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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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John the Baptist.

[From Longfellow's new Poem.]

Repent! repent! repent!
For the kingdom of God is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord shall be
As the waters cover the sea,
And encircle the continent!

Repent! repent! repent!
For lo, the hour appointed,
The hour so long foretold
By the Prophets of old,
Of the coming of the Anointed,
The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!
He shall not strive nor cry
Nor his voice be heard in the street;
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,
Nor quench the smoking flax!
And many of them that sleep
In the dust of earth shall awake,
On that great and terrible day,
And the wicked shall wail and weep,
And be blown like a smoke away,
And be melted away like wax.
Repent! repent! repent!

O Priest, and Pharisee.
Who hath warned you to flee
From the wrath that is to be!
From the coming anguish and ire?
The ax is laid at the root
Of the trees, and every tree
That bringeth not forth good fruit,
Is hewn down and cast into the fire!

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither?
In the hour that is uncertain,
In the day of anguish and trouble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as a curtain
And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall wither,
And the whirlwind shall take you away as stubble!
Repent! repent! repent!

EDITH WELDON'S MARRIAGE.

Ten years ago it was less the custom than at present, for people to be married in church. At that period the good clergyman was wont to come to the "residence of the bride's father" where, in the presence of a few intimate friends, the ceremony would take place, after which, perchance, would follow a reception for the less favored "ten thousand;" and it was upon this plan that Edith Weldon's was arranged to take place. It was within the hour appointed for the marriage, and she stood ready dressed in her pretty boudoir, when her mother came in to attend to the final touches in the fastening of the bridal veil.

"Has Dick come?" asked Edith, staying her mother's hand as she was about to throw the flimsy lace over her head.

"No, not yet, of course. Why! don't look so pale, my darling, it is not time for him yet."

"I wish he were here," sighed Edith. "Somehow I cannot help worrying about him."

"You are nervous, dear, that is all," said Mrs. Weldon, kindly. "He will be here presently. Dick was never unpunctual, and he will scarcely be to-night."

While the finishing touches are put to the pretty toilette, a few words with regard to the story of Edith are necessary.

The young bride was the eldest daughter of one of our city merchant princes, a lovely woman, though perhaps a shade more demure than most girls of her age. Yet in spite of her quiet, and what some of her friends called "old fashioned" ways, they were somewhat surprised when she accepted Mr. Richard Strong as her lover. He was a country gentleman, a scion of one of the best families of which New York can boast, and lived on his farm, which he took great pains in cultivating. He was a man of fine powers, and high education, but his agricultural life had lead to a certain roughness of dress and manner that was at times almost uncouth. Then his face was browned by the sun to a deep tan color, his hands were rough and brown, and he would not wear gloves, and would wear heavy boots. Despite this, he was a fine looking man, with intelligent eyes and well knit frame, and Edith had sense enough to see beneath the somewhat rude exterior a cultivated mind and affectionate heart.

Mr. Weldon was well pleased with his daughter's choice. Mr. Strong's family was one for which he had the highest respect, and Edith's simple tastes were such as admirably fitted her for country life. The young lady's city friends were, however, rather contemptious at her lover's unmistakable bucolic appearance; and some of these who looked no deeper than the surface, declared that he was only a country "clod hopper." To tell the truth, Edith herself had been a little horrified at Dick's utter indifference to style, and had even urged him to employ her father's tailor.

"Go to Digby!" he exclaimed, with horror "why, he would make me look like a fool! No; Bounderby always has made my clothes, and Bounderby always shall. He knows how to suit me!"

And so even the wedding garments were made by Bounderby, who had a large run of custom among the gentlemen farmers of New York, and understood how to make coats of excellent material and no particle of style.

Edith's toilette was complete by half-past seven, and her mother and bridesmaids left her to finish their own preparations. For a short time she was alone, and sat listening to every ring of the bell, hoping each one was Dick's, and expecting to be called down to meet him; as the moments went by and no message came, her anxieties increased. It was certainly very strange that he had not arrived. He was the very soul of punctuality—always sure to appear at the precise moment appointed.

Presently people began to come into the room; aunts, and cousins, and particular friends; and there was much chattering over the bride and her dress.

Edith put the questions, "Has Dick come?" "Have you seen Mr. Strong?" until she grew ashamed to repeat them, and her companions laughed at her for her seemingly needless anxiety. At eight o'clock her mother rejoined her, gorgeous in blue velvet and diamonds.

