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Summer Flowers.

When skies are bright, and Nature's face
  Of sadness knows no shadow,
And Summer's hand is clear to trace
  In woodland and in meadow;
What time the long-lost summer-sun
  Laughs on the laughing hours—
Hinted by Spring ere Spring was done—
  We pluck the summer flowers.

Or cull'd in garden's rich parterre,
  Or by the hedgerow wild,
Where cultured fragrance steeps the air,
  Or where, by breezes mild
Nurtured spontaneous, Summer's store
  Fulfils the pledge of Spring,
We search the flowery treasure o'er,
  Which summer bounties bring.

Those summer flowers, where'er they be,
  In wild or nutor'd places,
Are sweet; but ah, more sweet to see
  Are yonder summer faces!
And summer flowers, from out their bed
  When pluck'd by girlish hand,
Show best encircling girlish head
  Within their odorous band.

Then gather flowers while yet you may;
  Life's opening sweetness cherish,
Ere age shall shadow youth's glad day,
  Ere life's one summer perish.
Ah me! you merry girlish crew,
  Your laughter speeds the hours;
Your flowers are very fair, but you
  Are summer's choicest flowers.

ALL AT SEA.

It was the afternoon of a dull, cloudy day near the end of October; the carriage in which Eleanor Grant was seated alone drove down to the pier at Southampton at which she was to take a vessel for the United States. Upon reaching the vessel's deck she was somewhat startled to meet the last person she expected or desired to see, Philip Armstrong. Six years ago, when Eleanor Grant was twenty-two, the beautiful, only daughter of one of the richest merchants in New York, Philip Armstrong was a poor young lawyer, just beginning to make his way in the profession which has since proved a fortune to him. They were engaged with the full consent of every body, their marriage-day was fixed, and they would have been rapturously happy but for one cloud in their sky: Philip was both proud and sensitive. The idea that he might be even suspected by the world of having sought the wealthy heiress from mercenary motives galled him to the quick, and when he chanced to overhear a sneering comment on the shrewd thing Armstrong was doing for himself in making sure of the heiress, he was foolish enough to trust himself in Eleanor's presence while still smarting from this thrust. As ill luck would have it, her mind was

[redacted]

with the clergyman, and drew out one of the captain's best stories.

Eleanor was much alone. Her deep mourning dress protected her from frivolous intrusion, and she would sit for hours in her favorite place on deck, reading, or looking away over the blue waters. They had now been more than a week at sea. The wind was favorable, and they were crowding sail night and day. It seemed to Eleanor that they were making splendid progress, yet she could not rid herself of a vague feeling that something was wrong. The weather was fine, but she noticed that Captain Barrow studied the barometer with constant and, she thought, anxious attention. His manner, too, usually so hearty and free, had grown gloomy and abstracted; he was nervously watchful of every little circumstance, and was often in apparently anxious consultation with his officers. Something was wrong with the sailors too. There were whisperings and looks of sullen discontent; and a perpetual sound of hammering and carpenter-work seemed to be going on in some part of the vessel.

It was just before sunset of the ninth day out. Eleanor was sitting in her usual place. The captain was standing before his barometer, when Philip Armstrong came by and spoke to him. They were so near that she could easily hear what they said, though her face was turned from them and her eyes fixed on her book.

"What does the glass say, captain?"

"Set fair," replied the other, cheerfully. "So far good; everything seems favorable for us. I think we shall have a quick run."

"God [redacted]t!" said the captain, earn-

[redacted]

it reaches that we are gone."

"But surely we must meet some vessel."

"There is less chance of that, as we are off our course now. I am running for the Azores; it is the best we can do. With a fair wind we may make the port of Fayal by the day after to-morrow. But October weather is treacherous, and the ship is not worked as she ought to be. If any trouble should arise, I have no confidence in my crew."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, we had a fever on board in August, and I was obliged to leave eight of my best men in hospital at Southampton, and replace them with such as I could get. They are a mean set, picked up round the docks, and not to be trusted a boat's-length out of sight."

