Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME I. FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882. NUMB

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WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROVIDED FOR.

I.

"Good wife, what are you singing for? You know we've lost the day,
And what we'll do with horse and rye is more than I can say:
While the ass not, with storm and rain, we'll lose both corn and wheat."
She looked up with a pleasant face, and answered low and sweet:
"The e's a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel, but cannot see:
We've a ways been provided for, and we shall always be."

II.

He turned round with a sudden glorm. She said:
"Love, be at ease!
You cut the grass, worked soon and late, you did your very best,
That was your work; you'd taught at all to do with wind and rain,
And do not doubt but you will reap rich fields of golden grain;
For there's a Heart, and there's a Hand, we feel, but cannot see—
We've a ways been provided for, and we shall always be."

III.

"That's like a woman's reasoning—we must, because we must."
She softly said: "I reason not, I only work and trust:
The harvest may redeem the day—keep heart, whatever befide
When one door shuts, I've always seen another open wide.
There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but cannot see;
We've always been provided for, and we shall always be."

IV.

He kissed the calm and trustful face, gone was his restless pain.
She heard him with a cheerful step go whistling down the lane.
And went about her household tasks, full of a glad content,
Singing, to time her busy hands, as to and fro she went—
"There is a Heart, there is a Hand, we feel but cannot see:
We've a ways been provided for, and we shall always be."

V.

Days come and go—'twas Christmas tide, and the great fire burned clear.
The farmer said: "Dear wife, it's been a good and happy year;
The truck was gone, the surplus corn has bought the hay, you know."
She lifted then a smiling face, and said: "I told you so!
For there's a Heart and there's a Hand, we feel but cannot see:
We've a ways been provided for, and we shall always be."

MRS. JOSLIN'S BURGLAR.

She bowed her fourth caller out politely and hurried upstairs with an unusual degree of alacrity, for she was a very social little woman, and generally had at least a dozen things to say to her friends after the more-formal adieus were over. This afternoon, however, she was preoccupied in manner, and when at liberty, bounded to her room like an elastic cord suddenly loosed from long tension. Her mother observed her unusual manner, and, following her, came upon her suddenly and found her engaged in a novel work of reconstruction.

She had an entire suit of her husband' clothing, and, at the moment of her mother's entrance, was just completing her work of art by securing a fur tipped underneath a countenance manufactured of charcoal on a ground-work whose ghastliness made it something to remember.

She had just fastened the bristling beard in place and drawn back to gaze somewhat admiringly at the result of her own handiwork when her mother's sudden exclamation surprised her.

"Augusta Joslin, what are you doing?"

"Making home attractive," said that lady, demurely; then she sat down, not gracefully in a chair, I am forced to record, but dumpily on the floor, and dropping her chin to her receiving hands (you all know the attitude), she gazed attentively on her Knight of the Mustache.

"Won't it be funny?" she said, and then she explained, but not so definitely as will be necessary to acquaint my readers with the existing state of affairs in Mrs. Joslin's family.

She was a nice, cheery little woman The heart of her husband reposed in her so entirely that he never thought it necessary to spend all his evenings at home to see to her. Indeed, the largeness of his liberality in this respect was something more bountiful than Madame Augusta was prepared to enjoy. She would have been more than happy could she have had a larger portion of the society of her liege lord. His intentions were doubtless of the very best, but he was the creature of circumstances to a wonderful degree, and it filled his wife's brain with amazement, and her heart with grief, to learn how many friends he had who were liable to be taken suddenly ill, and in consequence to require his fraternal care for the night. There were lodges and various other devices toway upon peering husbands and keep them from their peaceful homes.

After due consideration of all these facts, our little madame resolved upon a plan, whose efficacy she was now about to try. After she had built her man she allowed his comely figure to repose on the floor until the gathering dusk should permit her to station him just outside of the door which opened on a second-story veranda.

She then attached a small, strong cord to the door-knob, let the end pass to the floor and thence to another room, where a dinner-bell was attached, and then back to a point from which she could control it from her bed, her position being that the same movement which should ring the bell should also open the door and reveal the burglar.

With these preparations completed, she went down to tea, with but little hope of meeting her husband, as it was not his habit to trust himself to her society at that hour, unless willing to spend the entire evening at home. For three successive nights he had left her to loneliness and entered at an hour when most she wished to sleep. And, as his entrance was not always a noiseless one, she could not have done so had she been more indifferent than she really was to the loss of his society.

