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CLEMENT SULIVANE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Thank God for Sunday.

Now God be thanked! that he has given—
  Blest boon to saint and sinner—
A day of rest—one day in seven
  Where toil is not the winner;
Rest for the tired and jaded brain,
  The wearied hand on Sunday,
That they might gather strength again
  For toil renewed on Monday.

The merchant in his counting-room,
  The clerk o'er desk and ledger,
The artisan at forge and loom,
  The ditcher and the hedger—
The laborer, who must toil and slave
  From early dawn on Monday
Until the week sinks in its grave,
  All cry: "Thank God for Sunday!"

The day that lifts the weighty chain
  Which all the week hath bound us;
That respite gives to heart and brain,
  From thousand cares around us;
That in the toilsome march of life
  So bids us take for one day,
Rest from the battle and the strife,
  Oh! God be thanked for Sunday!

If thus by all one day of rest
  Be hailed, as respite solely,
How to the Christian, doubly blest,
  Must be the Sabbath holy;
As, in faith's light, he lifts his eyes
  To the bright world where, one day
He longs to spend beyond the skies,
  A blest, eternal Sunday!

THE JUDGE'S BOND.

"If you don't work lively, Hester, you won't make your ten knots to-day."

Hester stopped short in her work, and the buzzing of the big wheel ceased. There was a mass of soft rolls, and the brown reel by her side, with the results of her morning labors in blue stocking-yarn. She held the wheel firm in one hand, and in the other a long slender thread attached to the spindle.

"Well, mother," said she, quietly turning her face toward the window, "I suppose the sun will rise and set just the same if I don't spin my ten knots a-day."

"I s'pose it will," said Mrs. Preston. She was a spare old lady, and sitting with her back bent to the shape of the rocking-chair hooped over. Her sharp elbows struck out, and her rather large and coarse shoes projected beyond the skirt of her gown. "You know your father likes to see things moving indoors and out," she went on, holding her knitting needles suspended. "He hates lazy folks like Canada thistles."

"And I hate to be driven as if I was a pack-horse," retorted Hester, almost bitterly. "I tell you, mother, I won't wear my life out digging and drudging as you have yours."

"La, Hester, how you do talk. I never thought I was brought into the world for nothing but to cook three meals of victuals a day, and to 'tend to the dairy work. Now, you make a fuss because you have a little chore of stocking yarn to spin; but it ain't so many years since I made all the cloth for the family wear, and did every stitch of my own sewing at night. Why, that year your father was sent up to the Legislature I made him a set of twelve fine shirts. He was perty particklerler in them days; and I did all the stitching, after the rest of the folks had gone to bed, with my foot on the cradle. Sylvester was a baby then, and a dreadful hectoring child. Every day I wove a full stent on linsey wolsey, for it was almost impossible to hire help; and I got up regular at five in the morning and milked four cows before I went about breakfast."

"What is the use of having a soul if you've got to slave in that way?" said Hester, as she gave a little sharp jerk, and broke her thread. "You might as well be a machine and done with it."

"I don't expect you'll do as I have done," responded the old lady with a sigh. "Folks shirk now-a-days to beat all. Your father, when he was younger, was a dreadful driving man. Folks must keep doing as long as they could stand; and none of his boys now can begin to do a day's work equal to his'n. I don't s'pose you mean to follow your sister Nancy, either, for she has had a pretty hard row; but I tell you what, Hester, you'll have to run off [redacted]

"Hester," said the old lady, emphasizing her words with her knitting-needles, "what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. You can't make the whistle out of a pig's tail."

"There's good stuff in Joel," cried Hester, her color rising, and eyes flashing. "If the whole world was against him I'd stand true. Folks may say what they have a mind to, but give Joel a chance, and he will show that he can support a family, and be a man among men."

"Hity, tity!" retorted the old lady, incredulously. "Hain't the Judge boosted him, and kep' a boosting of him, and now he's sot him up in the drug business, and every few days he locks the shop and comes over here a courting, and Bassett gets all his custom. I tell you, Hester, when I was your age I wouldn't have looked at a young man that fooled around when he ought to have been to work. Love is a good thing in its place, when it's got a house and garden spot free of incumbrance, and plenty of firewood, and a full meal chist and flour barrel attached to it, but it never was meant to go alone."

