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An Old Maid.

Sitting with folded hands, that have dropped
the needle and thread,
Looking athwart the fields, where the evening
light is shed
On the waving grass, and from whence arises
the lowing of herds,
While the happy leafage thrills because of the
time of the singing of birds.

Sixty rings, as I think have circled her life-
tree's girth,
Sixty years of the world, with its mingled
pathos and mirth;
How has she taken the time since her baby-
steps were set
Among the anemone's bloom, and the sweets
of the violet?

What has she been, who sitteth with delicate
lights dropping down
On the bowed head's silver locks and the folds
of the silken gown?
Has she not walked on the way that she chose
at the gates of youth,
Bright in the graces of holiness, grand in the
splendors of truth?

[redacted]ing the hopes of the sowing, the gladness
[redacted] of those who reap

Doth soothe with the unguent of mercy, and
cheer with the strong wine of love.

Was there ever a pitiful cry in the depths of
her gracious soul
For the wifehood's joy denied, and the mother-
hood's aureole?
Can her thought go back to a time when her
patient footsteps trod
Among the grieving thorns, alone with sorrow
and God?

However it be, on her face is the look of sweet
content
That comes when the music of life, of love and
duty is blent;
And peace is hers that is more than the joy of
morning prime,
And light that is greater than day, has come
at her evenin time.

[From the Tamaqua Saturday Courier.]

THE HISTORY OF A DAY, AND OF A LIFE.

Mrs. Lundy had been up for half an hour, busy about one thing and another, when Mr. Lundy rubbing his eyes, opened them, and concluded after thinking over the matter for some five or ten minutes, that it was time for him to be getting ready for breakfast. So he crept out of bed and commenced dressing himself.

"I wish you would get me some hot water, Aggy," he said to his wife. "I must shave myself this morning." Mrs. Lundy was busily engaged in dressing a resisting urchin.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "in a moment," and kept on with her work, intending to finish dressing the child before she went down stairs after water. Mr. Lundy waited about a minute and then said impatiently, "I wish you would get it for me now, Agnes. I can't finish dressing myself until I shave."

The wife put down the child and went for the water, while her husband seated himself and waited for her return. On receiving what he had asked for, Mr. Lundy commenced shaving himself; when about half done he turned to his wife, who was leaving the room and said, "I wish you would tell Bill to clean that old pair of boots. My new ones hurt me." After shaving and dressing himself, Mr. Lundy went down stairs to read his newspaper until breakfast time, eight o'clock was the hour, although the food and the time did not agree together, a circumstance that fretted Mr. Lundy who was a very punctual man.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lundy had herself and five children to get ready for the morning meal, and she was working diligently in order to accomplish her task. But Maggy's hair was stubborn and took twice as long as usual to comb into proper order, and Will's temper was in a worse condition than Maggy's hair, and worried the mother a great deal more; and then to help the matter, the baby wouldn't sit quietly with nurse, but cried all the time.

"There I've broken my shoe-string," said Will, as the tie at which he had been jerking gave way with a snap.

"Give me a pin, mother," called Mary, who was dressing herself.

Five minutes wereconsumed in rummaging drawers and boxes for a shoe-string, which must be had, as immediately after breakfast the children must start for school, and there would be no time then to look for shoe-strings. At last, after an exciting scene of about three-quarters of an hour, in which Mrs. Lundy was worried almost to death, the children were got in order to meet their father at the breakfast table. And then Mrs. Lundy, in momentary expectation of hearing the bell, commenced putting herself in right trim. Her hair was to be combed, and a more tidy dress to be put on, for her husband could not bear to see his wife at the breakfast table in dishabille. Her hair was all over her face, when ting-a-ling-a ling sounded up the stair-way. For full ten minutes she had heard her husband's heavy tread, as he paced the floor, to her, unmistakeable evidence that the cook was behind her time. With nervous haste she drove the comb into her hair, crack! It had broken.

"Good heavens, Agnes! Ain't you dressed yet?" exclaimed her husband, coming to the chamber door, with his watch in his hand. "It is ten minutes past eight now. I've been ready and waiting half an hour."

"I'll be along in a minute. I've only got my hair to put up, and a dress to slip on," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"A minute! Yes, I know what your minutes are. I'm sure you've been up long enough to have dressed for breakfast a dozen times over."

