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Little Ben.

It is the last of Little Ben—
And if the meadows bloom and glow,
Or if the world be lost in snow—
Beauty or shadow, joy or woe,
Are all the same to little Ben.

It is the last of little Ben—
The gentle women who do weep,
And softly tell *me* not to weep,
But in my heart the hope to keep,
Of meeting yet my little Ben.

Perhaps you think my little Ben
Will never reach the height of men,
Since he is but a lad of ten;
But I, alas, know better: when
He died, I lost my little Ben.

o doubt that I shall see thee, Ben,
A stripling or a young man then,
And grown into the height of men,
Before thy mother meets again
The stately man who once was Ben.

They say so better, little Ben;
The stalwart men among our race
Make for themselves a name and place;
But God hath given thee His grace,
And made a place for little Ben.

Do not forget me, little Ben—
Do not be lost away from me;
But in thy stately home still be
Thinking, my boy, sometimes of me;
Do not forget me, little Ben.

THE REGULATORS;

OR, JUDGE LYNCH'S BLUNDER.

There dwelt in California, some years ago, three friends, wild fellows enough, who had seemingly linked their fortunes for better or for worse, and who, whatever their luck, were constantly in each other's company.

These young men were Charles Chester, Harry Bray, and Edward Warren. They were more brotherly than many brothers, more akin than many kinsmen. True to each other even when women and money were between them. Damon and Pythias, with a twin Pythias added. For a long while they had been very poor; at last fortune favored them. Each had a certain sum, by no means contemptible, stowed away in the leathern belt he wore about his waist. Each carried a gold watch, and each wore a suit of clothes supposed by himself to be the latest style and choicest fashion. Moreover, their revolvers were perfect, silver mounted, and rejoicing in a multiplicity of barrels; for without these it would be quite impossible to maintain a position in this quarter of the world in any society.

How they came by these possessions we will not inquire too particularly. They were neither burglars nor highwaymen, but dice and betting may have helped them to the winning of their little fortunes. They were not over-scrupulous; but they would have knocked any man who had neglected to address them as gentlemen, and used those wonderful revolvers promptly on any "stranger" who objected drinking with them, and, consequently stood rather high in the community. Certainly, in their conduct to each other they were faultlessly honorable and miraculously generous.

One day soon after "luck" had come to its rest, a letter directed in a woman's tremulous hand to "Charles Chester," was handed to that member of the trio in the presence of the other two. The young fellow seized it eagerly, tore it open, read it through, and tearing off his belt, spread its contents before him upon the table and counted it over. Having done so he burst into tears, and very unwisely and profanely cursed himself for extravagance, and all sorts of uncomfortable things here and hereafter, a proceeding which seems to relieve some men considerably, though why, it would puzzle the unenlightened to declare. The cause of all this, as his comrades soon discovered, was that his mother had written to him from her little farm in a Southern State, to tell him a doleful tale of sickness, death among the stock, etc., and a final crash. A mortgage was also due, and as the old people would find it impossible to meet it, they would be sold out and left homeless in their old age. "It will kill your father," wrote the mother, "and I will die with him."

"I did it all," said the young fellow, sobbing openly. "My debts and my wild ways incumbered them at first, and now look."

And he pointed to the gold upon the table, and began his profane litany again. The mortgage was three thousand dollars, and he had but two thousand.

"Is that all?" cried Ned Warren, hauling at his belt.

"Good heaven! What does he take us for?" cried Harry Bray, furiously. "Five hundred apiece, and the expenses of the journey is about the figure. There, go to the old folks. We'll see about your horse while you pack your bags."

This set the other at his oaths again; but in joyful style this time. They were trumps and bricks, and by everything he could think of he'd do for them if there were any need of it.

"He'd pay them back, if he lived, and then—he'd—bless them," and so choked off into sobs again, at which they left him to recover, returned with a horse and a well-filled pocket flask, and saw him set forth upon his mission as though the "old folks" had been their old folks too.

They waited for news from him, but none came. They waited quietly at first, then impatiently. At last they heard this: He had never been seen at home, or by any one who knew him since the day on which they had shaken hands with him. Some terrible fate had befallen him in the lonely places over which he had journeyed alone. To doubt him never entered their minds. That he was as true to them as they to him they well knew, and one thought filled each mind. They must discover his fate, and, if it were what they supposed, avenge him.

