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Still Life.

No murmur from the outward world
Disturbs the slumbrous summer air;
Soothed with sweet visions of delight,
She sits, she dreams, my lady, there.
So soft her breathing and so low,
Life scarcely seems her pulse to thrill;
All mute and motionless: 'tis life,
Yet life how still!

Her fancy's form to shadow forth,
Her girlish scheme of art to trace,
The pencil scarcely had essayed
When sleep came down upon her face,
By thought's own sweetness overpowered,
She glided into pleasant dreams,
Joyous and bright, as yonder sun
Through casement gleams.

Fair dreamer, in that vision world
In which your spirit now is free,
What glad ideal meets you there?
Or deign you bend to such as me?
Or draw your inspiration forth,
As soon your tablet there shall show,
From visions which the waking eye
Lacks power to know?

Ah well! as sunlight on the sea,
Or respite from consuming strife,
Are moments, maiden, snatched, like these,
From out the hurricane of life.
Still life it is: whate'er your dreams,
Whate'er the thoughts your fancy fill—
Enough of joy 'tis thus to live
The life that's still.

"CAVED."—A MINER'S STORY.

"It's caved!" exclaimed Bill Beave, bursting into the cabin, where I was leisurely eating breakfast and reading the news from some last year's papers that were pasted on the wall. "The ground has caved! It came down mighty sudden; and Little Jimmy was at the breast. I was further out in the drift, and had the start of it; but it made such a close call for me, that I know he must 'a got ketched."

This technical jargon revealed to me the fact that our mine had caved, and had buried one of our companions, for "Little Jimmy" was not an infant, but a man—a miner and a friend. He had been working at the "breast" or farthest end of the "drift," but was now perhaps sleeping his last sleep in the bosom of the mother of us all.

Three years before this we had come to this creek. We had prospected the "side gulches" and the bars, and found "colors" everywhere. Indications were favorable, so we "staked" a body of ground along the main creek, built cabins, organized a company, of which the writer was elected president, and went to work to open our claim.

Those three years had been years of toil and privation. We were in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Our camp was pitched in a little basin of a valley, warm and sunshiny, and just at the entrance of a deep and gloomy canon, which we named "The Devil's Gate," and through which our sparkling little stream foamed and fumbled down to that great river, the Missouri. Our ground was deep and very wet. Drainage was necessary, and we had driven a tunnel for this purpose through the earth and boulders that filled the primeval bed of the creek, until we had attained a horizontal distance of a thousand yards; but the slope of the gulch was so gradual that we had not reached the "bed-rock," where we hoped to find the gold laid in heaps. "Bed-Rock" being the objective point, must be reached, so we sank a shaft at the head of our tunnel and betook ourselves to a pump.

As it was a couple of thousand miles to the nearest foundry, and we could not afford to await the completion of the North Pacific Railroad, a pump, under the circumstances, was a problem; so I will tell how we got one. We had blacksmith's and carpenter's tools, which most of us could use; there was plenty of timber growing on the mountains, and a pair of dilapidated freight wagons supplied our stock of iron. Great slabs or segments were cut from fir-trees, and hewn and dressed on one side to a smooth plane. The other side was rounded to an arc or convex surface, so that when four such segments were placed together lengthwise, secured with pins at the edges, which were first squared and then made parallel, they formed a long, hollow trunk or barrel, four-square within, but outside cylindrical, and tapering slightly from one end to the other. Upon this were driven hoops or bands of iron, which forced the joints close, like those of a cask, and thus we had pumps or pipes of considerable length and solidity. It was easy to fit them with valves and pistons, and to work them with a wooden walking-beam moved by the crank of a water-wheel. This crank was a masterpiece. It had arm or leverage of two feet, and was formed from the iron axle of one of our wagons, and its gudgeons or bearings were turned in a lathe of our own contriving. This was a heavy job for our resources, but it was finished after an age, it seemed to us, of toil, puzzling, and perspiration; and we had produced machinery that was capable of raising to a height of nearly thirty feet, many tons of water per day, and which answered all our requirements for drainage, so that we were able to reach that long-sought "bed-rock" at a depth of ninety feet below the present bed of the creek. I will mention here that our pump was twelve inches square inside, and had a stroke of four feet, raising the water twenty-nine feet into a drain-tunnel, whence it flowed out to the surface, a thousand yards down the canon.

