CANTON MAIL.
Published every Saturday Morning,
EMMETT L. ROSS.
Office No. 2, [illegible] Street, near Postoffice.
SUBSCRIPTION.
[illegible] in advance..........$3.00
For [illegible] if not in advance..... 3.50
[illegible] in advance.......... 1.50

THE CANTON MAIL.

Emmett L. Ross & Co., Proprietors.

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whatever's best administered is best."

Terms:—$3 00 a Year.

VOLUME X. CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, JANUARY 2, 1875. NUMBER 26.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, ten lines, one insertion	$1 50
Each subsequent insertion	75
Cards of one square one year	15 00
Cards of two squares one year	25 00
One-fifth of a column one year	35 00
One-fourth of a column one year	45 00
One-third of a column one year	55 00
One half column one year	80 00
One column one year	150 00

Notices in local columns inserted for 20 cents per line for each insertion.

No proof of publication of legal advertisements will be made until our fee is settled.

Announcing candidates for state and district offices, $15; and for county offices, $10.

Marriages and deaths published free. Obituaries charged as advertisements.

[illegible] CHIMNEY SANG.

[illegible] the night-wind sang
[illegible] body no one knew;
[illegible] as her babe she tossed,
[illegible] she had long since lost,
[illegible] rain-drops back she forced,
[illegible] in the chimney."

[illegible] the night-wind sang
[illegible] no one knew;
[illegible] as they closer drew,
[illegible] is clearing the black night
[illegible] that then blew,"
[illegible] in the chimney

[illegible] and sang
[illegible] knew;
[illegible] hearth below,
[illegible] snow,
[illegible] in the chimney."

[illegible] wind sang
[illegible] one knew;
[illegible] for he
[illegible] child—all three,
[illegible] harmony,
[illegible] in the chimney"

[illegible] LAMBERT.

[illegible] Story of the Saver of [illegible] Score Lives.

[illegible] HERO AND MARTYR.

[illegible] Reade, who wrote what follows [illegible] New York Tribune, gives [illegible] voucher for the truthfulness [illegible] story in every part:

[illegible] Glasgow Times of October 2, [illegible] contained a brief description of a [illegible] drowning in the Clyde. [illegible] score of people on the bank, [illegible] had the courage to plunge [illegible] him until an elderly man, [illegible] Lambert, appeared, who was a [illegible] swimmer and diver, and had [illegible] than forty lives in that very [illegible] man was stone blind, and a [illegible] his granddaughter, was leading [illegible] the hand. But blindness [illegible] the old man no obstacle to [illegible] to save the child, and he [illegible] plunged into the river had [illegible] granddaughter, with a girl's af[illegible] round his knees and [illegible] him not to go. This caused [illegible] when there was no longer a [illegible] lose. The boy sank for the [illegible] a deep groan from the spec[illegible] the sad end, and the poor [illegible] went home, flinging his arms [illegible] despair and crying like a child. [illegible] then went on to enumer[illegible] gallant exploits of this very [illegible] Lambert before he lost his sight. [illegible] winter he had plunged [illegible] Clyde and saved men and wo[illegible] great peril to his life; for [illegible] swimmer is a dead man if a [illegible] person clutches him and crip[illegible]. And what was his reward? [illegible] benevolent courage he was [illegible] through so many immer[illegible] heated body in icy water. [illegible] a real hero for the nov[illegible] Lambert's was the [illegible]; it was solitary cour[illegible] trumpets to stir it; no ar[illegible] enthusiasm; often no [illegible] And so the novelist for ten [illegible] was going—going—going [illegible] visit James Lambert. At [illegible] to Glasgow and made in[illegible] James Lambert. He asked [illegible] all the waiters, and every [illegible] the city. Not one soul [illegible] of Lambert or his ex[illegible] concluded that the poor [illegible] to a better world. He [illegible] went to police headquar[illegible] questioned the Scottish chief, [illegible] put a detective of the Her[illegible] type to look up James Lam[illegible] whereabouts.

[illegible] HERO'S HOME.

[illegible] day the detective came to [illegible] hotel and said that the [illegible] living at No. 36 Leith [illegible], a suburb of Glasgow. [illegible] accordingly repaired, and [illegible] the door, a woman's voice [illegible] in," and he entered. An [illegible] sat before the window, a [illegible] sat all in a heap on the [illegible] the fire; and in front of [illegible] a gray-headed man, with [illegible] features, evidently blind. This [illegible] Lambert, and having been [illegible] his visitor to relate some of [illegible] in life-saving, the old [illegible] his story, telling in his fine [illegible] how, when he was but [illegible] old, he rescued from [illegible] awful fat man," a baker. [illegible] terrible tussle with the drown[illegible] who held him tight to his [illegible] carried his rescuer down with [illegible] finally landed the baker, [illegible] accomplished this he [illegible] from exhaustion. When [illegible] himself the baker had put [illegible] and gone away without [illegible] word to his preserver. Two [illegible] the brave rescue gave him [illegible] shillings, however, and thus com[illegible] him for the scolding he got [illegible] mother when he got home for [illegible] his clothes.

Lambert, duly questioned, then re[illegible] a personal friend of his had [illegible] with the cramp in the mid[illegible] of the Clyde. He had sunk for the [illegible]. Lambert dived for him and [illegible] up from the bottom and [illegible] ashore.

The [illegible] case was that of an old [illegible] who had overbalanced [illegible] gone in head first. Lam[illegible] her "puir auld gray head" [illegible] water and brought her [illegible]. She offered him her wash-tub, [illegible] was all she had, but Lambert re[illegible] gave her a shilling and [illegible] good-bye.

[illegible] REAL ROMANCE.

Mr. Reade continues his narrative:

After [illegible] or two savings that would have gained a man a medal in the south, but go for nothing in this man's career, and would dilute the more colored in[illegible], James Lambert prefaced a curious story by letting me into his mind. "By this time, sir," said he, "I was aye [illegible] about day and night for [illegible]."

"Tell the truth, James. You had the pride of an artist. You wanted them to fall in, that you might pull them out, and show your dexterity."

"[illegible] mak' me waur than I am, [illegible] Nay, but ye ken, in those days, folk was ne sae acquainted in [illegible], and accidents was mair com[illegible], if such a thing was to be, I [illegible] to be there and save 'em. Eh, the sweetness o't!—the sweetness o't!"