So one bright morning, well mounted, well armed, and followed by a favorite dog, a hound which would by no means be left behind, the two set forth in search of their lost comrade. They took the road he must have taken, and asked at every tavern and cabin for news of him. One old man remembered him well; another man pointed out the dangerous place in the road, leading past a precipice, to a man of his lost friend's description; but at that point the clue was lost. After much travel and many inquiries, our comrades began to fear that they should have paused to examine the rocks and ravines at the foot of the precipice alluded to, ere they proceeded further, and determined to turn back and do so. They came to this resolution about nightfall, and just as they reached the borders of a little farm, which bore evidence of a careful tillage. Upon this land also stood a farm house, from the crevices in the shutters of which streamed long bars of ruddy lamp-light, and whence the sound of music was plainly heard. It was the only dwelling within sight.

"We will stay here," said one friend to the other, "until dawn, and then return."

That the house was not an inn did not matter to either of them. Hospitality was never refused in the land to any one at that day.

They rode boldly up to the gate and gave a loud halloa. In an instant the door opened and they could see within a sudden panic in a lively dance, as all heads turned to see what had caused this interruption.

"Can you let us sleep here to-night?" inquired one of the friends, as one asks who fears no refusal.

"Certainly gentlemen," said a pleasant voice. "You're welcome. You'll find a stable there and corn for your horses. Our man Jack is on the floor to-night; but here is a lantern if you'll tend to yourselves."

"All right, stranger," said Harry, "and thank you, too."

The two men led their horses into a stable, already full. Ned watered them, and secured them for the night, and would have left the stable at once, but that one of the animals attracted Harry's attention. He turned back to look at him; examined him from head to foot, turned red and pale, and suddenly clutched Ned's arm.

"You remember the horse we bought for Charles Chester?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ned.

"Look at the fellow," said Harry. "Yes, the very one. The star on the forehead, the scar on his fore leg, the color, the height! Ned, it's Charley's horse!"

"It is the horse," said Ned, slowly. "Harry, if Charley had lived to go, his horse would have gone with him."

"The owner of this animal may know all we need to hear," said Harry. "It won't be good news, Ned."

Ned shook his head, and sadly and slowly the men went towards the house. They found the dancing at its height, and that this was the homecoming of the farmer's bride—a pretty young woman, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, of whom the stalwart bridegroom seemed very fond and proud.

"Sit down, strangers," said an old man near the door. "You've come at a merry time, and don't get much attention. My son is just the happiest fellow out, I believe; got no eyes for nobody but that gal. You see, they've been waitin' quite a spell, and he had no luck, none at all, and it seemed he'd got to give it up, but six month back he had a streak. Wonderful!—explained it, but I don't remember, so he sends for her and me from Connecticut. She's an orphan gal, and as soon as her school term was over—she was teaching, ye know—she come. This is their warning, and them's the neighbors. They all like Ike. Ike's a good fellow—a real good fellow, though I say it. Take a nip, stranger; don't be afraid of the jug. I'll fill it again. Why, what ails your dog?"

The dog left outside was howling rather fearfully.

"Wants to come in, perhaps," said Ned; "but it mightn't be agreeable to the ladies."

"Bring him in," said the old man; but the dog would not come.

He stood beside a patch of grass in the garden howling wofully; and scratching and tearing with all his might. Leave the spot he would not, and the friends, when they saw him, and remembered the horse in the stable, felt the blood curdle in their veins.

"Whose horse is that with a white star on the forehead and a scar on his fore leg—a handsome brown horse, with wonderful eyes?" whispered Harry to the old man.

"That's my son's horse," said the old man.

"Where did he buy it?" asked the other.

"Don't know," said the old man, laughing childishly. "Come to him with the rest of his good luck, six months ago."

Again the dog outside began to howl. Again the friends felt cold chills creep over them.

"Where are we to sleep?" asked Edward of the old man. "We don't want supper—we need rest."

"I'll show you," said the old man. "The house will be full to-night, but you'll not mind roughing it."

And he led the way to an upper room, where a rude bed was already spread.

"Just lie down here, strangers," he said. "There's a blanket, if you are cold, and there's a candle. Good-night."

