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In the Tunnel.

The disastrous consequences which sometimes ensue from young people of opposite sexes being brought into proximity to each other in railway tunnels are cleverly set forth in the appended verses from the Harvard *Advocate*:

Riding up from Bangor,
On the Pullman train,
From a six weeks' shooting
In the woods of Maine,
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student feller,"
Tall, and fine, and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, petite

Blushingly she falters:
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged,)
Student, quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through;"
Thinks of the long tunnel—
Knows what he will do.

So they sit and chatter
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student feller"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about—
"May, I, if you please, sir,
Try to get it out?"

Happy "student feller"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gentle whisper—
"Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz, ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And a glorious darkness
Black as Egypt's night.
* * * * *

Out into the daylight
Darts the Pullman train,
Student's beaver ruffled
Just the merest grain;
Maiden's hair is tumbled,
And there soon appeared
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

HOW THEY ESCAPED.

The train was waiting to leave the station. There had been robberies on the line, and a detective was eagerly watching the faces of the passengers, hoping to catch the thieves. I, the guard, was watching things generally. Presently I caught myself watching a girl who stood alone at some distance. I wished I could have gone straight to her, and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the line of carriages at which she gazed so timidly. Just as I hesitated, a very remarkable figure elbowed its way to me: a stout, grandly-dressed old lady, panting painfully, and almost piercing me with a pair of restless, half-opened eyes, that looked out through the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on her sharp nose. Two porters followed her, laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas and flowers—the only flowers in the station, I expect, that winter night—and one of the men winked at me over her head, while the other guarded her treasures with a face of concentrated anxiety and thoughts engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it ga'ad?" she asked, peering sharply into my face with her half-closed eyes, as if she found it difficult to distinguish me even through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her to be deaf, but I never guessed how deaf until, after yelling my answer so loud that the engine-driver must have heard it eighteen carriages off, she still remained stonily waiting for it.

The she shook her head angrily and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as I should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering glasses, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed a few minutes afterward, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to any other passenger by her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxiety of the obsequious porters. The young and pretty lady had taken a seat in a forward carriage.

I suppose that, without exactly being aware of it, I kept a sort of watch over this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a lazy young gentleman who persistently kept hovering about it and looking in. His inquisitive eyes had of course caught sight of the pretty face in there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid manner. He was no gentleman for that reason, I said to myself, yet his dress was handsome, and the hand that played with his long, dark beard was small and fashionably gloved. Glancing still into the far corner of that one first-class compartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window, and stood near it while the lamp was fitted in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; the young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half darkness was better to look at than this companion. Mortified a good deal at the fairure of my scheme for her comfort, I went on to my van, beside which the detective waited for me.

"No go, you see," he muttered crossly, "and yet it seemed to me so likely that they'd take this train."

"I don't see how it should seem likely," I answered, for I hadn't gone with him in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me very likely that three such skillful thieves as you are dodging, who did their work in this neighborhood so cleverly two nights ago, should leave the station any night by the very train which the police watch with double suspicion."

Having nothing better to do, I wondered a good deal how these thieves could arrange their getting away while the walls were covered with the description of them, and every official on the line was up in it. There was no doubt about their being three very dexterous knaves, but then our detective force was very dexterous too, though they weren't knaves (and I do believe the greater dexterity is generally on the knavish side), and so it was odd that the description still was ineffective and the offered reward unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capon, alias Captain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias Dr. Crow; a thickset, active man, of middle height, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-gray hair and whiskers, dark gray eyes, and an aquiline nose. Mary Capon, his wife, a tall woman of forty; with a handsome fair face, a quantity of very red hair, and a cut across her under lip. Edward Capon, their son, a slightly built youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen (though, for the matter of that, I thought he might have had cunning enough for twice his age), with closely-cut black hair, and delicate features."

