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Flowers.

Beautiful flowers,
In feathery bowers,
Filling the air with a silent perfume;
Sweet garden of roses,
Your beauty discloses,
A charm to subdue the soul's sadness and gloom.

From rich parterre,
Or where City air,
Though dark and noisome, hath left you living,
Ye come together
In the Summer weather,
To praise His name who is ever giving.

O the joy and grace
That enrich the place,
Where your manifold tints and odors are spread!
Bewitching the rare,
Ye make the land fair,
As the Garden of Eden long mourned as dead.

A Shepherd.

A maid is sitting by a brook,
The sweetest of sweet creatures;
I pass that way with my good book,
Yet can not read nor cease to look
Upon her winsome features.

Amid the blushes on her cheek
Her small, white hand reposes:
I am a shepherd, for I seek
That wilful lamb, with fleece so sleek,
Feeding among the roses!

THE MATCHLIGHTER OF ADRIAN.

The sun had not yet attained its meridian height above the bare and rugged mountains of Zacatecas, when a man in the garb of a Mexican miner descended slowly down a narrow and tortuous path which wound along the side of a steep declivity.

Presently a wide covered basket became visible in this direction, with a small hand grasping it on one side. Then a pretty face, with a pair of sparkling black eyes, and two small ruddy lips, parted in a smile of pleasure and surprise, came into view. Then followed the erect and shapely figure to which the pretty face belonged, gayly attired, as became a miner's wife.

"*Enhorabuena*—in good time, Margarita," said the miner, showing his white teeth. "I am here before you."

"Yes, in good truth," replied the young woman, laughing; "and I was afraid all the time that I might be too early, and the tortillas and frijoles would get cold. But now they will be a dinner fit for a governor."

"How is it that you are so early to-day, Manuelito?" asked the female, who watched him with an affectionate smile, while he was thus satisfactorily engaged.

"Because, my little heart," replied the young man, "there is to be another blast to-day; and the *administrador* wishes to have it fired while the men are at dinner."

The smile instantly disappeared from Margarita's face.

"Santa Maria!" she exclaimed, "another blast! Oh, Manuel, how long do you mean to continue in this dreadful duty?"

"Until I can find a better, my life," replied the miner gayly. "Would you have me go back to my old employment of *barretero*—of simple miner—at six dollars a week, when here as *pegador*, as the sole and trusted matchlighter, I am earning sixteen?"

"Alas!" returned Margarita, "of what use will the money be, if it happen to you as to Pedro Bravo, only three months ago? Ah, I think I see the mangled body, as it was carried by our cottage, with poor Inesita crying over it. And then, there is Juan Valdez, stone-blind now for five years. And old Anton, a cripple from his youth. Of what advantage was their high wages to them?"

"None, sweetheart," replied Manuel, because what they won by boldness and skill they lost by carelessness. If a man will persist in firing matches when his brain is muddled with *aguardiente*, he must expect to suffer for it. However, I shall not be a *pegador* always. In good time, if it please San Francisco, I shall be captain of a mine. And who knows but that one of these days I may be an *administrador*—an overseer—and a rich man, as well as others?"

"To be sure," replied Margarita, eagerly. "Why not you as well as Miguel Gomez—Don Miguel, forsooth, as he must be called now! And yet I remember him when he was only a poor *buscon*—a common mine hunter, and always in debt to my father for *aguardiente* and tobacco. Yet because he happened to light on a good vein, and sold it to the English company for ten thousand dollars, and was made overseer, he thinks himself now a great gentleman, and that everybody must give way to him."

"Poor Don Miguel!" said the miner laughing. "You are too hard upon our *administrador*, Margarita. First, you refuse his hand and heart, not to speak of his dollars; and then you abuse him behind his back." However, I think his time is up. The English director, Don Jayme, came this morning from Mexico and seems very much dissatisfied with the working of the mine. It is whispered among the men that the overseer is certain to lose his place."

"Ah, that is good news, indeed!" said Margarita, clapping her hands.

The young couple separated with many affectionate injunctions on the part of the wife, to which the miner laughingly promised a punctual attention.

In the great shed surrounding the pit, Manuel found the English director, Don Jayme, the overseer, Miguel Gomez, and several clerks, miners, porters, and mule-drivers. Don Jayme seemed to be in a bad humor, and the overseer looked black and sullen.