"Well, Edith, the hour has come."

"But not the man," added one of the gay girls, laughingly.

"Is not Mr. Strong here yet?" asked Mrs. Weldon, in surprise.

"I think not."

"That is strange," she replied, looking unmistakably annoyed. "But don't turn so pale, Edith, dear, he must be here, or come directly; I will go and see about it."

She kissed her daughter tenderly, and went down stairs. In the library were her husband and several gentlemen. Mr. Weldon came forward to his wife.

"It is a little strange, Mary, it is five minutes past eight, and Strong is not here."

"Can any of his friends explain his detention?"

Just then the door opened, and among the select few was admitted Charlie Strong, a city man and a cousin of Dick's.

"Ah, Charlie! is Dick with you?" asked Mr. Weldon.

"Dick! No! Isn't he here?"

"No."

"Why, that is very odd! I left him an hour ago on his way here."

"On his way! Was he driving?"

"No. You know what a queer fellow Dick is. I wanted to send for a carriage; but he said that was all nonsense for such a short distance, and in spite of my objections, he put on an old summer overcoat to cover his evening dress, and started to walk here with me. I told him he did not look much like a bridegroom; to which he gave the characteristic reply, that "Looks aren't everything."

"And how far did you come together?"

"To Fourteenth street; there I turned off to Irving place, and he started up Broadway."

The disappearance of the bridegroom was rendered more mysterious by this statement. There seemed absolutely nothing to do but wait for his arrival as patiently as possible; and as people began to pour in, the time for the reception having come, Mrs. Weldon received them with what self-possession she could, not telling them to go away, since at any moment the missing man might appear, and the ceremony proceed. The company was very dreary, however; everyone knew what had happened, gaiety was out of the question, and the only amusement was to rush to the door of the hall every time anyone came, in hopes of seeing the pleasant brown face of Dick Strong.

Charlie Strong went down to the hotel on the chance that for some inexplicable cause Dick had returned there. No, he had not been seen. Mr. Strong next inquired of the policemen along the route if anyone had been taken suddenly ill, as this supposition had occurred as a possible explanation of Dick's absence—his splendid health rendered it rather an absurd one. No, nothing unusual had happened, except that there had been a fire on Broadway and a great crowd. This was the news with which the young gentleman came back to the house, and the non-appearance of the bridegroom seemed stranger than ever.

Poor Edith sat in her rooms looking like a pale and stricken flower; her bridesmaids and friends were gathered around her doing what they could to cheer her, but she grew hopelessly sad. The hours of the wedding evening stole by without any news of her lover. From time to time when there was the bustle of an arrival below, one of the girls looked out to see if Mr. Strong had come, but each time only to return with fresh disappointment, so that in the bridal-room, as well as in the parlor, there was gloom and anxiety.

And now to tell of the man who had so strangely disappeared. When he parted from his cousin, Dick, as Charlie had said, went straight up Broadway, which was the nearest road to Mr. Weldon's home on West Twenty-sixth street. When he had passed Union Square, he saw that quite a crowd of people was assembled in front of one of the stores, from the upper windows of which smoke was issuing. No thoughts of turning aside to avoid the throng occurred to Mr. Strong's mind; no, he was broad-shouldered and powerful, and he began to push the throng, elbowing right and left, and hurrying on at little less than his usual brisk pace. He had proceeded in this way, getting a good many angry looks, and some very uncomplimentary remarks, to which he had paid no manner of heed until he had reached a point where the crush was densest. Here he was jostled about somewhat rudely, in spite of his endeavors to forge ahead unchecked. He began to feel a little angry at what seemed the unnecessary amount of hustling he received, and was pushing on rather unceremoniously when he was suddenly grasped by a man, fully as powerful as himself, who cried out—"You have got my watch! Police! Police! Stop thief! Police!"

The man roared out the words in a voice that rang above all the murmurs of the crowd, and Dick in a fury of rage turned upon him like a tiger.

"You internal scoundrel, what do you mean? Let me go! Let me go, I say!"

He struggled fiercely, but the man who seized him by the shoulder had him at a disadvantage, and continued to shout:

"Police! Help! help! Stop thief!"