"You forgot that I had all the children to get ready," replied Mrs. Lundy."

Silenced, but not convinced, the husband went grumbling down stairs and recommenced walking the floor, but with a heavier and more rapid step.

"Go up and see if your mother isn't most ready; I'm in great hurry this morning," Mr. Lundy said to one of the children after the lapse of two minutes, which seemed to the impatient man at least five.

"I'm coming," he heard on the stairs, from his wife.

"I'm glad of it," he rather gruffly responded. "I knew your minute wouldn't be much less than half an hour. "I wish you would try and be more punctual; this ever being behind time annoys me terribly."

There were somemeek words said about the time it took to dress and see after so many children; but they made no impression upon the mind of Mr. Lundy. They were uttered as a kind of excuse, and he regarded them as of no more account.

"These sausages are done to death," said Mr. Lundy. The wife remained silent, but looked worried. "Mere dish-water!" Mr. Lundy set his saucer down with an expression of disgust on his face. The coffee was not to his liking. I wish Agnes, you would look a little after Sarah in the morning. We haven't had anything fit to eat at breakfast for at least a month."

"I don't know how I can do more than I do, Mr. Lundy. I'm sure I haven't had a moment to breath in since I got up."

"Still I think you might spare a moment to see if things were going on all right in the kitchen; good meals are half the comfort a man has at home."

Mrs. Lundy sighed, but answered nothing to this ungenerous remark.

"Your head looks like a perfect mope, Agnes," said her husband, as he leaned back to pick his teeth, after having finished his breakfast and made a more careful observation of his wife's appearance. "You are getting downright careless about your person."

Mr. Lundy did not expect any reply to this; and he was not disappointed. Four children to wait upon at the table kept Mrs. Lundy too busy to eat more than a mouthful or two herself. It was time to get the three oldest ready for school when they had finished their meal, and she left the table, where she had been a mere waiter, and not a participant in the good cheer, to put on Maggy's gloves and bonnet, to hunt up Will's books and cap, and to change Mary's dress, she having spilled a cup of coffee on it at the table.

"The children will be too late for school," called out the punctual Mr. Lundy, who had gone back into the parlor to finish perusing an article, his impatience about breakfast had not allowed him to read through. Just then his boots were brought in.

"Why didn't you black the old pair, as I said?" he asked the boy impatiently.

"I didn't know you wanted the old pair," replied the boy.

"Didn't Mrs. Lundy tell you I wished them?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I do. Go and brush them up as quickly as you can. I ought to have been at the store long ago."

Mrs. Lundy who was coming down stairs with the children, at last ready for school, heard what had been said to the boy, and was thereby reminded of her neglect in not having informed him that her husband wanted his old boots.

"I declare Mr. Lundy, I forgot to tell John," she said. "I have so much to think absut and see after."

"No matter—I'll attend to it myself next time. If you want a good servant, secure yourself," coldly replied Mr. Lundy.

The children were at last off for school, and Mr. Lundy about taking himself off also said, as he stood with his hand upon the door: I wish Agnes, you would see that Sarah has dinner in time, you know how it annoys me to wait."

"I will try to have it got ready," replied the wife, an expression of pain and lassitude passing over her face.

"Are you not well, Agnes?' Mr. Lundy asked.

"No," she replied, "I've been suffering with a dreadful tooth-ache all the morning and I feel as if every nerve in my head were alive."

"Why don't you have that tooth out? I would not suffer as you do, if I had to have every tooth in my head extracted."

Mrs. Lundy turned away with a feeling of discouragement. She was heavily burdened, and had no true sympathy. Mr. Lundy walked toward his store, health in every vein, and vigor in every muscle; and his wife went wearily up to her chamber, half mad with pain, and every nerve excited and quivering.

Arrived at his store, Mr. Lundy smiled and chatted with a customer, made a few entries in his books, filled up three or four checks, and paid two or three bills. These acts with a general supervision of what was going on, made up the sum of his doings, and brought him with a good appetite at the dinner hour, when he set off for home., allowing himself just the number of minutes required to walk there, and expecting to hear the tinkle of the dinner bell as he opened the street door of his house.