We had reached "bed-rock," but had not "struck it very rich," and were running a drift or tunnel on "bed-rock" across and up to the gulch in search of the "pay-streak," which we were hoping every day to find, when the announcement of a startling accident was made. Here was the ruin of our hopes and the death of our friend; for there was little room to hope for any other result.

It must not be supposed that much time was wasted in such reflections, for, telling Bill to rouse the entire camp, I rushed off to the mine. Such of the men as heard of the occurrence hurried from their work, bringing with them their picks and shovels as likely to be needed, and the miners from wet diggings came clad in coats, high boots, and helmet-shaped caps of India rubber, and looking like knights in armor. Knights they were, too, for that matter, for, though armed only with shovel and pick, they were as daring and as generous as ever belted prince who rode with lance in rest to right imaginary wrongs; and they were ready now to risk every danger to save the poor fellow buried in the mine beneath.

On reaching the scene I found our machinery apparently uninjured, but looking more closely I discovered that the pump was not raising a drop of water, and it would not be long before the entire mine would be flooded. The pump must be relieved at once, or we could not hope to save the mine, much less to save our friend. Calling Bob Piper, a tall, black-bearded miner, who had worked at his trade in every mining country, from the English Channel to the Pacific Ocean, and who, for his skill, courage, and experience, was the mining oracle of our camp—I pointed him to the pump, which was wearing itself out in vain, for it lifted no water.

"Bob," said I, "we must fix that pump. It is our only hope to save little Jimmy."

"We'll fix it," replied Bob, quietly. "The pump is starved—choked up at the bottom. We'll fix it; and as for the poor lad, we'll get un out."

Bob was a West-of-England man, and his dialect stuck to him.

"We'll get un out, Benny; I think he bean't dead. I've helped dig men out in the old country, and this too; an' God will help us, we'll get un out now; won't us Benny?"

Benny, thus appealed to, answered with an emphatic "You bet," and in a moment he and Bob, followed by two others, were clambering down the steep and slippery flight of ladders that led into the mine, until their candles, glimmering like stars, were one by one swallowed up in the black shaft. Axes had been sent down in a bucket, and in a few moments were heard blows ringing on the mass of wood and iron that composed the barrel of the pump. They were cutting holes to let the water into the pump below. It had already risen above their waists, and the mouth of the lowest drift was nearly submerged.

The machinery was cracking and groaning, and the wheel dashed round; but it was idle show, and the mine was filling up, and soon the men would be driven out, but meantime we could hear the blows o the axes. Presently the clumsy walking-beam quit groaning, stood still, and began to tremble. The wheel had stopped for a moment, then began to move slowly, and went round with a surge. There was a great rush of water through the pump, and it was all right. Our old wooden pump was equal to the occasion. The flood-gates were opened on the great overshot wheel, and it was required to do its best. It rushed around steadily, and in an hour the mine was freed from water, so that men could press into the drift.

It was arranged that if Little Jimmy were found alive, the fact should be telegraphed aloft by two strokes of the signal bell; but if dead, one tap should announce it. Men were working under ground as only such men would work. They had been told off into gangs of four each, which spelled or relieved each other every fifteen minutes; and as they advanced into the avalanche of rocks and earth that filled the drift, every inch had to be propped with heavy timbers, for the vast mass above them had been shaken, and had lost its cohesion, and at any moment might crush down like a mountain.

Presently, to those who waited above, there came a sharp peal of the bell—then another. He was alive! What a shout went up from the men assembled there! Out of the depths of that canon, above its cliffs and crags, and over the trees that waved on their summits, and above the mountains that towered beyond—far above them all it rose like incense. It ascended into heaven; for it was a prayer—a prayer of thanksgiving and of praise. Not formed of speech, not framed in language, but the overflowing of the heart that cannot be uttered in words.

My story is done. Little Jimmy had been overwhelmed with an avalanche, his candles extinguished, and he dashed down with his face to the earth; but the rocks and timbers had formed an arch over him. He was borne down to the earth, and the water had risen round him; and, resting his elbow on the ground, he was just able to support his head above it. In a little while he would have drowned where he lay; but he was safe now. Strong hands had dragged him out of the grave. They had harnessed themselves to the "horse whim" and had hoisted him into the glorious sunshine. They bore him to his cabin, and placed him in the tender care of "Doc." Here we will leave him.

Curiosities of Life.

