CHESTERTOWN NEWSPAPER GOES TO TRANSCRIPT.

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MORE GOOD THAN BAD.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There never was night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the dark hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing;
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

THAT UNLUCKY NOTE.

BY HOLLY HARROLD.

"Dinner ready, Ann?" questioned Eva Hammond, stepping from the street into the warmth of the lighted hall.

"Not quite, Miss," answered Ann. "There are some letters in the dining room for you."

"Very well;" and leaving her hat and shawl on the rack, Miss Hammond, who was about eighteen, and very *petite* and girlish-looking for that, danced down the stairs to the warm, cosy dining-room. On the mantel were three white envelopes. Eva gathered them up, and drew an easy chair toward the glowing coals in the grate, to read them. "Addie," she said, looking over the superscriptions before breaking the seals, and—California! yes, this from Mattie; and"—she stopped, looking startled and puzzled as she held the third one up toward the light. She seemed dissatisfied with her scrutiny by aid of the gas, and leaned forward to the redder glow of the firelight. Nor did she seem better pleased then, but forgetting the other letters, and twisting this around, unopened, in her small fingers, she fixed her eyes on the flickering flames, with a far-off, absent air; that made her look less a child, much more a woman. Suddenly she tore open the envelope and read these few lines, written in a graceful, delicate hand:

"Am in the city. If you desire to meet me, I am agreeable. If so, please state time and place. No. 17 West —— street."

There was no date, no name; and Miss Hammond looked even more puzzled over the note than she had been over its envelope, and yet both appeared to recall some sad or unpleasant memory; then she went thoughtfully up to her own room and unlocked a desk containing papers and letters. She looked them over carefully, but found nothing to reward her search.

"Ah! I know," she said, suddenly crossing the room to a small book-case, and drawing out a small clasped book. It was a collection of autographs, and Miss Hammond turned to one.

She compared it to the unsigned note for a moment, and ended with throwing both the book and letter into the desk, heaving a sigh, and going down to dinner. At the table she was the same bright, pretty little maiden who had danced into that room some twenty minutes before. It was evident, as Miss Eva talked animately to her father about politics, questioned tenderly about her invalid mother, and gaily described the newest fashions, that she was the sunshine and jewel of that quiet home.

The doctor after dinner went to his lecture, and Eva to her own sanctum. Once more she compared the lines in the book with the mysterious note; then threw herself down on a soft rug before the heater and mused aloud.

"It must certainly be from Herbert," she said spitefully. "Of course it's from him!" "But then, why should he suppose I would care to see him, or why in the world would he wish to see me? I'm sure he would not give me a chance to recognize him when we met last; but then the circumstance took him so by surprise, and really it was so long ago, and he had not acquired perfect control of himself. Now he thinks he has. How little men know of themselves!" and Miss Eva's lips gave a very contemptuous curl. "He thinks he can show me now how completely he has conquered himself. Foolish fellow to tempt me!" "I can't see," she added after a moment's pause, meanwhile tapping one little foot upon the rug in a very energetic manner, "why he should seek a meeting after so long a silence; and I've surely done everything in the world to make him hate me. But then I could not settle down to be a quiet country parson's wife, and it was absurd of me to entertain that dream for a moment. I'm sure I did what was for the best, in telling him so, as soon as I became convinced of it myself. O, dear, what an aimless life I lead, anyway!" and it really seemed to be so at that moment. "Those long walks and talks," she went on, "were pleasant; and how much better and purer his life was, than these gentlemen I meet every day. He said he could never forget, or cease to love. Nonsense! Men always forget! Very likely he wants to tell me of his approaching marriage," and Eva's lips were slightly less scornful, and her eyes grew misty. Suddenly she ran to the dressing table and studied her face in the glass for several minutes very thoughtfully, then appeared pleased at the reflection.

