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Open Your Heart to Me, Dear.

Open thy heart to me, dearest and fairest;
Doubly my child and my sister thou art,
Since of all the pure gems that are brightest and rarest,
True motherhood shines like a pearl in the heart.

Smile through those tear-drops of happiness—beaming
'Neath the closed lashes—I see on thy cheek;
Trust in me, Lilybud; tell me thy dreaming;
Open thine heart to thy mother, and speak.

Now the quick tear-drops fall faster and faster
Say, has *he* come who all men is above?
Has my queen found her king? has her heart found its master?
Lily, my sweet, is it dawning of love?

There! O, I guess'd it, I knew it, my dearest,
So it *is* he—it is just as I pray'd.
One to thine innermost bosom is nearest—
Nearer than she at whose feet thou hast play'd!

Well, be it so, love; 'tis Nature's decreeing:
Think not that she who held thee to her breast
From the all-blessed hour of thine earliest being
Owns not that God ever orders the best.

See! the red sunlight grows pale 'i the gloaming';
'Tis the last day of the quick-dying year:
Gold the horizon, unerring the omen;
Morn shall dawn smiling, unclouded, and clear.

You sportive birds, now the summer hath ended,
Yearn not for warmth of the mother's soft breast:
When spring brings her green, with her flower-buds blended,
In turn they will build 'neath the ivy their nest.

Darling, I love thee! What though I am weeping
A few tender tears? there is joy in my heart;
For I give my sweet blossom with pride to the keeping
Of one who will guard her 'till death do them part.

There! I have done, love; what *is* the meetest.
Bring 'him' to me, he shall see not a tear;
A dear gift will I give him, my best and my sweetest,
A bride, and a wish for 'a happy new year!'

A LEGEND OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

No hero except Solomon, perhaps, has so many wonderful adventures credited to him by the professional story-teller of the East as Alexander the Great. One of these, which I am told is also to be found in the literature of the Hebrews, is not only entertaining but possesses some deep and graceful morals.

During the unprofitable march of Alexander in India he came to a lovely oasis watered by a clear running stream. The great king stretched his weary limbs on its banks and ordered from the scanty stock of provisions a few dried salted fishes for his repast. Clear water, served in a golden goblet, replaced the choice Lesbian in which the great king so often indulged. But how astonished was the conqueror when an accountably delicious odor and taste pervaded the water fron this running stream! "Surely," said Alexander, "a river so full of rich properties must take its rise in a happy land. Let us explore its sources." After a fatiguing journey on foot in quest of the head-waters of the stream, the king at last came to what seemed an immense enclosure, the walls of which were of great height. He was reassured by finding a pair of colossal gates right before him. Knocking loudly at the postern he demanded entrance. A voice from the interior answered, "Thou cans't not enter here; this is Paradise, and the gates are the gates of the Lord."

"I am," answered Alexander proudly, "the conqueror of the earth: why do you hesitate to open the gates for me?"

"Here," said the voice, "no conqueror is acknowledged except he who can conquer his own desires. Art thou fit Alexander, to enter?"

The great conqueror felt that if admittance to Paradise depended upon this law he had no chance to effect an entrance. "Give me," said Alexander to the voice which spoke to him, "some token at least, so that I may show the world that I have been to the very gates of Paradise, where until now no mortal was."

A small port-hole was opened, and from it Alexander received a portion of a human skull. "Take this," said the voice within; "a single look upon it may teach thee more wisdom than thou hast received from all thy masters and philosophers."

Alexander contemptously took the gift, and wended his way to his tent. Throwing it down in disgust, he said", "And this is the present that is given to the conqueror of the world; truly, a paltry present from such a source as Paradise."

"Great king," said a sage who was present, "to me this gift possesses a secret meaning. Pray, put it into one scale, and fill the other with the finest gold."

The king ordered it to be done, and lo! the piece of human bone outweighed the filled up scale of gold.

