THE HERALD AND MAIL.

By HORSLEY & CO. COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1875. VOL. XX. NO. 44.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

You thread with tender fingers, oft,
The shining ringlets of my hair;
You tell me they are fine and soft,
And yet, you say, your heart they hold
In their long links of sunny gold—
An idle, willing prisoner there.

And you have told me, when my hand
Lay warm in yours, that in its clasp
Your future waited, great and grand,
If I should choose to let it stay;
But that, if it were drawn away,
All hope would fly beyond your grasp.

And you have said, times not a few,
That death, whene'er it cross your way,
Will find your heart as firm and true
As now, when blithe, and young, and fair,
You gauge me by my shining hair
And by my smiling eyes to-day.

And, though I think a truer heart
Ne'er breathed on earth than yours, I know
That if, with hand in hand, we start
On life's long journey, there will come,
Ere one of us in death is dumb,
Words of regret and bitter woe.

For you love beauty; and some day,
When Time comes by and finds me fair,
He'll turn, with touch of sure decay,
The golden links to gray—and lo!
Your heart will slip its bonds, and go
In new-found freedom otherwhere.

And the white hand, whose clasp in yours
Makes all, you say, your life is worth,
Might, even as its touch assures,
Be strong some day to cross your will,
And, right or wrong, persist until
It should become your bane on earth.

And when death comes, as come it must—
To me, suppose—'twill better be,
If, looking on my quiet dust,
You can say faintly, through your tears,
"We have been friends for many years,
And she was very dear to me"—

Than that, with bitter, parting sigh,
You should look back, far back again,
Along a wasted life, and cry,
"Ah, better had I lived alone!
For we had long estranged grown,
And life was naught but constant pain."

So, friends in deed, and word, and thought,
Let us shake hands and go our ways,
And some time, when the years have brought
Their many changes, we can see
That it was better things should be
Just as they were in former days.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

O world, both gifts were pure and bright,
Holy and sacred in God's sight—
God will judge them and thee aright.

"Two beautiful fine boys as ever was! A sad pity she did not live to set eyes on them!"

"She's better away, poor thing; there were naught but pining afore her, and her but weakly at the best."

"And there's naught other afore them, poor babes, as I can see," rejoined the first speaker, a pinched up, hard-featured woman, whose sharp face softened for a moment with a passing gleam of motherly feeling as she bent over the m t whereon lay two hour-old infants, lustily announcing their safe arrival in the world where no place seemed ready for them.

"What's to do with 'em?" asked the second woman, looking dubiously at the new-comers. "They've neither kith nor kin to work for 'em, and there's mouths enough here without 'em. Best car y 'em to the poor-house, say I."

"Best charity would be to smother 'em," croaked a withered old hag who was spreading her shriveled trembling hands over the shovelful of fire in the grate, and eyeing wistfully the broken glass of gin from which a few drops had been poured down the dying woman's throat, in the vain hope of reviving the failing life.

There was a knock at the door as she spoke, and it was pushed open as gently as its broken, one hinged condition allowed, admitting a gentleman, who stepped hastily forward and bent over the inanimate figure lying on the floor.

"Gone!" he ejaculated. "Well, well, it's just too late then—and just as well, perhaps," he added under his breath. Then, catching sight of the babes, "Whew—twins! That is more than we bargained for. Here, Mrs. Brooke," he called out, going to the door—"come in—come in!"

A comely, comfortable-looking matron answered his summons, and stepped gingerly, picking her way, into the wretched room, looking strangely out of place as she stood there, with her plump, smooth face and rustling, ample dress.

"What will your mistress say to two, Mrs. Brooke?" continued the surgeon, as he pointed to the two children lying beside the dead mother.

Mrs. Brooke glanced around the room—such a room as had never before entered into her easy ideas of life—as though she were too lost in amazement to notice his remark.

"And this is what poor Lucy came to," she said, at last, shaking her head; "it is a judgment and a warning, surely. And she so pretty and handy too, and as nice a hand at a bow as I ever wish to see! She's gone, sir, is she? Ah, well, the young go quicker than the old sometimes."

"Amen," groaned the old woman by the fire, joining in the conversation with a hazy idea that some such ejaculation was suited to "the quality," and would show her just appreciation of the presence of death. "The pretty darlings are kindly welcome, ma'am, as I was just a-saying to Polly Sauders, though we be puzzled above a bit what to do with 'em. Likely Lucy had some grand friends, ma'am?" she hinted, sidling up to the portly dame, who shrank away visibly from the contact.

"Yes, yes, my good woman," answered Mrs. Brooke, hastily stopping her skinny hand threatening her arm with some parcels she had been carrying under her shawl; "here, take these. I brought poor Lucy some tea and things, and as she—perhaps you will take them, as you seem kindly interested in her. Doctor," she wound up appealingly, "I need not stay, I think; we can do nothing for poor Lucy; and as for the child, sir—well, sir, one baby is well enough, though I don't hold to it; but two, and such large ones, sir!" as if the size were an additional offense.

"It seems a pity to separate the brothers—it seems scarcely right," the surgeon said, thoughtfully; then, more briskly, turning to the woman, who had been standing listening and puzzled. "Here, Mrs. Sanders, lift up the boys till we see them; they've no one belonging to them, and Lucy's former mistress is willing to take charge of one of them; as for the other, it is a pity——" Here he broke off.

Mrs. Brooke eyed the two infants scrutinizingly, as they were held up for her inspection.

"They are fine children," she said, with reluctant approbation, "and as like as two peas. There's nothing to choose between them."

As she bent over them again, one child opened it eyes. The accidental circumstance decided the fate of the two lives, for Mrs. Brooke lifted the boys into her own arms.

"Pretty dear, it notices already, it do—bless its little heart!" with which perfectly unwarrantable assertion she wrapped the child up in a warm shawl of soft crimson wool, and announced herself as ready to depart.

The doctor lingered behind a moment as the other child, vaguely conscious of diminished heat and comfort from the cessation of contact with his brother, set up a wailing cry and moved its little arms about in search of something warm to nestle against, and found, poor babe, nothing but a rough shawl which grated on the tender flesh.

"Poor little one!" ejaculated the soft-hearted doctor. "You may well cry for the chance you have lost to-day. It seems a cruel thing to leave you here to be educated into a scamp, while your twin-brother will have every advantage in life. But there, there—such as you are born every day;" and the good surgeon hurried away from a scene that was as he felt, no sadder than those his practice brought continually under his notice, and which had only ma le a deeper impression on him than usual because riches and poverty had been brought into startling contrast by the fates decreed to the twin brothers.

