The Cambridge Chronicle.

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VOL. I. NO. 21. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1871. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

Household Words.

O beautiful household words,
That memory treasures yet!
O beautiful sayings learned by heart,
That one can never forget!

"Mother," the tenderest word
That ever our language formed;
A blessed word that has many a time
The fainting spirit warmed!

"Father," a noble name,
That stirreth the children's hearts
With love and pride, and to older ones
Courage and strength imparts.

"Brother" and "sister" dear,
"Husband precious "wife"—
Household words that will go with us
Even through earthly life.

O beautiful household words!
Too many to number o'er,
But not too many to cheer our hearts
Till we reach the better shore.

We Know.

We know, though neither dares to tell,
(For true love makes the boldest shy)
We know, we love each other well,
We know, we know, my love and I,
We know, we two,
We know we do,
We know we love each other well.

Though he conceal, and I deny—
We know, though how we cannot tell—
We know we for each other sigh,
We know we love each other well,
We know, we two,
We know we're true:
We know we'd for each other die.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No!" said Dr. Darling, slowly—"no! I can't believe the evidence of my own senses!" And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M. D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-wax over a sheet of blotting paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.

"Yes; but I tell you, Sir, I don't want to propose," said Harry, staring at the interwined D. J. D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars?" added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, Sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy," ejaculated Dr. Darling. "Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, 'a wilfu' man maun hae his way,' and I shall interfere no farther. By-the-way, Harry—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"You are going to the city this afternoon?"

"That is my present intention, Sir."

"Stop at Depièrre's will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago; but a man can't think of every thing."

"Certainly, doctor;" and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old-fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed-pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man!" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose any thing!" asserted Harry, in an off-hand sort of way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning glories and Maderia vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Dunning's orphan neice, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the house-wifely apron of white diminity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorsely back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving-kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in "Macbeth;" while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving-kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove-heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula."

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Perry answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows: "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula?"

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter.'

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.

"Blackberries are a beautiful fruit, Ursula."

"Very;" and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the bubbling caldron.

"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M. D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.

"Harry, *don't!* The berries will burn."

'Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she fain would have assumed.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted the soft hazel orbs to her face; then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read *yes!*"

"Oh, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined *not* to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes. I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they *are* burning! I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands!"

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all your imagination, Ursula!"

"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But, Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the *tête-à-tête*. Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

"You'll be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

"Yes, yes, any thing—every thing; only go!"

And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it's done by this time?" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"

"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost any thing. So the brooch is gone, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured," Harry added, with a glance toward that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all!" said Mrs. Darling, with a countenance that said plainly. It is of the very greatest consequence! "Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house."

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another one and presented it to Mrs. Darling, with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed, and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace barb she wore at her throat.

"But it's so strange what can have become of the other!" said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Miss Bradbury to tea.

"We'll have pound-cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.

"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.

"Get out the best china and the chased silver tea-service, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.

"And wear your pink French calico, child; it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came—a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth "society" manner that made Ursula feel herself very countrified and common indeed.

"Delicious preserves these!" said Miss Bradbury.

"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.

"I remember the day they were brewed, or baked, or whatever it is you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

"He's swallowed the spoon!" cried Miss Bradbury.

"Oh, oh!" he's got the apoplexy!" screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" And he held out his wife's pearl brooch, boiled up in the blackberries!

There was a momentary silence around the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling; "how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I—don't—see—"

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor—" he began, valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said. "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!"

And Doctor Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

"Little Ursula!" he added. "Who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have *my* blessing."

The pearls were all discolored, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knick-knacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve-dish for a "boiled brooch!"

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.

The Express Business.

Notwithstanding the express business has grown to such importance in this country, it had its day of small things. James W. Hale, in the *American Odd Fellow*, gives us a history of this beginning in a manner so interesting that we copy at some length. Mr. Hale says: in 1837, Mr. William F. Harnden called upon me at the news room, and stated that he had been a conductor on the Boston and Providence railroad, and that the duties had been so arduous that his health was much impaired. He wanted to obtain employment in some other business, and desired my advice as to what he had better do.

