POETRY.

In Quiet Days.

The dying year grows strangely mild:
Now in lazy autumn weather
My heart is like a happy child,
And life and I, friends reconciled,
Go over the hills together.

My peaceful days run sweet and still
As waters slipping over sand,
Seeking the shadows of free will
To gather tenderer lights than fill
Day's over-lavish hand.

The summer wood with music rings,
The singer's is a troubled breast;
I am no more the bird that sings,
But that which broods with folded wings
Upon its quiet nest.

Oh, fairest month of all the year!
Oh, sweet days in life! they melt:
Within, without, is autumn cheer,
September there, September here,
So tranquil and so sweet.

Oft have I watched all night with grief,
All night with joy, and which is best?
Ah, both were sharp, and both were brief,
My heart was like a wind-blown leaf,
I give them both for rest.

Fair Quiet, close to joy allied,
But loving shadier walks to keep,
By day is ever at my side:
And all night long with me abide
Peace and her sister Sleep.

Harpers Magazine.

SELECTED STORIES.

In the Mountains.

In the fall of 1856 I was travelling eastward in a stage coach from, Pittsburg, over the mountains. My fellow travellers were two gentlemen and a lady. The oldest gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years, he seemed about fifty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished, and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on different topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitious; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change in his countenance. His eyes lately filled with the light of intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious—the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arms tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he became more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain, and descended into the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity that I had at first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and a gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation, and to my fellow-traveler also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler thus proceeded:

"At the age of eighteen I was light of heart, and fear (he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the banks of the Ohio acknowledged me sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance, a stage like this, only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—only three in all—one old, gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature, about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age.

"They had just returned from France, of which country the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to absorb my entire attention.

"The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I knew how the night passed. Presently there came a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan through the forest trees.

"I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning showed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a fearful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge, jutting rocks, far away down its side, the sight made me solicitous for my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiney billet of wood, a stray root of a tempest torn tree, restive horses, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," observed the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I do love a sudden storm! There is something grand about the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encountered a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder storm in the Jura recurs to my mind. But we are on the mountain yet?"

"Yes; we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means." I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, so that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But what's that?" and she covered her eyes from a sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

"Peal after peal of thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder burst, and with a deeper moaning of an animal in dreadful agony, breaking upon our ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow traveller, became as pale as ashes. She fixed her eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, she hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains."

"I reckon we are," was the unconcerned reply.

"With instinctive activity, I put my head through the window and called to the driver, but the only answer was the moaning of an animal, borne past me by the swift winds of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained in vain—it would not yield. At that instant I felt a cold hand in mine, and heard Louise faintly articulate in my ear the following appalling words:

"The coach is moving backwards."

Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at the coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the fierce blast of the tempest, whilst the conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being slowly moved backward!

"What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seemed to me like a frightful dream.

"I rushed against the door with all my force, but it withstood my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and I knew from his desperate plunges that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid flashes of lightning played over our heads. By its light I could see for a moment the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving as if in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheek toward me as if imploring assistance, and I could see the bold glance of the boy flashing indignant defiance at the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll, a desperate plunge, a harsh, grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand around her waist, and seize the fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

"I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my brain was being exhausted, but of that tremenduous descent I soon lost all further knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of all sense and motion."

The traveller paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did when we were on the mountain; he passed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his thrilling narative.

"On a low couch in an humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, joy and sorrow, mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice for a time hushed all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl of sixteen, who refused for a while to hold any discourse with me. At length one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on knowing the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on the ledge of rocks, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady!" I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that made her draw back and blush.

"She was saved sir, by the means that saved you—a friendly tree."

"And her father and brother!" I impatiently demanded.

"We found both crushed to death at the bottom of the precipice and we buried them in one grave by the clover patch, down in our meadow."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you," I muttered in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said she, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"I found her bathed in tears for her kindred, and she received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I need not detain you by describing the efforts I made to soothe her grief, but briefly acquaint you that at last I succeeded, and twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I related we stood at the alter as man an wife. She still lives to bless me with her smiles, but the anniversary of that teriable night she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hour of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," said the traveller, while a faint blush tinged his noble brow, "as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice,

"But the driver," asked he lady passenger, who had listened to the story with much attention, "what became of the driver, and did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the place where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horses."

