COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1872. VOL. XVIII. NO. 12.

Maury County Directory.

LAWYERS.

A. M. HUGHES, Attorney at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.*, Will attend all Courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office: Whitthorne block. [feb 24, '71.

CHARLES CLEAR, Atttorney at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.* Special attention given to the collection of claims.

G. P. FRIERSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.* Will practice in the several Courts of Maury and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Prompt attention given to collections. Office in Lawyer's Block, West Market Street, same formerly occupied by Frierson & Fleming. [Jan. 1. '72.

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery, *Columbia, Tenn.* Will practice in the Courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whitthorne block. [mch 15-'71.

J. T. L. COCHRAN, Attorney at Law, And General Collecting Agent, *Columbia, Tenn.*

JOHN B. BOND, Attorney at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.* Prompt attention given to collections.

ROBT. M. McKAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *Columbia, Tenn.* Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office: Whitthorne Block. [june 21-1y.

DAVID C. SHELTON. ALBERT W. STOCKELL. STOCKELL & SHELTON, Attorneys at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.* Will practice in Maury and the adjoining counties. Collections promptly attended to. OFFICE—Front room (up stairs) over J. H. James' Jewelry Store. Feb 2 '72.

JOHN V. WRIGHT. W. J. WEBSTER. WRIGHT & WEBSTER, Attorneys at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.*

WM. H. TIMMONS, Attorney at Law, *Columbia, Tenn.* Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. [mar. 29—1y.

DENTISTS.

Dr. J. P. Herndon, SURGEON DENTIST, *Columbia, Tenn.* Office: Photograph Gallery.

Dr. Samuel Bicknell, DENTIST, *Columbia, Tenn.* Office: Whitthorne Block. [june 14, '70.

HOTELS.

To Travellers. THE NELSON HOUSE, *Columbia, Tennessee*, H. EDSALL, Proprietor. Keeps good tables, clean and comfortable beds and rooms, and the best of servants, all at moderate prices. [nov. 18, '71.

Guest House, COLUMBIA, TENN., Having refitted and taken charge of this Hotel, I solicit a share of public patronage. My table shall be supplied with the best the market affords. Lodgings clean and comfortable. Prices to suit the times. Jan. 1, '72.—tf. JAS. L. GUEST.

STATIONERY.

Books! Books!! Books!!! PERIODICALS, STATIONERY, WALL PAPER, Window Shades, News, Notions, &c., at W. H. ENGLE'S, West Side Public Square, *Columbia, Tenn.*

BERKSHIRE SWINE.

E. W. BUFORD, Breeder of Thorough bred Berkshire Swine. Satisfaction guaranteed to all purchasers. Spring Hill, Tenn.

W. E. GREENLAW, Breeder of Thouroughbred Berkshire Swine, Spring Hill, Tenn.

R. P. LEDBETTER, Breeder and Importer of Pure Berkshire Hogs; near Columbia, Tenn.

HENRY JONES has Berkshire Pigs for sale at $10 00 each, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

L. H. ESTES, Breeder and Importer of Pure Blooded Berkshires, Columbia.

DURHAM CATTLE.

GEO. W. POLK, Importer and Breeder of Thoroughbred Durham Cattle, Columbia, Tenn.

NASHVILLE DIRECTORY.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

PAUL & TAVEL, Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, and Bookbinders, No. 4, Union street, Nashville, Tenn.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

E. WIGGERS, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler, No. 3½ North Cherry street, Nashville, Tenn. Goods sent C. O. D. for examination, also watches, etc. for repairs received and returned by Express.

HOTELS.

BATTLE HOUSE, Gen. Joel A. Battle Proprietor, Church street, Nashville.

MAXWELL HOUSE, Nashville, Tenn. FULLTON & CO., Proprietors.

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

COOKE, SETTLE & CO. Jobbers of Boots and Shoes, 36 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn. Watson M. Cooke, Joel W. Settle, Russell M. Kinnard. JAMES FORGEY, Salesman.

T. E. WINSTEAD & CO. Dealers in Boots, Shoes, Satchels, Valises, and Trunks, No. 7 Cherry street, opposite Maxwell House, Nashville, Tenn.

LIQUOR DEALERS.

CHEATHAM & WOODS, Nos. 1 and 2 South College st, corner of Church, Nashville, Tenn.

LIPSCOMB BROTHERS,
GROCERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND
WHOLESALE DEALERS,
COLUMBIA, TENN.,
Keep on hand all kinds Field Seed at very low prices.
Everything New—Everything bought low for Cash and everything sold low
FOR CASH.
Oct, 27, 1871-1y.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Assets Oct. 1, '71.........4,723,206 52
Losses at Chicago will not exceed.........2,000,000 00
Leaving Cash Assets, Oct. 12, 1871.........$2,7 ,206 52

All losses will be promptly paid, and Policies issued as usual.
CHARLES J. MARTIN, Presiden
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary.
New York. October, 1871.

The Board of Directors have unanimously resolved to increase the capital of the "Home" to Capital Assets about $4,000,000 (four million dollars) after paying all losses at Chicago. Policies issued by W. J. DALE, AGENT.
Columbia, Nov. 10.