And he left them. But not to sleep. The two men had sought solitude, that they might commune. Yet now they could only say, "What does this mean?" They had said it as many ways a dozen times, when Harry, by accident, lifted his eyes to a peg in the rough wall. On it hung something which riveted his gaze with horror. Yet it was an object quite common and innocent in itself—only a pair of brown saddle-bags, rather new in appearance, and with the letters "C. C." on the side.

"Look!" he cried; "look, Edward!"

The other, in turn, stood mute for a time, then gave a spring towards the peg, tore the bags down and opened them. Within they found garments they knew their friend had worn, an empty belt, and the daguerrotype of a young girl of whom they had known him to be very fond.

"His horse in the stable, his saddle-bags and belt here, the dog howling on the turf without—what does it all mean?" cried Harry, again.

And Ned answered, "We shall soon see," and strode into the great room where the dancing was going on, and up to the bridegroom, standing at the head of a Virginia reel, and with his bride's hand in his own.

"Stop a bit," cried Ned, furiously. "We have a question to ask. Whose horse is that in the stable—the brown one, with a star on the forehead?"

"Mine," said the farmer, turning deadly white.

"And the saddle-bags up stairs marked C. C.?" The farmer turned paler.

"Gentlemen," he said, "wait until morning, and I will explain everything."

"We choose to learn the truth for ourselves," said the young man fiercely.

"You had a mysterious streak of luck six months ago, I understand from the old man there," said Harry Bray.

"Not very mysterious," said the farmer "I went to the diggings, and fell in with a nugget. As for the horse, I found him and the saddle-bags too. If you know to whom they belong, he's welcome to them."

"They belong to the man you murdered for his money, and buried in the ground yonder, where the dog stands howling," cried Harry Bray. "We are going to dig there, and heaven help any man who hinders us!"

"Dig where you choose," said the farmer. "I am too well known here to be afraid of two madmen. I murdered a man—I! There, I'm a fool to care for such words! Dig, confound you! Many a horse strays in the woods; many a man has found one as well as I. Come, neighbors, set the fiddles going, and let these madmen dig."

And the spades sank into the turf and the terrified guests gathered around, and the bride clung to her husband's arm, and the music was dumb, and the dog's long, melancholy wail filled the air, and at last, just as the rising moon flung her yellow beams upon the newly-dug earth, Ned Warren cried in an awful voice, "He is here!" And the two friends lifted from the grave that which had been a man, with long, death-grown black hair falling down over his shoulders.

He had been shot in the head and through the heart, and there was no doubt in either mind that it was the body of their lost friend. The farmer seemed petrified with horror; the bride fell into a death-like swoon; the guests fell away from their host and looked askance. The old father tore his hair and pleaded for mercy. But there was no mercy in any heart there. The avengers were all powerful. The great room, adorned for festival and mirth, was turned into a court-room. The women were thrust from it; the men remained. On the raised stand where the fiddler had been seated, Harry Bray now took his seat in the character of Judge Lynch. The jury was named, the mock trial hurried on, and the accused called upon to answer. He pleaded not guilty. He denied any knowledge of the fact that a grave lay so near his home. He persisted in the repetition of the statement that he had found the horse and saddle-bags, but he admitted that there had been money in the latter.

He stood before them looking very unlike a murderer, calling on them for justice—calling on God to witness the truth of his words; speaking of his young wife and his old father; bidding his neighbors remember that he had never done them any wrong.

But Judge Lynch had no mercy, no compassion, no belief in the possibility of false accusation; and this Judge Lynch was an avenger of blood. The end was what the end of such a trial generally is; the sentence, the awful one of death; and in less than three hours from the moment on which they first saw the bridegroom happy and blithe, standing with his bride at the head of the gay country dance, his body dangled, a horrible sight to look upon, from the branch of the tree that shadowed what all believed to be his victim's grave!

When all was over they found the old father dead in his chair beside the fire-place, and found among the women a hopeless gibbering maniac, whom they would hardly have known for the rosy-cheeked young bride.

They were revenged, but at what cost! The two men returned to their homes, saddened and altered, yet not remorseful, for they had but revenged their comrade; and this, to them, seemed common justice. The legal code of border life had been adhered to; but for the last look at the mad bride they could scarcely have recognized how awful all this had been. They lived on together, still speaking often of poor Charley, and fancying that in some other world he might even know how well they had revenged themselves upon his murderer.

