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...Goes the World.

...d days pass on and on,
...pes fade unfulfilled away,
...ngs which seem the life of life,
...aken from us day by day;
...et through all the busy streets
...crowd of pleasure-seekers throng,
...uppets play, the showman calls,
...d gossips chat the whole day long,
And so the world goes on.

Our little dramas come to nought;
Our lives may fail, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness—
Our firmest castle fall to sand;
And yet the children sing and dance,
The money-makers laugh and shout,
The stars, unmindful, still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on.

The house grows sad that once was gay,
The dear ones seek their Blessed Home,
And we may watch and wait in vain
To hear their well-known footsteps come;
And yet the sunlight checks the floor,
And makes the summer shadows long,
The rose-buds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on.

And God goes on, and without woe
Weaves golden threads of joy and peace,
Guarding with His heart of hearts,
Our days of pain, our days of ease;
He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves,
The danger's smile, the mourner's tears,
And keeps them safe—His children all—
Through all the great eternal years,
And so, thank God, the world goes on.

FLORIDE.

"If that girl should ever love and be deserted, may heaven help the man!" said Hubert Walden, a cool, clear-headed, calculating Yankee, to his wife, as they sat gazing upon a dark-haired and dark-eyed brunette beauty, who was walking upon the sands in company with their daughter and watching the incoming tide and the fishermen's boats scudding before the rising wind.

"Why, Hubert?"

"Because she has the most fiery and unforgiving temper I ever saw in any human being—let alone a girl—quick as lightning, and lasting as red-hot iron. And she will love as madly as she will hate," he continued, half musingly. "I never saw one of her nature but what did—a sort of tigress affection, that either made then intensely happy or intensely wretched. God help her if it should be the latter! I am very glad she is no child of mine, and that I am not going to have the care of her long."

Innocent of being the subject of remark, Floride Le Brun, the one child of a daughter of the South by a creole father, was watching the waves as they crept up with a purring sound upon the rifted sands almost at her feet. Although a girl in years, she was a woman in passion and thought, had matured very early (at eighteen), and was the superior of most of her sex at one-and-twenty.

This was the case with the physical as the mental powers. The tropical sun ripens the flower—the fruit quickly follows the blossom. Gifted by nature with rare beauty both of figure and face, the charms of womanhood were developed to her before the line of girlhood had been passed. Never, perhaps, were eyes of more intense brightness or blackness seen—never more expressive ones—and as no attempt was made at concealment, they melted now with love, danced with mirth, or played with indignation. Ah! well had the old man said that her love would be a dangerous thing!

"How I love the ocean!" said her gentle cousin, Edith Walden, as they paced slowly along, "when it lies sleeping, and its watery lips are murmuring a lullaby."

"And I when its great waves are breaking in foam, when the wind is howling, and it is thundering wrath and doom. To my mind, there can be no more insipid thing than the ocean in an hour of calm."

The few words were a true index to the characters of both. One was gentle and yielding as the willow, and would bend to any storm; the other, defiant as the oak. Of which would be the happier there could not be a question.

But, as yet, Floride Le Brun had had nothing to stir her heart to its lowest depth—to quicken love into its tempestuous flow, or kindle the fierce fires of jealousy that were only slumbering in her bosom. Yet both the hour and the man were near at hand, and one would follow the other just as certainly as night does sunshine. And so it was with the heart and impulsive and fiery nature of the Southern girl. Love and hate came twin-mated and at the same moment.

Even as they were looking at the storm that had fast gathered—Edith shrinking and mourning over the wrecks and deaths that might follow, and Floride glorying in the fierce war of the elements—a tiny boat was driven towards them swifter even than the gulls that were seeking a sheltering less. There was but a rag of sail to be seen as it was lifted for a moment upon the crest of the billows; but as long as it remained it was salvation. That gone, the boat would be instantly swamped.

"There is but one man in it," hoarsely whispered Floride, who was instantly absorbed in his perilous position; "but he stands erect and firm, and defies fate. O, that I were with him, for—"

"He will be lost!" interrupted the shuddering and terrified Edith. "In another instant he will be in the line of breakers, and no human hand can save him. O, heaven! how many have I seen perish there!" and she bowed her head and shut her eyes to what she was certain would follow.

