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The Boy Hero.

The sun is rising; a fair young face,
Eager, and bright, and gay,
Is pleading hard for a foremost place
In the first wild charge that day.
The prayer is granted; a word of thanks,
And the boyish hero is in the ranks,
Wild to begin the fray.

The sun is up; o'er the scorching plain,
With the roar of the guns that come
The furious shout, the cry of pain,
And the sound of trump and drum.
Where the fight is thickest a girlish face
And a small, firm hand still keep their place,
Though growing faint and numb.

The sun goes down; a sorrowful joy
Is resting on every brow,
And tears for the husband or only boy
Are choking the thankful vow.
The drums are hushed, and the noise is done;
The battle is fought, the fight is won;
But where is the young lad now?

The pretty boy warrior, freed from pain,
His features without a frown,
Lies close to the walls amongst the slain,
By a random shot struck down.
But his soul has gone to the angels' home,
Where sorrow and death no more can come,
There to receive his crown.

Pansies.

O purple hearts that drank the wine
Of royal sunsets, where the sea
Leaves golden sands—the favored clime
Of flower and vine—how tenderly
I press your velvet lips to mine;
I hail the message that you brought;
Breathe o'er my soul the mystic sign
Of Love's unspoken thought.

How many grand processions swept
Above you down the Western slope?
How many dewy twilights kept
Watch o'er his budding hope?
And did the whispering breezes wait
To soft caress him, as they sped,
Spice laden from the Golden Gate,
To haunt your fairy bed?

Dear Pansies rich in royal dyes
(And sweet from lying near his lips),
Fair mirrors of his azure eyes,
What can your worth eclipse?
Silent and cold to him repeat
My lips' unuttered mystery—
The secret you have found so sweet.

THE CHALLENGE.

The following story was told to me by an officer belonging to one of H. B. M's regiments stationed in the East, as we paced the deck of the Hydaspes, one fine night, while on the passage from Calcutta to London. I present it to my readers in the words of the narrator, a tall, well-built man, whose olive-like complexion indicated long residence in tropical climates.

When I first received my commission as ensign in the British army, I was gazetted to the —th Regiment, then in India; and as the P. and O. Company did not exist in those days, I took passage via. the Cape of Good Hope.

In due course of time I arrived at Madras and joined my regiment, in which I remained only three years, however; for at the expiration of that period, I purchased my lieutenantcy, and exchanged into the ——rd, which was stationed up country.

Until a man gets thoroughly used to it, there is nothing so monotonous as an officer's life in an isolated locality in India. There is routine in everything; in duty, in lounging, eating, smoking, sleeping, reading and billiards or card playing, and this is only varied if, by lucky chance, he happens to be in a district where pig-sticking, elephant or tiger hunting is obtainable. At times, too—especially if ladies are with the regiment—amateur hops are in favor, and occasionally "a hop" is improvised; but the climate is so enervating that neither officers nor men of any regiment, that had been a considerable length of time in the country, felt very often disposed to exert themselves to provide amusement for their comrades.

The —rd had been six years in India, and in consequence, all the members of that corps were afflicted with lassitude that had almost become chronic. There was a great dearth of female society—that sine qua non of pleasureable existence—and the hunting had been pronounced by those old stagers, who considered themselves genuine shikarries, to be infernally bad; therefore, when it was announced that a new collector had been appointed to succeed the luckless old curmudgeon who, for seventeen years, had held office in that district, and a nota bene was added, asserting that he was the fortunate possessor of an extremely beautiful wife, every one was on the qui vive to receive him. Much to our disappointment, however, he arrived alone, having left his spouse to enjoy the society of her friends in Calcutta for a few weeks, after which she was to follow him with their only child.

Mr. Norman Fraser was a man about thirty-five years of age, tall, muscular, and pre-eminently handsome; moreover, he was highly educated, and possessed such powers of pleasing that won his way to all our hearts, and soon became a universal favorite.