Hester hung her head. Her mother had the good hard sense on her side, and she had only the faith of love to offset it. She did not say what she thought, that the chance Joel needed was herself; but she leaned against the chair, and touched her mother's gray head, and her voice was pleading and eager.

"O, mother," said she, "don't you go against me. I shall never come back begging to the old door, but when I leave home I want to have all things pleasant, and not give the neighbors a chance to talk. Mother"—and suddenly the girl threw her arms around the wrinkled neck—"you can think how it was when you were young: how your heart beat, and your cheek flushed for just one man. You wanted to go to the world's end with him, and not with another. If you saw his faults, you could forgive them, for your heart-strings were someway twisted and tied with ifis, and could not be undone. In those days, mother, you didn't think so much about the potato-bin and flour barrel."

"La, child, you go on to beat all," returned the old lady, drawing the back of her hand across her eyes. "The Bible says a man must leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and I s'pose it's the same with a woman; but I tell you, Hester, it's mighty handy to have worldly goods to cleave on to besides. I always agree with your father on all p'ints. He expects it of me; and if he should say black was white, laws, I should say so too, but I think jest as I've a mind tu inside. I always said no man should tyrannize over me. A woman can squint round a corner handier than a man can, and she can find ways of getting her will, and I guess I've ruled the roost as much as the Old Square has after all's said and done; but he don't know, and I wouldn't have him find it out for the world. I don't say I shall enkerridge Joel, but it you have made up your mind there's no use argufying, for you're a reg'ler born Preston, and they all hold on like a dog to a root. I shall try to ease off things; that's all I can promise, but I must confess, Joel is a pleasant creetur, and you can't help liking him if you try."

Hester kissed the old lady's wrinkled cheek rather more impulsively than was necessary, and then, in a half-coaxing shame-faced sort of way, she said:—

"Mother, I expect Joel over this afternoon, and I thought if you didn't mind I'd put a little handful of fire in the sitting-room stove."

"No, you'd better not," said Mrs. Preston, decidedly. "Your father won't like to have any underhand courting going on. It will only rile him the more. He and I did all our courting business up by the kitchen fire. Mother thought it was economical. Every Sunday night he came like clock-work (we used to keep Saturday night in them days), and there he sot and cored apples, and I strung 'em, and we killed two birds with one stone as neat as any thing you ever saw. Joel had better be treated in an every-day sort of fashion. In your father's present state of mind it won't do to waste candle-light and fire-wood on him. And, Hester, you had better stir up some fritters for supper. The Square is fond of fritters. I ha'n't lived with him all these years without finding out that a good meal of victuals makes considerable difference with his feelings."

Hester knew her mother was wise in her day and generation—an experienced woman; so she set her wheel away and went up to her chamber—a little, cold, neat room, with slooping wall.

Joel came driving to the gate. The air was nipping, and spiteful gusts of wind whirled along the valley. He fastened his horse to the fence, and blanketed him carefully. The boys, Hester's brothers, had gone with lumber to the village mill, and would not be back until late, if at all, that night. The Squire was in the barn, tinkering away at his sap buckets. The cold weather had kept back the sugar season, but a thaw might be looked for now at any moment. The old man was short and stocky, with an eagle face, and iron-gray hair. All his motions were brisk, and his words exploded something after the fashion of fire-crackers. Now a grim sort of smile puckered the old face, as he thought that long-tailed gray of Herrick's, the livery-stable keeper, might stand there in the cold till doom's day for all him. Then rub-a-dub-dub on the sap buckets. Hester met Joel at the door demurely enough. He was good-looking, tall, and slender, and unconsciously elegant and refined in appearance. The young man drew up to the fire with his overcoat on, and Mrs. Preston engaged him in talk about the weather and the neighbors. The kitchen was large and light, with a floor scrubbed and stained, and braided mats, and comfortable chairs, and a great clock ticking in the corner. There were pots of petunias and "hen and chickens" in the window. The bit of greenery made a pretty back ground for Hester, who, seated in a low chair, took out her company work, some old fashioned lace she was knitting, which she coiled and foamed over her black silk apron. She was anxious as she glanced out at Joel's horse, shivering under his blanket, when the cold did not sting him into positive uneasiness. The young man still sat with his overcoat on, fingering his hat and muffler, while Mrs. Preston talked away about Sally Mifflin's cough, and how the Selkirk children had all come down with the measles. Hester saw how uncomfortable Joel was, not knowing whether to stay or go, so she ran out with a shawl over her head, set the long-tailed bay free from the ifils as quietly as possible, and led him into the barn. She knew all the ins and outs of horse tackle, and could harness and unharness as handily as a man. It was not long, therefore, before the gray was munching oats in state. The old Squire saw Hester do this high-handed thing under his very nose, so to speak, and the strokes on the sap buckets grew more savage than ever. When the girl went back into the house she was much relieved by hearing her mother say:—

"I guess the Square has put up your horse, Joel, and you had better stay to supper, and spend the night with us."