"No!" answered Floride, proudly. "He will conquer. How I glory in his dauntless courage! Such a man is fit for king!"

"Merciful heavens! the boat is lost!"

The practical eye of the Northern girl saw the tiny sail as it was rent in tatters, and drank in the danger. Even as the words were leaving her lips, the boat fell into the trough of the sea, rolled heavily for an instant, and then the waves broke above and entirely submerged it.

"O, heavens!" exclaimed the fiery Floride, "he will perish, and we standing idle lookers-on!"

And she dashed down to the water's edge.

"What would you do?" demanded her companion, as she ran after and clung to her.

"Go to his rescue."

"Are you mad? See, he is swimming towards the shore—will reach it. No!—the boat has struck him—he is wounded. Heaven help him—he will be drowned!"

"Not if I can save him."

And Floride waded fearlessly towards him.

The certain death of not one, but both would have followed, had not the cooler Edith secured a rope that was lying near, with one end fastened to a pile, and ventured out into the boiling surf, secured it around the slight form of Floride, and returning to the shore, stood ready to pull her beyond the reach of the water. Almost breathless, they both watched the crippled form that was drifting rapidly towards them. Then, as it came nearer, the Southern girl made a mighty effort, seized upon it, and fought her way back. Burdened as she was, the undertaking appeared hopeless. The waves swept in as if angry at having been robbed of their prey, and the under current carried her from her feet. But the cool Yankee girl Edith was a host in herself; and watching the opportunity at length succeeded in bringing both ashore, and finding that her companion was able to take care of herself, gave her attention to the stranger.

In this, Floride was soon able to assist, and their united efforts carried him to a secure place, and soon restored him sufficiently to be able to walk to the house, though one arm was broken and his head bleeding.

A very few words explained all that was deemed necessary. He was a visitor at a neighboring watering-place—had gone out for a day's fishing, been overtaken by a sudden squall, and—the rest they knew, save that his name was Archibald Fenton, and that his home was in Baltimore.

"A Southerner like myself," whispered Floride, as she and her fair cousin stole away to change their wet garments, leaving him to the care of the father of the latter. "And, O, how handsome!"

In the eyes of a young and enthusiastic girl he undoubtedly appeared so; but Hubert Walden thought the reverse. He did not fancy the soft, white hands that bore no traces of labor, the smooth face, the carefully tended hair and moustache, and more particularly the expression of the eyes and the scornful curl of the lip. But he was a reticent man, kept his own counsel, and tended to the wants of the one whom the waves had brought to his door with as much of kindness as if he had been his dearest friend.

Still he was determined that it should be only for a brief time. The stay, however, was much longer than he had calculated. Death, though he had been robbed upon the water, made another desperate fight for his prey upon the land. Brain-fever followed, and for weeks Archibald Fenton's life trembled in the balance.—Then came convalescence—doubly sweet to him because Floride was by his side, and the old story was enacted again.

The young nurse learned to love the young patient, and the patient the nurse; and despite all warnings on the part of her uncle and aunt—despite her own better judgment—Floride consented to a hasty wedding, bade them farewell, and started upon the bridal tour to visit the home he had described, and which existed only in fancy.

And as sudden as was her marriage, so was her awakening from the dream of bliss. A very days served to convince her that she was the victim of an adventurer—one whose aim was to possess himself of her property and then leave her—a man already married—a gambler and a libertine. And never was there a more bitter awakening than hers when she found herself deserted one morning in a strange Southern city—without means to travel—without means even to pay for a day's board. She wrote to her friends for advice and assistance, and received coldness or neglect. Her own folly in signing checks in the first flush of love, without looking at the amount had deprived her of ready means, and she was forced to almost beg her way back to the home of her childhood.

And there for a time she lingered, utterly crushed. The finger of shame was pointed at her. She would soon be a mother, and yet was not a wife. Terrible, indeed, was the blow. The hour that the cool-headed Mr. Hubert Walden had predicted had not yet arrived, though it was swiftly coming. Love had died out, but revenge was not as yet born.

