissaries of the Administration exposed their tactics. The admission in the circular is an important one.

☞ A curious calculation has been made lately by a savant well known in Paris for his peculiar antipathy to the fly. He collected 3,000 flies in a room measuring two cubic metres. On the floor he spread a pounded loaf of sugar. At the end of four days he went to investigate the result of his experiment. There remained a teaspoonful of sugar. This statistician therefore calculates that, sugar being at the rate of thirteen cents a pound, a fly costs the country twenty cents from its birth to its demise—that is, if fed on loaf sugar.

☞ Vermont, in 1868, gave Grant a majority, over Seymour, of 32,122. In the recent election the Republican candidate has a majority of about 25,000. This shows a falling off, since 1868, of about 7,000 in the Republican majority. The whole vote for President in 1868 was 56,212. The falling off in the Republican majority is therefore near 14 per cent. This rate carried out in all the States will give Greeley more than a million majority in the popular vote, and elect him beyond a peradventure. It is a big thing for Vermont.

☞ Somebody found the item that it is now said that John G. Saxe has come out for Grant" in a newspaper, and sent it to the poet. The following response was received: "Fret not thyself because of ——, fools and liars. Yours truly, John G. Saxe." The dash in the poet's reply may be interpreted as a rhetorical diversion or as profanity understood, according to the taste and piety of the reader.

☞ A careful observer who has lately been through Michigan gives it as his opinion that three Liberal Republicans and two Democrats will be elected to the next congress, being a majority of the delegation, and that State is doubtful for Grant. It is about time that the old home of Lewis Cass was redeemed to sound Democratic principle.