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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Skipper's Boat.

For thirty year, come herrin'-time,
Through many kind o' weather,
The Wren an' me have come an' gone,
An' held our own together.
Do' know as she is good as new,
Do' know as I am, nuther;
But she is truer'n kit' an' kin,
Or any but a mother.

But arter all is said an' done,
There's somethin' sort o' human
About a boat that takes at last
The place o' child an' woman;
An' yet when I have seen some things—
Their mothers let me toss 'em—
My boat, she seem'd a barnacle
'Longside a bran-new blossom.

They're at me now to stay ashore;
But while we've hand an' tiller,
She'll stick to me an' I to her:
To leave the Wren would kill her.
My feet have worn the deck; ye see
How watches leave their traces,
An' write on oak an' pine as plain
As winters on our faces!

A Notorious Bandit.

Tomaso Rodendo, alias Procopio, although a young man, is one of the most fearless and daring desperadoes that has ever figured in the criminal annals of the West. He was born in Sonora, Lower California, in 1841. His parents were of mixed Spanish origin, and were, like a number of others of the same class, of roving habits. His father was a *vaquero*, and Tomaso at an early age was taught the same business. Being of a reckless nature, he soon distinguished himself in that avocation. His mother was a sister of the notorious Joaquim Murieta, whose deeds of violence have classed him as the most notorious desperado on the Pacific Coast. Early in the year 1853 his parents removed from Sonora. Getting their effects together, the family traveled northward, finally settling in Los Angeles county. Young Rodendo soon became familiarized with daily stories of crime. He had not been long in his new home before he gained the reputation of being a fearless rider and a reckless youth. When but a mere boy, in the year 1859, he murdered a man named John Raines, on the Cucamungo Ranch, in the southwestern section of Los Angeles county. A short time after this he removed into the northern counties of California, and finally settled in Alameda county. He associated himself with a daring gang of desperadoes, whose headquarters were in Livermore Valley. Here his wild and reckless disposition became known to the members of the gang, and in a short time he assumed control of the desperadoes and acted as their leader. The farmers in that section of country remember distinctly the nocturnal visits of these marauders, and the deeds of violence which were perpetrated daily about the year 1860. Shortly after he assumed control of the gang, a family by the name of Golden, who lived in Corral Hollow, were murdered. The family consisted of Golden, and his wife and two children, all of whom were brutally assassinated. A cattle-herder (a Mexican) stated that he had witnessed the murder, and said that Procopio (the name that Rodendo was known by in that vicinity) was the guilty party. The herder's story was unheeded, and he himself perished on the scaffold for a crime of which he was innocent.

In the year 1863 Procopio, Narcisse, and another man were suspected of having stolen a lot of cattle from a farmer by the name of Pope, whose ranch was on the Arroya Vaya. Pope went to San Leandro, procured a warrant, and placed it in the hands of Constable O. B. Wood, who had been informed that Procopio was in Alvarado. He proceeded thither, and caught his man in the act of receiving money from August Maye, a butcher in that place. Wood, seeing his man, drew his pistol and covered him with it, at the same time telling him to throw up his hands. Procopio said he was unarmed, and Wood returned the pistol to his pocket. No sooner had he done so than Procopio drew his pistol and fired at Wood, the ball taking effect in his arm. The effect of the shot was so great as to cause Wood to stagger; and before he could recover himself, Procopio started to run through the main street of the town, at the same time flourishing his revolver. A number of people followed him, and others observing that he was running in the direction of the bridge, took possession of it, thus preventing all escape in that quarter. Finding he was blocked, Procopio took his pistol between his teeth, leaped into the water and swam across. The stream at the place where he plunged in was fifty or sixty feet wide. After gaining the opposite bank he started to run in the direction of the salt marsh, closely followed by the officers and citizens. Finding that he was being run down, he turned on his pursuers and commenced firing at them. They returned the fire, but he escaped injury. Finally, his ammunition being expended, he gave himself up. He was taken to San Leandro and tried for the robbery of Pope's cattle. During his trial he assumed all the responsibility of his accomplices' guilt. He was convicted and sentenced to the state prison for the term of nine years. Last March his term of sentence expired, and he was accordingly liberated.