Hester had spread the tea-table, not with the best napery and dishes from the keeping-room cupboard, for her mother had hinted that it would be impolitic to make any change on Joel's account; but everything was clean, wholesome, and appetizing. There was the platter of sliced meat, the snowy bread, and golden butter, and the dish of clear honey for the fritters. The old man came in, and gave a sort of snort when he detected Joel sitting snugly ensconsed in a warm corner by the fire. He drew his chair directly to the supper-table, without reference to anybody present, and his shaggy gray eyebrows met in a twisted frown—always a most decided storm signal. With something which emanated from his throat between a grunt and a growl, he pushed the various dishes toward the unwelcome lover. It is a mild statement to say that Joel was literally on pins and needles. Hester's face was very red, but she maintained herself bravely by the frying kettle, and in a few minutes slipped a fritter, brown, puffy, hot, with little sprangles and crisp bits clinging to its edges, on to the old gentleman's plate. His face relaxed slightly, and a sort of juiciness crept into the dry wrinkles about his mouth. Presently two more delectable brown puffs took the place of the one that had already vanished, and the molified look stole up to the knobby old nose, and higher still to the keen gray eyes, and softly united the twisted knot of the eyebrows. "Wal, Joel, how's the Jedge?" in a pacific growl.

Joel almost sprang off his seat, the question was so sudden and startling.

"O, the Judge; he is well," stammered the young man, turning several shades of red in quick succession.

"Making money hand over fist, I'll warrant."

"Yes, he is doing pretty well," replied Joel, so painfully confused that he dropped a lump of salt into his tea in place of sugar.

"Them lawyers have got long heads, and sharp claws," said the Squire. "The best way is to give 'em a wide berth. There's an old saying I used to hear when I was a boy; tell the truth and shame the devil; but I guess the devil don't often get shamed that way by lawyers. There's one thing I will say for the Jedge, though; he's the likeliest of the lot, and he freezes right snug to his business; but that ain't a family trait, is it?"

"What, honesty?" returned Joel; "O, yes, I never knew a dishonest Selfridge."

"Humph," grunted the old Squire, "did you ever know a shiftless Selfridge? But there ain't no use asking questions. Everything has got a new-fangled name. What are lazy folks called now-a-days, Hester? You have taught school and ought to be acquainted with fashionable names."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hester, bending her head down over the fire.

"Now I recollect. They're called gentleman of leisure. If the Jedge can afford to keep his relations without work, why it's a mighty fine thing for them, and I don't know as it's any business of mine," and with a metallic sound in the chest, which might have been either a laugh or a chronic cough, the old man arose from the table, set his hat determinedly upon his head, and went away out of the house to do his evening chores.

The lamp was lit, the fire well trimmed and bright. Hester brought forth a large pan of rosy-cheeked apples (Baldwins) to pare for the last batch of mince pies. The keen knife glanced and shone, and pretty red rings slid down from her comely hands. Mrs. Preston was at work on a long gray sock, a sock anybody might know belonged to the old Squire if they had seen it in China. Joel had taken from his pocket the joints of his flute, and was screwing them tightly together, and as the old man opened the door he heard his dame say:—

"Come, now, Joel, give us General Greene's March, or Yankee Doodle. There's the Squire coming in, and he's fond of music, too."

"You can't eat it or drink it," growled the Squire, as he took his own particular arm-chair, and drew is up to the fire, and, pulling off his heavy boots, held his stocking-clad feet to the genial blaze.

"But your ears can drink it," responded the old lady, not knowing she had made a pretty speech.