"I [illegible] every morning between three and four, and took a walk; it was a kind o' my natur, and the river was ay the first place I ran tae. Aweel, ae morning, before 'twas well light, I heerd high words, and there was a lass fleicht [illegible], and chairging him wi' [illegible]; an' presently she runs away skirling, and flings hersel' into the river. The lad he just turns on his heel and walks awa'."

I [illegible] my surprise and horror—[illegible] what terms.

[illegible] loftily, "My dear sirr, [illegible]—there have been men in [illegible] men, that were little mair [illegible] besoms."

I [illegible].

"[illegible] na for sport neither. The [illegible] the water, and ran straight to the deepest part, opposite Nelson's monument; her claes buoyed her up, [illegible]

[illegible]

made her taste the bitterness o' dethe, for her gude, ye ken. Hech, sirr, but it sickened her o' yon game. She brought up a quart o' Clyde, and then she lay and rolled a bit and pu'd the grass and then she sat up quiet as a lamb, and I stood sentinel over her leddyship, and my claes a drippin'. By this time, and when folk cam' aboot to see, if doesna the lad that was wi' her step forrud and complain to me. 'Ye'd like to do to interfere,' says he; 'she wasna wi' me; she was na wi' you.' 'What,' says I, 'd'ye begroodge the lass her life?' 'Not I,' says he; 'but y' had no need to meddle; what's your business?' So I gied him his answer. Says I, 'Ye have taen her character, and turned her on the mairoy of the world, and now it's a' your vexation that ye could na be rid of her in the Clyde. But she shall live, you, ye blackguard,' says I, 'please Gude.' So then he challenged me to fight. But as I made ready to take off my coat, a fine lad steps forrud and lays his hand on my arm. 'Ye're no fit for him,' says he; 'an' ye've done your work,' says he, 'and this is mine.' So at it they went, and t'other stood up and fought for about five minutes. But oh! he napped it. My lad just thrashed him. Gied him twa black een, and at the hinder end laid him sprawling and smothered i' bluid."

"But the woman?"

"She was na a woman. She was but a lassie, about nineteen."

"Little fool! and thought she was ruined for life—when all her life was before her."

"Ye may say that, sirr; why, that very year wasna she married to a decent tradesman? I often saw her after she was married; but she wadna speak to me. She couldna look me straight i' the face. She'd say 'Gude morning,' though—when she couldna get by it."

"Ungrateful little brute!"

"Na, na; it was na ingratitude—it was just shame. Aweel, she needna run fra' me noo; for I canna see her, nor ony of those I hae saved."

This made me gulp a bit, and, when I had done, I said, "She measured you by her small self. She would have been sure to blab, in such a case, so she thought you would."

"Aweel, then," said he, "she was mistaken; for I maun tell ye that some mischief-maker let on something or other about it to her man, and he was uneasy, and came and asked me if 'twas true I had taken his wife out o' the water. 'Ay,' said I, 'and twarree mair.' 'What had she to do i' the water?' says he. 'That's her business,' says I; 'mine was to tak' her oot.' He questioned me had she been drinking. 'Like eneuch,' says I, 'but I couldna say.' He questioned me, and questioned me; but I put the collar on, ye ken. I behooved to clear the wife a' I could. I didna lie neither; but I was afflicted wi' a sood obleevion o' sma' parteeculars, haw! haw! I didna think muckle o' yon carle. He had a rare gude wife; that's a' said so, and whaur was the sense o' him diving into her past life, to stir the mud?"

HOW LAMBERT MISSED A CHANCE.

Passing over an easy job or two, and a few melancholy cases, in which he had dived and groped the river, and restored dead bodies to their friends, I have come now to a passage, which but for its truth I should hesitate to relate exactly as he told it to me; but, if I were to yield to squeamishness and slur it, a chapter of human nature, revealed to me, would by me be meanly carried to my grave and hidden from the scholars of other ages and nations.

Thus, then, it was—James Lambert was bathing in the Clyde one evening at the hour when it was allowed at that epoch.

Suddenly, Mrs. Cooper, that kept the Society's house, cried to him over the window: "Rin, Jamie Lambert, there is a laddie in the water."

Up ran James Lambert, but the boy had sunk; a bystander directed him to the place; but it is not so easy to mark the exact spot where a body has disappeared in the water; and James Lambert dived twice and came up without the child. He dived a third time, and groped along the bottom. He was down so long that the cry got up that he was drowned, too. Others scouted the idea. James Lambert drown! They had known him to cross the Clyde, under the water, from bank to bank. Some time having elapsed since the first alarm, people had poured across the green and down the banks, and there was quite a crowd there murmuring and gazing, when up came James Lambert, panting, with the child in his arms.

There was a roar of exultation at the sight, but James Lambert did not hear it, and did not see the crowd. (Take note of that fact.) His whole soul was in the lovely boy, that lay white and inanimate in his arms. He ran into the house uttering cries of concern.

"But, when I got him in the hoose, he opens ae eye on me—like a bonny blue bead it was. Eh! I was happy; I gied the bonny bairn a kiss and hands him to the wife, and orders her to the fire wi' him. Then I'm going oot, when a' of a sooden I finds I hae na a steek on me, and twa hundred folk about the doors. Wad ye believe it, wi' the great excitement, I never knew I was nakit, till I saw the folk, and bethought me. I rins back again, and at the stair-foot there's a bundle o' linen. I was na lang happing mysel', I can tell ye, and oot I coms, as bold as brass, in the wife's apron and a muckle sheet. The sight of me made the lasses scarit and skirl, for I was like a crop just poppit oot o' the grave. I went for my clothes and—they were away. My bluid gat up at that, and I chackit them sair. 'Hech,' says I, 'ye maun be a cauld-hairted set o' thieves,' says I, 'to tak' my very claes, when I was doing a mon's pairt.' Bymby, I sees a young leddy in a silk gown, wagging on me, and she points to a hedge near by. So I went, and there was my claes. She had put them aside for me, ye ken, and keepit her ee on them. Wasna that thouchtful o' her, noo?"

"It was, indeed."