He infused new life into our little coterie, and many were the lamentations whenever his genial countenance did not beam across our mess table. Our colonel's two hard-featured daughters—regular 'garrison girls,' who had flirted successively with every sub whom they had met during the last ten years—were enhanced by him, and openly lamented that he was already a Benedict; for, though he 'was only a civilian,' they would have been glad enough to have had the ghost of a chance to ensnare him in the silken meshes of matrimony.

It was a custom in those days for officers to remain over the mess-table long after the cloth had been removed, and, unless a man possessed a very strong head, he was pretty certain to retire to rest in a lamentably befogged condition. One night, when we all had been indulging pretty freely, the conversation turned to billiards—an interesting topic, for most of us were good players.

"Have you seen Fraser play? He beat Webb easily to-day, and I'll back him against any man in the regiment," said Captain Raper, who considered himself as authority on matters connected with games of skill.

"I always give Webb points, and I won't shrink measuring cues with the collector, though he certainly plays a very good game," I replied.

"Fraser, old fellow, Lieutenant Holroyd thinks that he is your equal at billiards. Will you let me back you for a game?" Raper cried, across the table.

The collector, who was 'half-seas-over,' promptly expressed his willingness to at once engage with me, so I registered a bet of a hundred rupees with Captain Raper, and we adjourned to the billiard-room. I had practiced a great deal in my leisure hours, and knew myself to be a steady player, while, from what I had seen of Fraser's play, I judged that he became nervous and irritable, if luck went against him ever so little; therefore, I did not hesitate to accept a few other bets offered by admirers of my opponent's brilliant style.

We had got about half-way through the game, and our scores were nearly equal, when I made three most palpable flukes in one break, and this so annoyed my semi-inebriated antagonist that he played wildly, missing most easy shots, and all the while denouncing my style of execution in no very measured terms. When sober, he was the most courteous and urbane of men; but when excited by wine, he was inclined to be insolent and overbearing.

I was more than thirty points ahead, when a shot presented itself to me that was very difficult of accomplishment. It was a straight carom, but, in order to make it, the object ball had to be very finely grazed indeed. My ball scarcely moved the object ball, though it undoubtedly touched it, and went on the red, making the carom. A dispute instantly arose when I claimed the shot.

"You never hit the first ball, sir!" cried Fraser, loudly.

"I know I did not, but my ball did," I replied, carelessly.

"It's false! There was no carom."

"Do you insinuate I lie, sir?"

"Yes! You are both a liar and a cheat!"

Human nature could not stand that, I slapped my traducer's face. My brother officers interfered, and, when my temper cooled, I found myself walking on the verandah with my intimate friend, Ned Howson.

"Come, Holroyd, let's get some soda water, and then turn in. You must get your hand steady, for Fraser is sure to challenge you to-morrow," he said.

I took his advice and the beverage he recommended, and was up bright and early the following morning. About ten o'clock Captain Raper came to my quarters. He took a seat and a 'peg' before he explained his mission. As I had expected, he was the bearer of a cartel from Mr. Fraser.

"This is a devilish unpleasant business altogether, Holroyd, but I suppose you perceive that there is no alternative. Will you name your friend, for I don't suppose you intend to apologize," said the captain, who bore the reputation of being a fire eater.

I told him I should leave everything in the hands of Lieutenant Howson, and he went to that gentleman in order to arrange preliminaries.

About midday my friend came to me, and told me that he had agreed with the second of Mr. Fraser as to the place, time of meeting, and weapons to be used in the forthcoming duel. He also hinted that if I had any letters to write, in case of accident, it would be as well to do them at once; said he would call to accompany me to the rendezvous at dawn the next morning; and, when I thanked him, and promised to prepare myself for slaughter, left to hunt up the doctor, leaving me to reflect upon my position.

Dueling was much in vogue at that period, but I had never before been a principal in an affaire d'honneur, and, I confess, my feelings upon this occasion were not pleasant ones.