A child of shame, though not of sin, saw the light, struggling for life but a little time, and then was laid away beneath the blossoming orange trees. But the mother mourned it not as one of her fiery nature was expected to have done. She stood by the little grave dry-eyed—left it with tightly-compressed lips, and a strange, wild light burning in her black eyes. The old negro servants shrank from her, and whispered that she was going mad. Even the lawyer who sold the property left by her father felt uneasy in her presence, and was glad when the money was handed over and she had departed. For a month or more she lingered, finding a home in a secluded farmhouse, and devoting herself to practice with a pistol, but reticent as to her cause for her so doing; and those around her knew nothing, or very little, of the sad episode in her life. Then she disappeared altogether, and was as much lost as if the earth had opened and swallowed her.—They thought she had killed herself, but it was not so. She had a deadly purpose yet to accomplish.

The first ship that sailed from a neighboring town port carried with it a youth, black-eyed and black-haired, with beardless cheeks, and determined, though rosy lips that looked strangely like a girl—a boy who kept apart from all, and was constantly bending over the side and talking in broken whispers to the wildly murmuring waves. None knew from whence he came, or whither he was going, and he was soon lost amid the multitude of a great Northern city. Ah! boy or girl, the path he or she was following was that of a destroyer, and one man might tremble if they ever met.

And meet they did, but it was far from the haunts of busy men—was amid the wildest sublimity of nature. Far up the heights of Mount Washington a gay party was toiling, intent upon lunching upon the summit.

Manhood and beauty were there, and mirth appeared to attend upon their footsteps. It was no place for murder, but the dark hounds of blood were following swiftly and silently.

Separated from his companions, the leader—one in the very prime life—was seeking for an easy path for the females to travel.

But a few moments previously he had been whispering sweet words to a golden-haired girl, who had enshrined him within the deepest recesses of her heart. Now he stood alone—hidden from all eyes—with his own resting upon a distant lake that awakened thoughts of other days.

"Poor Floride!" he murmured; "I did you a foul wrong, and—"

"Who calls Floride?"

A figure clad in boy's apparel sprang from behind a rock and stood facing him. The cap was removed from the head, and the black hair glistened in the sunlight like crystalized coal. He knew her in an instant and put out his hand imploringly.

"Liar! betrayer!" she hissed from between her white teeth. This is —"

The rest was lost in the report of a pistol.

She had not practiced in vain. The sound called the rest of the party to his side.

They found him already dead—the bullet had cleft the heart! Beside him lay the pistol; the verdict of every one was suicide, though no one could fathom the motive.

And no one knew that the man buried near the top of the eternal mountain had justly fallen by a woman's hand. Of such a person as Floride Le Brun they had no knowledge; and the sea that swept her corpse ashore near the residence of old Hubert Walden told no tales.

The wood and water both kept their secrets. Earth has many such. They are sealed for all time. Eternity alone can tear away the veil.

HOW TO BREAK BAD HABITS.—Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind.

Avoid the places, the persons, the thoughts, that lead to temptation.

Frequent the places, associate with the persons, indulge the thoughts, that will keep you away from the temptation.

Keep busy. Idleness is the strength of bad habits.

Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive.

When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstance.

Do you think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken? It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength in you for years.

Be sure to seek for Divine help.

THE SLEEP of flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and, like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dews which distill in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering drops and flash back fron leaf, and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriential magnificence. So it may be with us, if in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory.

Mrs. Laura Fair.

This woman was recently convicted of murder in the first degree, in San Francisco, for killing A. P. Crittenden, a distinguished lawyer, who, after defending her in Court for killing her husband, became so infatuated with her that he deserted his wife and children and "took up" with her. But he finally repented of his folly and returned to his accomplished wife, who granted him forgiveness. This exasperated Mrs. Fair, she having procured a divorce from a man named Snyder for the sake of living with Crittenden, and to avenge herself she one evening shot him dead at his own home, whilst seated with his family in the nursery. Out of four or five husbands she has had, one drank himself to death, two committed suicide, one got divorced and one she killed—not including Crittenden. The trial has brought out the following facts in her history:

She was born in Alabama, and, through poverty and neglect, reached womanhood without knowing the wholesome atmosphere of home. The family removed to New Orleans when Laura was sixteen, and here the girl resolved to enter the world under new circumstances. Bright in mind and excedingly comely in person, she soon found full investment for her capital. She caught a rich husband. She was eighteen and he was eighty. His senile jealousy drove her to the remedy of divorce; but while the action was pending the dotard died in *delirium tremens*, and the adventuress found herself the mistress of an ample fortune. She married within a month, and in less than three was the widow of a suicide. With the semblances of decent sorrow fresh upon her, she took another husband, Colonel Fair, and the fortune of the first running low, she emigrated with this one to Virginia City, Nevada, where she set up a hostelry, styled the "Fair House." The amiable Colonel made way for some one else by blowing his brains out, and the incorrigible widow, sated with her matrimonial ventures, essayed fame and fortune on the San Francisco stage as an actress. Hers were the arts, however, which do not show to full advantage on the mimic scene, and her first appearance as *Lady Teazle* was also her last. One conquest she made was the final cause of the present scandal. She captivated the susceptible heart of A. P. Crittenden, an ex-Judge and an eminent lawyer. Practicing all the arts of a machless cunning, she lured him from wife and home, robbing him meantime of all she could get. With his money she pensioned her mother comfortably and re-established herself in the Fair House in Virginia City. While still intriguing with Crittenden she met another man possessed of money and made her self his wife. Without identity or apparent purpose this fourth "husband" flits aimlessly across the hideous scene—she shot him. This, at any rate, was candid; but even Nevada justice frowned at it, and the enchantress was brought to trial. She was defended by Crittenden so eloquently and ably that the Judge seems to have forgotten the law and the Jury the facts, for she was triumpantly acquitted.

The favorite of fortune and favored of justice supported her melancholly widowhood a few months, and in 1868 made a new marriage feast, taking to her arms a man of doubtful morals but undoubted wealth, who figures on the scene as "Snyder." She looked upon Snyder's money, and it was good; she looked upon Snyder and thought that Crittenden was better. Tired of the sanguinary method, she gave Snyder the choice of a divorce, and he, amiable man, accepted and achieved a legal separation within a month.

Crittenden during these matrimonial transfigurations still maintained his fatuous devotion to the adventuress. He gave her something like $70,000 altogether. At the time of the Snyder episode he, however, seems to have realized the part he was playing. He sent for his wife and family, and meantime informed Mrs. Fair that he could have nothing more to do with her. She flooded him with letters and denunciation. She threatened an exposure of his relations with her. Receiving no answer to these ravings, she thrust herself upon him in his office and avowed herself his wife. She dared him to cast her off. The next day she shot him dead as he sat beside his wife and children.

Of the infamies of the trial we have no purpose to speak. The worn out plea of insanity was put forth, but the jury were not impressed with it. The woman faced her judge and jury with matchless assurance, in the very face of Mr. Crittenden, declaring herself her victim's "lawful wife before God." She held what is termed "advanced views of womanhood," and some of them she has put in practice.—Perhaps a sober contemplation of this fearful case may convince ladies of her way of thinking that those fantastic theories which strip woman of the proverbial attributes of the sex can have no other logical result in practice than to reduce woman to the condition of a monster. If the life of Laura Fair, who now stands convicted of one of her murders, is more horrible than the lives of others of her school, it is not because her principles are only worse than those of the average marriage reformer, but because she has been more consistent and courageous in acting up to their ultimate tendencies.

WHY is a man never knocked down against his will? Because it is impossible to fall unless inclined.

[FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.]

Climbing the Mountain.

BY DON O. HOOTIZ.

The summit of no mountain yet was reached
At one great, bounding stride;
By steady toil, onward, step by step,
We mount its rugged side.

And like to this the path to greatness lies—
Rough and with pitfalls strewn,
But he who takes that first, momentous step
Sees on, another step is hewn.

Into the future far we cannot see,
But as each upward step we take
We see whereat the next to place; thus upward, on,
And as we advance our pathway make.

And when we at last the summit reach,
And end our weary plod,
Back with exultant pride we gaze
On the rough path we've trod.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS, OR The Old Woman's Railway Signal.

BY ELLIHU BURRITT.