"No, no," said Miss Hammond, shaking her little fist at the beauty in the glass, "he'd better not have tempted me, for I shall make him sorry if he comes. I really can't help it," and then she sat down to her desk and wrote these lines on a sheet of tinted paper:

"Come Thursday evening. You have the address. Eva," and, folding them, addressed the envelope to the Rev. Herbert Stafford, 17 West —— street, —— city. This done, she took another survey of herself in the glass, and curled up again on the rug to dream.

Eighteen months before this evening Herbert Stafford and Eva Hammond had met at the house of a mutual friend, and for several weeks were constant companions. She was just from school, and he fresh from his studies at the university: both were prepared to throw themselves with ardor into the pleasant recreations of that golden summer-time. Eva's exceeding beauty appealed, through his artist's eye, to his æsthetic nature, while her innocent way of confiding to him her longings after a higher life appealed to his spiritual nature; while she was discovering that she did reverence to this man's character, and wished she could be something like him. Thus they both dreamed on, until Eva, with a woman's quick perceptions, awakened to the fact that she held in complete thraldom Herbert's heart and affections. Somehow it was a pleasant awakening, and she took no pains to mar the dream; and when he, too, made that discovery and asked her to be a country parson's wife, she said "Yes," because the summer days were not over, and she found them too sweet and pleasant to wish a change.

The time came when they had to separate, and for a while Eva believed she really meant all she let Herbert dream of; but in the gay whirl of city life Miss Hammond commenced to view the matter in another light. She thought she could find greater happiness and excitement in the adulation that surrounded her in the city than in "love in a cottage" with the young minister. When Eva told him this the blow to Herbert was terrible. In vain he pleaded with her. Miss Hammond grew very scornful, and refused to see him. Those were bitter months for him, and ere the pain had entirely gone, he met Eva accidentally in the street. He knew that he had not schooled himself to meet her quite calmly, and so he avoided her glance of recoguition. The white face sent a thrill of pain through Eva's heart, and to pay for being so silly she became very angry at him for shunning the recognition. Since then they had never met, and both fully believed the other had forgotten. It is not so easy to forget. Ah! if it only was.

The morning after Miss Hammond received Herbert Stafford's note she mailed her reply, and awaited anxiously the coming of the evening. But the evening brought no Herbert. What can ail me? she asked impatiently of the face in the glass, as she noticed how flushed her cheeks were, and that two large drops were gathering in the velvet eyes. "Well if he does come he shall suffer all the more for disappointing me, and Miss Hammond dashed the tears away proudly, and afterwards went to bed and cried herself to sleep.

Friday morning Eva went down to procure some new music, and was just leaving the store when one of the packages slipped to the floor. A gentleman who had been playing on a piano near, sprang from his seat and replaced the roll she had dropped, saying:

"Allow me, Miss Hammond."

The color flushed over Eva's face, and she forgot to be careless and haughty, or bewitchingly pleasant; but only murmured confusedly:

"Thank you."

"May I walk with you?" asked Mr. Stafford, holding the door open for her to pass out.

Eva said he might, and they went out together.

"How is it," asked Eva, regaining her composure, "that I find you in M——'s?"

He smiled rather sadly as he answered, "I am very fond of music, you know, and am selecting an instrument for my new home. Perhaps you have not heard of my appointment to Ferndale?"

"No," replied Miss Hammond, trying to be very calm, and determined to know the worst at once; "I suppose you are married, as you speak of keeping house."

"Not yet," and if Miss Eva had been watching his face she would have seen that he winced a little under her questioning.

"Why did you not come last night, I expected you?"

"Expected me?" said Mr. Stafford in unmeasured astonishment; "how did you know I was in the city?"

"Why your note, of course," explained Eva, equally amazed.

"But I've never sent you any note," replied Herbert, quietly.

Miss Hammond's glance met his for a moment, then dropped, and her face grew scarlet with mortification as she answered hastily, "I don't understand it at all; I have made a great mistake."

In that momentary meeting of the eye, Herbert had discovered something besides anger; something that spoke of disappointment and regret, and on the impulse of the moment he spoke:

"I am glad you expected me. Will you expect me to-night? May I come?"

Miss Hammond said "yes."

