The Cambridge Chronicle.

CLEMENT SULIVANE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. I. NO. 47. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1872. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

The Crocus.

I love my love for her liquid eyes;
  I love my love for her hair;
I love my love for her broad, broad brow,
  With never a care-mark there.

I could tell of the length of each waving lock,
  I could tell of her downy cheek,
I could tell of the curve of her dimpled chin,
  And the love that her lips bespeak.

But a jealous carle am I of my love;
  Not a whisper shall come from me,
Lest envy should rise in the listener's breast—
  And Jenny belongs to me.

I keep my treasure in casket tight,
  A prisoner strait apart,
A prisoner kept without lock or key,
  For her dungeon close is my heart.

There are those who sing of their love as a rose;
  Some call her a lily fair;
Sweet-scented May is a gentle blonde,
  And violet rich and rare.

An ancient thought it was, and a sweet,
  To see in the blooming face
Of girlhood, budding to woman's prime,
  Some beauty of floral grace.

And I love my love for her liquid eyes;
  I love my love for her mein;
The red that mantles her damask cheek
  Might make her the roses' queen;

But roses bloom not in wintry winds,
  When round us the snow-wreaths play,
So my darling plucks for her night-dark locks
  The buds of the crocus gay.

A CONFESSION.

Most men would hesitate at telling such a story of themselves. But I am convinced that it will afford a suggestion of mercy toward such as do fall, and some may be turned away from temptation by its recital.

I had been an under-clerk in a large establishment for many years. Naturally economical, my savings had attained to such a respectable sum that I ventured upon married life, quite as much as a refuge from the monotony of my inexpensive style of living, as in obedience to those yearnings of nature which a man is very foolish or very bad not to heed in due season. Like most men, however, adventures of this kind are not always followed by the comfort and ease and happiness which depend upon money for their possession. In the course of time I came to repent the undertaking, for I was in debt, my family had increased, while my income had not kept pace with my expenses. My wife lacked the courage to practice the self-denial which would be consequent upon a retrenchment of our expenses. I was daily annoyed by duns. I had borrowed money in every available quarter, and a walk in the public streets was literally denied to me by the fear of encountering some one to whom I was indebted for my house expenses.

Returning home late one night, jaded by a listless stroll through the town, I found the junior member of the firm waiting for me. The house had received intelligence, after business hours, of a transaction entered into on their account which required the immediate transmission to an isolated inland town of several thousand dollars, together with certain papers and statements necessary to conclude the affair. It was too important an affair to be intrusted to the delay and uncertainty of the mail at the time. Upon a consultation of the firm, I had been selected to perform the necessary two days' journey. I accepted the mission with alacrity, for the reason, among others, that it would be such a recreation as would divert my thoughts for a time from the perplexities of my miserable condition.

With the usual foresight of the firm, everything necessary to my prompt departure had been prearranged. The needful papers and accounts, and the indispensable money requisite to finish the transactions, were placed in my hands in an envelope addressed to the gentleman who had acted as agent of the concern in the matter. A letter of instruction was likewise enclosed.

I remember well the bright September morning on which I started on horseback and alone on my journey, of which I accomplished half the first day, arriving at a farm-house, whose occupant unhesitatingly granted my petition for a share for the night in its humble hospitality.

The weather had grown colder as the evening came on, and by the time I had reached the house I experienced a sensible chill. I had with me a flask of liquor, and was furnished at my own request, at bedtime, with a small quantity of hot water with which to compound a sort of punch, as an antidote to the cold I apprehended having taken.

