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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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My Little Lady.

Her frock is white, and worked all round;
Her sleeves with bonny bows are bound;
A sash as blue as summer skies,
Yet not so blue as her sweet eyes,
Clasps my little lady.

Such fairy shoes, so small and neat,
Are made to hold her tiny feet.
Her socks are worked, so tight and trim,
And softly clasp each mottled limb
Of my little lady.

Her hair beneath a string of pearls,
Escapes in golden shining curls;
The pearls are of the rainbow's hue,
Her curls like sunny beams burst through:
Bright little lady.

With many a blush and many a smile,
That tells of a heart so free from guile,
But shows forth a slight touch of pride the while,
Daintily dressed
In her Sunday best,
Walks my little lady.

The Coquette.

"You're clever at drawing, I own,"
Said my beautiful cousin, Lisette,
As we sat by the window alone,
"But say, can you paint a Coquette?"

"She's painted already," quoth I,
"Nay, nay!" said the laughing Lisette,
"Now, none of your joking, but try,
And paint me a thorough Coquette."

"Well, cousin," at once I began,
In the ear of the eager Lisette,
"I'll paint you, as well as I can,
That wonderful thing, a Coquette.

"She wears a most beautiful face,
("Of course," said the pretty Lisette,)
And isn't deficient in grace,
Or else she were not a Coquette.

"And then, she is daintily made,
(A smile from the dainty Lisette,)
By people experts in the trade
Of forming a proper Coquette.

"She's the winningest ways with the beaux,"
("Go on," said the winning Lisette,)
"But there isn't a man of them knows
The mind of the fickle Coquette!

"She knows how to weep and to sigh,
(A sigh from the tender Lisette,)
But her weeping is all in my eye,
Not that of the cunning Coquette!

"In short, she's a creature of art—"
("O, hush!" said the frowning Lisette)—
"With merely the ghost of a heart—
Enough for a thorough Coquette!

"And yet I could easily prove—"
("Now don't!" said the angry Lisette)—
"The lady is always in love—
In love with herself—the Coquette!

"There—do not be angry—you know,
My dear little cousin Lisette,
You told me a moment ago
To paint you a thorough Coquette!"

TOM POULTON'S JOKE.

A sociable club of seventy or eighty choice spirits, calling itself "The Serious Family," and having for its president or chairman Mr. Tom Poulton, Barrister-at-Law in theory, and Nothing-at-All in fact, held its weekly meetings for some years in three or four large rooms in a dull, gaunt house in Soho square. The primary object of this association was the promotion of good-fellowship by the conciliatory medium of wholesome spirits and good tobacco. It possessed a secondary, or rather incidental, feature in the shape of a Provident Loan Fund, and, according to the by-laws of this fund, all members of the club who had proved their general solvency by twelve regular monthly payments of one sovereign, were entitled to one loan of twenty-four pounds, to be repaid within six months of the date of borrowing. This fund was projected by Mr. Tom Poulton, who proved by statistics that, taking the general population of Great Britain and Ireland, including women and children, and excluding all members of the House of Peers and all registered paupers, only one person in four lived beyond his annual income; or, in other words, only one person in four had occasion to borrow money to meet his yearly expenditure. Assuming that these statistics were applicable to so many members of the Serious Family as elected to become subscribers to the projected Provident Loan Fund, it followed that for every four annual subscriptions of twelve pounds, only one annual loan of twenty-four pounds would be applied for, leaving a clear annual balance of twenty-four other pounds in the fund's favor. But Mr. Tom Poulton did not close his eyes to the possibility that statistics which held good when applied to thirty-five million people, including women and children, might stand in need of some modification before they became applicable to an exceptional gathering of seventy or eighty young and middle-aged persons, among whom were no women and no children. He very fairly admitted the exceptional character of the club, in the course of his speech on the motion that the fund should be instituted, but he contended that if as many as one in three, instead of one in four, were to apply at the year's end for the loan of twenty-four pounds, the result would show a clear balance of fifty per cent. in favor of the projected fund. He went on to show that if an application from one in three resulted in a profit of fifty per cent., an application from one in one and a half would result in a profit of twenty-five per cent.; or, carrying the principle still further, an application from one in three-quarters would result in a profit of twelve and a half per cent.; from which an easy calculation would show that if every member of the Loan Fund who had subscribed twelve pounds were to insist on borrowing twenty-four, the clear annual profit in favor of the club would be fifteen and five-eighths per cent., and Mr. Tom Poulton would undertake, in writing, to be responsible for the accuracy of his calculation. It was immediately proposed that this fund be forthwith instituted, and the proposition was carried by acclamation. Mr. Tom Poulton was immediately elected chairman, treasurer, secretary, and trustee of the fund, and the whole club became subscribers to it.