And so five years passed. And one day the two went together into a coffee room kept by an old Frenchman in the City of San Francisco, and being in low spirits, out of luck, and with slender purses, were sitting disconsolately over their meal, when a hand came down on each shoulder, and a voice cried:

"Found at last! I've searched the city for you. Heaven bless you, dear boys!"

It was Charles Chester, handsome and cheerful, and well-to-do-looking—Charles Chester, whose murderer they believed themselves to have lynched years before.

And this was the story he told them, wondering at their pallid looks and awe-struck silence the while.

The money he had with him being in gold, and heavy for his belt, he placed it in his saddle-bags, and had completed many miles of his journey, when, near a new but apparently deserted dwelling, he saw a man lying, groaning terribly. Dismounting, he assisted him, and found that he was a traveler who had been set upon by ruffians and robbed and wounded. He had crawled to this house for assistance, but found it empty, and now lay dying in the road. Charles Chester had done his best for the poor fellow, but without avail. He died in his arms just as the sun went down; and, by its fading light, he had dug a grave on the turf before the empty house, and there buried him. There was no one within sight, and his fears of attack upon himself warned him to hurry on; but when the last sad rites were over, and he turned to remount his horse, it was gone. The animal had escaped in the woods, and with night coming on, all search seemed hopeless. The money in the saddle-bags rendered the loss a maddening one. He threaded his way through the underbrush, calling his steed by name, until total darkness hid all objects; and, at last, striking his head violently against a tree, he fell to the ground insensible. When he came to he found himself lying in a wagon, to which he had been conveyed by a kindly German, who could speak no English. In falling, he had broken his arm, and was very weak and ill. Before he was able to communicate his story to any one, all hope of recovering either horse or money had deserted him. He was in despair. He could not assist his parents, to return to his friends would be to throw himself upon their bounty. This he would not do; and his struggles had been great at first, but they were over now. He had done well by the "old folks," and he had returned to pay his debts and resume his friendship with his old friends.

He was with them; he lived. The farmer had doubtless told the truth. He did not even know why the turf had grown so green in the little yard, and he had found the horse at large in the woods, and knew nothing of the rider; but the thing had been done, and could not be undone—the dead brought to life, or the maniac's mind restored, or the blood washed from the murderer's hands.

Of course they told their story, and of course they believed their friendship as warm as ever; but it was not so. They never met each other again as of yore. The two could not forget the man they had lynched to avenge their friend, and doubted the propriety of his returning alive and merry to trouble their consciences, which were quiet enough as long as he seemed dead. As for Charles Chester, he cleared the murdered man's memory among his neighbors, and saw the wild-eyed, white-faced woman, who only shook her head and moaned and muttered when he spoke to her; and then he, too, was content to say good-bye to those who had done the deed—albeit for his sake.

So the three parted, each going his own way; for thus it seemed easier to forget the deed done by Judge Lynch and his court on the day of the bride's coming home.

What is to be Worn.

Evening dresses, according to authority in dress matters, will be made long, either demi-train or very long, according to the occasion for which they are intended. The trains are cut squarer than last month—that is, more material is left the full length of the back, and the sides a little more accentuated.

Very many silk dresses will be made with the manteau de cour and small tablier, only showing the lower part of the front of the underskirt. Flounces in a variety of disposition will be very much worn, and if lace was so much in favor in the winter, it will be still more so this season.

Black silk dresses will be very well worn trimmed with white tarlatane plaiting and black lace.

The materials for toilettes are more varied and pretty than ever, and there has never been so great a variety of colors and shads. Those most in favor will be, of course, more delicate in tint than those worn in the winter. We have seen some lovely shades of pearl-gray, mauve, green, and the most delicate tones, of bois color, in very many materials; but in none do they appear to so great an advantage as the very favorite and fashionable Danish silk-finished alpaca. This material promises to be a very great success. It has all the appearances of the very best foulard, without its advantages, is very wide and reversible, and makes the most charming demi-toilettes. Under muslin or grenadine it has all the appearance of a very good silk.

Bonnets are not to be worn so high as formerly. The trimming is still worn on the crown, which gives the appearance of height, though the shapes themselves are lower.

There is no end to the variety of shapes in hats. We have seen several for this season of colored straw, gray being the most *recherche*. For more dressy occasions they will be made of lace or silk.