The book that Eleanor Grant was reading fell from her hand. Philip turned at the sound it made, and one glance at her white face told him she had heard all. He thought she was falling, and sprang toward her; but she re-assured him with a gesture. "Wait," she said; "I will speak presently." When she did speak it was steadily, almost coolly:

"A burning ship, and a half-mutinous crew! It is a cheerful prospect we have before us."

"I am glad to perceive that it does not daunt you. Dangers often vanish as we face them."

"Imaginary ones; but this is evidently real enough. Do not suppose I pretend to be superior to fear."

"No; but you have plainly that better courage which can overcome fear."

Both were silent for a moment. In the minds of both there was a sudden sense of the incongruity of the situation; that in such an awful crisis of danger they two should stand there talking conventional platitudes to each other, barred by a common memory of the past from even that frank sympathy which, had they really been strangers, would have drawn them instantly together.

As quickly as possible Eleanor escaped to the privacy of her own room. How she passed the next few hours she never knew; whether she prayed, or thought, or slept, she could not tell. It was past midnight when there came a tap at the door. She rose instantly from the berth in which she was lying, dressed, and opened it. Instead of the captain, whom she had expected to see, there stood Philip Armstrong.

"It has come," he said, briefly. "Are you ready?"

She signified her ascent. He took up [redacted]cloak and wrapped it warmly about [redacted]drew out her arm into his, and led her [redacted]ck.

[redacted]ere the scene was one of confusion [redacted]terror. The hatches were closely [redacted]ned down; but the thick smoke burst [redacted]through every crevice told of the fear [redacted]progress the fire was making below. [redacted]crew, sulky and disorderly, were get [redacted]out the boats, which were three in [redacted]ber, two of them large and strongly [redacted], the other too small to be really ser [redacted]able now. The wind had changed and [redacted]blowing hard, and the fire was not [redacted] in bursting its bounds. Soon the [redacted]ing was in flames, and the falling spars [redacted]ed a new source of danger. One of [redacted]e struck the captain upon the head [redacted]laid him senseless; another, falling [redacted]wise over the side, stove the largest of [redacted]boats, which filled and immediately [redacted].

[redacted]t this fresh disaster the crew became [redacted]hangeable. They had been drinking, [redacted]the ruffian element among them was [redacted]he ascendant. The remaining long- [redacted]t would not now afford safe room for [redacted]and, swearing that their lives were as [redacted]l as any one's, they took possession of [redacted], regardless of the commands of the [redacted]e and the entreaties of the passengers, [redacted]hed off from the burning ship.

[redacted]here were now six passengers, the cap- [redacted], the mate, and two seamen—in all ten [redacted]ls—to be intrusted in one small boat. [redacted]t the flames left them no choice, and [redacted]y quickly conveyed themselves to this [redacted]orn refuge, carrying with them the [redacted] insensible captain. Morton, the mate, [redacted] a faithful fellow and a good seaman; [redacted] somehow it was Philip Armstrong [redacted]o now became the governing force of [redacted]e party. It was he who gave orders, and assigned to each one his place and task; it was he who checked the angry oaths of the sailors at the desertion of their comrades, and calmed the fears of the passengers. Even Eleanor, rebellious as she might have felt at another time, accepted his authority, and followed his slightest glance to obey it.

Alone now on the wide, pathless sea. The sky above was thick with clouds, the *Gray Eagle* blazing on the horizon their only beacon. All night they drifted, and the morning broke gray and cold. The wind steadily increased, and before noon it blew a gale. The sea ran so high that every moment it threatened to ingulf them. They were drenched with the dash of the waves and with the cold rain that had begun to fall. Their small stock of food was so saturated with sea-water as to be almost uncatable, and even this poor morsel they were obliged to apportion rigidly lest the supply should fail.