Now this was one of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes. Mr. Tom Poulton had, among other valuable gifts, a keen sense of humor—so keen, indeed, that it was in no degree blunted if the joke turned against himself. Most of Mr. Tom Poulton's practical jokes turned against himself, and the particular joke that Mr. Tom Poulton perpetrated in connection with the Serious Family Provident Loan Fund, proved especially disastrous to Mr. Tom Poulton, and, in the long run, especially beneficial to his intended victims, the subscribers to the fund.

As the year drew towards its close, and as all the twelve-pound subscribers to the fund intimated their intention of applying for loans of twenty-four pounds apiece, (leaving a clear annual balance of fifteen and five-eighths per cent. in favor of the fund, according to Tom Poulton's own showing,) Tom began to cast about for another joke that should have the effect of eclipsing, by the richness of its humor, the humor of the fund joke, and of obliterating, by the force of its agreeable *dénouement*, all recollection of the disappointment that would be occasioned by the *dénouement* of the fund joke.

One morning Mr. Tom Poulton called upon Mr. Richard Harris, the secretary of the Serious Family. Mr. Harris was the chosen abettor of Mr. Poulton's little jokes He also acted the part of Traitor-in-Ordinary to that gentleman, and brought all his ingenuity to bear upon the best means of causing Mr. Poulton's jokes to recoil upon himself. But Mr. Poulton's keen sense of humor reconciled him to all mis-

"It is yours," said Harris. "Details?"

"You are aware that all the Family will be down on me, in six weeks' time, for their twenty-four pound loans? Well, before they fall due I'm going to die."

"Don't do that," said Harris.

"Yes, my mind's made up. Listen. I've found an old man of my name—Tom Poulton; I advertised for him. He is wretchedly poor, and he lives all by himself in Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill."

"Well?"

"Well, he can't live three weeks, and I've taken lodgings in his house."

"Still I don't see——"

"You're very dull. He can't live three weeks—that is to say, in three weeks he'll fortunes that proceeded from it, and he and Mr. Harris wer on the best of terms.

"Harris," said Tom Poulton, "I've arranged another sell for the Family, and I want your help."

die and he'll be buried. The Family must hear of it through you, they will all come to the funeral, and I'll turn up among them."

"But if you die, and don't repay them their money they have subscribed to the fund, I don't think they *will* come to the funeral."

"Yes, I've arranged about that. I'll make my will, leaving everything I have to be equally divided among them. The will must be opened by you immediately after my demise. I'll appoint you executor and I'll leave you—I'll leave you a hundred pounds for your trouble."

"Thank you—thank you heartily."

"Spend it judiciously, Richard—when you get it."

* * * * * *

"On the 17th November, at 3 Clump Cottages, Haverstock Hill, Thomas Poulton, Esquire, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law."

The Serious Family were very angry at Tom Poulton's death. He had pocketed nearly a thousand pounds of their money, and out of this sum they had counted on borrowing two thousand at Christmas. But by their chairman and treasurer's demise, not only was there no prospect of effecting the contemplated loan, but it became a very serious question whether they would ever see any of the paid-up capital again. It was voted abominable on Tom Poulton's part to die at such a crisis, and nobody expressed any intention of going to his funeral. However, Mr. Dick Harris completely justified Tom Poulton's dying by producing his will at the next meeting; the will left everything that Tom Poulton possessed to the society, to be divided equally among its members, and as Tom Poulton had three or four hundred a year from house property, every one expressed an intention of going to his funeral.

The funeral was plain, not to say meagre, in its appointments; but no doubt Dick Harris, as executor, did not feel justified in putting the Serious Family to any unnecessary expense. It was voted thoughtful in Dick Harris, and never did any body of men feel more thoroughly convinced of the vanity of funeral pomp than did the members of the Serious Family as they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave.

But between the demise and burial of the Tom Poulton who actually *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had made an important discovery.