In the first place, I liked Mr. Fraser very much, and I knew full well that he would never have provoked me to strike him had he not been under the influence of liquor. But the blow had been given, and nothing could avert a hostile meeting, unless I accorded him an ample and abject apology—to do which would have required far more courage than to fight, for I should have been stigmatized as a coward and completely ostracised by my brother-officers.

It was the rainy season, and tolerably cool, so when I had finished 'putting my house in order,' as Howson had advised, I set out for a long walk, thinking that exercise would steady my nerves, which were somewhat unstrung by the effects of the potations of the previous night.

As I strolled leisurely upon my way, I pondered upon my past life. I thought of how, barely four years before, I had set out from home full of hope and ambition, the hope of winning name and fame in the profession I had chosen earnest in my heart; and now, before I had even fleshed my maiden sword, before I was even fairly launched upon my career, I had placed myself in such a position that it was more than probable my hopes, my zeal, ambition, and my life, would be cut down like a flower! I cursed the enemy man puts 'in his mouth to steal away his brains;' I thought of the happy home in 'Fatherland' that would be made desolate by my death; I thought of the dear loved ones who would mourn me there, and my heart was filled with bitter anguish—misery that was not decreased when I reflected that, even if I was spared and my adversary fell, it would be my hand that would plunge his widow deep into a sea of grief, and leave fatherless his innocent child.

I was aroused from this bitter train of thought by the hollow thud of rapidly advancing hoofs, and, on looking up, I saw a lady, whose face was totally unfamiliar to me, vainly endeavoring to restrain a mettlesome horse she was riding. The first glance told me she was a skillful equestrian, the second that she was unacquainted with the locality, for she seemed evidently bent upon taking the fire out of her steed by urging him forward; and to go forward I knew full well meant to rush headlong to destruction, for right in that direction lay, half-concealed by bushes, a deep nullah, or water course, down which a torrent, swollen by the recent rains, rolled in rushing cataracts over the rock-strewn bed.

"Turn, madam; turn for your life, there is danger ahead!" I cried, as I rushed toward the point for which she was heading.

The lady turned her face, and I saw it was fair as an angel's; her symmetrical figure showed to full advantage as she used her utmost efforts to curb her horse, and her hair, which had escaped from the ribbons that had bound it, floated, a wave of gold, far in her wake. I was near enough to see the bloom of excitement fade from her cheeks when she heard my warning—near enough to see that the barb was now beyond her control, and that a catastrophe was inevitable.

A swift runner, I started forward at full speed, and gained the brink of the nullah just in time to see the horse and its rider disappear from view in the boiling flood that surged at my feet. For a few seconds I stood paralyzed; then I saw the animal struggle to the surface, and knew that its rider had freed herself. There was little chance of saving her, I knew; it would be almost madness to attempt it; but it flashed across my mind that it would be better to end life in a bold effort to rescue a fellow-creature, than to meet death at the hand of my friend of yesterday. I doffed my boots, my hat and coat, and plunged into the seething flood. The circling eddies bore me downward and onward, but I was a strong swimmer, and I struck out bravely until I gained the surface—gained it just in time to grasp the trailing riding-habit of the lady I essayed to save. I twined one arm around her dainty waist, and drew her beauteous head, with its drooping fleece of locks, upon my shoulder, while the rushing, foaming, torrent, bore us along over rocks that bruised and tore our flesh, through deep, swirling pools, that strove to suck us under, and down steep cascades, where the waters broke with hissing roar, though they merrily gleamed and flashed in the crimson glow of the setting sun. Bruised and battered by the collision with the cruel rocks, the life-breath well nigh stifled in my throat, and my strength rapidly giving way, yet I clung tightly to the pretty stranger then unconscious in my arms, fully resolved that grim Death himself should not part us. Over another waterfall the fast-flowing flood carried us, and when we issued from the flying foam at its foot, to feebly float was all that I could do. My brain was all in whirl, all power to resist was fast leaving me, when the current bore us under the bank at a place where bushes reached almost to the water's edge. I grasped a root, but the swift stream tore me from my hold and I gave up hope.