After Mr. Lundy had left for the store, his wife took the baby and carefully washed and dressed it, during all the time of which operation its loud, piercing screams rang wildly through her head, and caused both tooth and head to throb as if beaten with a hammer. After that she had to dress herself and go to market. Walking in the open air made her tooth worse, instead of causing the pain to abate; When she came home, she was so completely exhausted, as to be compelled to lie down for an hour; This brought twelve o'clock, when Maggie, Will and Mary came bounding in from school, hungry and impatient, and the mother had to see about getting their dinners, and attending to their other numberless little wants, until it was time for them to go to school again. Half-past one came; two was the regular dinner and remembering her husband's last words about punctuality, Mrs. Lundy went into the kitchen to see what progress the cook was making, and found Sarah paring the potatoes, and looking as unconcerned as if it were two hours to dinner time.

"Your dinner will be late again," said Mrs. Lundy. "Why is it that you keep things back in this way, when I have told you over and over again, that we wish dinner precisely at two o'clock."

"My fire got down," replied Sarah, indifferently.

"Why did you let it go down?"

"It got down, ma'am," Sarah answered, with a toss of her head.

Well satisfied from former experience, that dinner would only be retarded by any efforts she might make to hurry Sarah, Mrs. Lundy retired and waited with a nervous dread the return of her husband, her tooth and head meantime aching, with a dull, boring, fretting pain.

Punctually at two she heard the street door open, and Mr. Lundy's decided step along the passage.

"Is it possible! too bad! too bad!" she heard him say as he paused at the door of the dining-room, and saw that even the table was not set. "I wonder what good it is for a man to have a house of his own, if he can't have things as he pleases." "I declare, Agnes! I'm all out of patience," he said, entering his chamber a few moments afterwards. "I told you when I went away this morning, that I wished dinner at the hour, and there isn't even the sight of its being ready. It really looks as if it were done on purpose."

"If I had the cooking to do, you should never wait a minute, but I can't always make servants do as I please," replied Mrs. Lundy.

"That's all nonsense, I don't believe a word of it, I wonder how I'd get along in my business if I was to let my clerks do as they liked. I have a certain order in my business, and every subordinate has his duties, and knows that they must be done. Reduce all your household matters to alike orders, and keep every one strictly to her duty, and you'll have things right, but not without."

Mrs. Lundy feared her husband; or, rather, dreaded and shrank under his displeasure. If she had been more independent and spirited, she would have silenced instead of borne his selfish complainings, but she was a meek, patient, suffering woman, who rarely spoke of what she felt, or resented an indignity. She did not reply to her husband's dogmatic and dictatorial words, any further than to say in a subdued manner.

"If you had ignorant, careless, self-willed servant girls to deal with, instead of intelligent clerks you might find it as difficult as I do to have all things in order."

"Send them away if they don't do as you wish. I'd never keep a girl in the house an hour, if she didn't do everything as I desired.'

"You don't know anything about it, Mr. Lundy. It is easy to say, send off your cook if she is ten or twenty minutes late with a meal, or serves it up badly, or does anything that is disorderly, but it is worse to have no cook than a bad one; and as to good ones, they are hard to be found."

Mr. Lundy met this with one of his sweeping specimens of argumentations, and completely silenced his wife.

"But," he said, impatently, "I can't wait you cook's movements. My business has to be attended to," and away he flounced from the house; in ten minutes the bell rung.

"Tell Sarah that Mr. Lundy couldn't wait, and that I don't want any dinner," said Mrs. Lundy to the waiter.

As for the very punctinal and amiable husband, he went to his store, and sat through the entire afternoon, without putting a hand or thought to business. A little patience would have lost him nothing, and made both business and his wife happier.

After Mr. Lundy left the house, his wife tried to do some plain sewing for her children that was very much needed, but, with the maddening pain in her head and face, and the blinding tears in her eyes, she found it impossible to make a stitch correctly, so she laid aside her work, and took the baby, thinking to nurse her if she could do nothing else, but baby, wide awake and full of life, was not content to sit quietly in her lap; but must be dancing and jumping every moment. Patiently for nearly an hour did the mother bear the jar and shock of the child's quick motions, until a sensation of faintness came over her, and she was very near falling from her chair. After resigning the baby, Mrs. Lundy went into her chamber and laid herself upon the bed, she had taken little or no food that day; had been suffering from severe pains, had been worried and excited with the children, and worse than all, her husband's unsympathizing and unfeeling conduct had made her feel wretched. Is it any wonder that she felt ill; or that, when Mr. Lundy returned in the evening, he should find her in a condition requiring medical treatment? The doctor was called in, he did not understand her case. How could he? The medicine he gave created a strong revulsion in her system, and did her actually more harm than good.

