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On the Plea of Insanity.

Of fashions—which forever rage
'Midst fallible humanity—
The foremost fashion of the age
Appears to be insanity!
Whene'er a crime committed is
Unusually bad,
Its author thus acquitted is:
"Of course he must be mad!"

A scholar has a shrewish wife,
Who little things complains about;
He gets enraged and takes her life
By scattering her brains about.
He'd ne'er, had he retained his wits,
Have done an act so sad;
His studies overstrained his wits—
Poor fellow, he was mad!

A woman, dragged by passion down,
To hide her criminality,
Sowed poison broadcast through a town
With hideous prodigality;
By strychnine shed diffusively,
She chanced one luckless lad
To kill—which proves conclusively
That she, of course, was mad!

Brought up on mad Dick Turpin tales,
And sick for notoriety,
An idiot the Queen assails,
And horrifies society;
But when to tales he's read so oft
We nine more tales would add,
Again—it has been said so oft!
We're told, "Poor thing, he's mad!"

Of Intellect's vast march we hear—
But this I say unfeignedly,
The march of Intellect, I fear,
Is marching March hare-brainedly.
That "madness" is paronymous
With "badness," seems the fad;
If so, why they're synonymous,
And every one's gone—mad!

HOW I WAS RUSTICATED.

I always thought it a very hard case, but I could never bring my irate father and my weeping mother to view the matter in that light. I appeal to an impartial public. This is how it happened:

My name was put on the boards of St. Blaisus in October, 185—, and, after a most tender parting from my household gods in Warwickshire, I commenced residence in all the glory of a promising freshman. I do not know that I ever had very sanguine hopes of academic distinction, so I received the full blessing of expecting nothing, inasmuch as, in this respect, I met no disappointment. I had a hard battle with my revered father, and afterwards with the tutor of the college, to be allowed to rent an extra room in which I might carry on my favorite relaxation. This was the unusual pursuit of amateur organ-building. My father said that the idea was preposterous and expensive. The tutor affirmed that such things ruined a young man's prospects, and made him idle. But, nevertheless, I carried the day through the intercession of my mother; and my carpenter's bench, with the appurtenances thereof, were duly accommodated in a small room opening out of my room, on staircase letter C. I was not long in maturing my plans for erecting a small chamber-organ of manuals, with all kinds of ingenious mechanical appliances in the way of stops and couplers. I was naturally both of a mechanical and musical turn of mind; so, by my favorite pursuit, I gratified both sides of my disposition. I often tried to convince my father that it was a most economical step thus to kill two birds with one stone, but he could not see it. I explained how I might develope my mechanical talent by building an expensive steam-engine, and indulge my musical propensities by insisting on running up to London every week to enjoy the opera or Philharmonic concerts. I moved on paper that this method would consume more time and more money than a little quiet organ-building could ever absorb. But it was all no use. My father had not a logical mind, and he drove away conviction in a manner most irritating to a sound reasoner like myself. However, I had my own way at Cambridge, but under protest.

Now, the organ in the Chapel of St. Blaisus was an old organ, which had been renovated and added to by several builders, till the inside of the instrument was crowded beyond all reason. For the most ordinary processes of tuning and regulating, the unfortunate operator had to perform the feats of an acrobat before he could get at either pipes or key-action. The bellows had to be emptied and the swell closed before he could get in at all. And after he was in, it was only by getting over sundry massive beams, under cross-beams not more than two feet from the ground, and through apertures scarcely big enough for a rabbit, that any of the important working-parts of the instrument could be reached. To tie oneself into a knot, as tumblers do, was nothing to this. Unless a man could double himself up into the space of a cubic foot or so, unless he could wriggle along yards upon his back, and stand for many miserable minutes in the most apoplectic postures, he could not hope to do anything to the interior of the St. Blasius organ. It was from this untoward instrument that I obtained all my patterns and measurements for my own chamber-organ. I formed the acquaintance of the organist, and, after a vast amount of strategy, won his consent to my venturing into the hidden depths of his hideous old machine. Week after week did I attempt new feats with the view of getting hints for my own amateur work. I lived in a chronic state of broken head and contused shins. Every now and then I appeared with one or more black eyes; and on two occasions I was most suspiciously cross-examined by the Dean as to presumed pugilistic propensities.

But in the midst of all these difficulties I progressed most satisfactorily with my work, and was proud to think that all my evolutions in the St. Blaisus organ, however detrimental to my own bodily comfort and personal appearance, brought no damage to the venerable and sacred instrument itself. He did not object to any amount of punishment wherewith I punished my own cranium or limbs, but he swore a deep oath that the moment I injured a hair in his precious organ, that moment I should be to him as a heathen man and a publican.