THE GEORGIA HOME
INSURANCE CO,
Of Columbus, Georgia.
Incorporated.........1859
Capital and Assets.........$494,959 55

Untouched by the Chicago and other disasters, continues to furnish indemnity against loss by fire on all insurable property, at adequate rates.
J. RHODES BROWNE, Pres't.
D. F. WILCOX, Sec'y.
Applications received and policies issued by W. J. DALE, AGENT.
Nov. 10.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS AND TRESPASSERS.
All persons hunting or trespassing on our lands will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

Elizabeth Dowell,	S. C. Wisener,
J. W. Wisener,	R. Hull,
L. B. Forgey,	R. Haywood,
Solomon Haywood.	W. C. West,
Mrs. M. J. West,	Mrs. J. Seers,
J. S. West,	J. W. Thomas,
Stephen Williams,	W. J. Bates,
David R. Dortch.	

Dec. 1, '71-1y.

The Voyage of Life.

One summer's day, when fields were green,
And skies were bright above,
I launched my boat upon life's stream:
Her whispered name was "Love."

The wavelets kissed her rose-wreathed brow,
And bore her in his arms:
I saw sweet water-lilies bow
In honor to her charms.

And thus through all that summer day
She sailed, a thing of life;
And, when the moon rose o'er the bay,
Some one had called her wife.

In after years, more thoughtful grown,
I launched another boat;
And, kneeling on the sands alone,
I prayed that she might float.

This white-winged boat was "Hope:"
With care I trimmed her sails,
Secured each dangling rope,
Then gave her to the gales.

How anxiously I waited,
Day after day, year after year,
For "Hope" to come back freighted
With all I deemed most dear!

One day, by invitation
Of friends I knew in youth,
I stepped on board the good ship "Faith,"
Then voyaging after truth.

As fair winds sped us on our way,
We passed by many a wreck;
And, feeling more secure than they,
I proudly paced the deck.

But what is this poor fragile barque,
Dismantled, cast away,
With scarce a color left to mark
Her name on launching-day?

My own, my cherished, ill-starred "Love!"
How sad indeed thy fate!
Thou'rt like a wounded, dying dove,
Left by its cruel mate,

Fond wreck of "Love," I leave thee here
Upon this desert strand:
While memory pays the tribute-tear,
Time shifts the golden sand.

The good ship "Faith" keeps bravely on,
And I looked o'er the side
To see where my white-winged "Hope" is gone
That went out with the tide.

Her snow-white sails and pennant fair
Are wet with the salt-sea wave;
Her anchor has caught on the reef despair,
And gulls scream over her grave.

The good ship "Faith" hails the shore to-day
Of that fair realm of truth,
Where our heart's best treasures ne'er decay,
And we find the lost love of youth.

Departed friends that we once did love
Signal us from the nearing shore,
And soon the waiting heavenly dove
Tells us life's voyage is o'er.

EASY TO BE MISTAKEN.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgia, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt that the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self dissatisfaction in his eyes. He wanted to see his wife rise feom the breakfast-table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.

Georgia, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a very pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large clear, steady eyes, and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate composure ratner peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. For all this she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, of one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgie did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.

Aunt Abpleton lived at the other end of Appleton—the west end—among the Haliburtons, the Dilloways and the Verses

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgia might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold—strong, steady, manly, true.

Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the perception of her pretty protege, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgia to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the wives of the other officials in the print works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little too fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button—a somewhat sqiny button on a somewhat shabby coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.

It is never pleasant for a man to be called to an account—to an account about money (and of course it was money Georgia wanted) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a very patient man, naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his pretty wife which overreaches all slight shocks.

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgia," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to triffle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do, either."

"I shall say no more about it," she returned. I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to see Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he begun it, he should be always behind hand, always poor.

This was his fact. And Georgia had hers, also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves, on this occasion; that which troubled her, which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give by all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappoited, Georgie," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and know just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you."

"Never mind," she said rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than too much.

Jonh went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgie dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed the sewing machine in the window, facing the dull, leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wrist-bands. She was very thoughtful,—a dogged pain on her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay to Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner-table. "If I do you will come after me won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgie, that I would have to be from home an hour or two this-evening. There is to be a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I had forgotten," she said quietly; so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her her bed-room to arrange her toilet for the call. She put on the best she had, of course. She had a genius for dress; and despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate, old Mrs. Haliburtons, in her velvets and steelest of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen, the only son had just returned from a five years' residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgie to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and, doing so Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I know or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose glanced sharply back toward Georgie, whom she had not perceived, and nodded.

"It was a young person whom Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgie found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms—where her own wedding had been solemnized a year before—were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender train and point-lace shawl. Georgie tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always a sense of gratitude towards her protege for having forborne to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in actual kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgie moved easily about the well-furnished rooms, somehow she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting on the hang of the new curtains, when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgie returned quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us five years ago."

"Five years? Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily!" Why, is it not real?"

"No; these wax flowers are very like nature though,—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton!"

"Why, Yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgia Randall's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit and a man of the world by force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, persevering man of business.

If he was not a great or a very good man, it was becaase he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now—he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nosed woman in steel silk, who as Georgie talked with the heir, sat holding her wine cup up to the firelight not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so litte of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvements. He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?"

Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes full of luster. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped toward the window. Great splashing drops were falling upon the flagstone. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My. mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who—most of the guests having gone—was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgia," she suggested. "John knows you are here—does he not?"