"Aweel, sirr, I got my things on the hoose, an' tied up the wife's bundle, and cam' forrid; and by this time the folk was dispairsed like. But the same young leddy was walking to the fra, with her een doon, reflecking like. She wagged on me, and I came to her. So she askit me who I was, and I tell't her I was a cotton-spinnee, and they caed me James Labert. So then she lookit at me full, and says she, 'James, are you marred?' 'Oh, yes, ma'am,' says I, 'this three years.' So she lokit at me all over, in a vara curious way; and she says, saftly, 'James—it is—a—great—pity—yere—married—for yere a vara—gallant—man.' So ye see, sirr, I could hae had a young leddy—for her ee tell't me mair nor her words—if I had na had the wife. But then I'd no hae had the wife. So it comes a' to the same thing."

I started at him with surprise, for to me it did not seem quite the same thing to marry high sympathy, swift intelligence, and plenty of money, and to [illegible]

[illegible]

UNDER THE ICE.

By this time I concluded I have so [illegible] the readers of James Lambert's [illegible] career, [illegible]

[illegible]

wastit there. I was armed wi' ladders an' ropes, and corks. Mon, ony fule can stand and fling gear till a drooning body. And I gat an awfu' affront until the bargain; they cast it in my teeth that I was partial, and save the rich afore the poor. Noo I let naebody droon, but my bargain was with the club to save them first; so behooved to keep the contract. Aweel, then, I did nae execution there worth speaking o'; the thing I'm coming tae was at the bend of the Clyde they ca' the peat bog.' A number was skating on the river, and the ice began to heave an' shake wi' the high tide. So I chased all the boys aff wi' my belt, and warned the men; but some folk winna be warned by me. The ice breaks under a laboring man, and in he goes, and the tide sucked him under in a moment. I ran to the place as fast as I could and under the ice after him. Aweel, I soomed, and soomed, and did nae catch him, till I had nae chance to come back alive, if I did na turn. But just as I turned my feet struck him. Then my hairt got up again, I grippid him, and I dragged him back wi' me, and soomed and soomed for my ain life the noo, as weel as his. Eh, mon, I was amaist gone. But I wadna loose him. 'Twas baith live, or baith dee. I'm just givin' in when I see the light o' the hole, mak for't, and get him oot, and on the ice, and dinna it keep breakin directly with the pair o' us, and sae we go floonderin' and smashing, till we are helpit ashore. Nor I'll tell ye a farce. I'm hauling the chiel prisoner by the collar, and shaking t'other neif at them a'. Ye ken I wanted to fleicht on them, for saying I riskit myself mair for the rich than the puir. But a' I could say was, 'wow—wow—wow'—the brethe wadna come back to my body. And while I was 'wow—wow—wowing, at them, and gripping my coptive like a mollyfactor, dizna he turn roond and thank me in a brief discoorse vara ceevil. Eh, mon, I glowered at him; I lossed him an' rolled away backwards to glower at him. He could hae repeated his catecheesm, and I could only baash an' blather. The man was a better man than me; for he had been longer in. Oh, I declared that on the bank, sune as ever I could speak."

THE CROWNING FEAT OF ALL.

I come now to the crowning feat of this philanthropic and adventurous life; and I doubt my power to describe it. I halt before it, like one that feels weak, and a mountain to climb; for such a feat, I believe, was never done in the water by mortal man, and never will again while earth shall last.

James Lambert worked in Somerville's mill. Like most of the hands, he must cross the waters to get home. For that purpose a small ferryboat was provided; it lay at a little quay near the mill. One Andrew had charge of it ashore, and used to shove it off with a lever, and receive it on its return. He often let more people go into it than Lambert thought safe, and Lambert had remonstrated, and had even said: "Ye'll hae an occident some day that ye'll rue but ance, and that will be a' your life." Andrew, in reply, told him to mind his own business.

Well, one evening James Lambert wanted to get away in the first boat load. This was somehow connected with his having bought a new hat; perhaps he wished to avoid the crowd of work-people—here I am not very clear. However, he watched the great wheel, and the moment it began to waver, previous to stopping, he ran for his hat, and darted down stairs. But, as he worked in an upper story, full a dozen got into the boat before him. He told Andrew to put off, but Andrew would [illegible] till the boat should be full; and when it was crammed, James Lambert [illegible] said it was a shame of him to let [illegible] many on board. This angered the [illegible], and, when the boat was so crowded [illegible] her gunwale was not far above [illegible], he shoved her violently off into [illegible] sideway, and said words which, if [illegible] has not prayed God to forgive them [illegible] this world, will perhaps hang heavy [illegible] his neck in the next.

"To hell—ye beggars!" he cried.

This rough launching made the over[illegible] boat wobble. The women got [illegible], and before the boat had [illegible] twenty yards she upset in dark, [illegible] water, ten feet deep.

[illegible] was night.

"Before the boat coupit athegither, [illegible] a' flew to me that could; for they [illegible] me, in the water, them that [illegible] a hand o' me, had a hand o' them [illegible] had a hand o' me, and they carried [illegible] doon like leed."

[illegible] it is an old saying, and a true [illegible] that "After-wit is everybody's [illegible]." Were I to relate at once what [illegible] Lambert accomplished hundreds [illegible] imagine they could have done [illegible]. To correct that self-decep[illegible] and make men appreciate this hero [illegible], I shall stop here and entreat [illegible] readers, for the instruction of their [illegible] minds, to lay down this narrative [illegible] shut their eyes, and ask themselves [illegible] it was possible for mortal man to [illegible] drowning himself, and to save [illegible] who were drowning him. You [illegible] that it cost him the skin of [illegible] to get clear of a single baker. [illegible] he was clutched and pinned by at [illegible] four desperate drowning creatures, [illegible] as lions in their wild despair, and [illegible] weight of twelve people more hang[illegible] to those that clutched him, so [illegible] the united weight of them all car[illegible] down the strong swimmer like a [illegible] in a sack.