The Tom Poulton who *did* die turned out to be an extraordinary wealthy old miser. His mattress was stuffed with banknotes, and so was his easy chair, and under the boards of his room was gold to the amount of eight or nine thousand pounds. Moreover, he appeared to have died intestate; at all events, the only will that was found was the will made in favor of the Serious Family by the Tom Poulton who did not die. In the absence of any other testamentary document applying to the property of the Tom Poulton who *did* die, Mr. Dick Harris had no alternative but to apply to it the testamentary document drawn up and signed by the Tom Poulton who did *not* die. I will not attempt to describe how the grief of the Serious Family for the loss of Tom Poulton was tempered by the rapture with which they learnt that his estate was worth altogether some thirty or forty thousand pounds.

The day of Tom Poulton's funeral was a bitterly cold one. A drizzling November mist shrouded one-half of the funeral party from the other half, and all were drenched to the skin. There had been much moralizing among the mourners on the good qualities of poor Tom Poulton, on the eccentric taste that induced him to hoard away so much good money, and on the irreparable—almost irreparable—loss that his death would cause to the Family. As they stood round poor Tom Poulton's grave, discoursing in saddened whispers to this effect, they were naturally rather surprised to find poor Tom Poulton standing among them, his eyes red with weeping and his general appearance carefully contrived to convey the idea that his grief at his own death was unbounded. It was natural enough that he should be sorry for his own death; the only unaccountable feature in the matter was his being present as a live mourner at his own funeral. This consideration appealed powerfully to Mr. Peter Hodgson, the member of the Serious Family who first became conscious of Mr. Tom Poulton's presence among them.

At first, Mr. Peter Hodgson, was not at all surprised. Mr. Tom Poulton was so thoroughly identified with all gatherings of the Serious Family, particularly with all funerals of deceased members, (for it was a point of honor with the Family to muster in full strength on such occasions,) that Mr. Peter Hodgson accepted his presence almost as a matter of course. His attention, however, was directed to the anomaly by Tom Poulton's first remark.

"Whose funeral is this?" said Tom.

Peter turned dead white.

"Why it's—it's your's, Tom," said Peter.

"Mine?"

"Yes, Tom—yours."

"This is scarcely a place or time for a joke, sir," said Tom, sternly.

"Joke!" said Peter, "it's no joke! Didn't you die last week?"

"I? Nonsense!"

"Well, anyway we're burying you, Tom Poulton!"

"Why do you call me Tom Poulton?"

"Aren't you Tom Poulton?"

"Certainly not—I don't even know the name—I happened to be passing through the cemetery, and seeing a large crowd of mourners, I joined them from motives of mere curiosity."

"Then, sir," said Peter Hodgson, "I never saw such a wonderful likeness of the very man we are burying in the whole course of my life!"

Tom glided mysteriously away from Peter Hodgson, and made his way into the throng of mourners.

"Tom!" said another, "why, we are burying you!"

"My name, sir, is not Tom, and I have never been buried in my life."

"Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton!" "Tom Poulton's alive and present!" passed from mouth to mouth, as the astounded Serious Family gazed in horror on his familiar, but by no means vulgar, features.

"Gentlemen," said Tom Poulton, "I must again assure you that you are deceived by an accidental resemblance; I am not Tom Poulton, and I never heard of him."

And with a slight bow he walked away.

The principal topic of conversation that night, at the meeting of the Serious Family, was the miraculous appearance of somebody very like Tom Poulton, at Tom Poulton's funeral. It was held that it couldn't possibly have been Tom Poulton, because Tom Poulton was dead and buried, and Tom Poulton's will had been opened, by which he left thirty or forty thousand pounds in ready money to the Serious Family. This was held by implication only, as it never entered anybody's head to suggest that the mysterious stranger could possibly have been Tom Poulton

The club had resolved itself into a committee to consider the best means of investing or otherwise disposing of the handsome legacy which Tom Poulton had left them.

It was decided, as a first step, that, as a mark of respect to poor Tom Poulton's fund scheme, every member should be permitted to borrow twenty-four pounds from Tom's estate.

The question then arose whether it would be better to apply the balance to allowing every member a reasonable quantity of spirits and tobacco for life, without any payment whatever, or to divide it equally among the surviving members—a course of procedure that would give every member, after allowing for probate and executorial expenses, nearly one hundred pounds each.

As this interesting question was being put to the meeting by Mr. Richard Harris, Mr. Tom Poulton walked in.

Everybody looked very uncomfortable. Mr. Peter Hodgson, however, quickly recovered himself.

"Sir," said he, "this is a private club-room, and strangers are not admitted unless they are introduced by members."

"Ha! ha!" said Tom, "bravo, Peter!"

"Sir," said another, "we don't know who you are, but we must request you to withdraw."