I bethought me of the daily inquiries, "do you know anybody going to Boston to-day?" and remembering well the nice little perquisites of the old-time stage drivers, and also in view of the experience which Mr. Harnden had as a railroad conductor, I answered him at once: "Yes, I'll tell you what to do; travel between New York and Boston, *and do errands for other folks.*" Now, this would be rather a long title by which to designate one's business, and I therefore recommended that the new enterprise should be called "The Express," which would suggest the idea of speed, promptitude, dispatch.

Mr. Harnden hesitated awhile, as he was doubtful if it would pay, but at last concluded to try the experiment. He bought a carpet bag, which would hold hardly half a bushel, and a slate was hung up in my news room, "waiting orders." My subscribers gave him his first business, and circulated his scheme among their friends. But the get-your-work-done-for-nothing theory prevailed to a great extent, and all the parcels received for several weeks were none too many to be carried in the small carpet bag. He made three trips each week to and from Boston, and at the end of a couple of months was inclined to abandon the experiment, as his expenses exceeded his receipts.

At that time the writer was the business agent of an opposition steamboat running to Providence, and was authorized by the captain to pass Harden at much less than the regular rate of passage. This saving of expense saved the express, as business began to increase, and as some customers objected to keep their packages over for a day, he was advised to employ some one to travel on the alternate days. A young man named Brigham, who was then out of employment, volunteered for this duty, with no other compensation than his board. The daily express induced new business, and the carpet bag was multiplied by two, and three; then a large truck was substituted, and soon a larger one.

It then became necessary for Harnden to remain in Boston, and Brigham, having become a partner, took a desk in New York, employing Pullen and Damon as their first hired messengers. Subsequently, Harnden's brother Adolphus was a messenger, until he was lost on the *Lexington*, which was burned on Long Island Sound.

The business had now become so vast that it was necessary to have a crate on board each steamer. This was a small hand car about five or six feet square, and was looked upon as a real wonder, as it showed what a great thing the express business was. In a few months therefore, when it had become an established fact—the greatest obstacles having been surmounted, and the public gradually admitting its utility—then, as in letter-carrying, other enterprising persons started in the same line of business, but chiefly on short routes leading out of Boston.

At about this time, too, Mr. George Pomeroy, of Albany, called upon me to advise with him as to the feasibility of running an Albany express, by the river boats. I knew but little of the wants of that section of the country, but showed him the difficulties he would have to encounter by the opposition of steamboat captains and clerks, who were doing the same kind of business, and with whose perquisites he would materially interfere. But he was plucky—started his machine, and was successful, first as Pomeroy & Co., then Pomeroy, Wells & Co., with some other changes, until, finally, it grew into the present American Express Co.

One of the small Boston expresses had previously been purchased by Mr. Alvin Adams, of Boston, but the sphere was too limited for his ambition. He therefore started an opposition to Harnden, between New York and Boston, but going over the new route of the Norwich and Worcester railroad, which was then in operation. It was first called Adams' Express; then Adams & Co's, and now as a corporation is known as the Adams Express Co. Harnden died in 1844 or '45, and an annuity was secured to his widow, for the continued use of the name, but she never had any business control of the concern.

The Fair of the American Institute.

The annual exhibition of the American Institute, to be held at the Rink in New York in September and October next, promises to be of more than usual attractiveness. The managers have made arrangements to exhibit the machinery in motion, that visitors may be enabled to understand the various processes of manufacture. A large amount of money has been appropriated for premiums to the successful competitors in floral, agricultural and horticultural products. The exhibitors of successful specimens will be presented with a certificate in addition to the premium. Specimens for competition are to be entered on the 11th, 12th, or 18th of September, before noon, and each series must be kept in perfect condition for four days. We understand that specimens of any fruit or flowers exhibited may be renewed, and the fresh specimens will be entitled to an award. The highest money awards for flowers are twenty dollars; five dollars for the best floral design, and twenty dollars for the best case containing plants. A premium of fifty dollars will be given for the best collection of pears, and forty dollars for the best collection of apples. There will also be minor awards for the best specimens of grapes and vegetables.

Speculation.—A new style of stock speculation has come into vogue in England. Men take out policies of life insurance and then put them up at public auction. A man in Liverpool lately realized $15,000 upon the policy of a tradesman which he had bought for $750. The tradesman was so obliging as to die two days after the policy came into the possesion of the speculator.