"Yes; yes but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes!" said the lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eye overlooked Georgia, as if to ask if there were any just cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton horses, and it might be the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person, who had married one of the Haliburton employes.

Georgie, stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton. "If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband, asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said, thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that John Randall could get his wife to talk and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.

Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even a happiness in which he had do part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased when, reaching home a little before the usual hour the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgie with the same brightened eyes and heightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear—a desperate death-like fear—that Georgie needed something he could not give to make her happy. He could never give her luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to woman. But he loved her so! O, heaven! he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself, in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep on steady. Perhaps she'll see it right by and-by."

Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arms to look at her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.

She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept sileut.

He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went to her little desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked, and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgie herself—that there should be no outward and visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any litile indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part, he had resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting house that Saturday night to receive his money. The cashier looked up with a certain embarrassment at his approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And, by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned, with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It has gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him; "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason, he could not conjecture. But to lose it, was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such al possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day need before he got work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgie, evidently, had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower beds; chrysanthemums—blood-red, white and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand; she raised her face and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for years before. She was coming back to him again. That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuatation—if such it had been—was at end. She was his once more! And then close upon his new happiness came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her all.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour, will you, John?" she asked as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice, by-and-by, and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgie had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her but that he felt so broken by thought of losing his place, and resented her gayety, her indifference, her secrecies—all that made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she had asked him, When he returned to the parlor Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by side. It was rare indeed to see Georgie's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling.

As for Mr. Haliburton he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employee.

What a nice little supper Georgie had ready. Yet noboby ate.

Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.

Georgie disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husband glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont, as he caught her eye.

"We mean to make it all very formal, John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks, I might as well tell it in my own way."

She paused, and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no raith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgie nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.

"This is for you, John;" and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made for the calicoes."

"Georgie?"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you till I knew whether I could succeed."

John Randall had no voice in which to work his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which though his wife did not suspect it, was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on:—"I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him, John—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better, to know that you know of it. I want to design for carpets by-and-by, as for prints; that pays so well—a percentage on the sale."

She stopped short, suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have a surprise, also, for you Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it too, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of my officials, as to your efficiency and trustiness, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewha more responsible position, with an increase of salary!"

The very glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.

"I am too happy, Mr. Haliburton, to talk much," he said in a straightforward way. "I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all cause for low spirits—"

He stopped short. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgie never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint to Mrs Randall."

"What John? What, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgie, that you will ever know."

They were all alone together, by-and-by, with their new found happpiness. Perhaps Georgie was equally relieved that there was no more need of mystification.

"What ever made you think of it, Georgie?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about gloves. I set myself considering why you should have all the toil, and I all the indulgence. I pondered how I could make or save something."

"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know, I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come to tel you all."

"My darling!"

And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder; and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glow of eaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

SUCH IS LIFE.

An Old Colonel's Story of Two New-Port Women.

The Newport correspondent of a Boston paper tells this story, which may not be true, but it is good reading for a summer evening:

The piazza of a seaside hotel is the place to study human nature, and to amuse one's self in a quiet, cynical way. I have derived much enjoyment in this direction from the remarks of a queer old gentleman I have met here, and who seems to have taken quite a fancy to me. He is a fine, military-looking man, tall, with iron-gray hair and grizzly mustache, knows everybody, and seems thoroughly at home here; but if some of these stylish people could but know how he lets daylight into their character and actions, and how mercilessly he ridicules their assumptions, they would have good cause to hate and fear him.

Last evening, while smoking our after-supper cigar on the veranda, my attention was called by the old gentleman bowing to a pair of young ladies who swept by, arms around each other's waists, in all the elegance and dazzle of full dress. One was a blonde of the purest type, *petite*, golden-haired, with a complexion like alabaster, and perfect features; the other a tall, haughty brunette, whom "piquant" best described. I made some remark about their attractiveness. "Yes," returned the old soldier, "pretty, graceful, and one of them rich, but no more heart to either than to a toy balloon."

"Are they not sisters, then?" I asked

"Oh, no! and their being here together puzzles me, for they have always been rivals and enemies. You saw how lovingly they held each other as they passed. Well, that's woman-style the world over They are simply friends pro tem, for a purpose—probably making common cause against some of the fair sex. Five years ago that tall one was engaged to a young fellow from St. Louis—her parents choice. I always liked and pitied him, for he was a good fellow, though rather soft and nerveless. He thought his eyes of her, and she—played with him and loved another man, with whom she had clandestine meetings. To her affianced she was by turns cold, loving, cruel, and indifferent—and it broke his heart. It did really, for when she broke off the engagement, as she did of course, despite her parents' prayers and entreaties, when the other man was fairly ensnared, he just went into quick consumption and died.

"Did she marry the other?" I asked.

"Yes, three years ago, and is reasonably fond of him, I believe. But the other, her blonde companion, and a sort of cousin, I believe, has a stranger history still. Four years ago, when she was sixteen, she fell in with a poor young fellow, of two years more experience, but no more sense. They loved, according to the novels, wildly, madly, passionately, and life seemed insupportable when separated. But circumstances, and her father's removal to the West, seemed about to sever them, when an elopement, a secret marriage, a prompt confession, and the orthodox, 'Bless you, my children,' cut the Gordian knot. They lived like babies a year on her father's bounty. when they discovered they did not love each other so madly, &c., as they thought, and a divorce left them free to seek other mates. He has already got one; she is here on the war-path, as you see, and—such is life.