Feathers will be very fashionable, either for hats or bonnets; indeed, we have seen some that appeared to be entirely composed of these favorite ornaments, and had a very *distingue* effect.

The tunics are worn very much draped, but not so bouffant as formerly; they are much longer in the back than in the front, and are not plaited or gathered at the seams, but fastened on the wrong side by strings or patent hooks and eyes, so that when not required for wear, the drapery can be let down, and the tunic folded. This is of great advantage, as it preserves the appearance of newness to the plaiting.

Fringe of all kinds is more fashionable than ever, and, headed by pinked or frayed ruchings, making the lightest and most elegant trimming. Points are gradually coming into great favor for bodies. Two small ones in front, one a little larger at each side, and two deep and wide at the back, is the very last and most *distingue* fashion bodies. Intended also for out-door wear, of course the small basques in front, increasing in depth towards the back, is more suitable and elegant, as the simple points do not constitute a sufficient finish to the *corsage* for the purpose.

A Chinese Outrage.

If anything were wanting after the Tien-tsin massacre of last June to convince Americans, Englishmen and other Western nations of the thorough hostility to all foreigners it can be found in the treatment of the English steamer just out from England, which was wrecked on a point of Ocksu Island on the 13th ult. The Don, having touched at Hong Kong on her way out, sailed from there for Shanghae on the 11th of February. She ran aground on a point of Ocksu Island the night of the 13th, the weather being foggy.

The Chinese soon came around in swarms, and commenced stoning the passengers and crew of the Don from the high points and crags overlooking the deck. Being unarmed and fearing that their retreat might be cut off and themselves overpowered by numbers, they took to the boats and quietly slipped away under cover of the fog and darkness. They headed for the nearest coast, not far from Amos, and got along very well till daylight next morning, when the four boats in which they were embarked were surrounded by fishing junks, which ran them down, separated them, then staved in the sides of the boats, plundered them and the passengers of everything, money, watches, provisions, and even as much of their clothes as they could strip off.

The wrecked and unfortunate sufferers were then set ashore to shift for themselves. They attempted to make their way to Amoy, but not knowing the way and finding no one willing to show them, having nothing to eat and no money to buy any, meeting only with violence and harsh treatment for three days, they were finally on the point of perishing with cold and hunger, when they fortunately met one friendly Chinaman, who fed them and had them guided to Amoy at the rate of two dollars apiece.

A FEARFUL STORY of suffering is revealed in the report just published by *The Gazette of India*, of the *tir kal* or threefold famine of grass, grain, and rain, which occurred in 1868-1869 with frightful severity over 100,000 square miles of Rajpootana, surpassing in intensity any which has occurred since 1812, and almost equaling that of 1861, of which the record is preserved that three-quarters of the cattle died and that man ate man. The scanty crops which struggled up in spite of drough were swept away by a plague of locusts; cholera fastened on the starved people, and a terrible fever followed, striking down the entire population. The deaths from this latter cause alone are put down at 20 per cent. of the inhabitants, while in some of the Marwaree districts they rose as high as one-third. Taking the most moderate of the statistics furnished, the local authorities calculate that in Marwar and Ajmere and the other districts, no less than 1,250,000 human beings died of disease and starvation. The famines or periods of unusual scarcity which afflict Rajpootana have hitherto recurred at intervals of some ten or twelve years.

The Michigan Monster.