Twelve o'clock. One; and shortly after she heard the familiar step coming rather wearily up the stairs, and ten minutes later the deep regular breathing which assured her that he was asleep.

A little longer she waited, then, rising softly, she put on her wrapper and went to an adjoining room for a lamp which was, on this occasion, to replace the gas She had just placed it where its ray would fall most directly on the incoming figure. She was about to pull the cord which should open the door and reveal the coming man, when her husband suddenly awoke and asked, in a startled manner: "What's that lamp burning for?" then, seeing his wife, "What are you up for? Is anything wrong?' There was but an instant for her to frame a reply which should cover the entire have which must now be made in her plan but she did it. "Oh, there's nothing wrong, Mortimer, only I'm so nervous and it impossible to sleep, so I got up and have been wandering around." With these explanatory remarks she curled herself up comfortably on the foot of the bed, drew a little shawl about her shoulders, and began telling him of the various incidents of the day. Every bit of gossip which had come to her during her morning walk and evening calls was faithfully recounted.

She talked in her liveliest and most engaging style. She asked his opinion of this and that statement, just as he thought she was about to draw to a close. She told him that she had at last found that lovely little song that Mrs. B—— sang so charmingly, and then she warbled out the final strain, ending with a cadenza so stirring that her poor husband gave up all hope of immediate slumber, and began mildly to expostulate:

"Now, Augusta, you're a treasure, you're an angel. You are Heaven's best gift to man, if you will only let me go to sle p now. I assure you solemnly that in all our journey down life's hill together, I'll—"

"Now, Mortimer, don't! You've no idea how I've reproached myself for not making your home more attractive to you. I'm going to be a better woman hereafter."

"All right, my dear! but wouldn't you as soon defer it until to-morrow morning?"

"'Procrastination is the thief of time,' Mortimer! I've often heard you say, on coming in late, that are duties which will not admit of delay."

"Now, Augusta, I'll surrender at discretion and beg your merciful consideration. Be a good girl now. Kiss me good-night and let me go to sleep."

That dreadful woman turned her tempting little mouth to receive the proffered kiss, and her deluded husband, accepting that as a "flag of truce," rashly ran his mouth against a pin. "Thunder and blazes! Are you an animated pincushion?" and, with an indignant bounce he turned his face to the wall and snored resolutely.

Augusta passed a few reflective moments in silence as she had done occasionally at a certain stage of a game of chess. She was evidently considering her next move. "Mortimer, Mortimer!" cried she, in an excited whisper (she had determined on her plan for a checkmate), "Mortimer, hush! There's some one in the house."

"Yes, I should think there was," and then his wife crept closer to him, apparently trembling in every nerve. "There is, Mortimer! Please get up, dear!"

"Now, you've really accomplished what you wished, I suppose. Probably hysterics will be the next card." Entire silence for a short time. There are occasions when nothing is more effective.

"Now, won't you get up, Mortimer, and go through the house and then I will let you go to sleep, but I hear such a queer noise, and I have such a strange feeling. I'm sure there's some one around."

"I wish you would have a lucid interval and go to sleep before it subsides. I'm tired of this."

"So am I," in a nervous, frightened tone.

"Well, come on! If you want a promenade, I'll head the procession, but you've got to follow! No hanging back! Where do you want me to go?" said the desperate man, as with lamp in one hand and pistol in the other, in all the classic simplicity of his nocturnal attire, he confronted his trembling wife; "come on, I say!"

"Go up the tower stairway," suggested she, meekly, and he went.

"Now through the back chambers," and he went, she following somewhat timidly, yet confidence in her husband's prowess supporting her faltering steps.

"Well, is that all?" as they turned from the unsuccessful quest. "Does the men of march halt here? If not, just lead on, General. Can't give the military salute, you know, as both hands are full."

"Just look out on the north veranda, dear, and then I won't say another word."

Augusta ju liciously took the lamp at this juncture, and fell back in order to leave her husband's hands free for the dread encounter. He opened the door emitted a fervent ejaculation, he made a sudden upward and backward movement and he fired his pistol, and these all so nearly simultaneously that their order of succession would have been difficult to determine. Some one fell heavily to the floor, but it was some one behind him and not before him. Had he shot his wife? He turned to see that injured person in a little heap upon the floor holding her sides. He rushed to her.