"*Enhorabuena*—in good time, my man," said the director. "We are all ready for you; and now let every one here be attentive to his duties. There has been too much carelessness heretofore, particularly in the blasting. Many complaints have been made among the townspeople and proprietors of the accidents which occur here. You, I am told, are a very quick-witted workman," he continued, addressing Manuel. "It is well that we have some on whom we can rely."

Gomez listened to this significant speech without venturing reply, but his swarthy face grew livid, and his eyes flashed with a baleful fire. Two horses, especially trained to the duty, were now attached to the machine by which the buckets were raised and lowered in the shaft. Manuel then placed upon his head a conical hat, having a socket on the top, which held a lighted candle. He took in one hand a small rope, of which the other end was held by the overseer, and by shaking which the matchlighter was to give the signal when he was ready to ascend. On the promptitude with which his ascent took place depended, of course, his safety from the effects of the explosion. Manuel now stepped into the bucket, which was slowly lowered down the shaft a distance of about a hundered yards. Two drivers, held the horses' heads, and waited in anxious silence for the signal from Gomez. All was still as death in the *galera*.

"Let go!" shouted the overseer.

The drivers loosened the heads of the horses, and the well-trained animals dashed off at once. In a minute the bucket rose to view—empty!

"Back! Down with it! For life! for life! exclaimed the director, stamping with impatience.

The men hastened to obey his orders, but before the bucket had descended a dozen yards the roar of the explosion smote upon their ears, and a cloud of smoke and dust was driven violently up the shaft. When it cleared away the faces of all present were seen to be pale with horror.

"You villian!" cried the director to Gomez; "what is the meaning of this?"

"Upon my life—as I am a Christian—the rope shook in my hands," replied Gomez, whose teeth chattered, and whose whole frame seemed to tremble with nervous agitation, while his eyes carefully avoided those of the director.

The latter did not waste another word upon him, but, seizing a shovel, he sprang, into the bucket, along with two of the miners, and was quickly lowered down the shaft. Here they set about removing, as rapidly and carefully as possible, the pile of earth and stones with which the explosion had filled the botton of the shaft, not doubting that they should find the mangled remains of the poor matchlighter beneath them.

While they are thus engaged in a fruitless search, let us follow the actual course of Manuel's proceedings. He had just lighted the matches, and was on the point of stepping into the bucket, when it was suddenly drawn up. A conviction of the overseer's perfidy instantly flashed upon him, and with it a sense of the horror of his position. But Manuel was, as the director had said, a quick-witted fellow. He knew that the workmen employed in the shaft had, a few days before, come upon a small side-cut, or passage barely large enough to admit the body of a man, and that, on tracing it to its termination, it was found to lead to an immense chamber in the old mine of San Adrian. This famous mine, as is well known, was worked shortly after the conquest of Mexico, and, having yielded immense wealth to its proprietors, was abandoned, about the end of the sixteenth century, on account of the difficulty experienced in its drainage. The workmen who had explored the passage had reported that the chamber was nearly full of water, and was so large that the light of their candles did not penetrate to the further extremity. The recollection of this discovery now occurred to Manuel's mind, and seemed to offer him a chance of escape. Looking eagerly around, he observed the opening about three feet above his head; and gaining it by a desperate spring, he drew himself up by the hands, and plunged into the passage. Urged by the dread of the coming explosion, he rushed eagerly onward, and just as the roar of the blast filled his ears he fell headlong forward into a sheet of water, which spread about three feet below the extremity of the passage. He sank beneath the surface, and when he rose, confused and breathless, it was to find himself floating in utter darkness, without the slightest idea of the point by which he had entered, and with hardly a chance of discovering the opening, which lay so high above the water. A more horrible situation can hardly be conceived. Still, even in this extremity, hope did not desert him. After some reflection, he fixed upon the direction in which he judged the passage to lie, and swam carefully towards it. He was soon convinced, by the space passed over, that he was mistaken in his judgment; but considering it better to keep on until he found the wall than to waste his strength in swimming about at random, he proceeded steadily forward for a distance, as he judged, of nearly two hundred yards. At length he encountered the wall which rose perpendicularly far above his head, as he found by the splash of the water which he threw against it. Coasting along and occasionally touching it with one hand, he advanced for about a hundred yards further, by which time his limbs were becoming stiff and benumbed in the ice-cold water, and his heart had almost failed him. But he was not destined to perish thus. He suddenly came upon a passage, the opening of which was a little lower than the surface of the water. It was evident from this fact, as well as from the size of the passage, that it could not be that by which he had entered. However, it offered him at least a respite from death, and he promptly availed himself of it. After sitting motionless for a time to recover from the exhaustion of his recent efforts, he rose and proceeded to explore the passage. It proved to be a sort of vaulted chamber, of about his own height and just wide enough for him to touch its sides with his outstretched hands. A sudden cheering idea suddenly flashed upon his mind. There was a tradition of an ancient *socabon*, or adit, which had been driven at vast expense through the mountain, to effect the drainage of the old mine of San Adrian. When the mine was abandoned, the adit, of course, was no longer attended to; its external opening became closed up, and, in the space of more than two hundred years which had passed, its precise locality—indeed, everything but the mere fact of its existence—was forgotten. Manuel well remembered to have one day heard Don Jayme say to a Mexican gentleman, who accompanied him on a former visit to the mine, that he should consider the discovery of the old *socabon* an inestimable service, as it would, probably, save the company an immense expense for drainage in their new works.