And thus ended this thrilling and remarkable story of life.

A Clear Case of Luck.

"A good many singular things happened during the war," said John, as he lighted his after-dinner cigar, "but somehow I consider my own case about the funniest of all."

"Ah!" said I, "how is that?"

"Did it never occur to you that it was a little odd that in so short a time I should have got to be a partner in the firm and a married man, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh! you speculated!"

"Not a bit of it; or rather I did, and I didn't, for you know that I detest speculation. I have even made old Mitraille swear off."

"So far it is very clear; but if I knew how you secured a French wife and a rich one, I could understand a little plain English."

Before I went to the war John Devlin and I were fellow clerks in the banking house of Mitraille & Co., in New York. A slight lameness prevented John going into the army; and an utter absence of capital prevented him from proposing for the hand of the pretty Lucille, though I always believed he had more to fear from the gruff old papa than from the lady herself.

Poor as he was, and on a moderate salary, when I returned at the end of the war—a good deal lamer than John had been before it—I found my chum in the full enjoyment of all he had longed for, and with a brown stone front to enjoy it in. So when he volunteered something which promised to explain the mystery, my curiosity was set on fire in a moment. John was a right good fellow and I did not envy him a particle; but I must say I was curious about it.

"Well," said John, "the way of it was this: Have you another cigar? You know a good deal what I was after when you went away, and my chance of getting it then seemed about as far off as the Presidency. It was a clear case of luck, I tell you, and a little more. Old Mitraille had always liked me pretty well, though I was hardly the man he would have chosen for a son-in law. You know all about the unbounded gold speculation in 1862 and 1863. Well, he somehow got into it, steady, old hard-headed banker as he is. Almost everybody went into it more or less.

"The old man had rather missed it once or twice, and got hit pretty hard, though no one but myself knew anything about it—so hard, in fact, that I was a little alarmed at the result.

"I got it into my head about that time that I would like to run down to Washington and take a look at the forts and camps. Somehow it always galled me a good deal that I could not take my part with the rest, and I wanted a look at the thing anyhow. So I called at the house to see Lucille, and get a short furlough, and I succeeded well. That is, I did not see so much of Lucille as I wanted, but the old gentleman gave me leave of absence readily, and added:

"Suppose something may happen while you are dare, eh? You send me telegram, quick."

"Yes," I replied, "but you know the War Department don't allow a fellow to send over the wires just what he wants to."

"Oh, never mind all dat," said Mitraille, "just you send something good or bad, no matter, just the words. I understand mighty quick, ha! ha! Never you mind the War Department."

"And so," continued John, "off I went, without a very clear idea of what was expected, or how I was to do it."

"And now the rest of it sounds tremendously like a page from Munchausen, but it is all a clear, historical fact. Mitraille wrote a letter which got to Washington about as soon as I did, urging me to keep my ears and eyes open, and promising if I sent him anything of importance he would halve with me on the profits. I saw by that how terribly nervous he was getting, and concluded that affairs must be even worse with him than I knew of. Nevertheless, I began to be a trifle excited myself, and though I had a sort of horror of speculation, especially gold gambling, I commenced to look around me pretty sharply for items. Among other adventures I fell in with old Sam Gorham, of Cincinnati, one of our correspondents, and a nephew of his, a queer spoon of a fellow, and we went around sight-seeing together.

"Nothing would do for either uncle or nephew but a continual succession of cocktails, and I had to leave them in their rooms soon after dinner, and somewhat the worse for wear, while I continued my search for information under difficulties.

"I didn't find out anything particular all that night or the next forenoon, but I saw the sights pretty effectually, and about noon I went into my friends' room to wake them up. I found the nephew lolling disconsolately in a chair, and the uncle in bed with a high fever, the natural result of his foolishness the day before. The hopeful youth began the story of his tribulation, by stating that he had expected his aunt there that day, but had received a letter from her saying that she had been delayed and could not come at once.

"I asked him what the doctor had said about his uncle.

"Oh, the old man's right sick, and I reckon I'd better telegraph to Aunt Sally to come on right off."

"On the plea of a splitting headache, he begged me to send his message, and I thought I would send one at the same time to Mitraille & Co. Well, his telegraph, save the direction, read: "Don't wait for anything. Uncle Sam very sick indeed."

