Centre Hall Reporter.

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Learn a Little Every Day.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play,
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a flower from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

May Malone.

O, once I sat in the gloaming,
In sight of my father's mill,
And the flute notes that came up the meadow
Were breathed by my winsome Will;
And the hope that filled my bosom
Was the sweetest ever known,
For from him the slightest whisper
Was music to May Malone.

But now with the Lady Ellen
He walks like a peer or king,
While his eyes say plain when he meets me,
"I'm sorry for you, poor thing!"
And she, with an air as haughty
As a queen upon her throne,
Never deigns to give, in passing,
One glance to May Malone.

O clouds that chase the sunshine,
O, waves that onward flow,
You are not one half so changeful
As some other things I know.
O mists that enwreathe the mountain
With your light and airy zone,
Ye melt not half so quick away
As the dreams of May Malone.

Yet I'm glad she fell in the river,
And I'm glad he rescued her;
For I should not want a husband
As frail as the gossamer.
And I'll never break my heart for him,
For the sun has never shone
On one that can blanch the roses
On the cheeks of May Malone!

There are fishes still in the river,
There are birds upon the tree,
But if all men are like Willie
There is never a one for me;
For rather than on so weak a barque
To have my life-freight thrown,
I'd sit by the sea and count the waves,
A maiden, May Malone!

[From the American Odd Fellow.]

A MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

A STORY OF CITY LIFE.

God only knew how deeply that poor mother had suffered. She had given her heart and hand to one of her own station in life—a hard-working mechanic. That she loved her husband above all earthly objects, was plainly evident, for he had been her first and only love. She had long been alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless—and now she turned to him, her husband, with all the worship of a passionate soul and sympathetic nature. She yearned for love returned, such as she had dreamed of, such as she felt for him; and she had reason to believe that she had found it.

One morning, as was his custom, he left her for his daily toil. He had over and over again printed kisses of affection upon her lips, but still she clung to him, until tears started into her eyes, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, George, why is it that I can not bear this parting? Don't think me foolish, but it seems as if I must cling to you and weep—weep from very joy, for my heart is so full. Am I not too happy? Will such joy last through life?"

Playfully the husband patted her cheeks, kissed her lips once more, and left her for his work. As long as possible she watched his retreating form, and then she turned to her household duties, and as she did so, tried to sing and smile; but something choked her utterance, and tears would fill her eyes in spite of all she could do.

Slowly the day dragged on, and the supper hour was approaching. The table had been spread with more than usual care, and a dish provided of which the husband was very fond.

"In ten minutes he will be here," she murmured; but at that very instant she was startled by the violent ringing of the door-bell. She knew not why, but her heart beat with great rapidity, as she proceeded to answer the summons. She opened the door, and saw half a dozen men standing there. Not one of them spoke, but they advanced into the hallway, and from thence into a little parlor, where they deposited a heavy burden they had brought with them.

She did not shriek or faint, but she appeared even calm under the circumstances; for there was the outstretched form of George Avery, her husband; and he moved not. There could be no mistake, for there were the very garments he had worn in parting from her that morning. But the face was so covered with blood that the features could not be distinguished.

Even yet, without a word, a murmur, or a sigh, she proceeded to procure water, and with her own hands she washed away the gore. Yes, it was her husband's face; but pale, and the eyes expressionless; for he was dead.

"How did this happen?" she asked, turning to one of the men.

"Poor George fell from the building upon which he had been at work, just as he was speaking of his home, and of the ending of another week of toil. He never spoke after he struck the ground."

The poor wife did not sink under this blow. She did not even weep; but there seemed to be an unnatural light in her eyes, and an unaccountable calmness about her. Even beside the grave, she did not weep, although it was found necessary to support her, for she could not stand.

And now she returned to her desolate home, alone, although not long to remain so; for her child was born. As she had hoped, it was a boy, and as she gazed upon it, she whispered:

"But for this, I could not have lived—but for this, I should have been placed beside my husband. But I have a sacred duty now to perform. God help me to be faithful to my charge."

One day, after her usual toil, the mother sat reading a newspaper article, where the description of a child having been kidnapped, was given. For a few moments her mind had been absorbed, and then placing her hand against her brow, she murmured:

"Oh, if such a misfortune should happen to me, what should I do? Mine is a beautiful boy, unless I am blinded by a mother's love, and I must guard him with jealous care. Georgie! Georgie!"

The little one had been seated in the front door, and only a moment before she had heard his innocent laugh. But he did not reply to the call of his mother, and springing up, she sought him where he had been sitting. He was not there. She was not especially alarmed, for she supposed that he had only wandered a short distance from the door, although he was not in sight, and walking to the first corner, she felt sure she should find him. Still, he was nowhere to be seen, and the mother's heart began to beat wildly, the blood to course like lightning through her veins, and then for a moment she felt a faintness creeping over her.

Up and down the streets she ran, calling upon the name of her child. Her manner was wild in the extreme, and the deadly pallor of her face gave her an unearthly appearance, and those who saw her had no doubt but they were gazing upon a lunatic. But still, no little Georgie could she find; oh, was he lost to her forever?

Her manner attracted the attention of an officer, and, of course, the first thing he thought of was arrest, believing, as did all others, that the poor woman was thoroughly insane, and might do harm to herself, and perhaps to others. But in a few broken words she explained the cause of her unusual excitement.

To give the mother consolation was impossible; and yet the assurance that the authorities would institute an instant and thorough search, brought some relief; but it did not lessen the efforts of the mother.

But the night wore on, and from very exhaustion she was compelled to seek her desolate home. But she could not rest. Up and down her humble apartment she walked, ever and anon calling upon her boy; but no response came, save from the night wind, which seemed to moan in sympathy for the mother. Now she would snatch up a toy or a little dress, and pressing it to her throbbing breast and fevered lips, would burst into tears; and they were blessed drops, for they relieved the heart, and kept it from breaking yet.

Morning came, and an officer stood at her door. She hastened to admit him, and upon his face she sought to find the word hope, written. But it was not there. Indeed, he appeared to be an ill-omened messenger, who brought bad news, but struggled between the breaking of the tidings, and the secret which he held.

"I am calm—very calm," said the mother, in a voice scarce audible. "I am prepared for the worst—tell me all."

"I fear there is no hope."

"No hope! No hope!" and she repeated the words slowly. "Yes, there is hope—in Heaven. Tell me, is my child dead?"