"This is a wonder," said the king.

Larger scales were brought, heaps of gold were placed in one, and the human fragment of the skull in the other, yet the bone outweighed them all.

The sage then ordered the skull to be covered with earth, and behold it only weighed its own specific gravity.

"How remarkable is this," said Alexander, "can you give me a solution?"

"Great king," answered the sage, "this fragment of a human skull is that part which in life encased the eye. The human eye, although hemmed in, is nevertheless insatiable and unlimited in vision. The more it possesses the more does it desire. The treasures of the earth fail to satisfy its continual longings. But when once descended to the grave, and covered with its mother earth, it finds a limit for all its once boundless wishes. Learn, O great king, wisdom! Of what avail will thy conquests and riches be when thine eyes are covered with dust and thou sleepest the sleep of death?

"What!" cried Alexander, "is fame nothing, that thousands of years hence people should speak my name—nay, be as familiar with it as are my own legions? Thou art a grovelling philosopher, and hast not the soul of a conqueror in thee."

Heedless of the warning he had received at the gates of Paradise, Alexander marched on from kingdom to kingdom, leaving destruction, famine, misery, and death behind him. At last he came to the country governed by the Amazons, where women govern and fight and men do the household work. Alexander summoned their chief city, which was walled in, to surrender. The Amazons sent him a deputation, who thus spoke to the great king: "Great conqueror, if thou intendest war with us thy arms prevail, thou wilt not add a jot to thy fame by having conquered a kingdom of women. But as all war is doubtful, and battles are not always to the strong, thou mayest be beaten; and then behold the ignominy with which thy name will be branded forever: The conqueror of the world was beaten by women!

Alexander felt the force of this argument, and abandoned his undertaking, ordaining an obelisk to be erected, with the following inscription:

I, Alexander, until now foolish and vain, have learned wisdom from women.

Somewhat subdued in his desires, he marched on a northerly direction and reached the small but happy kingdom of Burinapoor. The native king knowing his own weakness against the mighty hosts of Alexander, received him and his army hospitably. He sent messengers to invite Alexander to his modest palace, and prepared a banquet. When the conqueror was seated, he beheld a most singular spectacle. Instead of the usual fish and flesh and fowl and bread, all that was placed before him was either of gold, silver, or precious stones. Thus, instead of the soup there was a plate of emeralds. The goblet of wine was represented by a goblet of pearls. Birds artistically made of gold were served up to him, and silver loaves were there to represent the wheaten loaf.

"Do you eat gold and silver and drink pearls in your land?" asked Alexander astonished.

"Can I believe," said the native king, "that you, the great conqueror of the world, who has left your own land to subdue the remotest kingdoms of the earth—can I think that you can feel satisfied to be fed from the usual productions of the land like other men? Surely, of grain, meat, and wine you have plenty in your country. Your roaming and conquests can have no other object but riches and power. Here there is gold, silver, and precious stones. Eat and drink them, and show us that you are more than a common mortal."

Alexander who could at times appreciate stern truths, kindly answered, "My friend, I have not come to conquer nor to rob your kingdom. I wish simply to inform myself of your habits, your customs, and your laws."

"Alas, great conqueror!" said the native prince, "if inquisitive princes thirsting for knowledge should all adopt your plan, by bringing an armed host along with them to learn the customs and laws of distant lands, there would be little of either left after the departure of such a body of philosophic travellers. However, I will gratify the curiosity of my great guest." Clapping his hands he demanded of the attendants whether any causes or lawsuits were at that moment before the great gate of the palace; and, finding that there were, "Let the suitors come before me," said the native king.

Two villagers then appeared before the king. The first one addressed him thus: "I have bought a small piece of ground from this my neighbor. Digging upon it I suddenly discovered a hidden treasure, which I forthwith took to my neighbor, telling him that although I bought land I did not buy gold and silver from him; therefore the treasure belongs to him."