The most effective working force in the world in which we live, is the law of kindness—for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, beastkind and birdkind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning and unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relates to Orpheus playing his lyre to animals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains.—Well, kindness is the spontaneous music of good will to men and beasts: and both listen to it with their hearts instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not in the same degree. Volumes might be written filled with beautiful illustrations of its effects upon both. The music of kindness has not only the power to charm, but to transform both the savage heart of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident that will serve as an illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: A poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passes through a wild, unpeopled district of Western Virginia.—She was a widow, with only one daughter, living with her in a log hut, near a deep precipitous gorge, crossed by a railway bridge. Here they contrived to support themselves by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market.—She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by the cabin to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profits of her small sales, so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor came finally to notice her walking by the side of the line or between the rails; and, being a good natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The enginemen were also good to the old woman, and felt they were not wronging the interest of the railway company in giving her these free rides. And soon an accident occurred that proved that they were quite right in this view of the matter.

In the wild month of March, the rain descended and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge near the old woman's hut. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood, and the darkness was deep and howling with the storm. In another half hour the express train would be due. What could she do to warn it against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a whole tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cord of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, side pieces, and head peice. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs.—Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled all their household furniture upon the line, a few rods before the black, awful chasm, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swelling, booming light a long way up the track.—In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane, and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire.—Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red flannel gown from her in a moment, and, tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the track, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung round her head a blazing chair post a little before.

The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great, red eye of the engine burst upon her as it came round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that filled all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but brakesman wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the decaying fire.—It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged, and into a death and destruction too horrible to think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine driver and the brakeman came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

PARENTAL LOVE.—What is more true and lasting than the love a parent bears its child? Brotherly and sisterly love is dear, the love of a friend, sweet; but, oh! where is the love that can compare with parental affection? When sorrow visits us, it is always in the parents' ear the tale of grief is poured, for we know, whether our pain be great or little, the soft voice of mother, or the firmer one of father, has always sweet words of consolation and endearment to offer, which make our hearts light again, and our spirits gay. When sickness with its threatening hand hovers o'er us, is it from nurse, friend, or even sister, that we wish to receive the cooling drink? Ah no! 'tis from mother, who, with sweet smile and soft caress, makes us feel that, even though we are sick and suffering, earth has one bright, golden chain which binds us to it. 'Tis the gentle pressure of mother's hand on our forehead, which drives away pain; mother's soft voice in the ear, teaching us sweet example of patience which we are to follow, and mother's kiss on our brow, which makes us feel that even heaven were dreary, were mother not there.

MAN is evidently intended for an active life. He brings into the world with him certain wants, which he must satisfy in order to live; certain desires and propensities which lead him to happiness from particular enjoyments and industry, or aptitude for labor, or both. It is wisely ordered by Providence that nothing valuable can be procured without industry—not to mention riches and honor. Neither food nor raiment can be procured without the sweat of the brow; and the sentence pronounced upon man, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," is a blessing rather than a curse. Moderate and habitual labor is conducive to health. The industrious man rarely complains of loss of appetite, dyspepsia, hypochondria or other ills which flesh is heir to. He is never troubled with ennui, disgusted with society, or wearied with life. Cheerfulness and good spirits are the concomitants of good health, which is inseparably connected with industry.

JOSH BILLINGS thus defines "horns:" "Dinner Horns—This is the oldest and most sakred there iz. It iz sit to musik, and plays "Home, Sweet Home," about noon. It will arrest a man and bring him in quicker than a sheriff's warrant. It kauzes the deaf to hear and the dumb to shout for joy. Glorious old instrument! long may your lungs last!

Whiskey Horn—This horn varies in length—from three to six inches is the favorite size. It iz different from other horns, being of a fluid natur. It iz really more pugnashus than the ram's horn; six inches of it will knock a man perfectly crazy.

HERE is about the sunnyest thing we have seen in a long time; Just as a traveller was writing his name on the register of a Leavenworth hotel, a bedbug sallied forth and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been bled by St. Joseph fleas, bitten by Kansas City spiders, and interviewed by Fort Scott graybacks, but I'll be——if I was ever before in a place where the bedbugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

SALT YOUR CHIMNEY.—In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of brick are to be laid. The effect will be that there will not be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture from the atmosphere every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp, falls down in the fire place. This is an English discovery. It is used with successs in Canada.