"Do you know this dress?" and the officer produced a tiny garment. She clutched it, and replied:

"Yes. It is the one worn by Georgie when he disappeared."

"Then all is over."

"Over! Then tell me how! Where is the body? Where did you find this dress?"

"It was found down by the river."

"And the body—where is that?"

"Only the dress was found."

"But he wore it. How came it stripped from his person?"

"Madam, it is evident your boy wandered from his home to the river's side, and that he fell into the water. You see the dress is badly torn. In falling, it was caught upon an iron spike, and his weight stripped it from his person; for we found it hanging there."

"And you could not find the body?"

"No. At the time the accident must have occurred, the tide was running out strongly, and the corpse may have floated miles down the bay."

"Oh, find him for me—find Georgie for me!" and the poor mother could say no more, for she fell fainting into the arms of the officer, who gently placed her upon a couch, and then summoned assistance.

And the mother did cling to hope.

Day after day she passed in wandering up and down the fashionable streets, peering eagerly into every carriage, examining the faces of all children of her boy's age, she saw at play, and gazing into almost every dwelling window, and still believing that her child was not drowned but had been stolen. Several times she had been considerably startled, half-smothered cries had escaped her, and she had run with all her speed to overtake some vehicle where she had caught the glimpse of an infant form. More than once she had attracted the attention of the police by her, to them, strange manner, and some there were who thought her insane; but as she appeared quite harmless, she was not arrested.

And so the days wore on, and for six weeks she had kept up this fruitless search. She found that her savings had become exhausted, and it now became necessary for her to resume her toil. She did so, with a heart heavy as lead.

One morning her attention was attracted by an advertisement in a newspaper. A woman was wanted in a wealthy private family to make clothing for a child. Her heart beat rapidly as she read it, she knew not why, unless it was from the fact that the very mention of children caused her brain to whirl and her eyes to grow dim with tears. But at once she started for the designated point. She was admitted by a servant into the presence of the mistress, who examined the applicant closely for a few moments, and then said:

"My good woman, I question the propriety of engaging you, for there is something wild in your manner, and if I am not greatly mistaken, I have often seen you wandering in this vicinity, with an appearance which indicated lunacy. Are you not in the habit of drinking?"

"No, madam, nor do I think I am insane. It is true there is a heavy burden upon my heart, and if you are a mother, you can sympathize with me.

"What is the cause of your suffering?"

"My child—my only and darling little boy—has been stolen from me. You may have noticed me in this neighborhood, but I was searching for him."

A deadly pallor had overspread the rich woman's face, and she hissed through her teeth:

"Go—I can not engage you—go. If you are poor, here is something to relieve you, but quit my house at once;" and the lady tossed Mrs. Avery a bank-note, which would have paid for whole weeks of toil, had she been engaged.

At that instant a child ran into the apartment, laughed innocently, and holding up a toy, exclaimed:

"Mamma! mamma!"

A piercing shriek burst from the lips of Mrs. Avery; and springing up, she caught the little one in her arms, exclaiming:

"My God, it is Georgie, my own lost boy!"

The little fellow was, evidently, frightened at the wild manner of the woman, and beginning to cry, he stretched out his hands toward the rich lady, and said:

"Come, mamma—up—up!"

By this time the lady had recovered her calmness, and attempting to take the little one, she said:

"Woman, I know that you are insane now. Give up that child. It is not yours—don't you see he is afraid of you."

"It is my child, and no earthly power shall part us!"

"Give him up, I say, or I will call the police and give you in charge as a dangerous lunatic. Give him up, I say!"

"Never. Call the police, and I, too, will call them." With the boy in her arms, she made a dash for the front door, which she opened, and was about to descend the granite steps, when she met an officer face to face. The rich lady saw him, too, and exclaimed:

"Arrest that woman. She is a maniac, and would steal my child."

The officer attempted to take the child, while he said to the poor woman:

"You get away from here, and if I ever catch you in this neighborhood again, I will lock you up. I have seen you around here before."

"But I will not give up this child, for it is mine," she shrieked, "and that woman stole it from me. It is mine, and I can prove it."

By this time, as might have been expected, a crowd had gathered around, and as they gleamed something of the affair, they demanded that each party should be taken before a justice, where the merits of the case should be decided. To this arrangement the officer consented and in a short time after, the rival mothers were at the police court, the rich woman backed by her husband and their friends, while Mrs. Avery was all alone, unless her God was with her.

The justice listened to the story of Mrs. Avery, and it was given as it had been recorded here, but with almost too much wildness of manner to produce altogether a favorable effect. Meanwhile the child had been kept from both claimants.

"Now we will listen to you, Mrs. Bradley," said the justice, addressing the rich lady.

Calmlyh se told herstory. Her husband and herself had been absent in Europe for the past three years, and had returned but a few weeks before. During this absence, her child, little William, was born. She was the daughter of one of the most respectable and wealthy gentlemen in New York, was herself wealthy, and the idea that she should steal the *brat* of any poor woman, was simply preposterous. The person who had presented such claims, was evidently insane, and was a dangerous character to be permitted to have her liberty. She should be shut up in some insane asylum.

Other witnesses were examined, who declared that they had frequently observed Mrs. Avery, that her actions had always been very singular, and that they had looked upon her as a lunatic.

"How long is it since your child was taken from you, Mrs. Avery?" asked the justice.

"A little over six weeks, sir."

"At his age he would scarcely have forgotten you yet. Now let both these claimants go to him, extend their hands, and ask him to come. We will see to which he will cling."

Both women advanced, and extending her hands, Mrs. Avery said:

"Georgie, come to mamma."

The little fellow gazed upon her with something of wonder in his expression, and half extended his hands. But Mrs. Bradley instantly exclaimed:

"Willie, dear, come to mamma."

The child turned to her, stretched out his little hands, was received, and then laid his head upon her bosom, repeating the word:

"Mamma! mamma!"

"It is enough," said the justice. "The child belongs to Mrs. Bradley, and Mrs. Avery is evidently insane. Remove her, for upon that question we must have a further hearing."

"Stay," cried the poor woman, "and I will give you further proof that you are mistaken. Permit me to take the child in my arms for a few moments, and I will convince you. During his six weeks, absence from me, he has almost forgotten his mother, but he will soon remember her. I pray you, let me take the boy only for a few moments."