I had removed the package of money from my pocket and laid it on the table, with a view to putting it under my pillow before retiring. As it lay on the table the address was uppermost, on the left-hand upper corner was a memorandum, "$5,000 enclosed." I was standing with my back to the door. Succeeding a few moments of entire silence, I heard a step behind me, and I almost think I felt a breath upon my face. Turning suddenly round, I beheld my host with the hot water I had called for in a tumbler in his hand. He was quite beside me, and his eyes rested, or I fancied they rested, on the package upon the table. I must confess I was considerably startled by this incident. My concern was not diminished by observing that he had removed his shoes, and was standing as he had come up—in his stockings. My first impulse and act was to take the water out of his hand. Not being quite ready to use it, I put the envelope of money on top of it, as the most convenient thing to keep it hot. I did not turn the superscription downward, because I feared it would betray the suspicion, which I now positively entertained, of evil intentions on the part of my entertainer, who had quitted the room as noiselessly as he had entered. I imagined a great many ways in which he could have become acquainted with the cause of my journey, and came rapidly to the conclusion that my employers' funds were in danger. That they were actually so became evident before the night had passed. I recalled the man's countenance vividly to my recollection, and examined from memory his features, so as to make some estimate of the character with which I had to deal. Physically, he was more than my equal. When I first alighted at the house it struck me I had seen him before, and after further and profound reflection, I distinctly recalled him to my mind as a merchant who had dealt with our firm during my earlier connection with it, and who had failed through the dishonesty of friends whom he had helped. I remembered him as having been spoken of as being disgusted with trade, and having sought a home in the wilderness with his family, and literally earning a living by the sweat of his brow.

There were but two bed-rooms in the house, both on the same floor, a passage which commenced at the head of the stairs dividing them. While the thoughts which I have related were passing through my mind, I heard voices in the other bedroom, and quietly opened my door, which my host had carefully closed behind him. Standing out in the passage, I could distinguish a man's and a woman's voice. At first, their language was unintelligible, but gradually my ear became accustomed to the duty I had endeavored to put it to, and I could distinguish that the burden of their talk was their domestic expenses, and the general current of their thoughts was the difficulty of getting through with certain undertakings which they had in contemplation, or had commenced. It was evident that the man was more hopeful than the woman. My excited imagination at once framed the theory that the treasury in my possession was designed by them to solve this difficulty, and that the reluctant man was being urged on by the less scrupulous or braver woman.

A sudden movement of one of them toward the door caused me to retreat into my room. I heard the bolt of their door moved, and supposing it was but to unfasten it, I hurried back to my apartment and caught at the envelope, intending to hasten it out of sight. In my eagerness to grasp it, it fell tumbling with the wafered side uppermost and opened! The wafers had been so far dissolved by the heat and moisture as to split in two, leaving one-half of each (there were three) on the flap and the other half of each on the body of the envelope. Meanwhile, there was no sight or sound of an inroad into my room. [redacted] I looked at the memorandum on the back of the envelope. It was "$5,000." The letter was open before me. I read it over. It named five thousand as the sum enclosed. There was evidently an error. I counted it over again. Ten thousand dollars was the sum before me! Again and again I counted it. I had been used to handling large sums of money, and counted large amounts daily; but I actually found more difficulty in arriving at the actual account of the bank bills before me, than I ever before or since encountered in counting any sum however large or however numerous the notes. Finally, putting a chair against the door, I spread the notes out singly on the little table, in a row, and counted them with my finger. Then made two rows of five notes each, and again counted them. I finally, though slowly, became satisfied that I had in my possession double the amount of money I was expected to deliver to my employers' agent. Temptation entered my soul. Five thousand dollars would relieve me of all my debts. Here it was within my grasp. I had but to seal up the letter by rewetting the wafer, inclosing but half the money, and deliver it sealed to the agent, and my trust would be to all appearances, faithfully discharged. Once the thought occurred that possibly it might be a trap set for me by my employers. But their confidence in me was unbounded, and the suspicion was dismissed. I do not attempt to glaze over the dishonesty of what I contemplated; but I had been so unceasingly worried and annoyed by domestic troubles arising from limited resources, and so persecuted by creditors, that I almost argued myself into the conviction that appropriating the money was simply authorized self-defence. I would pay all my debts, get clear of the world once more, insist upon my wife's adopting my views of living, save money, get into business for myself, and finally, pay back the sum.