IT IS the mountains that first reflect the morning's red wing; the mountains that glow with the sandals of departing day.—On them the Law was given 'mid thunder and cloud; on them the sermon was uttered 'mid sunshine and peace; all day they are covered with grandeur, and "visited all night by troops of stars." From their white distaffs flow the threads of great rivers; they lift old Winter upon their shoulders, and June lies asleep at their feet.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—A tale of misery—the cocktail.

—A wag advertises baby-jumpers as "spring goods."

—Horace says care penetrates into all places. *Except* railroads and street-cars.

—A Wisconsin man wen a bet of $250 by eating seventeen hard boiled eggs. But his doctor's bill was $35.

—Mrs. Hannah Fowler, said to be the oldest resident of Worcester, Mass., died last week, in the ninety-sixth year of her age.

—Mrs. Julia Tyler Spencer, daughter of President Tyler, died suddenly, at her residence, Genesee, New York, on Monday week last

—Ex-Gov. Coburn is Main's richest man. His annual income is said to be over $70,000, and his property is estimated at $7,000,000.

—It is said that the five lawyers who defended General Cole for the killing of Hiscock have never had their pay. One of them claims $6,500.

—The German Parliament has passed a bill for bidding lotteries, except such as the various German governments may get up on their own account.

—The liquor dealers of Williamsport, Penn., have formed an association for protection against what they call the "encroachments" of temperance.

—The will of Senator Howard, which has been admitted to probate in Detroit, Mich., shows his entire property to be worth only $50,000. It was supposed to be much larger.

—A Down East woman could not attend her father's funeral because she was so busy house-cleaning. Some men are so careless about dying just at the wrong time for a woman.

—Captain Susan B. Anthony, whom neither defeat nor rivalry can keep from a front place, is to start for California on June 1st, speaking at a few of the chief towns on the route, either going or returning.

—The man Grant, who killed H. Rives Pollard in Richmond, Va., is still in the negro minstrel business. He is now said to be attached to Carncross & Dixie's burnt-cork company, under the name of J. G. Russell.

—Under the new Virginia laws regulating the catching of oysters, the season does not expire until June 1st, and Norfolk oystermen are now busier than ever, and getting better prices for their stock than at any time during the season.

—Telegrams from all parts of California represent that the prospects for the fruit crop were never better. It is certain that the grape crop is unusally heavy. The yield of wheat and barley will be light—probably half the usual crops.

—Providence is in great doubt whether a house there, on a certain afternoon last week, was struck by lightning or not. Appearances seem to favor the ayes, but as there was no lightning on the afternoon in question, the noes are still confident.

—The editor of the *McDuffie Journel*, published at Thomson, Georgia, has received from an orchard in Warren county a small branch broken from an apple tree, containing forty apples within a space of four inches, measured on the branch.

—The Emperor of Germany is reported to be a practical printer. All the members of the royal family of Prussia are required to learn some trade and William chose typography as the most desirable craft, and spent three years at the case.

—The Henderson (Texas) *Times* says: "Farmers are getting up their work, corn crops look well, cotton generally planted and up, stand good. Vegetables are flourishing, potatoes and peas getting plentiful. Fruits of all kinds more forward by two weeks than usual.

—Buffalo has three brothers who live in three houses exactly alike, and standing side by side. They are all members of the same church, and for twenty years have been in business together. They ride down to their store every morning in the some vehicle. In short they are the best instances we know of true fraternity.

—Not long ago a gentleman had occasion to reprove his little son, aged four and a half years, for an offense which had on another occasion called forth words of correction. The parent closed with: "Now, Willie, I don't want to speak to you again about this?" which was promptly and very decidedly responded to as follows: "Well, pa! I doesn't want you to!"

—Mr. Bonner, in a note to the New York *Times*, says that he has no fear of Dexter being beaten by that California horse which is recently reported to have trotted a half mile in 1.07. He thinks Dexter can do better than that, and says that he has some horses which he hopes will excel Dexter's performances, for one of which he paid a higher price than he did for him.

—The national monument being erected to the memory of Mr. Lincoln, near his grave in Oakridge Cemetery, is nearly completed. It is an exception to most enterprises of the kind in this country—in that it is being thoroughly carried out in accordance with the original design. It is proposed that the dedication of the monument shall be made a national affair, and that the various officials of the Government shall be present, and an oration delivered. This will probably be done.

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