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"As bad a case as I ever came across," one lawyer was saying to another through the hum of mingled talk going up from a crowded court house, where they were waiting for the verdict; "no redeeming point about it—simple brute force and low cunning."

"A thorough scamp," was the rejoinder; "he is one of our social failures—just one of those willfully hopeless cases—a child taught to drink and thieve, in and out of jail all his life, going from bad to worse, and never a chance of redemption afforded him. I do not see how he could be anything but what he is—and he is only one of hundreds."

"There you are again, Shilleto, with one of your overdrawn theories about the moulding power of circumstances. Of course I don't deny that education goes for much; but do you mean to tell me that any surroundings could have degraded such a man as, say, Judge Rainleigh into what the prisoner is? It's a difference of nature, not of education."

"I disagree with you," answered Mr. Shilleto. "I think that if you reversed their educations you would reverse their positions. Of course you will say it is one of my dreamy fancies; but I have been studying the two faces all through the trial, and I tell you that there is a remarkable likeness between them."

"Come, come, now—that's a little too strong," was the mocking comment. "Judge Rainleigh's face is particularly intellectual and refined-looking, while the other—ugh! it sickens one to look at it—coarse lips, swollen nose, puffed cheeks, bloodshot eyes that never look straight at anything."

"Just the effects of his surroundings," stoutly maintained Mr. Shilleto—"marks of excess and sin, and habitual fear of detection. I repeat that the two faces have much in common, making due allowance for the refining and brutalizing effect of their several educations. But I grant you the faces are far enough apart now, and the likeness I see does not lie on the surface. Perhaps," he added, laughing slightly at his own earnestness in defending so far-fetched an idea—"perhaps after all the fancy arose from my trying to idealize the prisoner's face into what might have been under happier circumstances. See!" and he held out a pencil sketch to his companion, who started as he looked at it.

"Why, man, you've been drawing the judge all the time that you have been dreaming about the prisoner!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Shilleto smiled faintly.

"No," he said, "I was drawing a fancy sketch of the prisoner; but you see the likeness now."

His friend said no more, but confided to his wife, after dinner that evening, that poor Shilleto was madder than ever with his absurd theories about the effect of education in raising and refining the "lower classes."

Meanwhile the jury had come to their decision, and, as Mr. Shilleto replaced his sketch in his pocket, they came filing into court. The lawyer criticized somewhat curiously the respective faces of judge and prisoner as they once more faced each other, and turned away with a silent laugh at the folly of fancying that anything could have made one share the level of the other.

There sat Judge Rainleigh, a noble-looking man, in the prime of his mental and physical vigor, calm, intellectual, refined, dignified in bearing, polished in manner—facing him stood the prisoner, haggard and brutalized, well-built also, but old before his time, shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, his eyes roving furtively from side to side, his bearing half ferocious, half servile, resembling nothing so much as that of a savage beast longing to spring, but cowed by his keeper's lash.

The verdict of "Guilty" was followed by a low murmur of applause, for the prisoner was convicted of a peculiarly ferocious and brutal murder. He was asked, as usual, if he had anything to say in mitigation of his crime. He did not look up at the question, but continued his uneasy movement from side to side, and wiped with his hand his forehead, on which great drops were standing. In the pause that followed some dim notion of hardship and injustice somewhere—of unavoidable wrong in himself and his surroundings—must have floated mistily across his clouded brain—a notion of suffering as vague as had once made him stretch out his baby arms into the empty cold.

"I've never had a chance," he muttered—"never had a chance, so help me heaven!"

A pitying, sorrowing look crossed the judge's face as he caught the muttered words and felt their bitter truth. Those who knew his private life knew that the object dearest to his heart was to make this reproach impossible, and knew, too, that he daily devoted his time and money to rescue outcast street children, and to give them at least "a chance."

Here, before him, awaiting the sentence of death from his lips, stood one who, as he felt in the depths of his just, merciful heart, was only partially responsible for his evil life, and who truly "never had a chance." Still, law was law, and when broken must be avenged, and with stern lips, but pitying heart, Judge Rainleigh spoke the words that consigned "Slippery Jack" to a felon's death.

When the court broke up, Lord Rainleigh and Mr. Shilleto drove homewards together; they were old and close friends, and shared together many a labor in the cause of the poor.

"Rainleigh, I have provoked Mostyn terribly by a libel on you."

The grave eyes lighted up humorously.

"Did Mostyn defend me against you, Shilleto?"

"Look here," answered the lawyer, producing his derided sketch.

"Caricaturing me!" cried Judge Rainleigh, the look of amusement deepening. "I'll have you up for contempt of court!"

"So you see the likeness, too?" Shilleto exclaimed. "It is very strange; but I drew the prisoner's face as it seemed to me it might have been—as his mother has seen it, and sees it still, if she is living, poor soul!" he added, oftly.

The light faded from the judge's face, and it grew grave and sad.

"It is like looking at myself in a glass," he murmured. "What it might have been, you say. Good Heaven, Shilleto, how pitiful it all is! Can it be possible that the reverse is too true, and that what he is I might have been had I been born and bred as he?"

And the same moon which shone on the parting of two twin-brothers long years before, kissed equally the hot brow of the felon as he flung himself with a curse on his hard pallet, and the bowed head of the gentle-hearted judge as he prayed for the murderer's soul.

Art in Japan.—An Italian school of painting is to be organized in Japan under the protection of the government. The Orientals are becoming decidedly civilized. In fact the time is not far distant when the "Heathen Chinee" will be a myth—a literary fiction of the dim past without a living counterpart an evolution from the inner consciousness of a novelist, with no contemporaneous prototype to give his creation, color or shape. Then the missionaries—pioneers of civilization—will be coming home, leaving the children of the sun to run their religion, and with it their politics and civil institutions, upon the basis of the advanced ideas of the age. When enlightenment has proceeded so far as to enkindle a desire among a people to welcome art within the moral circuit, first the confines of their thought, ambitions and intelligence, then day of jubilee is at hand. The Japs have a higher destiny than tea, fans and fire-crackers. John Chinaman is not forever to "washee-washee." The improved Mongolian is the success of the future.—*Exchange.*

Prices for common horses in England are said to have advanced 100 per cent. in the last twenty years.

A Negro Revival.

A Colored Moody Who Wants "No Foolin' Wid de Lord"—"Better Whispah to de Lord dan Holler at de Debble."