Last April he returned to the old stamping-ground at Livermore Valley, and remained quiet for about six weeks; but his thieving propensities were so strongly developed that he had to return to his old manner of living. He began his career a second time by driving off a number of cattle belonging to John Arnott, and drove them to that portion of Livermore known as Sonora. It was suspected that he was the party engaged in stealing the cattle, and a warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriffs Ralph Faville and J. M. Smith. They proceeded to Livermore, where Faville found a head, hide, and horns of one of the missing cattle in the yard of Juan Camargo, covered with ashes. They arrested Camargo and brought him to Pleasanton. The same night they arrived there, a party of armed men, about fifty in number, seized the Deputies, locked them in their rooms, and took Camargo to a place in the woods about three miles distant from Pleasanton, where, placing a rope around his neck, and then throwing one end of it over the limb of a tree, they began to "fit" him. They hung him a number of times, and extorted from him a confession relative to the cattle thieves in that vicinity. Procopio heard of this affair and made his way out of the county, traveling South. He made San Juan (in Monterey) his rendevous. With a number of others, he robbed a stage station on the Salinas River, and soon after robbed the Visalia stage, and made himself generally obnoxious to residents in that county. He afterwards went to Calaveras county. A few days ago Sheriff Harry Morse, of Alameda county, received a telegram from Chief Crowley, informing him that Procopio had been seen in this city, and that the detectives had struck his trail, and were hunting him up. Sheriff Morse came over to the city, accompanied by Lee C. Morehouse, one of his deputies. Detectives Stone and Bohen were detailed to co-operate with the officials, and the party started at once in search of the bold Procopio. They had information that he frequented a house in St. Mark's place, but failed to find him there. A watch was kept on the premises, however, and yesterday afternoon, about one o'clock, a descent was made on the establishment. Morehouse, Stone and Bohen entered at the front door, while Morse went round to the rear entrance. Looking in at the back door, the Sheriff saw Procopio seated at the table facing the front door. As the officers entered from the street, the desperado sprang from his seat, and was about to draw his revolver, when Morse rushed up behind, seized him by the throat with one hand, while he leveled a revolver at his head with the other, and casually remarked: "Put up your hands, Procopio—you are my man." The other officers almost simultaneously grappled the bandit, and he was led like a lamb to the Oakland boat, and taken to San Leandro, where he now reposes in jail.—*California paper.*

Mailable Matter Subject to Letter Postage.

Newspapers wrapped and sent to regular subscribers in paper on which has previously been written editorial or other matter, printed catalogues or other printed matter marked or written upon so as to convey other or further information than is given in the original print.

Music manuscript, hand-bills enclosed in newspapers by publishers without prepayment of letter postage, punishable by fine of $5 for each offence.

Circulars which contain writing other than the address. (The introduction of a date in writing, in a circular, subjects it to letter postage.)

Wearing apparel, except when sent to non-commissional officers and privates serving in the armies of the United States.

If a postmaster cannot examine printed matter without destroying the wrapper he should charge letter postage on it.

Newspapers with the initials of the sender on the wrapper, or a book with words "compliments," etc., written in, with all manuscript matter for publication in newspapers or magazines.

Samples of wood and metal type and brass rule.

Circulars addressed to different parties but enclosed in one package.

Newspapers mailed from the office of publication upon the wrappers of which the business card of any other firm may be printed.

Manuscripts for pamphlets and corrected proofs.

Newspapers containing scraps of cloth, a catalogue or any other printed matter, a book upon the fly leaf of which is written a name.

All communications wholly or partly in writing, whether enclosed in a sealed or unsealed envelope.

Insurance blanks having the written signature of the president.

Any word or communication, whether by printing or writing, marks or signs upon the wrapper of a newspaper or other printed matter, other than the name and address of the person to whom it is sent and the date when the subscription expires.

Any description of mail matter passing at less than letter rate must be so enclosed or wrapped as to admit of examination without destroying the wrapper.

What it Cost.