In a moment three or four men had hold of Mr. Strong, who fought and raved in his wrath and indignation, and then two policemen appeared on the scene and summarily took him into custody.

"There you scamp—now we've got you!" cried the man in triumph.

Dick glared at him, almost speechless with anger, though he managed to say to the policemen:

"You surely don't intend to take me into custody on the charge of that maniac?"

"Indeed we do, my good man, and you might as well come along peaceably."

Now if there was one thing that more than another Dick Strong despised, it was any boasting of position, or family, or money. He had always declared that "people would know a man was a gentleman without any need of telling them so," and that "it wasn't any consequence what a man wore if he only behaved himself. He had flattered himself that he looked, despite the roughness of his dress, too much the well-bred gentleman ever to be doubted, and yet here were these two policemen calling him "My good man," hustling him along, and no way to get out of the scrape but to try to convince them that he was not a common thief!

Thus the unfortunate bridegroom was pulled through the crowd, people staring at him, the policemen holding him fast by the arms, and his captor following close at their heels, giving vent to feelings of enjoyment in occasional exclamations of "Scoundrel!" "Scamp!" "But he couldn't come it over me!" &c. Goaded at last beyond endurance, Dick suddenly turned upon him:

"But I haven't got your watch, I tell you! You ought to know what you're talking about, before accusing an honest man in this way."

"None of that now," said the policeman roughly; "Come along quietly."

"We'll see!—we'll see!" shouted the tormentor.

And thus was Dick led along, a miserable captive. Men looked curiously at him as they passed, women drew back in horror from the criminal. Never had poor Strong so longed for the face of an acquaintance, but none met him. It was growing dark; and was not an hour when any one he knew was likely to be out. In the side street very few persons were abroad; and so they reached the station-house. For some little distance Dick had been quite silent; and recovering from his rage, had tried to think what might be best for him to do. Once in the dirty room of detention fresh cause for anger speedily arose. The robbed man, who gave his name as John Clark, showed as a very respectable-dressed person when in the light, and displayed the dangling end of a handsome watch-chain, from which the watch had been wrested.

"The ring was a little worn," he said, "and broke with the pull. I felt it, and saw the hand that grasped the watch. It was brown and ungloved, like his," pointing to Dick, who as usual was ungloved. "I turned round quickly and caught him. Now see if you don't find the watch on him."

"It's all an infamous lie!" said Dick. "What should I want of his beggarly watch?"

"The prisoner had better be quiet and let himself be searched," replied the police captain.

"Search me and welcome," retorted Dick, pulling off his overcoat, thereby bringing to view his handsome dress suit.

The men looked at each other in surprise. "I didn't think he was a swell cove," said one; "he looked like the common kind"

"Mr. Strong now drew out his own watch, which was an elegant chronometer.

"Here," said he to his captor, "why should a man want to rob you when he has such a time-piece as that?"

"It was stolen too, I've no doubt," replied Mr. Clark, imperturbably.

Dick nearly fell into a rage again. "You're an incorrigible old fool," said he.

"Prisoner will please be careful," said the officer, sternly. "Now, sir, what is your name?"

"Richard Strong."

"Residence?"

"Oak Hill Farm, Alleghany county, New York."

A shade of surprise crossed the officer's face as he asked—"Occupation?"

"Farmer."

Just then Dick, who still had his watch, opened it, and uttered a cry of horror—it was after eight o'clock.

"For God's sake, be quick with this farce," he said, earnestly. "I have a most important engagement, and it is already past the hour."

Mr. Clark smiled contemptuously.

"I'm afraid you'll have to put it off," he said.

"You do not seem to understand the gravity of the charge, Mr. Strong," said the captain. "Officers Smith and Brown will please search the prisoner."

With what grace he could muster Dick submitted to the search; it was long and tedious, and resulted, of course, in nothing. Strong was boiling over with indignation and impatience, but had to put up with it; and as it chanced, from the fact of his having on new clothes, the pockets were nearly empty, he had hardly anything upon him to serve as vouchers for the truth of his assertions about himself. His linen was, indeed, marked with his name, and the men were conviced that their culprit was by rank a gentleman, whether the charge made against him was true or not. When he was brought into the large room, Clark sprang forward eagerly.

"Did you find the watch?"

"No, of course they didn't," replied Dick.

The man's countenance fell.

"Then he must have flung it away when I caught him," he said.