I left the envelope unfastened until morning, so as to give myself that much more time before finally deciding upon an act which all my arguments with myself had not made entirely reconcilable. Arrived at this conclusion, my attention again turned to my host and his wife. I could hear his voice alone now. It had been sounding along in a somewhat elevated tone for some moments. I crept quietly to the partition dividing their apartments from the passage. The bright Autumn moon, which was on their side of the house, shone through their window and through the spaces between the shrunken planks of the partition and out into the passage, and upon its floors in brilliant bars of light. It was easy for me to see what was passing within the room. Man and wife were kneeling at their bedside in prayer. The man with uplifted head and closed eyes uttering an earnest supplication, his wife beside him, and one arm passed affectionately through one of his, and her head resting against his shoulder. They were kneeling at the side of the bed opposite to me, and his face was plainly visible. Its calm and pious expression was a sufficient rebuke to my unjust suspicions. I began to listen in time to hear him cry: "Pardon, O merciful Father, not only for the sins of Thy humble servant and his household, but turn the hearts of those who have done evil unto him, who have harbored unjust suspicions of him. Bless such, O Lord, and preserve them, in order that they may turn from the error of their ways and seek the path of righteousness."

His serious, earnest and manly voice struck a chord in my heart, not only in sympathy with the honest and tender supplication that was passing from his lips, but of contrition for the wrong I had done him by my suspicions. I involuntarily compared him, whatever his good or bad deeds, at least an humble penitent before God, with the wretch I had decided but a few moments ago to make of myself, by misappropriating my employers' money, and still haunted, however, by the relief it could obtain for me, would not quite give way to the feeling of repentance which was knocking for admission at my breast. I had half decided to turn away and drive these better thoughts from my mind, when I observed something that was moving in a small crib that was placed at the side and toward the foot of their bed. Its occupant, a grandchild, whose parents, they had informed me, were dead, awakened probably by its grandfather's voice, rose up, looked around, and settled down upon its knees, and clasping its little hands as its grandfather's were clasped, and looking upward out through the window at the moon, whose bright light fell upon its darling face, began moving its lips as if trying to repeat the words. Nothing so like an angel ever met my sight. The grandfather began the Lord's Prayer. The little fellow seemed to have this by heart. He repeated it word for word, his tiny, silvery voice sounding in sweet accord. I could not turn away, nor any longer resist the better emotions which I had hitherto kept down. A rush of repentant feeling passed through me with an effect that shook every fibre. I fell on my knees, and with the tears streaming from my eyes, joined in the concluding words of the prayer.

I need not say I changed my mind with regard to the money. I passed a quiet night and rose early, hastened away toward my journey's end, so as to give myself the least time or opportunity for changing my new-formed resolution. In handing the package to the agent, I said to him, that as there was money in it, it might as well be opened in my presence, to see that all was correct, &c. He of course discovered the error, and handed me back the amount that was over, with which I returned home and delivered it up safe to the proper owner in due time.

It was fortunate for me in every way that I pursued the course I had adopted. It appeared that the money had been obtained from the bank after bank hours, in the presence of the teller, from one of the officers. There was no loose money on hand of the larger denominations, but there were sheets of thousands and five hundreds signed by the president and cashier. Either two sheets were picked up in mistake for one, or the wrong batch of sheets was selected from—that is, thousands were selected instead of five hundreds. The notes were hurriedly clipped, strapped and endorsed "$5,000," without recounting, and so enveloped and handed over to me. The bank had discovered the error, and no doubt was entertained but that the missing money was with me. Whether I should have had the face to withstand the imputation, even with the apparently undisputed condition of the envelope in my favor, is more than I can say, but I doubt it.

But the notes, in pursuance of a precaution still in use in some banks, were payable to one of the clerks, and had not been indorsed by him. I could not, therefore, have used them, or if so, they could have been traced back to me. I found, also, that the numbers had been carefully ascertained of all I had taken with me, and thus another chance of detection existed. What an escape!

Upon returning and entering the counting-room I handed the surplus back to my senior, with a feeling somewhat of pride, but mixed up with other feelings not easily described.

My precaution of having the money opened by the agent in my presence was highly commended, and the probability of his misappropriating the undue amount—as very little personal knowledge of him was possessed by the firm—was duly discussed. What was said on this point brought blushes to my cheeks.