Estimate demanded to support a genteel family at the seat of government of the United States (then at Philadelphia) in the years 1789, 1790, 1791:

House rent, per annum	$300 00
Wood, 25 cords, at $4	100 00
Horse-keeping, 2 horses	200 00
Marketing, estimating the family to consist of two heads, four children, four servants, and 25 cents, on an average, each, per day (including groceries, wines, etc.), per annum	912 50
Wages—four servants (one cook, one man-servant, one chamber-maid, one child's-servant), at an average, per annum, of	900 00
	$2412 50

For executive officers, from 1792 to 1798:

House rent, per annum	$600 00
Wood, 25 cords, at $8	200 00
Horse-keeping, 2 horses	266 66
Marketing, estimating family to consist of ten persons, at 50 cents, on an average, each, per day (to include groceries, liquors, etc.)	1825 00
Wages of four servants, at $1 50 per week, average, including washing	312 00
Personal expenses (including doctors' bills, schooling, washing) for six persons, at $160 each	960 00
	$4163 66

Able to do it.—Mount Vernon has a woman well calculated to look after her rights. Miss Amelia R. Purvis, awakened one night, saw two men enter her room. One crept under the bed and the other began to inspect the room. Slipping out of the bed she seized a bottle of bay rum and broke it over the head of the latter, who leaped from the window and escaped. Then pointing a tin trumpet at the man under the bed she ordered him to "scrabble out." He did so at once, losing, however, his disguise, so that he was recognized as a discarded lover of Miss Purvis. The affair was concluded, when, Miss Purvis, meeting the man in the street, cowhided him soundly, and made him beg her pardon

Success in Life.—"My success is owing to my liberality in advertising."—Bonner. "Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—Amos Lawrence. "I advertised my productions and made money."—Nicholas Longworth. "Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—Stephen Girard. "He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising that business."—A. T. Stewart.

A dispatch from Gen. Bouchier, commanding the expedition against the Looshais, dated the 20th ult., announces that the tribes have surrendered unconditionally, and the country has been subdued. The Ladboorahs deliver up their arms, gave hostages, and agree to pay fines.

Beecher on Wealth.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon recently on the deceitfulness of riches, taking as his text a part of the 22d verse of the 13th chapter of Matthew: "And the deceitful men of riches choke the world." We are not to interpret, he said, the New Testament as being adverse to riches, and in the Old Testament it was distinctly recognized as a divine blessing; it was the sanction which God gave to a life of virtue, and the New Testament does not contradict this; it only seems to show that it is the damages that attend the indiscrimate love of riches that we are to guard against. God's providence is the development of riches for the advancement of human society. This cannot be denied, that the ways of obtaining money have been the means of obtaining manhood; that it has blessed the world with a civilizing power bearing the seeds of knowledge ripened in one age into other lands; and, although there are many corrupting evils in commerce, yet on the whole it has been an evangelizing element in the world. And although individual men may suffer from the acquisition of wealth, communities never do; although riches may not be necessary for the individual, they are necessary for communities, for large bodies of men. In our day the production of values is education, and more men are called to earn riches than ever before. It can no longer be said that merchants are a class. Every man is seeking wealth. It pervades society from the top to the bottom. Everybody is more or less a producer, and the desire for riches is widely spread in this land—more than any other. There is a larger amount of property in it per capita than in any other country on the globe. The nature of our institutions tends to wake men up; we have no class distinctions, and the distinctions which exist are those which men make. In the few we have of learning or skill in art or of wealth every man feels that he has a right to participate in, and there is a race for wealth because it is the easier way to distinction. Indeed, there is danger that those professions which pay but slenderly will be abandoned, while all those ways which have their insignia written in letters of gold are absolutely choked with men determined to be rich. The ambition of the young is turned towards money-making; all seek it because all see how mighty an instrument it is in the hands of men. Now, we are not to relinquish this pursuit of wealth; when you consider that it is the production of the active forces of life; that it is the reality of soil or substance; when you know its power for education, for material growth; therefore, when you know how much it can serve every material interest, and even religion itself, we are not to stand and inveigh against riches; we are not to warn the young men against desiring to become rich. It may be that too many are heeding the cry, but we are to put into the minds of the thousands of aspirants of wealth the warnings of God as to the dangers in the way that they may be vigilant in guarding against them. There are men in Wall street that I believe stand very near to the heart of Jesus Christ. God sees that they are standing firm amid great temptation. If a man has been more successful than others; if he has passed successfully several commercial revulsions, how proud he is of it. He holds up his head like a prince, and says, "I have never failed." Yes, he has; for a man like this has gone into universal bankruptcy. The poorest man in the world is the man that tricks his fellow-man at the fewest points, and the richest is he who has the most sympathy with all the conditions of human life. He is like the great trees that never feed on one root, but whose roots spread all abroad to the north, the south, the east and the west. Suppose such a tree should say, Dry up all my roots to the north, east, south and west, and leave me only one straight down in the ground; suppose such a tree should boost itself among trees; when the winter's blast came they would remain secure, while it would lie prostrate, having no hold upon the earth but the single root. Mr. Beecher closed by adjuring his hearers to strive for riches with the feeling that God was giving it to them in trust for the welfare of their fellow-men, and to so use it. With these objects the acquisition of money was laudable, and would result in happiness.