We must give the reader a few specimens of a prayer and an exhortation we heard in a revival meeting among the colored folks. A shining black preacher, glossy as a varnished beaver, gave us a characteristic article in this line. Beginning his prayer in a low and reverential voice, he addressed the Deity as "Thou" and "You" indiscriminately, and sometimes indulging in the doubtful grammar of "Thou knoweth," and "You knows." Soon his words were uttered as a kind of wailing chant, with a prolonged sound in a higher key on emphatic words and syllables. The peculiar intonation, especially when the congregation would catch the key from the plaintive sounds, and unite with the preacher in a piteous moan, between words, gliding down from the dominant note to the minor third below, and dying through diminuendoes into sobs and sighs. The effect was at times thrilling. Some parts of an exhortation which we listened, however, while less eloquent were certainly very practical. The preacher struck nails square on the head as he hammered away. For instance:

"Now, brethren and sisters, we want mounahs heah to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mouhn for your sins, don't come foolin' roun' dis altah. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'hd to be convarted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery. Sometimes you sinnahs comes foh'rd an' holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent; you's no monah. Your foolin' wid de Lord. You comes struttin' up to de altah; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fru you fingahs dis way, an' you cocks up you eahs to see who's makin' de bes' pray'r. You's 'tirely too peart for peniten's You's no mounahs. Ef you comes hear to fool, yo bettah stay away. Bettah go to hell from de pew asleepin', or from your cabin a swearin', dan from de mounah's bench a foolin'. Ef you's not in earnes', keep away from he'eh; don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ouhselves hoase an' weah out ouah lungs a prayin' for you when you knows you's only foolin' wid de Lord? I tells you to be mighty cahful. I want to see you a comin' so buhdened by the weight on you sins dat you can't hold up you heads. I want to see you so heart-broke dat you knees knock togedder when you walk. You mus' be low-minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dus'. De good book says, 'Low (Lo!) in de vollem of de book it is writ.' 'Now, min' dat and be low.'"

Then addressing the members of the church more particularly, he said: "Brederen in de Lord, you mus' be airnes' prayin' for dese pore sinnahs. You mus' wake up. In dis spring time ob yeah, when the leaves is comin', an' de flowahs is a-winklin' an' a-bloomin', what does de leaves an' de flowahs say? Dey says, 'Git up!'" ["Amen! dat's so," from an old brother in the corner.] "It is mohnin, de day is breakin'. Git up. Wake up in the mohnin'." [Amen! wake 'em up, Brodder Clinton," from the corner.] 'Too many ob you fessahs ob 'ligion has been sleepin' ou de wheels ob time. Git up an' put youah shouldah to de wheels. Den when you kneel roun' dis altah to comfoht de mounahs, don't holler." ["Amen, hallelujah," yelled a sister from the women's side.] "Every time you hollers de debble he put another thought in you heart. You'd better whispah to de Lord dan to holler at de debble. Talk low. Let de mounahs pray for demselves. You bodder dem wid your hollerin' Git down lon' 'side dem, an' 'struct dem when dey ax, but don't waste breff ober any who's peepin' roun' listenin' for nice talk. Don't tell de mounah to watch for visions an' wait for miracles. Jus show dem how to res' on de wohd an' resk de promises."—*Mississippi Letter.*

Flies Are Useful—An Interesting Experiment Made.

It has generally been believed that the common house fly was a nuisance and of no earthly use. Prof. Emerson, a noted English chemist, found that flies were not so useless as they are supposed to be, but that as scavengers of the air they are indispensable. Did you ever watch a fly who has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time? He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking herself after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First, the hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insect begins a meal on a lump of sugar. Now the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a smoothing operation; but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking of food.

Prof. Emerson found on examination that the action of the flies was to gather animalcules, which had attached to them in flying about the room. He took a sheet of white paper into the kitchen and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. He had now arrived at something definite; they were not the progeny of the fly, but animalcules floating in the air; and the quick motions of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal.

The investigator goes on to describe how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which existed there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bed rooms or well ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever filth existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies, covering themselves with the minute organisms and greedily devouring the same.

Mr. Emerson, while thus proving the utility of the fly, has added another and lower link to that curious and necessary chain of destruction which exists in animated nature. These infinitesimal animalcules from food for the flies, the flies for the spiders, the spiders for the birds, the birds for the quadrupeds, and so on up to the last of the series, serving the same purpose to man. He certainly deserves credit for an interesting and novel investigation, and for an intelligent discernment which might even attack the difficult task of teaching us the uses—for nature makes nothing without some beneficial end—of the animalcules themselves.

A Strange Goose Story.

All the fish stories that were ever told are quite equaled by the following goose story, which is taken from a recent number of the Yolo (Cal.) Mail:

While hunting in the tules near the sink of Cache creek, recently Abe Green, an old hunter, discovered a petrified wild goose, standing upright, with legs buried about one-half in the adobe soil. He thought at first it was living, and creeping near, fired his gun at it, but the bird did not budge an inch. Walking up to it, he found it dead, and, in trying to pick it up, was astonished at its immense weight. It had turned to stone, and a mark on its wing, near the forward joint, showed where the shot had struck it, knocking a piece off. He managed to raise it up out of the ground, and when he laid it down a piece dropped from its breast, disclosing a hollow inside, from which pure, clear water began running. Its feathers were very natural, and its appearance was calculated to deceive—so lifelike. He took it to his cabin, down the canal, a few miles back of Washington, where it can be seen by those who wish to see such a strange and unusual sight.

Ismail Pasha.

The movements of Ismail Pasha, the viceroy of Egypt, are becoming of great interest to Americans, from the fact that this progressive ruler has drawn largely from the United States for his brain power to aid him in his vast schemes of improvement. While Ismail Pasha is, in name, a viceroy of the sublime porte, he is an absolute ruler, and could, if necessary, turn around and whip the Turkish government into a slavish submission to himself. The khedive now has an army of 100,000 men under first-class officers, many of them being Americans, who have gone through the civil war. This army is being daily increased by conscription; railroads are in process of construction for hundreds of miles up the ancient valley of the Nile; careful surveys have been made of the whole country; new and valuable territory has been added; new avenues of trade have been opened, and every agent of modern civilization is being rapidly introduced. In fact Egypt is becoming a powerful state, and the vast enterprises of the khedive, the constant strengthening of his power, regardless of expense, leads naturally to the supposition that he proposes to remain an independent monarch, which on the whole will be better for the Egyptians, heavily taxed as they are to keep up the magnificent government of the khedive. Land is taxed at the rate of fifteen dollars per acre, and the reason of the high rate is obvious from the fact that besides the expensive army and harem of the khedive, and many important public works, he has built sixteen large sugar factories, one of which cost $1,000,000. The employes of these mills are nearly all foreigners, who are paid large salaries. The public debt of Egypt is $300,000,000, but as the khedive is rapidly extending his trade and territory in Africa, the tribute from this source must soon be enormous. In the meantime, whatever may be the designs of Ismail Pasha, whether founding of an African empire, the dream of the old dynasties, or the simple maintenance of his government in oriental splendor, hundreds of talented men from Europe and the United States are finding position and influence there and an extensive field for the exercise of their talents.—*Courier-Journal.*

Brains.