"Allow me to introduce myself," said Tom, with much mock gravity. "I am Mr. Tom Poulton, whose funeral you attended this morning." And he took a chair and filled a pipe.

"If you imagine, sir, that because you bear a certain distant resemblance to our poor friend Tom Poulton, you are justified in horrifying his friends with a highly indecent practical joke——" began Peter Hodgson.

"A distant resemblance!"

"A very distant and shadowy resemblance, sir. Nothing more, I assure you."

"Don't be a fool, Peter," said Tom; "we've had enough of this, haven't we Dick?"

"We have, sir," said Dick; "I must insist on your withdrawing immediately."

"Come, come, said Tom, rather chopfallen; "it was only my joke. I personated a poor old chap who happened to bear my name, in order to sell you all. Dick Hodgson and I arranged it together; didn't we, Dick?"

"Sir," said Dick, "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance. You will be good enough to withdraw, or we shall be under the necessity of expelling you by force."

And as the members of the club arose in a body with the evident intention of carrying Dick Hodgson's threat into effect, Mr. Tom Poulton withdrew with a very blank expression of countenance.

In order to test the feeling of the club on the subject, it was immediately proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson that Mr. Tom Poulton was dead and buried. The motion was carried by acclamation.

It was then proposed by Mr. Peter Hodgson and seconded by Mr. Dick Harris, that if, by any miracle, Mr. Tom Poulton came to life again, the whole of the legacy should be refunded to him, if possible, without driving him into Chancery for its recovery. This motion was also carried by acclamation.

Finally it was proposed by Mr. Dick Harris and seconded by Mr. Peter Hodgson, that the person who had just represented himself to be Tom Poulton restored to life was not in the least like Tom Poulton, and that he had no claim, and never by any possibility could have any claim, to the legacy in question. This motion was also carried by acclamation.

The question was considered settled by all but Tom Poulton himself.

Tom Poulton besieged the club doors day after day, but to no effect. The hall porter—they had started a hall porter and many other conveniences since Tom Poulton's death—had received strict injunctions not to admit any person calling himself Tom Poulton. He treated Tom kindly enough, believing him to be a harmless monomaniac, but no consideration could induce him to admit Tom within the club threshold.

Tom next tried the parish surgeon who gave the certificate of the dead Tom Poulton's death. But all the surgeon could prove was that the Tom Poulton who died was not at all like the Tom Poulton who stood before him. On the whole, this materially strengthened the club's case; particularly as the description given by the surgeon of the dead Tom Poulton's personal appearance corresponded exactly with every member's recollection of the unfortunate chairman of the Serious Family. It was finally voted that, on the surgeon's evidence, poor Tom Poulton was more dead than ever.

Do what he might, Tom Poulton could *not* prove himself to be alive. Nobody would hear of it for a moment. He appealed (at some pecuniary loss) to his tradesmen for identification. They identified him without hesitation as the Tom Poulton who owed them money, but they furnished no clue that would serve to identify him with the Tom Poulton who had been chairman of the Serious Family.

He never rested. He prepared petitions but no one would present them. He commenced actions, but he broke down, at the declaration for want of money. He called day after day at the club, but the hall porter was adamant. He addressed letter after letter to every member of the club, and enclosed stamped envelopes for reply, but they tore up the envelopes, and applied the stamps to other uses.

At first, these appeals amused the club immensely, but after six or eight months persecution, the Family began to get tired of it. The *soi-disant* Tom Poulton was voted a bore, and at length it was solemnly proposed that negotiations should be opened with him with the view of arriving at some compromise. Mr. Tom Poulton was formally invited into the club-room, but he was informed that for the purposes of that meeting his name was Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick. Tom was reduced to that condition of self-abnegation that he really had no objection to this arrangement.

It was then and there arranged with Major-General Arthur Fitzpatrick that so long as Tom Poulton continued to be dead, an annual salary of one hundred pounds should be paid quarterly, to the Major-General by the Committee of the Serious Family. The Major-General accepted this proposition with alacrity, and he was forthwith elected an honorary life member of the Serious Family, *vice* Tom Poulton deceased.

And Major-General Fitzpatrick accepted his election, and eventually became chairman of the club. And poor Tom Poulton lies dead and buried at a salary of a hundred a year payable quarterly in advance. On one occasion, indeed, when the Major-General's quarterly instalment was some three weeks in arrears, poor Tom Poulton showed strong symptoms of revivification, but his disturbed spirit was eventually appeased by an additional advance of five pounds on account of the Major-General's next quarter's salary.