Early last winter, parties living several miles from Windsor discovered in the woods, huddled up against a log in a vain effort to get warm, a curious kind of man or beast, one can scarcely tell which. The "it" is fearfully deformed, his hands covered with long, coarse hair, face grown full of rank whiskers, eyes looking like that of a wolf, and his present captors treat him more like a dog than a poor unfortunate lunatic. After being in Windsor a few days, the "man-wolf," as he was named, was brought to Detroit, and is at present on Michigan avenue. It is the general opinion that the strange being is an escaped lunatic from the asylum at Malden, who disappeared some time last fall, but this is an error. The fugitive was a tall, strong man, standing very stiff and erect, whereas this specimen is badly deformed, and would not have been capable of making the stout resistance and rapid flight made by the lunatic in question. But how the being came in the vicinity of Windsor no one is able to tell, or at least has not informed the public. A man named Seth Narmore, from Sarnia, was at the Central Station yesterday, and after paying a visit to the keeping place of the strange creature, returned and reported that he knew its history. Some three years since a man named Rosscommon, living about twelve miles from Sarnia, received in charge from his brother at Montreal a lunatic, supposed by outsiders to be some relative of the family, although Rosscommon was not communicative of facts. The lunatic was at first confined in a chamber of the house, but he attracted so much attention from passers by, and so disturbed the inmates of the house, that a small house was soon built for his special accomodation. Very few people ever saw the unfortunate, but hundreds of farmers passing by heard him scream and beat the wall of his prison. At length one night he made his escape, and Roscommon was compelled to ask the assistance of his neighbors to secure him. They found him in a swamp eating bark and roots; but he exhibited the utmost ferocity when an attempt was made to capture him, finally leaving the swamp when a couple of dogs were sent after him, and one of scars on his face was received while the men were binding him. Mr. Narmore was one of the pursuers, and he is quite positive that this "man-wolf" is the identical lunatic, as he did finally make good his escape and no one was able to hunt him down. It is asserted, and has been reported to the superintendent of police, that the "owners" of this stranger do not treat him as they should. He is kept chained a good share of the time, and rough boys of the neighborhood are allowed to tease and vex him. If there is good reason for believing that he has escaped from any lunatic asylum there ought to be an investigation made by police or some proper official. Without doubt he is crazy as well as fierce and ravenous, and it would only be humane and decent for him to be taken from his present owners and sent to the county house or the insane asylum.

Salt-Water Talk.

Washington Rocket contributes to the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* the following very bad ones:

The reason why a ship is by common consent designated in the feminine gender, is because so much attention has to be paid to her rigging.

The main sails of vessels are often made in Massachusetts.

A ship is never quiet; in a dead calm there are always *rallings* for the shrouds.

The only time vessels are known to have anything to do with printing types, is on their entrance into port; then there is generally a *pi-lot* on board.

Sailors make sail, and yet are not sail-makers.

It is not the best spokesman that is placed at the wheel. A young man who is fully competent to attend to the steers on a farm, find, he steers wild on board ship.

You can't breakfast off a roll of the sea any more than you can be scolded by the rail of the ship.

You cannot purchase any liquor at the capstan bar.

The mate of a ship considers himself a man and a sailor, but I have had the captain tell me his mate was *a-board*. Upon questioning the mate closely, he owned he was bored; but a passenger who peeped into his state-room in port, one morning, informed me that he was a *shaving*.

A knotty question is the ship's speed, and the captain may be naughty enough to tell you it is *not a* question of miles—knots he looks at.

A ship may be said to resemble log-wood when it's in port.

You cannot loosen the ship's hold by telling all hands to "let go"

Sailors generally regulate their watches by the ship's bells.

SEVEN MAXIMS.—The Wisconsin *Journal of Education* gives seven maxims for teachers, which are worthy of consideration: Never tell a child what you don't quite know. Never give a piece of information without asking for it again. Never use a hard word if an easy one will convey your meaning, and never use any word at all unless you are quite sure it has meaning to convey. Never begin an address or a lesson without a clear view of its end. Never give an unnecessary command, nor one which you do not mean obeyed. Never permit any child to remain in the class, even for a minute, without having something to do, and a motive for doing it.

In Oregon, as in all new countries, money commands a high rate of interest. Twelve per cent. in gold can be readily obtained for the use of greenbacks, on the best real estate security. One per cent, a month is the rate established by law, or no doubt a higher one would rule. In Washington Territory, where there is no limit, it is twenty per cent., and often twenty-four. A few years ago, before there was any law on the subject, eight or ten per cent. a month was not uncommon.

COLONEL THOMAS G. PITCHER, of the First Infantry, has been relieved from duty as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y. Colonel Thomas A. Ruger, of the Eighteenth Infantry, will assume charge on the 1st of September, relieving Colonel Pitcher.

Iron Ship Yards.