That day at dinner Dr. Hammond turned to his daughter, saying:

"I met your old friend, Hattie Carroll, in town to-day, and she says she sent you a note this week and you've not answered it. She seemed to feel very badly, and desired me to say she would do anything to have the past forgotten. Did you and her never make up that ridiculous old quarrel?"

"Poor, dear Hat! No. What a fool I was!" and Miss Hammond laughed till she had to run away and hide in her own room, and then she cried. Dr. Hammond declared that Eva was as changeable as the wind," and finished his dinner in a hurry to go and look after a patient.

Herbert Stafford came that evening, and Eva had to explain about the unlucky note, and somehow in laughing over that they suddenly became very friendly, and when Dr. Hammond came home that night, and was called into the parlor, he found the young minister there looking very happy, and Eva looking very sweet and serious. Herbert said that the people at his new charge had a cosy little parsonage, beautifully furnished, and were anxious that he should occupy it, and would the Doctor allow Eva to go and be its mistress? Dr. Hammond kissed his jewel and said "Yes," and Herbert has resigned himself to the fate of being "punished" by Miss Hammond every day now. "All because of that unlucky (?) note," Eva says.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

SCENES IN THE CITY—CHURCHES AND PUBLIC BUIDINGS—A SITE OF PICTURESQE BEAUTY—EIGHT THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA—THE POPULATION—AZTEC RELICS—THE SACRIFICIAL STONE—DRESS AND DIALECT PULQUE AND LOTTERIES.

The following interesting letter was written by Bishop Keener, of this city, during his recent visit to Mexico. His description of the City of Mexico, from which the letter is dated, is especially graphic, and his remarks upon the inhabitants and their habits are lively and entertaining:

The train which brought me to this city was behind time, so that it was fully 12 o'clock at night when I found myself upon its streets passing a large public square. The streets are paved; houses built close together, all substantial, usually two-story, openings large. The streets are about as in the French part of New Orleans, laid off squarely, and lighted by a lamp swinging over the centre.—The carriage kept on and on. I was evidently in a large city. It brought up at the Iturbide Hotel. A carriage-way, a spacious court-yard, and the rooms and the porches, four sides of this square—the same style and character of the house as large and palatial, as those of Venice and Genoa. These houses are from two hundred to three hundred and fifty years old. Many of them are fresh-looking and habitable as if built by the present generation. They are all stuccoed; the walls are immensely thick, made of tufa, a lava stone, light and strong. This, with lime, constitutes the very best building material for a region visited now and then by earthquakes. The city abounds in public structures of magnificent proportions—churches, theatres, art and school halls a large but very plain palace, a grand cathedral. It is well watered, lighted, ventilated and paved. It is on a plain, surrounded by the mountains at the distance of ten to fifteen miles, some of which are among the highest in the world. No site for picturesque beauty can surpass it. The city of Milan, on the great plain of Lombardy, with the distant ranges of the Alps in view, is somewhat like it. Monta Rosa, with its crest of snow, beautiful as it is, cannot compare with the hoary peak of Popocatapetl, rising more than twenty-one thousand feet, or the white, table-like top of Ixtaxahuatl, nearly as high, though from this point looking higher. Between these mountains and the city, about five miles distant, is a lake some twenty miles long and ten miles wide. This body of water completes a landscape which Humboldt pronounced to be the finest on earth, as seen from the top of Chapultepec. This place, so well-known in our war with Mexico, is the summer residence of the princes of this beautiful land, and was the home of Montezuma. It is an island of rock rising out of the plain, covered with cedars, one of which is only less in diameter than the great redwoods of California. I suppose they are the largest in the world. On the top is a French chateau, built by Maximilian, and grounds laid off in plots, with statuary, after the best European style. Such a view as bursts upon the eye from its porticoes and windows, in this pure atmosphere cannot be imagined. The richly-domed City of Mexico, the eternal snow-capped summits of the greatest of the Cordilleras, their massive ranges, the silvery lake, and the villas and churches which dot the bases of their foot-hills around the entire, circle the fertile and cultivated plain, all contribute to the effect. One could "stay in such a frame as this" in silent adoration to the Creator, and in wonder at the glory of his power and the beauty of man's home.