We all knew this description well enough, and for two days had kept our eyes open, hoping to identify them among the passengers. But our scrutiny had all been in vain; and as the train rushed on, I felt how disappointed the police at Euston would be when we arrived again without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of this subject, and went back to worrying myself about the sad-looking, yellow-haired girl who had so evidently wished to travel alone, and been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop with the handsome beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of her, until, as we were dashing along like lightning through the wind and darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes from Chalk Farm, the bell in my van rang out with a sharp and sudden summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage furthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and, hastening along the footboard, hesitated at no window until I reached the one from which I felt quite sure that a frightened young face would be looking out. My heart literally beat in dread as I stopped and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only the two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head from the book she held, and looked up at me astonished—childishly and wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train?" she asked timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely from a seemingly snug nap. "What on earth has stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising; and pushing his handsome face and his long beard past me at the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm had not been given from this carriage; yet the feeling had been such a certainty to me that it was long before I felt quite convinced to the contrary; and I went on along the foot-board to other carriages very much more slowly than I had gone first to that one. Utter darkness surrounded us outside, but from the lamplit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this unexpected stoppage. No one owned to having summoned me until I reached that second-class carriage near my own van, (which I had hastened past before,) where the fidgety, deaf old lady who had amused me at Rugby sat alone. I had no need to lock in, and question her. Her head was quite out of the window; and, though she had her back to the light and I couldn't see her face, her voice was cool enough to show that she was not overpowered by fear.

"What a time you've been coming," she said. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

But though I yelled the question with all my might and main, I believe I might just as hopefully have questioned the telegraph-post which I could dimly see beside us, and have expected an answer along the wires.

"Where's the small luncheon basket?" she inquired, pulling out her long purse with great fussiness. "A small luncheon basket, my good man, and make haste."

Shall I ever forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering gold-rimmed spectacles? What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her decidedly *not* being, as anyone might suppose, a raving lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse out into her lap, "I'm as hungry as I can be."

I suppose that when she looked up at me from the silver she was counting she saw my utter bewilderment, I didn't try now to make her hear, for I knew it to be hopeless—for she raised her voice suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness, and pointed with one shaking hand to the wall of the carriage.

"Look there! Doesn't it say 'Small luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord.' I want a small luncheon basket, so I pulled down the cord. Make haste and get it me, or I'll report you to the manager."

Seeing now that she was almost as blind as she was deaf, I began to understand what she meant. On the spot to which she pointed above the seat opposite her two papers were posted in a line; one the advertisement of "Small luncheon baskets" supplied at Rugby, the other, the company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases of danger. As they happened to be placed, the large letters did read as she had said:

"SMALL LUNCHEON BASKETS. PULL DOWN THE CORD."

While I was gazing from her to the bills, getting over a bit of my astonishment, and she was giving me every now and then a sharp touch on the shoulder to recall me to my duty and hasten me with her refreshment, we were joined by one of the directors, who happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry old lady; no, not in the slightest degree. She never heard one word of it, and only mildly insisted, in the midst of it, that she was almost tired of waiting for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of five pounds, but he couldn't, thought he bawled it at her until the poor old thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing; perhaps overcome by her hunger; perhaps frightened at the commotion she saw though didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let the shillings and sixpences roll out of her lap and settle under the seats.

It seemed to me a long time before we started on again, but I suppose it was only a six or seven minutes' delay after all. I expect I should have waited to explain the stoppage to the pretty young girl of whom I considered myself a sort of protector; but, as I said, she was at the very opposite end of the train, and I was in haste now. There must have been a good laugh in several of the carriages when the cause of our stoppage got whispered about. As for me, when I got back into my van, solitary as it was, I chuckled over it until we stopped at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

"Of course you have the carriage doors all locked, and I'll go down with you while you open them one by one. My men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a detective officer whom I knew pretty well by now; having had a good bit to do with him about this Warwickshire robbery.