"[illegible] sirr, when yere twa feet i' the grave [illegible] mind works hard. I didna strug[illegible] for it was nae marr use than to [illegible] wi' a kirk. I just stranchened [illegible] oot like a corp, and let them tak' [illegible] doon to the bottom o' the Clyde; [illegible] there I stude up right, an' waited; [illegible] I kenned the puir sauls would droon [illegible] me, and I saw just ae wee wee [illegible] to save them yet. Ye shall un[illegible], sirr, that when folk are droon[illegible] they dinna settle doon till the water [illegible] their lungs and drives the air oot. [illegible] first they waver up and down at cer[illegible] intervals. Aweel, sirr, I waited for [illegible] on the grund. I was the only ane [illegible], ye'll obsairve. A slight up[illegible] movement commenced. I took [illegible] advantage and gied a vi'lent sprang wi' [illegible] feet against the bottom, and wi' me [illegible] closing my time, up we a' came. My [illegible] were grippit, but I could strike [illegible] wi' my feet, and before ever we [illegible] the surface I lashed oot like a [illegible] for the quay. Aweel, sir, wi' all [illegible] could do, we didna wend abune a yard, [illegible] may be a yard and a hand, and doon [illegible] carred me like leed. I straucht[illegible] myself as we sank, and I grunded. [illegible] my time and when they are in[illegible] upward I strikes fra the grund; [illegible] this time, mair slanting toward the [illegible]. That helpit us, and in a dozen [illegible] strokes we may be gained twa [illegible] this time. Then doon like leed. [illegible] the same game again, up and [illegible] again. And noo, sir, there was [illegible] that turned sair against us; [illegible] there was something for us, to [illegible] it. It was against us that they [illegible]

[illegible]

couple into shallow water mysel', wi' my feet. When I was in seven feet water mysel', and fewer folk haunding me doon, I got to be maister, and shovit ane, and pu'd anather in, till we landed the whole sixteen or seventeen. But my wark was na done, for I kenned there were mair in the river. I saw the last o' my ain band safe, then oot into the Clyde, wherever I heerd cries, and soon I faund twa lasses skirkling, takes 'em by their lang hair and tows them to the quay in a minute. Just as I'm landing thir twa, I hear a cry in the vare middle o' the river, and in I splash. It was a strapping lass—they caed her Elizabeth Whitelaw. 'O'way, ye lang daftie,' says I, and begins to tow her. Lo an' behold I'm grippit wi' a man under the water. It was her sweetheart. She was hauding him doon. The hizzy was a' reicht, but she was drooning the lad; pairts these twa lovers—for their gude—and takes 'em ashore, one in each hand. Aweel, sirr, I saved just one mair, and then I plunged in again and searched; but there was nae mair to be seen noo; three puir lasses were drooned; bid I did nae ken that at the time. And noo I'll tell ye a farce. I'm seized wi' a faintness, and maks for the shore. But I gat weaker, and dazed like, and the lights o' Glasgee begin to flecker afore my een; and thinks I 'I'll no see ye again; I'm done this time.' It was all I could do for the bare life to drift to the hinder part of the quay. I hadna the power to draw mysel' oot. I just grippit the quay and sobbit. The folk were a' busy wi' them I had saved; nane of them noticed me, and I wad ha' been drooned that nicht; but—who d'ye think saved me that had saved sae mony?—and auld decripit man; haw! haw! haw! He had a hookit stick, and gied me the handle, an' towed me along the quay into the shallow water, and I gat oot wi' his help, and swooned dead away. I'm tauld I lay there neglectit awhile; but they found me at last, and I had fifty nurses for ane."

Have I exaggerated? Does history record any other example of a man being clutched by a great number of drowning people, and carried to the bottom, and saving them all in the lump, and then dashing in and saving the outsiders in detail?

By way of illustration, let the reader imagine an umbrella frame, and only four or five curved whalebones attached to the top part of the upright; now fasten several other curved whalebones high up, to each of those four or five curves. Now plunge the whole frame into water till the upright touches the ground. Not one of the sixteen curved pieces will touch the ground. But, in the water, if a person, male or female, clings to a fixed upright, that person's body floats up more or less; at all events, it inclines toward the horizontal.

Now James Lambert, by artificially straightening his body, made himself the stick of that human umbrella, or the upright post they all clung to directly or indirectly, and so were kept floating in a curve, instead of sinking to the bottom. This enabled him, but only be patiently and artfully watching the fluctuations up and down of those floating bodies, to spring at the nick of time from the hard ground, and carry them all to the surface for a few seconds. The rest is detail, and his own narrative makes it clear. But see what intellectual and moral qualities were here combined. Genius is often without courage; courage is generally without genius: and so indeed is bare skill; and, in desperate danger, how often has genius lost its head, and blundered like an idiot; how often has courage lacked invention, and relied on precedent, that did not fit the novel danger, and so lead it to death. But this man, even as his body touched the water, was all cool courage and swift inventive genius. He did not repeat himself, as mere skill does. Hugged in the water by a single man—the baker—he hit, with prompt invention, on the one way to save both lives; he used the baker's own chest as a fulcrum, and so tore himself free. But clutched by a dozen and more, he never attempted to get free at all, but straightened and stiffened himself into an upright post, and used the ground as his fulcrum, to save himself and those who were drowning themselves and him.

I come now to the sad ending of all these glorious deeds.

THE LAST.

James Lambert was up the river working, but at what business I forget. An engineer fell into the water, and sank for the last time before James could get to the place.

Following the direction of persons on the bank he flung himself from a bridge and dived for the man. But the others had not marked the place precisely, and when, after repeated efforts he brought the man to shore, life was going forever. To use his own words, "It was a dear jump. He lost his life, and I lost my sight."

It was winter, and he was perspiring freely when he jumped into the icy water.

Very soon after a great dazzling seized him, followed by darkness. It cleared after a time, and he saw again. But the same thing occured at intervals; and, by degrees, the attack came oftener and remained longer, until at last the darkness settled down, and the light fled forever.

Think of it. This twenty years he can no longer see the "Dominie's hole," nor "the three stanes," nor the "peat bog," nor the "dead-house," nor the Clyde itself, where every bend is the scene of some great good feat he did. More than four score eyes he rescued from the darkness of the grave; yet unjust fate and dire calamity have not left him one poor orb to see the blessed day, and the faces of those he has saved.

Now turn back to the story repeated from the Glasgow Times, and surely you will say that it was a rare, and noble, and poetic distress, and worthy to be sung by some great poet.

I am no poet, and can not adore so strong a tale; therefore I have aimed at that which all honest men can attain, if they will but take trouble, viz.: the exact truth. I traveled to see him. I stayed in Glasgow many days to know him. I took him down to the Clyde, and verified every spot, and got him to tell me each principal incident over again, at its own site, and I noted down his very words, well as I could.

