The Cambridge Chronicle.

CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. NO. 26. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1871. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

Modern Life.

I sit in a quaint old garden,
With weather-stained, warm old wall,
And over the blaze of the flowers
The brown shadows cooling fall.

And the long lawns stretch before me,
And I bathe my eyes in their green;
And the elms in the park stop swaying,
For fear they should wake the scene.

And the grey-eyed wife is smiling,
Half asleep, with her hand in mine,
To see how her baby is striving
To make the short daisies twine.

And I sit in peace in the garden,
And my soul has a sense of home;
And my brain is straining to bursting,
Thinking whence cash may come.

EXCHANGING RINGS.

Prudence Holmes sat alone in the wide, shady kitchen, busily engaged in "picking over" whortleberries. Without, the golden sunshine of an August afternoon bathed the green fields and the dusty road that wound away to the village, and touched with richer color the nasturtiums, sweet-pease, geraniums, and zinnias in the tiny garden, and the heavy Virginia creeper that climbed and blossomed above the door. Prudence made a pretty picture as she sat on a low cricket, with a big calico apron spread over her blue-sprigged muslin dress to defend it from the stains that had soiled her little brown hands. She was a petite, daintily rounded maiden of eighteen, with great dark eyes, and glossy curls shading a fair brow, and cheeks that had a touch of wild-rose bloom upon them. The kitchen, too, made a pretty picture, with its well-scoured floor and dresser, its asparagus-topped clock, its shining stove, with bunches of herbs hung behind it, and the great bouquet of vivid cardinal-flowers set on the snowy table.

The kitchen was perfectly still, save the buzz of the flies and the tick of the clock; and outside the crickets and the locusts alone disturbed the silence. Prudence believed that every one in the house was asleep but herself, and yawned somewhat wearily as she tossed over the berries, finishing the yawn with a bit of a soliloquy uttered half aloud:

"Oh dear! this having summer boarders isn't very nice!"

"Miss Prudence," said a voice in the doorway, so suddenly that Prudence nearly upset her berries in her surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth, is it you?" she said, [illegible] bending down [illegible]

[redacted]

dence five times within an hour that it was a lovely day, and although Prudence assented every time, I hardly think they appreciated the beauty around them, for Prudence was quite absorbed with the lilies and the reflections in the water, and Mr. Wentworth looked more at his companion than at the aspects of nature. They had gathered enough lilies to satisfy them, and Prudence was leaning backward and idly trailing one hand in the water, when she suddenly uttered a little scream, and sat erect, with white cheeks, from which the color had been frightened.

"Oh, I almost lost it! How careless I am!" she exclaimed, replacing an old fashioned ring, set with a tiny circle of rubies, on her finger.

"Did the water sweep it off your hand?"

"I suppose so. It's too large for me. I'm always losing it and finding it again. I wouldn't lose it entirely for the world, because it used to be grandmother's. She gave it to me."

"What a curious old ring it is!" said Mr. Wentworth, with interest. "May I look at it? Don't trouble yourself to take it off," he added, drawing in his oars and leaning toward his companion.

Prudence allowed her tiny brown hand to lie in his aristocratic white one a moment, then coquettishly withdrew it.

"Isn't it pretty?" she inquired, archly.

"Very pretty. Shall I tell you how to guard against losing it in future?"

"Oh yes, if you please."

"Wear this little ring of mine to guard it; or, better yet, exchange with me. Give me yours, and take this instead," said the young man, daringly.

Provoking Prudence looked at the heavily chased gold ring he held out to her, and then looked back at the water with an innocent,

"Oh, I don't think it would fit."

"Try it," suggested her companion softly.

Prudence shook her head, but finally agreed, blushingly, that "it would do no harm to try," and slipped the ring on her forefinger.

"It's a perfect fit!" cried Mr. Wentworth, delightedly. "Nothing could be better. Why, Miss Prudence, you surely don't mean to give it back?"

"Of course I do," was the saucy rejoinder. "Why not?"

"Because, said Mr. Wentworth, speaking very earnestly, and disregarding his oars altogether, while he tried to get a glimpse of the face hidden by the flat hat—"because I meant to ask you to wear it always for my sake. I meant to ask you—"

"Oh, Mr. Wentworth," cried his listener here, "do you see that lily on your left! Won't you get it for me?"