"Why, do you still think I stole it?" demanded Dick.

"Of course you did; I saw you take it." Dick turned away from him, without reply, to the captain, "Now, sir, I hope you will let me go."

"No, Mr. Strong, we cannot do that while this man swears to this charge against you."

This was more than Dick had expected, and his reserve broke down, "But, Captain, you must let me go—why, this is my wedding night and I *must* go."

"That's a likely story," said Clark with a sneer.

"May I ask who you are to marry," asked the officer, looking rather incredulous.

It was awfully against Dick's ideas but he had to say, "A daughter of Mr. John Weldon?"

"Not Weldon of Weldon & Grey?"

"Yes."

"Oh that's too much," cried the inexpressible Clark, "As if he would look at such a fellow as you!"

Dick's anger flamed out again, but he began to find there was no use in displaying it, and addressed himself especially to the captain. To him he was very august, saying all he could to prove that his statements were true—perhaps too he displayed some of the greenbacks that were plentiful in his purse—be that as it may, he succeeded at last in persuading the officer to allow a message to be dispatched to Mr. Weldon, and finally one of the policemen departed with a hastily scrambled note.

By the time he reached Mr. Weldon's, it was after ten o'clock; the uncomfortable guests there assembled had began to think they had better go home, as there would be no wedding that night, and the clergyman, who had passed anything but an agreeable evening, had gone to Mrs. Weldon's to make his adieux, when there was a ring at the bell, followed by a rush to see who it might be.

When the door was opened and a policeman stalked into the hall, the excitement was intense. Mr. Weldon hurried forward to meet him. The man touched his hat.

"Are you Mr. John Weldon?"

"Yes."

"A prisoner down at our station sent you this note."

Mr. Weldon opened the missive eagerly; people crowded round to learn its contents.

"I am in the 27th street station house, charged with theft; for God's sake come and get me out. Richard Strong."

A shout of laughter followed this announcement, the people were so amused, they thought it such a good joke. The relief after the long suspense was so great, that peal after peal of merriment rang out, the jolly sounds echoing even to Edith's room, and the girls jumped out to hear the news, quickly brought her back the tidings that Dick was safe, though in such a funny scrape.

The policeman meantime looked at the smiling throng and then at Mr. Weldon.

"So what he said was true, and he was going to marry your daughter?"

"Yes, certainly."

"We would not believe him, he looked such a shabby chap; however, the Boss said, as it was so near, I might come and see."

More laughter followed this, and in a few moments Mr. Weldon and Charles Strong were on their way, with the police man, to Dick's relief.

There is not much to add; when they reached the station, a few words from Mr. Weldon convinced the police captain, that there must have been some mistake, and Mr. Strong was released. Clark still remained at the place, and was furious at the result; when going out, Dick said to him—"Now, Mr. Clark, I hope you are convinced that I did not steal the watch?"

To this he replied very angrily—"You did too, for I saw you; and I say it's a monstrous injustice to let you off just because you are going to marry a rich man's daughter."

Their was no use arguing with such a person; and as Dick once more drew on the objectionable overcoat, Charles Strong could not help saying, "Ah! Dick, it was all because you would wear a shabby coat, and would not have a carriage. You will do better next time."

When they reached the house there was a great crowding about the bridegroom, and much merriment and congratulations. Edith came to meet him, her paleness succeeded by blushes, and the ceremony proceeded at once.

Hard Times and What Causes Them.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without genuine work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmer's sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and Post Offices; hardly one American girl in each hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her need; so we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artisans millions worth of products that we ought to make for ourselves. Though our crop of rascals is heavy we do not grow our own hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flaggellation, we import our willows. Our women (unless deceived) shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign clothes; the toys which amuse our younger children have generally reached us over the sea. We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's son to chop his wood, feed his stock, and run his errands, while his own boys lounge at the grog-shop, playing billiards, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again.

We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food-growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per annum, that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so long and so successfully augmented year by year. We must qualify our clever boys to erect and run factories, furnaces, rolling-mills, tanneries, machine shops, etc.; to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm. So shall we stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.—*Exchange.*

American Cheese in England.