A Bold Conspiracy.

One of the most artistic frauds that ever came to light, was developed before a New York jury. A man had loaned some money, and taken the mortgage of a tract of land as security on the note. Before loaning it he submitted the title to his lawyer, who informed him that it was correct, and consequently the bargain was closed. The note fell due and went to protest; the lawyer had in the mean time moved from the city, and the other parties were not to be found. The land which was mortgaged lay in New Jersey, and the holder of the note took the necessary steps to foreclose. A professional searcher of titles went to the township mentioned in the papers, and found that there was no such land in existence.

The whole document was purely a myth. The boundaries described could not be found, and had no existence any more than if they had been located in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. The grantor named in the original deed had been dead ten years at the time when the document was dated, and the whole business was a conspiracy, in which the lawyer had betrayed his client. One of the conspirators had turned State's evidence, and came before the jury. Little by little the truth was drawn from him, and he practically admitted to having been the originator of the fraud, ten years ago. The papers were evidently prepared with care, and had an appearance of genuineness enough to deceive any man who was not suspicious of wrong, and had relied upon his lawyer to protect his rights.

Logic.—He who seduously attends' pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in the possession of some of the best mental gifts of mankind. Our fellow-creatures can only judge what we are by what we do; but in the eye of our Maker what we do is of no worth, except it flows from what we are. Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty.

The English Jubilee.

The jubilee in England over the recovery of the Prince of Wales from his late illness was a grand affair. In London there were salutes and ringing of bells at sunrise. The line of march to and from the Cathedral was seven miles. The carriage way along the entire route was fenced in and uninterrupted from curb to curb. The houses on both sides were decorated from cellar to attic; not house by house, but block by block, and all open spaces were filled by banks of seats. The avenue of flags, streamers, and gorgeous tapestry wound for miles through the heart of the city, passing under superb and costly triumphal arches. Every available place was occupied by the spectators, who were only to be numbered by millions. Fabulous prices were paid for seats, and houses let for the day at their rent for a year. Twelve thousand soldiers and almost the entire police force guarded the lines. As the Queen left the court-yard of the palace a chorus of 30,000 children sang the national anthem, "God save the Queen." At Temple Bar the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and six Aldermen and eight Councilmen, all on horseback, met the royal coach, and performed the ceremony of delivering to Her Majesty the keys of the city. The services at St. Paul's consisted of the singing by a grand chorus of a *Te Deum* (written for the occasion from Psalm cxv.), the reading of prayers, and a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The appearance of the interior of the Cathedral was greatly changed by the temporary arrangements for the occasion. A thousand workmen had been employed for weeks past in erecting seats and galleries.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in his sermon, referred to the universal prayer in December, for the deliverance from a great calamity, and to the universal tone of thanksgiving for the recovery of the royal sufferer. His Grace, continuing, said:

"The anxiety of the mother and wife of His Royal Highness was shared by all, and their great trial had resulted in increased reverence for the Queen and Princess. It has been said that loyalty was dying out, but the exhibition of to-day disproves that assertion. We are now one in loyalty; may we also be in faith Christians in God. We know He watches over us. Let us all unite in this belief, and in reliance upon Christ as our Mediator."

The Americans in London were active in contributing to the success of the day. Next to the British, the American flags were most numerous. Both were often intertwined with mottoes, such as "Friendly union the best settlement of the Alabama question," &c. The offices of the London representatives of the American newspapers, and the West End office of the Associated Press were finely decorated. The royal arms on the appointment stones were burnished and gilded anew, and many of them were set off with loyal mottoes: "God bless the Prince of Wales," "God save the Queen," "Thanks to God." All traffic was suspended throughout London and Westminster.

Several serious accidents happened, owing to the great pressure of the great masses of spectators on the line of the procession. One man was crushed to death in Trafalgar Square, and numbers of persons were more or less injured. Two stands, each containing 150 persons, gave way under the weight, and many were badly bruised.