Days and days went by, yet no help came. They grew weak with hunger and the toil of rowing. They suffered alternately from the scorching sun and the bitter cold. Eleanor felt that she must have perished but for the watchful care of Philip. He took off his own cloak to add to hers, and his coat to wrap her half-frozen feet. She would have prevented him, but he was stronger than she, and forced the things upon her. Next she detected him stinting his own scanty ration to increase hers. She put it back with her hand. "No, no!" she said, in a passionate whisper. "It is too much. You strip yourself that I may be warm; you starve yourself to give me food. You kill me with your limitless forgiveness!"

"Oh, Eleanor," he answered, clasping the hand she extended, "it is you who should forgive! How meanly I wronged you! how cruel were my petulant doubts!"

Something like her old, bright, playful smile broke over Eleanor's pale face as, frankly leaving her hand in his clasp, she answered in the same low tone, "We are equal in poverty at last, are we not? We can afford to be friends now."

Philip pressed the thin hand convulsively to his lips; and so, silently, the new covenant between them was sealed.

Will you believe me if I tell you that these two were actually happy? Not all the horrors of their situation could overbalance their joy in the recovered possession of each other. They smiled now, and even jested gayly at the sufferings and privations that had seemed so terrible. They excited the wonder and admiration of their companions, who mistook for the very sublimity of courage what was merely the triumphant rapture of love, victorious over time and circumstance. Nevertheless, their situation was growing desperate. They had now been thirteen days adrift. Their food was exhausted; they had no water except such as when the rain fell they wrung from their own garments. They had no longer strength to row, and they saw no sail. Their faces were grown gaunt and haggard, and blistered with wind and sun; their eyes glared red with a ghastly fire—the terrible fever-fire of hunger. Three of their number had already died—the wounded captain, and the wife and child of the surgeon—and for the others death could not be far off.

Eleanor had borne up better than almost any. Her sound, elastic constitution enabled her to endure what stronger ones sank under. But now sight and hearing began to grow dim. She felt her head reeling, her mind giving way. What appalled her was that Philip began to yield to the dreadful delirium. She called to him, talked to him; she drew her drooping head upon his breast, and strove with kisses and caresses to arouse him. Her touch recalled for an instant his failing faculties. His strength seemed to rally. He clasped his arms around her, holding her in a close and passionate embrace. "My darling!" he whispered, "to die thus together—it is not hard—forgive—bless—" The momentary flash of energy faded; he swooned away. And Eleanor, too, sank down almost lifeless, careless of what further might happen.

A wild and frenzied scream aroused her. She lifted her head, and saw poor Morton flinging his arms frantically about, laughing and crying in a perfect delirium of joy. "A sail! a sail!" he shrieked rather than shouted.

Yes, a sail at last. There, not more than a mile away, is a large vessel bearing toward them. They hasten to raise their little forlorn signal, which had fluttered so long in vain. It is seen; a boat puts off; and in a wonderfully short space of time kind arms are reached to them, kind faces are bending over them with words of wonder and compassion.

They were saved. A Portuguese vessel bound for Brazil had picked them up, and they went in her to Rio Janeiro, receiving all care and kindness. It was in the chapel of the United States legation at Rio that Philip and Eleanor were married; but they did not return home until spring. Some months of repose and renewal were needful for both before they could feel equal to another sea voyage. But their homeward run was safe and pleasant; and one fair morning, in June, when every thing was bright with the glow of early summer, they steamed into the harbor of New York. As they stood together on the deck, Eleanor, leaning on her husband's arm, looked up into his face with a shy blush, and said, laughing, "Do you know, Philip, that you have actually married a rich woman, after all?"

"How so?"

"My dear uncle, with whom I lived in Italy, left me all his fortune."

"I don't care," retorted Philip, saucily. "Lord knows you were poor enough when I took you. But, my love, I have discovered a sure remedy for all cases of disagreement between lovers. I intend to take out a patent for it as soon as we reach home."