"I'll get you that and twenty others if you'll listen to me first. Do you care for me, Prudence? Will you marry me?"

Prudence's face was turned away, and her head bent lower and lower. A crimson flush stole over ear, neck, and chin.

"Prudence!"

No answer. Her companion leaned over and took her hand again, venturously.

"Prudence, will you wear the ring?" he questioned softly.

But the hand was hastily drawn away; a pair of saucy black eyes flashed into his own, and Prudence's merry laugh ran over the water.

"I'd rather have grandma's please. I ought to go home, Mr. Wentworth, for I know it's almost tea-time."

Mr. Wentworth put his ring in his pocket, and took up the oars again energetically without a word. He was fresh from college, and had held the stroke oar in many a race, but he never made better time than he made that afternoon in rowing up the river. The light boat shot along, with the rower's brows knitted and his teeth set. Not once did he look at Prudence, who sat in half-puzzled, half-alarmed silence, now and then stealing sidewise glances at the offended young Hercules from under her hat.

Mr. Wentworth drew a breath of relief when the boat at last grated on the sand, and, having assisted Prudence to land, and curtly offered to carry her lilies, he shouldered the oars and marched grimly toward the house by her side. Prudence, somewhat bewildered and more angry, made no effort to break the silence, and studiously endeavored to "keep from crying." When he at last left her at the door, with a cool "Thank you, Miss Prudence," and departed to carry the oars to the barn, it was well he did not look back, for Miss Prudence tossed the lilies aside with a petulant gesture, and had a fit of crying, with her head on the kitchen table.

When Mr. Wentworth returned from the barn half an hour later he *did* see a picture that comforted him a little through the hop-wreathed pantry window. It was Prudence, with her sleeves pinned up, moulding biscuits with desperate haste, while the tears fell thickly on her high calico apron. This picture so amazed Mr. Wentworth that he retreated hastily behind a lilac-bush to observe it, and lingered so long that he was late at tea.

That was a model supper-table. There was the great dish of berries with snowy cream beside, flanked by cheese and raspberry jam. There were two mountainous plates of snowy biscuits, contrasting with the golden sponge-cake and the richer gold of butter. Mr. Wentworth, who had supposed he should never have an appetite again, felt quite revived by the sight of this table and the memory of the picture. The rest of the boarders seemed to share the sensation, for the group of muslin and broadcloth was very hilarious, and the eatables disappeared rapidly. Prudence, presiding between the tea-pots, seemed rather out of spirits; but Farmer Holmes atoned for her silence by unusual jollity.

When the biscuits were passed a second time to Mr. Wentworth he saw that only one was left, and would have refused decorously, but the hospitable farmer pressed it upon him.

"Don't be afraid of it. There's plenty more in the kitchen—ain't there, Prudence?"

Thus pressed, Mr. Wentworth accepted the biscuit, and Prudence disappeared to replenish the plate. Mr. Wentworth divided the biscuit, then dropped it suddenly, with an exclamation that brought every eye upon him. There, imbedded in the light, white bread, lay Prudence' ruby ring!

Such a shout of laughter arose that it brought Prudence back from the kitchen in haste just in time to see Mr. Wentworth coolly remove the ring from the biscuit, amidst the merry chorus, and drop it in his waistcoat pocket, "to be kept till called for," he said, with a significant glance at her scarlet face.

Poor Prudence! there was no peace for her after that. An army of jokes quite overwhelmed her protestations and disclaimings, and she was thankful to beat a retreat to the kitchen when the meal was over. But even there she was pursued by a laughing trio of ladies, and harassed with questions and wonderment and merriment until the last dish was set away, and she had seized her hat, with the excuse that she must go to the village for letters. Instead of going to the village, however, she stole along the hedge, climbed the wall, and ran to the farthest end of the orchard, where she flung herself on the ground, and cried as if her heart would break.

She had, perhaps, cried half an hour before a step, crushing the dry grass at her side, roused her, and the very voice she most dreaded to hear said,

"I've come to return your ring, Miss Prudence."

Poor little Prudence sat up hastily, and took the unfortunate ring with a faltering "Thank you;" then immediately hid her face again.