In course of time my senior accountant was taken into the firm. I was put into his position, and with his salary, I saved money, finally got into business on my own account, and am now, as you know, rich. I never forgot my former host and his grandchild; but at the death of the farmer I took charge of the boy. He is now my partner, and the husband of my daughter.

New York Dry Goods Market.

The market is filling up rapidly with piece goods buyers from the interior, and the jobbing trade already assumes fair proportions. In fact, the business is unusually heavy for this period of the year especially in cotton goods.

Commission houses are not doing a very active business in staple cottons, the package demand having been pretty well supplied during December and the early part of the present month. Prices are very buoyant, and the tendency is toward a still higher range, in view of the high cost of the raw material and the scarcity of many staple styles of goods.

There have been no important changes on brown or bleached cottons since our last report, although a partial revision of quotations has been made for the purpose of equalizing values. Colored cottons are in fair demand at former prices and rule very firm. Paper cambrics are scarce, with large sales of popular makes, "to arrive," and prices again looking up.

Printing cloths are firm at 8c. on the spot, and there is a prospect of prints advancing ½c. at an early day. The demand for good styles of light work is active and liberal sales from first hands are reported.

Woolen goods sell moderately in good styles of medium and fine fancy cassimeres, with prices steady but no higher, and still below their relative value, as compared with wool. Cloths and doeskins bring better prices and are in fairly active demand.

Foreign goods of all descriptions are selling well from first hands at a material advance on last season's prices.—*N. Y. Paper.*

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE FOR FARMERS.—Farmers necessarily live at considerable distances from each other, and in consequence of this and their habits of steady labor, confine themselves too much to their own fields and firesides. They and their families need recreation, need pleasures, need something to counteract the effect of the constant labor in which they are engaged. The mechanic in the village or city has his mind frequently drawn away from his work by that which is going on around him; but the farmer, being differently situated, finds nothing to break up the monotony, unless he seeks for it elsewhere. It is quite probable that more work would be accomplished, and a better tone of feeling be experienced, to say nothing of the more cheerful countenance which would be worn, if a half a day each week were given to social intercourse with fellow-farmers instead of devoting six full days each week to unremitting labor. After a day spent pleasantly away from home, the labor is not so irksome—the laborer is happier. Allowing that as much was not accomplished by giving a little time to relaxation, it should be borne in mind that food and raiment for the family, forage for the stock, and money for the bank, are not the only things worth striving for. We need happiness. But if a portion of this time be given to a wide-awake farmers' club, ideas will be gained, practical knowledge acquired, which in time will bring about results far in excess of those which will be realized by the farmer who does not improve these opportunities.

HUNDREDS of Mormon women voted at an election for delegates to a convention in favor of the admission of Utah as a State. General Connor and other Gentiles were elected.

The Origin of an Old Proverb.

About the year 1000 B. C. there lived in the country of Phrygia, in Asia Minor, a peasant by the name of Gordius, who, while plowing in his field one day, noticed an eagle light upon his yoke of oxen, where it remained all day. Gordius became very much alarmed at this. Others believed it to be a prodigy, and prevailed upon Gordius to consult the soothsayer of Telmessus, a city in Lydia, which country in those days was famous for the science of augury. As he came into the city he was met by a very beautiful young woman. He related to her the cause of his coming to Lydia, upon which she assured him that the prodigy indicated his elevation to a throne. As an evidence of her faith in her interpretation of this extraordinary omen, she offered to become his wife. Although Gordius had doubts as to the verification of the prediction, he very willingly embraced this opportunity, and they became man and wife. Not long after this occurrence a sedition broke out among his countrymen, who were at the time without a ruler. They finally appealed to the oracles for a means to stop this anarchy. The oracles advised them to choose a king. They were to note the first man who passed the temple of Jupiter, driving an ox-cart. This person, the oracles assured them, was destined to become their ruler. Accordingly, all rushed to the temple. Gordius shortly after passed, driving his ox-cart. The assemblage hailed him as their sovereign, and he thus became King of Phrygia. As absurd as this may appear at a glance, it has many parallels in history. The popular caprice has frequently conferred honor and power upon persons of obscure birth, from a motive more rational than the one indicated above. During a sedition in Florence, in the middle ages, a wool comber was made chief magistrate of the republic, simply because he picked up a national flag and waved it over the heads of the multitude. To commemorate this remarkable elevation to a throne, Gordius dedicated his ox-cart in the temple of Jupiter to regal majesty. He fastened a knot to the beam of a cart, so dexterously involved and perplexed that the oracles promised the dominion of the world to the man who could untie it. The untying of it probably was impossible, as both ends were woven together. Great numbers tried to untie it, and failed. At length Alexander the Great came, and after repeated and fruitless efforts, drew his sword and cut it. Thus resulted the saying, "cutting the Gordian knot."