"My darling, have I killed you?"

"Oh, no! I think I shall get over it;" and then came an explosion which caused him to look again toward the door and see his burglar standing there calm and majestic, gazing at him with what seemed an air of mild reliance.

I think our special artist should have been at hand just then. The few minutes occupied by Mr. Joslyn in taking in the situation would have been full of inspiration to one of genius. It was a *tableau vivant* where the full light fell on the central figure, and all the accessories were entirely classic and simple. Mrs. Joslin will always remember it. She says she could have studied it longer had not Mortimer turned the light out so abruptly.

There was no further conversation that night, but Mrs. Joslin's brief replies to queries regarding the firing of that pistol led to an article in the daily paper headed: "Daring Attempt at Burglary." Mr. Joslin, however, absolutely refused to be interviewed in reference to it, but it was observed that he spent all of his evenings at home for an entire week from that date.

Ornithological Justice.

A most remarkable instance of a sparrow perpetrating a shameful theft, and its punishment, has been recorded by Father Bougeant—the advocate for the existence of language among animals—as having taken place on the banks of the Loven, in Fifeshire. "A sparrow finding a nest that a martin had just built possessed himself of it. The martin, seeing the usurper in her house, called for help to expel him. A thousand martins came full speed, and attacked the sparrow; but the latter, being covered on every side and presenting only his large beak, at the entrance of the nest, was invulnerable, and made the boldest of them that durst approach him repent of their temerity. After a quarter of an hour's combat all the martins disappeared. The sparrow thought he had got the better, and the spectators judged that the martins had abandoned their undertaking. Not in the least. They immediately returned to the charge; and, each of them having obtained a little of that tempered earth with which they make their nests, they all at once fell upon the sparrow and inclosed him in the nest to perish there, though they could not drive him thence."

A MAN often stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

The Influence of Poe.

Poe, like Pope, threw himself into a war with dunces. He hit and thrust at them vigorously; he exposed a score of cheap popularities; he was merciless to the inexpensive reputations then readily acquired by every tootler on the whistle of Miss Eliza Cook. Since the time of Poe American literature has wonderfully advanced in the acquisition of force and polish. American novelists, for example, almost give us lessons in careful elaboration of style, in reticence and in well-calculated effects. American poets are, perhaps, too numerous. That they get a hearing as they do, and appeal to a really-large public, says much for the interest of the people in contemporary verse. In form, in the mere art of versifying, even the minor American poets of to-day show wonderful versatility and deftness. Commonplace is much less successful than it was of old. In fiction, analysis is almost too careful. We cannot but think that this rapid ripening of the American muse (who was a raw, uninformed school-girl in the life time of Poe) is due in part to the influence of that critic. His method is as unlike the method of Mr. Matthew Arnold as possible. But he exercised the same kind of influence. Like Mr. Arnold, he introduced some tinge of French thought and of French literature into the workmanship of his countryman. I hope he was not a wide reader, and the element of affectation in his prose may be detected in his quotations of obscure Latin authors and in his Oriental allusions. It is hard to say how much knowledge was implied in these allusions—how rich the mine was from which Poe dug these sparkling fragments Still, he judged the writers of his country with some knowledge of other literatures. As he was quite ruthless in his criticisms he did good, but at his own cost.—*London News.*

Capturing an Englishman.

"Once I was filling an engagement at a London theater," said J. K. Emmet, the actor; "a gentleman with buttoned sides and hair parted in the middle occupied a private box. He coolly surveyed me through his eyeglass. I was feeling pretty good, and was acting with more than usual freedom. The audience roared with laughter, but not a muscle of his face moved. He stared at me like a Gorgon. I was nettled, and I determined to capture him. I did my best, but there he sat partially turned toward me in the easiest of positions with the coldest of faces. You could fairly read on his features: 'Well, upon my soul, I expected something pretty bad you know, but this is perfectly execrable.' I lost my guard, and made no secret of my effort to capture him. The audience dropped on it, and became deeply int rested. I warbled 'Wilhelmina Strauss,' and filled it to the brim with grotesqueness, but the fellow sat there like a stone statue entirely unmoved. Apparently nothing would fetch him. And so the performance progressed, the audience watching the man in the box more than it did me. At last I made an impression. It was in the act where I pranced around the stage with a little child astraddle my shoulders. A faint smile overspread the man's face. He raised his gloved hands and languidly clapped them twice. The audience screamed with delight, and from that time until the close of the performance I had every soul in the house with me. The *naiveté* of the child, combined with the acting, had been too much for him, and had brought him down."