The next thing was to rescue his features from oblivion. I asked him to meet me at the photographer's. He did so. But, horrible to relate, dressed as all Scotchmen dress on Sundays.

"James," said I, severely, "was it in this clerical suit you saved so many lives?"

"No likely," said he; "except yon carle that was bathing o' the Sabba' day. Mon, I was for coming in my auld claes that I wrought in at the mill yon time; but the wife cried shame; she wadna let me."

Observe how devoid of common sense is common sense the moment it meddles with the things of genius. So I sent [illegible]

[illegible]

OBSERVATIONS.

James Lambert is of ordinary size, but very clean-built and wiry. [illegible]

could spring across the room in a moment from where he stood.

In manner, he is two men; sometimes grave, slow and thoughtful; sometimes fiery and vivacious; and the changes are well-timed; for he relates his feats with French vivacity, but makes his reflections in a slow, thoughtful way that is Scotch all over. It is just possible that "race" may have a hand in his vivacious half; for he admits a French progenitor, and "Lambert" is a French name.

I have not known him long enough to draw his whole character; but to what is revealed in his recorded acts I can add one trait: He is a man without bile. I offer one example: after describing with great spirit how he saved a respectable acquaintance, he told me that the said individual had afterward avoided him; and then he stopped and went in a moment from his French manner to his Scotch.

"And—I hae—obsaived, sir, that the mair part—of them I hae saved—shuns me."

Straight I exploded with ire at their baseness. But I could not convey my spleen into this heroic bosom void of bile.

"No, sir," said he, with the same measured thoughtfulness, "I just—think—it is ower great—a debt—to awe to ony man; and they feel it a burden."

Almost any other man finding, in a certain base biped, vanity too strong for gratitude, would have vented the discovery in tones either of wrath or of piteous complaint; but this man sounded like a patient, inquiring philosopher; certainly a faint tinge of regret pierced through, but no more than became a philosopher, gently disappointed in mankind. To me who have seen so much storming and blubbering over trifles, this thoughtful, uncomplaining dignity was as pothetic as it was noble. If the man seems egotistical, his discourse being all about himself, you must remember that I kept drawing him out, and that the true balance of the dialogue is not represented, since I have suppressed the greater part of my questions as not worth printing.

I ought also to tell you that this manner of relating his exploits had no touch of vanity, nor boasting, nor self-gratulation. It was a thing both strange and fine to see how he was carried away out of the present into those glowing scenes, relighted by the sun of memory. As he related, the whole man quivered with excitement. When he was telling me how he dived for the little boy, opposite "the dead house," I took his hand, and—under cover of sympathy, being a prying scoundrel—I furtively felt his pulse. It was beating about one hundred and ten to the minute; his heart was once doing the deed, and his poor, blind face shone with angelic goodness, and gleamed with heroic fire.

JAMIE'S WEAKNESS.

This hero and martyr has a foible, not an uncommon one in Glasgow; but still a sad fault. He is too fond of whisky—much.

Bookmakers' morality will say: "Why reveal the infirmity of such a man?" I'll tell you; because in less than 200 years the first stone of honesty in biography will have to be laid: so, not to waste the world's time, I lay it now.

Since, in this best of all possible worlds, much is done for moderately good killers of man, you may be curious to know what man has done for this incomparable saver of men.

He has earned the gold medal of the Humane society twice, and the silver about twelve times.

He has never received either.

He better deserves every order and decoration the state or sovereign can bestow, than does any gentleman or nobleman in the land, whose bosom is a constellation. Yet not a cross or a ribbon has ascended from the vulgar levels, where they grow like buttercups, to the breast of this immortal hero. And why? He is but a saver of men, not a killer; he is but a Christian hero; and, in the distribution of glory, the world, including the preachers of the gospel, is a sank a heathen as ever in spite o Christ, and a fool in spite of Voltaire.

The one public honor paid to him is this: A suspension bridge has never been built over the Clyde where he saved more than twenty lives that one dark night; and over this bridge two men pass gratis till they die—Bailey Harvey and Hero Lambert. The rest of mankind pay a half-penny.

So much for his decorations. Then for his pensions. He has but one; and that is local, not imperial, though the places the man adorns are the empire and the world. The Barony parish, Glasgow, allows him three and six pence a week. But he was earning twenty-five to thirty whe he fell blind. So that his local allowance, for benefits to mankind, does not compensate him for his calamity, by five-sixths; and his heroic and philanthropic feasts are left out of the arithmetic altogether.

I propose then, to those who govern this country, to depart from the stiff precedents of savages, and take wider and more enlightened views of heroism, beginning with James Lambert, since they cannot begin better. They have the example of France; she bestows civic honors on the heroes who save, as well as on the heroes who kill.

I propose to the Humane Society to bestow their gold medal. Anything less would be no compliment to this great saver.

As for the English public that needs no spur. When this narrative appears in an influential journal, hundreds will desire to improve James Lambert's condition. The best way to do that would be to secure him a fixed and large increase of income for the few years he has to live. It is out of my way, but in this one case I would receive and acknowledge donations with this object, and so, I feel sure, would you, sir.

But I also wish to procure him the blessed boon of personal sympathy. I will not encourage a raid of staring dunces, pragmatical charlatans, and gaping quidnuncs, for that would do him harm, not good. But I will give his present address to any ladies and gentlemen who may be willing and able to go to him in the right spirit. Any such superior soul who will visit him in person [illegible] with gentle hand draw him awhile from the things present, which he cannot see, to the past, which he can see, will mount high on what an old author calls "the ladder of charity," for this will be charity in a very refined and gracious form; it will be charity plus brains. None will repent such a visit; though his estate is humble, he is one of nature's gentlemen; fit company for an emperor; and he is a sight better worth seeing than half the public shows; for he is a man without his fellow.—*Charles Reade.*

—In June, 1872, Dr. Wyatt Aiken, of South Carolina, speaking of the order of the Patrons of Husbandry, said: "It proposes to impress upon the farmer the mournful but potent truth that he [illegible] hard-earned products."

—It may interest the consumers of Rhenish wines to learn that at Kehl there is a good market [illegible] manufacture of wine without grapes. In the Rheingau and the Palatinate there are hundreds of similar establishments, according to the London Times correspondent. The Excise Bureau of the German empire recognizes this product as a grape-wine.

THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS.

Tremendous Discoveries of Ore in the Great Comstock Ledge.—Sharon Estimates the Value of the "Bulge" at Three Hundred Millions—A Mountain of Silver.

At last the great "bulge," the true heart of the world-famous Comstock silver lodge, would seem to have been reached. As far as explored, it lies in the Consolidated Virginia, California and Ophir claims. In all three of these mines have been developed marvelously rich bodies—wonderful masses of sulphuret and chloride ores. We have said "bodies," but there is in reality but one body—one immense bonanza, chimney, or whatever else we may choose to call it—one huge mass of ore extending all the way from the Consolidated Virginia through the California into the Ophir, and no one knows how much of its height or width, and nothing at all of its depth. As to its length we know something definite—namely, that it extends 4000 feet through the Consolidated Virginia, and undoubtedly traverses the entire length (6000 feet) of the California, as it has been discovered in the Ophir mine, which adjoins the California on the north. How far it extends into the Ophir ground time and the honest miner can only determine. It is conceded, however, that the ore body cannot be less than 1,200 feet in length.

The great fissure in which this huge bonanza of ore rests, appears to have expanded at this particular point in the course of the vein in order to form for it a cradle suited to its giant proportions. Measuring across from the true "west country" rock to the true "east country" rock, the distance is from 1,000 to 1,200 feet. The space between the east and west country rocks is the fissure in which lies the body of ore, which, of late, has startled and bewildered all the "experts" and the whole "mining world" of the Pacific coast. The great fissure is filled with what our mining men call "vein matter"—gangue—a mixture of quartz, clay and porphyry. Here, in the midst of this vein matter or gangue, which fills the vast fissure from side to side, has formed and is now found the huge mass of ore which runs through the three mines mentioned above. To produce a body of such great size, an immense bed of vein matter was required—you cannot rear a whale in a trout-brook. For several months the Consolidated Virginia company have been at work in the crest of this subterranean silver mountain, and the Ophir company have been gouging into it for a shorter period of time, while the California folks have but just begun to feel their way into its western slope at two or three points. Never until lately have the Consolidated Virginia company seemed to get fairly into the ridge of the mountain—to penetrate a point where they could begin to see what they were working upon, although in their upper levees they have opened great breadths of wonderfully rich ore.

There can be no doubt that the body of ore now just being opened in the three mines under consideration is undoubtedly the largest and richest the world ever saw. In the California the width will doubtless prove to be immense; just how wide it may be found no one can say, and the experts themselves fear to risk an opinion, but they hint at all the way from 200 to 400 feet. The length, as we all know, is 600 feet. From the developments now being made at each end of the mine, we, up here, are beginning to fear that somewhere near the centre it will be found to be but a solid mountain mass of pure silver.

A Chronicle reporter called upon Mr. Sharon last evening. In reply to a leading question, Mr. Sharon said: "Of course it is not possible for any one to look into the bowels of the earth, and consequently I can't pretend to exactness; the best judges, however, say that its value is fabulous. Superintendent Requa, of the Chollar, and superintendent Smith, of the Belcher, set down the bonanza at double the size of that found in the Crown Point and Belcher and three times as rich."

Reporter—Have you any notion what the lead will pan out?

Mr. Sharon—Judges place the gross at $300,000,000 and the profits at from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000.

In general conversation, Mr. Sharon said that he considered the discovery the most important event in the history of the coast. "Its influence upon the commercial interests of the state," he observed, "will be of untold value. The mines are owned in San Francisco, and an amount of capital equal to the present assessed value of the whole city, will be brought here. Such wealth must bring immigration, and stimulate every department of trade."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A [illegible]nd.

It wa[illegible] The night was very [illegible] falling fast as Hermann, the charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the black forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou would'st be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hands.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little newcomer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright, colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a *fete* for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed, it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly [illegible]

[illegible]

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, [illegible] "The holy Christ-child!" [illegible]

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where the dark firs stood, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, [illegible]. Hermann plucked some, and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them Chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Florence Scannell, in St. Nicholas.*

Where Hair Comes to a Head.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes: "I have recently learned some interesting facts respecting a manufacture in which every female head throughout the land is interested, namely, the preparation of human hair and its transformation into switches, ringlets, etc. The largest establishment of this nature in the world exists in Germany. It is situated in a town called Wetzlar in the valley of the Lahn. It is the depot to which the traveling collectors of hair bring their wares to dispose of, and so extensive are its transactions that their wares are arranged in bales, each containing three and four hundred pounds of hair. These bales each contain a heterogeneous mass of human locks of every shade and texture, from raven black to flaxen blonde, from horse-hair coarseness to silken fineness. This is the material in the rough, and very dirty and disgusting are often the peasant grown tresses when brought into the factory. But fear nothing, ladies fair, respecting the cleanliness of your alien locks; all the hair is thoroughly boiled before being placed in the hands of the work-girls, of whom six hundred are employed in this establishment. The hair, when dried and smoothed, is then carefully assorted according to color and length. Good brown hair of average length is worth about $75 a pound; the highest-priced hair is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound, but by the single hair, each hair being valued at about half a cent. The most valuable of the natural hues is pale gold; a switch of that color was displayed, valued at nearly $100, even in that wholesale market. The greatest curiosity there was a switch of light brown hair measuring six feet in length, and for which $100 had been paid to the original owner thereof; this unparalleled braid is not to be sold, but is to be reserved for exhibition at our Centennial."

Vivid Picture of an Elevator Conductor.

It is the St. Louis Republican that does up a well known modern character in a package of this shape:

He has reached the advanced age of sixteen years. Not blighted affection or lost confidence in 4 11-44 has brought him to it. No! The filthy lucre of $5 per week has made him in love with solitude and a rising profession. He gushed with an enthusiasm of high art when he first took hold of the rope. He has had hold of it for six months, and he gushes no longer. That rope has taken all the gush out of him. He leans against it a sadder and wiser hermit of the elevator. When the hermit is strictly on duty he leans despondingly in the rope corner like a blighted being; as if there might possibly be something in this world beyond the monotony of continually going up and continually coming down, if he could only find it out; but perhaps it is not worth the trouble. If you ask the hermit if there is any fear of the elevator shooting up through the roof, he only shakes his head sorrowfully, as if to say, no such good luck. If you plunge into the intricities of hydraulics, or steam pressure, or cog-wheels, he shuts up like a jack-knife with a withering look and an inquiry of "Which floor?" He is the sworn enemy of the engineer residing in the subterranean gulfs. If the elevator runs fast or slow, it is always the engineer. He is a demon. If the hermit caught that engineer's head under the elevator perhaps he'd squeeze it good. We often think that perhaps it was because of the worldly friction of this engineer that the hermit became a hermit of the elevator. Take the hermit all in all, he is a simple-minded child of nature. He sees more ups and downs in this world than any one else, without being seasick, or sick of seeing the same people forever and forever ascending and descending, and forever and forever ringing the changes from one to five on that same eternally tinkling bell.