A Great California Orchard.

A few days ago it was our pleasure to visit the orchard of John Briggs, located about two miles south of Yuba City, in Sutter county. The proprietor owns 466 acres, mostly bottom land on the west bank of the Feather river. The soil is a rich, sandy loam, and composed of the yearly deposits of the river many years ago. No better or richer land is to be found in the State, add the orchard we shall briefly notice promises to be the pride of the Briggs Brothers, who have a State reputation as orchardists and fruit-growers. Before reaching the orchard proper we rode through a field of 150 acres of castor beans, growing in the most luxurious manner—which field, by the by, is to give place to a new orchard next year, the fruit trees for the same at present growing in the nursery by the side of the field of castor beans, and containing 25,000 one-year-old budded peach trees, 16,000 plum trees, 6,000 Eastern walnuts, 25,000 California walnuts, 2,000 apple trees, 500 Italian chestnut trees, etc. Passing along through this forest of young trees, we arrived at the present peach orchard, consisting of 600 trees, two years old, and some of them bearing this season 150 pounds of peaches. These trees have made a remarkable growth owing to the rich ground upon which they are planted, and in another year will make a tremendous yield of fruit. Passing the peach orchard we reached the apricots, 2,200 in number, which are also two years old, and have borne a fair crop the present season. This orchard presented a sad sight in one respect. The late heavy storm had prostrated many of the trees entire, while in others the limbs had been torn off as if a tremendous tornado had swept over the place. However, the trees were healthy and stout, notwithstanding the mutilations here and there. We rode next into the cherry orchard, containing three thousand of the most thrifty young trees ever seen on any ground. The different varieties, fifteen in number, gave this orchard a variety of aspect, and broke up the usual monotony of the steeple-like formed cherry orchard. These cherry trees were all imported from Rochester, N. Y., about three years ago. Off to the south of this wonderful wilderness are two thousand five hundred apple trees, mostly winter varieties. On returning from the orchard by the wagon road we had entered we visited Briggs Brothers' steam power castor oil mill. Here we found a magnificent hydraulic press, with eighty pounds pressure, and possessing a capacity of compressing three hundred gallons of oil per day. The mill also contained twenty tons of castor beans, and two thousand five hundred gallons of oil, nicely bottled and cased and ready for market—*California paper.*

A Whaler's Courtship.

He had been a whaler twenty years, and when he gave up the sea and settled upon his earnings, all his friends said they hoped Jonathan Weeks would marry some nice woman and enjoy the comforts of a happy home. He himself seemed to think it would be a nice thing to do, and he made an effort in that direction. But they said that the reason why he did not win the heart and hand of widow Burritt was this: It seems that Mr. Weeks used to go round there courting in the evenings, while the Widow sat patching the trousers of her son, and waiting for manifestations of Weeks' love. Old Weeks would sit over on the settee, getting sleepier and quieter every minute. And every now and then he would nod in the land of dreams, and get to wandering off and imagining himself away on a whaling voyage, wake up all bewildered, and would seize his cane and jab it into the widow before he could collect his senses sufficiently to realize that it was not a harpoon and she a whale. They do say that Mrs. Burritt indulged these eccentricities for a time with the firm conviction that she would reconstruct that whaler when she married him. But this was never to be; for one evening Mr. Weeks sat dozing on that settee with a kind of dim dreamy consciousness of things, in which the room and settee were confused and mixed with the raging main and the whaling boat. The widow had a cold in her head, and she was just in the act of making a vigorous use of her handkerchief, when the dream of Weeks reached a crisis, and he yelled out, "There she blows!" And he heaved his harpoon at her with such force that he broke her comb into vulgar fractions and knocked her off her chair. Love's young dream was entirely dissipated, and Mr. Weeks went home with two handsful of hair missing. He is single yet, because, he says, women have no sympathy and forbearance.