A Vision of Washington.

In his reminiscences, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, relates the following: "The scene of my father's only ghost story—if so it may be called—was laid at Mount Vernon; and this alone was sufficient to make the occasion memorable to a boy. The chamber in which his uncle had died was assigned by Judge Washington to his guest; the host, as he withdrew, mentioned the rumor that an interview with Washington had been granted to some of its former occupants. If this were true, my father pondered upon the possibility that he might be found worthy to behold the glorified spirit of him who was so revered by his countrymen. And during the night he did see Washington, and this is all I have to say about it. If I gave the particulars I should feel bound to give a full explanation of them by Dr Hammond, or some other expert in cerebral illusions; and this would occupy too much space for an episode. It may be worth while to say that nothing my father saw, or thought he saw, was useful in confirming his faith in a spiritual world. His assurance in this matter was perfect. He believed that brain action (if that is the correct expression) was at times set up in us by friends no longer in the flesh, and that his own life had been guided by these mysterious influences."

Providing for Daughters.

The way of happiness and comfort for single middle-aged women would be much easier if a different method was pursued by parents toward their daughters while they are still young. Nothing, of course, can recompense a woman for the loss in her life of the love of husband and children, but there is no reason why, added to this bitterness, she should always have the humiliation of dependence. Half the terrors of a single life of a woman lie in the fact that she will never have a home of her own, but must remain a dependent on father and brothers; the one too many in the household; the beneficiary on sufferance in the family, though she work twice as much as the actual members. A father naturally sets his boy on his own feet at coming of age, but as naturally keeps his daughter dependent on himself. It is a pleasure, perhaps, to him to give her gowns and pin money at 30 as when she was 3. He does not reflect that she has the longing, equally natural to every man and woman, to take her own place in the world, to be a rooted plant, not a parasite. The difficulty is easily solved. If the father is wealthy, let him settle absolutely upon his daughter, when she is of marrying age, the amount he would have given her as a dower, instead of doling out the interest as constant gifts; if he is a poor man, let him give her some trade or occupation by which she can earn her own money. This course would obviate the mercenary necessity of marriage which rises night and day before the penniless, dependent woman.—*The Housekeeper.*

A Dime-Novel Hero.

The dime-novel readers would rejoice in Buckshot Bill, of Nevada. He speaks seventy-five Indian tongues. Once he saw eleven comrades burned alive by Comanches, signed with his blood a vow to have the scalps of eleven Indians who killed his brother and stole his diamond pin, and has on exhibition 12 scalps taken by his own hands. He is out after the boy's own beard.

Genius in the Ranks.

"It is surprising," says Smiles, "to find so large a number of illustrious men—poets, authors, and men of science—who have led a soldier's life, and fought by land and sea, at home and abroad." The list, indeed, is a curious one, and well worth giving publicity to.

Among poets, for instance, Dante was a soldier. He was banished from Florence as much for his services in the front line of the Guelph cavalry at Campaldino as his politics. Chaucer served as a soldier under Edward III. in his invasion of France in 1370; was captured, and remained a captive for some time. George Buchanan served when a young man as a private soldier in the Scottish army, and in 1523 was present at the attack on the Castle of Wark. Ben Jonson served as a private soldier in the low countries. Sir Philip Sydney's war record is historical. Algernon Sydney commanded a troop of horse in the Irish rebellion, and Davenport and Lovelace held commissions under Charles I., while Withers was a Major among the Roundheads. Bunyan was also a Roundhead soldier. Otway was a Cornet of horse in the army in Flanders, and Farquhar held a commission in the Earl of Aran's regiment. Steele, the essayist, enlisted as a private and distinguished himself at the battle of Namur and the siege of Venlooe. Coleridge enlisted in a dragoon regiment, but he made such a poor soldier that his Colonel was glad to help him to obtain his discharge.