The Utica *Herald* reports: The cheese which we sent to England in the fore part of the season was much of it too green when shipped, and arrived in bad condition. Some of our hot weather cheese also disappointed the receivers, but our later make has been excellent. A Utican who is interested in our dairying interest, and is now sojourning in England, writes a private letter from London, from which we are kindly permitted to extract. He says: American cheese, this Fall, I am happy to say, is excellent. There is only a small quantity of Cheddar that can beat it. On this trip I have been to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Hereford, and Swindon. I saw a very large amount of American cheese. In fact, it is to be seen in abundance all through England. In London and its suburbs every grocer and butter-dealer's is full of our cheese. The price is so low, and it is so much better in quality this year than it ever has been, and they have all dealt freely in it, and laid in all the stock they could raise. One cheesemonger here in London, at the first news of the Chicago fire, asked me if I thought it would raise the price of cheese much. If I thought it would, he should buy all he could, even though the price had advanced a little. He was making a capital thing out of what he had, which was 4d. per pound net profit. He said, "I tell you it is a capital cheese; and if the Americans go on like this, they will have the whole cheese market."

To Farmers.—Of all the dreary places, deliver us from the dreary farm houses, which so many people call home. Bars for a front gate; chickens wallowing before the door; pig-pens elbowing the house in the rear; scraggy trees never cared for, or no trees at all; no cherry shrubs; no neatness; no trimness. And yet, a lawn, and trees, and a neat walk, and a pleasant fence around it, don't cost a great deal. They can be secured little by little, at odd times, and the expense hardly felt. And if the time comes when it is best to sell the farm, fifty dollars so invested, will often bring back five hundred. For a man is a brute, who will not insensibly yield to a higher price for such a farm, when he thinks of the pleasant surroundings it offers to his wife and children. Farmers, beautify and adorn your farms; set out orchards, shrubbery, shade trees; lay off lawns; build good fences; put up good gates, and paint or whitewash your outhouses and fences.

A Cruel "Sell."—The Post-office Department at Washington received from the Secretary of the Treasury a box containing 19,500 canceled postage and revenue stamps. These stamps were forwarded to the Treasury by a lady residing at Bridgeport, Conn., who says she is one of a Bible-class; that she was told by the Superintendent of her Sunday-school, that if she would collect one million stamps the Government would give her $300. She therefore forwarded a part of the required number, and requests pay for them pro rata. She states that if the Goverment wants a collector of defaced stamps, she will take such a position for a reasonable compensation. The Third Assistant Postmaster-General, replied to her letter, saying that canceled stamps possess no value whatever, and that the newspaper rumor that the Government will pay for such stamps is doubtless intended as a "sell."

Anna Dickinson's lecturing receipts for the last two years alone have amounted to nearly $40,000.

The Russian at a Ball.

The ball given at Governor's Island, in honor of the Duke Alexis, was opened by General McDowell and the Grand Duke, Miss Nellie Murphy being the first partner selected for the Prince. The band struck up a lively galop, and the General with his partner started off in good time. The Prince essayed to start, but had scarcely turned around before his feet slipped and threw him out of time, so very smooth and oily was the floor. He quickly recovered himself, and then with some caution he proceeded in good style. On returning his partner to her friends she complimented the Prince on being a good gentleman to dance with. The Grand Duke, as he appeared on the ball-room floor after divesting himself of hat and long cloak, revealing his princely head and dark, gold-studded uniform, was entirely becoming to his high rank. Had any stranger stepped into the place and been asked to point out the most distinguished looking man on the floor he would certainly have selected the Grand Duke. His was the tallest figure there, and his perfect self-possession gave him a graceful bearing, and there seemed to be harmony in every gesture. The next partner of the Prince was Miss Morse, who danced a waltz with him. The other partners were Miss Blodgett, Miss McDowell, daughter of General McDowell; Miss M. V. Shaler, daughter of General Shaler; and Miss Sullivant, an Ohio belle, and niece of General McDowell. From all that has been seen of the Grand Duke Alexis it is evident that he is not a "lady's man." While acting as escort he is always polite and occasionally gay. But he never flirts. As soon as the ceremony of dancing is over—for it is little more than a ceremony for him—he relieves his partner of his company and goes his way, leaving her to go hers. If he can steal away he will walk off alone, get in a back room, roll a cigarette, and smoke it. While Alexis attracted everybody's attention his brother officers were improving the opportunity to put themselves on good terms with the ladies, in which they succeeded admirably, being all fine-looking and well educated men.

A Lesson in Geography.