The English Sparrows.

Evil reports of what the sparrows are doing in the country are made. It is a fact to lament, yet nevertheless it is a fact that these little English birds are very good citizens, but behave very badly as soon as they take it into their heads to go into the country. It will soon be seen that it was an ill-advised measure to bring them here at all, for although they destroy the larvæ of insects and keep catchpillars from covering us in the summer, yet when they go out into the fields they descend upon the wheat and the young rye, as dissipated youth fall upon the old rye, but with more disastrous effects upon the original owners thereof. In some countries a reward is paid for the dead body of a sparrow, and for all sparrow eggs that may be found and destroyed, so that they fairly come under the head of vermin. But the damage done is not alone to the grain; there is hardly a more quarrelsome and tyrannical bird than this. He fights with the robin and overcomes him by numbers; he harries and drives away the beautiful Baltimore oriole, the most welcome and lovely of our summer visitors, whose orange and vermillion hues on a background of black, and whose plaintive, mellow note are the delight of the world; who comes all the way from Mexico to us, only to find little gray thieves in possession of the old haunts, determined not to share with him, but, on the contrary, bent on his destruction. As matter of fact the adult sparrow cares very little for larvæ and very much for grain; gives the former to his young while he himself lives as much as possible on the latter. So it is easy to see how dangerous a denizen of the country he is. As for beauty, except that which comes from quick motion, he has none of it, although he is picturesque and piquant. The writer of this paragraph happened to be in the country a few days ago and saw a handsome cock robin standing on the ground surrounded by sparrows who watched every movement he made, and every once in a while would dart at him as a boy throws his peg-top, stab him with their beaks, fly after him when he flew, pestering and making life a burden to him. When the orioles came last summer looking for their houses—for some had learned to occupy houses—they had to perch on trees and look longingly at their homes, on the top of each of which stood a big sparrow on guard, as pert and ready to fight as a gamin. The farmers are complaining already, and we think it would be well to import a few lively sparrow-hawks to decimate the little gray thieves and murderers.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Abolition of the Grand Jury.—The legislature of Wisconsin has presented an act for abolition of the grand jury system. The new law takes effect on the 1st of July. It was argued in favor of the measure that, in the good old days we read about, when the rich enjoyed large facilities for oppressing the poor, it was a matter of no little importance that the man who had occasion, to lodge information of crime against one of the wealthy class enjoyed in the secrecy of the grand jury room an assurance of immunity against the revenge of the accused, if the prosecution failed, but that such a consideration is hardly worthy entering now; and, on the other hand, there is little doubt that the secrecy of the grand jury's proceedings, and the fact that there is a practical if not theoretical lack of means for holding witnesses before it responsible for the truthfulness of their testimony, is sometimes taken advantage of by malicious persons to injure their neighbors with impunity.

Utilizing Furnace Slag.—The new methods of utilizing the slags of furnaces bid fair to become of much practical importance, and to convert what is now a source of great annoyance into a product of positive commercial value. The slag is, of course, to be collected in troughs or moulds of proper size and shape. But the great difficulty has heretofore been in the glassy character of the product. It is now stated that if the surface of the melted slag, after it is run into moulds, be covered with earth or ashes, so as to prevent too rapid cooling—which, in fact, should extend over a considerable period—and if proper precautions be observed, the result will be an artificial porphyry, equal, for purposes of building or road-making, to the genuine porphyritic rock.

The Versailles *Gaulois* asserts that certain emissaries of the Commune have left London charged with the assassination of the Orleans Princes.

The Army of Versailles.

Through the kindness of a friend who is on the general staff of the army, I have been able within the last few hours to visit all the camps around Versailles, and have pretty well ascertained the exact strength, position and future plans of the forces which defend this historical town and the National Assembly of France. There are, then, at, Versailles, Viroflay, and Satory, eight divisions of infantry, each division numbering, on an average, 9,000 men, but being able, as corps and recruits arrive, of being increased to 16,000 men, without increasing the *cadre* of the staff. Besides these there are three divisions of cavalry, each division being about 2,000 strong, but capable of being increased in the same manner as the infantry, to 4,000 each. Of artillery there are ten batteries, each consisting of ten field-pieces, and four batteries of mitrailleuses. To feed, as it were, this army with men, four depots have been organized at Charleville-Mezieres, Douai, Besançon, and Rennes. All the returned prisoners from Germany are being directed to these different depots, where they will be clad, armed, and formed into regiments—officers and soldiers who have served together being kept together as much as possible. On going round the camps I was agreeably surprised to find how much the discipline of the army has increased, and what a visible improvement there is in the appearance of the men. The officers at all the outposts are very much annoyed at an order that has been issued, by which they are directed not to attack any parties of the National Guards of Paris they may fall in with—M. Thiers's policy being evidently to draw out the insurgents from Paris, and get them to attack Versailles. The opinion of the officers is, that their men would fight well and loyally in the field, but that there are several corps with which it would be madness to enter Paris.