Lope de Vega was a soldier on board the Spanish Armada, and escaped the English to return home with his almost numberless plays, and end his life as a priest and familiar of the Inquisition Cervantes received three arquebuss wounds in his breast, and lost a hand at the battle of Lepanto, but lived to write "Don Quixote." Calderon, dramatist and priest, began life as a soldier Camoens, the famous Portuguese poet was a soldier. Loyola, the founder of Jesuitism, bore arms when his religious inspirations first dawned on him. Rene Descartes, the French mathematician, learned the rudiments of his philosophy and mathematics in the army. Vaupertuis carried on the studies in mathematics, which were destined to distinguish him, while Captain of artillery. Molus studied optics while an engineer in the army.

Rochefoucauld was a soldier in early life, and was several times wounded Lamarck, the naturalist, served many years under Marshal Broglie. Niepce, the inventor of photography, learned chemistry while in the dragoons. William Cobbett rose from the ranks to become a Sergeant Major before he became an author. Sir Roderick Murchison was a captain in the Peninsular dragoons previous to winning fame as a geologist and T. R. Lee, R. A., served as an officer before he graduated in art as one of the foremost landscape painters of the time.

How and Where Globes Are Made.

It is a fact not known, perhaps, by many readers that Troy is one of the largest and best producers of school and library globes in the country. The manufacture was begun in this city in 1852. At first only a ball five inches in diameter was made, but a ten-inch terrestrial globe was soon added. The list of sizes was rapidly increased. The balls are made in Boston but the appendages are supplied and the globes mounted and shipped in this city, where are owned the plates from which the maps are printed.

Globe-making is a skillful and delicate process. The maps are printed in small sections on English drawing paper, and these segments must be so nicely put upon the hollow ball of paper mache that there shall be not the slightest break in the alignment of letters or the continuity of lines when the smooth and painted surface is complete. Three months are required to construct one of these worlds in miniature from the time that the ball is begun until it rests in its frame or is set aloft upon a brass, bronze or nickel standard. And it must be so trimmed and mounted that it will have no disinclination to change its inclination in the frame and will have so truly a space that it will hait in its revolution at any time when so commanded and remain motionless, as if its centre of gravity were in truth equally distant from all points upon the circumference. If the globe refuse to rest with any other country than America on top, the maker will be deemed more patriotic than skillful. The sizes manufactured for general use range from three to thirty inches in diameter, and from $2 to $225 in price, and are mounted in forty different styles.—*Troy Times.*

How Cattle are Slaughtered in New York.

The cattle coming into New York average from 700 pounds to 800 pounds in weight, and at 10 cents per pound, about the usual figure, bring $70 to $81 each on the hoof. The method of killing is essentially the same in all the New York slaughter houses. A rope is fastened around the animal's hind legs and he is lifted off his feet by means of a block and tackle, so that he hangs with his head downward, and just touching the floor. His throat is then cut with a large, sharp knife, and his death is speedy and comparatively free from pain. Three workmen, a dresser and two assistants, can kill, flay, cut up and dress an animal in about twenty minutes, and they slaughter eighteen to twenty head daily, for which they get 59 cents per head.

After the slaughtering for the day is at an end all the buildings are flushed out with water pumped from the river by steam, and then carefully mopped over, so that no sign of refuse of any kind is perceptible—in fact, the floors, which are laid with an incline from the sides to a gutter in the middle of the houses, are as clean and white as the decks of a ship after they have been holystoned.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Village Tree Planting.

Our enthusiastic young minister, with an eye and a heart for what is beautiful and good, devised the plan, and it was executed to the letter. The sturdy farmers, old and young, gathered on an appointed afternoon, and planted a goodly number of trees, elms, maples and evergreens, about the church.

At the close of the day, the ladies provided a sumptuous repast, and the evening was spent in social enjoyment. Years have passed away, and so have many of those whose hands wrought so worthily and cheerfully on that autumn day. The youths and maidens of that time are mature men and matrons now. Fifteen years of toil and care have sprinkled gray hairs on many a head; but those trees are growing and increasing in vigor every year—and now, in their youthful prime, cast a grateful shadow over man and beast.—*Connecticut Courant.*

PITH AND

"I'M very easily [illegible] said after the stovepipe [illegible]

IT is somewhat strange nearly always have va[illegible] sport.

MANY a good square [illegible] the corners till he goes [illegible] gles.

Two LOVERS, like two [illegible] ally get along quietly [illegible] are engaged.