"It is no use," I said, before we started, "the train was searched, as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you. What causes such a scientific preparation for us here?"

"A telegraph received ten minutes ago," he answered "It seems that two of the thieves we are dodging are in this train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery wasn't made until after you left the junction. Have you noticed"—he dropped his voice a little here—"a young lady and gentleman together in either carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my breath as he spoke. "No," I said, quite in a hurry. "No young lady and gentleman belonging together; but there may be plenty in the train. What if there are, though? There was no young lady or gentleman among the robbers!"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis, with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman who'd make herself into anything; and you must own that a gentleman with a dark, long beard isn't bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick red hair and a cut on her upper lip."

"But the young lady?" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah! the young lady. True enough; well, what should you say, now, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely-cut dark hair that we are after?"

I did come along, feeling very stupidly glad that there was all the train to search before we could reach that carriage at the other end where sat the girl whom I had, in a way, taken under my protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave this train pray? Call me a cab," cried the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we reached her carriage, and found her gazing out in most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I hear, aye, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily. Davis stood aside watching while I unlocked her door and helped her down. Then, seeing her helplessness, and her countless packages, he beckoned a porter to her, winking expressively to call his attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined, and though Davis detected no thief, he turned away only more and more hopefully from each. He was so sure they were there, and that escape was impossible. We reached the last carriage in the line, and now my heart beat in the oddest manner possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?" asked Davis, while my fingers were actually shaking as I put my key in the door of the centre one. "Empty and dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't have been left dark," I muttered, looking in. "Hallo! what's came to the lamp?"

I might well ask what was come to the lamp, for the compartment was as dark as if it had never been lighted: yet had not I myself stood and watched the lighted lamp put in at Rugby? And—the carriage was empty too!

"Why was this?" asked the detective, turning sharply upon me. "Why was not the lamp lighted?"

But the lamp *was* lighted, and burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensely black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was so completely dark as if no lamp had been there at all. The perplexity in Davis' face was as great as my own, when I told him who had traveled here. "They couldn't have left the train *here*, at any rate," he said; and I knew that as well as he did.

But you have guessed the end. During those few minutes that we stopped on the line, the two thieves—darkening the lamp even after I had left them, and using their own key—had left the carriage under cover of the darkness; managing their escape in their black dresses out into the blackness of the night as cleverly as they had managed their theft and subsequent concealment. But how could they have depended on this unusual delay—this exquisite opportunity given them in the utter darkness, close to the city, yet at no station? When I officially made made my deposition, and explained the cause of our stoppage, something of the truth seemed to break upon us all; but it wasn't, for a good while that it settled into a certainty. Then it got clear to everybody that the older scoundrel had duped us more ingeniously than the younger ones. As the incapable old lady (deaf as a stone, and so blind that she had to peer through her glittering glasses, with eyes always half closed, and so hungry that she had to stop the train for a luncheon basket) he had played upon as the neatest trick of all. Where on earth were the thick iron-gray hair and whiskers by which we were to have identified him? But by the time the police saw the whole thing clearly it was too late to follow up any clue to him.

The cab which had taken the eccentric old lady and her parcels and flowers from Euston was lost in the city and could not be tracked. A high reward was offered for information, but no one ever won it. My firm belief is that it was no legitimately licensed cab at all, but one belonging to the gang, and part of the finished fraud. I verily believe, too, that somewhere now—though perhaps on the other side of the channel—those three practiced knaves enjoy a hearty laugh over that December journey by night-express.

Davis still assures me, with the most cheerful confidence, that he shall yet have the pleasure some day of trapping three of the most expert and skilful thieves in Britain. I wish I felt as sure of it.—*The Argosy.*

A Texas paper says: "We have been asked why we stopped publishing the list of marriage licenses issued by the clerk. Because a great big stand-up-in-the-mud out there in the sandhills said we published his daughter as married when she wer'n't, and that he would hit us on the head hard enough to knock our ankles out of joint. Is the explanation satisfactory?