Arrested.—The Paris papers give this sketch of the ringleader of the insurrection last arrested: "The fiend, the satalite of Raoul Rigault, the man who ordered the massacre of the hostages, who presided at the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, President Bonjean, and other ever to be regretted victims of the insurrection, Theophile Ferre is in the hands of justice. He was once before arrested and imprisoned in La Roquette jail; but he contrived to make his escape disguised as a woman, and every search made to discover what had become of him remained fruitless. Recently a mysterious denunciation informed the police that Ferre had assumed the name of Barre, and was, with his brother, concealed on the topmost story of the house No. 6 Rue Montorgneil. He had taken precauti ns to foil all investigations, but they miscarried.

Boiler Explosions.—The record of steamboat boiler explosions, kept in the office of the Board of Supervising Inspectors in the Treasury Department, shows that there were more lives lost by the Westfield disaster than by all the steamboat explosions which occurred in either of the two past years. In 1869, there were 57 lives lost by explosions, on steamers of all characters, including river, lake, and ocean craft, and in 1870, the number was but 54, of which 33 were passengers and 21 crew.

Water.—It is estimated that there are 1,229,200,000,000 cubic feet of water delivered annually from rivers in Maine into the ocean, falling a distance of 200 feet. This would be equal to 2,655,600 horse power, or equivalent to the labor of 34,000,000 men for one year without intermission

My New Silk Sacque.

I want to tell, says a lady correspondent of *Arthur's Home Magazine*, that I have a new silk sacque—that is quite as stylish as any I have seen in the streets or stores, and that cost me only twenty-five cents for lining, and eight cents for sewing-silk. I really must tell you about it, for I am quite proud of my achievement.

First, it is made out of about two breadths of a silk dress which has been in wear for the last nineteen years. Mother sponged the silk, and ironed it on the wrong side so nicely that it looked just as good as new. Mother can do up things beautifully. The silk costing me nothing, I though I would venture on a little extravagance, and buy some guipure lace, and some satin for piping, to trim it with. Money is not at all plenty at our house, and we all have to try to lay out every penny to the best advantage. So I really did feel as if this sacque trimming was almost an unjustifiable extravagance. But then I didn't have a new silk sacque every day.

The morning that I was working on it mother said to me: "How would you like fringe instead of lace?"

I replied that I knew fringe was more fashionable, but I really liked lace best.

"But if the fringe costs you nothing?"

I didn't exactly see where the fringe was to come from, but I was ready to receive any suggestions. So mother brought out an old parasol, dilapidated, faded and lame, that had seen its best days at least five years before, and was now handed over as a plaything to the children. It was bordered with heavy fringe, sadly tangled and faded. This she proposed to dye; and I, very doubtful of her success, agreed to wait the trial, at the same time remarking that it was a pity there wasn't some old satin about the house that would do to make the piping with, so as to have the entire thing second-hand; but I could think of nothing but an old satin vest that had been out of wear for a number of years. "Just the thing," mother said; and off she posted and brought it. The vest was fifteen years old, but was made of the thickest and finest of vest satin; and though it had seen much wear, it was as black and glossy as ever, except at the folds and seams. I made a calculation about the quantity of piping I required, and found the vest, cut to the best advantage, would furnish just enough. It made beautiful piping—no fraying about the edges—round and full, needed nothing to stiffen it.

I cut and made my sacque myself. Mother brought the fringe in due season, dyed a beautiful black, and combed smooth. And here is the sacque all finished, just as nice as though every part of it was bran new; and the cost, as I have already said, was only thirty-three cents.

Medical Items.

For the Pains of Cholera Morbus.—Use a decoction of the seeds of pig-weed, green or dry.

Gastic Juice for Cancer.—External applications of gastric and pancreatic juice three times a day for twenty days have cured cancer.

To Prevent Small-Pox Pitting.—Apply charcoal and lard freely over the surface, as soon as the disease is distinguished, and continue as long as the fever lasts.

Cure for Poisons.—Use bisulphate of carbon. Saturate cloths with it, and lay them along the spinal column its entire length, and cover to prevent evaporation. This is the best for opium poisoning.

Cure for St. Vitus' Dance.—Numerous cases of St. Vitus' Dance have been cured by the application of ether-spray to the spine, the current being directed toward the neck from the other extremity, and then backward and forward, the operation continuing five or six minutes.