James Boswell, blacksmith, died in Indianapolis on Wednesday night, in a drinking-saloon of the seventeenth grade. This fact might not be of great human consequence but for the fact that a post-mortem examination revealed that his brain weighed sixty-one ounces. This drunken blacksmith has remorselessly demolished some of our admiration for a few of the great men of the earth. The great American orator, Daniel Webster, had a brain which weighed fifty-seven ounces, and all Americans boasted of it. The phrenologists regarded Webster's brain as a rare specimen. This quantity of albumen and cerebral fat, with the phosphorus and osmazome, etc., and the water—though the water didn't go to Webster's brain so quickly as to some—in the head of Webster was believed to account for his greatness. Men traced his reply to Hayne directly to the weight of his *cerebellum* and *medulla oblongata*. We took special pride in the fact that this country had produced a brain weighing fifty-seven ounces. Cuvier's weighed less than three ounces more; Dupuytren's but an ounce more; Napoleon's scarcely any more. When Ruloff, the Greek scholar, college professor, robber and murderer, was hung, and it was found that his brain weighed more than Webster's, we all felt a sense of chagrin, but we accounted for the fact on the ground that Ruloff was built for a great man, a man of genius, but was somewhat erratic, so to speak. That he had a singular talent was admitted. But the death of this blacksmith has hammered all confidence in measuring brains by ounces out of us. He wasn't an Elihu Burritt of a blacksmith, either. He was a corpulent, drunken hammerer, and no more. And a cerebral weight of sixty-one ounces, avoirdupois!

Miss Soldene's Floral Offering.

The New Orleans Picayune of a recent date says: Last night, during the performance of "Mme. l'Archiduc" at the St. Charles theater, in this city, Henry Gallagher became so charmed with Mlle. Soldene's singing that he could not resist the temptation of throwing her a bouquet. Mme. l'Archiduc did not see it at first, as she was singing with her back partly turned to the audience, but as soon as she turned to make the usual bow in acknowledgment of a round of applause, her delighted eyes fell upon the nosegay, and she gracefully stooped to secure it. Just as she did so the seemingly enchanted flowers moved a few feet from where they had fallen upon the stage. The Diva paused for a moment and then made another attempt, when lo! the flowers again drifted away from her grasp. The idea now flashed across her mind—'the thing has got a string to it,' and suiting the action to the thought, she made a desperate rush, pounced upon the flowers and sent them whirling back into the face of the malicious spectator. Then striking a majestic pose, she cast a contemptuous and withering look upon the discomfited Gallagher, who at the same moment felt the heavy hand of a policeman resting upon his shoulder. The Soldene's tormentor was taken to the first precinct station charged with disturbing the peace, and Monsieur l'Archiduc, upon hearing, about the matter, declared that he rather liked it—"it was original."

A Viscountess' Vengeance.

The Viscount De Fulse of the Chateau of La Grangerie, near Tours, France, is now sorry that he brought his family matter into court. He thought his old mother, the viscountess, for some years a widow, was spending money and managing the estates foolishly, and he applied to the proper tribunal to have her restrained on the ground of insanity. She replied in court that the viscount was neither the son of herself nor her husband, and had no right to title or estates, or anything that was hers. He was so much astonished at the revelations his supposed mother made that he wanted to withdraw the suit, but was not allowed to do so. He has to hear it out now, and the old lady is permitted to furnish proof of her assertion. Her story is that her marriage with the former viscount was considered by his friends a *mesalliance*, and the couple wanted to fix it up with the noble family. They thought a child would make it all right, but they had no child of their own. They made arrangements to have a child by giving out that one was coming, and the infant was produced to order. The Viscount De Fulse is that infant, and he is not happy with his title.

Marriage, or Your Money.

A young man who promises a woman to marry her, and backs out of the contract from any cause or motive whatever, stands very little chance before the courts in some localities in England. The woman has the bar, the judges, the jury and public sympathy all on her side, and may count on damages with as much certaintyas if she had the money already in the Bank of England. A very strong case is presented in that of Miss Wynn, an innkeeper's daughter, of Shrewsbury, suing a young man for breach of promise. Hurst had property and was a solid subject. His lawyer offered to provebefore the assizes that Miss Wynn was both intemperate and unchaste. Hurst acknowledged the engagement and a postponement of the wedding. He had written Miss Wynn a letter stating that he had seen her drunk, associating with bad characters in low houses, asking to be let off, and offering to pay all the expenses she had incurred in getting ready to marry him. In court there were witnesses to prove the drunkenness and low associations of the plantiff, but the judges refused to hear them, and told the jury to dismiss all such considerations from their minds in making up a verdict. The presiding judge said he had great doubts whether a plea of intemperance was a good answer to the action. Insanity and bodily infirmities were held to be no defense. He consulted with his brother judge, and the two wise heads decided that intemperance was no defense, and as for the other plea—association with bad characters—was not sufficient. There must be evidence of personal unchastity. A witness was called to prove intemperance, and he was ruled out by the judge. A witness to prove unchastity was also squelched, and the jury brought in damages of £225 for the plantiff. The Shrewsbury girls have a pretty sure thing on marriage or your money. If they don't make it pay it is not the fault of the judges and courts.

Daguerre's Invention

There is an element of interest in the often-repeated story of Daguerre's first invention, that makes Dr. Vogel's account of it an attractive passage—especially that part of it where he describes the chemist's accidental discovery of the means of making new power available for portraiture—something which his first plates did not permit, their preparation requiring a long exposure to light, so that one desiring his likeness upon them "would have been obliged to remain motionless for hours to obtain it."