The Price of Type.

The tariff upon printing type is prohibitory in its working, and hence the Government receives no income of consequence from the importation. Of course the price charged by American founders is equivalent to the foreign price and the tariff added together.

In order that the printers and publishers of the country may know exactly what they pay in the form of bounty to the type founders of this country, we subjoin the price of type in Toronto and New York:

Size.	Toronto.	New York.
Nonpareil, per lb	62c.	76c.
Minion, "	56c.	66c.
Brevier, "	44c.	61c.
Bourgeois, "	40c.	60c.
Long Primer, "	36c.	56c.
Small Pica, "	34c.	54c.

Thus it will be seen that the American printers pay for their body type an average of 63 cts. per pound, while the Canadian printers pay an average of 44 cts. per pound. That is, we pay fifty per cent. more than we should.

This enormous extortion cannot be defended upon protection grounds, because it is a well known theory of protectionists that the greater industrial interest shall have precedence. Thus articles entering into the consumption of great manufacturing interests shall be admitted free.

The annual production of printing in the United States is $75,000,000, employing over 30,000 skilled mechanics; while the annual production of type founding is $1,500,000, employing about 1,200 mechanics. If we add to the production of printers the advertising income of the newspapers, the production will amount to over $100,000,000 annually.

Will this enormous business longer submit to be subsidized for the benefit of a monopoly?

It has been whispered that now that the subject is agitated by the press of the country, the American founders will come down in the price. If they do—so much for so much. But let the press demand the removal of the duty on type, and then no *three men* can get together and say how much the 30,000 printers of the United States shall pay for their tools to work with.—*Rowell & Co's Reporter.*

ENERGETIC.—All the accounts that have been received from the burned district, of Wisconsin give proof of the remarkable energy which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the people of that State. The village of Peshtigo, in less than four months, has been raised from its ashes. To be sure, many of the houses are not equal in style and finish to the New York houses, but they are comfortable enough to inspire their occupants with a sort of hopefulness which no amount of misfortunes can shake, and this means a good deal. An idea of what these poor people have endured may be formed from the fact that the water in the streams, flowing from the burnt lumber districts, is so impregnated with lye that it cannot be used. The lumbermen are worse off still, for they have been compelled, even where the rivers are more than one hundred feet wide, to melt snow in order to procure a supply of water for cooking and drinking.

RIVALRY.—Newspaper rivalry is at its height in Osceola, so the editor of the Osceola *Democrat* conceived of a plan whereby he should utterly annihilate his antagonist and secure an important item for the exclusive use of the readers of the *Democrat*. He engaged a man to attempt his assassination just before his paper went to press, intending to make some journalistic capital. But unfortunately his accomplice did not aim badly enough, and he gave the editor such a dose of shot that he was too much hurt to write up the affair, and so the opposition paper had the item, with "full particulars," exclusively. The wrong man now "hangs his diminished head," and, more yet, he has only himself to blame.

Too Sociable.

The following extract is from Mark Twain's new book entitled "Roughing It," now in process of publication. It is an amusing illustration of a back-settler's view of New York life:

In Nevada there used to be current the story of an adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth.

Colonel Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its way; but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the states, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arriving in New York, Colonel Jack said:

"I've heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called a stylish barouche. But Jack said:

"No, sir. None of your cheap-John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I meant to have the nobiest rig that's going. Now here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all the expense myself."