Here is a Missouri paper's notion of the high calling of journalism: "We are compelled to make this week's issue almost exclusively a local and advertisement paper; but look out for next week's. It will be one of the gayest, fiercest, hottest papers that ever went forth from an American news-raggery."

"Tell the mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman lodger to a female domestic. "Very well, sir; mistress will put it down as rent"

Indians as Gamblers.

In California the Indians gamble something after this fashion:—They all assembled in a large shanty, squatting in a circle around a bright fire to the number of about forty men, squaws and papooses. They first proceed to make up a stake for the great game of the evening. One Indian would lay down half a dollar, then another of the opposite party (they were equally divided off) would cover it.

Another would lay down the blanket or a pair of trowsers, and one of the opposite party would match it with an article agreed to be of the same value. A squaw would put down a dress or a petticoat, and it would be matched by another, and so on, until they had a stake worth playing for. The whole stake consisted of $8, in half dollars, about a plug-hatful of shell buttons and a large heap of clothes and blankets, some of them very good, altogether probably being worth $150.

They gamble with four pieces of bone about two inches long, two of which are smooth and two marked with rings and strings tied around the middle. The game is conducted by four old and experienced fellows, two for each party, squatting on their knees on opposite sides of the fire. They have before them a quantity of fine dry grass, and they roll up each piece of bone in a little ball, with their hands first before them and then behind them, and the opposite party guesses in which hand is the marked bone. When one guesses the right hand he says "we" (number one-right,) when he guesses the left he says, "tep," (number two-left). They have twelve small sticks for counters, and when all are on one side the game is ended.

Generally, only one man guesses at a time, and if he guesses right for both of the players they simply toss the bones across the fire to him and his partner, and they commence rolling them up. If he guesses right for one and wrong for the other, the one whom he guessed right is "out" and stops playing, but his partner rolls up for another trial and the guesser forfeits to them one of the counters. When all the counters are won by one couple the game is done, and every Indian takes out of the stake the article he deposited and the one laid on it so that every one of the winning party comes out with precisely double what he went in with.

All this is very simple, but it took me nearly two hours to penetrate into the whole mystery of it, such a wonderful amount of juggeleries, mummeries, manipulations and incantations do the Indians encompass it with round about. As soon as the Indians commence rolling up the bones in the hay, they fall to whipping their arms back and forth, before and behind them, swaying their bodies backward and forward, and chanting, "Ha-man, ha-man, ha-man," or "ki-yi, ki-yi, ki-yi," or something else, each chanting whatever suits him, but keeping perfect time with his companions. Then pretty soon they hold up their hands to their breast with their elbows akimbo, twist their bodies around, as if they were in mortal agony, and reduce their chant to a mere grunt, "Uh-uh, uh-uh, uh-uh," though they grunt in perfect time with the twisting.

How He Started Off.

In the year 1801 the Hanoverian General von Estorff, a personal friend of William IX., Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was consulted by the latter respecting a suitable person for the situation of banker to the court. Von Estorff had observed Meyer Rothschild as the cleverest clerk of Openheim's house, and proposed to introduce him to the landgrave as one of the best financiers he had ever met. On being summoned to the palace one afternoon, Rothschild found William and Von Estorff engaged at chess, the latter evidently getting the best of it. The Jew stood for a long time waiting patiently behind the landgrave's chair, without a word having been spoken by any one, until at length William turning abruptly to Rothschild, said, "Do you know anything of this game?"

"A little; and if your Highness will give me leave to suggest certain moves, I think you would win the game."

"Out with it then," replied the land grave.

And by following the clerk's advice William won the game, which so pleased him that he at once promoted Rothschild to the office of court banker.

After this, the banker took care of William's money when the latter was obliged to fly his throne, and returned it with such scrupulous exactness that William soon placed him in a way to get rich.

Hints to Young Men.