You will recollect that this city is about eight thousand feet above the sea, or if here you would soon realize it. One's breath is sensibly shorter and the pulse quicker. At first I was somewhat uneasy. But am now getting a little more used to it.

There is nothing in view to indicate the various revolutions and pronunciamentos which have gone over this country.—There is wealth, taste, industry and luxury, on every side. Much more taste is displayed in building than with us. The Indian part of the population, which constitutes seven-tenths of the whole, is the most valuable. They are a very quick-moving, docile, patient, ingenuous people. They are natural musicians, and show remarkable taste, in sculpture, painting, designing, in toy-making, in gardening, in horticulture, in putting up their wares. So many original, curious useful and elegant things are offered for sale upon every side that one is bewildered by the multitude of objects he would like to have. The mixed class number about two more tenths, and the pure white Spanish about one-tenth of the people. These classes constitute the governing part. We are profoundly ignorant of this Mexican people, having obtained our notions from those miserable, lawless semi-barbarians who hang along the Rio Grande. The City of Mexico is, to an American visitor, a more interesting place than Paris. Catholic churches are at every turn, some of them very gorgeous in gildings and paintings.

Their towers are full of sweet-toned bells and their organs in mellifuent tone far surpass the best we have. The cathedral is in size only less than St. Peter's at Rome, and on the occasion of a saint's day its ceremonies and renderings of great composers by its orchestra are fully equal to anything heard in the Cistine chapel. It has two lofty, well-proportioned towers, filled with very ancient, heavy, silvery bells. I suppose that nowhere in America is the ideal of Roman Catholic worship so fully realized as here on a great occasion.

At the base of one of its towers is a huge circular stone, covered with hieroglyphics, about twelve feet in diameter and two feet thick, standing on its edge. It is an astronomical calculation by the Aztecs. Not far off is the museum, and there is the most interesting collection of the monuments, art and history of the past on this continent—relics of Cortez, Charles the Fifth and the Aztec period; the sacrificial stone, upon which for a dreadful period of time were sacrificed annually seventy thousand human beings. It is of granite, the shape of a cheese; three yards in diameter, one yard thick; covered with uncouth designs. In the centre is a shallow basin, eighteen inches across, scooped out, and from it a groove to the edge of a stone. The victim was bent over backward until the head pressed against his side, then a sharp knife, made of obsidian, was drawn over it; the heart, then protruding, was taken out and cut from its veins and arteries, and the blood flowed into this basin. Immediately in front of the stone is the heavy idol-monster, with one head and two faces, grinning as a skull, one before and one behind, each one covered with a mask of gold, having eyes of precious jewels.—This stone is three yards and a-half high and a yard and a-half wide, not manshaped, but a block without legs or arms, with six pairs of hands rudely cut in, and with talons in place of feet. Stone as it was, it seemed terrible to look on as one reflected how many beings, capable of hope or despair, and of immortal life, had been offered to this grim, insatiable wargod. Surely no such relic exists anywhere of the deep night through which humanity has felt after an "unknown God," or of those who inhabited the places of cruelty.

Every distinct dialect of Mexican Indians maintains some peculiarity of dress. The women carry the babies on the back. The little fellows are quite plump and pretty, and rarely cry. I attended a prize distribution at the public high school The president of the republic, Mr. Lerdo, presented the prizes with his own hand to the fortunate youths, many of whom were of these Indian stocks. The theatre in which it took place and the music were superior to anything I ever witnessed of the kind in New Orleans. I sat in company with the American minister and Bishop Haven, and we were all impressed with the good taste and elegance of the occasion and its surroundings. The audience was large, well-dressed and exceedingly well-behaved.