So Colonel Jim stopped an empty omnibus and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

Ain't it gay, though. Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they *could* see us."

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver!

"Say Johnny, this suits *me!*—suits yours truly, you bet! I want this shebang all day. I'm *on* it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right with *you* sonny!"

The driver passed his hand through the strap-hole, and tapped for his fare—it was before the gongs came into common use. Colonel Jack took the hand, and shook it cordially. He said:

"You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of *that* and see how you like it!"

And he put a twenty dollar gold piece into the driver's hands. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Bother the change! Ride it out. Put it in your pocket."

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack stared for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

"Don't say a word," he whispered. Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her portemonnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for? said he.

"Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shebang's chartered, we shan't let you pay a cent."

The girl shrunk into a corner, bewildered. An old lady with a basket climbed in, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Colonel Jack. "You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down here, mum, and don't you be the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you was in your own turnout."

Within two minutes, three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children, entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Colonel Jack; "don't mind *us*. This is a free blow out." Then he whispered to Colonel Jim. "New York ain't no *sociable place*, I don't reckon—it ain't no *nome* for it.

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there is *plenty* of room," said Colonel Jack, "Walk right in and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't worth anything *as* a blow-out, unless a body has company." Then in a whisper to Colonel Jim, "But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse, if it was going their way."

More passengers got in, more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

"Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything that ever I saw, I'm an Injun," whispered Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

"I weaken," said Colonel Jack. "Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around just as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them everywheres; and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents; go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent."

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said—"Jimmy, it's the *sociablest place* I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzed in as comfortable as anybody. B'George, we'll have to barricade our doors to-night or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us."

At a Boston wedding recently, the sexton made a mistake in the evening, thinking it the following week, and when the bridal party arrived at the church they found the doors closed and the place in perfect darkness. The ceremony was solemnized in the church after an hour's waiting in the carriages at the door.

A project is under discussion to take a hundred of the New York public-school girls on a tour to Europe next summer. The passage from New York to Liverpool and return will not be more than $50 apiece, and the Continent can be seen for another hundred.

How It Was Done.

The conjuror's explanation was a great lesson in "spiritualism." I next asked him to elucidate the trick of writing on the arm. On the occasion of my visit to Mr. Forster, when the raps indicated the second pellet, he required the "spirit" present to write the initals on his bare arm. Mr. Forster placed his arm under the table for a moment, then rested it in front of a lamp burning on the table, and quickly rolled up the sleeve of his coat. The skin was without stain or mark. He passed his hand over it once or twice, and the initals of the names I had written on the second pellet seemed to grow on the arm in letters of crimson. "It's a trick I do every night. It goes with the audience like steam," said the conjuror. "Very simple. Well, suppose a name. What name would you like?" "Henry Clay," I replied. Down went the conjuror's arm under the table. In a few seconds he raised it and exposed the bare forearm without mark upon it. He doubled up his fist tightly so as to bring the muscles of the arm to the surface, and rubbed the skin smartly with his open hand. The letters "H. C." soon appeared upon it in well-defined writing of a deep red color. "There you have it gentlemen; that's the blood-red writing. Very simple. All you have to do is to take a lucifer-match, and write on your arm with the wrong end of it. If you moisten the skin with a little salt water first, all the better. Then wet the palm of the other hand, rub your arm with it. Send up the muscles and the blood-red writing will come out. It will fade away in less than no time. If you look under the table, you will see that I have a little piece of pointed wood. I can move my arm under that and write the letters without using the other hand. But that's a trick which wants practice. Lor', how I had the Queen of Madagascar with this experiment.—*E. P. Hington's Genial Showman.*

A Jury of his Peers.

There dwelt some years ago in Bourbon county, Kentucky, a drunken, worthless, one-eyed fellow named C——, whose chief occupations were getting tipsy and fighting. There had just been elected a new prosecuting attorney, who was entitled to part of the fines which might be imposed on the malefactors of Bourbon, and he determined to squelch old C——. He did not wait long for an opportunity to have him arrested. B——, the constable, said, as it was an important case, he wanted about three days to get an appropriate jury to try it. On the third day the new attorney was informed that things were ready at the court-house. There was the judge, and behind him was the constable. On one side sat old one-eyed C——; on the other a triangle, each with a plug of tobacco and a jack-knife, the gift of the constable, whittling away, and according to the order, *spitting to the centre.* The astonished prosecutor looked at the jury, and exclaimed:

"Where did the constable get this jury?"