"Give her the child."

She took the boy in her arms, and seated herself. She caressed him tenderly, spoke a few simple words, such as children are accustomed to, and then said,

"Georgie, sleepy-by, and sing."

The little fellow dropped his head upon the woman's bosom, and commenced a murmuring sound, adding plainly the word, "by-by-by."

"Say, 'stop that,'" repeated the mother.

"Stop a-that," answered the child.

"Say, 'Ella.'"

"Ella," came in distinct articulation.

"What do you hear?" asked the mother.

"Hark! hark!" repeated the child.

With tears standing in her eyes, Mrs. Avery sprang up, placed the boy in a seat, caught a bit of paper from the table and wrote a few words upon it. This she handed to the justice, who read it, and nodded assent.

Then the mother, turning to her boy, said:

"Georgie, mamma is going to pray."

"Instantly the boy closed his eyes, and folded his hands across his breast. And the mother repeated, in slow and earnest words:

"Oh, thou Father of the orphan, and the widow's God, protect this mother and her child."

There was quite a pause before the little fellow opened his eyes and unfolded his hands. Then he extended them to his mother, and clung to her with all his strength, refusing to be removed, from her. Those words had brought back recollection, and all was with him as if he had never been separated from that parent.

The justice held up the paper, and his utterance was choked, as he said:

"Mrs. Avery wrote upon this slip just what the boy would do when she spoke of prayer. He has done it—the child belongs to her."

There were few dry eyes in that court room, and while the true mother smiled again with joy, the kidnappers were thoroughly crushed. They slunk from the place, and to avoid a further investigation, they left the city, and all trace of them was lost.

But the whole facts of the case afterward transpired. Mrs. Bradley had married against her father's wishes, and that father had sworn a solemn oath that he would disinherit her. After a time he relented, but would not break his oath. And to "whip the devil around the stump," he had made provisions that the first child should have a very large annual income, and at his own death, that child was to receive a splendid fortune. But eleven years had passed since the marriage, and still the woman was without an heir. The husband and wife visited Europe, and were gone three years. During this absence they had sent word home that the old gentleman was a grandfather. This was not the case, but one of poverty's children, of the suitable age, had been adopted by them, and was to be palmed off as their own. This was necessary, for poverty was staring *them* in the face, and only the will of her father would enable them still to live in affluence.

On the passage over from England the child died. It became necessary for them to find another, and on the very day of their arrival, they had stolen that of Mrs. Avery.

This is a strange world, and events stranger that anything in fiction are occurring every day, all around us.

WOMEN IN PARIS PREPARING TO FIGHT.—A letter from Paris says: "We hope against hope, in awaiting a bloodless termination of the drama. Women are beginning to take an active part, and, according to all past experience of French revolutions, whenever the gentle sex rouse themselves to man's cruelest work the end is sure to be a sanguinary one. '*Citoyennes*' meet nightly in solemn conclave at their different mairies, and issue appeals and inflammatory placards. 'When our fathers' swords are hacked and broken, when our sons and husbands have bitten their last cartouche, our place will be upon the barricades with picks and shovels, and upon the housetops with stones to hurl upon the foe.' So runs the concluding sentence of one of the last of their appeals, printed on very red paper to designate the redness of their sentiments. Others propose plans for a more elaborate system of barricades, suggesting the planting of mines at the corners of the streets, so as to bury all Paris simultaneously in a Sardanapalian heap of ruins, in the event of failure or defeat."

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—A few days since the assistant editor of the Holden (Mo.) *Enterprise*, Young, by name, who had been drinking very freely for some time past, returned from his office to his house to take his wife to a circus, which was exhibiting in town. Shortly after entering his residence two distinct shots were heard inside the house by his neighbors, and they at once repaired to the building, opened the door and entered, when they were appalled by the ghastly sight before them. Sitting upright, and opposite each other, in chairs, were the wife and husband, blood-stained and dead. Crazed with the whiskey he had so long been drinking, the miserable man had taken the life of his wife, and then ended his own miserable existence by his own hands.

THEY WOULD SING.—Three little girls who had buried in a garden in Portsmouth, N. H., the dead body of a pet bird, after consultation, sent one of their number into the house to inquire "if people didn't sing at funerals." On being told that they often did, the messenger ran back, and in a few minutes the three were seen standing hand in hand around the little mound, gravely singing "Shoo fly, don't bodder me."

EMIGRATION.—The report of Com. of Emigration of New York for last week shows the total number of emigrants landed to be 8,994; during the past four months, 35,680 of all nationalities have been landed; the four largest of these are Irish, 9,121; German, 9,383; English, 9,768; Scotch, 1,800. Besides these there are about 4,000 detained in quarantine, a great number of whom are Irish.

THE death penalty has been abolished in Mexico.

The Transportation of Cattle.

The live stock that supplies the New York, Boston, and Albany markets is shipped from five hundred to twenty-five hundred miles. The principal railroads that transport this stock are the Michigan Central, Lake Shore, New York Central, Great Western, Grand Trunk, and their connections. Chicago and Buffalo have the largest cattle-yards in the United States, and are the two principal points where all the cattle are transshipped, bought and sold. The freight-cars in which these cattle are shipped are from twenty-five to twenty-eight feet long, and into this space are crowded upon an average seventeen cattle. In some cases where the stock is smaller than the average they will put in more; and the result of the long journeys is told by a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who writes from Buffalo as follows:

In each car that unloads at Brighton there is often found an animal that those next to him have trampled to death. We have it from reliable authority—the superintendent of the cattle-yards at Buffalo—that nearly one per cent. of the humanity-forsaken creatures upon the long routes meet their fate in this way. The larger number of those that are not dead, come reeling and tumbling out of the car at the end of these long routes as though they were blind or intoxicated. So, in regard to crowding, about which so much has been said, it is much better that they should stand close, so they can support each other. But if we are considering the humanity of the animal, certainly we hold the matter of individual health equally important. These dead animals that have died from starvation and paralysis, as it were, are also dressed for market and find their way to our tables to give us strength and health! Did an individual partake of a dish like this, being informed of its condition, he would certainly hold his health of light value.