The Labor Ticket Candidate.

David Davis, whom the Labor Convention nominated for the Presidency, was born in Cecil county, Maryland, on March 9, 1815. He graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, in 1832, and subsequently studied law in Massachusetts, and also at the Law School in New Haven, Connecticut. Removing to Illinois in 1835, he was admitted to the bar, and soon after settled at Bloomington in the practice of his profession. In 1844 he was elected to the State Legislature, in 1847 served as a member of the State Constitutional Convention of that year, and in 1848 was elected Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of the State. In 1855, and again in 1861 he was re-elected to his position. He had long been a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, and a delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860; was instrumental in securing his nomination for the Presidency. Just as Judge Davis was entering upon his third term as Circuit Judge in Illinois he was, in 1862, appointed by Mr. Lincoln to the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he still holds. Mr. Lincoln also appointed him his executor, and the estate of the murdered President was wound up by Judge Davis. At the time of the latter's appointment to the Supreme Bench he was a Republican.

The Culture of Forests.—Efforts for preserving forest trees and encouraging their cultivation are extending in all directions, and are likely to result in practical benefit to the country. In Nebraska the State Board of Agriculture has taken the matter in hand, and propose that the 10th day of April shall be set apart in that State for the planting of trees, and shall be hereafter called Arbor Day. A bounty of one hundred dollars is offered to the agricultural society of the county in which the greatest number of trees shall be planted on that day; and a farm library worth twenty-five dollars will be given to the person who properly plants the greatest number individually. These bounties are not extravagant in amount, but they may serve to stimulate competition to some extent, which would be an encouragement for more liberal premiums hereafter. At all events, the measure is a step in the right direction.

Duplication of Organs.—It is very curious that all animals are really two joined together. Every man is coporeally made up of two halves, precisely alike, united by a medical line. Thus, we have two brains, separated by a vertical partition; two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs, and so on. In case of a palsy of one half of the body, a very common circumstance, the functions of life and the mental operations are carried on by the well half. For years, in some instances, one-half the body is dragged about without contributing at all to vitality. Were it not for this beneficent duplication, an attack of paralysis would be death *de facto* of the individual.

A Lecture on Rattlesnakes.

Two miles out on our road back we found Straddlebug sitting like a statue, gazing at something in the road just ahead of him. "Come here, General Bradley," he called, "I want to introduce you to one of the inhabitants of this delightful country," at the same time pointing to a monster rattlesnake coiled in the trail. "I have been plaguing him," continued old Straddle, "and he is a game fellow. See," he added, holding out his sabre toward the reptile. Quickly the snake raised his chest, and sprang his full length, falling within two feet of the legs of old Straddle's horse. "Look out there, or he'll bite you," cried General Bradley. "Not a bit of it," replied Straddle, "the fact is, General, I have been studying this specimen of the natural productions of this country for more than an hour, and I have found out, first, that he will not bite unless coiled; second that he can only jump the length of himself when coiled." He then made the snake coil up again and strike two or three times. "He ain't much of a traveller either," said old Straddle, whipping the reptile when stretched out and making it run as fast as it could. "He coils his tail first," continued the experimenter, making him coil, "and like an honest fellow, gives fair warning before he strikes, which is more than some of our own kind do, General; besides I don't believe he'd strike in the dark at all. You will readibly observe," continued old Straddle, growing facetious, "the difference between the snake and the dog; a dog shakes his tail to show you he is pleased; the snake shakes his tail to show you he is mad. Look at that eye, sir; I have looked a mutineer in the eye and disarmed him; but I would not like to look at that fellow steadily in the face for the space of five seconds." The snake was coiled, his body resting on his tail, and his head raised to the height of a foot, and his neck proudly curved. His eyes shone like two little diamonds, and his yellow skin glistened in the sun. The spots on his back seemed ever changing from dark brown to a bright red copper color. "Come," said old Straddle, "I'll bet there's not a man in the crowd can shoot him in the head." [It is said to be almost impossible to shoot the head off a rattlesnake. The hunters declare that their sensitiveness is so great that they can feel the wind of a coming bullet, and dodge it. Be this as it may, I have seen men who could hit a bull's eye or drive a nail at one hundred yards that could not shoot a snake in the head.] Several revolvers were levelled and discharged at him, but the snake remained unharmed. A soldier then dismounted, and taking a carbine, at the fourth shot nearly severed the body of the reptile. "Foul!" cried out Straddle; "you hit him in the body; but take off the rattles, the game is yours." The man did as he was bid, and there were eleven rattles and a button.—*Letter from the Plains.*

A Western Lynching Case.