The further the miner advanced the more assured he became of the truth of his supposition. The adit was—as from its situation it must necessarily be—of great length; and Manuel walked, as he supposed, nearly five hundred yards before reaching the extremity. The water all the way was just up to his ankles, and he thought he could perceive at times that it had a slight current in the direction in which he was going. The passage was closed, as he had anticipated, by a solid mass of earth and stones, which he at once set about removing. Making good use of his long knife, he worked indefatigably for more than an hour. At last he struck the roots of a tree, a circumstance which assured him that he was approaching the surface. The conviction gave him renewed strength. He cut with his knife, and dug with his torn and bleeding hands, until at length a lucky push loosened a large stone which was enclosed between two of the roots of the tree. It fell forward, and the bright rays of heaven poured in upon his dazzled and enchanted vision. He felt a thrill of delight, such as one entombed before his time might experience wh[illegible] the doors of his sepulchre flew outward, and gave him back once more to warmth and light. With a little additional labor he enlarged the aperture, until he was able to force himself through it. But what was his astonishment, when at length he stood under the open sky, to find that he was in the exact spot in which he had taken his noontide meal only a few hours before!

A moment's consideration cleared up the mystery. The fountain was no natural spring, but simply the place of exit for the waters which accummulated in the mine, and percolated through the mass of rocks, earth, and vegetation that closed the entrance of the adit. So exact, however, was its resemblance to an ordinary mountain spring, that this was, no doubt, the main cause of the locality of the old *socabon* having fallen into oblivion; since nobody, of course, dreamed of looking for it in the vicinity of a fountain. It was clear to the young miner that he had made a discovery of great importance to the company. With this thought in his mind, and eager to inform his friends of his wonderful escape he set out at once up the mountain.

Don Jayme, after laboring for nearly an hour in his useless search, and being excessively puzzled by the complete disappearance of the body, which he could in no plausible way account for, had left the task for further examination to the miners, and ascended the shaft in great perplexity. Presently a new cause of distress and anxiety came to disturb him. The news of the dreadful accident, as it was considered, had spread to the village of San Adrian, and reached at last poor Margarita. Hurrying in a frenzy of agonized excitement up the mountain, she suddenly presented herself before the director, as he was walking up and down the *galera*, with his hands behind him, in the true English style of moody meditation.

"Where is my husband—my Manuel?" she exclaimed, in a peremptory tone. Tell me, senor, for charity, where is my husband?"

"Dead! dead!" she exclaimed, as the director was silent, "and how did he die? Who killed him? It never was his own fault. No, Manuel was not a drunkard. My Manuel was not reckless. If he died, it was not by his own hand. Show me the murderer."

"My poor child," replied the director, "there is no murderer. There was carelessness, but no crime.

"Never tell me that, Don Jayme." "My Manuel was no sot, no madman, to throw away his life like Pedro Bravo. If he is dead, I accuse Miguel Gomez of his murder. There stands the villain—look in his face and judge. It was only a year ago, a little while before Manuel and I were married, that he offered the *cargador* Pedraza the post of captain of the gallery if he would come behind Manuel and push him off the Rinconada. Answer me, Juan Pedraza, before the great God who sees and hears us, is it not true?"