"You needn't thank me. I should have brought it before, but I couldn't find you. I hope you're not troubled about those ridiculous jokes," he added, dignifiedly.

"N-no," responded Prudence, miserably, between her sobs. "I—I thought you'd think I did it on p-purpose."

"How could I have thought so? It was a mere accident my getting that particular biscuit. I'm very sorry you've been so annoyed in this way. I'm going away to-morrow, Miss Prudence."

The sobs partially ceased, and Prudence said, surprisedly, "Are you?"

"Won't you bid me good-by?"

Prudence said, "Yes," unsteadily, but did not raise her head.

"You will shake hands, won't you, Miss Prudence?"

No answer.

"I can't go away while you are offended with me. Won't you at least tell me why you are crying?"

"Because I—I lost my grandmother's ring," sobbed Prudence, making a great effort for composure.

Mr. Wentworth laughed in spite of himself.

"Why, it's safe on your finger, and not a whit the worse for its baking. Is there no other reason?"

"N-no."

"But there is. I shall never have another happy moment if I've offended you," said Mr. Wentworth, tragically. "I was a brute to treat you as I did this afternoon; but I'm going away, and I sha'n't annoy you again. Won't you forgive me now, and shake hands?"

Another long silence. Mr. Wentworth turned away in despair, but was detained by a faltering voice.

"I—I'll forgive you, if—"

"Well?" was the breathless interposition.

"You—won't—go—away."

The more observant boarders noticed at breakfast the next morning that Mr. Abbott Wentworth wore the ring he had found in the biscuit on the little finger of his left hand, and that Prudence wore a heavily-chased gold circle in the place of her lost ornament. To use the words of one of the before-named boarders, "That tells the whole story."

By Candle Light.

During the season at Saratoga, the gas gave out, and society had to depend upon tallow dips. Listen to the scene as described by a correspondent:

It was ten o'clock. The stage drove up from the depot. Almost every lady expected her husband on the train. Many young ladies expected their sweethearts. Neither the stage, the driver, nor the horses were visible. From force of habit the passengers felt their way to the reception room. I got mixed up in the crowd. Twenty-five married ladies, seven old maids, and four young ladies commenced greeting the passengers in the darkness. "My dear William! why did you stay so long?" exclaimed a sweet young wife, and then she threw her arms around my neck—our lips met. I wasn't going to be a darned fool.

Far different.

Now, a dear, sweet, liquid-eyed brunette threw her arms wildly around me. "O, Eugene, why did you not write oftener?" she sobbed, and then she sank sweetly on my bosom. I said, "weep not, Julia," and then kissed her twenty-two times. It was delicious. It made me think of my first wife and my college days at Yale.

A sweet, golden-haired blonde now took my hand. She pressed it gently, saying: "Dear Albert, I know it is you, and I'm so glad to see you! You won't dance with Lizzie Smith, now, will you? Now, do you promise me!" I said I wouldn't. Then she held her cheek close to mine. It was hot with love's young hope and pure, sweet affection. We were very happy. None but a wicked man would have brought sadness to this sweet, pure young affection, and beautiful with splendid girlishness.

"Do you still love me, Albert?" she whipered.

"Undoubtedly," I remarked.

"How much, darling?"

"A heap."

"O, I am too happy," she murmured, as she twisted her fingers in my auburn hair and held me in a sweet embrace.

This sort of thing went on for seventeen minutes, when C. Leland appeared in the distance with a tallow candle. I quietly withdrew and mingled unobserved in the crowd. As the candle appeared, twenty-seven young gentlemen were seen shaking hands with as many young ladies in the different corners. I have seldom seen such an affecting scene. It was a great display of affection. One married gentleman was holding the hands of two ladies. The hair of the ladies was generally crimpless, while the hair of the young gentleman did not display a parting place. I reflected, "how kin such things be, and overcome us like a summer shower?" I consulted with J. Billings. He says they kan't. So I resolved to leave the place.

The Question of Strikes.