The old Colonel bade me good-night here, and I walked over to the window of a private parlor whence issued strains of music. Here half-a-dozen of the *jeunesse doree* had a cabinet piano, a fruit and champagne lunch, and, inside, several interested spectators, one waiter included, outside. One of the young ladies was singing "Ah, mon fils," from the "Prophet," with a voice and method that would grace the lyric stage, and the gay scene in the room was but another phase of hotel life in this city by the sea.

Horse Breeding.

Every farmer who breeds a horse for his own use or for market should at the outset possess himself of a highly formed, powerfully built, well bred mare, standing at least sixteen hands high, and weighing no less than two hundred pounds in ordinary condition. This mare he should breed to a thoroughbred horse of pure degree, good form, great strength and depth in body, standing on short, powerful and strong limbs. He should at least be sixteen hands high, and weigh not less than one thousand two hundred pounds. From the union of these we may expect a fine animal. The mare must at least be reasonably well bred, and ought to be larger if any thing than the horse. Never breed to a small or delicate thoroughbred. If you sow weeds you can not expect to reap wheat.

The Austrian Expedition to the Polar Seas.

An interesting letter on the objects of the Austrian expedition, which has just started for the Polar Seas, has been addressed from Tronsoe to the *Neue Freie Presse* by Lieutenant Payer, one of the chief officers of the expedition. The writer says that it appears from the researches made by the Austrian expedition last year in the sea of Nova Zembla that it is the warming influence of tha Gulf Stream which opens the Icy Sea to the east of Spitzbergen in the autumn up to the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth degrees of north latitude; but he thinks it certain, nevertheless, that the Gulf Stream itself must disappear in those latitudes. The direction of the maritime currents and formation of new gulf streams by the Siderian rivers can, he proceeds, only be a matter of conjecture so long as we are ignorant of the distribution of land and sea about the North Pole. All we know, for certain, on this subject at present is, that there exists an extensive stretch of land to the north of Behring's Straits; but that there must be undiscovered territories in the depths of the Polar regions is shown both by the observataions of Capt. Parry, in 1827, and by those of the Austrian expedition above alludud to, for both encountered icebergs covered with earth, animals which are usually found in the vicinity of land, driftwood, &c. The aim of the present expedition is not to find an open Polar Sea, or even to reach Behring's Straits; it only hopes to penetrate, with the aid of warm currents produced by the Siberian rivers, into the unknown region to the north of Asia.

It is to be expected that the expedition will meet with serious obstacles from the ice at Cape Tehlelinskin, the most northerly extremity of the Asiatic continent, and that it will have to pass the first winter there, if it does not succeed in discovering land to the north of it. If by the third summer it finds it can neither reach Behring's Straits nor return the way it came, the expedition will have no alternative but to leave the ship and return in boats by the Siberian rivers. In any case cairns will be erected at all the most important points visited by the expedition, with papers concealed in them describing its proceedings. "From Nova Zembla to Behring's Straits," concludes Lieut. Pryer, 'up to within a few sea leagues from the Asiatic coast, all is totally unknown. There is, therefore, no region in the world which is so promising to the explorer. Both in the autumn and the spring—that is, for three months in the year—detachments from the expedition will proceed in sledges to explore any new lands that might be discovered, to travel along the still but little known coast of Northern Asia, and, if possible, to transmit news to Europe through the Samoieds, Yahouts, and other nomad races. The expedition is provisioned for three years, and, if it meets with good hunting grounds, may, if necessary, be continued a year longer; but if the original plan is carried out it will return in two years and a half.

Teach the Girls to Work.

Farmers little daughters can be taught many valuable duties at the early age of seven or eight. They can be taught to knit their own stockings and mittens, sew patchwork, and even spin. At the age of nine or eleven let them have a quilting and invite the little girls in the neighborhood to help them quilt. This will induce them to be smart and persevering. Likewise have them practice in cooking, as every mother knows this is the most essential part of housekeeping. We must not think because they do not go about it as handily as we do, or scatter a little flour, they must wait until they are sixteen. Just go into the pantry, and tell them how to proceed to make biscuit and pies, and then leave them to cook and use their own judgment, as they will have more confidence when left alone. Then praise and encourage them if they succeed. Never speak discouragingly of their efforts if they do not. It is very satisfactory to know our daughters will accomplish their domestic duties with economy, cheerfulness and alacrity. The neglect of early training in the above mentioned duties, perhaps, may be the reason why so many misses are not skilled in those duties, and, therefore, do not succeed when called to take charge of a home of their own. I am acquainted with a couple of daughters, who, when at the age of thirteen, could cook, spin and weave, and make butter. They drew the first premium on misses' butter at the county fair.—*A Mother, in Maine Farmer.*

The Anaconda of Venezuela.

Of ophidians, the great anaconda serpent is unquestionably the most terrific in character of all the reptiles on the African continent.