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be a hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are of

Clergymen, orators, and public speakers	43
Farmers	40
Workmen	33
Soldiers	32
Lawyers	29
Professors	27
Doctors	24

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at good old age as often as the clergymen and others who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to neglect of the laws of health, inattention to proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These farmers or workmen eat a heavy supper of a summer's day and sit around the doors in their shirt-sleeves; and in their tired condition and weakened circulation are easily chilled, laying the foundation for diarrhœa, billious colic, lung-fever, or consumption.—*Journal of Health.*

Fungus the Cause of Whooping-Cough.—Dr. Letzerich, the pathologist, who some time ago published his observations on a fungus, supposed by him to produce diptheria, has more recently made a series of experiments with another form of fungoid growth which he believes to be the cause of the very infectious disease, whooping-cough. The spores found in the expectorated mucus, causing the irritation and coughing, were allowed to vegetate into large masses, and small portions were then introduced into young rabbits by an opening in the windpipe. The wounds thus made soon healed, but the animal became affected with a violent cough. Several animals thus diseased were killed, and the air-passages in each were found to contain very large quantities of similar fungus. These observations, so important to the advocates of the germ theory, have not, as yet, been confirmed by other investigators in the same field.

An Indian Fight.

Last Sunday morning says a letter from South Pass, Wyoming Territory, the citizens of Wind River Valley, in this Territory, were startled by the cry of "Indians!" A strong war party of hostile savages, supposed to be Sioux, had come into the valley, and, under cover of a dense fog, had attacked the settlement. An old Snake Indian belonging to Washakie's friendly tribe was on his way to the Agency, and the hostile savages pounced down upon him, took away his ponies, and carried off one of his wives. The squaw kicked and struggled so vigorously that she finally got away, and her husband coming to her assistance with a revolver, kept back her captors until she escaped into the brush and hid. The Indians then rode up to the house of James Rogers and drove off his cattle, carrying away with them all the old Snake Indian's robes and buffalo meat, and the two ponies they had captured. Most of the settlers were inclined to keep close to their houses, not being able in the fog to ascertain how many Indians there were in the hostile party. As soon, however, as it was known that the savages were falling back to the hills, four friendly Snakes and three white men mounted their horses and went in pursuit. When the bluffs were reached, above the fog, the savages were seen, about 25 in number, driving off the stock to the northward. The Snakes and white men followed rapidly, and compelled the marauders to abandon the cattle. The savages, however, soon afterward showed fight, and a council of war having been held by the Snakes and white men, it was decided that seven men, however brave, should not attack 25 warriors as brave as themselves and far better armed and mounted. The Chief of the Snakes, Washakie, was on his way with the tribe to the Agency, and could not then be many miles distant. The four Indians and one white man went in search of Washakie's camp, and the others returned to Little Wind River settlement. The rest of the story I shall let my informant relate in his own way.

"It was near nightfall, and a heavy snow-storm had set in, when, fortunately, just as we were about to encamp, we heard the tramp of a multitude of horses, and saw the friends we were searching for toiling slowly along through the storm. To hail them, find Washakie, and acquaint him with the occurrence of the morning, was the work of a few minutes. The Chief, without saying a word, ordered the alarm to be sounded and the war-drum to beat. The warriors wondering what the matter could be, came rushing on their swift ponies from all directions, and swarmed in a dense mass around their venerable and beloved Chief. He ordered 60 of the best mounted men to fall out and prepare for war. This preparation consisted simply in painting their faces, and in 15 minutes they were mounted and ready for their Chief's further commands. Asking how far it was to the trail, and turning over the care of the village to a subordinate Chief, Washakie put himself at the head of his warriors and galloped away to the West. As it was most important that the trail should be struck before dark the ride was fast and furious. It was already growing dark when a shout announced the finding of the trail, and each warrior halted to rest his pony and examine the signs. 'Forty track; 25 soldiers,' said Washakie, in his sententious way, after a careful scrutinizing of the tracks. Presently he added, 'four or five hours' old, plain, plenty, good; we catch 'um.' To this remark all the warriors solemnly answered 'Umph.' The snow, which had ceased falling for a time, commenced again, and the trail gradually began to disappear; still the Indians pursued long after no sign was visible to the eye of a white man. About midnight, however, a halt announced that the trail was lost, and it took considerable examination in the grass to find it again. At length we were once more on it; and now Washakie began to anxiously scan the clouds. 'Bad, bad!' he muttered. The night grew blacker and colder, and another halt told us we were again off the scent. Dismounting, a part of the warriors started on foot to follow the trail, the main body keeping close in the rear and leading the ponies. All night long we toiled on, the guides at times following the trail through a heavy storm on their hands and knees. It was near daylight when again the night became pitchy dark and the trail was completely lost. 'Good,' said the chief in a cheerful voice, 'we rest now; 'um not far off, and we get 'um in the morning.' So we all lay down, holding our ponies by the lariat ropes, and had an hour's good sleep.