These words of wisdom are from a paper in the last number of *London Society*: After all, in looking out for a wife, a man must consider how she will show at the fireside, rather than at parties. You can learn so much of literary and æthetic tastes, the favorite books that are always in hand, the music that is regularly studied and sung, the kind of associations, and the general order of tastes. It is by far the best way of getting up a flirtation, which is not unpleasantly done and benignant. Love-making is an uncommon pleasant employment for the winter nights. You may talk of the perils of young men when they come up to town; but there is no better safeguard than giving such young fellows the associations of home and sweet woman. Parents make an immense mistake taking too severely monetary a view of the young fellow's prospects. I never knew a young fellow under ever so dun a cloud who, with purpose and ability, could not work out his way into the sunlight. Better even the long engagement, or the early marriage, than many other suppositions that might be put.

SOLID FIGURES.—The papers are noting the high prices paid to foreign singers. None of these figures, however, come up to what Barnum paid Jenny Lind. She received $208,675 for ninety-five concerts, which give an average of $2,196 per concert, or $43,920 for twenty nights. He also paid all the expenses of Miss Lind, her companion and servants from England, and all their hotel and traveling expenses up to the last concert, besides furnishing her always with a private coach and horses. The receipts of the concerts varied from $5,000 to $18,000 a night. Ten concerts realized over $140,000. This was, in 1857, when a thousand dollars was more than a thousand now-a-days.

Notes on the Fashions.

Pearl, buff, salmon and pale pink are the fashionable colors for kid gloves.

The only two colors in gloves that will never be fashionable, are crimson and blue.

The shaggy Angola furs dyed a bright blue, is very much used for trimming house sacks and morning robes.

The latest styles of wedding and reception cards are marked with one letter only on the envelope and at one side of the paper.

The most fashionable colors in silks this season are "Vendome" bronze, Puce, and a delicate mauve, trimmed with two darker shades of the same color.

A new style of cloak is of velvet, made very long, over which are two or three capes, trimmed with lace and sometimes fur. It would seem as if a very strong back were required to carry such a heavy load.

A lady appeared at a party in N.Y. city recently, dressed in a black gros grain, with overdress of thread lace, looped up with diamond buckles, low corsege and short sleeves, necklace, bracelet, earrings, and tiara of diamonds. The dress was considered the most elegant in the room.

Old fashions are being revived this season in the matter of invitations and parties. This is seen in the parallelogram cards of invitation now used, instead of square ones, and in the simple, prim, formula of the invitation. The fancy for monograms is abating also, and the initial of the family name of the host, in raised white or in silver, ornaments envelopes that inclose cards.

Fashionable receptions in New York are called "cotillion dinners," and include a dinner at six o'clock, a dance, and supper later in the evening. The invitations are worded simply, "Mrs. Henry W. Jones requests the pleasure of Miss Smith's company at dinner on Thurday, 9th of November next, at 5½ o'clock A.M." The words "Cotillion at 9 P.M." are in the left hand corner of the card, and "R. S.V.P." This card is sent to fifty or perhaps a hundred intimate friends, while the "dear five hundred," who are mere society acquaintances, have a card for the cotillion only. The hostess gives the caterer an order for a dinner at which a hundred persons will sit down; and for supper for several hundred at a later hour.

Our Neighbor Mexico.

As every reader of the papers may readily judge for himself, our neighbor Mexico, is in a deplorable state of civil war. In fact the whole country is in one state of revolution. This does not seem to be divided between two parties or two chiefs, but into many, although the grand object of the revolutionists papers to be the rejection of Benito Juarez as President of the republic for another term of four years, upon the ground "that he has already presided over fourteen years—a period lenghtened contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the constitution, and that he has just secured his nominal and illegal re-election by using elements which pertain to the whole nation, and by violently stamping out the rights of a free people entitled to free suffrage."