While mine was simply, "Nothing stirring. Having a good time."

"Now, how on earth these two little affairs got interchanged is a mystery to me to this day. Perhaps I did it; I don't know; but twisted they certainly were, and somehow both of them passed the censors. When Mitraille opened his, he straightway imagined that something had gone to smash in Washington, and that I had taken a neat way of giving him a hint, and he rushed out and bought all the gold his credit would cover.

"He wrote me an account of his transactions, whose magnitude almost turned my hair gray; and while he thanked me for my hint he begged me to be sure that my information was correct. I thought at first that he was crazy, and then I became pretty near crazy myself, thinking what might be the consequences of the mistake. The first thing I did—this was the next day you know—was to rush into Rigg's and ask the latest gold prices.

"Guess my delight when I found them fairly jumping upward. It was wonderful! Still I was terribly nervous, for all sorts of rumors were afloat, and I knew that gold would fall as quick as it would rise. The feeling grew on me until pretty nearly half-demented, I went into the telegraph office at Willard's, and dashed off—

"It's all a sell, and a big one."

"Well, the old gentleman took that as he had the other one, and not only sold out, but went short to the extent of his line. It was the luckiest thing in the world, for sure enough, within forty-eight hours, things did go down with a crash. I began to feel superstitious; there was something uncanny about it, and I packed my kit and made haste for New York. I did not attempt an explanation, but steadily resisted all the old gentleman's entreaties to go on with it any further. I even managed to persuade him to close up his gold account and quit it. I had Lucille to help me in that.

"The net figure was a very handsome one I tell you, and there was little trouble about making the other arrangements after my bank account was made up. My honored father-in-law has the blindest faith in my judgment; but I told Lucille all about it. What's more I don't and won't speculate, and I won't do business for any firm that does. It's a clear case of luck."

John threw the stump of his cigar into the ashes, and I pulled away at mine, wondering if there was any luck in my getting that piece of shell in my ankle.

A Diving Bell Adventure.

While in the harbor of Valparaiso, aboard the sloop-of-war Virago, one of our midshipmen touched me on the shoulder and said that Lieutenant Bardolph wanted to see me.

"I have heard that you are something of a naturalist, Starbuck," said that officer, smiling.

"No, sir," I replied, "no naturalist, although I take an interest—"

"O, well, never mind," quoth the Lieutenant, "you have seen our diving bell?"

"Yes, sir."

The Lieutenant then said that he wanted me to go down under the sea with our old boatswain, Randolph, formerly a pearl diver, to look for a curious fish, which on the day previous had been pierced and killed with a pike.

In form the fish resembled a serpent; was about thirty inches in length, and had upon both sides of its neck a pair of singular appendages, something like wings. Its most striking peculiarity, however, was one eye, of a greenish color, situated on the top of its head. On being struck by the pike, the creature had rolled over, apparently dying, and then went out of sight.

"I think," continued the Lieutenant, "that such a curiosity is worth seeing, and I have picked you out to go with Randolph, believing that you are interested in natural history."

I bowed acquiescence, and went to make preparations.

The diving bell was soon on the deck and ready to be hoisted and swung over the side. The instrument was a little damaged, though neither Randolph nor I anticipated danger.

We were presently in our places, singing out "All right!" when the bell began to descend.

Down, down, lower and lower. We glanced round us on all sides, but saw nothing of the strange fish. Curious looking specimens of the finny tribes, however, greeted us in many directions. We could see the sword fish dart past, with its long, protruding bone-weapon; the globe fish, the sun fish, the moon fish, the balloon fish, and the spiteful looking shark as he swept through the green waters, almost brushing our bell with tail and fins.

The air was becoming somewhat impure, so we opened the stop cock, and let it out, feeling a moment after a fresh supply sent down to us through the India rubber pipe or hose firmly secured into the top of the bell.

Randolph was about touching the signal cord to intimate our desire to be lowered still further, when we felt a sudden jerk, felt the bell going down rapidly, and to our horror realized that the rope by which the instrument was suspended had parted from the hook to which it was attached.

Away went the "pipe" at the same moment, and we only saved ourselves from instant destruction by stopping up the apperture thus left in the top with a thick handkerchief. Otherwise, the water beneath must have filled the bell in a very few moments.