"One day Daguerre placed aside as useless, in a closet in which were some chemical substances, several plates that had been exposed too short a time to the light, and therefore as yet showed no image. After some time he looked by accident at the plates, and was not a little astonished to see an image upon them. He immediately divined that this must have arisen through the operation on the plates of some chemical substance which was lying in the closet. He therefore proceeded to take one chemical out of the closet after the other, placed in it plates recently exposed to the light, when, after remaining there some hours, images were again produced upon them. At length he had removed in succession all the chemical substances from the closet, and still images were produced upon the plates that had been exposed to the light. He was now on the point of believing the closet to be bewitched, when he discovered on the floor a shell containing quicksilver, which he had hitherto overlooked. He conceived the notion that the vaper from this substance—for mercury gives off vapor even at an ordinary temperature—must have been the magic power which produced the image. To test the accuracy of this supposition, he again took a plate that had been exposed to light for a short time in the *camera-obscura*, and on which no image was yet visible. He exposed this plate to the vapor of quicksilver, and, to his intense delight, an image appeared, and the world was again enriched by one of its most beautiful discoveries."

Some Successful Literary People.

Clemens, the humorist, better known as Mark Twain, has done better than any man of his turn of labor. He has been seven years before the public, and during that time has become rich enough to live on his income. His property in Hartford is worth more than $80,000. Mrs. Stowe has made more than any other American woman, and has probably cleared $100,000. This may seem like a large sum, but when it is scattered through a quarter of a century, it is not such and immense thing as it first appears to be. Marian Harland (Mrs. Terhune), who has written industriously for twenty years, has probably made $15,000 by a dozen novels. Perhaps Mary J. Holmes has done equally well. Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge) enjoyed a good sale for her books, for the first few years, but her vanity got the better of her judgment, and she quarreled with her publishers. Her next book was devoted to the quarrel, and it at once impaired her popularity. She has a corner in Harper's papers and also in the Independent, but will never do much in books again. Her impudence toward the venerable John Todd, who differed with her in opinion, showed how the vanity arising from success spoils real talent. Walworth, who was shot by his son, never made much out of his books, and they were, in fact, too inferior to sell without extraordinary puffery. Josh Billings (Shaw) has found unusual popularity. He is witty and says many wise as well as funny things. It seems a pity that such a clever fellow should be obliged to borrow the jokes of poor Artemus Ward and print them as original, but such is one of the weaknesses of funny fellows.—*Troy Times.*

Brigham Young's Dominion.

The new tabernacle was completed in 1868. It is perhaps the largest building in the world of a single span roof—supported by neither column nor pillar. It is 250 feet long by 150 wide, and the ceiling is 62 feet from the floor. The roof is dome-shaped and surmounted by a flag-staff twenty feet high, from the pinnacle of which the stars and stripes are flung to the polygamous breeze during the session of the conference. The inside of the tabernacle has the appearance more of an amphitheatre or the mechanics' fair building in San Francisco than a place of worship. The seats are arranged in tiers—the most orthodox brethren occupy the "parquette" and "dress circle" nearest the rostrum, from which all Mormon blessings flow. The outsiders take back seats and go up in the "gallery." The rostrum is an elevated platform running almost the entire width of the tabernacle, upon which the bishops, priests, elders and amen brethren sit. In the center of this platform or stage are three semi-circular speakers' stands, about four feet in front of and slightly elevated one above the other. As the spirit of Brigham moves them, the apostles, elders, etc., pop up and speak from this stand, according to rank. To the right of and adjoining this platform is the big organ.

This is the third largest organ in the United States, and the largest ever built in this country, those at Boston and Brooklyn having been brought from Europe. All the wood and other material used in the construction of this huge wind concern were obtained in this territory, except the metal pipes, of which there are two thousand. This organ has two manuals—the great and the swell. It requires two able-bodied men to keep it pumped full of pious wind, while one plays it out. The music, or rather noise, is about on a par with that resulting from a blending of Scotch bag-pipes and Chinese gongs, and usually before conference week the nervous women and children are notified to leave town. It will soon be played by water power.

The Wife of Macready.

In his book of reminiscences, just published, the actor Macready describes at length the circumstances which led to his acquaintance with the excellent young actress who afterward became his wife, which are not without a touch of romance. During an engagement at Glasgow, on the night of his benefit, a pretty little girl, about nine years of age, was sent on at very short notice to act the part of one of the children in the "Hunter of the Alps." She was imperfect in the words she had to speak, having had no time to learn them. Not being aware of this, Macready gave her a good scolding which cost her many tears. Their next meeting was as follows:

"Dressing and breakfasting at Montrose I reached Aberdeen about noon, where I saw my name announced in the playbills for Richard III. as I passed from my hotel to the theatre. Two young girls were walking up and down the stage, apparently waiting for the business of the morning to begin. One, the manager's daughter, was a common-looking persons; the other, plain but neatly dressed, was distinguishable for peculiar expression of intelligence and sprightly gentleness. She rehearsed with great propriety the part of the prince of Wales, and was introduced to me by the manager at my Virginia for the next night's play. On the following morning she came an hour before the regular summons to go through the scenes of Virginia and receive my instructions. She was dressed in a closely fitting tartan frock, which showed off to advantage the perfect symmetry of her sylph-like figure. Just developing into womanhood, her age would have been guessed more, but she had not quite reached fifteen. She might have been Virginia. The beauty of her face was more in its expression than in feature, though no want of loveliness was there. Her rehearsals greatly pleased me, her acting being so much in earnest. There was a native grace in her deportment and every movement, and never were innocence and sensibility more sweetly personified than in her mild look and speaking eyes, streaming with unbidden tears. I soon learned her little history; she was the support of her family, and was the same little girl whom I had rebuked some years before for supposed inattention at the Glasgow theatre. My engagement with Mr. Ryder was for three weeks, divided between the towns of Aberdeen, Montrose, Dundee, and Perth; and as the same plays were repeated by the same performers, my opportunities of conversation with this interesting creature were very frequent, which, as they occurred, I grew less and less desirous of avoiding. Her strong good sense and unaffected warmth of feeling received additional charms from the perfect artlessness with which she ventured her opinions. The interest with which I regarded her I persuaded myself was that of an older friend, and partook of a paternal character. All the advice my experience could give her in her professional studies she gratefully accepted and skillfully applied, showing an aptness for improvement that increased the partiality she had awakened in me. I could have wished that one so purely minded and so naturally gifted had been placed in some other walk of life; but all that might be in my power or her advancement I resolved to do. On the last night of my engagement at Perth, I sent for her into my room, and presenting her with the handsomest shawl I could procure in Perth, I bade her farewell, desiring her, if at any time my influence or aid in any way could serve her, to apply to me without hesitation, and assuring her she might rely on always finding a ready friend in me. As I gazed upon her innocent face beaming with grateful smiles, the wish was in my heart that her public career might expose her to no immodest advances to disturb the serenity or sully the purity of her unspotted mind. My way lay far away from her, but her image accompanied me in my southward journey, and I may say, indeed, never after left me."