"It was hardly light when we were aroused by the guides, and, cold, stiff, and sore, we resumed our journey. The trail was now plain, and we followed it rapidly. Shortly before sunrise the guides rode hurriedly back on the main column, and it was soon known that the Hostile Indians were discovered, that they were still in camp, and, apparently, totally unconscious of our approach. The joy which lighted up the countenances of Washakie and his followers cannot be described; but they said not a word nor even made a sign. Washakie went to the top of a knoll and reconnoitered the hostile camp. The ponies were quietly grazing at some distance from the warriors, who were huddled around a fire warming themselves. Hastily dividing his force into two parties, Washakie sent one to sweep down upon the ponies and stampede them, while with the other he charged the warriors. A jutting bluff covered the approach to the camp, and both movements were entirely successful. With a terrific yell the Snakes burst from cover upon the enemy, who at first turned to run for their ponies, but, seeing that they were cut off by one of Washakie's bands, they made for the bluffs near by. While crossing the little plain five of them were killed. Once under cover of the ravines and rocks, they made a good fight and drove back the Snakes, who dismounted and renewed the battle on foot.

For over two hours the contest raged, when Washakie, seeing he could not dislodge the enemy, drew off his warriors. He had killed eight of the hostile Indians and secured all the stock of the band. Not wishing to lose his warriors, he determined to let the matter end where it was. One thing was necessary, however—a scalp to dance over on their return home. As all the dead Indians had fallen near the rocks, behind which their brethren lay concealed, the scalping of one of them was by no means an easy matter. A warrior volunteered to crawl up and get a scalp; and the Snakes, to cover his action, advanced once more as if to battle. The enemy, however, was on the lookout; and when the warrior had nearly reached the dead body of his adversary, a well-directed shot from the hill killed him. Washakie, seeing the fate of his warrior, rushed forward amid a shower of bullets, and, totally regardless of the danger he was in himself, cut the scalp from the head of the Indian and, unharmed, returned with it in triumph to his warriors. It is marvelous that the brave old man was not killed. Washakie at once set out on his return to the village at the agency, and entered his camp amid the plaudits of the whole tribe; the greatest of soldiers in the estimation of his people."

The following day a party of Snake warriors went out to the battle-field and brought in six more scalps. The defeated Indians had hastily decamped, leaving their dead on the ground. This was most unsual, but as they were dismounted they of course could not carry them off, and probably thought they had no time to spare to bury them. Washakie lost in this affair one man killed, and had three wounded, of whom one will die. The Indians he fought with, who were at first supposed to be Sioux, turned out to be Northern Cheyennes. They numbered 27 men, and lost eight killed and all their stock. The defeated Indians retreated in the direction of Big Beaver where there is at present a column of cavalry scouting from Camp Stambaug. It is believed that those who escaped from the Snakes will fall into the hands of the cavalrymen. Of course, being off their reservation without authority and on the war-path, these Cheyennes, if found by the United States troops, will be treated as hostile. Col. Bartlett, who commands in Wind River, is of the opinion that this battle will lead to a general war between the Snakes and the Cheyennes and their Sioux allies. It is indeed highly probable we shall soon have some more Indian fighting in Northern Wyoming, and the Indian Agent, Dr. Jas. Irwin, feels so uneasy that he is urging Gen. Auger, who commands the Department of the Platte, to send a company of cavalry to protect the Agency on Little Wind River.