We heard the water roaring and gurgling round us as we descended; our descent, however, became each instant slower, until finally the resistance of the confined air in the bell kept us suspended about two feet above the bottom of the sea.

The air in our floating prison soon became almost unbearable, not only from its being so densely compressed, but also from long confinement.

Terror-stricken, we glanced at each other. The eyes of Randolph, protruding from his head, looked bloodshot and tinged with a strange green color, while his dusky skin seemed to shrink like shrivelled parchment. The most startling change in his appearance was the suddenly apparently superannuated look of his visage. A man of fifty, he seemed at least thirty years older.

Presently his teeth began to rattle in his head, his form was almost bent double, he threw his arms around him in agony, as if clutching at something.

How horribly useless this pantomime seemed to me! He wanted fresh air—to clutch at air! What a mockery!

"Starbuck," he presently gasped. "God have mercy on us. What shall we do?"

What could we do? I could hardly stare at him, stupid despair.

The air in the bell became more and more stifling. The boatswain flew to my side and squeezed me in his mad agony.

I endeavored to speak, but only a hearse rattle in my throat obeyed my will. My brain began to whirl. I gasped hard for breath. A terrible oppression was upon my lungs. The boatswain had now released me. I staggered against the side of our prison; my senses gradually seemed deserting me.

Gradually, to my confused sight, a dark red mist cloud seemed to float up all round the bell. My head now felt as though it would burst. Terribly oppressed I fell upon my knees, and would have fallen into the sea but for the boatswain, who now held me.

Then all began to grow dark. With a superhuman effort I half raised myself and looked around me, feeling like one groping in the dark. Bewildered, full of the most agonizing pain, I became aware that something was swaying up and down before my sight; up and down in that red mist cloud, mingling with the water. I made another effort—a great effort—to comprehend what it was, this swaying thing, and I at last did so; understood that it was a hook attached to the end of a rope, lowered to us from the deck of the Virago, so far above.

"Starbuck!" gasped the boatswain, "I'll dash open the lens—this was a glass—in the top of the bell; then you stand by to hook it on the inside."

I just managed to hear the words, and they strengthened me with a wild hope, although I was still so bewildered that I could scarcely now see the swaying hook. The boatswain's arm was before my eyes. With one blow of his huge fist, dealt with the remains of his great strength he shivered the lens.

There was a roaring sound; it was the upward rushing of the water into the bell as the air escaceped.

There was no time to lose. I thrust my arm through the aperture and drew in the hook, quickly attaching it to the top of the inside of the instrument.

The next moment the water came bubbling over the heads of the boatswain and myself, and that was the last I remembered of what transpired in the bell.

When I recovered my senses I found myself in the steerage, with the ship's doctor bending over me.

"A narrow escape," were his first words.

"Where is Randolph?" I exclaimed.

"Here," answered a feeble voice, and rising, I beheld the boatswain in a bunk under me.

"He had a narrower escape than you had," said the doctor. "The thumb of his right hand was bit off by a shark, which made a spring for it just as we pulled you two into the cutter, after the diving bell was hauled to the surface."

At New Hampton, England, some houses, designed for laborers, have been built in a novel style. Straw is compressed into slabs, soaked in a solution of flint, to render them fire-proof, both sides coated with a kind of cement, and of these slabs the cottages are built. By ingenious contrivances the quantity of joiner-work is much reduced, and the chimney is so constructed as to secure warmth with the smallest amount of fuel, and at the same time to heat a drying closet. The cost of a single cottage of this description, combining "all the requirements of health, decency and comfort," is only $425.

An unknown man went into a second hand store in St. Louis, a few days ago, bought an old shot gun, had it loaded, stepped out on the sidewalk, placed the muzzle against his side, pulled the trigger with his foot, blew a big hole in his abdomen and died shortly after.

Sleeping in Bran.