The constable quietly replied, "I thought the prisoner was entitled to be tried by a jury of his *peers*, and I've been out three days hunting 'em up. I've got twelve here, but if you don't like 'em, I've twelve more outside waiting."

The prosecutor looked out and saw, seated on the fence, twelve more dittos, similarly equipped and employed. He turned to the court in undisguised wrath, and said:

"I'll dismiss this case!"

The constable wrote his return on the warrant thus, "Dismissed by the attorney *on sight of the jury,*" and so it stands recorded until to this day. The prisoner was discharged, and left the court-house rejoicing at having been deprived of his unconstitutional right of being tried by the previously mentioned citizens.

FOUND OUT.—Apropos to the strictly confidential letters about counterfeit currency, a good many are received now-a-days. The Buffalo *Express* relates the following incident:—One day a man entered the Police Superintendent's private office and asked to see Mr. Doyle. The courteous chief motioned him to a chair and asked him to state his case, for the visitor seemed in a greatly perturbed state of mind. "Mr. Doyle," he began. "I have been swindled, and I want you to help me to punish the scoundrels."

"Explain!" remarked the superintendent. "See here, (producing a letter), I got one of these things a couple of weeks ago and I sent down twenty dollars." "Well, what did you get in return?" "A paper box of sawdust," exclaimed the visitor, "and that's what I want to see you about. I want you to—" "Stop a bit," interrupted Mr. Doyle; "what did you expect to receive for your twenty dollars?" "Why—why just what this states," stammered the man, holding up the letter. "And what did you propose doing with that stuff?" asked the superintendent, each second his glance becoming more piercing, and the color of the man's face deeper in proportion. "I, I, you know—" "Yes, I know. I guess you had better go." The man went.

BILIOUSNESS.—Dr. Dio Lewis, in his "Talks about People's Stomachs," says that the word "biliousness" is usually only a sort of respectable cover for piggishness. People are not bilious when they eat as they should. His prescription for a person so afflicted is, to drink plenty of cold water on rising and retiring, and to eat for breakfast, until the bilious attack passes, a little stale bread, say one slice, and a piece as large as your hand of boiled lean beef or mutton, or, if the weather is warm, take instead a little cracked wheat or oatmeal porridge; for dinner, take about the same thing; and go without your supper. Exercise freely in the open air, producing a perspiration, once or twice a day. In a few days your biliousness is all gone. This result will come, even though the biliousness is of the spring sort, and one with which you have from year to year been much afflicted. Herb drinks, bitter drinks, lager beer, ale, whisky, and a dozen other spring medicines, he pronounces simply barbarous, and only encouragements to drunkenness by cultivating a taste for ardent spirits.

FARM PRODUCTS.—U. S. farm products for 1870 attained a value of $2,445,000,000. New York takes the first place, and Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Iowa and Missouri come next in order given, and the last one produced over a hundred millions.

Life.

Life is a rose, brier-burdened, yet sweet,
  Blooming a day;
Flinging its perfume like perfume to meet,
  Wind-blown away!

Leaf after leaf spreads its blush to the air,
  Kissed by the sun;
Deeper-hued growing, as joy makes it fair,
  Love's guerdon won.

Leaf after leaf shrivels up from the heart,
  Leaving it bare;
Color and fragrance and joy all depart,
  None left to care.

Nay, the divine in it lingers there still!
  God's care in all;
Rose-leaves but drop at the beck of His will,
  Fetters which thrall.

Up from its trammels the freed spirit wings,
  Higher to soar;
Attar immortal a pure essence flings,
  Sweet, evermore!

Facts and Fancies.

The hunting season—leap year.

The end of the world—to make money.

An extinct race—childlike children.