An instant afterward, however, I found myself caught in the bushes of a tree that had fallen partly across the nullah, and to it I clung with the mad desperation that love of life alone can instil in the heart of man. I still held the lady, clasped her close to me, though I feared she never more would breathe again. I was not one to relinquish the prize I had so strenuously battled for, so, using what little power I still possessed, I pushed her up, and laid her on a well-forked branch ere I struggled on the tree myself.

At this point the nullah's bank was low, and only tall trees dotted the plain beyond its brink. As I straightened myself, I saw, to my exceeding joy, three horsemen coming swiftly across the patena. I hallooed loudly, attracted their attention, and they rode swiftly down when they recognized the perilous predicament I was in. My head was dizzy, and I was well-nigh overcome with exhaustion; but I managed to retain my hold until I felt a pair of strong arms clutch me and bear me ashore. Then I sank into a deep swoon.

When my senses returned, I discovered that I was lying upon a couch in my own quarters, and by my side was standing Lieutenant Howson. Two other gentlemen were seated near the verandah, with their backs toward me.

"Who was she, Ned? Is she dead?" I asked, when I remembered what had occurred.

Ere my friend could reply, the two gentlemen I had noticed rose from their seats and came quickly toward where I was lying. One grasped my hand. I glanced upward, and saw the collector bending over me.

"It was my wife, my brave fellow, and in a few days I hope she will be sufficiently recovered to thank you personally for having so gallantly rescued her from a terrible death. She only arrived yesterday morning, and was riding over to the Colonel's, with Captain Raper, Dr. Middleton and myself, when her horse bolted, and this accident occured. As for that other matter between you and I, Holroyd, you may call me coward, or whatever you choose, but I tell you plainly I will never raise my hand against you—you, who have proved yourself such a hero—you, to whom I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude; for you nobly risked your own life in saving that of my precious Bertha, and may God bless you for the gallant action you performed!" he said, and his fine, frank face gleamed, and his eyes glistened with tears, as he gazed upon me

I tried to reply, but I was terribly prostrated, and a choking sensation in my throat stayed my utterance. I sunk back upon my pillow, and closing my eyes, mentally thanked Heaven for having aided me to preserve unto my late enemy a life valued far more than his own.

Some weeks passed before I regained convalescence; but Mrs. Fraser, who had not sustained such severe contusions as myself, nursed me so tenderly that I at length recovered my pristine vigor. Many years have gone by since then, and Mrs. Fraser's locks are grayish now; but her daughter's have the golden hue her mother's wore when first we met, and her face has the same sweet expression. The dearest friend I have on earth is the man whose wife I saved—the man who challenged me to a duel that was never fought!

The Biter Bit.

There is a story told of a former Chancellor of Ireland, who was desirous of visiting a lunatic asylum near Dublin, in order to satisfy himself upon some points touching its discipline and management None of the officials of the establishment were to be previously apprised of the intended visit, his object being to see the asylum in its every-day working, and to judge for himself as to the matters that interested him.

For this purpose the Lord Chancellor repaired thither alone, and quite *incognito*. One other person only was in the secret. This was an eminent medical man whom the chancellor had requested to meet him in the waiting room of the institution at a certain hour on a particular day. When his lordship, punctual to the minute, got to the place, he found upon inquiry that the doctor had not arrived. He said he would wait, as he wanted to see him particularly. Fifteen minutes passed, but the medical man did not make his appearance. The Lord Chancellor began to show signs of impatience, not unobserved by an official in attendance.

High functionaries must not be kept waiting, and this one was notoriously fidgetty and short tempered. He kept looking at his watch every two or three minutes, and at length gave vent to his impatience by stamping his foot on the floor, and mutterings which bore a strong resemblance to a good round oath. His manner attracted the attention of the attendant, who began to suspect the visitor must be mad.

The attendant kept his eye upon him, and prepared for an emergency. Half an hour elapsed—still no doctor. The great man could stand it no longer, Starting from his seat, he paced up and down the room hurriedly, uttering angry ejaculations the while. The official now satisfied as to the insanity of the visitor, made a rush for him, and called out for help. One of the keepers soon appeared on the spot, and the unlucky chancellor was finally secured.