She was confined two weeks to her chamber, and then went forth again into her household, weaker and more nervously sensitive than before, to direct, control and minister to the wants of her ever-wanting, ever-active children, and to wait upon her husband, consult his tastes and hear his complaints whenever anything that went wrong in the household abridged his comfort in the smallest degree.

Not less than three or four times a year was Mrs. Lundy made sick in the way described. When she was bending under the burden that was too heavy for her, her husband, instead of lightening, as he might easily have done, the load, or given her strength to bear it, laid on the additional weight that crushed her to the earth. But no one suspected this—not even Mr. Lundy himself. The idea that he was murdering his wife by a slow and cruel death would have shocked him; and he would have thought such an intimation an unpardonable outrage. And yet such was really the fact. He was murdering her. Year after year her duties and her toil increased. The history of a day that we have given was an epitomized history of her life. Mr. Lundy, so wrapped up in his schemes of gain, and so rigid in his notions of order punctuality and formal propriety, had no real sympathy for his wife, and was ever complaining of the little irregularities incident to his honsehold, and ever adding to, instead of relieving, the oppressive, wearying and ever-recurring duties that were bearing her down. It was a common thing for him, robust and in high health, to sit in his easy chair, with dressing gown and slippers, and ask his tired wife, who could scarcely move without feeling pain, to hand him this, that, or the other thing; to ring the bell for the servant, or even to go up to their chamber and bring him something from a drawer to which he was not willing that a domestic should go. Meeker, more patient, more loving in her character grew Mrs. Lundy; by suffering she was purified. It made the heart ache to see her moving by the side of her erect, florid, elastic-treading husband, more like a pale, shadowy form than a real substance; and to feel assured that in a very little while the places that knew her, and the children and friends who loved her, would know her and love her no more.

At last she died, and six little ones were left without the affectionate care of a mother. If her husband, who wept so bitterly over her too early grave, did not murder her, we know not the name of the word murder. When it was too late, he could remember her long suffering, her patience, her wrongs received at his hands; but while she lived, he was too selfish to appreciate or properly care for her. Everywhere—in books of domestic economy, in tales, essays, newspaper paragraphs and in current converstion do we hear iterated and reiterated the lesson of a woman's duties to her husband and in her household. She must have everything in order, and study the art of pleasing her lord as sedulously as if he was the most captious, exacting tyrant in the world. And, verily, in his small way, he too often is a miserable tyrant. A woman is expected to be perfect in everything, and to do everything. No allowance is made for the ill health consequent upon her maternal duties, and for the peculiar wearying and all-engrossing nature of the cares attendant thereon. But who writes and talks of the husband's duties? Who teaches him lessons of forbearance, patience and kind consideration for his over-tasked wife? Little is said on this score. The world goes on and hundreds, like Mrs. Lundy, go down to their graves before their time, and no one dreams that their husbands are accessaries to their death. But it is even so. Not in maternal duties alone lies the cause of the wife's pale face and drooping form, but in the over tasks of her peculiar position: she is worked too hard—harder than the toiler in the cotton field. Too often she is nurse and seamstress for half a dozen children and superintendant of her household besides. She will bend over her work night after night in pain or suffering from lassitude, while her husband sits enjoying his volume by her side, not dreaming that it is his duty, in order to save his wife from toil beyond her strength, to prolong his labors, if that be necessary, in order to afford her the assistance required in meeting a thousand wants of her children and household. It there are any other tasks to perform, any extra exertions, the husband is the one who should perform or make them, not the wife, for he has superior strength. We hear a great deal about the husband coming home wearied from his store, his counting-room, his office, or his workshop, and the wife is repeatedly enjoined to regard him on this account, and to provide comfort, quietude and repose for him at home. This is all well enough, and she should do so as far as lies in her power, but we doubt if as many men come home over-wearied with toil to their wives as come home to wives who are themselves over-wearied. Husbands, if you love your wives, think of these things. Don't say the story suits Mr. So and-so admirably. Look narrowly into your own sayings and doings at home, and see if it doesn't suit you in more than one particular. E.H.S.