How a Jury Voted.—A California paper tells how the jury in the case of Mrs. Fair made up its verdict, the statement being made, it is claimed, in the words of one of the jury: "During the progress of the trial not one juror spoke to his fellow-jurors of the case, and when we retired to make up a verdict no one knew anything of the opinion of his fellows. On entering the jury-room the first thing done was to cut a piece of paper into twelve pieces, and to number them from one up to twelve. These were put in a hat and drawn, and the slip drawn was the number of the juror. On these slips each juror wrote his finding in the case, and when his number was called put it into the hat. When I wrote my finding, murder in the first degree, I hardly thought there would be another such finding on any of the slips, but when the slips were all deposited and taken out and read, to my great astonishment it was found that each juror on the first and only ballot, had voted just as I had, murder in the first degree."

Franklin's Gift.—Dr. Franklin used to wish that he might, after a good long nap, live the last half of his allotted years some time in the Nineteenth Century. His equanimity, the greatest with which a great man was ever endowed, might be a little disturbed if he should wake up just now in Boston. He left by will a small sum of money, the income of which was to be lent to "young married artificers." This has been invested and reinvested, until it now amounts to more than $150,000, but no young married artificer has ever been favored with a farthing of it. It is now proposed to lend it in small sums to persons of moderate means, to enable them to secure neat and comfortable homes in the vicinity of the City of Boston.

Affairs in Cuba.—The following is the story as told by the Spanish authorities. The insurgents laid a trap to capture or kill Valmaseda at Canto del Ambar-Cadero, while returning from Manzanillo, accompanied by only a few staff officers. The insurgents attempted first to surprise the Spanish detachment of 25 men intrenched at the mouth of the Canto. The lieut.-com. of the Spaniards saw the Cubans coming, and, divining their purpose, waited until they came close to his position, when several volleys were fired upon them, killing over 50. The remainder retreated. The Cubans, defeated in the attempt to take the post, abandoned the plan against Gen. Valmaseda, who came later in, a little detained. Valmaseda promoted the lieutenant to a captaincy for his conduct.

The Cotton Movement.—The receipts of cotton at all the ports of the United States during the past week were 51,432 bales, against 56,685 bales the previous week, making the total receipts since the 1st of September, 1870, 3,623,373 bales, against 2,637,252 bales, for the corresponding time last year. The total exports of the week were 71,087 bales, against 36,275 last year. The total exports for the expired portion of the cotton year were 2,687,962 bales, against 1,796,606 in 1869-70. The stocks at all the ports are 426,944 bales, against 353,068 last year.

Trade Statistics.—The report of Mr. Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, shows that for the eight months ending Feb. 28, 1871, our exports exceeded the imports by $7,266,103, while for the corresponding period last year the imports exceeded the exports by $2,578,345. During the twelve months ending Feb. 28, 1871, the tonnage entered was 9,409,024 and cleared 9,307,404; of the former 5,782,024 were foreign; of the latter 5,706,316. The figures are a little in excess of those for 1870, corresponding time.

They Would Sing.—Three little girls who had buried in a garden in Portsmouth, N. H., the dead body of a pet bird, after consultation, sent one of their number into the house to inquire "if people didn't sing at funerals." On being told that they often did, the messenger ran back, and in a few minutes the three were seen standing hand in hand around the little mound, gravely singing "Shoo fly, don't bodder me."

The Tehuantepec Canal.

Two communications are published from M. Fernandez, one of the engineers of the Commission appointed by the Mexican Government to co-operate with the American surveying party. In the first of these, he says: "I have officially informed you of the results of our reconnoissance, which are very satisfactory, because they manifest clearly the practicability of supplying the projected canal with a sufficiency of water, principally from the river Goatzacoalcos. Although the distance that the water has to be brought and the difficulties of the soil will render the work costly, I believe that for political and commercial reasons the United States will prefer this to any other route. All our efforts now are toward presenting the project in the most convenient and economical manner. We (Mexicans) are especially interested in studying the question under all possible aspects, and in proposing all the measures we can for its realization, in view of the great influence which it will exercise on the future welfare of our country."