Joel played one old air after another, and the walls echoed the strains pleasantly which seemed trying to bring the different heart-beats there under the roof-tree into consonance and harmony. When the music ended, the old man, who had been pondering with his chin sunk in his stock, drew back a little, and laid his hand rather heavily upon the table, and said, breaking out suddenly:

"I s'pose the up-shot of the business is, young man, you want to marry my girl. You've kep' running here pretty nigh a year and a half, and the matter must end some time or other. Tain't my fashion to daub much with untempered mortar, and I tell you plainly what I've got against you is your want of stiddiness and propensity to fool away your time, and live on other folks. I don't propose to support no son-in-law with my hard earnings. Everybody round me must use his own hands and feet, and put in as much as he takes out. Now that's the long and the short of it, and I'm prepared to hear your views."

Joel, thus summoned, looked as if he would much rather run away, but he stood his ground and spoke with his eyes cast down, and his face slightly pale, while the Squire's shrewd, keen countenance was turned attentively toward him.

"I do want to marry your daughter," he began, "and I should have asked for your consent long ago, but I knew you were prejudiced against me, and opposed to taking me into your family. It don't seem quite fair to condemn a man before he has had a trial. Hester shall not repent if she marries me."

"Fine promises never raised a hill of potatoes," said the father sarcastically. "I know good clean timber when I see it, and I know a crooked stick. I tell you, young man you've got to put by your fine airs and buckle down to hard work before you earn a living for a family. I'm agin shiftlessness, tooth and nail, and always was. But, Hester, what have you got to say?"

Hester had held the apple she was paring suspended in her hand. The color varied in her cheeks, and now a tide of crimson swept over them. Her voice faltered, and almost broke at first, but it gathered strength and went on, so clear and distinct, that it seemed as though the old clock in the corner even stopped to listen. "Father," said she, "I hope you won't oppose us till the last. I have tried to please you, and be a good daughter, but there comes a time when a girl must listen to her own heart. I have faith in Joel, and so I am willing to go with him any where in the world. Whatever is against him now will all come right. We will make our way together, and what he has to bear and suffer will I bear and suffer with him. You never shall hear any complaints, father, from me. If our cupboard is empty, it won't keep you awake nights; but don't ask me to give him up. I am too much like you, father, I hold on till death."

"There it is," said the old man in a heat, "you are obstinate, and wilful, and headstrong, and mean to have your own way if the sky falls. You'd a little rather get the consent of the old man that's clothed ye, and schooled ye, and kep' ye ever since you was born; but if you can't get it, no matter; take the bit between your teeth, and ride right over the feelings, and idees, and wishes of them that brought you into the world, and then see where you'll be."

Hester covered her face with her hands, and the hot tears began to make their way through her fingers. The old man got up, and sternly took his boots in one hand and a long tallow candle in the other, and marched away to bed without another word.

Mrs. Preston, who had been mixing emptyings in the buttery, with the door on the crack, came out now, brushing the dust of flour from her apron.

"La, children," said she, "the old Squire is more dangerous when he don't say nothing, and sets in a brown study. It looks to me as if the wind was changing a few p'ints. It has been blowing north-east about long enough, and I should n't wonder if it got round south'ard. You see, I come from down the coast way, and there ain't much about a weather-cock and the old Square's disposition that I don't understand."

The next morning was cold and windy, but the vernal sun sent a feeling of gladness over the world. Nobody but Mrs. Preston would have detected that her husband was more placable than he had been the night before.

"You heard him scold about his coffee," she whispered to Joel; "it's a good sign. I always heard say jest as long as a child cries out hearty it ain't agoing to die, and jest as long as the old Square can find fault with his victuals he ain't agoing to do bloody murder."

Joel's horse was at the door. The old man got into his big top coat. "I guess I'll ride up to the village with you, Joel," said he; "it will save tackling my horse, and then I'll chance it to ketch a ride back with one of the neighbors."

Hester stood at the window and watched them drive away up the creek. She knew how it would end. She knew she should never falter. Having put her hand to the plow, it was not Hester's way to turn back. She was brave and strong, but a kind of mistiness crept up over her dark eyes, as the wonder rose in her mind why the course of true love never did run smooth.

The village was just one long street for stores, flanked by the Town-hall and "First Church." It was full of gardens and neat cottages, and, in Summer time, very shady and pleasant.

"Drive me to the Jedge's office," said the old man, as they got down on Main-st, and I'd like to have you step in and witness to a little business I'm going to transact."

They drove up to a small building, displaying a conspicuous sign. The Judge met them at the door. He was a tall, stiff man, well dressed, with heavy watch seals. His small eyes were keen and inquisitive, and the iron-gray hair was scrupulously brushed around his temples.