Arthur O'Connor.

The trial of young O'Connor for his assault upon the Queen will soon be held. A medical examination has been made of the prisoner, and the report of the officer seems to render it unlikely that the plea of insanity can be sustained. The report says:

The boy is a slight, delicate lad, 18 years of age, pale, and strumous-looking: his general expression being calm, thoughtful, and intelligent, the eyes particularly expressive of determination, fearlessness, and enthusiasm. The mental capacity is good. He answered all questions respectfully and to the point, and was quite consistent in all his statements, and particularly as regards his motives for committing the offence. He stated that he had had a good deal of sickness, and was a long time a patient in King's College Hospital, where his foot was operated upon by Mr Partridge. He stated that his life had not been a happy one, and that he would gladly sacrifice it for the good of Ireland; that he was a gentleman by birth, and would feel insulted if any one spoke disrespectfully of his great uncle Feargus O'Connor; that there was no insanity in his family, although Feargus O'Connor was thought to have died mad; that he had read a great deal, but not sensational novels, as they were not to his taste. He further declared himself a republican, sympathizing strongly with the Irish people; he thinks it an honor to be a Fenian, the murder of the Manchester policeman justifiable, and, being grieved that the Fenian prisoners are still unreleased, feels that since peaceful measures have failed, any violence is justifiable in order to effect their release. He said he was a free thinker in religion, and believed in God, but not in denominational religion or clergymen. He declared that he was not unhappy at the thought of being punished, but that his efforts to release the Fenians have failed." Dr. Bond, as the result of his examination, certified that he was perfectly sane, and this opinion has been confirmed, after a lengthy interview by Dr. Sutherland. The lad had at first contemplated the use of firearms against her Majesty, but considered that as the Prince of Wales would come to the throne, and the monarch still remain as an institution of the country, it would be better to attempt by intimidation, to gain the immediate object he had in view. The boy had been in ill-health, and we know that Feargus O'Connor died of general paralysis of the brain in an asylum. But for all this, so far as the facts are on record as regards the boy himself, there is no evidence of insanity in his case.

How Western Railroad Officials Do It. — There is much excitement among the officials and employes of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, all along the line from Burlington to Council Bluffs, caused by the ferreting out of a bold and successful conspiracy between the ticket agents and conductors for swindling the company out of money for passenger fares. The station agents would sell tickets to passengers without stamping the dates upon them, and the conductors would collect these without putting the cancelling punch into them, and then return them to the station agents to be sold again. The agents and conductors divided the money between them. The officers of the road employed detectives to ferret out the affair, and the result is several of the principal agents and conductors have been arrested and others discharged. Among those arrested are a ticket agent at Burlington and a conductor residing at that place. They are now in jail. The ticket agent at the other end of the road is also in jail at Council Bluffs Several other arrests have been made.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

A New York paper, speaking of the East River Bridge, says that the pressure of air in the caisson now building is thirty pounds to the square inch, or twice the ordinary atmospheric pressure. Once in the lock and the entrance closed, it becomes necessary to have an equal amount of pressure before the door into the caisson can be opened. To this end air is forced into the lock until the right pressure is reached.

Between twenty and thirty men are at work in the chambers. The lowest point reached in the excavations is within nine feet of the bed of the rock. The average depth of the sand, however, is about fifteen feet. Already boulders of trap rock are found imbedded in the quicksand; these are broken up and hoisted out by means of an apparatus similar to a dredging-machine, working in a huge shaft filled with water. The men work in relays or "watches," each "watch" remaining in the caisson for three hours. Working in that compressed atmosphere has its disadvantages, and the men complain of cramps sometimes, which, judging from their description, must be very painful, as one of the men likened it to "tearin' the flesh from yer leg." The low, dim-lighted chambers, filled with mist, the shining pools of water, and the men toiling in the flaming gas-light amid the rushing, rumbling noise of the sand syphons, combine to make an interesting scene not easily forgotten. "Try and whistle," suggested the conductor of the party, and try they did, but without success. Pucker their lips, and blow as hard as they could, no sound approaching a whistle can be produced. The voice, too, had a strange, unnatural sound, as though uttered in a high key, all due to the compressed atmosphere.