In a late report of the Secretary of the St. Louis Newsboy's Home, is the following: During one of their class lessons in geography, each lad in his turn was required to give the name of three European countries until all had been named. The first boy responded by saying England, Ireland and Scotland; the second followed with France, Prussia, and Russia; the next boy's geographical knowledge was evidently limited, for he gave in perfect seriousness "Carondelet, Kirkwood, and Chicago," although with a half doubtful air. "No, no," said the class master of the evening, "name three of the countries in Europe." The boy looked at the floor, and then at the ceiling, in a state of perplexity. A boy behind the other quietly whispers, "Hungary, say Hungary." "No, I shan't, you're hungary; hungary ain't no country." "Yes it is, you numskull, say Hungary." With this gentle prompting Hungary was said. "Yes, now another." Prompter behind whispered "Turkey." "Go on with yer, turkey ain't no country." "Yes it is, thickhead, say Turkey." Turkey was said very doubtfully. "Yes, that's right, Hungary and Turkey; that's two; now another, I want you to name three." Boy gave an appealing side look full of confidence to his prompter, who whispered "Goose, say Goose." "Goose," shouted the student of geography, as if he'd known it all his life to be the name of a country in Europe. Roars of laughter from all present greeted this answer, much to the confusion of the student, who finally created diversion by attempting to make geographical researches with his fist about the polar regions of his prompter. In the midst of confusion the class was therefore brought to a close, but "Hungary, Turkey, and Goose" will be long remembered by many present.

The American Congress.

In the following table of Senators and Members of Congress the political character of Congressmen is put down as understood at the time they were elected:

SENATE.

Republicans	57
Democrats	17
Republican majority	40

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

	Forty-first Congress.		Forty-second Congress.	
	R.	D.	R.	D.
Alabama	4	2	3	3
Arkansas	2	1	1	2
California	1	2	3	0
Connecticut	3	1	3	1
Delaware	0	1	0	1
Florida	1	0	1	0
Georgia	3	4	3	4
Illinois	10	4	8	6
Indiana	7	4	6	5
Iowa	6	0	6	0
Kansas	1	0	1	0
Kentucky	0	9	0	9
Lousiana	5	0	5	0
Maine	5	0	5	5
Maryland	0	5	0	0
Massachusetts	10	0	10	0
Mississippi	5	0	5	0
Michigan	6	0	5	1
Minnesota	2	0	2	0
Missouri	7	2	4	5
Nevada	1	0	0	1
Nebraska	1	0	1	0
New Hampshire	3	0	0	3
New Jersey	2	3	3	2
New York	18	13	15	16
North Carolina	5	2	2	5
Ohio	14	5	14	5
Oregon	0	1	0	1
Pennsylvania	18	6	13	11
Rhode Island	2	0	2	0
South Carolina	4	0	4	0
Texas	3	1	1	3
Tennessee	8	0	2	6
Vermont	3	0	3	0
Virginia	8	0	3	0
West Virginia	3	0	1	5
Wisconsin	5	1	4	2
The Territories	6	3	0	2
Totals	170	69	139	104

The Difference.—Talking temperance, and resolving in favor of it—on paper—are two very different things. At least, so thinks Col. Higginson, who after the teetotal plank had been voted in the Woman's Rights platform, observed: Women, as a whole, are favorable to temperance; but how is it in your gilded parlors on New Year's Day, where champagne is offered from beauty's hand? A gentleman once said to me, "I would rather face a battery than a lady who asks me to take a glass of wine."

A Theory of the Deluge.