There is another evil, for which we see no remedy, in the present system of transportation, and that is that it is not unfrequent to see cattle come out of the cars with one horn broken off, or even both bleeding and hanging from the hide, where they had been torn from the head. In a feature of transportation that seems to have excited much attention from the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we failed to see the enormous extent of its inhumanity. It is the matter of goading the cattle by the drovers and owners with a long steel probe, to prevent them from falling down or being trampled upon. The most of the probes we saw were small, dull brads, or blunted sticks, that could not inflict much suffering, although there may be instances where the cruelty practiced in this custom may be very severe; but we personally saw nothing of this that was barbarous, although we have heard from men of position and character, and have seen cattle, after they had been dressed for market, full of dark-stained holes that had been made in this way.

Sheep, from their timid nature, suffer much more in their transportation than oxen or cows. At the cattle-yards in Buffalo the New York Central Railroad has one building eleven hundred feet long and one hundred feet wide, that will house twenty thousand sheep without crowding. It was a cold, chilly morning that we visited the yards, and to see those sheep, about three car loads, without fleece, and shivering with the cold, seemed pitiful. If any of our readers have ever seen a sheep when it is suffering with hunger and cold, or disease, looking at them with that sad, pleading, mute expression, we are certain that they will agree with us that it will awaken what humanity one possesses.

We were told that sheep appear in market as early as February, with their fleece sheared off, shivering, and often freezing with the cold. When men for the gain of a few cents, will practice such barbarous torture to a poor animal, if public opinion cannot check them, legislation should. A man would be no more a sufferer to take from him his warm clothing and expose him to the cold, than is a sheep.

Sheep are more timid than other animals, and for that reason there are more of them killed and lacerated in loading and unloading. If their legs are broken or caught in the openings of the cars, they are often permitted to remain so. As I looked in upon the sheep at the cattle-market, and saw the large number that had the foot-rot—a malignant, contagious disease that attacks the hoof and extends through the whole system—I pledged with myself that mutton would not be one of my favorite dishes in the future. One certainly of every ten was more or less infected with the disease. And this lot, we are informed by the live-stock reporter, was much better than the average.

Rules for the Care of Sheep.

1 Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let them stand or lie in the mud or snow.

2. Take up lamb bucks early in the summer, keep them up until December 1 following, when they may be turned out.

3. Drop or take out the lowest bars as the sheep may enter or leave a yard, thus saving broken limbs.

4. Count every day.

5. Begin graining with the greatest care, and use the smallest quantity at first.

6. If a ewe loses her lamb, milk her daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt.

7. Let no hogs eat with the sheep, by any means, in the spring.

8. Give the lambs a little mill feed in time of weaning.

9. Never frighten sheep if possible to avoid it.

10. Sow rye for weak ones in cold weather, if you can.

11. Separate all weak, or thin, or sick, from those strong, in the fall, and give them special care.

12. If any sheep is hurt, catch it at once and wash the wound, and if it is fly time, apply spirits of turpentine daily, and always wash with something heating. If a limb is broken, bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells.

13. Keep a number of good bells on the sheep.

14. Do not let the sheep spoil their wool with chaff or burrs.

15. Cut tag-locks early in the spring.

16. For scours, give pulverized alum in wheat bran; prevent by taking great care in changing green for dry feed.

17. If one is lame, examine the foot, clean out between the hoofs, bare the hoof if unsound, and apply tobacco with blue vitriol boiled in a little water.

18. Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe, and save carefully the pelt of any sheep that dies.

DRY GOODS.—There has been a moderate activity in the dry goods market during the past week, the sales mainly depending on orders which have been very largely received. All fabrics composed mostly of wool are very firm, the raw material being in no excess, and there being no possibility that prices will be lower. There were imported into New York during the last month $11,-000,000 worth of dry goods, against $8,-000,000 for the same month in 1870.

The Tehuantepec Canal.

Two communications are published from M. Fernandez, one of the engineers of the Commission appointed by the Mexican Government to co-operate with the American surveying party. In the first of these, he says: "I have officially informed you of the results of our reconnoissance, which are very satisfactory, because they manifest clearly the practicability of supplying the projected canal with a sufficiency of water, principally from the river Goatzacoalcos. Although the distance that the water has to be brought and the difficulties of the soil will render the work costly, I believe that for political and commercial reasons the United States will prefer this to any other route. All our efforts now are toward presenting the project in the most convenient and economical manner. We (Mexicans) are especially interested in studying the question under all possible aspects, and in proposing all the measures we can for its realization, in view of the great influence which it will exercise on the future welfare of our country."

In the second of these, Senor Fernandez reports as follows: "The main course of the Goatzacolcaos runs in many parts between mud embankments, forming heavy torrents, in which the water rushes with grert velocity, but as we ascended we noted that the bed of the stream increased in width, and the hight of the cascades diminished, without materially decreasing the volume of water. Above the River Blanco we found no other affluent of importance, and it appears that the river makes no great curves from its main course. The measurement of the volume, made at 5 and 7½ miles above the confluence of the Balanco, gave 37 cubic yards per second, a quantity which is estimated as sufficient for the supply of the canal. When we were on the left bank of the river, near 21 miles east of Santa Maria, the barometer indicated nearly the same hight of water as the Chivela. At this point the natives of Santa Maria refused to proceed further, and returned to their village, obliging us to retreat for want of provisions. Nevertheless, we obtained an important result, namely: that the Goatzacoalcos can supply the water required for the canal at elevated points. Besides, there is a well-founded expectation that upon ascending the river an altitude of greater hight than the Tarifa table lands will be found with an abundant supply of water. With the view to exactness, and to escertain how to conduct the water most conveniently and economically, Mr. Fuertez, with some members of the American Commission, has again left for the river, and will execute this branch of the work. In the mean time I shall employ myself and the Commission under my charge, in exploring the rivers Chicopa and Astuta, which we have not as yet explored, and will return to Goatzacoalcos. The reconnoissance of the lakes of the Sonth has been commenced by the officers of the American ship of war, who were sent for that purpose."

Two Men Kill Each Other.