The native drink is made of the juice of the aloe, and is called pulque. It makes a bad drunk. One entire train of cars, consisting of thirty or forty double-decked, is employed in bringing this fluid put up in sacks and barrels, to this city every day. The freight amounts daily to $700. So at every corner, in some parts, can be seen pulque shops crowded with men and women. This and lottery tickets are the two ulcers which drain these hard-working, poor people of their substance. The vendor of tickets meets you at the door of the church, and at every few steps along the streets men and women solicit you to buy "$50,000 by to-morrow morning."

MIKE'S REVENGE.

The Chicago *Times* describes an amusing incident, or rather a series of incidents that happened to a Mr. L——, a worthy merchant in that city, who hired a coachman, Mike by name. He worked like a charm till the first pay-day, and then when he had obtained his first installment of wages he celebrated that glorious event by an ignoble drunk, and was promptly discharged from L's service.—Now Mike was as gentle a person as ever lived—so long as he had all he wanted and could get more—but otherwise he was as treacherous as could be, and vindictive as a Modoc.

On the day following his discharge, Michael, filled with alcoholic ardor, presented his fragrant person at Mr. L.'s house, on Calumnet avenue, and raised a commotion. He cursed and swore, and the brogue was very rich and racy. So was his language to a Bridgeport ear. Mrs. L., however became alarmed, and sent for her husband, who came home as rapidly as he could, bringing with him two men from the office. Finding the Milesian hero on his premises, Mr. L., deliberately ejected him. Michael was very brave, however, and remained round the premises until it became necessary to call in the aid of two policemen, who were detailed to watch the house. Michael's courage wilted at sight of two substantial clubs, and he changed his base of operations. He went to the morning paper offices and caused an advertisement to be inserted, requesting any person who had found a dog to bring it down to Mr. L.'s residence and claim a reward.

The consequence of this adroit proceeding was extremely ludicrous. When Mr. L. came down to breakfast he was encountered by ten or a dozen women, boys and men, each leading by a string one or more yellow dogs. He remonstrated against the introduction of yellow dogs to his household, but "sure an' it was in the papers," and similar explanations, was all the satisfaction he could obtain. As he drove away the first batch more came in, until thirty or more Celts, with three times that number of yellow dogs, had been turned away.

As it became apparent to the finders of the yellow dogs that Mr. L. was the victim of a practical joke, they grew boisterous and derisive, and the unfortunate merchant was compelled to go down to his office without his breakfast, determined hereafter that the words "German or Scandinavian preferred" should be his motto in hiring a coachman. But his troubles were not yet at an end. The loss of his breakfast brought him home hungry to lunch. On nearing his house, the first thing that met his astonished gaze was an enormous pile of shavings, and a few feet off a gigantic load of straw. The neighbors looked at him in blank surprise. They supposed he had suddenly gone crazy, and was preparing for a grand conflagration; or, perhaps, had forever foresworn feather beds, and would henceforth sleep in clean shavings and fresh straw.

His angry look confirmed the popular supposition, and poor Mr. L. was immediately booked for Jacksonville. His temper did not improve at the sight of twelve dozen live ducks flopping noisily about in the yard and quacking consternation at their ridiculous predicament.—He walked hurriedly to the house, and at the basement door found a man insisting on leaving forty pounds of codfish at the door, and refusing to listen to any denial of his right to do so. He ran up stairs to inquire of Mrs. L. what new streak of insanity had seized the house, when he was confronted with the question, "What in the name of common sense possessed you to send all these people here?" A peal of laughter explained the situation. It was Mike's doing. He had been round to all Mr. L.'s tradesmen, and ordered them to send around goods, of which the ducks, straw, shavings and codfish were but the first instalments.—He had also called on every employment office in the city, and left an order for two men and two women to call immediately at Mr. L.'s house, and all through the whole afternoon they continued to arrive. Mr. L. thought the thing was good enough for a practical joke, but there was such a thing as a limit even to a good thing, and applied to a lawyer for advice. He told the story to the attorney, who roared with laughter over the dismal recital, and when asked for instructions, replied that Mr. L. could lawfully shoot Mike if he ventured on his premises, but advised him to hire the rascal over again.