In the second of these, Senor Fernandez reports as follows: "The main course of the Goatzacoleaos runs in many parts between mud embankments, forming heavy torrents, in which the water rushes with grert velocity, but as we ascended we noted that the bed of the stream increased in width, and the hight of the cascades diminished, without materially decreasing the volume of water. Above the River Blanco we found no other affluent of importance, and it appears that the river makes no great curves from its main course. The measurement of the volume, made at 5 and 7½ miles above the confluence of the Balanco, gave 37 cubic yards per second, a quantity which is estimated as sufficient for the supply of the canal. When we were on the left bank of the river, near 21 miles east of Santa Maria, the barometer indicated nearly the same hight of water as the Chivela. At this point the natives of Santa Maria refused to proceed further, and returned to their village, obliging us to retreat for want of provisions. Nevertheless, we obtained an important result, namely: that the Goatzacoalcos can supply the water required for the canal at elevated points. Besides, there is a well-founded expectation that upon ascending the river an altitude of greater hight than the Tarifa table lands will be found with an abundant supply of water. With the view to exactness, and to ascertain how to conduct the water most conveniently and economically, Mr. Fuertez, with some members of the American Commission, has again left for the river, and will execute this branch of the work. In the mean time I shall employ myself and the Commission under my charge, in exploring the rivers Chicopa and Astuta, which we have not as yet explored, and will return to Goatzacoalcos. The reconnoissance of the lakes of the South has been commenced by the officers of the American ship of war, who were sent for that purpose."

The New Treaty.

The Treaty was reported back to the United States Senate from the Foreign Committee, and Mr. Cameron briefly explained it. Senator Morton made a short speech in its favor, and Senator Casserly spoke against it. There is more doubt expressed as to the ratification of the Treaty than has been before. It is reported that Senators Cameron, Harlan, Morton and Hamlin signed the report in favor of ratification, and that Patterson, Schuez and Casserly declined to add their names, either because they desired to amend it, or because they opposed it altogether.

In the English House of Lords, Earl Russell gave notice of his intention to move an address to the Queen against sanctioning the ratification of the Alabama Treaty, in case the arbitrators are bound by rules or conditions other than the law of nations and English municipal laws existing during the civil war in the United States, when the alleged depredations upon American commerce were committed.

The Government press of Canada give a rather equivocal support to the Treaty of Washington, while the opposition journals, on the contrary, are very decided in their expressions of disapproval, holding that to grant to the citizens of the United States the right to fish in Canadian water, may make it unnecessary for the American Government to adopt a policy of reciprocity. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the journals that represent the French-speaking population of Ontario, are in favor of rejecting the portion of the Treaty affecting Canada. The *Globe* thinks that self-interest should direct the people of Canada in their consideration of the Treaty, while at the same time it recommends that a difference of opinion in the matter between Great Britain and the Dominion should be avoided.

The House of Assembly of New Brunswick is debating the terms of the new Treaty, which is meeting great opposition.

A Mirage in Mobile Bay.

The day was mild, calm, and partially cloudy. The vessels in the bay were attended by images of themselves hanging above them in the air—sometimes doubled, and generally distorted and imperfect. There was, however, one splendid exception to this rule. Far up the bay—ten, twelve, fifteen miles, or more—lay a bark at anchor—only her upper spars being visible. Immediately above her hung an inverted image of herself, distinctly visible and perfect in all its parts, but with its masts pointing downward, and its hull above. Immediately above this last—keel to keel—floated a third presentiment of the same bark, restored by double inversion to its proper position. The two phantom barks were distinct and clearly defined; the real one was imperfect. Away in the farther distance the cloud that hung over the bay was flecked, on its utmost verge, with the images of white sails, the originals of which lay entirely beyond the range of vision. Some of these aerial photographs appeared, from the direction, to be taken from vessels at or very near the Mobile wharves, thirty miles on.

The French in Africa.—Important news has been received from Algeria, where the condition of affairs has decidedly improved. The Arab insurgents have been defeated in an engagement in which their leader, Kilife Mokrani, was killed.

Settling on Public Lands.

In general answer to many special inquiries, the New York *Tribune* states the following facts:

1. The larger portion of the unimproved, uncultivated soil of the United States, including nearly all that of the States of Nebraska, Nevada, and Oregon, as also of all the Territories, is still the property of the Federal Union, and is known as the Public Domain.

2. While much of this Domain is sterile, rocky, mountainous, and thus unfit for cultivation, a large proportion is facile and excellent, including thousands of square miles which, being treeless and very thinly grassed, have been accounted desert, but which prove quite productive when reclaimed by irrigation.

3. As a general rule, any part of this Domain not already granted to or occupied by private owners is open to settlement by any one. He who "squats" on a tract to which he has no title, is regarded as holding it by *Pre-emption*. He is of course liable to be, but seldom is, dispossessed by a *bona fide* purchaser.