The interior of the sides of the caisson slopes outward, not unlike the lips of an enormous bell. In fact, the working of the structure is upon nearly the same principle as that of a diving-bell, the pressure of the air keeping out the water. When the bed rock is reached, and the caisson fairly settled upon it, the interior will be filled with concrete and masonry.

Twenty courses of stone have been laid upon the caisson, and the work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. At present the work is somewhat retarded for lack of stone, which can not be supplied fast enough. The Company has expended $2,200,000. This includes the amount paid for right of way. They have on hand material amounting to nearly $350,000. Four hundred thousand dollars has been expended for lumber, and $120,000 for machinery. It is worthy of remark that the Company having the stone contract offered $20,000 to be released from their contract. This offer the Company declined, believing that they could not make such advantageous terms elsewhere.

Doubts have been expressed as to the stability of so huge a structure. In regard to this point, the superintendent states that the opinions of the most distinguished engineers have been sought upon the subject, and they fully indorse the plans. It has been thought by some that it would be necessary to build a pier in the middle of the river. This would be impossible, from the fact that Congress would never permit it, and even if it were built vessels would be constantly carried against it by the force of the current and injured, and the Company continually involved in suits for damages. A wind traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, which is an extreme case, would not sway the bridge, even at its great elevation. It is expected that steam cars will run across the bridge at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The entire cost of the structure, when completed, is estimated at $12 000,000. This is thought to be an outside figure.

The Railroad Interest.

The railway statistics of the United States are not entirely accurate, and different authorities vary as to the actual number of miles constructed. The miles in operation, are not less than 64,000, and some 40,000 beside are in progress of construction. More than half of all these miles has been constructed during the last ten years, and at present rates of progress, the decade on which we have entered will show a railway growth of 50,000 miles. The amount of iron required for these new roads is something enormous, while the wear and tear of rails will necessitate the use of as much more, a portion of which may be produced by re-rolling. Eighty tons of rail to a mile indicate 5,120,000 tons for the roads already built, and 4,000,000 for the coming 50,000 miles. Within ten years nearly every mile of rail now laid will be relaid, and with the miles to be built not less than 9,000,000 tons will be required. The import of rails at present is nearly 600,000 tons per annum, and the home manufacture reaches something like 900,000 tons, a product altogether of 1,500,000 tons, or enough to relay or construct 18,000 miles of road. Already we have many more miles of railway than all Europe, and however stupendous may be the railway enterprises of that Continent, of Asia, and of Australia, the largest mileage will be laid here; so that the greatest demand for the iron product will be in the United States This railway development stimulates the production of iron, especially in this country, where it is progressing at a rate of speed which bids fair to place it in the front rank of industries. Nothing can check the growth and expansion of railroad enterprises. In the new States they are projected on a grand scale. In the old States the links are considerably shorter, but no less important; and everywhere they keep pace with the national growth. In all our cities the street lines are laid. In the mining districts the Wales guage is received with favor, and two great iron ways are slowly pushing their way to the Pacific to make, when completed, the third iron highway across the continent. The whole country feels the impulse, and the general prosperity is everywhere enhanced. Already the investment of capital is immense, and the sums yet to be placed in these enterprises are fabulous in amount. But they pay in the general material prosperity as no other investment can.—*N. Y. paper.*

We may yet be condemned to hear a teacher call herself a teachist, a barber a barbist, a broker a brokist.

The Mormon Chief.

I asked the Elder, writes a correspondent, how many wives Brigham had, so as to get some authority upon that disputed point.

"Living with him here in the house," replied the Elder, "he only has sixteen, but then there are a number of others. I really don't know how many are married to him over the territory, many of whom he has not even seen since the hour they were married."

"What is the use of that sort of marriage?" I asked, with an eye to the practical as well as the spiritual.

"These marriages are for the next world; they are spiritual marriages. We believe that marriages are for time and eternity. Because I marry a woman it is no sign that I am going to live with her. She is sealed to me for eternity. For instance, a lady whom, perhaps, I have never seen before, comes to me with a letter of introduction from some of our church officers, saying that she was a good, deserving lady, and desires to be united to a man for eternity, why, I should consider it my duty to marry that lady, although I might never see her again in this world."

"But suppose the lady has a husband?" I added.