Juan Pedraza, a miserable-looking man, with a face haggard from the effects of [illegible] Francisco—I give the accused into your charge. See that he does not escape, and bring him before the alcade to-morrow morning, when all now present will attend the examination."

The nervous anxiety which had been depicted on the countenance of the overseer ever since the explosion now suddenly gave way to an expression of ferocious determination.

"Stand off!" he exclaimed, drawing his knife, "back, for your lives! I am innocents of Manuel's death; but I will not stay to have my life sworn away by heretic Jews, spiteful women, and drunken vil[illegible] Out of the way, Perez! Fellow [illegible] appeared from the sight of the horror-stricken beholder, one last scream of despair ascending as the criminal shot downward to his frightful and inevitable doom.

Manuel overcome by a sickening weakness, leaned against the steep side of the mountain, and wiped away the cold perspiration which gathered on his brow; then, summoning all his strength, he hurried forward and managed to reach the *galera*. His entrance, as may be supposed, was the cause of great agitation. Most of those present recoiled and crossed themselves in terror, though not so excessively as that of the miserable Gomez. One person, however, sprang forward with a laugh of hysteric delight, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Manuelito, you are alive! I knew it was all a joke upon your poor little wife!" And with these words the overjoyed Margarita fell upon her husband's neck, and fainted away in his arms.

I need only add to the foregoing narrative that Don Manuel Campos, the present resident manager of the new mine of San Adrian, will receive with great hospitality, at his home in Zacatecas, any English traveler who may pass through that city, and will, if desired, relate all the particulars of the remarkable accident to which he was mainly indebted for his rise in the world. Dona Margarita, his very lady-like wife, will confirm the account by her own testimony, and by the additional token of a long-haired, black-eyed urchin, some five or six years old, bearing the identical name of Adriano, in commemoration of the event which happened shortly before his birth; so that the essential truth of the story may be considered as established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The Democratic Convention at Huntingdon, Penn., instructed their delegates to the National Convention to vote for Gen. Hancock for President.

The Westfield Explosion.

The members of the Board of Inquiry in the Westfield case have not made any statement as to their conclusions; but the general drift of their report may be summarized as follows:

1. There was a sufficiency of water in the boiler; fires were "good," and furnace doors closed.

2. The pressure of steam was increasing during the ten minutes previous to explosion, and was at least two pounds above legal limit.

3. There was an old rupture under the side of the boiler, caused by unequal expansion.

4. At the joint in the middle section of the shell, opposite the centre of the lower range of flues on the "port" side there was a fissure in the iron, created, or at least increased, by the bellows-like action of the shell in alternately rounding and flattening under the varying pressure.

5. The boiler had received its last supply of water at Quarantine, an hour previous to the explosion, and, while at the slip, the water had become quiescent, the air had been entirely expelled, and a great amount of heat had been absorbed, which, however, did not evolve the usual amount of steam.

6. The explosion occurred the moment the engineer sounded the whistle, because that produced an agitation of the water sufficient to cause extraordinary masses of steam to be devolved; the water, when the air was "boiled out" of it, became a reservoir of heat, which absorbed the rapid accumulation from the furnace, without being converted into steam, until stirred up; the pressure then instantly increased to a point beyond the capacity of the safety-valves to counteract it, caused the shell to yield at the point already weakened by the rupture, flaw, or fissure, and the perrerations made in riveting.

7. Engineers should be better educated. Inspectors should search more carefully for ruptures and flaws, and engineers and firemen must be especially careful as to the condition of their boilers just before starting.

A Very Uncomfortable Place.

According to a letter dated at the Camp of the Sixth United States Cavalry, near Fort Hays, the Kansas town called Hays City is an unattractive spot. The writer says:

Hays City is a place inhabited by thieves, murderers, adventurers and adventuresses. Why they named the place Hays City I cannot imagine, unless it was on account of it being so near Fort Hays (only half a mile), evidently for the purpose of giving it character abroad, for at home they seemed to be living in the Scriptural injunction, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die," for they do eat, and they do drink, and if it can be called being merry (not marry, for they don't do that) for a man to crawl out of bed very late in the morning with a flushed face and eyes blood-shot and protruding from their sockets, I say that if that can be called being merry, they are very merry.