INDIAN LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

Beyond the Missouri, in the wilderness, is an Indian village, forty-eight miles from Chicago. It is as rude and old world-like as Longfellow's "forest primeval." It might have been described by the old French fathers two centuries ago, just as you see it, or the illustrious "natives of genoa," or anybody this side of the deluge of Deucallion. It is as much a stereotype, that village is, as a flock of muskrat houses, which it very much resembles. Your ride through the billowy country already described seemed with deep "runs" freckled like a face with yellow flowers. You begin to find out now it is wanting, how much company a fence may be, running along beside you haste as you go, how much of their pictorial beauty the "pastures green" owe to flock and herd, and how a little sprinkling of Indians in such a scene seems to date the landscape back to the days of Leatherstockings, Hawkeye, and Pathfinder; and you feel as if one of the old almanacs, in which the S's were all I's, would answer as well as any.

But two signs of civilization appear, the trail beneath you that is flattened out into a wagon track, and the little patches of corn, shaped like an old-fashioned harrow, that lie about sunny sides of the hills, belittled to vulgar fractions of acres. These spots of earth have been gently irrigated by the squaws, and the maize has grown of itself and amazingly tall. You are nearing the village. Ponies of all colors, poor enough to herd with Pharoah's kine in the lean year—for their masters have just returned from the buffalo hunt—are snooking around, dragging after them long lariats of buffalo hides. Small pieces of bifurcated animal copper "all alive," but not big enough to say "how," are tottering about loose, the soul of a shiny black button in every eye. Fancy thirty muskrat houses removed out of their damp Hollandic habitation to dry land, ranged in a circle, and magnified to a height of twelve or thirteen feet at the top of the arch, and with a circumstance, some of them, of forty. Cut a door in the side and build a narrow hall of approach. Pierce a hole in the top for a light to go in and the smoke to go out. Set weeds and flowers to growing upon these homely domes. Lay lazy Indians at length upon the sunny sides of all of them, and you have the picture of an Indian summer village.

Coming nearer you discover lurking paths running in every direction among the tall weeds. Squaws and children are constantly entering and emerging by the little hall door, like the bees of an old straw hive on a pleasant day. The sun shines, and the tableaux are various and picturesque. Here two squaws, with knives of bone, are currying a buffalo robe on the wrong side, stretched upon four springy sticks thurst in the earth, and holding it tense and level as a table. There a mother, round black head in her lap, is examining its contents, for the ideas of the urchin are pretty much all external and pediculous, and can be caught with that fine toothed rage called a comb. Yonder an old grandma with gray hair sits upon the ground, clasping her knees with both hands, and swinging to and fro, for all the world like my lady in her rocking chair. Here a group of boys are shooting at wild thistle heads with bow and arrow. The explosive merriment of the white and black races is wanting.

They laugh inwardly and silently, the smokey faces just brightening up with a show of teeth at a good shot, and that is all. But the girls have a laugh worth hearing. It bursts out like a peal of silver bells shaken for an instant, and then ceases like a bird you surprise in her song, only to begin again in another place. There, two Indians smoking a red sandstone pipe. One takes a few whiffs, and then the other. Yonder, a brawny fellow asleep on the roof of a wigwam.

Round a little kettle-redden fire a group of a dozen are gathered, some squatting on their haunches, like hungry and expectant dogs—some sitting upon their heels, and one full-grown young Indian in a napkin lies, as our first mother's unpleasant friend in Paradise was condemned to travel for all time—his heels thrown up like a couple of flukes at one end, his head on a level with the top of the kettle at the other.

A row of other dogs only they are four-footed, form the periphery of this family party, a sort of animated onion, if you please; you peel off an outer rind of dogs, then of Indians, and so on, dirt, dogs and savages, untill you came to the kernel, which is the kettle. The *chef de cuisine* is an old witch in a sort of aboriginal petticoat and short gown, and she is bending over the kettle of boiling fat, boiling "sage biscuit," to wit: Lumps of leaden dough dropped into the fat. As fast as she forks them out upon the ground—what should we do without it for everything to fall on?—mutty arm with a hand upon it is reached out, and the teeth set into the glowing and greasy morsel, much as a horse manipulates a thistle. The feast is over, and the dogs lick the kettle.