The Price of Life.

Louisville has a case in court which is probably without precedent and likely to result in the adjudication of some important questions. It is a suit for damages to the amount of $25,000 against a man for homicide, and it is instituted under a section of the revisal statutes of Kentucky, which provides that the commission of a felony shall not stay or merge any civil remedy of the party aggrieved against the felon." The plaintiff is John Odell, who sets forth in his petition that he is the administrator of the estate of his son, William H. Odell, deceased, said decedent having been unlawfully and maliciously struck, beaten, wounded and slain" by the defendant, Conrad Kolk, in Louisville, on the 27th ultimo. The *Courier-Journal* thinks a few heavy judgments for damages against men who slay a fellow-man, either in cold blood or heat of passion, would have a beneficial influence. If a wife or child can be compensated for the loss of a cow by negligence, why not be indemnified for the death of a husband or father on whom they lean for support, when that father is stricken down by the hand of a wealthy assassin?

A very sad event occurred lately on the prairie, near Council Bluffs. Two little girls, one aged 9, the other 11 years, had gone to visit a friend, and started out to return home in the evening. Their way lay across the prairie, but no fears of their safety were felt, as they were perfectly acquainted with the track. Just after they started, however, a terrible storm arose and the two girls became so bewildered that they lost their way. They wandered hopelessly and for a time, until at last the youngest succumbed to the cold and fatigue, and, unable to proceed, laid down and shortly died. Her sister, benumbed and wild with grief and terror, staid by the body for some time, and then, in an almost dying condition, endeavored to find the track again. She roamed about in this way until the morning sun showed her that she was near home. She reached the house and was barely able to tell what had happened, and then sank exhausted upon the floor. A party was instantly dispatched in search of the body of her dead sister, which was found at a comparatively short distance. It is since reported that the eldest girl has died from the effects of the terrible night.

Not so Bad.—A New York paper published some time ago a story to the effect that Jenny Lind's husband had squandered all her fortune, and the ill-matched pair had separated by mutual consent. Three London journals were rash enough to copy this bit of scandal, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, having sued them for libel, has just recovered three verdicts with damages amounting in the aggregate to $10,000. He might have had more, but he only demanded enough to reimburse his expenses in vindicating his reputation. It appeared on the trial that not only are Madame Goldschmidt and her husband a very happy couple, but the fortune which belonged to the famous singer when she married, has since been doubled, thanks in part to the excellent management of Mr. Goldschmidt and his professional earnings. The wife testified with some emotion to her husband's kindness and domestic virtues; and Mr. Goldschmidt swore that, far from being a gambler, he could not so much as play whist, and instead of being a dissolute spendthrift, he did not even smoke.

Spots.—M. Janssen's astronomical investigations in India, have resulted in the discovery by him of a hydrogen atmosphere around the sun, and also in the existence of a connection between the solar spots and the solar protuberances; and he considers the hydrogen atmosphere to be one of the two elements of the future sea. The interesting discovery is also announced of a means by which the red prominences which form so remarkable a feature of solar eclipses may be seen at any time. The method consists of intercepting by means of colored glasses all the components of solar light, excepting those of which the prominences are composed. The chromosphere, as the surrounding stratum of hydrogen is called, being of the same composition, will also be as represented, will enable astronomers easily to observe the disturbances which are known to occur in the prominences, and also their connections with the spots and other solar phenomena.

Dublin, Ireland, has sent a full cargo of seed to France as a donation.

Killing Whales by Cannon.

A recent writer in *Land and Water* recounts a late visit to the establishment of Herr Foyen, in the Varanger Fiord, where, from a small island, the fishery is prosecuted by means of two small steamers of about seventy tons each. The special apparatus employed consists of a harpoon, inclosing in its head half a pound of gunpowder, and with jointed or hinged barbs containing some percussion-powder between them. When the whale is within gun-shot, this harpoon, attached to the end of a long cord coiled around a drum, is fired into the animal from a cannon about the size of a four-pounder. As the flukes penetrate the side of the whale they are naturally brought together or pressed down toward the shaft, and in so doing ignite the percussion powder, which sets fire to the gunpowder causing an explosion in the body of the animal that usually produces a mortal wound. The whale, of course, starts on under the stimulus of the pain, and the rope is carried out for a time, being uncoiled from the drum precisely like a fishing-line from the reel of a fishing-rod, the steamer following after so as to prevent any undue strain. If necessary, a second discharge takes place, which almost invariably produces death.