There was recently a strike of carpenters in Dublin. One of the strikers wrote to Mr. John Stuart Mill for advice. In his letter he stated that one of the employers had offered to re-engage his men at the old rate of five shillings a a day and a participation in the profits of the establishment, guaranteeing that the increase of their wages would be greater than the sixpence a day demanded by the trade. He was of the opinion, however, that the men would not understand this system, and therefore would not accept it. Mr. Mill wrote in reply: "It is difficult for any one who is not on the spot and acquainted with local feelings and the characters of individuals to advise in the matter in which you ask my opinion. My impression is, however, in favor of trying the experiment of the participation of the work-people in profits—what is now called industrial partnership. That system appears to me both a great improvement in itself and the road to something still better hereafter. You say that the terms offered would far exceed the advance in wages which has been demanded. If this be so, as a strike, when it does not prove a failure, generally ends in a compromise, this kind of compromise seems to be the most favorable to the operative."

A Fish Mystery.—A fish mystery is troubling Council Bluffs. Spoon Lake, a placid sheet of water near that city, has never been known to contain fish "to any extent" until recently, when its waters not only swarmed with myriads of finny monsters, but the surrounding shores are alive with fish. They have come in such enormous numbers that the waves wash them high and dry on the shore where they lie knee-deep, dead and putrefying. The fish trade in Omaha and Council Bluffs has become prodigious. The fish seem to be greatly astonished at their new surroundings, and stick their heads from the water and open their mouths as if they wanted air. A little boy takes a flat board and wades into the water and in ten minutes throws out as many fish as a wagon can carry, varying in weight from two to five pounds. People who have lived in the neighborhood for years declare the phenomenon unprecedented, and various wild theories are put forth in explanation. The prevalent belief is that the swarm came into the lake by a subterranean passage, during a late storm, while a few venerable observers contend that the Missouri overflowed its banks and flooded the lake with catfish and perch.

A Curiosity.—Virginia has produced a natural curiosity—if we may credit a local paper—in the shape of a bamboo root, which, held in one position, presents, clearly defined in outline and recognizable at a glance, a bull's head and three cows' heads. Reversing it, a sheep's head appears to view, exact and faithful to nature as if carved by some skilled hand. The heads of two African antelopes, a boar's head, a greyhound's, a bull-dog's, a squirrel sitting on a stump, and a tobacco-worm are seen when the root is held in other positions. This freak of nature is said to be on exhibition in Richmond.

The Coal Supply.

Whenever the British people have no more pressing topic of agitation, foreign invasion or some "Battle of Dorking," says the Boston *Journal*, they always get into an excitement about the impending exhaustion of their coal mines and the consequent ruin of British commercial ascendancy. The subject has lately been revived with peculiar interest, owing to the publication of a report upon it made by a Parliamentary Commission. The prospect which has so disturbed Englishmen is here faced and considered in all its bearings. It is admitted that if the present rate of exhausting the coal supply was to go on indefinitely and in any probable ratio to the increase of population and manufactures, the progress toward the final extinction of that supply would be "very rapid." In reality, however, this rate could not steadily continue. As soon as the impression of scarcity began to be felt coal would rise in price and this would diminish consumption, and would prolong the duration of the supply, though at the expense of the prosperity of the country. Again, in the natural order of things, only the best and most easily accessible coal has thus far been mined; but ultimately high prices will bring poorer qualities and those not so conveniently obtained into the market. "A time," says the Commission, "must even be anticipated when it will be more economical to import a part of our coal than to raise the whole of it from our residual coal beds; and before complete exhaustion is reached the importation of coal will become the rule, and not the exception, of our practice. Other countries would undoubtedly be in a position to supply our deficiencies, for North America alone posesses tracts of coal-bearing strata, as yet almost untouched, of seventy times the area of our own."

The Commission, however, confess that the manufacturing supremacy of England could not be maintained after the importation of coal had become a necessity. The next question is, whether our American coal mines could sustain themselves after a foreign demand should have been added to the domestic. Thoughtful men have already recorded their judgment that the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania are limited, and the duration of their supply is capable of calculation. We must decline, however, to be disturbed by any apprehensions of this character. The quantity of bituminous coal in this country is as yet beyond estimate. Besides that, the history of inventions tells one uniform story—they are sure to come when they are needed. Steel pens take the place of diminishing goose quills, steam supplies the place of horse power and the sewing machine the needle when, in the exigencies of humanity, the change is required. So a new heating power or motor may yet take the place of coal—something utterly unsuspected now in the simple materials around us—or much more economical methods of utilizing coal (as in preventing refuse in quarrying or in some way of burning the dust) may be discovered, which shall have the effect of indefinitely augmenting the supply. At all events, the trouble from this source is so infinitesimal that it is not worth while to hunt after it quite yet.