While the revolutiontists are divided among themselves as to who will be Juarez' successor there is no doubt of their unity against the President. It is a fact to which attention should be called that the military men now engaged in this revolution are the same men—generals, colonels and officers of lower grade—who sustained M. Jaurez in the contest against the French intervention and who most distinguished themselves in the engagements which took place between the liberal forces and those of the French, Austrians and Imperial Mexicans.

The revolution appears to be general to a frightful extent. Armed bands are scouring the country, levying contributions and committing outrages of every nature. The whole country is flooded with "proclamations," issued by chiefs of these bands, and our unhappy neighbor is suffering more severly than ever before. Press gangs are everywhere engaged in forcing men into the "armies," and life and property are nowhere safe.

A Woman's Letter.

Mrs. Ruth is now on trial at Lawrence, Kan., as accessory with the lately-sentenced Dr. Medlicott in the alleged poisoning of her last husband. Her earliest public sign of moral perversion was in her facile divorce from the man whom Mrs. Ruth had supplanted in her affections. One of the passages from a memorandum book or journal kept by this woman has been accepted in evidence, and reads thus:

"Oh! God, that I were dead—put not thy trust in man—Sept. 19th, midnight tears that have been dried for months flowed like a raging fall down my burning cheeks; how my heart aches; where I thought is most perfection is most deception. Ah—how can you ever hope for forgiveness? Can it be possible you have forgotten me for such a length of time? Your punishment shall come when you least expect it, and from me. Confidence once betrayed can never be regained. Ah! throbbing, breaking heart, beat on a while longer, your term of trial will soon expire. Miles, Miles, Miles, ah, from the depths of my soul I cry out to you, come to me. I languish for your love. Ah, for your heart that had not a thought that was not mine! You that never deceived me. Ah, why is this curse upon me? I have suffered enough to expiate the crimes of a nation. God have mercy on me and temper my hastisement."

A HARD CASE.—William Kelley has just been pardoned out of the Ohio state prison, upon the belief that he was innocent of the crime for which a life-time sentence was passed upon him. He has been imprisoned twelve years, and the state settles its obligation to him by giving him a pardon and a new suit of clothes.

In China, the Emperor's physicians are liberally paid—so long as his Majesty continues in good health. But the salaries are suspended from the beginning of his illness, and it has been remarked that the near relative of the "Sun and Moon," generally enjoys uninterrupted health.

Editorial Troubles.

Of course there isn't a more delightful spot in the world than an editorial sanctum. If you doubt it, just ask any man who has spent several years there, wearing out his brains in perpetual efforts to write first-class articles, and having the same brains bothered every five minutes by people who can't understand how gloriously he is enjoying himself. Here is how a writer in the Detroit Free Press talks about the pleasures peculiar to the deep, grim silence of the sanctum.

No one ever comes up into the rooms of the top story of a four story building, set apart for the staff of a daily paper. This is why every article reads so evenly and smoothly. All you've got to do if you belong to the staff is to climb up there, sit all day long in the deep, grim silence, and when midnight comes you can lower yourself down stairs with a consciousness that every article will read like clock-work.

Yesterday morning I commenced an article entitled "The Unseen Influences of the Spirit World," and had gone as far as to say that "Although we hear no voices, there is some subtle influence pervading the——" when a man came up with a demand for a correction of an article charging him with bigamy. You have to keep right on with an idea when you get hold of it, and so I run him in.

"Pervading the air about you all the time Peter Smith has called at this office to say that the unheard voices coming from the dead often swerve us from he isn't the man mentioned as having two wives the path marked out by the obstinate——"

(Here another man came in and wanted a notice of his new building,)

"——spirits which refuse to yield to that new block on Michigan Avenue, although Smith is directly charged by the police with a marble front and 120 feet deep. At night, after a day's toil, who does not love to sit down and let his mind run to the mysterious, shadowy basement under it and stone caps above the windows we take great pleasure in setting Smith right before his fellow-citizens, and——"

(Here a man came up and wanted to look at a State map, although he could have found one down stairs.)