A few months since, Dr. J. G. Vasquez, from Guadalajara, settled in Los Angelos, Cal., as a physician, and was a few days since married by Judge Trafford to Claudine, daughter of Don Agustia Oleera, a young, beautiful and accomplished daughter of one of the first Spanish families. The marriage was opposed by all the members of the family, and being performed without the pale of the Catholic Church, of which both parties were members, occasioned some scandal; but all the forms of law were duly observed. An attempt was made on Sunday morning to induce Dr. Vasquez to make a journey into the country to see a sick man, but, suspecting a ruse, he declined going. One evening a team drove up to the Lafayette Hotel, about 7 o'clock, for the Doctor to visit a dying man at Los Nietos. The Doctor consented to go, and after crossing the river at the first arroyo on the Los Nietos road the team stopped, and was at once surrounded by a party of some twenty armed men. Vasquez was then disarmed, his eyes bandaged, stripped of his clothing, and his face and head shaved on one side by knives, and, after being beaten, kicked, bruised and tarred and feathered, he was left naked and blindfolded, with his hands tied behind his back. In this predicament he found his way back to the city about midnight. The affair was managed so secretly that it is doubtful if any legal proceedings will be instituted to arrest the parties or bring them to trial. It has been rumored on the streets that the victim has a wife and family in Mexico, but the rumor lacks any reliable foundation.—*Los Angelos paper.*

A Huge Oil "Ring."—The Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: A few days ago we made mention in a brief paragraph of a rumor that was prevailing in certain initiated circles, both in this city and in the oil regions, that there was forming among capitalists and railroad men of the country a gigantic oil monopoly, which if successful would throw the "oil bull ring" of 1869 far in the shade. The rumor was to the effect that a capital of at least $10,000,000, backed by $250,000,000 more, had been raised, and that a combination of the men controlling it, with all the railroads leading from the oil region, had been formed for the purpose of preventing the transportation of any refined oil from the oil regions, and of all crude oil, except such as would be used by the aforesaid capitalists in their own refineries. This would of course give to this ring the control of all refined oil, and to a certain extent of all crude oil produced. They could, therefore, fix their own price and reap a magnificent return from their capital invested, though it would be of course at the expense of the producers and the ruin of all refiners except those in the ring. The railroad companies would reap their reward by the increased and fixed rates of transportation that the ring agree to give them in consideration of their part in the huge monopoly.

A Comet.—A great astronomer in Switzerland, M. Plantamour, by name, predicts the coming of a comet more gigantic than any heretofore observed, which, with indescribable velocity, is heading for this unfortunate world, and will arrive on the 12th day of next August. The first thing we shall notice is that it is growing uncommonly hot; but this being quite usual on the 12th of August, it is probable that very few of the inhabitants of the earth will be ready for the catastrophe which must inevitably follow. Our only chance of escape from combustive destruction is that some bigger planet may cause the comet to deviate from its regular route. If it doesn't, we shall be snuffed out like a tallow candle.

The Helping Hand.

The story, with its application, so far as the pointing of a moral is concerned, may be an old one. So are the sunshine and the dew-drop old. So is the human heart old; and the pure impulses and affections of to-day had life in the morning of Eden. Pleasant pictures are always pleasant. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and may I not add, that pure joy, springing from the heart, must be forever beautiful. The simple story I have to tell I give only as a pleasant picture. I knew the parties. One of them is living within the sphere of my knowledge still.

Amos Dutton, at the age of nineteen, left his home in Vermont and came to Boston. His parents were both dead, and he had been left penniless; but by hard work, and close application to every chance which he could grasp, he had managed to gain a good common-school education, besides supporting himself, and helping a twin sister. At length his sister married, and he resolved to seek his fortune in the city. He yearned for a broader and better field of action than was open to him in his far-away home, and having obtained recommendations touching his character and habits from two or three prominent men, he set forth.