Stopping Nose-Bleed.—Stand up, with the head elevated. Compress the nostril with the finger, and at the same time stretch upward the arm on the same side with the bleeding nostril. Keep the arm perpendicular for two minutes. Also rapidly chew a piece of paper.

For Chapped Hands.—One pound of fresh lard, the yelk of one egg, a large tablespoonful clear honey, mixed with the finest part of oatmeal flour. Another remedy: A glycerine ointment of much repute for chapped hands and excoriations is made as follows: one half ounce spermaceti is melted together with a drachm of white wax and two fluid ounces of oil of almonds, by a moderate heat; the fluid is poured into a wedgewood mortar, when a fluid ounce of glycerine is added to it and rubbed till the ingredients are thoroughly mixed and cold.

How he did it.—An ingenious English barrister in Madras who had grown tired of his wife lately instituted proceedings to obtain a divorce from her, and, as she had a notoriously good character upon which he could throw no shadow of suspicion, he was in danger of losing his suit, for Madras is not as Indiana, nor is incompatibility of temperament there held to warrant the legal severance of the marriage contract. A happy thought struck the wily barrister—a change of heart came upon him, and he became a convert to Islam, and then, as Mahometan custom allows every true believer to increase and multiply his wives, he married the idol of his soul—his bulbul, whose sweet notes first had charmed him from his English wife. This new beloved was a French woman, who also became a convert, and the two were received into the fold of the faithful at a mosque in Vellore, and then were wedded with the greatest splendor. The Christian wife, if not too thoroughly disgusted with her husband, yet may cause him trouble, for she has her undoubted rights, which easily could be enforced.

A fashion writer calls attention to the peculiar manner some young ladies have just now of carrying the hands. The arms are held as close to the body as possible, bending them until the back and forepart nearly touch; the wrists remain elevated, and the hands assume a listless, drooping position which we can only liken to the kangaroo.

In unravelling the Savannah Custom House it appeared from the vouchers that one employee performed 730 hours' labor in the month of September last. He must have had a "steady sit."

An Exhausted Husband.

The following bit of charming unsophistication, purporting to have been written by a young wife in New York to her prim and spectacled maiden aunt in Boston, will be read with curious interest by the more enlightened reader:—

My Dear Aunt.—Although you told me, when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, and with due consideration, I know that you may now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! What must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke, and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank Heaven, Orlando is perfection!

To-day is my eighteenth birthday, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pie, only the under crust will be damp. However, I think that must be in the oven. Once I put peppermint in the pudding sauce instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who didn't much like either of us going into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seed, but hardly expected so many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety with a very large leaf, that scratches one's fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is. Orlando frightens me by talking about weeds; but weeds always come up, don't they?

Dear Orlando! I come back to him again—so excellent, temperate, and true. Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can, if they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial—business takes him so much away from me. A lawyer *must* attend to business, you know; and sometimes they carry on the case until two at night. Often and often he has examined witnesses until half-past twelve, and come home perfectly exhausted. And the nasty things will smoke, so that his dear coat quite smells of it. And as it makes him as ill as it does me, I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with cologne water before he dares to put it on again.

I had a terrible fright the other night—dreadful. Orlando had told me that business—I think he said it was a case of life and death—would detain him late. So I sat up as usual, with a book, and did not worry until one o'clock. After that I was a little anxious, I confess, and caught a cold in my head peeping through the up-stairs window blinds; for, dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving up the street and saw it stop at our door; then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

I ran down to open the door; a friend of Orlando's who is not, I confess, very much to my taste—such a red faced, noisy man—was just supporting my dear boy up the steps.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. White!" said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all; only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."

"All right Belle," said Orlando; "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him up-stairs; and he lay upon the bed so prostrated that I thought he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me in case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

Have a little brandy and water, dear?" I said.

"The very thing. Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," said he.

And so I reproach myself for my not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providence, I think it saved his life; for, oh, how bad he was!

"Belle," said he, quite faltering in his speech, "the room is going round so fast that I can't catch your eye. And besides there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and I'll try to wake Mary, and send her for the doctor."

"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health. You're a brick. I——"

And over he fell, fast asleep.

Oh, why do men think so much of money-making? Is not health better than anything else.