The engagement did not take plac until two or three years afterwards Up to that time Macready had cherished a deep interest in the young lady, had given her no small amount of excellent advice, but as yet no word of love had passed between them. Still their affection for each other was no less deep for not being delirious.

"During my absence on the continent the young actress. Miss Atkins, whose innocence and beauty had made a deep impression on me, had removed with her family to Dublin, where her talents were appreciated, and were in the course of successful development. Our correspondence continued there, and became more frequent and more intimate. A sudden and heavy calamity befell her in the death of her father and brother, who were drowned with most of the passengers in the Liverpool packet, wrecked through the misconduct of the captain, in a calm sea, at midday, on the Skerries rocks. Such a disaster could not fail to weigh with most depressing influence on her spirits, and to draw forth the tenderest expressions of sympathy and condolence from me. The actual state of my feelings I could no longer conceal from myself. I indulged in the pleasing dream that my interest in this young creature was limited to a friendly and paternal solicitude for her welfare and professional advancement; and now awoke to the undeniable conviction that love was the inspiration of all the counsel and assistance I had rendered her. This disclosure was no longer withheld from her; her answer to my declarations and proposals was acquiescence in all my views, and under her mother's sanction it was settled between us that our marriage should take place as soon as possible compatibly with the arrangements with which I was bound. It is but simple justice to her beloved memory to repeat the truth that although in a worldly sense I might have formed a more advantageous connection, I could not have met with qualities to compare with the fond affection, the liveliness and simple worth that gave happiness to so many years of my life."

Swallowed One Knife Too Many.—The case is mentioned of an American sailor who died in Guy's Hospital, London, a post-mortem examination of whose body showed that his disease was due to his repeated exploits of swallowing knives, from the effects of which he had been sick for three years. The first time he swallowed fourteen knives, became sick, but recovered, and commenced again, betting from time to time on his bravado exploits. While on an English ship he swallowed seventeen knives in two successive days; but this appears to have been too much, and after long suffering he died. fourteen of the knives were found in his stomach, but, strange to say, partly digested, the iron parts as well as the horn handles. The stomach itself was not at all injured. He had a good appetite to the last, and his sickness and death were alone caused by the haft of a large knife becoming immovably fixed across the intestines.

Modern Vandals in Rome.

In Mr. Augustus Hare's book, "Walks in Rome," recently published, he alludes to the insensibility to, and want of appreciation of, landscape, sylvan, and horticultural beauty manifested by the Roman municipal authorities in carrying out recent improvements. The Villa Negronia Massimo, the most beautiful of Roman gardens, with the grandest of old orange avenues and glorious groves of cypresses, amid which Horace was buried, a villa whose terraces dated from the time it belonged to Mæcenas, and which was replete with recollection of the romantic story of Vittoria Accoramboni, of Donna Camilia Perretti, and of Alfieri, has been ruthlessly and utterly plowed up, so that no trace of it is left. "Even this, however," Mr. hare goes on to say, "is as nothing, compared with the entire destruction of the buildings which remain. The baths of Caracalla, stripped of all their verdure and shrubs, and deprived alike of the tufted foliage amid which Shelley wrote, and the flowery carpet which so greatly enchanced their lonely solemnity, are now a series of bare, featureless walls, standing in a gravelly waste, and possess no more attraction than the ruins of a London warehouse." Then with regard to the Colosseum, he writes:

"The Colosseum, no longer a 'garlanded ring,' is bereaved of everything which made it so lovely and so picturesque, while botanists must forever deplore the incomparable and strangely unique flora of the Colosseum, which Signor Rosa has caused to be carefully annihilated, even the roots of the shrubs having been extracted by the firemen, though in pulling them out more of the building has come down than 500 years of time would have injured."

The Appian Way.

This road was built three hundred and thirteen years before Christ was born. It commenced in the heart of the city, passed under the Porto Capena, extended and extends through Capua, Terracina, Beneventum on to Brundusium. Here and there, it is covered up by the neglected accumulation of ages, but miles upon miles of it remain, solid, clean, smooth, safe to horse and man as the day it was finished.

The Roman Stranahan who built this road, was a park maker. He was the man who wanted to drain the Pontine Marshes, that Garibaldi wants to drain to-day; and he wanted to make pleasure grounds of them for the people. The cost of this road, of course was enormous. But it nevertheless was the cheapest road in the end that man ever built.

The way that road was built was as follows: In the first place a good substructure was dug down to, from this all loose soil was carefully removed, Then strata after strata cemented with lime, was raised on this, and on the last of these was laid the pavement. The pavement consisted of blocks of stone, joined together with exceeding care and nicety of dovetailing, no interstices being apparent. There are none apparent on it to-day, after a world's travel over it for a decade of centuries. The best part of it yet visible is nearing Terracina. Over that road marched the heavy legions of the Cæsars, with their cumbrous wagons, and their pondrous catapults, and over it the male and female charioteers drove their fours in hand to the sunny Adriatic sea, as we our fast teams to Sheepshead Bay. They not even marked its surface!

Treasure Trove.

The finding of the hidden treasure by workmen employed on Staten Island, the other day, has a romantic interest. The place where the gold was discovered is an old manor house occupied by Geo. Dongan, earl of Limerick, in colonial times. The peer dreamed one night that a large amount of gold was hidden beneath the soil of the garden. He related this dream to his retinue, and his lordship, according to tradition, commanded a detachment of his soldiers to flog and scorch John Bodine, the owner of the estate, into the mood of making known the hiding place of this treasure. They confounded his ignorance with obstinacy, and tortured him almost to the point of death. Several of his children had dreams similar to those of the cruel lord, and repeatedly upturned the garden earth. Some time ago the property came into the possession of a gentleman who rented it to Mr. H. C. Windsor, paying teller of the Mercantile bank. Suddenly he and his family disappeared. Then it became known that he was an apparent defaulter. For years afterwards strangers' voices sounded in the old house, and strangers' faces appeared at the windows. While digging about the premises, the workmen came upon a buried treasure in gold coin to the amount of $20,000. In consequence, every well-regulated family in the neighborhood has bought a spade and a crowbar.

Paper Costume Balls.