"Good day, Squire," said he. "I'm sorry I haven't had time to make out the papers in that cow case."

"O, 'taint a cow case, Jedge; it's a love case," responded the old man, with a species of snort which made Joel's heart sink. "You're a lawyer, Jedge, and if there is a knot-hole in any subject you'll be sure to take a squint through it. I don't expect to pull the wool over your eyes. Set right down, Joel; I want you to pay particklerer heed to what I am going to say. You see there are several p'ints to this here love case. In the first place, Joel is your brother, and you naturally want to see him do well. You've tried to help him forrard, I know. Love is a cur'us kind of distemper, 'specially when its took the natural way. Joel has got it pretty bad. He's been coming round my place now for a considerable spell, and I don't know but he would go on courting forever if I didn't feel called upon to put in a stay of proceedings. You see, Jedge, Hester, my girl, means to marry Joel. When she's once got her heart sot on a thing, there ain't no whoa. Hester is tidy, and snug, and economical, and you know a good wife is sometimes the saving of a young man like Joel. Now, come to sum up, you see how it is Jedge. You make ten dollars where I do one. I'm an old man, and what little I have scraped together must be divided equal among my children. You're right in the prime of life, and hain't got a cloud in the world. "I'll give Hester a good setting out, and if you want to help Joel, you can step right over there to your desk and draw up a paper to the effect that you'll never see my girl come to want. Your bond is as good as gold. Put your name to it, have it all legal and reg'lar, and you shall never hear another word of opposition from me."

Joel sprang to his feet, his face fairly quivering with indignation: "Do you mean to insult me?" he cried. "I won't have this wretched bargaining over my affairs. Hiram, if you draw up that bond, I'll never touch another dollar of yours as long as I live. I'll show you I can support a wife without anybody's help, even if I have to do it by days' works."

"That's right, that's the kind of talk I like to hear," said the old man, chuckling. "Hope you will stick to that mind. Nobody's going to hender; but just draw up the bond, Jedge. It won't do a mite of harm."

"If you draw that bond," broke out Joel furiously, "I shall consider everything over between us. You have no right to shame me in such a way as that. It sounds as if you thought me an idle, shiftless, good-for-nothing fellow, and as if Hester was going to throw herself away. I'll let you know what there is in me. I'll show you that I can stand on my own row without the help of anybody."

"That's right," shouted the old Squire. "Spoken like a man—shows real grit. But don't mind him, Jedge; just you make out the bond. I like to see things down in black and white."

The Judge had reluctantly put pen to paper, and he now handed the document to the old man, who scanned it through his silver-bowed specs. "That'll do, Jedge," with a complimentary nod, and then he drew out a great leathern wallet, and folding the paper slowly put it away with an air of entire satisfaction.

For a long time Hester and Joel Selfridge have lived in a pretty cottage in the village, embowered in roses and honeysuckles. When the windows are open in Summer time, what with music, and laughter, and the sound of children at play, it seems like a veritable music-box. The old Squire has grown garrulous and a little childish within these years. He often goes to his son-in-law's store, and watches the merchant's brisk motions and quick eye with peculiar pride. "Made every dollar of it himself, Sir," he is apt to say to any stranger who happens to be about, and more than once, much to the annoyance of Hester, he has opened his wallet and shown a paper, old, yellow, cracked at the creases. This is the Judge's bond. There are people who say that this same bond gave the needed spur to Joel's rather easy nature, and made him the man he is; but there are others, with clearer eyes, who perceive that the unfailing love and encouragement of a true wife laid the foundations of his best prosperity.

How to Shoe Horses.

Robert Bonner, who is good authority on the subject, says of shoeing horses:

We are enabled to direct the shoeing of our own stable of horses vastly more to our own satisfaction than ever before. Still, we hope to acquire as much more information as we already possess. A great deal must always depend on personal judgment and discretion in applying even the best ascertained general principles.

It is not commonly understood, but it is nevertheless a fact, that ringbones, spavins, curbs, windgalls, shoulder lameness, strains of the loins, "hitching," etc., all arise from either malformation of the feet, or improper shoeing, or both combined. If the feet are kept in proper shape, and properly shod, it is, in our opinion, well-nigh impossible for a horse to be troubled with any of the complaints we have enumerated. Hence the importance of good shoeing.