"That don't make any difference; she can be sealed to me just the same; perhaps her husband is a worthless fellow, and in every way unworthy of her."

"Won't your wives object?"

"Oh, no, we understand all that; there isn't so much objecting going on as you think, whether we marry to cohabit, or simply for the next world. I didn't marry my second wife until my first had consented. I said I wanted some more children—some sons to bear my name. It was the Lord's will that I should have them. My first wife consented and told me to do the Lord's will, and I married again, selecting a much younger woman than my first wife, and she bore some fine boys."

I give this as a specimen of the sort of talk one will hear among the elders and those high in authority in the Mormon church. They talk as freely about their families as they would about their oxen. And all this wickedness, these brutal practices, this degradation of women, has nothing for its foundation but a pretended revelation to Joseph Smith from Heaven. Of all the humbug and bosh, superstition and cleriral quackery that was never pumped into any creed or sect, the Mormons have it. Yet their diabolical creed is not more marvelous than their perfect sincerity.

All of Brigham's sixteen wives with whom he lives have borne him children except one, called Amelia. Amelia is his most noted wife, spirited, pleasant and of American birth. She is only thirty-two, lacking some years of being half as old as her husband. His wives are of all ages, his last two being quite young, mere girls in fact, when they married him. I asked a Gentile gentleman of their acquaintance why they should be such fools as to marry an old man with over a dozen wives already. Was it for love? "No, indeed," said he, "for I know they did not love him."

"Were they compelled to marry him?"

"Oh, no; they did it of their own free will, as they thought it is a certain way to go to heaven."

Brigham has sixty-eight children, about forty of whom are females. They are all ages, from three years to thirty. Several of his older sons are young men of promise and position. He is the father of a good deal of talent, and some of his children will be heard of in the world hereafter. One night, at the theatre, I was particularly struck with the good, I might say superb acting of a young lady, and quite handsome withal. I made inquiry and learned she was a daughter of Brigham, and one of the wives of H. B. Clawson. Clawson being a man of wealth and standing, and devout Mormon, has married two of Brigham's daughters, in addition to his other three wives.

Isn't that a curious way to do? It certainly is to us Gentiles; but to the Mormons it is all perfectly correct and proper. In several States a man is prohibited from marrying his dead wife's sister, but here in Utah it is much the style to marry two sisters at once, besides having several other wives. But as long as it is necessary to have two or more wives, I think he is a wise man who would marry sisters, if possible.

Many of Brigham's children are handsome and lovable. Those by one of his wives, Mrs. Decker, are particularly so.

He provides well for his numerous sons-in-law, and takes great pleasure in seeing his children well married off and happy, if there can be any happiness in the Mormon married state, which I doubt. A marriage takes place in his family now very often, as his numerous flock are rapidly maturing. One of his daughters married recently. I heard of one who had to run away to marry, Brigham being opposed to the match because the young man who loved his daughter also loved lager beer. Brigham tried to break off the match and keep his daughter home, but his home had so many doors to it that he could not watch them all at once, and she got away. If this teaches any moral at all, it is either to have fewer daughters or fewer doors.

Mortuary Statistics.—The following are the last tables issued by the census authorities of Great Britain and the United States, as well as from some of the leading insurance companies:

EUROPEAN.

	Inhabitants.	
England	1	death in 46
Denmark	1	do. 45
Belgium	1	do. 43
Norway and Sweden	1	do. 41
Austria	1	do. 40
Prussia	1	do. 32

AMERICAN.

New England States	1	death in 68
Middle States	1	do. 88
Southern States	1	do. 70
Western States	1	do. 81
Northwestern States	1	do. 120
Pacific States	1	do. 115
Atlantic States	1	do. 80
Gulf States	1	do. 63
Mississippi Valley States	1	do. 80

Narrow Escape.—The passengers on an English road lately had a very realizing sense of danger. At a point on the line where there was no station, the train "slowed up" and finally stopped. After an unaccountable delay of some minutes, the passengers finally grew uneasy, and one going up to the engine, found the engineer and fireman both helplessly drunk and asleep, the steam exhausted, and the fire out.

To A Child.

If by any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rosebud forever,
Nor into its fullness grow.

And if thou couldst know thy own sweetness
O little one, perfect and sweet!
Thou wouldst be child forever,
Completer whilst incomplete.

Facts and Fancies.