"Have I married a patent-medicine philanthropist in disguise? Pray what is it?"

"Let them get shipwrecked together. If that does not cure them nothing on earth will."

"It has worked a cure in one very bad case, certainly."

"Yes, love—a radical cure."

Shad in the Hudson.

The propagation of shad in the Hudson River has been prosecuted under the Commissioners of Fisheries this year with energy and success. The number of young shad brought forth and turned into the river may be counted by millions. The season has now closed. The temperature of the water has risen above eighty, and put an end to the hatching operations. The place selected for operations was Mull's Fishery, some ten miles below Albany. To that place the agents employed with the requisite apparatus repaired and encamped about the middle of May and remained till the 6th of July. Owing to the increase of shad by the work of former years, there was less difficulty in obtaining the parent fish for propagation. The catching of the shad and the manipulation is all done in the night—generally between the hours of nine and two. A large proportion of the shad taken were unripe or unfit for production. M. A. Green, who has given his personal attention to the operations at Mull's, reports that on the night of May 15 he caught forty shad, of which only three were ripe, and from these he took 60,000 spawn. The temperature of the water ranged from 60° to 68°. On the 20th he took seven ripe shad which produced 140,000 spawn. On several occasions over 300,000 spawn were taken in a single night. On the 5th of July, the water was above 80°, and no shad were taken. Above 240,000 young shad were turned loose, and this closed the operations on the Hudson for the season. The total of spawn taken was 8,335,000, from which 7,823,000 shad were produced and turned into the river. Three years from this Spring these shad will be large enough for market, and at that time the catch in the Hudson will be so large that shad will be sold at very low figures. Enough has been done in the way of shad-culture on the Hudson in the past two seasons to mark a difference in the yield in the two succeeding seasons. The practical results of fish-culture may now be realized.

DIDN'T WANT IT.—One of a party of Eastern men offered a miner a half-dollar if he would show him through the Nevada silver mines. He looked at the money a moment, and then turning to the Easterner, said: "May I ask how much you are estimated at home to be worth?" "About twenty-five thousand dollars," was the reply. "Well," said the miner, "I guess I won't take that half-dollar. I made a quarter of a million here last month."

AFTER PENNIES.—A Boston paper says: "There should be a copper company at work on Half-way Rock between Boston and Gloucester, where generations of fishermen have thrown lucky pennies on their outward voyages to insure a full fare and safe trip. Its veins are full of copper and nickle cents, from the earliest issues down to the coinage of to-day.

Sleep, Fainting, Apoplexy.

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you can wake him up.

If a person faints, he, too, is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe.

Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you cannot shake the man back to life.

In sleep, the face is natural; in a fainting fit, it has the pallor of death; in apoplexy, it is swollen, turgid, and fairly lived.

If a man is asleep let him alone; nature will wake him up as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double quick time. He fainted because the heart missed a beat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the amount of blood to the brain. If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back, it does not require much force of the heart to send blood on a level to the head; but you set a man up, the blood has to be shot upward to the head, and this requires much more force; yet in nine cases out of ten, if a person faints and falls to the floor, the first done is to run to him and set him in a chair.

In apoplexy, as there is too much blood in the head, every one can see that the best position is to set a man up, and the blood naturally tends downward, as much so as water will come out of a bottle when turned upside down, if the cork is out.

A Curious Case.