A New York letter says: "A curious fancy has sprung up recently for historical costume parties, the dresses for which are copied accurately in paper. Last Saturday evening William Cullen Bryant gave one, and since then two others have been given. The dresses for two of these parties were strictly copied in satin, silver, gilt, velvet, tissue, and brocade paper. The designs are cut first in thin paper muslin, and the paper carefully pasted on, then they are put together, and the trimmings and ornaments added, like any ordinary dress. Incroyable costumes, costumes of the time of Francis the First, Charles the Second, and Louis Fourteenth are the ones usually selected, and are really striking and picturesque; quite as much so as when made in real fabrics. Trade in paper fashions has scarcely heretofore risen to the rank of ordinary business. It represents no value in its stock, and has, therefore, been generally considered to require no capital, and exert no influence. But whatever may have been the case in times past, this is not true to-day. One house alone has a thousand agencies extending all over America, into Canada, Cuba, the Sandwich Islands, and Chili, and even over the seas to Germany, Dublin, in Ireland, and Glasgow, in Scotland. This same house orders five thousand reams of paper at a time, and two millions of envelopes, in which the tissue patterns are placed. Its commissions to one agent alone amounted for one week to seven hundred and fifty dollars. Paper must indeed be looking up when it paves so broadly a highway to fortune."

Cork Mattresses as Life Preservers.

The introduction of cork mattresses on board sea-going vessels is urged by the English papers. It is proposed that in place of the hair mattresses now in use, granulated cork mattresses should be used. One of these mattresses, as at present made, is capable of floating a weight of sixty pounds in the heaviest seas. By making the hammocks and mattresses of cork, a good means is obtained for saving life. Another advantage is that they can be rendered instantly available by the passengers and crew. The Russian and German navies have already adopted this reform, and the English government is about to adopt them. Secretary Robeson, in his last report to congress, alluded to the subject but, of course, it was a great deal too important and essential to receive any attention on the part of that body. Our ocean steamships ought to use them, if they have not already done so, and passengers, if they are wise, will avoid steamers that do not carry them.

Some Curious Results of Experimental Surgery.

The power of the lower forms of animal life to withstand mutilation is well known. Cut an angle worm in two, and the tail end will reproduce the head and the head a tail. Other worms may be cut into many pieces and each fragment will straightway develop a complete worm. A polyp will endure decapitation a score of times, a new head growing on every time. In like manner, the stomach of one of these creatures is capable of developing all the other parts. Still lower in the scale, the normal method of multiplication is by division, and elementary cells of more highly differentiated organisms seem to retain more or less of the primitive character. By virtue of this inheritance, spiders reproduce their lost limbs and crabs their claws. In the higher forms of life, the power diminishes so far as complex organs are involved; still it is retained to a much greater degree than is commonly supposed.

Pull out a hair or a finger nail, and it will grow again. Remove a portion of the skin and it will be renewed, unless the wound is two broad or the life of the surrounding parts too feeble. Even then it is possible to transplant to the denuded surface minute particles of skin from other parts, and in a short time these epidermic islands will extend their borders until the wound is covered and the sore heals with scarcely a scar. In like manner a severed finger may be made to grow together again, and an amputated nose built up in form with live flesh from the cheek.

In such cases muscular fibers as well as skin are restored or reunited by internal growth. This may be observed also wherever a deep cut is healed. It has been found, too, that the muscular tissues which perform involuntary motions in the interior of the body possess the same power of self restoration. It is this recuperative faculty which enables the cattle of Abyssinia to supply their barbarous owners with steaks without losing their lives. The hungry savage throws his ox upon the ground, makes a cross cut in the skin of the flank, lifts the skin and cuts out a chunk of beef for his dinner, replaces the skin, and drives on rejoicing, trusting to internal growth to restore the mutilated part to health and soundness.

In every wound of the skin or muscle, nerves are severed. The restoration of the functions of feeling and motion, with the progressive healing of the wound, shows that the nerves are likewise capable of reparation. The renewal of nerve connection has been watched in cases, where, as is sometimes necessary, a section of a large nerve has been cut out. In a couple of months after the nerve is cut, a gray lump appears on one extremity of the severed nerve. Growth proceeds towards the opposite nerve end until a new connection is made, at first more slender than the original; but by degrees the nerve elements increase in size and whiteness, until, in from four to six months, the nervous cord is fully restored. This process, it is said, goes on even when two inches of nerve has been excised.

About a dozen years ago it was demonstrated that cartilage, formerly supposed to be incapable of renovation, was also subject to the same laws. The cartilaginous tissue of dogs and rabbits was divided, and at the end of two months was found to be completely restored. Similarly the tendons by which muscles are attached to bones are able to reunite when severed or torn out; a fortunate circumstance for a prominent clergyman of this city, whose *tendo Achillis* was suddenly snapped while walking along the street one day last winter, thus making his foot temporarily useless. Thanks however, to the gradual reunion of the tendon, the crippled limb will in time be restored to usefulness.

Still more remarkable is the restoration of bones, and even the development of bones in abnormal positions by the transplanting of the periosteum, the membrane surrounding bony structures and the principal agent in elaborating them. Formerly, in case of a badly shattered or diseased bone, the amputation of the limb was the only resource. Now the skillful surgeon excavates the damaged parts; and in a few months the limb, which has never lost its form, repairs its losses, and regains its strength. Attempts have also been made to graft healthy bones in place of diseased ones, but they have fallen short of perfect success. The transplanting of teeth has been more successful, and partial success has attended the reproduction of teeth by a sort of budding process. In its natural development, a tooth springs from a little bay or follicle, containing an organ or germ for the production of the ivory of the tooth and one for the enamel. The entire follicle taken from a puppy and grafted into the jaw of an adult dog continues its development, and a perfect tooth is the result. Doubtless the same would occur in human jaws, and possibly the dentist of the future will be prepared to set the germ of a new tooth in the place of each one he extracts, giving the patient a choice of the whole range of mammaliar dentition!

Among the curiosities of this sort of surgery, we may mention the trumpet-nosed rats with which a waggish student puzzled the naturalists of Paris. By grafting the tip of one rat's tail into the snout of another rat, he produced a nondescript creature with a trumpet-shaped proboscis, for which it had no use; yet the connection of the nerves and blood vessels was complete, and the sensibility of the part so keen as to preclude the idea of mechanical attachment. Similarly cook's combs have been furnished with teeth and spurs by transplanting.

A Wonderful and Valuable Weed.