According to the London *Lancet*, a plan has been generally adopted in France of placing babes in bran. An ordinary cradle is filled with common bran, a hair pillow is put in, and then the bran is moved aside with the hands, until a hollow is formed the size of the child's body. The infant, divested of everything below the waist, and having a little bodice or cape above that, is then placed in the bran, and its body completely covered with it, exactly as may be seen at the sea-side at the present time, where children play at burying one another in the sand. A light coverlet or counterpane is finally placed above all, and the baby is in bed for the night. The two great advantages connected with brand are said to be its particular cleanliness, and the very pleasant and equable temperature which it maintains about the infant's body. There seems to be no good reason, says an English paper, why the privilege of sleeping in bran, if it possesses these advantages, should be confined to the small and noiser portion of humanity. Bran might be used instead of bedding in casual wards, night refuges, common lodging-houses, and indeed would be far preferable to the dirty uncomfortable beds to be found in full perfection at seaside lodgings. Perhaps the day is not far distant when the sojourner at the sea-side will take with his carpet bag, a folding box and a bag of bran, and bid defiance to dirt, fleas and infection.

What an Occasional Drink Costs.

The New York *World* has been "figuring up" the cost of an occasional drink, and says:

"Once in a while a pensive man may be heard to say, 'I wish I had all the money back that I have spent for drinks for the past ten years.' No one man in twenty who, retrospectively gazing, gives utterance to that wish, has in his mind an approximate estimate of the amount which a person of even moderate bibulous propensities may spend upon drinks in the space of ten years. Leaving wines and expensive liquors quite out of the question, let us see what a plain cocktailist or moderate imbiber of old rye is likely to disburse on his refreshments in the course of a year. Take a very moderate man as a sample. Assume that he drinks every day, one glass of ale, at ten cents, and four glasses of whisky, at fifteen. That amounts to seventy cents a day which makes four dollars and ninety cents a week. Multiply by four, and you have $19.60 a month, which comes to $235.20 a year. Thus, if the man who had carried on at this rate for ten years had lost all his liquor money back, his pocket would be inflated to the tune of $2,252. This is only a small-beer calculation; but think of those who spend five times this sum on liquors, and remember that their name is legion."

Marvellous Chicken Tale.

We learn that a singular and very amusing accident happened to the chickens of a Mrs. Hamilton, near Potersville, Tipton county, Tennessee, a few days ago. Her husband bought a bottle of brandy cherries. After eating the cherries the seed were thrown out, which the chickens ate greedily. In a short time Mrs. Hamilton found that her chickens were all dead. She told an old negro woman that she might pick the chickens and put the feathers in her bed, which she did readily. After picking off the feathers she carried the chickens out and threw them away. Night came on, Mrs. Hamilton was sorely grieved at her loss. Sleep soon swept away her troubles. At early dawn she was alarmed at hearing old chanticleer crowing loudly and the hens cackling. Judge her surprise, when, on opening the doors and looking out, she saw every hen and rooster, young and old, grave and gay, marching round, eyeing each other with suspicion, many of them entirely naked, while only a few had wing and tail feathers. The cherry seed made them "dead drunk."—*Memphis Appeal.*

Poking Fun.

The Western editors are much addicted to rough jokes. Lately a Chicago paper spoke irreverently of the Keokuk Convention, whereupon a Keokuk editor replied that if the Chicago man would attend the convention, and stay over to the State Fair, there would be no occasion for the exhibitors of donkies to trouble themselves about their cattle. The Chicago man thus cornered, took his revenge on a party of solid men of Cincinnati who had set out on a trip to California, without passing by Chicago. The following is given as the bill of fare of the excursionists:

Large baskets were provided, and into each was placed a weeks' rations of the following "grub:"

Fried Sausages, Cold Pork and Beans,
Corn Bread and Ham Fat Sausages
Pork Sausages, Jowls,
Ohio Sausages (Pork,) Cincinnati Sausages,
Longworth Sausages, Pigs' Feet, boiled,
Pigs' Feet, pickled, Sausages,
Fat Pork, Sliced Sides,
Cracklins, Lean Pork, Pigs' Ears,
Cold Shoulder, Fried Ham,
Roast Pig, Pork,
Sausages.

How it came about "That the Goose Hung High."

A practice prevailed in some parts of the South, before the war, to have a "goose pulling" frolic about the holidays, conducted as follows:

A goose would be tied by the feet to the limb of a tree, just high enough for a horseman, in passing under, by raising in his stirrups to reach the head of the fowl and give it a pull. The string not being strong, a sharp jerk would bring down the bird. Each "sport" paid the owner of a goose a "bit" for the chance to pull it from the limb. If he succeeded the goose was his. Sometimes it would be hung a little too high, and so elude the grasp of the catcher as he rode under the branch on which the web-footed bird was suspended. In such case, as the horseman galloped past in quick succession, the remark would be made by the laughing and hooting bystanders, that "Everything was lovely and the goose hung high."