The second villager said, "May it please the king, when I sold my neighbor the land I felt that I had no further right nor title to it; how then can I accept the treasure which no longer belongs to me?"

The king, stroking his long beard, asked whether the contending parties had children. "Yes," was the reply, "we have both of us sons and daughters."

"Well, then," said the king, "my judgment is that the daughter of the one litigant marry the son of the other, and the treasure be given as a dowry."

The villagers thanked the king and left rejoicing.

Alexander, who had listened to this strange suit and to the king's decision, could not conceal his astonishment.

"Has my decision failed to obtain your approbation," demanded the native king of Alexander. "How would you, in your own country, in a case like this, have decided?"

"In my country," said Alexander, the autocrat and conqueror speaking in every word, "a treasure found in the bowels of the earth, no matter who the owner of the surface may be, belongs to the king; and I would put to instant death any subject of mine who, finding a treasure, should dare to conceal or fail to deliver it to the authorities within the day."

The native king, much astonished, and looking at Alexander attentively, at last said: "Pray tell me, great conqueror, does the sun shine in your country?"

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"How strange?" said the native king, musingly. "Does it rain in your conntry?" he asked again.

"Certainly," replied Alexander.

"Wonderful!" murmured the native prince. "Have you any domestic animals in your land?"

"Of course we have," answered Alexander."

"Ha!" cried the native prince, relieved, "it is for the sake of these poor animals that a good and wise Providence allows the blessed sun to shine and the rain to fall upon your fields; for surely you and your people, O great king, do not deserve these blessings."

Everybody is down on slippery sidewalks.

Happy Marriages.

Marriages are happy where they take place from pure love, between two persons who are already thoroughly acquainted with each other, and who are quite content with each other as they then are.

First, love must be the motive. Marriages of convenience, as they are called, almost always turn out to be anything but convenient, and, on the contrary, exceedingly inconvenient.

If people marry for money,—even if the money be obtained,—the husband or wife who is taken with it, is, of course and necessarily, regarded merely as an incumbrance, to be endured for the sake of the more highly prized pecuniary acquisition. Then, if it chance that the coveted money be not received, or that it be subsequently lost, the situation is still more deplorable, for the incumbrance alone remains without the compensation calculated upon for its indurance, and becomes all the more unendurable.

If people marry for what is called position, they marry for something which cannot be obtained in that way. A sound title to position can only be got by merit, never by matrimony.

Secondly, happy marriages can only take place between people who are well acquainted, and who are satisfied with each other as they are.

Young persons who are so blinded by love that their judgment is rendered torpid, who are unable to perceive each other's faults, and who marry, in real form, an imaginary character, are soon and sadly undeceived by the experience of married life; and such matches are most miserable.

So of those who marry, not because they are satisfied with each other as they now are, but who are quite confident of their ability to change the character of the person they wed. Such hopes prove delusive. Do not be deceived by the idea that you can re-mould a character already cast, in consequence of assuming the matrimonial relation. The probability is, that the objectionable, or disagreeable qualities which you already perceive will increase, and not diminish, after marriage; while the possibility of discovering new ones always exists.

The suggestions may be heeded with advantage by the endless procession continually moving toward the gates of matrimony.

Benefits of Irrigation.