Under the name of *celebra de aqua*, the anaconda of Venezuela (*eunectes murinus*) not unfrequently attains the length of twenty, thirty, and even forty feet. It actually swallows animals larger than its own body. The throat may be put upon a stretch to admit a deer, or a cow, and the stomach is sufficiently elastic to receive the mass.

In gorging a tall stag with antlers, they stick crosswise at the angles of the mouth until decomposition in one direction and prodigious muscular action in another, separate them from the skull, and then the remnants of an engulphed carcass slides down for digestion. They only feed occasionally. After successfully swallowing a crushed victim they can go seven months or more without further food. Their skin is used for straps when tanned, on account of toughness and durability, in that country. Serpents, large or small, inspire a feeling of horror. There is an instinctive dread of them in all human beings. And yet they fulfill an important mission in the economy of life, indispensable, viewed by the law of equalization—or checks and balances in the domain of nature.

Deaths of Aged People.

In our late exchanges we find the following notices of deaths of aged Tennesseeans:

At Carter's Depot, Carter county, Tenn., on Thursday, the 15th inst., Miss Abigail Lacy, aged about 75 years. She was much esteemed and respected by her friends and acquaintances.

In Monroe county, Tennessee, on the 18th inst., Dr. F. H. Gregory, in the 89th year of his age.

On the same day in the same county, Mrs. Pennington, aged about 75 years.

Also, on the same day in the same settlement, Mrs. Reagan, aged about 80 years.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mrs. Latitia Clark, which occurred at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Amanda Bacon, near Buffalo Ridge, in Washington county, on Saturday last, at the advanced age of 87 years.

Progress of Iron Manufacturing in Kentucky.

A large furnace and nail factory building at Ashland, Ky. The capital stock of the new company is $700,000, and nearly the entire amount has been raised. The furnace will have capacity for turning out fifty tons of pig iron a day, to be converted into nails. Ashland and the district around it has been demonstrated, and is by iron men generally conceded, to be the place in the United States where iron can be most cheaply manufactured. It is beautifully situated on the Ohio river, with an excellent harbor, and is a fine site for a large city.

"Rock of Ages."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee"—
Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."
'Twas a woman sung them now
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know,
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path hath passed;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me."
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sunken, sightless eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,—
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

The Rich Man's Entrance Door.

That passage from the New Testament which reads, "It is easier for a camel," etc., is familliar to all readers and has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. Yet the explanation of its precise meaning is very simple. In Oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low appertures, called metaphorically "needles' eyes," just as we talk of windows on ship board as "bulls' eyes." These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through in the ordinary manner even if unloaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees; he must kneel, and bow his head, to go through the "eye of a needle," that is, the low, arched door of an inclosure; and thus the rich man must humble himsel when he enters the gates of heaven.

BUYING CONGRESSMEN.

Grave Charges of Bribery and Corruption.

Wilson, Colfax and Blaine Among the Bribed.

[The letters of Mr. Oakes Ames, embraced in the following article from the New York *Sun*, are genuine documents, submitted in his own handwriting in the due course of a trial still pending before an Examiner in the Eastern District of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, duly authenticated on oath and confirmed by sworn testimony.]

From the New York Sun.

The full import of the revelations contained in the letter from our Philadelphia correspondent, published in the *Sun* of the 6th, can only be appreciated by a careful reading of the testimony of Col. McComb. The main points of this expose are as follows:

The Union Pacific Railroad, of which McComb was one of the corporators, was incorporated in 1862 by act of Congress. From time to time this act was amended, until the subsidies bestowed on the Company in Government bonds amounted to far more than the cost of the enterprise, while there was in addition a grant of more than 13,000,000 acres of the public lands.

The sworn testimony of Col. McComb discloses, first: That a few capitalists, in order to obtain control of the vast sum of money which was to be realized from the Government bonds, purchased the franchises of a Pennsylvania corporation, known as the Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency, and changed its name to the Credit Mobilier of America. Like many other concerns chartered by the Pennsylvania Legislature, this corporation seems to have had authority to do anything it chose. Dr. Thomas C. Durant of this city seems to have been the originator of this scheme, and to have organized the "inside ring" as McComb terms it. Durant, Cornelius S. Bushnell, Charles L. Lambert, and McComb took all the stock of this Credit Mobilier, or the great majority of it, and Durant was made President. This was in October, 1864. Durant was also Vice-President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, and the other gentlemen were its principal managers. A contract had previously been made by Durant with a man named Hoxie to build the first 100 miles of the road. Hoxie was, as McComb testifies, a mere figure-head to represent the "inside ring" of the stockholders, to whom all the profits realized from the contract were to go. There was danger of incurring personal liability under this arrangement. Hence the Ring organized the Credit Mobilier of America. The Hoxie contract was transferred to the Credit Mobilier, and thus officers and managers of the railroad were enabled to make a contract with themselves, as the officers of the Credit Mobilier, to build and equip the road. Under this arrangement, the stockholders of the Credit Mobilier realized millions of dollars. The dividends during 1866 amounted 220 per cent

Some time after the organization of the Credit Mobilier, Oakes Ames and a few other Boston capitalists were taken in. They were not willing to allow Durant and his friends to manage the concern. They made a fight against Durant, and finally succeeded in ousting him. McComb seems to have been a friend of Durant, and he was marked for prey also.