A case of love and lunacy was lately revealed in Paris. A woman of about thirty, tastefully dressed, and of prepossessing appearance, presented herself at the Palais de Justice, and inquired what formalities were necessary in order to get married. She was told that she must apply at the mairie of her arrondissement. On this she suddenly became excited; declared with extreme volubility that she wanted to marry the world in general; that she had been poisoned; had died, and remained six weeks on the flagstones of the Morgue, watching, without the power to move, all the corpses placed by her side, and hearing the conversation of the visitors; and that she had been raised up from that incomplete state of dissolution by the grace of God. Inquiries were made which showed that she had lost her reason in consequence of a passion for her cook, a fine looking man, whose photograph she carried about with her. Measures were taken to procure her admission into an asylum for lunatics.

Tobacco in Heaven.

It is related of the witty Dominican monk Bocco that he had a great dislike to tobacco, and when once preaching to a crowd of Spanish sailors he astounded them by telling them that there were no Spanish saints in heaven. A few, he said, had been admitted, but they smoked so many cigars that they made the Holy Virgin sick, and St. Peter set his wits to work to get them out. At length he proclaimed that a bull fight was to be held outside the gates of Paradise. Thereupon every Spanish saint, without exception, ran off to see the fight, and St. Peter immediately closed the gate and took care never to admit another Spaniard.

Rev. Mr. Perry, a local Methodist preacher, while addressing a congregation at Columbia, Brazona county, Texas, on the evening of the 8th instant, six armed desperadoes entered the church and fired at and killed him instantly. Rev. Mr. Hardwell, the minister in charge, who was sitting in the pulpit, was knocked down by one of the ruffians, but, as he is a very powerful man, he rallied and took the weapon away from his assailant. The assassins then ran out of the house. Seventy freedmen armed themselves and mounted in hot pursuit, with instructions from the United States marshal to bring the ruffians back, dead or alive. A terrible state of affairs exists in that section of the country.

Female Athletes.

The following singular challenge appears in the Boston papers. Surely the Hub is taking the lead in all kinds of reform:

BOSTON, September 17, 1869.

I herewith challenge Kate Murphy to jump three standing jumps, two best out of three, at Savin Hill, Dorchester. She knows where I am to be found.

MAGGIE FISHER.

The Chinese Wall—The Discrepancies of Travelers Reconciled.

Since writing my last letter from the tower of Plangtu, which was forwarded via Pekin to Shanghai, by the kind Father Tumsha, who was returning from his mission in Paris, I have traversed over the sides and ruins of the ancient outworks of the Chinese wall proper, as far as Suetschen, on the border of the desert of Kobi or Schamo, and through the aid of my kind friend and interpreter, Chung Wo, have collected much valuable information without regard to the object which led to the construction of these gigantic barriers, which, in defiance of modern engineering, still remain the great architectural wonders of the world, in comparison with which the pyramids and temples of Egypt are mere specks. This curtain wall varies in distance from the true wall from one mile to ten, and for engineering skill in the selection of defensible points, when we consider that escalade was the only means by which the Northern hordes of Mandschuri and Tsiniggians attempted its passage, it would have tasked the judgment of a Todleben to have found a better line of defense.

The material used for building the first or outer wall was kiln-burnt bricks, and its construction was evidently intended to cover the progress of the more substantial inner fortification of stone. According to the information derived from Father Ing Oo, a learned Bonse, of the Buddhist Seminary Jsaing Poo, the construction of the first wall of brick occupied a period of eight hundred years, during which three millions of workmen were constantly employed. Like the frontiersmen of America, they were obliged to combine the occupations of warror, artizan, and, possibly agriculturist.

During its progress there were upward of two thousand forays and diversions, which must have greatly retarded the work. The inner or stone fortification was commenced, according to the best authenticated accounts, about eighteen hundred years before the advent of our era, and, with its completion, the temporary outworks of brick were probably abandoned, as its line is through a country incapable of producing enough to supply the wants of a garrison such as would be required for its defense. And the economy of the ancient Chinese government required that its military organizations should be self-supporting—the soldiers off duty engaged in the cultivation of the soil or such mechanical employments as were adapted to the wants of the army.