American Institute Fair.

In the American Institute Fair, in session in New York, the articles for exhibition are divided into seven departments, and each department into seven groups. The first of these is the Department of Fine Arts and Education, and its several groups will include paintings on canvas, glass and other surfaces, engravings, chromos, lithographs, photographs, sculpture, musical instruments, specimens of printing and book-binding, philosophical instruments, &c. Second is the Department of the Dwelling, to which is assigned the balcony space on the left of the main building. Here will be found all articles necessary for housekeeping—ranges, refrigerators, stoves, carpets, upholstery, cutlery, &c., all classified and grouped. Third, is the Department of Dress and Handicraft, wherein will be displayed all manner of wearing apparel, for ladies, gentlemen and children, sewing-machines, jewelry, ribbons, meerschaums, needles, and the thousand and one articles with which ladies perform their work. Fourth, is the Department of Chemistry and Mineralogy, where are to be found soaps, candles, oils, India rubber goods, drugs, medicines, &c. Fifth, is the Department of Engines and Machinery, where there are engines of all kinds, pumping machinery, machinery for working metals, machinery for working in wood, machinery for preparing fibres and tissues, machinery for grinding and crushing grain, and mechanics' tools of all kinds. Sixth, is the Department of Intercommunication, where locomotives, steamships, carriages, wagons, sleighs, telegraphic apparatus, are exhibited, together with the machinery for producing certain portions of these articles. Seventh, and last, is the Department of Agriculture and Horticulture. Here will be found plants, flowers, fruits, vegetables, butter, cheese, plows, and a general assortment of agricultural implements.

Adrift in an Open Boat.

The following has just been received from Pensacola, Fla., from the copy of a memorandum made in pencil by part of the crew of the British ship Lillian lost the 15th of January, 1871, off the coast of Brazil and picked up in the Gulf of Mexico. It may be a hoax, but if not it is of so much importance as to be though worthy of publication.

This is to certify we three are the only survivors of the English ship Lillian, lost on the night of the 15th this month. We have now been drifting in the open boat for six days, suffering hunger, thirst and hardships, which none but those that has experienced can illustrate. We have been looking out for a sail since ship went down. What became of Captain and rest men, God can only tell. The note was signed by the 2d mate and two seamen of the ill fated vessel.

The Communists.—M. Brissy, one of the communist leaders, has been condemned to death by the Versailles court-martial. Upon Ferre and Lullier the same sentence has been passed. Several prominent communists, Assi and Urbain among the number, have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Others have been fined and acquitted.

The Fall Fashions.

Among Fall importations the plaids show novelties both in combinations of color and in fabrics. The tartans all reappear. There are also the favorite green and crimson plaids, so comfortable-looking for children and young girls in mid-winter.

Cashmere will continue to be a favorite wool fabric for costumes. The first quality of cashmere is called Thibet cloth, measures forty-eight inches in width, and costs $3.50 a yard. Lighter qualities of cashmere in the choice shades just mentioned, and in many others besides, are $2.50 a yard, double fold.

In plain goods are many English lustres, ranging in price from 50 cents to $1 a yard. Among these are silk wrap Balermo poplins of light quality and very lustrous; melange lustres in dark shades, slightly chine, for 55 cents a yard; a new and pretty white and black crape cloth at 75 cents; cheap tartan lustres for 25 or 30 cents.

Cicilian cloth is a new black fabric. It is a lustrous mohair, a sort of basket-woven alpaca, but far softer than ordinary alpaca, and capable of being draped as gracefully as a cashmere. It is a pure, full, deed black, a yard wide, without a center fold, and costs from 65 cents cents upward.

Soft wool shawls cost $6 for ample squares. Gay Scotch plaid squares are $4.50, if of American manufacture; from $6 upward if imported. The Leonora shawl—a good warm plaid, basket-woven, is $6. The Jacquard shawl, of soft white wool, with twill effects in color, is $6.