The author of a work entitled "Cyclical Deluge," recently published by Appleton & Co., argues that the ocean has grand secular tides or deluges, which occurs every ten thousand five hundred years, two in each cycle of the equinoctial expression. The last deluge was that to which the traditions of many languages refer—the "great deluge" and occurred four thousand two hundred years ago; when the sun's heat having sufficiently softened the vast accumulation of ice around the North Pole, the fragments of the ice mountains rushed in a body to the South, causing a sudden displacement in the earth's centre of gravity, and carrying with them the gigantic erratic boulders, whose presence in northern latitudes still puzzles geologists. According to Mr. Walker, the author of the work, the next grand break-up will occur about six thousand years hence, when a counter oscillation of the south seas will occur; the Antarctic glacier will be shattered; "the southern waters will be rushed down upon the northern hemisphere, which will once more be submerged, while in the south unknown continents will appear." Admiral Wilkes, of our navy, will look forward with interest to that day, for then the Antarctic continent which he claims to have discovered in 1840, but which has since been invisible, and over which Captain Ross and other voyagers have repeatedly sailed, may then come to the surface of the water; and his memory cease to be a source of amusement to geographers and nautical men. The theory of the periodicity of great deluges was propounded by Alphonse Joseph Adhemar, in his work entitled "Revolutions de la Mer," where he argues that the waters are now rising in the seas of the northern hemisphere, and that the Antarctic ice is already piled up to a height of sixty miles. He invites attention to the contour of the earth's shadow upon the moon during lunar eclipses, with a view of verifying his calculations. The results of these are accepted by the present author, who seeks to sustain them by various arguments drawn from geology. The volume is reported, by those who have read it, to have much scientific merit. The probability of its conclusions, however, is a point that only mathematicians can settle. Meanwhile it is reassuring to be told that the next cyclical deluge will not occur until the year 7382 of our era, even though upon that occasion "vegetable and animal life on the north of the equator will, in a great measure, be destroyed; while the same must happen to the human race on that hemisphere, excepting, perhaps, a few tribes or families, who, escaping to the highest table lands, and mountain ranges of the earth, may survice, only to fall back almost immediately into a state of torpid barbarism."

Doctrines About Marriages.

Rev. Mr. Conkling of New York delivered a discourse on marriage, in which he said: Marriage is honorable to all. God sanctioned the holy rite of marriage in the very beginning. Ere sin entered into the world Eve was created to be wife unto Adam. It has always been the strength of a country and a great and necessary preventive against sin. And when the laws which regulate marriage, which loosen its ties, which grant divorces for mere trivial things, which delay God's commandments and shock the common sense of mankind—when these laws, I say, are altered, modified and overthrown, so soon does that nation so doing commence the downward path to utter ruin. Let but the thoeries of Robert Dale Owen, of the community and the like prevail, and our lives would be but bestial ones. The government should put down the Utah polygamists. Talk about its being founded on "religion," and thus shielded from assault; why, some thieves might as well club together and declare robbery "religious." No! It will be the crowning act of this administration if they grapple with this outrage on common sense, and consign it to oblivion. It will be severe, no doubt, on the wives and children, but the former knew what they were doing.

Families are the grand safeguard of the nation. When Adam was created but one wife was created for him; and Jesus Christ says "Thy *twain* shall be one flesh." Jesus sanctioned marriage, he performing his first miracle at a marriage feast.

Where there are families there are generally children. But one of two things prevent children. Either physical disability or sin on the part of the mother. And I am glad I have an opportunity to speak on the latter point. The small number of children in American families has but one cause for it. It has become more and more fashionable to regard children as cumbrances, as annoyances, taking away from time and pleasure. And this has indeed deterred many from entering marriage bonds. But many of those who have, have committed wholesale murder (for it is nothing else), ruining themselves physically and morally. I cry out against this and say, "They that do these things shall *not* enter into the Kingdom of God." A hell is prepared for them.

I advise all young men to marry. I can conceive nothing more abject, more lonely, unhappy and selfish than an old bachelor. Young men, refuse no good opportunity to marriage and the grand preventive of sin.

A woman's love is deep in the affections; and hence, if her husband is unfaithful or a drunkard, or cold, she loves him still through it all. But let a woman be untrue and she is denounced, spurned, thrown off by her husband. Hence it is that when a woman does fall she is far worse than a man in like circumstances ever afterward.

A Husband's Liability for a Wife's Bill.—An action was decided in Philadelphia last week, by Judge Thayer, in favor of a husband who had been sued by a dry goods firm for the amount of a bill run up by his wife. Defence set up that defendant furnishes his wife with an ample supply of necessaries. In the course of his charge Judge Thayer said: "It is a false and foolish notion for tradespeople to entertain that a husband is bound to pay all bills contracted by his wife. No such monstrous doctrine is allowed in the law. Tradesmen must ascertain the facts and the true relations of man and wife before allowing the latter to run up bills which he is to be looked to for pay."

Above all Price.

How dear does mother hold
Her bonny little one?
Just as dear as the jostling clovers
Hold the merry sun.