But the reader is probably ready to ask, how ought a horse to be shod? We will answer in this way: There are no two horses in our stable that we would shoe precisely alike; consequently, we are not inclined to give general directions. At one time, when we had made but little progress in our studies, we experienced considerable benefit from opening the heels and cutting down the foot; but we have since that time, as we have already intimated, found out, "a more excellent way," which we now practice.

Lameness is not confined, as many people think, to horses that have been shod for a number of years. Last autumn we saw several colts in Orange and Suffolk counties that were "perfect cripples," and yet they had never been shod! At Comac, Long Island, Mr. Smith Rurr, who has for over thirty years ranked—and deservedly so—as a leading horseman of Suffolk county, called our attention to a little colt, only six months old, that was so lame that it could scarcely move, and yet neither Mr. Burr nor any one in the neighborhood could tell where the lameness was seated. Some persons thought that the colt was lame in the whirl-bone, and others that the trouble was in the stifle-joint: but no one thought of locating it in the feet, where it undoubtedly was. The poor little thing was suffering from a morbid growth or malformation of the hoof. There are many such cases all over the country. At Hammond's farm, near New London, Conn., a high-bred colt, only eight months old, was affected in this same way last fall. It was deemed incurably lame, and in order to put an end to its misery, it was killed. We have the affected foot in our possession. It has been sawn in two, and the displacement of the coffin and navicular bones, produced by the morbid growth of the hoof, shows conclusively how and where the trouble originated.

Our advice to those of our readers who desire to understand this subject, is to make a thorough study of it themselves. But no one must undertake it under the impression that he can master it in a day, or a week, or a month. Begin by taking lessons from Roberge, Lee or Bryden. You can learn something really valuable from every one of them. They all have systems of their own—and every one has some important things that he has himself originated. Dr. Bryden, of Boston, as things considered, as a veterinary surgeon, which includes a knowledge of the foot, we prefer to any other veterinary surgeon in the country. The others—Roberge and Lee—are not veterinary surgeons. They confine themselves to the foot exclusively, and have done and are doing a great deal of good in their special department.

A Terrible Earthquake.

A telegram received from Constantinople, states that a most appalling earthquake has occurred at Antioch, and that half of the City of Antioch is destroyed. The number of lives lost cannot be yet ascertained, but as near as can be estimated the total killed will not be less than fifteen hundred.

Early in the morning an appalling rumbling noise was heard, followed immediately by three successive shocks, and earth-waves, which caused the buildings to rock to and fro. The people rushed terror-stricken from the falling houses, and shrieked in dismay as they endeavored to make their way from the city to the open country.

The river Orontes rose and swept over the lower portions of the city. The two bridges across the river were carried away, and great portions of the city walls have been thrown down. Assistance was rapidly being sent from adjacent cities to the scene of the disaster.

A LEGAL QUANDARY.—Here is a legal muddle in Boston: The Federal authorities have compelled the private clubs of that city to take out licenses as retail liquor dealers. Now, many of the state judges are members of these clubs; and this decision of the revenue authorities makes them retail liquor dealers; and if they remain members of the clubs, and the clubs do not give up selling liquor, what will the judges be but criminals, liable to indictment by their own Grand Juries, and arrest by their own constables?—*Baltimore Sun.*

EGGS.—It has been ascertained that the ovarium of a fowl is composed of 600 ovules or eggs; therefore a hen during the whole of her life cannot possibly lay more than 600 eggs, which, in the natural course, are distributed over nine years.

Two children of Mr. Ferrel, a little boy and little girl, living in Grant County, Ky., got into a playful scuffle lately, when the little boy fell on his sister and killed her instantly. The girl was about ten years old and the boy about eight.

Effects of an Earthquake.