One Boston physician has been vaccinated fifty-three times.

Wolf scalps are legal tender with which to pay taxes in Arkansas.

The Western confectioner who, a few months ago, taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who entered his store is now a millionaire.

Ole Bull's concert troupe were in a house in Iowa which was burnt, and Mr. Bull ran into the street in his night-cloths, with his fiddle under his arm.

A devoted girl, whose lover had lost one of his arms, replied to her companions' banter on the subject, "I wouldn't have a man with two arms—they are so common!"

The woman who is "worth her weight in gold" isn't such a great match after all. The average feminine avoirdupois would only balance about $20,000 in the precious metal.

Says Josh Billings: "Thare ain't but phew khan stick a white hankkerchief into the brest pocket ov their overcoat without letting a little of it stick out—just by acksident."

The meanest liquor dealer yet discovered flourishes in Winona, Minn. He hired a poor woman to make some shirts for him and then offset her bill by her husband's whisky account.

It's no use when a man feels "blue" to console him by sayin: "Everyone has his skeleton," because in his individual case he thinks himself the representative of a whole anatomical museum.

Progressive teacher to pupil of the period—"Sary Jane Hooker, just take that chewing gum right out of your mouth. Little girls who chew gum in school need never expect to become President of the United States."

A French countess seized a philosopher at the supper table and exclaimed, "While they are cutting up the fowls and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much."

It is related of a quarelsome gentleman in Pikee County that had been ignominiously cuffed and kicked by a rival bruiser, he explained his defeat by saying, "He come to me so sudden, I did't have time to get mad."

A Western paper predicts that one of its State Senators "will live and be honored and beloved by the State when the tall prairie grass refuses to sigh a sad and plaintive requiem over the graves of some of his defamers."

Where does the money come from to pay for the wondrous displays that are made at openings? asks a city journal. Gorgeous reception-dresses, labelled "only $300;" modest suits, $150; linen suits, of which one wants at least half a dozen, $75.

Philosophers are made of just such men as the one whom the wind robbed of his hat. He didn't chase it at all; he simply appropriated the covering of the loudest laugher near him, at the same time fetching him a blow that made his noes bleed.

A Western paper relates a touching tale of aspiration for knowledge. A youth and a maiden leaning over the front-yard gate. Time night. Fair Lunar and several stars studding, gazing at the same. The maiden breaks the poetic silence: "Henry, dear, oh how I would like to study Botany?"

A person who was called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill was asked by a lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger." "No," replied the witness, "I consider the patient in danger as long as the doctor continues his visits."

A Sporting Joke.

Gordon Cumming's new book of hunting adventures contains this story: "I remember a joke played off on a man whose deeds in the saddle were not supposed to lose aught of their importance by his own description of them. Some youngsters of the cantonment having purchased a village pig, had been in the habit of sending it out for a mile or two in a cart, and hunting it home with long bamboos. By this course of training piggy acquired wind and some degree of speed. At length, on a day appointed, he was taken out and secured by the leg in the covert. The usual party, with the addition of the mighty hunter, were assembled at the mess table, when a native came up and reported a fine boar marked down. Horses and spears were called for, and with the guide in advance, all proceeded to the jungle side. Nimrod announced his intention of refraining from all active part in the proceedings, on the ground that it would be unfair for an old and experienced hunter like himself to take the spear from a lot of young fellows to whom the sport was new. He was, however, assured that without his valuable aid the game would probably escape, and that it was therefore hoped he would not practice such extreme self-denial. On the riders taking up their positions men were sent to free the beast, which speedily appeared, and in expectation of the customary chevy, made off at its best pace. By judicious management, all the field got thrown out with the exception of Nimrod, who was seen riding like a man, and coming up to the pig hand over hand. Making a well-directed rush, with a triumphant shout he speared the beast, and a few more thrusts rolled it over. The other riders now gathered round the redoubtable hunter, who was seen standing by the side of the prostrate 'gaumtree,' waving his cap and brandishing his blood-stained spear. 'Gentlemen,' he cried, 'it was too bad of me, but, really, when I saw the boar break cover, my blood got up, and I was quite unable to restrain myself.' At this moment a villager who had been previously well coached, came running up and demanded payment for his property. It was long before Nimrod again entertained the mess with his hunting exploits."

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