Paris Modes.

"All the dresses," says a correspondent of the Hornet, "cling closely to the figure; the bodies and skirts seem made in one; for the bodies descend very low over the hips, and their junction with the skirt is concealed by a scarf, which is tied half-way down the body in Eastern fashion. Ball dresses are powdered with gold or silver, or are studded over with real gems. For those who have not a Golconda mine at their disposal, however, beads, representing precious stones, are being manufactured, and the dresses are studded with these. The effect of these bejewelled dresses at night is extremely effective. Spangles are much worn; even walking-dresses are being covered with them. In black, they have quite taken the place of jet. Steel spangles are put on gray dresses. It is the rule for the spangles to be of the same color as the dress. Sandalled shoes are coming more and more into vogue. They are not so advantageous to the feet as plain boots, but they agree better with the semi-Grecian and semi-Oriental style of dress that is now coming into fashion. White sandals, with white dresses, blue sandals with blue dresses, black sandals with black dresses, and so on. To look pretty they should reach half-way up the leg. Moliere shoes are worn for the morning alone and black boots for the afternoon. For evening high sandals. All fashionable walking-dresses being made with very tight, long sleeves, buttoning at the wrists, two-buttoned gloves. White lace cravats are universally worn round the neck. They are very becoming, and very elegant looking. Take a long strip of Brussels net, sufficient to tie round the neck, four-edge it each end with very deep lace, and your cravat is made. Tulle looks pretty, but is not considered *comme-il faut.* As it will not wash either, it becomes more expensive than real lace. Feathers are worn in profusion, on hats and bonnets alike. Never were they so much worn. There is a perfect *furore* for them. Some hats seem covered with them. You cannot wear too many. They are beginning to be worn in the hair also for evening dress, marabouts especially."

—Guizot's heirs have discovered the suit which was the last expression of Guizot's pride. His idea was that neither himself nor his family should be indebted to the empire, which he [illegible]

—A Sandstone anvil has been discovered near Ironton, Ohio, supposed to have been used by the mound builders. It is composed of very sharp grit, containing over 100 depressions, and weighs 500 pounds, and measures 8 feet 8 inches at its greatest circumference. It is to be presented to the Cincinnati Society of Natural History.

GRANGE MOVEMENT.

More than three hundred members were in attendance upon the Indiana state grange the last week in November.

The secret work of the order emanates from the members of the seventh degree only, and not from the national grange, as is generally supposed.

The Patrons of Oaklandon, Ind., have purchased a square in that thriving village, on which they have built a fine business house, 28x52, with a hall above.

The four leading states in the grange movement are Iowa, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois, having 1,999, 1,968, 1,929 and 1,489 organizations respectively.

The Nebraska state grange holds its next annual meeting at Lincoln, commencing Tuesday, Dec. 15. Grand Master Adams will be present at its sessions.

At Red Oak, Iowa, the Patrons propose the organization of a stock company for establishing a linseed-oil mill to consume the large amount of flaxseed raised in that vicinity.

The Patrons' Life Assurance Society has been incorporated in Kansas. The entrance fee for full membership is $2, and the assessment on the death of a member $1.10.

The grangers in and about Marshall, Michigan, have been consolidated. The Marshall, North Marshall, Eckford, and Marengo granges now form an organization known as the Marshall grange.

The Eaton county, Michigan, grangers have received a car load of salt direct from the producer, and propose to buy kerosene oil by the barrel in the same way, giving the merchants the go-by.

The Wisconsin granges have established forty-one co-operative associations for selling goods and manufacturing, and twenty-nine insurance companies, representing capital to the amount of $4,000,000.

The southern granges, notably those of Mississippi and Arkansas, are actively bestirring themselves in endeavoring to attract immigration to their states. The English laborers' union is in active correspondence with the Arkansas state grange on the subject.

The proposed amendment to the constitution of the national grange making the founders of the order life members of its supreme council, has been rejected by the state grange of California, which followed the example of Illinois and other states.

Bird's Creek grange, 104, Texas, refused to tolerate members who loan money at from three to six per cent. a month, and instructs its representatives in the state legislature to use their influence to pass a law making all interest over ten per cent. per annum illegal.

The patrons of Lowndes county, Miss., are doing some good work. They have secured a line of steamboats between Columbus and Mobile, which will bring down the rates of freight so low that there will be a saving this winter to the farmers of the county alone of from $50,000 to $100,000.

The Arkansas grange warns the negroes against an imposter who is driving a thriving trade in the way of organizing new granges among the colored people. He makes no restrictions as to the number of charter members, and, in consideration of the hard times, has reduced the fee to fifty cents a head.

In many granges an effort is being made to render their organization more complete and permanent. Some are building or renting halls, furnishing them nicely, and ornamenting them with works of art; some are establishing libraries, and some providing reading-rooms. All this is as it should be.—*Rural World.*

There may be live granges with dead members in them, but there can be no dead granges with live members in them. A half a dozen live, vigorous, energetic, persevering Patrons will keep any grange in the country in a healthy condition, and are worth a whole regiment of cold, luke-warm, half-and-half members.—*Ohio Farmer.*

C. T. Quisenberry having registered as treasurer of the Missouri state grange, the executive committee have selected the Central national bank, of Booneville, Missouri, as the depository for the money belonging to the state grange. The president of the bank, Capt. J. L. Stephens, has given a bond of $50,000 and will act as their financial agent under the directions of the executive committee.