Fall wraps begin to arrive. Buyers say that prune-color and the deepest green cashmeres will rival the long-time favorite black this season, and dark gray and brown will be the popular colors for cloth garments.

Sleeveless Zouave jackest of rich dark colors—scarlet and black—are trimmed with intricate cordings of gilt, or jardiniere embroidery in bright colors. These are for afternoon wear in the house.

The new velvet polonaises are simply elegant, and some will cost as high as $500 on account of their fine lace and cording or embroidery.

An opera cloak of soft white cloth in raised diamonds, figures in circular, trimmed with two broad bands of blue velvet richly wrought with rich blue and white fringe of tassels borders this lovely wrap.

A French Convict Colony.

New Caledonia, the French convict colony, where so many female communists have been sent, is a long island, sloping from Northwest to Southeast, among those coral-reefed seas of which poets delight to sing. It is inhabited by a race of savages called Kanaks, whom Cook found to be delightfully mild; but he did not happen to make their acquaintance at the conclusion of a war, and left without the knowledge that they were cannibals.

The first beginning of a convict establishment was in 1864, when two hundred prisoners were sent out from Toulon and established just outside the port of Toumeh. The mortality was at once found to be much less than that of the dreaded Cayenne. The Government then tried a ticket-of-leave system, and eighty-four of the most hopeful of the convicts were sent to Boraie, with concessions of land, while others were allotted to the free colonists as assistants. Another set are employed on a model farm. Up to December, 1867, nearly a thousand convicts had in all been sent out, of whom only forty-six had been kept in real prison life. So far the results have been satisfactory, but what will they be when the island is flooded with discontented Paris workmen? A large body of troops will have to be stationed on the island. Be that as it may, says the London *Spectator*, we must, it seems, make up our minds to a great perpetuation of human misery, at an epoch of human history when we have been moving heaven and earth to ameliorate convict colonies and jails. It is a sad subject. The French official documents describe a country much favored by nature, and chances of colonial prosperity of a high order if nature be not corrupted and overborne by man. But to the normal difficulties of the French colonist who has never succeeded in creating substantial prosperity in Algeria, will here be added so many extraneous ones that good results can hardly be hoped for. A sort of co-operative farm created by the authorities of Noumea some years ago proved a signal failure, though the settlers were free and the farm stock was supplied by authority. The *personnel* comprised laborers, smiths, stone-cutters, brickmakers, a baker, a machinist—in fact, what might be called a complete selection of workmen. Three hundred hectares of land was allotted to the group, and beasts, seeds, tools, &c., were advanced. This was in 1864, and in two years the experiment failed, and the members had split asunder, amidst bitter dissensions. The political hatreds of the new convicts will go far to make the renewal of such experiments in New Caledonia very hopeless.

Difference in Eggs.—The Germantown *Telegraph* remarks that "there is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clean, sound grain and kept on a clean grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than those that have access to stables and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on fish or onions flavor their eggs accordingly—the same as cows eating onions or cabbages, or drinking offensive water, impart a bad taste to the milk and butter. The richer the food the higher the color of the egg. Wheat and corn give the best color, while feeding on buckwheat makes the eggs colorless, rendering them unfit for some confectionary purposes."

A Good Reason.—At the late Plymouth Church picnic Mr. Beecher was asked why he did not dance. "There is but one reason," he replied,—"I don't know how. The only dancing I ever did was when my father furnished the music, and used me for the fiddle. I took all the steps then."

The journals of Antwerp are loud in praise of the gallant action of the crew of the United States steamer Juniata, for rescuing a boat's crew of 12 persons capsized in the Scheldt.

Rearing Cattle in Kansas.

We drove out to a Kansas farm, says a correspondent to look at a herd of 460 Texas beeves nearly ready to go East. They came across the Indian Territory last October, and were so thin and travel-worn that they sold slow, not much over $20 all around. The owner has kept them partly on the open prairie, and part of the time in a corral. They eat about $2 worth of hay each, and he pays two herds—one $40 and the other $50 a month. His outlay for labor and hay will be $1,730. His gain, if he realizes $20 a head profit, will be $9,200. Deduct expenses, and he has $7,470 net profit. This stock-handler made $25,000 last year, so his neighbors tell me. This herd was obtained at a very low figure, because they came late and looked bad; the Texas man who drove then probably lost on them.