As preparatory to early action during the next session of Congress, the Senate recently adopted a resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy to communicate such proposals as may have been received for establishing iron-ship building yards and docks to economize expenditures in the navy, with such suggestions, explanations, and recommendations as may be advantageous to the Government and as will aid in restoring commerce. The reply of the Secretary was laid before the Senate just before the adjournment. He says the only proposals from any organized and reliable source are those of the International Steamship Company, which he transmits with an analysis of their provision and effect, showing that by them great advantage will be gained to the navy and country, and that we have ores in this country which will produce iron of a much greater power of resistance and tensile strength than the iron of Great Britain, and at no greater expense than the difference in the price of labor; that this superior strength will equalize the difference in cost by lessening the weight of ship and machinery; that by the further gain of facilities offered in the building docks, the cost of ships of 3,000 tons and upwards will be equalized with those built in Europe; that one ship-building yard operating successfully, with facilities concentrated and economy in each department, will demonstrate our ability to compete successfully with our commercial rivals, and will afford at once practical encouragement to the revival of ship-building throughout the country and the re-establishment of commerce; that the creation of such a building yard is a necessity to give it vitality and permanence; that the objects proposed present themselves most favorably to the Navy Department; and that he feels authorized to speak strongly of the great value and almost absolute necessity of such facilities to the Government; that they are necessary to our respectability and security in peace and our safety in war. The Secretary says: "I will hereafter endeavor to suggest, in obedience to your resolution, some system, to be perfected under your deliberations, for the establishment of lines of ocean steamers, adapted, as far as may be, for commerce in time of peace and for naval militia in time of war." He closes his letter in these words: "I cannot assume, even under the sanction of your resolution, to point out or to recommend to what extent, in what manner, or under what safeguard the Government would afford assistance to these objects. This is wholly for the representatives of the people, with whom is the power and responsibility."

A Dreadful Cheat.

Some years ago a book, by writers of high repute, was published in London, entitled "Seven Tales by Seven Authors," and the leading point in one of them was that a mercenary mother persuaded her dying husband, who is nearly bankrupt, to make a will, whose contents are at his death duly bruited abroad, leaving each of his daughters $150,000, with the view of course of their attracting attention from men bent on matrimony. A *ruse* something resembling this has lately been played at Nottingham, England. An eccentric old gentleman, unmarried, and reputed to be very rich, recently made his will. He bequeathed £10,000 to the General Hospital, and a like sum to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. To one relative he left £1,000, and legacies to the amount of £50 were numerous. The total amount bequeathed amounted to £45,000. The expectant legatees were very demonstrative in their thanks. Presents of wine, game and other good things were sent in profusion. The old gentleman was courted by more than one lady whose early youth was passed. He died at the age of eighty-four a few days since, and the friend at whose house he breathed his last honored his remains with an expensive funeral. This friend had also the melancholy satisfaction of paying the expenses, for the testator died considerably in debt.

THE FAT OF THE LAND.—It is stated that a hungry man who sits down before a pound of beefsteak, tender, juicy, an inch thick, and eats it, will find upon analysis that 65 per cent. of this steak is water; that 18 per cent. will go to give him an aldermanic fleshiness; that 14 per cent. is assigned to warm him, and make him feel comfortable on a cold day. Of the flesh-forming ingredients, according to Dr. Playfair, every one, on an average, requires 92 pounds annually to keep up a proper bodily condition. If it is not obtained from steaks, then it must be secured from something else. Cheese is a great flesh former (30 per cent.), and taken with beer, speedily conceals all traces of unsightly bones. Two ounces of flesh-formers per diem will keep a man alive if he is not forced to labor, but hard labor requires six, or the body will run short of starch and sugar, and get behindhand in health and strength. In 100 parts of wheat there are 10 pounds of flesh, but there is nearly double the amount in the same quantity of oatmeal.

ACTING UNHANDSOMELY.—The Newport (R. I.) *News* says: Some two or three months since a Boston lady, who by the way claims to be one of Newport's reigning belles in the summer season, started out on a shopping tour. Meeting with a gentleman on the way with whom she had some acquaintance, she invited him to accompany her. He very gallantly accepted the invitation. After going the rounds of the various dry goods establishments of the city, she finally made purchases to the extent of about $70, when, alas, "she had left her money at home." The gentleman paid the bills, as he was, of course, in duty bound to do, she promising to send the amount as soon as she reached her residence, which was a few minutes' walk from the store. Whether she has reached the place yet or not we cannot say. All we know about it is the gentleman has not yet heard from his money.