The details of the California earthquake, writes a correspondent, seem to have little variation. They are all sickening and horrifying. I wish I had never talked with one of these "eye-witnesses." A young husband had been sitting at his fireside with his wife. He intended to depart in the morning for this city, and the two were making the most of the last time they would be together for several months; the candle had burned out and they were both seated close to the open fireplace, the wife holding in her arms a child of a few months. After the shock, the husband was found lying on his face dead, a beam across his neck which, in falling, had nearly severed his head from the trunk; and the mother was so frightfully burned by the firebrands that she could not have lived many minutes, and the infant was discovered lifeless nearly a rod distant. A family of seven persons on the outskirts of Visalia who were sound asleep, were sunk, some two or three feet below the surface of the earth. All were rescued, however, alive, except a baby which was burned to death by coming in contact with a stove. A mother was nursing a sick child, a girl of 14 or 15, who had been taken the day before with chills and fever. After the shock neither could be found, the ruins of the house itself even being swallowed up in the enormous fissure which had been made made in the earth. This fissure ran across the ground of a farmer, who, feeling some presentiment of disaster, in what form he knew not, went out about one o'clock to see his stock. An unruly colt had broken loose from his tether, and the owner was chasing him about the lot when the shock came. The colt disappeared, but the farmer has a first-class drain across his forty-acre farm. These incidents of the catastrophe are but a few examples of many others. Had the district been densely populated they would have been multiplied by hundreds. As it is there are enough of them. To hear those who witnessed them relate their experiences is like reading a romance, but they are facts, and such facts are rarely met with. The rumors of volcanic eruption have proved groundless, all of them. The people throughout the district so violently convulsed have most of them relatives or intimate acquaintances here, and the desolation that has visited the country is indicated by the grief stamped on many faces when any question in relation to the subject is asked them or any allusion made to the subject.

A Chapter on Gold.

Baron Humboldt said that before Columbus struck the New World (1492), the amount of gold and silver dug annually amounted to only $250,000; and that the gross amount of gold and silver in use in the world was $175,000,000, about one-twelfth of our national debt. How valuable was a dollar in those days? Why, it would buy ten bushels of wheat and pay for five days' labor.

Well, the Spaniards overrun Mexico and South America, and before 1562 one thousand new mines were discovered in Europe and Asia. In 1545 the annual yield of gold and silver had increased from $250,000 to $750,000, and the silver in use then amounted to $250,000,000.

In 1600 the stock on hand was estimated at $650,000,000.

In 1700 it had reached $1,385,000,000.

In 1800 it had reached $1,900,000,000.

From 1810 to 1829 there was not much mining; a good deal of gold and silver were used in the arts, and, through "wear and tear" the world's stock of gold and silver decreased to $1,565,000,000.

From 1800 to 1848, before California, the world's supply of gold and silver, through mines in Russia and North and South America, increased to $4,095,000,000.

In 1840 came California. Australia followed, and in 1853 the year's yield was $193,900,000. Statistics show that the world's annual yield of gold and silver, since 1848 has been $180,000,000; so that, in 1870, the amount of gold and silver in the world in money and the arts amounted to $7,906,000.

Still the gold and silver is increasing. Nevada is opening up rich mines, Colorado richer, and one hundred mines are being worked in Utah alone.

There is also lead enough in Utah to supply the world, while California, Idaho, and Montana are supplying gold in unlimited quantities. The "Comstock Lode" supplies three tons of silver per week, the "Meadow Valley," at Pioche, three tons per week (worth $32,000 per ton), and Mr. Webster says there are still 2,000 unworked copper, tin, bismuth, silver, and lead mines within 150 miles of Salt Lake City.

America alone yielded in gold and silver in 1870, $100,000,000; and it was estimated that in 1871 the annual increase reached $200,000,000.

CATTLE THIEVES.—A Texas Grand Jury has made a formidable presentment of the crimes perpetrated on the people of their State by the Mexican bandits who ravage the section of country lying between the Nueces and Rio Grande. The case is certainly very clear against the Mexicans, who are commanded by generals of the Republic, and who sell plunder openly in Mexican markets. The spoils of Texan citizens are said to amount to 5,000 cattle per month, or $6,300,000 worth per year. The report of the Grand Jury has the merit of being pungent and direct in language, and fixes on Cortina, the ranking general, the title of "ranking cow and horse thief on both frontiers." It is clear that these people need looking after forthwith.

INDIANS.—The twelve Indian tribes in Kansas were originally a powerful and large body of Indians, but disease and bad habits have reduced them greatly. They are peaceable. Among those progressing rapidly in civilization and Christianity are the Chippewas, Pottowatomies, Wyandots and Christian Indians. Little progress is making among the Kickapoos (half tribe in Mexico), 314; Kaws, 718; Osages, 4,500; Sacs and Foxes, of Mississippi, 957; Ottowas, 200; Shawnees, 650; Miamis, 95; Peorias, &c., 200. Total industrious in Kansas, 1,385 souls. The fine land in Kansas is attracting so many white settlers that it will result ere long in driving the Indians further West.

Facts and Fancies.

Cash advances—attentions to a rich widow.

Which is the ugliest hood ever worn?—Falsehood.