The same correspondent adds: A calf is lassooed and branded in Texas. Probably he does not come within half-a-mile of a man from then till he is ready to start on his long journey to the North. He costs no more than a goose or a spring chicken. If the Texas ranchero gets $10 for him when he is 18 months old he can afford to sell for that, for one man can easily tend 100, and his annual sale would give him $1,000 in gold. The Kansian can buy at $15, and in a year make him worth $30. The corn grower of Eastern Kansas, Iowa and Illinois buys at $30 or $35, and by skillful handling can in nine months make him worth four $60 to $70. These are the average figures on which to base an estimate of the profit of the Western stock business. But it must not be inferred that Kansas depends on the broad-horns. On the contrary, through Northern Kansas the stock is widely marked with the short-horn features. The best way for a poor man to begin in the stock business is thus marked out by a man who has 15 years' experience handling stock between the valley of the Red and prairies of the Kaw: Let him buy 20 Texas cows, they will cost him $20 each—$400, and put into the range with them a good three-quarter blooded short-horn. He can homestead or preempt some land where he can cut a ton to the acre of good blue-joint prairie grass. In 18 months he will have 20 young animals worth $18 each—$360, and 20 coming on. With no hired help he can in a few years sell 100 animals a year at $20 each—$2,000. He is supposed, of course, to be industrious; he raises corn and plows his corn-land for winter grain and improves his claim.

Murder by Wholesale.

A plan has undoubtedly been formed in England, says a responsible journal, for some time to destroy a number of well-known persons by means of poisoned food. The articles have been sent anonymously as presents,—usually accompanied by a playful note to the effect that the sender had little hopes of mystifying his friend the recipient, but would, for the joke's sake, make the attempt. Sometimes these Judas gifts would come by post, sometimes by express. Cakes, sweetmeats and fruits on different occasions have served as media for the poison. In some instances a particular cake has been wrapped up separately and addressed to the mistress of the house. At one time, in a case like this, a pleasant little missive described the accompanying offering in these terms: "A few home-made cakes for the children; those done up are flavored on purpose for yourself to enjoy. You will guess who this is from. I can't mystify you, I fear. I hope this will arrive in time for you to-night, while the eatables are fresh." The carriage of this parcel was prepaid, and its delectable contents, on being analyzed, were found to contain strychnine enough to destroy a whole family. It is lamentable to add that the historic parallel has been carried out in this instance by the arrest of a lady of reputable standing, who is charged with the commission of the crime. She is a Miss Edwards, a woman of thirty-five, and her intended victim is Mrs. Beard, the wife of a Brighton physician. It is said that the accused made a similar attempt on the life of Mrs. Beard some months ago, using poisoned chocolate drops at that time to effect her purpose. Were this case a solitary one it would of course be less remarkable; what is strange, however, is that its discovey has been coincident with that of several others almost precisely alike in the same town, implying the existence of an epidemic of this kind of crime as curious as it is alarming.

Marriages Extraordinary.

The New York correspondent of the Chicago *Journal* says two rather novel marriages have recently been brought to his attention. Not long ago the head of a very old business firm in the metropolis died—soon after the wife of the other member of the firm was taken away by death. The surviving widower with nine unmarried children has now married the surviving widow with seven unmarried children. The firm is thus perpetuated in the family, and sixteen children are brought into the family fold. Not long ago a rich widower bordering on sixty, without children, married a widow a few miles up the Hudson River having thirteen children, some of the older ones being married. His wife died over thirty years ago, and during that time he kept aloof from society, devoting himself entirely to business. When, therefore, he was married into the bosom of a family all of whose members endeavored to make it as agreeable and pleasant as possible for him, he experienced the most agreeable emotions, and became a decidedly happy man. The other day one of his old acquaintances in New York jokingly asked him how it seemed, to be surrounded with thirteen children, all drawing support from him. "I wish the Lord there were thirteen more of them," was the immediate reply.

Appropriate Names.—The following names are indeed appropriate for the uses mentioned:

For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a general's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Bet-ty.
For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoemaker's wife—Peg-gy.
For a teamester's wife—Car-rie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliza.
For a carpet man's wife—Mat-tie.