A casual observer passing through the town, seeing a sign over nearly every door, would think there was a variety of business carried on at the place, but if he should stop and read a few of the signs he would find that they were nearly all engaged in the same line of business, or "entertainment,"—that's it, entertainment; that's what they call it. There's a peculiarity about the signs that leads a person to think that ladies and gentlemen do not live together, for it is written on some, "This is Jake's house," "Joe's house," &c., while on others are "Ladies' Parlors," "Ladies' Department," &c. And to take a glimpse inside of one of these you would think that you had at last found the real place, where it is every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, for the walls glitter with guns, pistols and knives, where frequently a poor devil dies to-day instead of to-morrow.

A Kentucky Romance.

An old lady of Kentucky has a romance connected with her second marriage. It is as follows: When her mother was a young lady, Colonel Boone, the nephew of Daniel, was very much in love with her, and asked her, on one occasion, to marry him. She told him she was engaged to Morgan Bryan, and that they were to be married in a few days. Col. Boone went away and married another young woman. Afterward he, with his wife, visited the other young married couple, when their first child (now in her fifth score of years) was but a very few days old, and seeing the baby, he laughed, and said to her mother: "Now Milly, as you wouldn't have me yourself, you'll give me the girl for my second wife, won't you?" Whether any jesting promise was made I am not informed; but the baby grew up, and at twenty-seven she was married, had several children, became a widow after nine years, and remained one for a long time, when Colonel Boone's first wife having died previously, she really became, in her own middle life, the wife of her mother's early lover, who had claimed her in her cradle. The good old lady is accustomed, in relating this to her sons and neices, to speak of it as "one of the most remarkable things that ever happened." I think so too, and it is a true story.

Prejudiced.—A farmer who went to Texas to buy a farm was greatly prejudiced against the country he thought to settle in, from the fact that a doctor whom he had called in to attend him when he was seized with a fever, began trying his clothes on immediately after writing the prescription. The fact that while the doctor was trying on his coat, the chambermaid was examing his handkerchiefs, and the porter was struggling with his boots, lent wings to his imagination, and doubtless had an influence in regard to his speedy exit from the State.

A Fat Lot.—An amusing game of base-ball was played in Rochester N. Y., between picked nines of lean men, named Stringbeans, and fat men calling themselves Marrowfats. Both clubs were weighed, the Marrowfats weighing in the aggregate 2,040 pounds, an average of over 226 pounds each, while the Stringbeans weighed 1,100 pounds, or an average of less than 123 pounds each. The stakes were half a bushel of peanuts. The score stood 24 for the Marrowfats to 26 for the Stringbeans, the lean men beating the fat ones by two.

Something about Cheese.

It is comparatively but a few years since farmers in New York state, seeing the waste of labor necessarily consequent on each small farmer being his own manufacturer of cheese and butter, commenced to form labor-saving co-operative factories, where one set of workers would do the work of many, and where, by affording superior facilities and giving special attention, the quality of the product might be improved. The movement was completely successful, and at this day, the number of these co-operative factories in the state is more than nine hundred, with a supply of milk from a quarter of a million of cows; every three thousand cows afforded a million of pounds of cheese, valued at $140,000, or more than three hundred pounds of cheese and three hundred gallons of milk for each cow. Of this large number of factories,

	Factories.	Cows.
Oneida county has	94	30,000
Jefferson county has	72	25,000
Herkimer county has	70	25,000
Madison county has	66	20,000
Oswego county has	58	15,000
Erie county has	54	20,000
Otsego county has	46	15,000
Orange county has	44	14,000
Other counties	440	110,000
Total	944	249,000

As to the other states:

	Factories.	Cows each.
Ohio has	80	500
Illinois has	50	400
Wisconsin has	34	250
Vermont has	32	400
Massachusetts has	26	250
Michigan has	22	400
Pennsylvania has	14	200
Other states	25	...
Canada	34	...
Total	317	....