The existence of these two walls has led to the discrepancy in the relation of travellers. Those who have visited it from the north and west contended that it is a structure of brick, in a ruinous condition; and those through the empire, from the south, that it is built of stone, supremely grand in its architectural design, and in a wonderful state of preservation, considering that it has withstood the assaults of time and the machinations of man to accomplish its destruction for at least two thousand and five hundred years since the last stone was laid.—*China Cor. Alta California.*

Cotton the One Great Need of Suffering England.

The London *Times* of September 23rd, in an article on the cotton supply, says:

Mr. Ashworth and Mr. Bright, by different methods, arrive at the same end, namely, that nothing is wanted but cotton. More cotton would start the mills, dispel distress, and silence the clamors against free trade. Of this we are not sure; but we are well aware that the prostration of industry in Lancashire demands attention. Cotton is dear because it is scarce. Why scarce? The crop of the Southern States, with considerable consignments from other points, has enormously increased the supply. If less cotton arrives, Liverpool must investigate the cause. It would be safer to say than Lancashire suffers from loss of trade more than from dearness and scarcity of cotton. The demand for goods are less than it formerly was. If the Americans would take their corn and cotton, the industry would be entirely ours and the supply of material theirs. It is not improbable that the protective tariffs of other countries are answerable in some degree for the depression in Lancashire. It is certain that in this case cheap cotton will not remedy the suffering. The loss of the market is not material. Our manufactures formerly commanded the entire world; they were better and cheaper than those of other countries. What is to be done, now that the people refuse to buy in the cheapest market without free trade? Manufacturing excellence loses its value. If trade is bad in consequence of the restrictions of other countries, the scarcity or abundance of cotton is immaterial. Without doubt Lancashire suffers because other countries refuse to trade freely with us. To attempt to relieve her sufferings by refusing to trade freely with them would be absurd.

The Maoris—Their Ideas of Murder.

The Sidney (Australia) *Morning Herald* of July 14 says:

At the recent meeting of the King natives, one of the chiefs declared, "According to the opinion of you Pakehas, these killings you speak of were murders, but we say they are not. This would be a murder: If I were to kill you now that you have come here on a friendly visit, or if I were to kill Mr. Firth, that would be a murder. If I were to say to-day, in a friendly spirit, 'Come round by this path,' intending evil while professing friendship; if I took you out of the safe path into that of danger, and you were killed, that would be a foul murder. And here are your foul murders: General Cameron told us to send our women and children to Rangiawhia, where they should remain unmolested; but he went away from Peterangi with his soldiers after them, and the women and children were killed, and some of them burnt in the houses. You did not go to fight the men; you left them and went away to fight with the women and little children. These things you conceal because they are faults on your side; but anything on our side you set down against us, and open your mouths wide to proclaim it. That deed of yours was a foul murder, and yet there is nobody to proclaim it."

Buried Alive—A Horrible Case in France.

A terrible story, reported from Agen, and attested both by a doctor and by the Directeur des Pompes Funbres, shows that fear of premature burial in France are not unfounded, in consequence of the law commanding interment within twenty-four hours after death. A young lady of Agen died about a year ago, and was buried in the cemetery of Sainte Foi. A few days since her mother also expired, having before her death expressed a wish to repose in the same coffin with her daughter. A large coffin was accordingly constructed to contain the two corpses, and the body of the young lady was exumed. It was then discovered that the winding sheet had been torn open, and the right hand, which was disengaged from its folds, was deeply marked with bites. On the lid of the coffin were some marks made with the crucifix which lay on her breast, and the whole circumstances of the case left no doubt that the unfortunate young lady had been a victim to the horrors of a premature burial. Intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood, and an official inquiry is to be made on the subject.

Characteristic.

The Omaha *Republican* says: It is said by good judges that the tallest bragging on record was done by the Chicago Commercial party, and done the "heavy men" of San Francisco at the recent match at the last named place. The Chicagoans generally came out a spot ahead, because straining the warp was their normal condition. Finally, in a fit of desperation, and as a last effort for the Golden Gate, Ben H—— turned his face to the west and said: "Well, gentlemen, there is the Pacific ocean; we have discussed almost everything else, what do you think of that?" Chicago promptly replied, "Oh, that is a respectable body of water, but it can't compare with Lake Michigan!"