The bitter end—the last half inch of a penny cigar.

The conjunctive mood—thoughts of matrimony.

The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th.

Smart young men, and gossiping, pert girls, are the persons most to be dreaded in society.

A little girl in Milwaukee was lately frightened to death by the noise of a mill into which she ran.

The infallible cure for rheumatism is now flannel and patience; and for gout tea and toast and exercise.

If your wife does abuse you, you have the pleasant consciousness that she will not permit any one else to do so.

Bonnets and round hats are so much alike in shape and trimming this season that it is very difficult to tell which is which.

A sour old bachelor makes the remark that a girl who is now termed a beautiful blonde, would, a few years ago, have been called a tow head.

Zukertorf is believed to be the best chess player in the world, being engaged in that profitable game sixteen hours out of every twenty-four.

Make railroad murders so expensive that no company can afford to perpetrate them; that's the way to abolish these "harrowing catastrophes."

To be alone with the girl to whom he is not engaged is a man's delight; to be alone with the man to whom she is engaged is a woman's delight.

If your neighbor's hens are troublesome, says an exchange, and steal across the way, don't let your angry passions rise; fix a place for them to lay!

The fashion of throwing an old slipper after the carriage of a newly-married couple is supposed to mean that the chances of matrimony are very slippery.

A New York bride wore a robe of white satin, with an overskirt of tulle, on which was a flounce of point lace, and the ornaments were of diamonds and pearls.

A gentleman and his wife departed from Indianapolis, taking with them their nineteen children, five of whom were "in arms." The father is 38 and the mother 36.

Mr. George W. McCull, is building an Episcopal Church in Nevada, and when it is completed intends to send out a rector, and pay him a handsome salary for ten years.

A Paris street scene: "Dear lady," said a child exposing a toy for sale, "buy this." "What is its price?" "Judge yourself, madame; I have eaten nothing to-day."

The hair on a camel weighs about ten pounds and sells for more than one hundred dollars, which shows that it was not only in the days of Mohammed that the animal bore a great prophet.

The Chicago *Evening Post* introduces the obituary of Prof. Morse with the following appropriate text: "His line is gone out through all the earth, and his words to the end of the world."

The digestive organs of the Japanese excite the curiosity of the medical professsion. Their fondness for sour cucumbers and hard eggs is startling to quiet citizens of dyspeptic proclivities.

A maiden who had once been jilted wrote her own epitaph, as follows:

"Here lies the body of one
Who died of constancy alone.
Stranger! Advance with steps courageous,
For this disease is not contagious!"

A Richmond paper lately had this statement: "The Grand Jury met yesterday and made one indictment—the name of the party (Mr. Lohman) we have been requested to withold for the present."

A Philadelphia man recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six said to his little daughter of about the same age:—"Your Pa will marry again, won't he?" "O, yes," was the reply: "but not till after the funeral."

A young lady says she cannot see anything so wonderful in the newspapers predicting the weather, as they always know beforehand what the fashions are going to be, and she is sure there is nothing in nature so fickle as the fashions.

And old man of seventy committed suicide in New Hampshire the other day because he was hopelessly addicted to habits of dissipation and intemperance. Nearly all his life he had been the victim of his appetites, and finally gave up the struggle.

The Havana (Mason Co., Illinois) *Clarion* says the chinch-bugs are making preparations to clean out the entire corn crop this season, unless some way can be found to destroy them; and a good many farmers are getting ready to rake and burn them.

Olive Logan commenced one of her lectures at Newark, recently, with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

A good, finished scandal, full-armed and equipped, such as circulates in the world, is rarely the production of a single individual, or even of a single coterie. It sees the light in one; is rocked and nurtured in another; is petted, developed, and attains its growth in a third; and receives its finishing touches only after passing through a multitude of hands.

A VICEROYALTY WORTH HAVING.—The Viceroyalty of India is probably the most valuable in the world, as it enables the incumbant to save, as a rule, $69,000 a year out of his salary, and the whole of his private income for five years. The salary is $125,000 a year, besides allowances, a furnished house and all traveling expenses, and half that sum will enable most men to live in becoming splendor. To a poor man, however, (says the London *Spectator*) the office is less valuable, as he saves less from his home revenue, and if, like Lord Mayo, he is fond of splendor, an Irishman, and unlucky enough to have a Royal Duke for a guest, he may save a little indeed.

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