An Indiana paper is responsible for the following story: An old man 65 years of age named George Staats, who was the janitor of Odd Fellows' Hall at Indianapolis, and has had charge of the private books and work, as well as keys, for some time past, has been under the domination of a woman name Pillbern, who acquired a fearful influence over him, and prevailed upon him to let her witness three initiations in Odd Fellowship while she was concealed from view. There is a room adjoining the main hall of the Odd Fellows' building designed for the reception of an organ, pending which it was curtained, having been in this condition for some time. Entrance to this room can only be obtained from the outside, and thereto Mrs. P. was admitted by the janitor upon several different nights, and witnessed three, if not five, initiations. She was supplied with the private books and work of the order, keys to the rooms, and one of the stools of the encampment. These articles were taken from her a few days since by the Chief of Police. It is said the janitor instructed her in three degrees of Masonry. She makes her boast that she is an Odd Fellow and a Freemason, and has given evidence that she knows more than she ought to about Odd Fellowship. Now for the reason for her seeking that which heretofore to women has been a sealed book. For some time past the janitor has paid $12 per month for the rent of the woman's house. She wanted more money, and demanded $1,000. This was refused, when she asked for $500 and a mortgage on one of the janitor's houses. This was also refused, when she told what she had seen and heard. The janitor was tried before a committee of Odd Fellows and expelled from the order. He was defended by Hon. William Wallace. He is now reported as keeping closely to his house.

Could not Fool that Horse.

The Iowa City *Tribune* relates how a horse got even with a cruel hostler: "A few days ago the hostler struck it an unprovoked blow. Three or four days afterwards, as the hostler went into the stall, the horse, watching his motion, placed itself in an appropriate attitude, and keeping an eye out for the exact time, threw its foot into the hostler's face with just force enough to make it tingle and then ache. For the time being they were even, the hostler being too much hurt to retaliate at that time. An altercation occurred shortly after, however, of a severe character. The hostler, while taking the air with the horse, became dissatisfied with some of his ways, and gave it a blow, whereupon the horse took his fore arm in its mouth, and, holding it with a firm grip between the incisors, bent him over until he lay upon the ground; then, without letting go his 'hold,' picked him up again; then downed him; then picked him up; then shook him to and fro; then shook him again; then laid him down and picked him up, and followed that discipline with another shake. When, after repeated shakes and the levelling discipline, the poor fellow finally succeeded in extricating his arm, it was severely mangled with the teeth of the vicious chastiser, and the aid of a surgeon was called in requisition to dress the wounds."

A DREAM REALIZED.—An Indiana clergyman tells this:—"One of his parishioners dreamed that in walking through a certain pasture, he came upon a rattlesnake at the foot of a particular tree, and that it bit and killed him. In the morning he told his dream, concluded to go to the pasture, and there, beside the path, at the foot of the half-rooted tree, lay coiled a large rattlesnake. Seizing a stick he struck at the snake, but his foot slipped and he fell, and the reptile bit him upon the cheek. He hastened home, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and there, two hours later, he died in great agony."

VERY ANXIOUS.—The Chief of Police in Kansas City, Mo., has received a curious letter from a young girl in Leavenworth, which reads: "There is a man in your place named Johnny Bascombe, who is in love with me, and who was driven away from our house last week by my old father, who drives away every one who comes to court me. Please, for my sake, find out Johnny and give him my picture, which I inclose to you, and tell him that I will stick to him, father or no father; and if you ever come up here I will come to see you and thank you. Just tell Johnny that his Julia sent him the picture, and he will know it all."

At a recent wedding, as the clergyman reached the part of the ceremony, "I now pronounce you—" a fish peddler in the street shouted "bull heads! bull heads!" to the amusement of some and the consternation of others present on the occasion.

Here and There in Advertising.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

After twenty years of incessant labor, a merchant of New York, who shall be nameless, found himself just where he began twenty years ago, without a dollar he did not owe. Seated at his desk one morning, pouring over bills and other unsatisfactory documents, he asked himself for the hundredth time, how it happened that his neighbors were flourishing, while he stagnated, and found it a hard matter to hold his own.

He said to himself, "I work twice as hard as they do; I am as honest and prompt in all my dealings, and still I do not make headway. There's my family growing up, and my eldest boy, now in the firm, and he must have, what I fear, unless I make better sales this season, I shall find it very hard to give him, a fair portion of the profits. What must be done?"