Never mind the youth's initiatory struggles. A less resolute will might have failed. Business was dull, and good men were being discharged in nearly all the departments of trade. Finally Amos Dutton entered the warehouse of Andrew Sears, on Milk street, and asked for employment. He was willing to perform any labor, no matter how menial, so that it was honorable, and would not debar him from rising by merit.

Mr. Sears liked the appearance of the youth, and he was willing to accept the recommendations at their face value; but he was not in want of help. He had within a week discharged a number of hands.

Dutton took back his commendatory documents, which had by this time become well worn, and having thanked the merchant for his kindness, he turned to depart.

"That lad has the qualities of a gentleman, at all events," said Mr. Sears, to himself, as the applicant's handsome, pleasant face was turned from him.

The entrance to the counting-house was by a narrow court, and as Dutton was passing out he saw a glittering object upon the pavement. He picked it up and found it to be a bosom-pin—a fine emerald set in gold. He turned back and re-entered the office, and handed the jewel to Mr. Sears, simply remarking that he had found it in the court, and that the owner would be likely to call there in his quest for it. The merchant took the pin, and said he thought he knew to whom it belonged, and he would see that its proper owner regained it. And without waiting for thanks or praise the youth again departed.

Mr. Sears had seen the young man pick up the valuable jewel, and had particularly noted his movements on the occasion. There had been no hesitation—no casting about of the eyes to see if he was observed—but the instinct seemed to be with him to do right. And the merchant said to himself—

"The lad is certainly honest."

And after this the merchant put on his hat to go out.

Amos Dutton, on his way down the court, did not find another jewel; but when he reached the street he found a man in trouble. An old negro, who had been drawing a heavy bale of merchandise upon a hand-cart, had overturned his load, and his strength was not sufficient to replace it. In vain had he tried to lift the ponderous bale back upon his cart, and in vain was he still striving. Men were passing, but none offered to assist him. Dutton saw, and he hastened to the poor negro's assistance as he would have hastened to assist a brother.

"Hold on," he cheerily cried. "Let me help you, my friend."

The youth was as strong as he was willing, and very soon the heavy bale was in its place, and with a profusion of thanks the old African went on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Sears had reached the door of his warehouse just in season to witness this scene, and again he spoke with himself:

"This youth has a strong hand, and a willing one. The time may come when I shall need such. I will secure it now; and I believe the investment will be a good one."

And he called the youth by name, and beckoned him back.

"My boy," said he, with a kindly smile, "I have changed my mind. I will try you. I told you truly when I told you that I did not at present need more help; but I hope I shall need it ere long. I have witnessed that you are truthful and honest, and I have also witnessed that you have a strong and helping hand, and a willing one. Others might have returned the jewel; but few would have risked the grime and the labor of helping that poor negro with his street-soiled burden."

And Andrew Sears took Amos Dutton into his employ; and his anticipations were more than realized. Not only did the youth prove himself honest in all things, but his helping hand was ever ready when there was possible need.

Years have passed since that time. Andrew Sears has gone beyond the shadowy vale; but Amos Dutton is living yet, doing good with his vast wealth, and honored and beloved by all who know him.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Germany and France.—The Germans are arming. Two corps are ordered to be in readiness. The cause for these preparations is the great activity of political parties at Versailles, and the possibility of a change of government in France. Germany reserves the right to decide as to any new government there. Should she deem such government unlikely, either by inclination or incapacity, to execute the treaty of peace there will be another invasion.

The famous Orange county trotting stallion Major Edsall, who has a record of 2:28, was sold for $5,500 to a gentleman in the western part of New York State. Mr. W. C. Trimble, in whose hands the stallion has been since early last fall, was very confident that he could drive him a mile in 24 by the 1st of June next, in which case he would be worth $15,000.

Facts and Fancies.

If you are wise and wish to rise,
Then pitch right in and advertise.
If you are not, then sit down, sot,
And let your business go to pot.

A new style of colored silk robes is embroidered in two or three tints of the same color in fancy designs of vines, flower and lace patterns.

A Dubuque servant girl, intending to steal some clothing, had just thrown it out of the window, when the sash fell and caught her by the neck.

There was a young man at Hingham,
Bought two cats and attempted to swing 'em;
But the cats gave a squall,
And they took nearly all
The hair of this young man of Hingham.

Look out for mad dogs now. There is nothing makes a dog so mad as to be compelled to sit out on the door-step this weather and howl to get in by the stove.