Not without a fierce struggle, however, was he secured. Against the indignity he protested loudly and lustily. He declared with all the emphasis possible that he was sane, and threatened condign punishment to the officials. But the men only smiled. Having made up their minds that he was a dangerous patient, they at once proceeded to forcibly remove him to one of the wards. Seeing that his threats and protests were useless, and that the matter was getting serious, the chancellor thought to turn the scale in his favor by divesting himself of his *incognito*. Accordingly he declared himself to be the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and that Sir———, (naming the physician) was his personal friend.

The officials knew better. Each gave a wink to the other.

"O, yes, I dare say," quietly remarked one of the men, "we have got two Lord Chancellors up stairs, and also the Queen of England and the Duke of Wellington," and not only was the chancellor removed, but he was placed in a straight waistcoat, each successive manifestation of his rage being only regarded as strong symptoms of lunacy.

Luckily Sir ——— arrived at the asylum immediately afterwards. Entering the waiting room he anxiously inquired whether a gentleman had called and asked for him.

"A gentleman had called," was the the reply, but he became so violent that it was necessary to remove him up stairs."

"Good God!" exclaimed the physician, "Why it is the Lord Chancellor. What is the meaning of this?"

The officers were horror-stricken, and it need hardly be added that the unlucky Lord Chancelior was released instanter with many apologies.—*St. James Magazine.*

Absorption by Roots of Plants.

We have been taught by the botanies and agricultural chemistries that the food of plants is taken up in a soluble state by the porous, spongy tissue at the tips of the roots. The peculiar structure of these tips has been carefully pictured and regarded as a beautiful instance of the adaptation of parts to their uses, of structure to function. But all this turns out to be a mistake, and illustrates anew the danger of reasoning in such matters in advance of experiment. Because the structure of these spongioles, as they are called, resembles sponge, which sucks up water so greedily, the fact that they are the true mouths of roots was looked upon as settled. Recent experiments, however, have shown that where these spongioles are the only parts of roots supplied with water, plants wither and die; while, on the contrary, if they are cut off, and the lower half of the root left in water, the plant continues fresh and vigorous. Further experiments have shown that the seat of absorption is in those parts of roots that are covered with fine hairs, called root hairs. They are mere tubular extensions of the external root-cells, and are usually invisible without microscopic aid. It is to the newer parts of roots, where these hairs are young and active, that the soil adheres with remarkable tenacity; while the growing tips which have not yet put forth hairs, are seen to be quite clean of the soil when plants are pulled up by the roots. It has been observed that these absorbent hairs are more abundant in poor than in good soils. The roots of those plants which are destitute of hairs have a highly absorptive cuticle and numerous rootlets.

THE German loss in the battle with Gen. Chanzy is officially stated to be 177 officers, and 3,202 men were killed and wounded. The French lost besides their killed and wounded, twenty-two thousand unwounded prisoners.

The Tribes of Central Africa.