——"Certainly, sir; look at all the State maps you want to and call back the spirit of some dear friend gone before as will ascertain the name of the policeman who wrongfully accused Mr. Smith of having a frontage on Michigan Avenue, which helps the look of that street very much, and you will find the county of Hillsdale further to the left of that land from which no one has ever returned to tell as whether our friends are sad or joyful——"

(Here a boy came up and wanted to sell some tonka beans to keep the moths off.)

——"Thank ye, bub, don't want any tonka beans if you ever want to look at any more of our maps come right up with a Mansard roof to crown all, and Smith is now set right before the public and his friends generally, who have thus improved the town and commune with them as to whether a moment of sadness does not occasionally steal over them as they think of the fond friends left behind come up again and I'll talk with you about the tonka beans and every patriotic citizen ought to keep a State map in his new block on Michigan Avenue Smith states that one of his wives deserted him in Illinois and the other——"

(Here a subscriber came in and wanted to know why no paper was issued the day after Thanksgiving.)

——"Because it was a day set apart for one hundred and forty-four windows in the entire block with tonka beans enamelled on State maps to mourn their early departure through the valley and the shadow of death I don't want you to bother me any more Mr. Smith about your wives and come bub get right down stairs now with your beans to that spirit land where all joy and peace the compositors wanted a holiday and it's against the principles of Christianity to——"

(Here a boy came up with a basket of apples.)

——"Forever more can't eat apples owing to my teeth and Smith is now made good for any beans which any State map connected with this office has nothing but joy and peace to mark the never-ending time I'll break your neck if you say apples to me again and you see that the new block spoken of has no bigamy to prove the moths don't apple the tonka beans sold in Hillsdale county."

SUICIDE OF A BRIDEGROOM.—In a Missouri town a young man named Chaffin, blew his brains out with a revolver. He had won the affections of a young lady, and the day for celebrating the wedding nuptials was set. The ceremony was to take place at the residence of the bride's parents. The day arrived and the invited guests had assembled, and at the appointed hour everything was in readiness. The bride was dressed in her wedding attire and nothing seemed lacking but the groom, who did not make his appearance according to promise. After enduring lengthy suspense, a brother of the intended bride, went in search of young Chaffin, and found him in his own house lying on the bed, with two bullet holes through his forehead and a revolver grasped in his hand. He lay face downward and the bed clothes were saturated with blood. His wedding suit, consisting of black cloth, was found in a trunk in the room.

INTERRUPTED.—Mr. Bergh of New York, interrupted a pigeon-shooting match which had been arranged between Messrs. Bennet, Jr., and Parks, Jr., of the Long Island Shooting Club. As Mr. Bergh had threatened to prevent it both gentlemen declared the match off, neither wished to have his name in a test case. Hardly had this been explained to the spectators at Jerome Park when Mr. Bergh drove up to see that the match was not shot. After a sharp discussion Mr. Ira Paine shot two birds to afford a test. Mr. Bergh did not state what course he proposed to adopt, but it is understood he will prosecute all those engaged in this sport, under the act of April 12, 1867. On the other hand the members of the club will prosecute the eminent gentleman for his tresspass on the private grounds of Jerome Park.

A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery she said: "The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

Facts and Fancies.

A time to run—When you are in a hurry.

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

Nebraska has an editor so lazy that he spells wife, yf.

When is a small baby like a big banker? When he is a wroth-child.

The state of Texas could support the present population of the entire Union.

Tit for Tat—It is beauty's privilege to kill Time; and, in revenge, Time kills beauty.

Many of our foppish society men have taken to wearing French heels to their patent leather dancing boots.

A wedding in New York, which promised to be the success of the season had to be made private on account of a death in the family.

A Michigan woman, the wife of an invalid, and mother of twenty-six children, picked cranberries enough last Fall to pay off a mortgage on her farm.