So that on this continent we have now after a comparatively few years of work, nearly 1,300 cheese and butter factories, supplied with the milk of more than 300,000 cows, and producing about 100,000,000 pounds of cheese annually. Our export of the product of this new industry, or old industry in a new form, was last year the large amount of 57,000,000 of pounds, valued at $8,000,000, while the whole export from Britain of her cheese is little over 3,000,000 of pounds. Even the Dutch, who have made a specialty of cheese for centuries, and who in their varieties adapt their article to many tastes and markets, exported last year only half the quantity we did. When this experiment was commenced the European cheeses had all their special markets and special customers, who took them regularly, and would not be induced readily to make a change, while the previous character of American cheese was not in its favor, but rather the contrary. We had, therefore, nothing to look to for success but the superiority of the article at the price, and in less than twenty years, with everything rather against than for us, we have surpassed England in the world's markets, and are at this day selling nineteen times as much cheese as she is able to do, with all her prestige and previous fame as a cheese producer! In all the history of progress there is no parallel to this triumph of the American adaptation of fitting means to needed facilities. Switzerland, from a kind of necessity imposed on it by the peculiarities of Alpine pastures, had a kind of co-operative cheese-making before we commenced it; but it was and is of small account. Our co-operative arrangements enabled many single workers with but indifferent success, by that union which is strength, to become a great power for supplying the world with two prime articles of family consumption, and for doing it well. Our triumph, however, is not yet quite complete. Before it is so we have got to do one or two things, or both; that is, to produce a cheese which will surpass in its attractive qualities the favorite products of all other countries, or to produce cheeses so nearly approaching these favorites in qualities as to compete with them successfully.

Chinese Laborers.

The Louisiana *Sugar Bowl* of a recent date contains a communication from a planter at Irish Bend, Parish of St. Mary, who during the last eight months has had twenty-six Chinamen at work for him on his sugar plantation; he infinitely and for every reason prefers them to negroes. In November and December last they planted forty arpents of cane for him, and although at first they were awkward workmen yet in a wonderfully short time they improved so greatly as to be better even than his old hands, who, with three exceptions, became disgusted and ran away at the end of the year. As ploughmen the Chinese are admirable, and take good care of their beasts, never beating or abusing them. They are intelligent and honest; every one of them can read and write in his own language, and so, when pay-day comes, if any of them becomes indebted more than his wages amount to he merely sends up his book to have it posted, and all is right. This planter pays them $13 for twenty-six days work, retaining $3 until the end of the contract; their rations, fifteen pounds of pork and fifty pounds of rice for thirty days. The laborers are orderly, cheerful, and cleanly; all of the twenty-five in two houses, twenty feet wide by forty long, and all their cooking and eating is done in an adjoining house. If the experience of other planters shall be similar to that of this correspondent the negro's occupation in the South will soon be gone.

Killed in a Quarrel.—A quarrel between John Husmann, a house-painter, twenty-one years old, and Maggie Maloney, a young girl of sixteen, in Cincinnati, had a fatal termination on Monday night. They were tenants of the same house, and it is said she had rejected his offer of marriage. On Sunday night she came home with some friends and found Husmann and his mother sitting on the door-step. The quarrel was renewed, and she at length became so enraged that she seized a piece of brick and hurled it at him. It fell short of its mark, and his mother drew him into the house and shut the door. Scarcely had it closed behind him, however, when he turned, opened the door, and drawing a revolver, fired at Maggie, who was standing at the gate. The ball entered her left breast, and she fell into the arms of a young man crying, "Catch me, Tom; I'm shot," and instantly expired. Husmann was afterward arrested, being found by the officers concealed under some straw in the cellar.

Are Sunday Weddings Void?

There is, we heard an eminent lawyer allege a few days since, no marriage legal which is celebrated on the Sabbath day. There are, no doubt, twenty thousand couples in this State alone for whom the marriage ceremony was performed on the Sabbath—many of them in the evening of that day. A note drawn and signed on the Sabbath is illegal, or any other legal agreement between parties.