Reading the Paper.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, thus relates, in very touching verse, the opposite fates of two early friends. The tale has a great moral:

One took a paper, and his life
Was happier than a king's;
His children all could read and write,
And talk of men and things,

The other took no paper, and,
While strolling through a wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown
And killed him—as it should.

Had he been reading of the news
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would never have happened him.

Facts and Fancies.

Who was Richard the Third before he was "himself again?"

Nearly 200,000 sheep browse on the brows of the Calaveras Mountains.

Lo the poor Indians number just 375,000 souls, according to the last census.

Agnes Norman, aged fifteen, the London child murderer, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

A shrewd politician says that he always judges of the character of a house by the cleanliness of the back yard.

Experience teaches that young people crammed at school are not especially intelligent when twenty-five years old.

There are but two ways of paying debt—increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out.

Mr. B. F. Schermerhorn made a closing prayer in the Schenectady Dutch Reformed Church, and sat down and died immediately.

It is not disgraceful to any one who is poor to confess his poverty; but the not exerting one's self to escape poverty is disgraceful.

A woman's heart is the true plate for a man's likeness. An instant gives, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface the impression.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.

It costs New York city something for printing and stationary. During the year 1869 and 1870, and a part of 1871, the grand total paid was $2,648,828.30.

Where necessity ends curiosity begins; and no sooner are we supplied with everything that Nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.

A ten-year old boy on Long Island, while running dodged the outstretched hand of another boy, and struck full against a hitching-post. He fell on his back, and with one cry of pain, died.

Stern Parent—"Leave off that noise directly, you naughty boy! It's all over now, and Bertha's left off crying these ten minutes." Jack—Bertha began crying before I did! Boo hoo!"

Plain and ugly women may take comfort since history has satisfactorily proved that the women in all times, who have exercised the greatest influence on men's lives, are *not* the beautiful ones.

An editor says the business men of a Western town have presented their editor with a fine horse and buggy as an evidence of their appreciation of his paper. We hope there will be no such trick played upon anybody here.

A young fellow who wanted some money went to a man and asked him to advance him five dollars. "Why!" said he, "I don't know you." "That is why I came here," answered the other, "for those who know me won't lend me five shillings."

The Eight-Hour Law.

The committee appointed to visit the new Post-office building and see if the men were working according to the provisions of the eight-hour law, report that they had been unable to see the superintendent, he being absent from the city, but they had an interview with the assistant-superintendent and had ascertained that the work had been done by contract, but the contracts had been thrown up and that for some months past the works had been solely under government control. That the men worked ten and in some cases fifteen hours per day, but were paid by the hour; and the assistant-superintendent claimed that the men were better paid than were those working on any similar work anywhere throughout the city. That the work was all being done under instructions from Washington, and no reference was made in those instructions to any given number of hours per day, only they were ordered to be guided as to wages by those given to other parties. The men at work on the buildings were mostly non-union men, for the reason that they did not like to employ others, as they frequently made trouble. There were eighty-one men employed at present, all told, as the work was delayed for lack of material, but soon a large force will be engaged. The superintendent was seen at a later interview, and he told the committee that if the eight-hour law was not enforced it was the fault of the working-men themselves, and not his. He should go exactly according to his orders, and if they wanted any alteration in the manner of working, they must go to Washington for it.

Age and Wealth.—Says the *Golden Age*: It is remarkable that the wealthiest citizens of New York are all at an age when most men are too infirm for business affairs, yet they are not only hale and vigorous, but actively engaged in conducting their immense business. William B. Astor is nearly 78; Alexander T. Stewart, 70; Cornelius Vanderbilt, 78; Daniel Drew, 71; Peter Cooper, 79; George Law, 73. Most of our millionaires are 60. The truth is, in order to acquire great wealth or to keep it in these days, men must be temperate, industrious and regular in habits; and these are life-preservers. A cool head, a firm will, and vigorous and tenacious grip upon affairs, without which business becomes gambling, can not co-exist with the vices that prey on health and shorten the days. So that really men are seldom so well employed as when making money in the legitimate way.

They reckon time out West and give dates by saying "two weeks before the last circus," or "three weeks after the last circus."

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3661_scm12289-0104