Though the past season has been a less favorable one for agriculture in Colorado than most previous years, the Denver *Daily News* publishes an interesting series of facts showing the trifling cost of irrigation compared with the favorable results obtained by it. On a farm of thirty-seven acres near Valmont the whole expense of irrigation was $12.75 a year, or 4 cents a day. Twenty-three acres yielded thirty-one bushels of wheat per acre—total, 731 bushels; eleven acres yielded fifty and a half bushels of oats per acre—total, 556 bushels; one acre (not irrigated) yielded 153 bushels of potatoes; and from one acre the farmer got sixty-two bushels of peas. A Clear Creek farmer, in Jefferson County, paid $25 for his year's irrigation of twenty-five acres of oats, and got 800 bushels, thirty-two bushels to the acre; paid $10 for irrigating one acre of pie-plant, and sold the crop for $800; and raised three-fourths of an acre of strawberries at a cost for irrigation of $15, and sold the yield of 1,500 quarts, together with some of the vines, for $1.025. His gram sold for $1,600, and his hogs, poultry, &c., $356—making his total sales for the year $5,875. Another farmer, seven miles south of Denver, in the Platte valley, obtained from four acres of winter wheat thirty-seven and a half bushels per acre; from seventeen acres of spring wheat (not irrigated), fifty-five bushels per acre; from nineteen bushels of barley, thirty-seven bushels per acre; from four acres of English oats, fifty-eight bushels per acre; from two acres of Prussian oats, fifty-three bushels per acre; two acres of Swedish oats, eighty-three bushels per acre, two acres of common oats, forty-three bushels per acre; ten acres of rye, twenty-five bushels per acre, and from two acres of potatoes 225 bushels per acre. This farmer cultivated pretty thoroughly, but the entire cost of preparing his ditches and irrigating was only $50.

A Secret of Youth.

There are women who cannot grow old; women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. Their number is smaller than it should be, but there is sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in the beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always as busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in the sunny temper—neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and to stretching the mantel of charity over everybody's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all that we have seen, and we have watched such with great interest and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle. Bnt this is impossible, and is why the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as usual.

Gunpowder Tactics.

On the last third of July we witnessed a singular dispute between two youngsters of the *gamin* sort. One held an open pack of firecrackers defiantly in air, and the other a bigger boy, flourished a lighted bit of punk.

"Hand that pack over!" shouted the punk-boy, fiercely. "One uv them crackers is mine! You promised I sh'u'd have it."

"Sha'n't do it!" roared the cracker-boy. "'Ta'n't time to break the pack till to-morrer."

"I tell you, I want to fire off my cracker; so hand it over. You ha'n't got no right ter hinder me—"

"Yes I *have*, too!"

Whereupon the punk-boy rushed upon his adversary, and, after a moment's fierce struggle, secured the pack.

"You just take out a single one of them crackers if you dare!' panted the vanquished boy, now very red in the face, but retreating before the other's threatening gestures.

"I ha'n't agoin' to," sneered the punk-boy, "if you're so 'tarnel mean about it. But I'll do what no feller on earth can hinder me from doin'—*I'll fire off my cracker!*"

Suiting the action to the word, he blew upon the end of his punk, at the same time applying it at the fine red specimen in the very heart of the pack. Off it went! And with it—

Do you see the moral dancing about in that exploded chain?

In the affairs of life, in our pet enthusiasms, our schemes of reform, our enterprises, our pleasures, it is very trying to have our single cracker in the Community's pack, especially when said Community has his own notions concerning the proper time for letting us fire our own. On the other hand, it is equally trying to have a Community's single cracker in our pack, when that Community is determined to set off its one little firework regardless of consequences. But is it not often so?

As society stands, are not half its members holding open packs aloft out of harm's way, waiting the appointed hour of explosion; and the other half as earnestly flourishing their lighted punk? And are not the men who keep their eye on their own cracker as apt to have their own way as those who own the rest of the pack?

And, all things considered, when a cracker-boy is smaller than a punk-boy, isn't it sometimes wiser for the former to quietly allow the latter to enjoy his own single cracker at will?

Population of the United States.