A lover's meter—meet her by moonlight.

How a man hates to be seen sitting down on a slippery sidewalk.

Barley goes up as beer comes down, and a man who ales is called malt treated.

Strange but true—1872 will contain only forty-six weeks, for the other six will be Lent.

Some one describes a philanthropist as a man who loves all mankind and neglects his own family.

An industrious nosologist has estimated that there are about 2,400 disorders incident to the human frame.

Douglas Jerrold once said to a very thin man: "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

There are periods in the life of a man at which he is too wise to tell women the exact truth—when he's in love, and when he isn't.

The word "state" spelled backward is "etats" in French. It is not safe, however, to learn French simply by going back on your English.

It is a true saying that those against whom our hearts harden most are not those who have wronged us, but those whom we have wronged.

A horse turned burglar, the other night, at New London, entered a house and frightened the inmates badly. They considered him a kind of night mare.

Judge Jeffreys, pointing with his cane at a prisoner before him, observed, "There is a great rogue at the end of this stick." The man replied, "At which end, my lord?"

London is a wonderful city. Every eight minutes, day and night, one person dies; every five minutes, one is born; 800,000 have been added to the population since 1851. It is a world in itself.

A widow lady in Louisville has buried five husbands, the last of whom previous to his death, had buried the same number of wives. The lady is now in the prime of life, and quite good-looking.

A Cincinnati woman, whose curiosity led her to take a peep into a small-pox pest-house, caught the disease and was so badly disfigured by it that her lover broke off their engagement and she has since died of grief.

When, in 1632, the Great Mogul came to Hugly, there were 2,000 souls crowded for safety on board one Portuguese ship, the captain of which blew it up, with all on board, rather than fall into the hands of the Mahometans.

Mr. Gladstone stated a short time ago that £100,000 was annually expended in the Kingdom of Great Britain on strong drink. Taking the population at 38,000,000, each individual spends nearly £2 12s. 7¾d. a year, or nearly 1¾d. per day.

The Chicago *Times* says of the stringent law recently enacted by the radical Legislature of Illinois: "You can get drunk, larrup your wife and knock smithereens out of the furniture, and then make the man who sold you the virus pay all the damage."

ABOUT SCRAPPLE.—A New York physician thus speaks of the dish called "scrapple." I regard it as a positive luxury, throwing the Frenchman's *pate de foie gras* entirely into the shade. I know of nothing more tempting to the palate at the breakfast table, especially to those who have become wearied of the eternal round of steak, chop, and the rest of a long chapter. You may eat heartily of it at breakfast, and yet it does not seem to interfere with your appetite for a good dinner at 1 or 2 o'clock. It is a Pennsylvania dish, originating among the Germans, and is to be met with in Philadelphia in private families, but not in the hotels or restaurants. The best scrapple is made by the farmers, who bring it to the Philadelphia market two days of each week. Some people may object to scrapple because it contains pork, and yet they will fill their stomachs with unwholesome dishes fried in hogs lard, which is the worst form of the "unclean animal." The use of lard in cooking is an American peculiarity, and is doing much injury to our American stomachs, causing more dyspepsia than will ever be cured by the nostrums of the quacks, or the drugs of the physicians. Give me scrapple every morning for breakfast, in the season of it, and I care not who may have the steak, and chop, and sausage.

NOT PLEASANT.—A Pittsburg family had a rather unpleasant interruption the other morning, just as they were getting ready to dress. A freight car loaded with pig-iron jumped the track in that city one morning recently, and rushed full headway into a neighboring house, completely demolishing it. The inmates, a woman and three children, crawled from the ruins somewhat bewildered, but unharmed, with the exception of a few bruises. Hearing shouts just before the car struck the house, the woman, who was in a bed, arose and extinguished a kerosene lamp which was burning. A sensible act, which, doubtless, saved the lives of herself and children.

IT is said that the Narragansett steamship company of which Fisk was president, has paid only $30,000 of the original purchase money for the boats and other property, obtained from the Boston, Newport and New York Steamship Company, the price being $1,000,000 for which the latter company hold a mortgage.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3661_scm12289-0190