4. The Government proffers a quarter section (160 acres) to any one who settles upon a tract to which no adverse title or claim exists, erects a habitation, and lives on it for five years. He has to pay for the papers and legal formalities required, about $20 in all. This is called making a *Homestead*.

5. Congress has from time to time made extensive grants of land to States and companies in aid of the construction of *Railroads* through the public domain. These grants are usually of *alternate sections* (or square miles) for a certain distance on either side of the projected Railroad.

6. The alternate sections reserved by the Government are doubled in price; and he who settles on these and proceeds to acquire a home under a Homestead act, is allowed but *eighty* instead of the usual one hundred and sixty acres.

7. The general price of the Public Lands is $1.25 per acre, or $200 for 160 acres. The alternate sections reserved by the Government along the lines of Railroads are held at double price, or $2.50 per acre.

8. The Railroad Companies generally charge more for *their* alternate sections; but, as the Government's land is held at $2½ per acre, and eighty acres of it may be acquired by settlement for less than $20, the Government's sections are likely to have the preference.

9. It is decidedly advisable that those who have means should *buy* their lands, either of the Government or the Railroads. It precludes all controversy as to the due performance of the Homestead requirements, gives an instant and perfect title, and enables the owner to sell and convey, go and come, lease or rent, without peril of creating an adverse title or invalidating his own.

10. *College Scrip* is extensively used in purchasing by those who wish to economize. Congress, ten years or more ago, granted to each State a quantum of Public Lands proportioned to its representation in that body, in aid of Education in Agriculture and the Useful Arts. *College Scrip* represents these grants, and is generally procurable by settlers at $1 per acre. In large quantities, it is sold somewhat lower. A warrant or scrip calling for a quarter-section will buy 160 acres; but it will *not* buy 80 acres of the reserved alternate sections along a line of railroad. Of these reserved sections, 160 acres can be bought in one tract with $200 in cash and one 160-acre warrant or scrip. With the exception, pre-emptors can always use College Scrip in payment for Government (not Railroad Company's) lands; but speculators who buy or hold scrip in large quantities are not allowed to locate more than three sections (or square miles) of that scrip in any one township. This is to prevent the monopolizing of large tracts by means of scrip. With *cash*, any quantity may be purchased of Government at the foregoing rates.

11. No one can legally locate, whether with cash or scrip, a quarter-section actually in the possession, by legal occupancy and residence, of a settler, though he has not paid and does not mean to pay for it. But this principle does not apply to the alternate sections granted to Railroads, which do not recognize Pre emptions.

12. A quarter-section of Public Lands is not necessarily a regular quarter of some designated section, but may be made up of two-eighties or four-forties forming one compact body, though these were parts of different quarter-sections technically considered.

Such is the substance of the laws and regulations governing the acquisition of Public Lands by individuals, as we understand them.

Not to be Fooled with.—An exchange says: "The worst joke that was ever perpetrated on scientific men took place recently at Louisiana, Mo. A man was sick with rheumatism, or something, and a fellow went around to the doctors and professors and things, and told them that it was the queerest case on record. He said the man had no feeling. You could stick pins in his body all over, and he paid no attention to them at all. He was perfectly numb. So the doctors got together and called on the sick man to experiment. All arrived with pins and needles and bodkins. The man was asleep and they got around him, and each one stuck his pin in the patient. The sick man rolled over and looked at the crowd, and thought they had come to dissect him, so he took a chair in one hand and a bed-post in the other, and drove the crowd thence. They are around with their heads tied up, looking for the man who said that sick man had no feeling."

The Census.—Some of the revised figures of the census are as follows: New York, 4,374,703; Pennsylvania, 3,529,601; Ohio, 2,665,012; Illinois, 2,538,408; Massachusetts, 1,457,351; all New-England, 3,487,469. Nevada has but 42,491. Two Territories, Utah and New-Mexico, have more, and the latter outstrips Oregon also, which has but 90,933. Nebraska has 123,150.

Severe Punishment.—In Ireland a man has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for carrying off 150 yards of telegraph wire and three insulators. The Postmaster-General prosecuted, and great stress was laid on the calamities which might result from such a crime, the telegraph being the medium of life and death communications.

Facts and Fancies.

"A wet May makes plenty of hay."

There is said to be nearly 20,000 veterans of the war of 1812 still living.

Brigham Young has buried twenty-seven mothers-in-law in five years.

Noank, Connecticut, boasts of a three-eyed cat, and inquires, "How is that for eye?"