A committee of Columbia (Tennessee) grange, appointed to make suggestions relative to the wintering of stock, etc., in view of the short crop caused by the drought, recommended all to prepare at once for the sowing of wheat, oats, rye and barley on every acre that can be spared from their other crops. They also emphatically advise every patron to practice what he preaches, by making an earnest effort, if in debt, to get out of debt, and in no event to go in debt for anything, but practice the theory, "pay as you go."

The grange movement in Texas has made rapid progress during the last twelve months. There are now over six hundred organized granges in the state, and a number of deputies in the field organizing more. It is estimated that the present cotton crop of that state belonging to the patrons will be handled for one-third less than last year, and that the business men who propose to sell at these prices are among the best in the state. Col. W. W. Lang, of Marlin, Texas, a native of Wayne county, Mississippi, and for many years a resident of that state, is master of the state grange of Texas.

The Northern Granger has the following on the subject of less work and more profit: "Farmers work too many hours in a day, too many days a week, and too many weeks in a year. Nothing is gained in the end by thus slaving the life away. Though most farmers regard it as necessary, yet it is through the grange we learn better; and the sooner we see about it the sooner shall we see that we might have done so before. Let us get together in the grange, and, by thinking a little, devise some plan of dividing our hard work with the sleek and weel-fed middleman, and of sharing a portion of his elegant leisure. Of course he will object to this show of generosity on our part, but we must press our courtesy upon him until there shall be something of a fair distribution of the good things of this world between us. We do not demand extraordinary privileges; we demand justice. We do not labor to pull others down; we do but labor to build ourselves up. Six thousand years of single-handed efforts has failed to accomplish any satisfactory result in that direction, and it is but the part of common wisdom to try other means to lighten our labors and enhance our profits."

Since the Patrons of Husbandry came out of the late political campaign [illegible]

mittee for that purpose. We will not presume to suggest a plan, but hope steps will be taken to gain the desired information, and we ask the secretary or some member of each grange to furnish us the results for publication. The statement should be comparative, showing whether larger or smaller than last year. From the best information we can gain from inquires we are satisfied the breadth sown this season fully equals that of last year, and the growing crop is in excellent condition.—*Leader, Springfield, Mo.*

I would like to offer a few suggestions on the transportation question, which is so agitating the minds of the best men in the country, particularly of the Patrons. I see that your correspondents all agree with me that transportation ought to be made subservient to the public good. But the ways and means I would use to make it so, differ very materially from any I have seen suggested. For an illustration, I will take the case of opening the mouth of the Mississippi river. If this is done by the government it will cost not less than ten millions of dollars, and lobbyists will secure the job, not for the ablest engineers, but for the parties who are corrupt enough and willing to pay the largest amount for securing the contract. Are the patrons blind to such corruption? Will they, after the experience we have had with the credit mobilier swindle, still follow the old plan to secure internal improvements, and thus open a wide door for government thieves? I would suggest that all the Patrons of the states directly interested in the matter, should form a stock company for the purpose. Let each elect one director, and let these directors elect a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Let this directory go to congress and say, "We are the representatives of a company embracing one million of tax-payers, representing an actual capital of five thousand millions of dollars; we ask you to give us the job of opening the mouth of the Mississippi river. We wish the government to issue to us its bonds to a certain amount, payable at a certain time, with semi-annual interest; in short, to extend to us the same credit which has been extended to the Pacific railroads." This Patrons' directory will then be able to employ the most competent engineers and see the work done in the best interests of every citizen. In conclusion, I would say, let all internal improvements be made on this, or some similar plan, and, my word for it, the work will be done quicker, better and with far less expense to the tax-payers.—*Cor. Rural World.*

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—"Willie, I'm going to heaven," she wrote, "and you will never see me again," which was pretty heavy on Willie.

—A good test on a young man's strength of character is to have him stay in his own town while he raises side whiskers.

—There is nothing so highly prized as a soft, sweet voice in woman, except her ability to take in washing when hard times come.

—An urchin being rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, replied that it couldn't be helped; "toes wiggled and heels didn't."

—According to a Washington paper all the gentlemen at a recent party there wore "striped silk stockings and low shoes, with buckles and rosettes."

—The San Francisco board of brokers consists of but eighty members, and the number cannot be increased. A seat was recently sold for $20,000.

—M. Moca, a French scientist, has discovered that the flesh of the Caucasian is bitter and salty, while that of the black is of fine flavor, and will keep much longer.

—Tons of postal cards without addresses are destroyed in the dead letter office because people write their message first and then forget to address the card.

—The molar tooth of a mastodon was recently exhumed near Waterloo, Ind. It weighs six pounds, is eight inches long, and has four prongs and four double crowns.

An Indiana man bet $10 that he could ride the fly-wheel in a saw-mill, and as his widow paid the bet, she remarked: "William was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly-wheels."

—On retiring from business a wise old man said to his son and successor: "Now, my boy, remember that common sense is the best thing you can bring to bear on every affair of life except love making."

—A Williamsburg man woke his wife the other night, and in a startled tone of voice, informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine. "Well, you fool," said she, "lie still, or it may come up."

—An exchange, edited by an old bachelor, says: "Man becomes a sort of elevated slave or servant to a woman when he marries." Probably that's why the place of sacrifice is called the high menial altar.

—A little girl reading the "History of England" with her mother, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said: "What did he do when he was tickled?"

—The tyrant man has treated contemptuously the woman suffrage proposition in Michigan, and Susan swears that if any voter ever lets her sit in his lap again she'll pinch him, so help her gracious!

—A man had better have a millstone tied to his neck and cast into the sea, than to promise to marry a Texas girl and then refuse. The whole country turns out to hunt him, and he is generally left to grow up with a tree.

—Dr. Samuel W. Francis says that the liquid injected hypodermically by the mosquito contains the principal of quinine, and was sent by Providence as an antidote to the fever which arises from marshy and musquito-infested districts.

—A farmer named A. C. Lewis, living four miles north of Mansfield, O., while cutting fodder with a steam cutting-machine, last Wednesday, had his left arm drawn in and cut off inch by inch nearly to the elbow before the machine could be stopped.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner who can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little him to make it more.

—A hundred years ago 400,000 souls gleefully sported beneath the tropical foliage of the Sandwich Islands, of whom only 50,000 dyspeptic remnants are now extant. The various contrivances of modern civilization, such as [illegible]

—At the botanic garden, Oxford, [illegible]

[illegible]