THE giraffe has never [illegible] utter a sound. It's [illegible] to Congress.—*Boston Po[illegible]*

A YOUNG lady who [illegible] with matrimonial intent [illegible] single, said if she had been [illegible] she would not have been a miss here.—*London Punch.*

A MARRIED woman said to her husband, "You have never taken me to the cemetery." "No, my dear," replied he, "that is a pleasure I have yet in anticipation."—*Cambridge Tribune.*

"LET us play we were married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa.'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother me now. I want to look through the paper.'" Children have strange ideas of grown folks' ways, now don't they?—*Boston Transcript.*

A CONTEMPORARY has been asked: "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies: "We see no impediment in the way. But, if he is a member of a brass band and is given to practicing on a cornet or trombone at home, it is a very difficult thing for the man living next door to be a Christian."

INDIANS get their queer names in the following manner: When an Indian baby is born the medicine man or some one of the family looks out of the door and casts his eye upon some object. The first thing that he sees furnishes the child's name. Hence, "Sitting Bull," "Red Cloud," etc. If this rule was followed by the whites, most of the children would be called "In-the-Back-Yard," or "Man Going-into-a-Saloon."

"LOOK out," said a friend to a young spendthrift, with whom his uncle was, for good and sufficient reasons, exceeding wroth—"look out, or the old gentleman will be cutting you off with, or, more probably, without a shilling." "No danger of that—I know him too well." "He is fond of you at heart?" "Naw—but, you see, he'd shriek from the expense of a sheet of paper for a new will."

DURING a recent lecture, Mrs. Livermore, in commenting on the wrongs which women suffer, remarked that when she earned her first-born was a girl, she turned her face to the wall and wept. Not long ago, when a Chicago man learned that his third-born was a girl, he turned his face to the door and kicked. He was already buying seal skin sacques and striped stockings for two others.

THE Washington *Post* says that "the best way for young lovers is to come to some sort of an agreement concerning future life together before the matrimonial bond is tied. Let them be susceptible to each other's faults, and also to good advice from friends interested in their welfare." Another good scheme is for the young man to come to some sort of agreement with the girl's father concerning the exact nights on which the dog is to be tied up. There can never be true happiness without a definite understanding on this point.

"WELL, Father Brown, how did you like the sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "You see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I am an old man now and have to sit pretty well back by the stove; and there's old Miss Smithie, Widder Taff, 'n Ryland's darters 'n Nabiby Birt 'n all the rest a settin' in front o' me with their mouths wide open a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon, an' what gets down to me is pretty poor stuff, parson, pretty poor stuff."

How Sleigh Bells Are Made.

It has, no doubt, been a mystery to many how the iron ball inside of sleigh bells got there, and it is said to have taken considerable thought on the part of the discoverer before the idea struck him. In making sleigh bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jingler inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the core and the mold. The hot metal burns the core so that it can be all shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Ball valves, swivel joints and many other articles are cast in the same manner.

Plea for Divorces.

There is said to be an ancient inscription extant upon one of the gates of Agra, Hindoostan, which tells how one monarch attempted to check the evil of divorces, and how he failed. In the first year of his reign 1,000 dissolutions of marriage took place, which so angered him that he issued an edict decreeing the marriage-tie infrangible. During the ensuing year, however, 3,000 weddings fewer than theretofore were celebrated, but breaches of marriage vow became more numerous by 7,000. Three hundred women were publicly burned to death for having poisoned their husbands. Seventy-five men were impaled for the murder of their wives. Property to the value of many millions was broken, burnt and otherwise destroyed in private dwellings. All this being made known to the sovereign, he lost no time in revoking his above edict, and in pronouncing divorce to be legal, as before his accession to the throne.

NAMES and occupations reported to London census enumerators: "'Wm. Wackwinkle, aged 99, cobblers' wax merchant;' 'Simon Slitwizen, bug destroyer and pork-sausage maker;' 'Wm. Barlow, hoof padder. Hers,' with under the head of afflictions, 'food and mouth disease, namely, nothing to eat and jolly bad boots.' Some boldly inscribed themselves cadger and beggar and 'mag-man,' the last-mentioned worthy putting himself down as 'out of luck' instead of out of work. And yet one more, more impudent than all the rest, set himself down thief—'Joe ——, aged 24, thief, plenty of work, Portland.'"

A MAN'S curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him that his name was in yesterday's paper.

IT is announced that "each button on the dress has a separate design." It has usually has an eye to its own advantage.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*