The official returns of the census of 1870, upon the first schedule, that of the population, are now so nearly complete, that in most of the larger states the result can be given with much exactness; and in the whole country, by estimating a few districts, they can be ascertained with sufficient nearness for all practical purposes. The following table has been made up with great care, and includes the precise figures of every official return which has reached the Census Bureau, with the best estimates the officers of the bureau have the means of making for the districts whose returns are still defective:

States.	Rank in 1860.	Population 1860.	Rank in 1870.	Popul'n 1870.
New York	1	3,880,735	1	4,370,846
Pennsylvania	2	2,906,215	2	3,517,272
Ohio	3	2,339,511	3	2,652,32
Illinois	4	1,711,951	4	2,527,674
Missouri	8	1,182,012	5	1,703,000
Indiana	6	1,350,428	6	1,676 046
Virginia (Old)	5	1,596,318	10	1,269,607
Virginia (West)			28	450,000
Massachusetts	7	1,231.066	7	1,457,351
Kentucky	9	1,155,684	8	1,323,087
Tennessee	10	1,109.801	9	1,258,326
Iowa	20	674,913	11	1,190,845
Michigan	16	749 113	12	1,184,296
Georgia	11	1,057,286	13	1,179,886
North Carolina	12	992,622	14	1,085,592
Wisconsin	15	775 881	15	1,055,290
Alabama	18	964,201	16	997,500
New Jersey	21	672 035	17	906,514
Mississippi	14	791,305	18	834,190
Texas	23	604 215	19	797,500
Maryland	19	687,049	20	781,065
Louisiana	17	708,002	21	728.000
South Carolina	18	703,708	22	72.5000
Maine	22	628,279	23	630,423
California	26	379,994	24	556,208
Connecticut	24	460,147	25	537,886
Arkansas	25	535,450	26	486,103
Kansas	33	107,206	27	562,307
Minnesota	30	172,023	29	335,000
Vermont	28	315,098	30	330,585
New Hampshire	27	326.073	31	318,300
Rhode Island	29	174,620	32	217,576
Florida	31	140,424	33	189,995
Delaware	32	112,216	34	125,016
Nebraska	—	28.841	35	123,000
Oregon	33	52,465	36	90,922
Nevada	—	6.857	37	43,932
District of Columbia		75,080		131,706
Territories		150,229		319,059
Total		31,449,321		38,307,399

TORPEDOES ADRIFT.—There is something extremely disagreeable says a London paper in the story that during the late experiments carried on with torpedoes in the Elbe some of these unpleasant machines broke loose and floated away into the ocean. The possibility of a yacht, steamer, or peaceful trading ship coming in contact with one of them is a very uncomfortable idea, as we fear they would not respect neutral bottoms. It is earnestly to be hoped that if any of those torpedoes have wandered from their proper paths, they will sink by their own weight without loss of time, or become the prey of some sea monster, who will not be a little surprised at the effect produced by such a peculiar pill.

Papers throughout the Eastern States are complaing of the drouth, and the Norwich *Advertiser* explains that the difference between last Winter and this is, that there was plenty of water then but no cold weather to freeze it, and now there is plenty of cold weather but no water for it to freeze.

A CHINESE thief having stole a missionary's watch, brought it back the next day to be shown how to wind it up.

Interesting U. S. Agricultural Facts.

No less than 225,000 extra copies of the Agricultural Report for 1869 are now passing into the hands of the people under frank. The book is a volume of 702 pages, prepared by eight specialists. Mr. Capron states that rapid progress is making in raising the standard of intellect among farmers; that cotton manufactures are spreading South; that American mills, which in 1860 consumed 20 per cent., now consume 40 per cent., of the crop. The cultivation of sugar, vineyards, and oranges at the South is resuming its former successes, with improved implements and fertilizers. The planting of new lands in the West with wheat is removing westward, year by year, the centre of wheat production, and increasing the distance of transportation; while the railroads, by their combinations and advance of tolls to secure dividends on watered stock, are increasing in equal ratio the cost of freights. Mr. Capron thinks there is very little to be made, as a rule, by helping non-productive lands for a rise in value; and, in support of this, he publishes a table wherein the increase in assessed value per annum of all the lands in the United States, for the ten years from 1850 to 1860, is given. The department has distributed 311,802 packages of seeds, mostly to members of Congress, and the Commissioner indulges in the lively faith that some of them have "come up."