Passing through one of the narrow halls built up of sticks and sods, you find the hollow dome as cool as a cavern. The floor is of hard, well-swept earth, with a raised seat or couch running round the wall. Here, a papoose is shelved, there a package of skins, yonder the drowsey master of the household. You perceive the structure of the wigwam; poles brought together in the centre, thatched with wild grass and sodded with turf, and amphitheatre is spacious enough for a large family, and day falls pleasantly through the small sky-light. We have seen homes less desireable a thousand miles nearer sunrise, but the wild smokey smell of the occupants suggests a burrow with a beast in, and a doubtful mingled fragrance of blanket bewilders the sence, and you feel a queer propensity to scratch for somebody else to itch.

A capital place is an Indian dwelling to get rid of sentiment. The reader of Cooper, in love with ideal red men, will find nothing there to deepen it. There was in our party a lady who had often, as she owned, felt like running away, letting her hair and being a squaw. The Indian she had known never soiled the clear white page of the book she saw him in, and his language read like a pleasant ballad. But she went about here on tiptoe, her skirts lifted at half-mast, as if in mourning for the sins of the tribe against cleanliness, touching nothing, as if everything was contagious, and holding her breath like a pearl diver. Her gods of fine porcelain had turned to the coarsest of clay, and the crockery, like that in the story of Ali Baba, was a greasy jar with a thief in it. And so, good night to Pocahontas!

But these turfy domes, so cool in summer, and by the same sign so warm in winter, are deserted with the first frosty howl from the North, for the peaked tent of buffalo skin, something like an elongated *chapeau bras*, such as stand yonder, with a duskey face set in the parted flap like a button "with a strange device." They pack pony and squaw, and away for tall timber, put up their tents under the lee of the woods, and get the fuel for their winter fires without packing it.

JOINED TWINS.—Persons who have seen from time to time the well-known Siamese twine, or the two young colored girls joined from the shoulders to the hip, that have been exhibited in this country and Europe since our late civil war, have found it difficult to refrain from disagreeable speculations as to what may be the circumstances of the one or the other of either of the pairs when the final dissolution of death shall come. There is an instance on record in the Every Day Book of home, which shows the fate of what were known as the Biddenden maids, born at Biddenden, England, in the year 1100, and who were joined at the hips and shoulders. They thus lived 34 years when one of them died. The other was advised to be separated from her at once, but answered, "As we came together, we will also go together," and was taken ill and died six hours after. Their names were Elizabeth and Mary Chulkhurst.

DR LUSHINGTON, WHO WAS LADY BYRON'S ADVISER, is said to have been the depository of her secret reason for separating from Lord Byron. It was supposed that at his decease it would be divulged, and that it would comfirm the repulsive story told by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Since his death a London journal had published what is alleged to have been the secret told to him by Lady Byron; it is that Byron had already one wife when he married Miss Millbank (Lady Byron.) This is bad enough; but if it be the *real* secret, what a relief it is to find it no worse.

MISTOOK HIS MAN.—A chap who in some mysterious manner had received a bid to a large and fashionable party, was somewhat disconcerted on finding that he was not acquainted with a single person present, nor a double one either. Finally he perceived an elderly gentleman of disconsolate mein, looking over the photographic album. Our hero made for this party of the second part, and said, "I say, you and I don't seem to know anybody here. Let's go home." It was the head of the house."

☞ A woman in Chester interfered with her brother's courtship, and begged him to stay at home of evenings. He waited until the evening when she expected her own lover, and complied, and she says that fraternal affection is a heartless mockery.

A beautiful young girl was married in San Francisco last week, and at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she turned to her husband and said, "George, kiss me, I am dying." The husband complied with the request, and at that moment the young bride fell dead to the floor.

What is the riddle of riddles? Life, for we have to "give it up."

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