A Gascon, in proof of his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other firewood than the batons of the different Marshals of France of his family.

A Chinese thus describes a trial in the England law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

The newest style for making street costumes is the Watteau shape, with large plaits at the back and skirt. They are very graceful and stylish, and becoming to almost any figure.

An exchange says that the new style of collar for gentlemen is simply terrific. They are an economical article, however, as with moderately long pantaloons they do away with all necessity for a shirt.

A resident of Kalamazoo writes to a "school board" in Ohio that he will take a school, as he has "tought 2 terms school and I attended 1 colledge 4 yrs at detroit, michigan and am 26 yrs avage.'

This is the way a Troy reporter congratulated a friend on his marriage:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of life,
Rashly importunate,
Taken a wife."

"Poor thing," observed a tender-hearted lady, in speaking of the death of a young friend, "she has just got a forty-dollar set of furs, and beauties they are; but she don't need such things now."

A lady boarding-house keeper, who was afflicted with boarders with very extensive appetites, seasoned their hash with snuff, because she heard the article recommended as a certain "cure for consumption."

The following singular epitaph appears in the cemetery at Malaga:—

"Here lies Jean Perrez, who was a
Good father, good son, and good husband.
Do not confound him with his younger brother,
Bearing the same name, who is a felon
in the galleys at Centa."

A member of the Board of Supervisors of a county in Mississippi objected to levying six mills on the dollar for school purposes, because there were only eight mills in the county, and one of them didn't have water enough to run half the year.

While Mrs. Riser, living near the Kansas and Nebraska line, was sweeping a room last week, her broom struck a gun under the bed, which exploded, the contents striking two of her little children in the lower limbs, causing the death of one and severely injuring the other.

A young lady, while standing in a window in Morgantown, Butler County, Ky., the other day, received a slight shock from a flash of lightning. On her recovery, it was found that an ailanthus tree, standing near the window, had been accurately photographed by the electric flash, upon her breast.

A SAD AFFAIR.—At Paterson, N. J., a sad affair took place. In the basement of the Holland Church lived the sexton and his wife, an aged couple, whose names were Leonard and Jacomina Copenhall. The room being forced open both were found dead upon the floor of the bedroom of the old couple. In front of the bed, lay the old man, dead. His wife reclined upon the edge of the bed, also dead. Their positions bore unmistakable evidence of their having endeavored to arise and of fainting in the attempt, from suffocation. The cause of the affair was very evident. In the kitchen was a small cooking stove, the damper of which had been turned off and the lids partially opened, after putting on some fresh coal to keep the fire through the night. This diffused a great quantity of gas through the kitchen, which communicated by an open door with the adjoining room, in which the old couple slept. The windows being closed tightly on such an inclement night, and there being no ventilation whatever, of course the inmates died with suffocation from the gas.

DISFIGURED CURRENCY.—Disfigured and mutilated United States notes will be received by the United States Treasurer, provided, that three-fifths of the original proportion of such notes are presented in one piece. If more than one-half and less than five-eighths is presented, half the face value will be paid. Less than half a note will be redeemed only on affidavit that the missing portion has been totally destroyed. Under the new rules any person, firm, bank, corporation, or public officer, will be permitted to forward $5 and upwards in fractional currency, and $50 and upwards in legal-tender notes for redemption to the Treasurer, by express, at the expense of the department under the government contract with Adams Express Company. Heretofore nothing less than $500 was entitled to transportation at government expense.

PLEASANT VISITS.—The members of the Legislature of Tennessee have for many years past had a pleasant custom of making an annual visit in a body to the widow of President James K. Polk. This year she is looking quite well, and recognized gentlemen presented a year ago, and not since. Mrs. Polk is a very superior woman; and from the period of her first entry upon the best social life of Washington has been noted for great mental and moral qualities, beauty of person, and excellence in all the graces that adorn life.

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