There is a weed growing in one or two gardens of this place, which is possessed of wonderful and valuable curative properties as regards that terrible disease, gravel in the bladder. It is claimed by those who have given it a thorough test, and know whereof they speak, that it will cure the worst case of gravel in twelve to twenty-four hours; that it will give almost instant relief, and will dissolve the worst gravel in twelve hours; that it has been tried in hundreds of cases, and was never known to fail in effecting a speedy and permanent cure. In one case in this county, when it was administered, and under the observation of an old and regular practicing physician, it passed from the bladder of a patient, within twelve hours after it was given, three tablespoonfuls of gravel and sand. It is good alike for man and beast, and is a splendid diuretic. There is a goodly quantity growing in the garden of Mr. L. W. Barrett in this place. It is known here by no other name than the "gravel weed," and was brought to this county in the summer of 1834, from Morgan county, Ala., by Mr. Thomas Knott, an old citizen of this county, and who now resides near this place.—*Shelbyville (Tenn.) Gazette.*

The blue flame from a coal of fire has a temperature of 5,500 degrees Fahrenheit, the flame of hydrogen and of oxyhydrogen, 9,500 degrees. The temperature of the eclectric spark is unknown, but it is supposed to be about 22,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The agricultural hall for the centennial exposition at Philadelphia covers ten acres.

England reads eighty-seven bags of American newspapers every time the mail from this blarsted country gets in.

The empress of Japan cautions her young lady friends about "talking loudly on the street, like the vulgar American girls."

It has been ascertained that bed-bugs can live a year without air or food. Perhaps this is what is meant by "the survival of the fittest."

This conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If S-i-o-u-x spells su, and e-y-e spells i, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells side, why doesn't S-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s i-g-h-e-d spell suicide.

A cotemporary asks: "Is mumps singular, or are they plural?" Both. When you get mumps on both sides of your face at once, they are plural, but they make a person look singular.

"Girls," observes an experienced matron. "remember that those men make the best husbands who can swallow a dozen hairs to an ounce of butter without knowing it."

"Kill him! kill him!" shouted a crowd in Virginia City as they gathered around a hotel. "What for?" inquired a stranger. "He's got on alligator boots and a velvet coat. Mash 'im!"

Scotland spent last year fully £7,000,000 sterling on whisky for her own consumption, which is more than one-half the annual value of the lands and heritages outside of the nine larger burghs in Scotland.

The friends of Mlle. d'Abbe, niece of the ejected Empress Eugenie, are determined to keep that young woman out of the poor-house as long as possible. Her wedding presents cost sixteen hundred thousand dollars.

There is no doubt that Byron was a bad man. He played cards and drank, for in his lines to Tom Moore occurs this damaging admission:

"I've ace high for those that love me,
And a smile for those that hate."

M. Michel, a Frenchman of science, proposes the application of the principle of a bell rung by a change in the thermometer to the discovery of that change in the temperature of the water which indicates the proximity of an iceberg to navigators of the Atlantic in foggy weather.

The barbarous Persians are not slow with their "brilliant weddings," though Jenkins doesn't nourish them as he does here. When the shah's daughter was married last month, she "was vailed with what looked like a waving mass of molten gold, and was taken to her husband's house by soldiers, with candles in the muzzles of their guns."

"I want to know," writes a correspondent, "how you pronounce the Indian name Sioux." We didn't know it was an Indian name, but we usually pronounce it Sigh-oo-ucks. We sometimes fear, though, that the fiery impetuosity of youth may lead us to place too much emphasis upon the *sigh* and the *ucks*.—*Courier-Journal.*

Paris Figaro has this "answer to correspondents:" A note written by a female hand asks us why, in polite society, etiquette allows a lady to pay a visit with her veil down. I really do not know, madame; but I would bet it is the ugly ones who set the fashion, and that it is only the pretty women who make inquiries about it.

That Schenectady man who has thirteen daughters has informed his wife that further additions to his family must be immediately stopped, or Sunday will have to be abolished in his calico-factory until further orders. He thinks, too, that the establishment of a female institute of his own has already become a necessity which knows little or no law.

One year ago she leaned over the garden fence and told him that she would wait for him till her brow was furrowed and her hair turned white, if necessary, and he went away thinking he'd got a soft thing. She's ramming around town now with a fellow who parts his hair in the middle and calls himself "Chawlie," and he's her husband, you know.

Sir Walter Raleigh is reputed to have discovered the potato, but M. Tellier, of Paris, claims the merit of inventing it, as he has in his garden all the year round new potatoes, which continue to increase and multiply in winter under ground; like truffles, as well as in summer by the ordinary methods. He has taken out no patent, and will only reveal the secret if the nation rewards him with an annuity.

It is said that the matrimonial prospects of the Baltimore girls have been seriously damaged by that little incident of five babies at a birth which recently transpired in that city. Inasmuch as the mother of that infant mob merely intended to show what a Baltimore girl can do if she tries, it is really cruel to hold the rest of the girls there responsible for the very remarkable success which attended the effort.

A talented fellow-countryman says that we may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blessed our hearts, whatever memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

"Hair gettin' a little, thin, sir," said the barber. "Young man," said John Henry, looking down upon him from the height of a solemn experience; "young man, when you are married you will never allude in that thoughtless manner to domestic afflictions. No; don't apologize. My feelings are blunted. But is there not some mysterious ungent—some soft, seductive compound—that makes the hair more slippery to the grasp?"

Three stone coffins of great antiquity have been found in Dundee. One contained a skeleton, the body having been apparently buried in a reclining position. Cord had been wound around the limbs, which, with the skull, were in excellent preservation. The second coffin contained nothing; the third coffin was six and a half feet long, and in it were human remains. No clew to the dates was obtained. Two urns—one rough and the other artistically formed were picked up in the neighborhood.

There is an isolated monastery in Turkey inhabited by twenty-three monks who have not seen a woman since infancy. One of them is described by a visitor as follows: "He had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of Panagia (the holy virgin) which hung in every church. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, and that they differed considerably one from another in appearance, manners, and understanding."

"Yes," said the driver of the car to the man who stood on the steps, "she's a mighty nice mare for car work—leastways to look at. Kick? Well you bet. Since I've had her, she's removed the insides from two horses hitched in with her; she's caved in her stall times enough to make one carpenter rich, and livened up more'n one passenger; 'member one case in particular: Nice old gent with youngsters, goin' out for a Sunday picnic; hed a basket of lunch covered up with a table-cloth. Jest as he was gitting off, the mare worked round when I wasn't lookin', and she fetched that basket one clatter with both feet—I don't rightly know but she got in all four—anyways there was lunch for everybody within ten rods, whether he wanted it or not; the paper boys mostly did. Think the old man saved the handle of the ham and the cork of one bottle. Sich a nice-lookin' beast as she is, too. Why that mare has been bought out of the stables not less'n three times 'cause she was sech a gentle-lookin' lady's horse. Well, its good for the doctors and wagon-makers, anyhow. Always staves up the family, and gets back into the team less'n a week. Never was broke, she wasn't; and never will be till she falls off a house."—*Chicago Tribune.*