As he asked himself this question, a respectable-looking young man, with a book under his arm, entered his office, stood before him, and immediately addressed him with a polite "good morning," which salutation the merchant as courteously returned.

"I have called on a little matter of business, sir."

"Yes, sir," said the merchant, pleasantly.

He hoped he was about to receive an order for some goods.

"If you are advertising now I should like to receive your order ——."

The frown returned to the merchant's face, and he turned from his visitor with:

"I am not advertising, sir, and do not intend to."

"You could not choose a better medium than the firm I represent."

"Times are bad, young man."

"The more reason that you should endeavor to stimulate trade."

"I don't believe in it, sir."

"That is strange."

"Never advertised in my life."

"Stranger still," thought the young man, as he quietly took his leave.

As he passed the outer door he said, half aloud:

"You won't last long, old gentleman, if you don't advertise."

A gentleman with a care-worn look on his face, who stood in the doorway as he passed, happened to overhear the remark. Walking into the office, he asked:

"Who was your visitor, father?"

"One of those troublesome advertising agents. All nonsense throwing away one's money in that way. We've none to spare."

"Any orders this morning?"

"No," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "and yet that last lot of goods are splendid. I suppose they'll be on our hands next."

The son answered not a word, but went to his desk and examined his private bank account.

Presently he said: "It isn't much, but I'll do it;" then taking up his hat he left the office.

About a week afterwards the old merchant sat as usual, at his desk, more than ever discouraged and anxious.

"If I could only get rid of that lot of goods," he said to himself, "I should be saved; as it is, we are ruined. I have written to all my customers, but they are all supplied. I ought to have realized fifteen thousand dollars, easily. It's terrible, terrible!"

The office boy entered, just then, with letters from the postoffice. He opened them, one after another, and groaned over their contents. There was one more left. He opened it, and read:

Gentlemen: Please send us a sample of your cloth. If approved, we will take the lot at your figure.

Respectfully,
G. O. A. HEAD, & Co.

"Bless us," said the old gentleman, "I've never done business with those people. But they are as good as gold. How did they know that I'd the goods they want? Well, thank heaven, we are saved from ruin!"

When his son came in, he found his respected progenitor trying a *pas seule*.

"All right, my son; we're saved. Here, read that letter. Hallo! I've overlooked the postscript. What's that? '*We saw your advertisement in the Daily Babbler.*' Why, why—it's a mistake," and his countenance fell.

"It's no mistake, father," said his son, joyfully.

"But I never advertised in my life."

"I did, though."

"You!"

"Yes; I have spent three hundred dollars in advertising, and here's the result. A pretty good investment, eh?"

The samples were all right, the goods sent, and the money paid. The junior member of that firm has serious thoughts of getting a straight jacket for the old gentleman, for he's almost gone mad on advertising; and he possibly would stop him, only—IT PAYS.—*Rowell's Newspaper Reporter.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—A singular breach of promise case has occupied the judges in the Court of Error. The question argued was whether a lady to whom a promise of marriage has been made can sue upon it before the time has arrived at which it was to be performed, if her admirer tells her he does not intend to keep his engagement. It arose thus:—The defendant, Mr. Frost, a farmer, promised to marry the plaintiff, Miss Knight, on the death of his father. Before that event occurred, however, an estrangement arose between the parties, and the gentleman intimated to the lady that he did not intend to keep his engagement with her. Upon this she at once had recourse to an attorney, brought this action, and recovered a verdict. The defendant, however, raised the question of law whether he could be liable on the breach of his engagement before the time had arrived for keeping it. The judges, who seemed to favor the defendant's view, took time to consider their judgment.—*English Paper.*

PEACHES PLENTY.—There is likely to be no lack of peaches this year. The recent estimate of the Peach Growers' Association, which met at Dover, Delaware, was 3,315,000 baskets. As they made an estimate last year, and, though the crop was afterward damaged, the actual amount forwarded by rail was not less than 88,000 baskets more than the estimate, we may expect an abundance of this luscious fruit from the peninsula.