One of the most remarkable personal rencontres ever recorded in the annals of this city occurred on Tuesday last, resulting in the instant death of the notorious William E. Rose, and of the equally notorious Jesse Robinson. Rose shot Robinson fatally through the body and then ran. The dead man (as it were) pursued, without heeding the icy hand of death upon his vitals, or the dread eternity, upon whose very brink he reeled, and, with his last agonies of exertion, emptied his revolver at his enemy, inflicting wounds which proved instantly fatal, after which he himself almost instantly expired. Since the event this community breathes freer, as many citizens of Jefferson were constantly apprehensive of violence from one or the other of these men. Several suits brought against them in the name of the State of Texas will abate on account of their death. Several of these indictments were for assault with intent to murder. It is a curious coincidence that Rose and Robinson were both convicted of murder by military commissions and sentenced to death. The findings in the case of Robinson were disapproved by General Reynolds, and he was set at liberty.—*Jefferson (Texas) Radical.*

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.—The eminent Dr. Joule gives the full weight of his opinion on the side of those who believe that, in nearly every instance of steam boiler explosion, rupture takes place simply because the iron, by wear or otherwise, has become unable to withstand the ordinary working pressure. Various hypotheses, set up to account for explosions, are worse than useless, as they divert attention from the real source of danger. One of these hypotheses—that which attributes explosions to the introduction of water into a boiler, the plates of which were heated in consequence of deficiency of water, Dr. Joule regards as quite inadequate to account for the fact, although allowing that weak boilers may be exploded at the moment of starting the engine, in consequence of the swelling of the water through renewed ebullition, throwing hot water over the heated plates. The absolute necessity of employing the hydraulic test periodically he considers so well established that its neglect involves criminal culpability.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A Mr. Hubbell, of New York, who had been spending the night with the family of the late H. B. Tainter, at Paterson, started to leave the house by the basement, desiring the servant to close the door after him. While she was following him to the door an invisible pistol was discharged, and the girl screamed and fell. Mr. Hubbell surmising there were burglars up stairs ran up and aroused the family, but everything was found orderly. On searching his person he discovered that it was his own pistol that caused the accident. He put it unloaded into his pocket with some cartridges, one of which, it is supposed, worked its way into the barrel, and became ignited by friction with some pennies he also put in by mistake. The shot penetrated the girl's side, and produced an ugly, though not fatal wound.

A LOW VALUE.—The people of Hayti are enjoying the full advantage of a depreciated currency, and it is no wonder that they are anxious to preserve their independence and their paper riches. One dollar in gold is worth $500 of Haytian currency. If a man buys a hat worth three dollars and tenders a half eagle in payment, he gets back $1,000 in change in good paper money of the "Black Republic of Hayti." A person with a few hundred dollars in gold may enjoy the sensation of enormous wealth by the simple process of exchanging it for paper money. Its equivalent in commodities may not be any such great matter, but if he keeps the money what matters it? He may easily be worth a million and enjoy the grandeur of it as perfectly, if he be a true philosopher, as though it was of hard gold.

CURED.—A young minister, whose reputation for veracity was not very good, once ventured to differ with an old doctor of divinity as to the efficacy of the use of the rod. "Why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me it was for telling the truth." "Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you, didn't it."

A Detective Case.

Some years since, a gentleman stopping at one of the hotels of Washington, D. C. (who upon this occasion will be called Brown), sent a letter from the hotel to his wife in New York, containing $50. The letter was not received, and Mr. Brown called at the Post Office Department to make a complaint. In due time a case was made out and placed in the hands of a well-known and experienced detective, who, for this occasion will be designated as Seekem. After putting this and that together, Seekem came to the conclusion that the clerk of the hotel was the guilty party, and proceeded to demonstrate his convictions for the satisfaction of Mr. Brown and all concerned. With this object in view, he prepared a couple of "Eve's apples" (decoys) for the young man's benefit, should he choose to taste thereof. Letters from the hotel were forwarded to the post-office morning and afternoon, so Seekem first went to work on the morning mail, but his "apple" turned up all right.

Seekem then started on another tack. He gave about $50 (bogus) to Mr. Brown, and persuaded him to write to Mrs. Brown, enclosing the money, and to leave the rest to him. The letter was written in a very conspicuous place, at a dinner-table at the hotel, it being so arranged that no one should see him (Brown) write the letter but the suspected individual, who was called upon to furnish paper and an envelope. Mr. Brown remarked to the clerk that as Mrs. Brown had failed to receive the last remittance, he must send her some more, at the same time denouncing post-offices in general and the Washington office in particular, where, he said, he had no doubt his money had disappeared.

Well, the letters from the hotel were received at the Washington office, and there was no letter for Mrs. Brown, of Fifth avenue, New York. Seekem was elated, feeling sure that he had trapped the thief at last. He went carefully through the Washington office, so as to be sure that there was no mistake. The letter, however, could not be found.

Seven o'clock that evening found Seekem at the hotel in consultation with the proprietor and Mr. Brown. It was determined to arrest the suspected clerk at once, and bring forth the missing greenbacks. The suspected man was called up stairs and ordered to "shell out" all the money he had upon his person. The clerk swore by all that's blue that he had not a dollar about him. This, of course, did not satisfy the sagacious Seekem, so he proceeded at once to "go through him." The only reward for his labor was a dilapidated ten cent piece, which the fellow said he did not know was there. Not to be baffled in this manner, Seekem went through the clerk's room and his desk in the hotel office, but the money could not be found. The poor clerk did not know what they were looking for until Seekem demanded to know what he had done with Brown's letter and money. He denied all knowledge of the affair, and Seekem was compelled to abandon the job for the time being.

Nothing more was known about Brown's letter until three days afterward, when Brown himself entered the post-office in a very excited state of mind and inquired for Seekem—said he must see him—that it was of the utmost importance that he should see him at once!

A gentleman mildly suggested that if he knew what was wanted he might help him. Mr. Brown then informed the gentleman that his wife had been arrested in New York for passing counterfeit money, and was then held under $10,000 for examination.

The murder was out, and the hotel clerk was innocent.

Something had to be done immediately for the lady, and Seekem left that night for New York, visited the United States Commissioner, explained matters, and procured Mrs. Brown's release.

Now for the secret of this singular proceeding. On the afternoon in question, when the letter containing the bogus money was sent to Mrs. Brown, the clerk took a walk down to the depot to see a friend off, taking what letters there were in the hotel box along with him, and dropped them in the postal car at the depot—the train leaving at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Brown's letter reached New York, and she subsequently went out shopping. She tendered in payment a bogus $10, and the storekeeper objecting, she offered another, which was also declined, the dry goods dealer informing her that both were counterfeits. Then she showed him the remainder of the $50 that was sent to her, and he pronounced the whole of it bad. Meantime a clerk had been dispatched for an officer, and Mrs. Brown was taken into custody. The lady protested in vain, and was taken to a station-house, where a friend of Mr. Brown's gave bail for the wife's appearance for examination. The husband was then notified, and the remainder is told above. Seekem never heard the last of that batch of counterfeit bills.