How hard would mother try
To please her pretty lass?
Just as hard as the pleasant showers
Try to please the grass.

How fair does the mother think
The darling at her breast?
Just as fair as the fleet white sea-bird
Thinks the wave's white crest.

How long will mother's love
For her treasure last?
Just as long as her heart keeps beating—
Till her life be passed.

How much will mother's love
Change from warm to cold?
Just as the mountain changes,
Or the ocean old!

Facts and Fancies.

Song of the fawn—Call me early, mother deer.

The United States Treasury is called the original dollar store.

Eight thousand men are constantly employed rebuilding Chicago.

Eye-glasses are worn by young swells to let people know that their eyes are affected as well as their brains.

At a N. Y. party the other evening five blonde society men made their appearance with their hair arranged *a la* Grand Duke.

We hear a great deal about Labor Reform, but there seems to be a greater need of reforming some of those fellows who don't labor.

The Chicago *Tribune* suggests as a neat and appropriate monument of the conflagration, a pyramid of the worthless fire and burglar proof safes scattered through the burned district.

The following speech was made by the winner of a prize in a foot race. "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup,"

A gentleman was introduced to a young lady recently, and addressed her as follows: "Where do you live when you are at home?" to which she promptly replied, "When I am at home I live there."

A clerk writes home to his sweetheart; "Can't marry you this winter. Our firm don't advertise; business is awful dull, and I will get my wages cut down, if the firm don't bust all together. So let us postpone till '72."

In the Meriden, Conn., quarries have been found the footprints of gigantic birds, made centuries upon centuries ago, when the sandstone was wet sand. Probably no tracks ever distributed have made more deep and lasting impressions.

An Iowa merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail: "You say you are holding my note yet. Just keep holding on to it, and if you find your hands slipping, spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

A resident of Tangier, in Morocco, writes that African children are dragged along the streets there by a Moorish auctioneer, and that the traffic in human beings goes on every market day in connection with the sale of cattle and agricultural produce.

A "jour" tailor named Jimmy Yolk, ninety-four years old, is now traversing Ohio as a professional "tramp." He has been on the tramp for seventy-five years, and has visited every State in the Union many times, walking on an average 3,000 miles every year.

The murderer of the late Justice Normon of Calcutta was hanged, and his body then burned by low-caste men, the object of the second operation being to scatter his ashes so that when Azrael, the Angel of Death, comes to summon sinners to judgment, he may not be able to find him.

The ceremony of tying the marriage knot is much simplified in the Hoosier State, as the following will show: "What is your name, sir?" "Matty," "What is your name, Miss?" "Polly." "Matty, do you love Polly?" "No mistake." "Polly, do you love Matty?" "Well, I reckon." "Well, then,

"'I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life.'"

Shrewd Swindle by a woman.

A Mrs. B——, described as "moving in the best circles" of San Francisco, was lately informed by a letter that a beautiful and an accomplished niece of an intimate friend was about to make her a visit. Glad to welcome Eastern belles, Mrs. B—— determined to omit nothing that could render her guest's stay pleasant. In due time the young lady arrived, and her beauty, her rare accomplishments, and, above all, her luxuriant golden tresses, became at once the theme of conversation among the San Francisco bachelors. The story is easily guessed. She came, she saw, she conquered. A wealthy broker offered the fascinating niece his hand and heart, and, being fortunate in his suit, pressed for an immediate marriage. Mrs. B—— rejoiced, and to her rejoicing came the anxious niece. What should she do for a trousseau? She had written to her banker, but it took time to receive money. Of course Mrs. B—— was only too glad to advance the necessary $5,000, and a magnificent array of laces and other goods was at Georgia's disposal. Meantime, having told her predicament to her betrothed, he too had handed his check for a large amount to his enslaver. As they say on the stage, "Exit Georgia, enter police." A trunk of cast-off clothing and a profusion of golden hair was all that the fictitious niece but clever swindler, had left behind her.

New Swindle.—Our exchanges speak of a new swindling game, which consists of an agent calling at a house and displaying a number of sealed envelopes, containing samples of silk, merino, calico, &c., collecting twenty-five cents for a choice, and promising to send a dress pattern like the sample in the envelope chosen for the small sum of one dollar; but neither man nor dress is ever seen afterward.

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very retaliating disposition; that she retaliated for every little thing. "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often!" "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir."

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