New Idea in Telegraphy.

Dr. L. H. Everitt, of Louisiana, gave an experiment yesterday at the Fulton ferry-house, Brooklyn, on a new style of telegraph apparatus, professing to transmit sound through wire and dispense with electricity. The doctor discards the old theory of sound being caused by the vibration of air, and holds that it can be transmitted in particles like sparks of lightning. When the doctor fully establishes his principle it will cause a wonderful revolution in the cost of telegrapic despatches.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The culture of tobacco in Ireland is advocated by the journals of that country. Restrictions on the cultivation of the plant were enacted by the English Parliament in 1761, when a penalty of forty shillings was imposed for every rood of tobacco planted in Ireland. These restrictions were removed in 1778, when Lord North endeavored to conciliate the Irish people, but the penalties were again imposed, and are now in full force.

A PROCLAMATION,
BY HIS EXCELLENCY Gov. HOLDEN.

Executive Department of North Carolina
RALEIGH, August 20th, 1869.

WHEREAS official information has been received at this Department that a vacancy exists in the representation from the 8th Senatorial District in the Senate of North Carolina:

Now, therefore, I, W. W. HOLDEN, Governor of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of authority vested in me by Section 15, Article 2, of the State Constitution, do issue this Proclamation, ordering an election to be held on Thursday, October 7th, 1869, for the purpose of choosing a Senator from the said District in place of D. J. Rich, deceased.

Done at our City of Raleigh, this 20th day of August, 1869, and in the ninety-fourth year of our Independence.
[L. S.]
W. W. HOLDEN, Governor.

By the Governor—
W. H. RICHARDSON, Private Secretary.
aug. 21 inwdidwtd

A PROCLAMATION.
BY HIS EXCELLENCY, GOV. HOLDEN.

Executive Department of North Carolina,
RALEIGH, August 20th, 1869.

WHEREAS, Official information has been received at this department that a vacancy exists in the representation from the 30th Senatorial District in the Senate of North Carolina:

Now, therefore I W. W. HOLDEN, Governor of the State of North Carolina, by virtue of authority vested in me by Section 15, Article 2 of the State Constitution, do issue this Proclamation, ordering an election to be held on Thursday, October 7th, 1869, for the purpose of choosing a Senator from the said District in place of J. W. Osborne, deceased.

Done at our City of Raleigh this the 30th day of August, 1869, and in the ninety-fourth year of our Independence.
[L. S.]
W. W. HOLDEN, Governor.

By the Governor:
W. R. RICHARDSON, Private Secretary.
aug 21 498—1awtdwtd.

Wake County Business.

Office Board Commissioners Wake County,
RALEIGH, Sept. 10, 1869.

THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF THE compensation allowed for attendance and mileage to the members of the Board of Commissioners for the County of Wake, from July 4th, 1868, to September 6th, 1869, inclusive, is published in accordance with Chapter XX, Public Laws of North Carolina passed at Session 1868, viz:

J. P. ANDREWS, for 151 days, at $3 per day,	$ 453 00
Mileage—144 miles, at 5c. per mile..	7 20
	$ 460 20
WM. JENKS, for 113 days, at $3 per day,	$ 339 00
Mileage—4,388 miles at 5c. per mile,	214 40
	$ 553 40
C. J. ROGERS, for 150 days, at $3 per day,	$ 450 00
Mileage—4,468 miles, at 5c. per mile,	223 40
	$ 673 40
JACOB SORRELL, for 149 days, at $3 per day,	$ 447 00
Mileage—2,980 miles, at 5c. per mile,	149 00
	$ 596 00
R. W. WYNNE, for 153 days, at $3 per day,	$ 459 00
Mileage—3,040 miles, at 5c. per mile,	152 00
	$ 611 00

The Board has been in session 156 days.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, WAKE COUNTY. } s.s.

I, W. W. WHITE, Register of Deeds, in and for said County aforesaid, certify that the foregoing is a correct statement of the amount allowed to the Members of the Board of Commissioners of said County, as compensation for attendance and mileage from July 4, 1868, to September 6, 1869, inclusive.

W. W. WHITE, Clerk.
520—1aw4w

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