The statitician, J. R. Dodge, says that the total value of all the cereals, with hay, cotton and tobacco, is $1.849.-179,843, about one-tenth of the whole value of real estate. Corn $858,532,700; and then follows hay, $337,662,600; cotton, $303,600,000; wheat, $247,099,-120; and oats, $137,347,000.

The relative values of the yield per acre, as affected by prevailing prices, are in this order:—Tobacco, potatoes, cotton, barley, hay, corn, buckwheat, oats, rye, wheat.

Vermont raises the greatest average value in corn per acre, viz: $47.60. New Hampshire is first in value per acre of wheat, and Connecticut in tobacco, her average yield being $391 per acre. Kansas, in 1869, yielded the largest average crop per acre of corn, viz: 48.4 bushels. Georgia the smallest, 11 bushels. Oregon yielded the largest average per acre of wheat, viz: 19 bushels, California 18.2 and Vermont and Massachusetts 10. The State yielding the smallest average per acre in wheat was South Carolina, 6.6 bushels; the next in order being Georgia, 7.4; Alabama, 7.8; North Carolina, 8.4; Tennessee, 8.4; and Mississippi, 9 bushels. Kansas yields the largest average crop of oats, 42.1 bushels: California, the largest of rye, 31.5 bushels; also of barley, 35.3. North Carolina, strange to say, is set down for the largest average yield per acre of buckwheat, 30.2 bushels; while Virginia produces only a third of that crop, and Tennessee only a fifth. In potatoes, Vermont produces the highest average yield per acre, 160 bushels; New Hampshire 150; Michigan, 155; and Kansas, 149. We may, perhaps, ascribe the large yield in Vermont and New Hampshire to the fact that the acres are so uneven that they can plant often 10 to 12 more rows of potatoes on an acre than if it were level. In tobacco the largest average crop is raised in Connecticut, 1,450 pounds per acre, and the smallest in Georgia, 375 pounds per acre. In hay the largest average crop per acre is raised in Iowa, being 1 86-100 tons. The largest total average cash value per acre of all crops planted belongs to Nevada, $36.52; the lowest to Delaware, $10.88. Massachusetts stands $28.30 per acre, and Connecticut $29.31. Iowa, Minnesota and Nebraska are about $13 per acre, but this is pretty nearly the cost of the acre. The average price of horses throughout the United States is $81.38, of mules, $169.01 and of oxen and other cattle, $22.54.

Our exports or agricultural products for the year amounted in value to $389,674,-981, of which cotton formed $230,801,-951. Our entire agricultural exports have approached one-tenth of our production. The immigration arrived at New York during the year amounted to 385,084 foreigners, of whom 124,241 were German, 95,294 were from Great Britain, 51,199 from Ireland and 14,991 from China and Japan. Of these, 82,372 had no other destination, at the time of their arrival. than New York; the next largest number, 37,316, came to Illinois; and the next largest number, 30,746, to Pennsylvania.

THE LATEST NOVELTY in job printing has just been executed by a London printer, who had an order from a baker to print a number of bill-heads on three different colored papers, viz., red, green and white. The object of this it appears, was to avoid giving instructions to the man who delivered the bread, flour, &., to the customers. To prevent mistakes, when the bill was made out upon a red paper, it denoted "Danger," and he was not to leave the goods without the cash; if on green it denoted "Caution," as the customer was doubtful, and the man was to get the money if he could; if on white, it was safe to leave any quantity.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—A letter dated Batavia Nov. 16, states that the Italian ship Uncowa, from Macao, for Callab, with coolies, was set on fire when near Neptune Island and abandoned by the Captain and crew, who were saved by a San Salvador ship. One hundred and twelve of the coolies were picked up by the ship Juan Pore. The remainder of the coolies, 425 in number, perished in the flames.