Oakes and Oliver Ames, who are brothers, were the leading spirits in the Credit Mobilier in 1867. With their friends they did pretty much as they pleased for a while; about this time some additional legislation was wanted from Congress. Oakes Ames was a member of Congress, and managed this business. The Ring was not making enough to satisfy them out the bonds received from the Government They wanted an act passed allowing the Union Pacific Railroad Company to issue first mortgage bonds, with the interest guaranteed by the Government, to an amount equal to those issued by the Government. But the Government held a first mortgage on the road bed and franchises of the Company, and this must be retired and the Government made to accept a second mortgage, This Ames managed; but it required a liberal distribution of Credit Mobilier stock to the leading Senators and Representatives in Congress.

The following letter from Ames to McComb shows how he made the distribution.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1868.

H. S. McCOMB—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 28th is at hand, inclosing copy of letter from or rather to Mr. King I don't fear any investigation here. What some of Durant's friends may do in New York can't be counted on with any certainty. You do not understand by your letter what I have done and am to do with my sales of stock. You say more to New York. I have placed some with New York, or have agreed to. You must remember that it was nearly all placed as you saw on the list in New York, and there was but 6 or 8 M for me to place. I could not give all they wanted or they might want out of that. You would not want me to offer less than one thousand (M) to any one. We allowed Durant to place $58,000 to some three or four of his friends, or keep it himself. I have used this where it will produce more good to us, I think. In view of King's letter and Washburn's move here, I go in for making one bond dividend in full. We can do it with perfect safety. I understand the opposition to it comes from Alley. He is on the Finance Committee, and can raise money easy if we come short, which I don't believe we shall, and if we do we can loan our bonds to the Company or loan them the money we get for the bonds. The contract calls for the division, and I say have it. When shall I see you in Washington?

Yours truly, OAKES AMES.

P. S.—We stand about like this:

Bonds first mortgage received on 525 miles, at $16,000 per mile,	$8,400,000
Bonds first mortgage received on 15 miles, at $48,000 per mile,	720,000
Bonds first mortgage received on 100 miles, at $48,000 per mile,	4,800,000
	$13,920,000
$10,000 000 sold and to sell to pay our debts,	10,000,000
	$3,920,000
Eighty per cent dividend on $3,700,000, C. Mobilier,	3,000,000
	$920,000
Government bonds received this day,	960,000
Due for transportation, $400,000, one-half cash,	200,000
	$2,000,000

In addition to this, we can draw Government bonds for two-thirds of the work done in advance of the track if we desire it.

The following is in pencil on the Ames letter:

Oakes Ames' list of names, as shown to-day to me for Credit Mobilier, is:

Blaine, of Maine,	3,000	Elliott, Mass.	3,000
Patterson, of N. H.	3,000	Dawes, Mass.	2,000
Wilson, Mass	2,000	Fowler, Tenn.	2,000
Painter (Rep.) for Quigley,			3,000
Boutwell, Mass.	2,000	S. Colfax, Speaker,	2,000
Bingham and Garfield, O. each,			2,000
Scofield and Kelley, Pa. each,			2,000

Indorsed: OAKES AMES, Jan. 30, 1868.

On January 25, 1868, Ames had written to McComb as follows about bribing members of Congress:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1868.

H. S. McCOMB, *Esq.—Dear Sir:* Yours of the 23d is at hand, in which you say Senators Bayard and Fowler have written you in relation to their stock. I have spoken to Fowler, but not to Bayard. I have never been introduced to Bayard, but will see him soon. You say I must not put too much in one locality. I have assigned as far as I have given to—four from Massachusetts; one from New Hampshire; one, Delaware; one, Tennessee; one-half, Ohio: two, Pennsylvania; one, Indiana; one, Maine: and I have three to place, which I shall put where they will do the most good to us. I am here on the spot, and can better judge where they should go. I think after this dividend is paid we should make our capital $4,000,000, and distribute the new stock where it will protect us. Let them have the stock at par and profits made in the future. The 60 per cent increase on the old stock I want for distribution here, and soon. Alley is opposed to the division of the bonds, says we will need them, &c., &c. I should think that we ought to be able to spare them with Alley and Cisco on the Finance Committee. We used to be able to borrow when we had no credit and debts pressing; we are now out of debt, and in good credit. What say you about the bond dividend? A part of the purchasers here are poor, and want their bonds to sell to enable them to meet their payment on the stock in the C. M. I have told them what they would get as dividends, and they expect I think—when the bonds the parties received as the 30 per cent. dividend. we better give them the bonds. It will not amount to anything with us. Some of the large holders will not care whether they have the bonds or certificates, or they will lend their bonds to the Company, as they have done before, or lend them money. Quigley has been here, and we have got that one-tenth that was Underwood's. I have taken a half, Quigley a quarter, and you a quarter. Judge Carter wants a part of it. At some future day we are to surrender a part to him. Yours truly,

OAKES AMES.

The act so much desired by the "inside ring" was passed by Congress, everybody very well knows. An act twice as iniquitous could have been pulled through when Wilson and Patterson in the Senate, and the Speaker of the House, Mr. Colfax, and Messrs. Blaine, Schofield, Kelley, Dawes, Elliot, Boutwell, Bingham' and Garfield had been bribed, as Ames declares they were. They were the most prominent and influential men on the Republican side of the House, Dawes being then Chairman of the Committee on Elections, and Schofield Chairman of the Committee on Revised and Unfinished Business. Boutwell was on the Judiciary Committee, Bingham and Blaine prominent members of the Committee on Military Affairs, and Kelley and Garfield held equally important positions.