Let in the Sunlight.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in an article in the *Christian Union*, on mistakes in our houses, specifies the "exclusion of sunlight" as one. She says:

We wish the importance of admitting the light of the sun, freely, as well as building these early and late fires, could be properly impressed upon our housekeepers. No article of furniture should ever be brought to our homes too good or too delicate for the sun to see all day long. His presence should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And a walk in good, bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by a veil or parasol, when inconveniently intense. A sun-bath is of far more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun-bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, sunlight, and homes kept free from dampness, will secure many from heavy bills of the doctor, and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupation deprive them of sunlight.

THE PERILS OF A "MERRY-GO-ROUND."—Death upon the merry-go-round is the latest phase in England. A London paper say: "We hear from Derby that during the Easter pleasure fair a large whirligig or swing-boat in full play broke from the bar on which it was hung while loaded with people, and discharged its screaming freight to the ground with terrific force. A dozen out of the swing-boat cargo were seriously injured. Two children were picked up for dead, and were carried to the hospital without hope of recovery, two others were taken away in almost as bad a plight. It is only a wonder that accidents of this kind do not occur more frequently. The proprietor of these ramshackle affairs never think of testing them except with customers; and the excursionist, eager for the delightful frolic of being hoisted up and down, or twisted round and round for a penny, is as careless of his life as a music-hall acrobat."

Somebody alludes to that "peculiarly impressive tread which nothing but a returning jury in a murder trial has."

Notable English Cheese.

To this day it is not clearly known why the cheese made in Cheshire differs so much from that made in other counties; the Cheshire folks are glad that it does so, because a good price is thereby always obtainable; but dairy farmers do not agree in their explanations of the causes. The milk, we are told, has the curd separated from the whey by means of rennet; the curd is repeatedly broken and strained; the cheeses are much pressed, and are placed in wooden boxes which have numerous holes bored in them; through these holes sharp skewers are stuck into the cheese in every direction, so as to drain out every particle of whey. Unless the whole cheese becomes a solid mass without any admixture of whey, it will never earn the name and fame of "prime Cheshire." This is one reason why cheeses of exceptionally large dimensions are so difficult to make; the trouble of getting out the whey is almost insurmountable, while its presence is obnoxious. The dairy-maids must be healthy and tidy as well as expert; for until all the modifications of milk into cream, curd and whey are completed, very slight changes in the atmosphere and condition of the dairy-may bring about important and injurious results. It is known that Cheshire dairy-maids are sought for in other districts, in a belief that the excellence of the cheese depends much upon them. Fuller, in his Worthies, adverts to this, at the same time qualifying it with the proviso: "Cheshire doth afforde the best cheese for quantitie and qualitie; and yet the cows are not, as in other shires, housed in winter. Some essaied in vaine to make the like in other places, thoughe they fetched their kine and dairie-maides; it seems they should have fetched their grounde too, wherein is surelie some occult excellencie in this kind, or, else so goode cheese will not be made."—*All the Year Round.*

Something about Gilding.

In treating of the characteristics of gold, in *The London Mechanics' Magazine*, Prof. Dembinsky says gold is so extremely ductile that a grain of it is capable of extension over an area of 56¾ square inches. Gold is employed for gilding the surface of copper, brass and silver by the following different processes: Hot gilding for the ormolu, the bright French gold for ornaments of all kinds; the metal to be gilded is first washed with a solution of nitrate of mercury or amalgamating water, which gives a silvery surface; to this surface an amalgam of gold and mercury is applied, from which the mercury is driven off by heat. The color is then brightened by burning it on Calder's wax, formed of wax, verdigris and blue vitriol; it is then polished and brightened by a boiling solution of common salt and cream tartar. Some adepths heat the article on a hot iron plate provided with small apertures, and when heated apply some solution of iodine and yellow ochre with a brush. German gilding of silver is performed by a solution of gold in nitric acid, to which sal-ammoniac and alembroth (a triple salt formed by salt and ammonia and corrosive sublimate) have been added. This solution of gold evaporates to the consistency of oil, and is then applied to the silver nickel, both of which it blackens, but they appear gilded on being heated. Gilding is also performed by rubbing the metal with the ashes of linen rags which have been impregnated with a solution of gold. Wet gilding by merely dipping the work in a solution of gold. Gilding by the well-known process of electro-plating.

Eggs in New York.

The receipts of eggs at this market since the 1st of January have been larger, perhaps, than for any preceding season, and prices have been lower than for nearly ten years. Last year there was more profit in eggs to the farmer than in almost anything he sent to market; consequently, a large number of hens were raised and kept over, and our supply this year has been very abundant. At the low prices ruling last week (15½ cents per dozen) the consumption was very large, as there was nothing in market that could compete with eggs for cheapness. This demand, with a falling off in receipts toward the close of the week, caused considerable of speculation, which led to an advance of 2 and 3 cents per dozen. The higher prices have again brought stock to market more freely, and we note a heavy feeling with a downward tendency, and prices will without doubt decline below the lowest point yet reached. The general impression of the best-informed dealers is that those who look for high prices for any length of time this season will be mistaken. Fresh shad, which are becoming very plenty, always interfere with the use of eggs. The receipts from the 1st of January have been 148,093 barrels, against 97,522 barrels last year, or an excess this year of 50,571 barrels. —*New York paper.*

A Mirage in Mobile Bay.

The day was mild, calm, and partially cloudy. The vessels in the bay were attended by images of themselves hanging above them in the air—sometimes doubled, and generally distorted and imperfect. There was, however, one splendid exception to this rule. Far up the bay—ten, twelve, fifteen miles, or more—lay a bark at anchor—only her upper spars being visible. Immediately above her hung an inverted image of herself, distinctly visible and perfect in all its parts, but with its masts pointing downward, and its hull above. Immediately above this last—keel to keel—floated a third presentiment of the same bark, restored by double inversion to its proper position. The two phantom barks were distinct and clearly defined; the real one was imperfect. Away in the farther distance the cloud that hung over the bay was flecked, on its utmost verge, with the images of white sails, the originals of which lay entirely beyond the range of vision. Some of these aerial photographs appeared, from the direction, to be taken from vessels at or very near the Mobile wharves, thirty miles on.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF GIVING.—The beacon light that shines over a few leagues of the ocean and now and then saves a vessel from shipwreck, does but little good when compared with the polar star which guided the daring mortal who first launched a boat upon the waves, and which still shines over the whole northern hemisphere, a star of good omen to every benighted sailor and traveler. Yet would you for this reason abolish the light-house? And thus, how small and insignificant is the light of the polar star when compared with the light of the sun at noon-day, enlightening every habitation and cheering the hearts of all men? But would you blot out the polar star from the heavens because its light is small when compared with the sun? No, oh, no! you would say, let the lesser lights shine because they are of use to the world, though the greater lights are much more important, and the same reasoning holds good in relation to giving.