The steamer then tows the animal back to the station, where the blubber is taken off in a long strip by means of a properly constructed apparatus, after which the flesh is removed in a somewhat similar manner, and finally the bones are separated and hauled out. It is the intention of the proprietor to prepare a fertilizer by drying the flesh and reducing it to powder, and a brisk trade has already sprung up in Germany in this article. The bones are likewise to be ground and utilized in various ways; so that the entire animal—blubber, flesh, and bones—will be put to economical purposes.

The carcases of over thirty whales were heaped up on the island at the time of the visit referred to, forming a red hill of very considerable magnitude, visible at a great distance. The proprietor stated that the factory would not answer its expectations unless fifty whales could be taken every Summer. It was thought, however, that there would be comparatively little difficulty in securing this number; and in fact, as we learn from later advices, over sixty in all were captured during the season.

Arcadian Simplicity.

A story of the lovely lives of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Isthmus of Darien comes to us by way of Panama. A delegation of these gentle savages having visiting that city on a matter of business, they were instantly interviewed by a citizen—so infectious is a bad habit—and the local papers spread their story before the world. The aboriginal mind appears to have opened under the application of skillful cross-questioning, like a flower under the sun of Spring, and with a pardonable pride the gentle people boasted of their freedom from the corruptions of civilization. They were asked what they did with their thieves and murderers, but the question caused them to open their dove-like eyes in mild astonishment;—they declared that in their happy villages nobody stole from or murdered another; and so to them the punishment of death, forced labor, and penitentiaries were unknown. One missionary has visited these people, but they asked, For what? He could do no good. They believed in God. What more could be desired? Their religion being thus simple and pure, they needed no preaching. The language they speak is described as singularly soft and beautiful. They toil not, neither do they spin; for the earth yields spontaneous dinners, and the untutored mind of the dweller upon the banks of the running streams requires no other drink than the purest water. It is pleasant to know that this guileless race is within the reach of the curious traveler—but if civilization should chance to encroach upon them, its native simplicity might vanish.

The Franco-German Debt.

Considerable interest has been manifested as to how the French War debt to Germany is to be paid. The complicated state of affairs in and around Paris, which is France, has added no little to this interest. We observe that the latest proposed solution of the problem comes from the Communists, and is in substance as follows:—To make the monied interests of France pay the debt. The property of these wealthy men, it is asserted amounts to one hundred and sixty milliards of money, a tax on which of three or four per cent. would at once place France in a position to wipe out the obnoxious debt with little inconvenience to herself. While there is little prospect that such a "plan" can be successfully carried out, still the proposition, made in apparent sincerity, cannot fail to have a serious effect, and will still larger increase the gulf which divides labor and capital in France. Capital which supports labor, must be protected, or the effect upon the poorer classes dependent upon their labor, must be serious. Just now France needs the utmost aid of her capitalists. Every dollar of money must be brought into use to recover ground lost during the war, and this will assuredly not be the case if capitalists are thus threatened. Poor France sadly needs a strong arm and a powerful head now.

Capacity of the Human Mind.—I find this problem stated and differently answered by different philosophers, and apparently without a knowledge of each other. By Charles Bonnet the mind is allowed to have a distinct notion of six objects at once; by Abraham Tucker the number is limited to four; while Destnett Tracy again amplifies it to six. The opinion of the first and last of these philosophers appears to me correct. You can easily make the experiment for yourselves, but you must beware of grouping the objects into classes. If you throw a handful of marbles on the floor, you will find it difficult to view at once more than six, or seven at the most, without confusion; but if you group them in twos, or threes, or fives, you can comprehend as many groups as you can units, because the mind considers the groups only as units; it views them as wholes, and throws their parts out of consideration. You may perform the experiment also by an act of imagination.—*Sir Wm. Hamilton.*

The State of Wisconsin has abolished the grand jury system. The act takes effect on the 1st of July next.

Hurrah for the Spring!