As bad a showing as Ames's list makes for the great lights of the Grant party, it is not as bad as it will be when the whole truth is known. The Ames list is not complete. It will be observed that it does not include the name of James Brooks of New York, yet Col. McCombs swears that he received 50 shares.

But Brooks was not the only one omitted. We have been informed by one of the legal gentlemen employed in the case of McComb agt. The Credit Mobilier, that Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, Benjamin M. Boyer of Pennsylvania, in the House, and Pomeroy, Chandler, Cameron, Nye, Stewart, Sherman, and Morton in the Senate, also received a number of shares. McComb has the proof and will produce it or compel Mr. Ames, who all along refused to appear before the examiner and testify, to produce it.

From the same source we also learn that Ames pursued the following novel course in bribing some of these men: He would first hand to a member or Senator a certificate of stock and tell him it was a good thing. If asked how much money was required, he would say, "Not a cent at present." Then in a few weeks he would again pay a visit and hand the gentleman a check drawn by the Treasurer of the Credit Mobilier, and say: "Here is your first dividend was sufficient to pay for the stock at its nominal value. That the dividends were sufficient to do this is shown by the following extract from Col. McComb's testimony:

Q. What dividend was declared on the Credit Mobilier stock after the delivery of Ames contract? A. My books show that I received Jan. 4, 1863, 60 per cent Union Pacific Railroad stock, 33½ per cent Union Paicfic Railroad stock, 80 per cent Union Pacific Railroad bonds. Above dividend was on 750 shares. Feb. 3, I got from it in dividends 80 shares of stock of Credit Mobilier. June 17 I received 40 per cent in Union Pacific Railroad stock, with 60 per cent in cash, on 350 shares; July 3, 1868, 75 per cent in stock and 75 per cent in Union Pacific Railroad bonds on 350 shares; Sept. 3, 75 per cent in bonds and 100 per cent in stock; Dec. 19, 200 per cent in stock. In addition to this there was 14½ per cent in gold paid in January, 1868, Credit Mobiler stock, and 12 per cent gold for cash dividends.

The above extract also gives some idea of the real value of the stock Senator Wilson, Speaker Blaine, and their associates received. But we do not need to enter into any calculation to arrive at its value. Col. McComb on this point swears as follows:

Q. What was the cash value of this stock at the time it was issued? A. It would sell in the market at $260 per share, cash value, and very little could be had at that—more buyers than sellers a good deal. I was offered $500 per share for mine shortly after that time.

Q. What has been the highest value reached by the Credit Mobilier stock? A. I was offered $6 0 per share for mine. This was in 1868, long before this suit began. I refused to sell at that time. I considered it worth $1,000 per share, and it would have been readily worth that, honestly and fairly managed, at that time.

The pertinent question which these facts must suggest to all honest and intelligent ment is, Shall these men be continued in office?

Pedigree of Poets.

Mr. Algernon Swinburne has a theory that only men of patrician birth can be poets. This is a mere whim. Perhaps Dante, Alfieri, and Byron may be set down as patricians. But these are almost the only men whose names suggest themselves on the spur of the moment, and scores of poets of the highest genius, but of plebeian birth, rise to the tip of the tongue. Horace, Beranger, Burns—what sort of a pedigree had any of these men? Neither Shakspeare nor Milton can be said to be of the patrician order. They were representatives of the middle class—of the class which in every country has produced the truest poets, the keenest and profoundest thinkers, the greatest statesman. Most of the best English poetry has been written by men as free from a pedigree as Burns. What pedigree had Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Crabbe, Keats, Tom Hood, or even Scott, except the pedigree which he improvised out of his own imagination? They belonged to the yeomen and merchant class. Byron and Shelley were the only two men who were entitled to bear arms. Genius is not in the blood. It often turns up, like wild honey, in strange places.—*Examiner.*

—A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note staing "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

Marvellous Story of the Land of Rubies and Diamonds:

From the New York Sun.

The *Sun* spoke yesterday of the discoveries made by Mr. C. B. Moorehouse in the wilds of Arizona in his recent explorations in that Territory. A reporter had another conversation, yesterday, with Mr. Moorehouse, who gave an enthusiastic and glowing account of the wonders of this new Golconda. He wore as an ornament in his shirt front a large piece of virgin gold, weighing more than half an ounce, which was literally crusted with rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones, picked up in this new Golconda, the location of which is known only to himseif and brother and one other gentleman.

These stones, if not genuine and valuable, are certainly beautiful, and glittered in the light with a splendor equal to any of the approved gems offered for sale by our jewelers. This particular diamond-field is several miles distant from any known highway of travel, in a valley high up in the mountains, inhabited only by Indians.

Mr. Moorehouse gives a graphic description of a strange city which he visited, rivaling in splendor the wildest vagaries of the Oriental dreamer drunken with the fumes of opium or steeped in the languors or the lotus. One day as the trio were pushing up the mountain side hunting deer, they emerged from the thick chapparel into a large city of ant-hills or tumuli, covering many acres. The spectacle was enchanting, although at the time the hunters did not realize their surroundings. The whole insect city was coruscated with a blaze of precious gems, throwing back the sunlight from ten thousand facest over which the myriad inhabitants were hurrying on their forays into the chapparel in search of provision.