It seems incredible, but it is confidently stated that the first Protestant baptism of an infant that ever occurred in the Island of Cuba took place about three weeks ago.

A Minnesota jury has decided that it is lawful and proper for a school teacher to inflict corporal punishment upon his pupils if necessary to compel order and obedience.

Purchaser—"K-a-t-l is not the way to spell cattle." Drover (writing the receipt)—"Naebody could spell wi' this pen. There's been owre mony drunken bodies usin' it."

A farmer in Iowa discovered that the chinch bugs ate his wheat. So he got a lot of partridges. They ate up the chinch bugs by way of an appetizer, and then finished up the wheat.

Straw trimmings are imported in great variety, and are used upon bonnets of black lace and crape, as well as straw. Indeed, they comprise some of the most fashionable ornaments of the season.

A certain city was about to be destroyed. The women were allowed to leave, and were told that they might carry away on their backs whatever they most prized. Each woman took a man.

By the gradual accumulation of sand, an island three miles long has been formed at the mouth of Mobile harbor, thereby deepening the regular channel and vastly improving the approach to the city.

The farmers of Vermont are not easy subjects for the operations of swindlers from the cities. Some of them caught one of these travelling adventurers at Ludlow, a few days ago, and tarred and feathered him.

The Utica *Herald* narrates the story of five festive countrymen who came to Utica to make their fortunes playing keno, with ten per cent. in favor of the bank. They invested $600, and have not yet declared a dividend.

A very smart telegraph operator in Arkansas, sent a despatch to a Memphis firm, instructing them, as from a responsible bank, to pay $300 to one Morgan, and then going to Memphis, he claimed to be Morgan and received the money.

The proprietors of the Russell House, in Detroit, were offered five hundred dollars for the bedstead on which Alexis slumbered, and the chambermaid was bribed in almost untold amounts to let a fashionable dressmaker have the sheets.

A fire in an Indiana town was put out, a few days ago, by a troop of boys who bombarded it furiously with snowballs. This snow-ball brigade constituted the only fire-department which the town had, and it is not likely to be efficient in the month of August.

The three fond periods of life are: The consciousness of love returned; the Summer before marriage, when all the course is smooth; and next the early months of the first baby, when a man feels a little queer, and the woman is perfectly self-possessed again.

A hotel in Boston was apparently saved from destruction the other day on account of being infested with rats. A can of kerosene exploded in a porter's closet and the fluid ran down through a rathole, the flame being extinguished in some mysterious way by the process.

A Cairo editor writes of the dogs: "On any day we can look from our window and count *nine* of these noisy pests, in one yard. Day is marked by them, not in hours, but by barking; night is made musical by yelps and howls, varied by an occasional cry of pain, as some stick of wood, too long for our stove, shoots down among the crowd."

A cunning trick, as successful as novel, was recently played in Charleston by a couple of sailors on their captain. Seeing that they would not be at hand when his vessel was ready to sail, the captain, on some pretext, had them locked up in jail; but the disgusted tars barred the door inside so that it could not be opened when the ship was ready to depart. The consequence was she had to go without them. When they got so pressed by hunger that they could not endure it any longer they unbarred the door and were released, as they could not be held any longer.

The Pig and Serpent Bites.—The impression is generally prevalent in the United States that the common domestic pig is an especial enemy of all kinds of serpents, and that it is capable of receiving the bite of the rattlesnake and copperhead without the slightest personal inconvenience or injury. This same immunity from harm would seem to exist in other countries, as a late writer in the London *Field* remarks upon the fondness of the pigs in India for the cobra de capello, and states that he has repeatedly seen them in conflict, and has observed the pig to be bitten over and over again in the snout and about the face by the writhing reptile, and in no instance with the slightest ill result to the aggressor.

Timber Planting.—Senator Hitchcock's bill to encourage the "growth of timber on Western Prairies," proposes a gift of a quarter-section of the Public Lands to any person who shall plant, protect, "and keep in a healthy growing condition, for five years," not less than 120 acres of timber; provided, that no more than one-quarter in any section shall be so acquired. Moreover, any person taking a quarter-section under the Homestead act shall obtain a patent therefor (without waiting five years for it) on due proof that he has planted not less than ten acres to timber, and he has had the same growing not less than two years.

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