The number of communicants belonging to the Presbyterian Church in the principal cities is as follows: Philadelphia, 18,137; New York, 15,716; Brooklyn, 7,468; Cincinnati, 3,352; Chicago, 3,273; Baltimore, 2,683; St. Louis, 2,112; Boston, 743.

Ventilation of House-Drains.

The Builder, in reviewing the report of the Royal Sanitary Commission, says: "The basis upon which a system of ventilation of drains must be effected, is the consideration that sewage consists of two fluids, the one liquid (the sewage proper) and the other gaseous, the foul air liberated by the decomposition of sewage; and as these two kinds of fluid travel in opposite directions—the one downward, by gravity, and the other upward, by reason of its having less specific gravity than the atmosphere (at least some of the component gases have, and those most injurious to health), it follows that, to construct a channel merely for the one part, without completing the work by providing an exit for the other, is to make an imperfect work; for as the formation of gases can not be prevented in the sewers and drains, they will accumulate in the higher parts of the drains (and those are in and close about the houses), until their elastic force drives them through the traps and soil-pipes into the houses, unless a ventilating pipe be so connected with the drain as to carry off those injurious gases. A plan, which has succeeded, is to carry up from the head of every house-drain a pipe, of three or four inches diameter, to the top of and a few feet above the highest part of the roof of the house. The eruption of the confined gases will not then tend to force themselves through the traps, but will freely ascend the channel provided for them, and when they make their exit from the mouth of the pipe above the roof, they become sufficiently diluted with atmospheric air to become harmless to the dwellers below, for they have the tendency to still further ascend, until, indeed, they become practically annihilated."

The Yacht Maria.

About two months ago it was rumored that the once-famous yacht Maria, formerly the property of Commodore Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club, had been lost at sea, and it is now reported that the rumor was set afloat at that time to cover up the murder of the Captain and the seizure of the vessel by the crew. At the conclusion of her racing career, the Maria was sold, and was altered into a working boat. After making may successful trips to different Southern ports, and gaining a great reputation for speed, the Maria was chartered by a Southern firm, and on the 12th of July, 1870, sailed for St. Andews, under the command of Capt. Martin,

The vessel was last heard from in December, when she reported at Nassau, having her Captain and all hands sick. Since that time no report has been received by her owners, but it is said that two seafaring men recently arrived in New York, state that the Maria is running the Cuban blockade from a Southern port, under the command of a Spanish Captain, and that rumor is current to the effect that Captain Martin had been murdered by his crew. Captain Barkalow, who has been to Cuba, shares, it is said, these suspicions, and has taken steps to insure her seizure by the United States Consular authorities in Cuba, San Domingo, New Providence and Aspinwall. The Government has also, it is said, ordered the United States cruisers to look out for the Maria.

A MURDER MYSTERY IN VIRGINIA.—The fiendish murder of Charles Friend, a respected citizen of fifty years, living in a fine villa about a mile and a half from Petersburg, Va., is compared in many of its features to the Nathan tragedy. Mr. Friend had walked alone to Petersburg in the evening, and when returning along the railroad, and within half a mile of home, was approached from behind, and a fearful blow from a club dealt on the back part of the head, crushing the skull and felling him to the ground. A train approaching, the assassin, who lurked near, dragged his victim upon the track, but Mr. Friend, retaining still strength and consciousness, succeeded in crawling off the rails just in front of the train. Soon he felt himself raised, as if by a friendly hand, and led across the bridge and to his own lane. Here he was again assaulted with the club, and his nose and cheek-bone smashed in. He was able to cry out, and being heard and carried to the house, lived long enough to describe the circumstances of his murder, and to assert his belief as to the assassin. No clue to the real criminal is yet found.

HOW A JURY VOTED.—A California paper tells how the jury in the case of Mrs. Fair made up its verdict, the statement being made, it is claimed, in the words of one of the jury: "During the progress of the trial not one juror spoke to his fellow-jurors of the case, and when we retired to make up a verdict no one knew anything of the opinion of his fellows. On entering the jury-room the first thing done was to cut a piece of paper into twelve pieces, and to number them from one up to twelve. These were put in a hat and drawn, and the slip drawn was the number of the juror. On these slips each juror wrote his finding in the case, and when his number was called put it into the hat. When I wrote my finding, murder in the first degree, I hardly thought there would be another such finding on any of the slips, but when the slips were all deposited and taken out and read, to my great astonishment it was found that each juror on the first and only ballot, had voted just as I had, murder in the first degree."

A Tough Story.

An Ohio traveler is telling the following story at Dayton. Her name is Prairie Ward. She says she has walked all the way from San Francisco to Dayton; that she is forty-nine years of age; that her father's name was Armstrong; and that he was a Wyandot half-breed. Her mother, she claims, was a daughter of Russell Bigelow, Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary. In 1825, when living near Columbus, Ky., she was stolen by Comanche Indians, and carried to the recent Territory of Nebraska, where, at the age of thirteen, she was married to David Ward, a half-breed, by whom she became the mother of eleven children. Her husband afterwards joined the army, and she stayed with the tribe. They murdered the children, ate their flesh, and danced in their blood. She afterward escaped, taking the long walk above mentioned, and is in Ohio to find out her relations, having an aunt living in Bellefontaine.

WE HOPE IT IS TRUE.—A talented buggist out West thinks the potato bug will not vex the soul of frugal farmers this year. He says the potato bug dies after laying its eggs. The warm weather, late last autumn, deceived the bugs into laying all their eggs, which they should have deferred until the spring, lying dormant during the winter. The bugs died according to programme, and the frosts of winter destroyed all their larvæ. It is more than probable, however, that the bugs will turn up all right when the time comes.

THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.—Important news has been received from Algeria, where the condition of affairs has decidedly improved. The Arab insurgents have been defeated in an engagement in which their leader, Kilife Mokrani, was killed.

Facts and Fancies.

Summer dresses of thin material are to be elaborately trimmed with velvet and lace.

The "Red Stockings," of Boston, defeated the Olympics, of Washington, by a score of 20 to 18.

There is a man at Niagara Falls now who has actually succeeded in cheating the hackmen there.

It is asserted that a great deal of the mischief in the world has been wrought by homely women.

Cyrille Dion played two games of billiards in Toronto, Canada, with Samuel May, winning both.

Milwaukee, Wis., receives every day from 100 to 200 barrels of pigeons by the St. Paul Railroad.

The Roman Catholic Church is reported to own $50,000,000 worth of property in the State of New York.

A new color, called blue green or peacock green, is very fashionable for bonnets and costumes this season.

The latest style of bracelets is composed of four strings of large gold beads, with a diamond or pearl clasp.

Gold, silver, and jet daggers, with fancy heads, are now worn as ornaments in the hair, with the addition of a lace barbe.

Many ladies give as an excuse for marrying for money that they seldom find anything else in a man now-a-days worth having.

Con. for circus-goers: Why is the elephant the most sagacious of travelers? Because he never takes his eye off his trunk.

The oldest house in Connecticut having recently been knocked into splinters by a stroke of lightning, the next oldest house is jubilant.

Little Dick's mother asked him what kind of nuts she should buy for him. "Doughnuts, mamma, me can crack 'em with my tooths."

A new style of ear-ring is in the shape of a tambourine, the bells of which jingle pleasantly at every movement of the wearer's head.

A Canada man "April-fooled" his butcher by paying a debt nineteen years old. The butcher is waiting for several others to do the same.

King William of Prussia is a practical printer. All his family are obliged to have some trade. He chose to be a printer, and wrought at the case three years.

A woman has died in London from drinking twenty-six glasses of gin. The liquor was stolen from a spirit-store, and the man who gave it to the deceased is in custody.

A Cleveland merchant lately received a package labeled "1 box Tom. Cats." It took him some time to decipher the the fact that the inscription meant a box of tomato catsup.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle to get possession of a lighted bombshell.

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme, no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

Statistics show that there is about nine times as much coffee consumed in the United States as in Great Britain, and nearly three times as much tea consumed in Great Britain as in the United States.

The Sunday School Workman thus defines true criticism: "To be earnest, but kind; to be forcible, yet gentle. To be plain, and very practical. To direct the criticism in such a way as to effect a real good."

The capacious maw of Chicago and suburbs absorbs every year 160,000 pounds of buffalo meat, 200,000 of deer, 75,000 of bear, over 500,000 grouse, 1,-000,000 quails, 750,000 ducks, and 400,-000 pigeons.

A Boston lady recently consoled herself while enduring a dentist's tortures, by counting the blows struck by the little hammer used in driving in the filling, and reached the surprising number of three thousand.

The editor of a western paper says: "We cannot exist any longer on firewood, maple sugar and sheepskins. We bid our patrons good-by, and offer for sale two hundred bushels seed potatoes, slightly frost-bitten."

It is pleasant, after the high prices at which linens have been sold for a few years, to know that a fall of twenty-five per cent. has taken place this year, though it is rumored that an advance has taken place abroad.

The Russian title of "Czar" is supposed to be derived from Cæsar, and signifies an absolute ruler. The Cazrovitch is the oldest son of the Czar—the heir apparent. The "vitch" is a Russian termination with that signification.

While the Princess Fredericka was arranging a Christmas tree for some poor children at Vienna, for the Christmas of 1869, a burning green wax taper fell upon her arm, and so poisoned her that she is dying a painful death, at the residence of her father, the ex-King of Hanover.

The likeness of Silas Wright will be the vignette of the new $50 Treasury bonds, Edward M. Stanton of the $100 bonds, Thomas H. Benton of the $500 bonds, ex-President Harrison of the $1,-000 bonds. Anson Burlingame of the $5,000 bonds, and John A. Andrew of the $10,000 bonds.

A stranger, observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table, took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered, "It is a rule for counting houses." He turned it over and over, up and down, repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, he inquired, "How in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

"Bob Brown, did you say that my father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog?" "No; I never said any such thing. I never said that your father had not as much sense as Billy Smith's little yellow dog. All I said was, that Billy's little dog had more sense than your father; that's all I ever said." "Well, it's well you didn't say the other, I tell you."

PUGET SOUND.—The Indians of Puget Sound will not kill a crow or a raven, because it embodies the ghost of a defunct Aboriginal. Thunder is made by the flapping of the wings of a mighty bird in pursuit of fiery serpents, which it gobbles. Hence the disappearance of what people not well informed call *chain lightning.* This *Ingens* avis is called Thunder Bird. His digestion must almost rival that of the consumers of that delectable fluid known as "Jersey lightning." The effects are not quite so deplorable, however, for the legend does not state that it makes him a *robber of his mate or his young.* They drive the devil out of women by firing off guns, and making all sorts of infernal noises.

The Indian who is guilty of being the father of twins, is driven into the woods to abide alone for three months. Triplets condemn him to perpetual bush-whacking. The result is that among the Wasatch, Tsoo-ez, and Osett tribes on Neah Bay, there are only 80 children to 200 adult females. Among them the old are held in light esteem, owing to the fact that the older an untutored human animal gets the worse he grows.

RIDDLES.—"Divide a hundred and fifty by nought; add two-thirds of ten; so ends my riddle," said the Professor.

"Why, if you divide anything by nought, it makes nothing," growled Mr. Bitter Aloes.

"Does it?" rejoined the Professor. "Macaulay's schoolboy would have been whipped for such a display of ignorance. You may learn some day, Aloes, unless you mend your ways, that infinity is not nothing. C is a hundred, is it not, and L is a hundred and fifty; divide them by nought, and we get COL. Add two-thirds of ten, and then we have COLEN. SO ends my riddle—COLENSO.

"The second is a little sum in arithmetic, so it is useless for Aloes to attempt it.

"Two clerks are offered an addition to their salaries; one has a rise of five pounds every year, and the other ten pounds every two years; which of them has the better bargain, and by how much?"