These ant-hills vary in size from two to four feet in height, and from six to twelve feet in circumstance at the base. At or near the top are one or more entrances, some four inches in diameter, through which the inhabitants pass to the cells which honeycomb the interior. The ants are red, and about the size of the common black ant of the East. In each hill are to be found from one to a dozen queens, large black-winged creatures, which generally sit about the entrances and receive the homage of every ant that passes.

These hills were literally crusted over with precious stones, and the streets, which have some degree of regularity, were paved with gems which would make a fair ransom of a kingdom. Mr. Moorehouse spoke of one particular palace more richly decorated than the rest, while at the doorway lay a ruby larger than a quail's egg, surrounded by smaller stones of different kinds and brilliancy. On the central ruby sat a stately queen with shining, iris-veived wings receiving the homage of her multitudinous subjects as they passed to and fro upon their daily duties.

The brilliancy of the scene struck the hunters with wonder and surprise, but they seemed to have no idea of the value of the treasures before them. They gathered up specimens of the most brilliant, including the Oriental throne of the queen, and some of them were among those exhibited to the *Sun* reporter yesterday. One massive sapphire, with surface of nearly one fourth of an inch, seemed only to need the skillful touch of the lapidary to make it a magnificent gem.

"I can gather a bushel like that in that valley," said Mr. Moorehouse. "I had no idea of their value then. The most of the specimens I gathered I gave away to my friends as curiosities. To a little girl in my native village, I gave a ruby as large as the end of my thumb. Childlike, she lost it before its value was discovered."

The specimens exhibited by Mr. Moorehouse embrace several varities. He says he is not sure whether he could tell a diamond in the rough, and consequently does not know whether he picked up and gave away any genuine diamonds or not. After the excitement about finding diamonds and other precious stones in Arizona sprung up, Mr. Moorehouse concluded that his discovery was a rich one. He took measures to ascertain whether the specimens he still retained were of any real value, and is satisfied that they are, and that diamonds in great quantities are to be found in the magnificent city of the ants.

The Giant Planet.

Jupiter has a diameter exceeding the earth's rather more than ten times, and a volume exceeding hers 1,230 times. It is not far from the truth to say that Jupiter's dimensions exceed the earth's in very nearly the same degree that those of the sun exceed Jupiter's. But this mass, though gigantic compared with the earth's does not altogether correspond to his bulk, for it exceeds the mass of the earth only 300 times. So that, if the disc our astronomers see and measure actually represents the true globe of the planet, his substance must be, on the average, much less dense than that of the earth. In fact, while the earth's density is nearly six times as great as that of water, the density of Jupiter (thus judged) would exceed that of water barely one third.

This vast globe rotates in less than ten hours, on an axis nearly upright or square to the level in which the planet travels. This rapidity of rotation—so great that points on the planet's equator travel twenty-seven times as fast as points on the terrestrial equator—results in a considerable flattening of the planet's globe; insomuch that the polar diameter is less than the equatorial by about a twentieth part, or by fully 7,000 miles. And it may be remarked, in passing that, this circumstance, the fact, namely, that the poles of the planet are drawn in, as it were, 3,500 miles as compared with the equatorial regions, or 1,750 miles as compared with the mid-latitudes in either hemisphere, affords a striking illustration of the enormous amount of energy really represented by the rotation of Jupiter. It may also be added that the velocity with which points on Jupiter's equatorial zone are carried round exceeds the corresponding velocity in the case of all the planets in the solar system, and is nearly six times greater than the equatorial velocity of the sun itself. It amounts, in fact, to about seven and a half miles per second!

We do not propose to consider here at any length the system of satellites over which Jupiter bears sway; but this preliminary sketch would be incomplete without a few words on the subject. It is worthy of notice that although our earth in some sort resembles the outer planets in being accompanied by a satellite, yet the relation which the moon bears to the earth is altogether different from that which the sattellites of the outer planets bear to their respective primaries.

Our moon is by no means a minute body by comparison with the earth, and compared with Mars or Mercury she may be regarded as having very respectable dimensions. We may, indeed, look upon the moon as a fifth member of the family of planets—a member inferior to the rest, doubtless, but still not as far inferior to Mercury as Mercury is inferior to the earth. In the case of the outer planets, and especially in Jupiter's case, moons hold an utterly subordinate position. Taking the accepted measurements, we find the largest of Jupiter's moons less than the 16,000th part of its primary as respects bulk, while its mass or weight is less than the 11,000th part of Jupiter's. So that these orbs may fairly be regarded as bearing the same relation to their primary that Jupiter himself bears to his primary—the sun.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

—I have noticed that there is never a really united and loving family where the children have that affection and reverance for their parents which makes the home circle so pleasant and cheerful, except in those countries where all may gather around a fireside; there is something in the genial warmth and the cheerful glow of a grate that draws the young toward it, and makes home so attractive, that all eagerly gather around the hearth when evening approaches, and find there that amusement and instruction which give a bright coloring to the youthful minds, and a soft tinge to their youthful hearts,