VALUE OF VINEYARDS.—Three California Commissioners appointed to award damages to a grape-grower for injury done his vineyard, near Folsom, by the construction of a canal through it, allowed him $19,000, or $2,000 per acre. Several witnesses testified that his vines were worth $250,000, and that 85,000 vines yielded from 600 to 700 tons of grapes annually, which at $50 per ton, would amount to $35,000.

The Old Homestead.

Ah! here it is, that dear old place,
Unchanged through all these years:
How like some sweet, familiar face
My childhood's home appears!
The grand old trees beside the door
Still spread their branches wide,
The river wanders as of yore,
With sweetly murmuring tide;
The distant hills look green and gray,
The flowers are blooming wild,
And everything looks glad to-day,
As when I was a child.

Regardless how the years have flown
Half wondering I stand,
I catch no fond, endearing tone,
I clasp no friendly hand;
I think my mother's smile to meet,
I list my father's call,
I pause to hear my brother's feet
Come bounding through the hall;
But silence all around me reigns,
A chill creeps through my heart—
No trace of those I love remains,
And tears unbidden start.

What though the sunbeams fall as fair,
What though the budding flowers
Still shed their fragrance on the air,
Within life's golden hours?
The loving ones that clustered here
These walls may not restore;
Voices that filled my youthful ear
Will greet my soul no more.
And yet I quit the dear old place
With slow and lingering tread,
As when we kiss a clay-cold face,
And leave it with the dead.

Facts and Fancies.

Bunker Hill Monument cost $156,276.

"The wife's secret." Her opinion of her husband.

A four-ounce dog sold for $250 at Boston recently.

To a generous spirit it is as hard to beg as it is to be denied.

A white hedge-hog twenty-two inches in length, has been shot in New Hampshire.

The drying of grapes for making raisins is becoming a large industry of California.

Low-necked dresses have gone entirely out of fashion, and low linings to Summer dresses have also been tabooed.

"Henpeck," is the name of a post-office in Alexander county, Ill. It does a small business; the maids avoid it.

What a strange thing is custom! Throw one glove at a man you insult him; throw two, you make him a present.

A bachelor of Dighton, Mass., aged 84, repented last week by getting married. The next one to repent may be his wife.

It is said that there is no friendship between women so strong that one good looking young man is not able to break up.

A welcome visitor, 'I could a tail unfold." Could you? Then lose not a moment, but go to Mr Darwin. He will be delighted to see your—*Punch*.

The French style of betting is quite novel. If the lady loses, she gives the gentleman what she chooses; if the gentleman looses, he gives her whatever she asks for.

A Vermont jury has awarded a man $3 damage for being thrown over a hedge by a bull. The victim says if he had been given time he would have cheerfully got over for nothing.

The London *Times* informs us that a very grave crisis in the history of the Church of England is approaching. By a series of decisions of the privy council, most uninterruptedly adverse to the High Church party, the outworks of ritualism, it seems, have been successfully assaulted, now the very citadel is menaced.

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make acknowledgment to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat. I can't prove it, and I am sorry for it."

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 same 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!"

It would be supposed that the introduction of the cylinder press had completely run out the old hand press, but this is not the case. Publishers say that the supply for the old-fashioned hand press is not nearly equal to the demand. and that while they are often obliged to wait three months for one of them, the cylinder will be supplied in three days notice. The world is not yet done with the old hand press.

A newspaper writer, speaking of Humphrey Marshall, says he now weighs not far from 400 pounds, and that notwithstanding his enormous weight, he is a very hard worker, and able to endure more hours of labor than any man of his acquaintance. The secret of his endurance is explained by the statement that Marshall refreshes himself every few minutes by little naps, during which he loses nothing of what is going on, though seeming wholly unconscious. In trying an arduous case in court, he will be asleep half the time, yet his senses appear constantly awake, and no fact of interest to his client seems to escape his attention.

A SCENE IN COURT.—There was a curious scene in a Richmond Court. A man had been convicted of an attempt improperly to influence a trial, and the Judge, in passing sentence upon him, said: "I owe it to you and others—perhaps more to you than any other—that I am sitting here a Virginia Judge. You elected me to administer the laws of the Commonwealth with an upright and impartial mind, and to keep pure the course of justice in Virginia. I know not how better I can justify your expectation and vindicate the wisdom of your choice, believing you to have offended against the laws of the State, than by imposing upon you the highest penalty of the law—a fine of $500 and the costs."

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