Marriage is a legal contract, which, if preformed out of the legal time, necessarily must be void; and claiming this, the sons and daughters of a recently deceased millionaire mean to contest his will because in that a large portion of his estate was willed to the children of their stepmother, who was wedded to their father on the Sabbath, in a church in the city of Rochester in this State. If the question is to be decided that such marriages are illegal, another long catalogue of vexatious suits will be brought into our courts by parties similarly related to the one above mentioned. The decision lately rendered by a learned Judge of our courts, that marriages of minors are illegal, and a divorce for such not necessary in order that they can separate and remarry legally, since it was carired into immediate practice by the parties for whom the decision was rendered, is proving baneful to society. The harm that this decision does to our social system is temporary only, and if the entire marrying population but learn of this decision, the future will witness less elopements of young couples, and a less number of cases where guileful and designing men entice young ladies from home in order to wed them. That the ceremony of marriage performed for minors on any and all days of the week, or for a couple where one is a minor and the other an adult, should be pronounced illegal and non-effective, is strange. But in the face of long-practised customs, that Sabbath day weddings are illegal will strike thousands with feelings akin to consternation. With all our laws and codes it is, indeed, strange that those legal enactments which most concern our personal welfare and happiness are least known and least understood by the general public, including our most intelligent people.—*New York Society*

Duped by Gypsies.

An old gentleman in Polk county, Missouri, of considerable wealth, was some time since made the dupe of misplaced confidence in the following manner as related by the Bolivar *Free Press*:

"A band of Gypsies appeared in the neighborhood, remaining several weeks. A woman belonging to the party made the acquaintance of the old gentleman, and communicated to him the startling intelligence that a large amount of treasure was concealed on his place, and that by obeying her instructions he could secure it. This he agreed to do. She then informed him that he must deposit all his money in a certain place. After the lapse of a few days the whereabouts of the treasure would be revealed to him. He accordingly deposited the sum of three thousand two hundred dollars in a hiding-place known only to himself and the Gypsy. When several days had passed, she again appeared unto him, stating that her incantations would not work, and assigning as a reason that he failed to deposit all of his money in the hiding-place, as stipulated. He then added seventy-seven dollars more to the amount, but still the spell which was to lay bare the hidden wealth proved unsuccessful. He then agreed to let the Gypsy take the package of money into her keeping in order to facilitate her conjurations. She kept it several days, then returned with the entire amount, and they counted it over together. The Gypsy then informed him he must, to complete the charm, secrete the package once more, for a period of ten days; that he must not, in the meantime, look at or go near it. This was assented to, and the package once more carefully sealed up and committed to his care. When ten days had expired he proceeded to go to the place of deposit, found the package as he had placed it, but upon opening it was amazed to discover that it contained nothing but scraps of old newspapers. He sought the Gypsy woman at her usual haunts, but the entire party had "folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away."

Bats in Confinement.

Bats dislike captivity so much that they die under it. Five were turned into a roughly-made cage, in which they were fed with flies, for which their appetite was something wonderful—in their eagerness, they would snap and bite at one another like so many ravenous curs. Cooked meat they could not appreciate, but raw beef was more to their taste; a circumstance affording their proprietor great relief, since, by attaching a piece of beef to the inside of their box, he was saved the trouble of catching flies for them, and was able to watch them cater for themselves. The meat proved a source of attraction to divers blue-bottle flies, to the intense gratification of the captives, who displayed great quickness in disposing of these visitors. No sooner did an unwitting blue-bottle come within range than he was struck down by a pair of bat's wings, the fortunate bat falling instantaneously with all its membranes expanded, cowering over its victim, and securing him by thrusting its head under. When the head came forth again, the membranes immediately closed, and the poor fly was immediately swallowed, wings and all—an operation affording several minutes' enjoyment to the performer. They seemed pretty comfortable in their prison, getting quite lively of an evening, and regaling the ears of their owner with a harsh music of their own—more curious than pleasing. But in nineteen days every one of them was dead—nor did a second party prove longer-lived.

Ugly.—The Lucknow *Times* tells a story of an elephant which lately drowned a man because he leaped down in front of him while he was making his ablutions in a river in India. Being provoked by this impertinent interruption of his toilet, the gigantic brute seized the man and held him under water till he was drowned.

A charcoal man and his wife, who belonged to the Commune, escaped the vigilance of the police by the happy device of a thorough washing. The disguise was too perfect unluckily, for they have been looking for each ever since.

Facts and Fancies.

Crewel—Worsted work.

A crack corps—The burglars.

On the rise—A baker's stock.

Capital sport—Money-hunting.

Flat falsehood—Lying on your back.

Advice to doctors—Live and let live.

A "dip in the briny"—Pickled Pork.

The height of the season—Fahronheit.

Something th chalk down—The price of milk.

The King of Burmah has proclaimed internal free trade.

There is a county in Iowa which does not contain a single tree.