The Ardennes Dog.

The dog of Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the penfold in spring, only to return when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of the flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch on the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great sagacious eyes will open, and, passing over the whole of their charge, remain for a while fixed on the distant horizon as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth—so sadly do they gaze into the infinite.

But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever-moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise; then is the time to see one of these dogs in his glory. His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills.

Every dog of the like breed that may be near, takes up the note and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the children he protects, woe to him who dares to lift his hand to one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him who is his master; it is he who fed him when a pup, who petted and shared his pittance with him—he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection.—*Overland Monthly.*

CHIMNEYS.—The difficulty—sometimes a serious one—is not unfrequently experienced of large chimneys settling out of the perpendicular. In a notable case of this kind in Scotland the restoration was accomplished by an interesting operation, showing the adequacy of the most simple mechanical means to all such emergencies. It was effected by sawing several of the mortar beds between the course on the side from which the chimney leaned, thereby allowing it to come back by its own weight, without the application of any external force. Only one draft was cut at a time, to guard against any shock which might have endangered the stability of the building; and by keeping the saws wet a bed of mortar was prepared for the superincumbent weight to settle down upon. The cuts were made in this manner on different parts of the structure, which generally set before the saws had passed through half of the circumference, particularly in those made nearest the ground, where the weight was greatest. The principal dimensions of this vast chimney are thus stated: Total height, 468 feet; from surface to top of cope, 454 feet; outside diameter of foundation, 50 feet; at surface, 34 feet; at cope, 14 feet.

KEEPING TO ONE THING.—We earnestly entreat every young man after he has chosen one vocation, to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness, do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness; in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that create honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be: "Perseverance and industry."

THE PRINTER'S MALEDICTION.—An editor thus addresses his delinquents who are able to, but *will not* pay up:

1. May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty girl.
2. May he have sore eyes, and chestnut burr for an eye-stone.
3. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fish line break.
4. May one thousand nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.
5. May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to wander over gunpowder.
6. May the famine-stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers.
7. May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels every day, and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window every night.

The Quadroon's Revenge.

Quite a melancholy circumstance has just come to light in a respectable family in New Orleans, and which will probable result in the life of a young and respectable lady being sacrificed to jealousy and superstition. The facts, so far as we were able to ascertain them, are these,: A young man named Cotier had formed an attachment for a young creole lady, and addressed her. His advances were received and it became bruited abroad that they were to be married. It reached the ears of a quadroon woman, who was very much attached to the young man. She at once visited an old Voodou priestess, from whom she procured a powder, which, if given to the young lady would make her lose her lover.

Through the instrumentality of a servant girl the powder was administered, and shortly afterwards the young lady became sick. Her health has rapidly given way ever since. At first the physicians could not determine the cause of the disease, and, in consequence, were unable to apply the proper remedies. But of late the aspect of the case has left no room for doubt that she has been suffering from a strong vegetable poison, which has insidiously underminded her constitution. The terror of the servant girl, when the fact of her being poisoned was ascertained, first excited suspicion, and close questioning soon developed all the facts in the case. A competent and skillful detective was called in, and through his means all of the parties interested in the outrage have been discovered. It is hoped that the young lady's life can be saved, but it is certain that her health will by permanently injured.

Two Girls.

All alone in the old grand room,
'Mid silken curtains and splendid gloom,
  A girl in her beauty sighs.
The softened light of the chandeliers,
Missing her diamonds, seeks the tears
  That stand in her wistful eyes.

All alone by the castle walls,
Where hardly a ray of starlight falls,
  A girl is crouching in dread.
She dare not beg of the churlish wight,
Guarding the portal in livery bright,
  Even a crust of bread.