The African traveler, Dr. G. Schweinfurth gives an interesting account in the Cologne *Gazette* of an expedition to the country of the Niam-Niams, which, he says, had never been visited by a scientific traveler before. He performed this as the guest of Mohemmed Abu Sammat, a trader in ivory, and the party consisted of 300 persons. The climate of the country is "extremely healthy," but traveling is difficult on account of the numerous bogs and marshes; in the southern districts the caravan had to cross a river or a bog nearly every quarter of an hour, and the crossing often occupied several hours. The general character of the land is that of a steppe, except on the banks of the river, which are thickly wooded and provided with narrow footpaths. In crossing a river the travelers usually sunk to their hips in black mud, and huge leeches stuck to their legs. They suffered a good deal for want of food; all they could get was corn occasionally, and some bulbous roots (cassa:e, cofocasia, bananas, and excellent yams), but no meat, except fowls. On the return journey they killed some large antelopes, without which they would have been almost starved. They passed through the dominions of the chiefs Seriba Sabbi Nganye and Uando (the latter of whom presented Dr. Schweinforth with a large jar full of scorched elephant's tripe taken from an animal a hundred year old), and finally reached the residence of Munsa, the King of the Mombuttu. This place lies about 3 deg. north latitude south of the great Uelle River, which Dr. Schweinfurth believes is the same as the Upper Khari (affluent of Lake Tohad), and joins the Blue Nile at Khartoum. Munsa is a "reddish-brown savage, covered all over with shining copper ornaments, like a well-kept kitchen;" his wives are painted in all sorts of colors, and the rooms in this palace are as large as railway stations; that in which the travelers were received was 100 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 40 feet high. Cannibalism is prevalent both among the Mombbttu and the Niam-Niams. Munsa eats human flesh daily, and the Mombuttu go regularly on hunting expeditions among the wild negro races in the south; the dead and wounded are either eaten on the spot or their flesh dried for future consumption, and the prisoners are carried away to be eaten at leisure. As for the Niam-Niams, they make war on the Nubians out of sheer cannibalism. "Flesh, flesh!" is their war-cry, and any slave that comes in their way is at once sacrificed to their ruling passion. On the return journey the travelers were repeatedly attacked by Niam-Niams with lances and boomerangs, but their only casualties were two wounded, one of whom was the leader of the caravan, Mohammed Abu Sammat. Both soon recovered. The total distance traveled from Seriba Ghattos, in Djur, whence Dr. Schweinfurth dates his letter, to Munsa's residence was about seventy-five German (300 English) miles.

A Brave Boy.

The Watertown (N. Y.) *Re-union* has the following account of the action of a brave and generous boy whose name deserves to be perpetuated by honorable mention. He is a true hero: When the wind and storm was raging furiously the startling cry was raised in the village of Cape Vincent that a man was afloat in the river in the utmost peril. The snow was driving so thickly that nothing could be seen on the river, but the cries of the apparently doomed man for help were distinctly heard. There was much agitation and confusion, but to launch out in the river to attempt a doubtful rescue was perilous. But young Hinckly hearing the cry for help, unobserved and undaunted, "pushed his light shell off from shore." Blinded by the driving snow, and tossed by the raging flood, which taxed his utmost maritime skill to keep right side up, he followed the cry of the imperilled man, and soon found him afloat on a frail craft without oars and helpless, on which he had vegtured from shore to save some barrels, and having lost his oars, was at the mercy of the current and waves. With much effort and danger the imperilled stranger was transhipped to young Hinckly's craft, and was brought to shore and landed amidst the vociferious applause of a large concourse of people. When asked how he dared to venture out in such a storm, he replied: "I could not bear to hear a man cry for help and not help him." Such daring benevolence everywhere deserves honorable mention.

MARRYATT quotes a theory that, in a naval engagement, if a cannon ball makes a hole in the side of a vessel there you have the safest of all places in which to put your head, the chances being enormously against a second ball coming in the same place as the first; but the theory, says a correspondent, scarcely applies to shells, which, if they light upon a hard substance, burst into fragments, which fill the air in all directions, sometimes travelling an astonishing distance. And such fragments! Massy lumps of iron, as big, perhaps, as a man's hand, knotted and twisted by the force of the explosion into all sorts of fantastic shapes—sometimes with protruding ragged spikes curved in like the angry claws of a wild beast. It makes one shudder involuntarily to picture such a missile tearing its way through living flesh and bones, and to think that a million or thereabouts of human beings boasting that they belong to the most civilized nations on earth were then employed in hurling these missiles at each other.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far."

The Boy And The Ring.

A certain king
Of Persia had a jewel in a ring.
He sat it on the dome of Azud high;
And, when they saw it flashing in the sky,
Made proclamation to his royal troop,
That who should send an arrow through the hoop
That held the gem, should have the ring to wear.
It happened that four hundred archers were
In the king's company about the king.
Each took his aim, and shot, and missed the ring.