Dresden takes the lead of German cities as a resort of Americans.

A Southern lady has been poisoned by chewing green sewing silk.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, and it is soap that is next to charity.

Cod-liver oil loses its disagreeable flavor by maceration with coffee.

Of the 33 Scotch countries, 14 have a smaller population in 1871 than they had in 1861.

An Ohio girl committed sucide by taking strychnine because her mother boxed her ears.

Why are rocks the most revolutionary birds? Because they are always chattering high trees-on.

Some young ladies now wear small mirrors set in gold hung on their necklaces instead of lockets.

High judicial authority has decided that the coolly trade is virtually the slave trade, and the vessels engaged in it are pirates in the eye of the law.

It is estimated that within the past hundred days not less than one million dollars in gold has been expended in Texas, west of the Colorado, for beeves, stock cattle and horses.

The best way to get help in this world is to help yourself. Show that you need aid, and all turn a cold shoulder; but prove that you can do without folks, and they will beg to give you a lift.

"I say, Jones, that's a shocking bad hat of yours. Why do you wear such a hideous thing?" "Because my dear fellah, Mrs. Jones declares she will not go out of the house with me till I get a better one."

The bank of Montreal is about to increase its capital to $12,000,000, which will make it the third largest in the world, the bank of England and France being ahead. No other bank in America has a capital of over $10,000,000.

A California genius has invented what he calls the Eureka boot-puller, which consists of a leather belt, having two hooks attached to it. He places the belt over his right shoulder, adjusts the hooks in his boot-straps, and then leans backward, and the tightest boot is conquered.

Eli Davis, of Louisville, Ind., who had been a paralytic for two years, was divorced from his second wife while on his death-bed, dying, in fact, six hours after the divorce was ordered. The suit was brought by parties in the interest of the sons of his first wife, to obtain some of the money which would naturally fall to the second wife, and the deceased was wholly ignorant of the proceeding.

A Mess of Fish.

A select squad of us went from an inland village to the Ohio river on a fishing excursion. No sooner had we pitched our tent and rigged our tackle than we were honored with a visit from Jake Henthorn. Jake is a man of too independent a spirit to be tyrannized over by despotic fashion or arbitrary conventionalities. Accordingly he goes barefoot twelve months in the year; and in consequence of the expanded valley which his "footsy-tootsies" make in the mud (frequently in the vicinity of hen-roosts) he is best known as "Barefooted Jake." However, it is not with Jake's "bug-mashers" that we have to do, but with the "elastic receptivity" of his maw. One morning Bill Lynch and I were running the fishing business, while Bill Read prepared breakfast. Jake's instincts prompted him to "shassay" around the fire, and feast his nostrils on the odor of a ten pound perch which was then baking. In due time Lynch and I returned to camp for breakfast, and found Read coming in with an armful of wood.

"Well, how about grub?" was our greeting.

"Oh, all right; I'll set it out for you in a minute, boys. But just come this way, and see the nicest baked-perch you ever laid eyes on."

We went and we looked; but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fibre of meat had been picked! Jake had been there before us. I don't distinctly remember whether we swore or not. It don't seem to me as if we did. Anyhow, we ate breakfast without fish.

During the afternoon, while we were all lounging on the bank, Jake yawned and drawled out:

"I'd like to have as many fish as I could eat, jist onst. I hain't had a mess since Tom Whitten ketched the big fish."

"Jake," said I, in a tone meant to be scornfully sarcastic, "I thought you had a pretty fair mess this morning. You ate at least fifteen pounds."

"Oh yes," replied Jake, "I ate that; but what I mean is a *reel reg'lar mess.*"

Pensions.—The Commissioner of Pensions estimates that there are at least forty thousand people, soldiers and widows of the war of 1812, who will be entitled to pensions under the act of February 14, 1871. This number will require the sum of $4,000,000 annually. When the bill was under discussion last winter the maximum number of these pensioners living was supposed to be only 9,000, but the estimate of the Commissioner is not likely to be correct. This will require an appropriation for pensions next year of fully $35,000,000. The total number of applications for 1812 pensions to date is 30,540.

Voltaire, having paid some high compliments to the celebrated Haller was told that Haller, was not in the habit of speaking so favorable of him. "Ah," said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

Is there any difference between a hen stealing and cock robbin'?

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