A gay cavalier comes riding along,
Carelessly humming an amorous song—
  Will he toss her a silver crown?
No. His thoughts are filled with his new
  love's face,
As he hurries past the familiar place,
  And canters on to the town.

"Oh, for a morsel of food!" one groans;
"If he but loved me!" the other moans—
  She comes from a race of earls.
The beggar outside is not starving alone;
Father in Heaven, who lovest Thine own,
  Pity these hungry girls!

Facts and Fancies.

There are only 3,064 spoken languages.

The four seasons—mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar.

There are said to be 90,000 shoemakers in Pennsylvania.

Fanaticisms are the blazing-up of loose-textured minds.

They who have true light in themselves seldom become staellites.

A "Washoe Zephyr" wafted a railroad train twenty feet from the track.

Poetry seems to know most of God's world, History of the devil's world.

One hundred and forty-four breweries keep Indiana supplied with malt products.

A bad marriage is like an electric machine, it makes you dance, but you can't let go.

A drunken farmer out West recently chopped down 800 apple trees, to "spite Betsy."

An Oregon toast over a glass of the ardent, "Here's what makes us wear old clothes."

Shot guns are cracking merry throughout the grain fields in the West—Caws and effect.

The Chicago papers grow still more quarrelsome, and offer great inducements for clubs.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.

"My enemies can do nothing against me," said M.; "they cannot deprive me of the faculty of thinking rightly or acting well."

In Wyoming the bride furnishes the ring and the license, and the blushing bridegroom falls into hysterics.

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very difficult to get rid of.

Among the public observances of the Fourth in Burlington, Iowa, was a bricklaying match between a half-breed Indian and a Caucasian.

The man who this year pays the highest tax in Portsmouth, N. H., twenty years ago drove a charcoal-cart into the city for his indigent father.

Mobile, Ala., has found a new material for street-paving in cypress shavings. It is said this road will remain firm and solid from eight to ten years.

A Paris hatter, whose stock was riddled with bullets during the siege, now sells the damaged goods at fabulous prices as *souvenirs* of the war.

Near Marseilles they manufacture in a factory paper from hop vines. The paper is very white, strong, soft and flexible, but said to be much liked in Southern France.

The Southern Methodist Church, reporting last year 586,418 members, reported also 21,002 infant baptisms, or about one infant baptism for every twenty-eight members.

That is a long fence the Burlington and Missouri Railroad is building. It will put up not less than two hundred miles of board fence this year at a cost of $175,000 to $200,000.

A bucolic Indiana wayfarer on a Chicago train, being anxious to see what he could see, thrust his head out of the window and into another train, and now shows signs of premature baldness.

A new style of chandelier consists of a double sets of globes, the upper one being over the gas tubes, while another set is suspended underneath, filled with gold fish and small fish of every description.

A very modest Kentucky woman writes to a Louisville paper that the ladies of New York city are the homliest she has ever seen, and that she also thinks that she can now understand why it is that Kentucky ladies are so much admired by New Yorkers.

A Chicago boot-black was run over by a countryman and given $10 to stop crying. This proved so satisfactory that the urchin went into the business, and tried it over again several times during the day.

It is now safe to say that the grape crop in California is out of danger from any source, and the product of wine in this State for 1871 will not fall short of 8,000,000 gallons, while it may reach 9,000,000 or possibly 10,000,000.

When a man is unable to tell the time by his watch, because there are two hands, and he doesn't know "which to believe," it a tolerably sure sign that he has partaken of more refreshments than his nature requires.

SPANISH PROVERBS:—Love, a horse, and money carry a man through the world. Three things kill a man; a hot sun, supper and trouble. To shave an ass is a waste of lather. If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's. Don't speak ill of the year till it is over. The mother-in-law forgets that she was once a daughter-in-law. Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling into it a cup of water.

How to make a thin baby fat—Throw it from a third story window, and it's sure to come down plump.

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