Of course he had laid down in his hat, I took that off first. And I managed to divest him of his coat. But when it came to his boots—dearest aunt, did you ever take off a gentleman's boots? probably not, as you are a single lady—what a task! How do they ever get on? I pulled and pulled, and shook and wriggled, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly, and over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off in the same way, just as hard and just as sudden at last. Then I put a soft blanket over Orlando, and sat in my sewing chair all night. Oh, how heavily he breathed! And I had, as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his over-application to business, for all that I knew. The perfect ones go first, it is said.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything happened to my beloved Orlando. He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think he sees the folly of overwork; though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the judge. I wonder whether he has a wife—the mean old thing!

A Huge Tunnel.—The Paris papers state that the committee of engineers appointed to report upon the construction of a tunnel across the channel between England and France have accepted the plan of M. Thome de Gamond, and that the works will soon be commenced, one side at Dieppe, and on the other at Newhaven. The cost of the work is estimated at $45,000,000, and six years will be required for its completion.

Baby Dear.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out here.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—*Good Words for the Young.*

Facts and Fancies.

The three great conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love and Death.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a little balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

If thou wouldst live long, live well for folly and wickedness shorten life.

Quiet house weddings will be the correct thing this fall and winter. A sensible fashion at last.

The gentle spring and the mellow autumn go for nothing with the soldiers; only give them good March weather.

Smiles and Frowns.—It is always in your power to make an enemy by smiles; what a folly, then, to make an enemy by frowns.

Education is incompatible with self-indulgence, and the impulse of vanity is too often mistaken for the impulse of nature.

Difficulty excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortune, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

True Friends.—Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Fate and necessity.—We cannot conquer fate and necessity; yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we would.

Keep Away from Bad Habits.—No person ever got stung by hornets who kept away from where they were. It is just so with bad habits.

A young hopeful's mother reached for him with her slipper, the other evening, for hooking the jelly; and, after the dusting she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I had fooled you; it was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family. "Better than a dozen sir." "I only make out eleven," said the gentleman. "Faith, an' isn't that better than a dozen, when one has to feed 'em!" exclaimed the honest fellow.

At all times in this wintry life the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving warmth and lustre and loveliness to all beneath the ray. The passing gleam seems still brighter than the full sunshine.

Content converts everything near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with the properties of gold; it heightens gold into flame, flame into light, and light into glory; a single ray of it dissipates pain and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven.

Little Evils.—It seems to be a law of our nature, intended perhaps for our preservation, that little evils, coming home to ourselves, should affect us more than great evils, at a distance, happening to others; but they must be evils which we cannot prevent, and over which we have no control; for perhaps there is no man who would lose his little finger to save China.

The Transit of Venus.

The *Saturday Review* (English) says that extraordinary interest is already felt in British scientific circles in regard to the transit of Venus in 1874, and that arrangements for making the proper observations are even now in progress. The problem which has to be solved is the sun's distance from the earth. About the middle of the last century the amount of this distance was set down by the accepted authorities at 82,000,000 miles. The first transit of Venus, in 1763, brought this up to 95,173,000 miles—a number so near the one obtained in the next transit, that of 1769, that till quite recently some foul play was suspected in the observations made in the last-named year to render the results similar. But the transits of Venus are now no longer depended upon with the importance and exclusiveness formerly attaching to them in the determination of this great and magnificent problem. Astronomical instruments are now so greatly improved that the base line method can be applied to Mars, and, besides other means, even the velocity of light has been brought to bear on the problem. Singularly enough, too, the result of all this modern work, and of the more indirect methods, has been to show that the amount of the distance derived from the observation of transits in the last century requires to be reduced by something less than four million miles. The error, however, thus made by astronomers in the sun's angular diameter—granting it to be an error—is, after all, no greater than the breadth of a human hair, viewed at a distance of 125 feet.

New Concretes.—Some workmen engaged in laying concrete walks in Bridgeport, Conn., last week, seized a barrel of flour, which a drayman delivered at the door of a house near them, and, supposing it was plaster-paris, broke in the head and sifted the entire contents of the barrel on either side of the street, nearly the whole length of the block.

A very destructive fire occurred at Lisbon. Several people perished in the flames.

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