A boy, at play upon the terraced roof
Of a near building, bent his bow aloof
At random, and behold! the morning breeze
His little arrow caught and bore with ease
Right through the circlet of the gem.

The king,
Well pleased, unto the boy assigned the ring.
Then the boy burnt his arrows and his bow.
The king, astonished, said, "Why dost thou so?
Seeing thy first shot hath had great success."
He answered, "Lest my second make that less."

Facts and Fancies.

Wisconsin has 100 cheese factories.

During the past year seven centenarians died in Maine.

This is a good time to collect autographs—of your creditors.

The Governor of Minnesota is the champion long message writer.

There are nearly 2,000 insane persons and over 500 idiots in jails in Ohio.

Property in Atchison county, Kansas, has increased 400 per cent. in eight years.

A soldiers' monument is to be erected on Boston Common at an expense of $75,000.

Two thousand miles of railroads have been built in Illinois and are now in operation since 1869.

Two hundred and fourteen new buildings were erected in St. Paul during 1870, at a cost of $330,925.

The Republicans of the Massachusetts Legislature have nominated Henry Wilson for the U. S. States Senate.

A mulatto woman brings a suit in Cincinnati, and places her damages at $20,000 for being kidnapped and sold into slavery in 1853.

A travelling piano player undertook to whip an Illinois editor, and when he got through the piano pounder had only one ear for music.

The Prussian war office has given orders for the purpose of ascertaining how many of the French prisoners are able to read and write.

Miss Anna Dickinson's annual income from lecturing for the last seven years, has averaged $7,000. Her profits last season reached $13,000.

A Mt. Pleasant, Iowa school girl, Alice Kauffman, spelled 2,100 consecutive words, recently, and got a fine Bible for her smartness.

As many as twelve Dukes, of the oldest and most distinguished lineage, of France, have been killed or seriously wounded during the war.

The present wife of a Buffalonian objects to his keeping the memories of her five predecessors green by wearing five bands of crape on his hat.

In Galveston, Texas, an indignant father, whose daughter had married against his will, sent her for a wedding present a patent burial case.

The amount of capital employed in a first-class circus is fully $100,000, and lately one-eight of an establishment found a purchaser at $18,000.

An Indiana widow so worked upon a young man's fears by threatening to marry him, that he turned over all his property to her and ran away.

An Iowa man is so inhuman as to drive ten-penny nails through an inch board and file them sharp, and then beat his horse over the head with it.

A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that State are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

Wisconsin has a woman whose home is in Oshkosh, and who has been married six times, twice to the same man; been divorced three times, twice from the same man, and is now a widow.

A lady in Fond Du Lac slipped on the ice and broke her leg, and the first remark she made after the accident was: "I wonder if Harry will marry me now." How characteristic of a woman!

Five thousand trout a day are hatched out at the Cold Spring trout ponds at Charlestown, N. H. There were a quarter of a million trout eggs laid down in the hatching troughs in the fall.

A Chicago lady recently received a letter from a girl in Paris in which was the following sentence: "Do not mind the reports of our despondency. We expect to begin a brilliant ball season in a week or two."

A little schoolboy presented his teacher the following note from home as an excuse for tardiness: "Baby cross Biscuit to bake had no Baken powder the dog upset the kaughphy-pot the cat liched the milk got up late Excuse."

The Supreme Court of Iowa, has decided that if a juryman drinks intoxicating liquors during a trial, the verdict may be set aside and a new trial ordered. Where the Cincinnati article is used the juryman is buried at the expense of the county.

Mr. Washburne, the American Minisister, communicated to Gen. Trochu a complaint from Count Bismarck that the French fire on flags of truce. Gen. Trochu, in reply, says the firing was accidental, and cites similar accidents on the German side.

The iron-clad targets at which the new English thirty-five ton gun is to be tried, are at Chatham, and nearly completed. Two of them are coated with plates fourteen inches in thickness, one of them having the plates placed in two thicknesses of six inches and eight inches, with the timber backing between them.

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