Good-bye, good-bye to the Winter King;
His reign is o'er, for the blushing Spring
Appears like a fair young queen.
How she coaxed the old fellow to sleep on her lap,
And laughed as she covered him up for a nap
With her beautiful mantle of green.

Then hurrah, hurrah for the glorious Spring!
At whose coming the trees with melody ring,
Who loosens the stream from its thrall;
She fills with sweet fragrance the new-born flower,
And tints with rich sunlight the ev'ning hour,
Rejoicing both cottage and hall.

Hurrah, hurrah for the budding Spring!
The zephyrs are born in the wave of her wing,
And sweet are her vernal showers;
There's warmth in the flow of her tresses rare,
And dew-drops bright the jewels are,
And her coronet woven of flowers.

But ere long must she, the loving Queen
Give way for one of haughtier mien—
One of more sultry breath;
And thus through the circling round of years
Woe follows our joys and smiles our tears,
Till we're garnered in by death.

Facts and Fancies.

Badly beaten—carpets, just now.

Eggs are two dollars a dozen in Prescot, Arizona.

A cod liver oil ad. says: "Patients who have once taken it can take no other.

Modesty in a woman is like the color on her cheek, decidedly becoming, if not put on.

A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions—Shrouds have no pockets.

A Massachusetts man has commenced swallowing himself. He has got his teeth down.

A woolen manufacturer in Maine runs his mill with ten hands, all of them his own children.

A girl, with both her legs taken off close to her body, sweeps a street crossing in London.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, unquestionably.

At the marriage of the Princess Louise three hundred pounds of wedding-cake were distributed.

There are about 5,250,000 communicants of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

There were 26,448 arrests by the police of Chicago during the year ending on the 1st instant.

There are said to be 61,000 clergymen in the United States, their average pay being about $700 a year.

Five hundred young men have applied for the position of conductor on the Boston Barre and Gardner railroad.

Mrs. Jones, of Iowa, wants a divorce because her husband loafs around home to see her run a sewing machine for his support.

The Xenia (Ohio) *Torchlight* says that some twenty ladies presented themselves at the Yellow Spring poll, and demanded of the Judges of Election that their ballots be received. The Judges declined.

Over fifteen hundred clergymen of the church of England have signed a formal protest against the admission to the communion-table in Westminster Abbey of a Unitarian divine who is one of the commission to revise the translation of the Bible.

An exchange thinks those postal cards which have the letter all written out in plain sight, are going to prove a great drawback to the rapid distribution of the mails, as every post-office clerk will have to wait until he reads the letters before distributing them.

A Newark barber started out the other evening to "go to the lodge." His wife entered a masquerade ball at ten o'clock, took him by the arm, and leading him away from his young lady partner in costume, with the gentle remark, "This is the way you go to the lodge, is it?"

While Judge Turnley, of Alabama, was eating supper in a southern hotel lately, a Mr. Marshall entered and snapped a pistol in his face, saying: "I will show you what honesty is." The Judge wrenched the pistol out of his hands, and went on with his supper.

Not being able to ascertain which party should be congratulated on the result of the Connecticut election, the citizens of a New Hampshire town, both Democrats and Republicans, clubbed together the other night to fire a salute and hold a grand supper and ball on general principles.

Here is the most dog-goned affectionate sample of amatory poetry that we have ever seen:

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there!
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead!
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n!
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were those!

A duelist in Washington once made three propositions when challenged: the first being to sit on a barrel of gunpowder together; the second, to hold hands and jump from the top of the Capitol; and the third scarcely less impious, to shoot at each other within ten paces with three musket balls! The latter was adopted, and one of the parties fell at the first fire.

The fighting during the first two days resulted in advantages to the Commune. Their troops occupy Asnieres, Vitley, Moulineceaux, Villejuif, and Hautes-bruyeres, a portion of Chatillon, and Neuilly. They have erected new barricades before Port Maillot. The Versailles army is posted on this side of Choisy-le-Roe, at Chevilly, and L'hay. Gen. MacMahon, it is reported, will now remain on the defensive until his army is greatly re-enforced.

A man of wealth, named Cotheal, recently died at Wurtsboro, Sullivan county, N. Y., where he owned a valuable lead mine. In his will he left $60,000 to be applied to further testing a mooted question among mineralogists as to whether the most valuable ore is at the out-crop of a mine or in the bowels of a mountain. Mr. Cotheal held the latter view, and had expended thousands of dollars in tunneling the mountain in which his mine existed. He died before the miners struck the ore rock. His legacy is in the hands of trustees, and the work is proceeding according to the wish of the testator.

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