The Boston city common council has appropriated $75,000 for the erection of a soldiers monument on Boston common.

Hymn for the New Year.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled m y will—remember not past years

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

L. H. NEWMAN.

Facts and Fancies.

Seventy-three hundred Chicagoans died during the past year.

Last year 16,750 Philadelphians died. In 1869 the number was 14,786.

One by one the Boston churches are abandoning the afternoon service.

An Ohio lyceum is trying to cypher out:—"Which is the oldest battle-cry, Erin go bragh, or Indi go blue?"

A Detroit shoe dealer pleases his lady customers with extensive understandings by marking his 5's and 6's, 2½ and 3.

A petition to the Detroit City Government ends: "And your petitioner will ever pray—if praying will do any good."

Woman—The morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our age. Heaven bless our stars!

Maine has produced a sawing machine which the other day sawed a cord of wood in five minutes and a half, cutting each stick twice.

A paper has an article headed with the conundrum, "Why do wives fade?" We suppose it is because they won't wash. Don't it?

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "Is it?—well, don't speak so loud, there's that young widow in the next room."

A Kansas city payer says of a child's death: "They called it pheumonia and they bury it to-day." No wonder it couldn't live long with such a name.

California's last achievement is a pear; weight, 4 pounds 6 ounces; circumference 1 foot 7 inches; longitudinal circumference 1 foot 11 inches; height, 8½ inches.

A party of boys tapped a barrel of whiskey at Louisville, and by the aid of friendly straws, imbibed so much that they had to be taken home by the expressman.

A physician, defines "kleptomania" to be an "irresistible desire to steal, not necessarily proceeding from the defect of the brain, but from a deficient moral sentiment."

A gentleman at Fremont, Ohio, had a reception at his house the other evening, and when the guests went away, it took the host all night to wash the tar and pick the feathers off his person.

Browning—"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife every thing that happens." Smithkins—"Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing! I tell my wife lots of things that never happen."

THE Chinamen in California, whose means would allow, have all gone home to celebrate the beginning of a new thousand years, which comes in February. The last celebration was in 870.

One of the first things saved from the burning Spotswood Hotel, in Richmond, was a large stove in the rotunda, and one man carried that out somehow, although it was very heavy, and almost red hot.

A gentleman speaking of the happiness of the married state before his daughter, dispairingly said: "She who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better." "Well, than," said the young lady, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

Sacramento, Cal., papers mention, among the recent passengers from the East, on the way to San Francisco, a Japanese youth, said to be the son of a high dignitary of his native country, accompanied by an American lady, to whom he was but recently married.

Miss Mary F. Davis calls upon "all women to lift their voices" to stay and prevent any more cruel war; whereupon a bucolic editor gets off a joke to the effect that, if a woman respond to this appeal in a unanimous and simultaneous "lift" of voices, it will be a very noisy way of keeping the men quiet.

The maddest man in Indiana lives at Pataka. He told his wife he was going down cellar to commit suicide, and did go down, and fired a broadside into a pork barrel. His wife kept right on knitting, and after a while the man came up stairs, swearing that the woman hadn't any feeling.

THE MODIFIED U.S. TARIFF BILL has gone into effect and instructions have already been sent to all the custom-houses. The most important changes in the duties are the following: Teas from 25 to 15 cents; coffee from 5 to 3 cents; new sugar 3½ to 1¾ cents; sugar above No. 7 from 4 to 2 cents; refined sugar from 5 to 4 cents cane; molasses from 8 to 5 cents; brandy from $3 to $2; liquors from $2.50 to $2 per proof gallon; wool from 30 per cent. to 11 1-10 per cent.; steel railway bars from 2¾ and ten per cent. to 1¾ cents; pig iron from $9 to $7; cast and wrought scrap are each decreased $1 per ton; it is said fifty-two articles, mostly drugs, are placed upon the free list, and the tariff [illegible] forty reduced.

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