On some of the new palace stock-car lines, it is said that a man goes along to fan the hogs.

An exchange wants to know whether a lover can be called a "suitor," when he don't suit her."

The popular fallacy that cats have nine lives my have arisen from the fact that one kind has nine tails.

In late wedding toilets, clematis, white lilies, and lilies of the valley have been used, as well as orange blossoms.

A man in Plainfield, N. H., slaughtered a hog a few days since, which weighed, when dressed, 740 pounds.

Wine drinkers and dealers wonder if 1871 is to be a great grape year. Probably not, since this year is the current year.

A man who didn't believe in advertising has gone into partnership with the sheriff, and that official now does the advertising.

Anna A. Pomeroy, wife of "Brick Pomeroy," has had a divorce granted her, and $20,000 alimony, by the Milwaukee Circuit Court.

A bill prohibiting non-residents in Philadelphia from selling oysters without having procured a license, has passed the Pennsylvania legislature.

Parliament has refused to entertain a proposition for an international penny-postage on letters. Not being Americans, they can't see the cents in it.

Columbus, Ga., gathered on the river bank the other day for the purpose of killing a wild duck. More than two hundred shots were fired at the fowl, and it flew off in disgust.

The wheat-raising belt is said to be shifting to the southward. Texas, it is predicted, will become the empire wheat-raiser. Cattle-raising there is giving place to wheat-raising.

The Commissioner of Pensions is now perfecting his arrangements for settling the new bounty claims of the soldiers of the war of 1812, as provided by the recent act of Congress.

A rich man died recently in Maine, who bequeathed a thousand dollars to one of his grand-daughters if she did not marry within a year. If she does the money goes to his son.

Of sixty-five pupils in one school in Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, Maine, the past winter, thirty-five were Jordans. It is to be hoped that the teacher did not find "Jordan a hard road to travel."

A gentleman lying in bed one morning was informed that he had better get up quick, breakfast was just coming up. "Let it come up," he exclaimed defiantly, "it will find me ready to meet it."

Small fancy aprons are worn by young ladies in the morning. They are made with pockets, which prove very convenient receptacles for work, notes, and such like, when their friends call on them.

The vicar of Northfleet, informed his congregation that as "buttons, bad money, and other things not fit to mention" were put in the offertory bags, the collections would in future be made in open plates.

A short time ago a very strict young lady in society gave her photograph to a devoted admirer for his locket. Two days afterward her brother found it on the floor of a billiard-room decorated with a pair of mustaches and an immense cigar, artistically done with a pin.

They have a peculiar breach of promise case in the St. Louis courts. Louisa Bulls has sued a father and son for $10,000 damages, her ground of action against the son being that he refused to marry her according to promise, and against the father that he had objected to the match.

More men kill themselves than women. Women prefer jumping into the water; men prefer to blow their brains out. Aged men cut their throats and aged women take to ropes. More single persons commit suicide than married; more divorced persons than widowers. So say the statistics.

The new funeral cortege of London consists of a hearse and mourning carriages painted violet and adorned with silver wreaths of immortelles; dark gray horses take the place of the old black chargers, and the mutes—or assistants, as they are termed—are dressed in a livery of plain black, relieved with silver buttons, etc.

Walking to Church.—There seems to be some trouble with the hackmen in Montreal, as one of the papers there says that numerous wedding parties have walked to and from the French Church during the past two days, determined not to postpone the ceremony for want of a carriage. The paper adds that the brides and bridegrooms do not seem to object to it, and their friends seem rather to like it, and that it is also a great saving of money.

Emigration.—The report of Com. of Emigration of New York for last week shows the total number of emigrants landed to be 8,994; during the past four months, 35,680 of all nationalities have been landed; the four largest of these are Irish, 9,121; German, 9,383; English, 9,768; Scotch, 1,800. Besides these there are about 4,000 detained in quarantine, a great number of whom are Irish.

A Good Example.—The proprietors of the Everett House, New York, have removed the lead pipes attached to their pumps, and substituted the tin-lined lead pipe. This is a step in the right direction, which hotels and saloons should not be slow to follow, that have regard for the health and comfort of their guests.

The Earl of Carnarvon, in London, said that the last few months had shown us that English security lay not in alliances with the nations of a continent honey-combed with secret intrigue so much as in the free confederation of the English race in every part of the world.

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