Four years passed by without any accident. My studies were in a most backward state, but, oh joy! my chamber-organ was on the high road to completion. The tutor complained of my idleness. My father upbraided me for neglecting my reading, but I hugged myself with the thought that once the organ was finished, I would buckle-to and make my running with the college subjects. In the midst of my good resolutions, a most lamentable accident took place. I was, one day, standing inside the chapel organ, resting on my left knee, with one foot wedged in between two pipes, the other suspended delicately in the air, my head tucked out of the way under my right arm, while I held a long screw-driver in my left-hand. In this pleasant position I had stood for nearly ten minutes, examining a portion of the wind-chest work, when by an overpowering impulse I was compelled to sneeze, and in the act I dropped the screw-driver. Down it fell heavily on the swell-trackers, and forthwith snap went the trackers, and my implement traveled on to further mischief below. At this juncture I heard a familiar voice: "Hallo!—what's that?"

"Oh, nothing," I replied.

"You get off, that, sir, and let me see what you have been at."

Like a guilty hound, I extracted myself from the organ. The organist pulled out a few of the swell-stops, and ran lightly over the keys. In two seconds my fatal delinquency came to light. I knew it was all over. I put down the key of the organ on the stool, and, without a word, silently and mournfully left the chapel. The organist, on asking for the services of an organ-builder, had to give an account of the accident, and consequently got soundly wigged by the dean for "dreaming of allowing a wild young undergraduate to meddle with and injure so noble and valuable an instrument."

From that hour I knew there was to be no more help to be obtained by me from "that noble and valuable," &c. I was thrown on my own resources. My organ progressed but slowly; my work, from being imitative became tentative; and oftentimes I fitted fifty different pieces of wood in a given place before I got it right. Week after week I toiled away laboriously, with a patience worthy of a better cause. I chaffed a good deal at my constant obstacles, and twice did I attempt to make it up with the organist. But it was no use.

"No, sir," he said, peremptorily, "there will be no more damage done to the organ by you again, if I can help it."

By this time I had finished the key-action, bellows, sound-board, and wind-chest. The pipe-work, so far as it was metal, I did not attempt. This portion of my organ was supplied by an organ-builder in London. The shop-work was also finished, and I was now engaged in putting on some composition-pedals. In this there were one or two intricacies which I could not solve, and I at last determined that I would attempt furtively to get into the chapel organ and examine the composition-pedals there. But at this I was staggered by the difficulty of the project. To get the keys of the organ was impossible. To force an entrance was, of course, out of the question. My only chance was to watch an opportunity when the organ should be left open, and the organist absent. For this combination of circumstances I watched and waited in vain for nearly three weeks. At last, one Sunday morning, I was late for chapel, and passing up the ante-chapel I found the choir-gates closed, and the service well advanced. I had nothing particular to do, so I thought I would sit down in the ante-chapel to hear the anthem. So I made myself comfortable near the screen, looking up every now and then to the "noble and valuable old instrument" above me.

Towards the end of the Psalms a frightful ciphering took place, or (in untechnical language) several notes struck down inside the organ, and sounded various and discordant pipes whether the organist liked it or not. This "ciphering" I at once perceived was on the swell. In a second I heard a handful of swell-stops pushed hastily in, and the Psalms were finished on the Great and Choir. When the Anthem began, the first few chords told me, plainly enough, that the swell was now all right—the ciphering had been cured. Now I knew that, in all probability, the organist must have got at the key-action to effect this, and I also knew that, in that clumsily-arranged instrument, he could not do this without going inside. At once it struck me—had he left the little side-door open? If he had, now was my opportunity. I slipped up the winding staircase, and crept cautiously along the top of the screen till I hid myself behind the organ. Unfortunately for me, the side-door was near the bellows handle, and so long as the man who blew sat near I could do nothing. However, as this was a sermon Sunday, I had plenty of time; so I kept still in my hiding-place, and bided my time. The bellows-blower might go to sleep, or he might leave the organ-loft for a few minutes during the sermon. The Dean gave out his text, and commenced one of his dreary and lengthy compositions. I cannot say I was very attentive. I was too fully occupied in watching my man. Slowly and ponderously the learned Dean got through his introduction and the first of his three heads. Just as he proceeded with "Secondly," the bellows-blower, to my great joy, softly left the organ-loft, while the organist was all right in front, listening hard, it is to be hoped, to the Dean's sermon. In a moment I slipped round, when I found the coast was clear and came upon the little side-door open; I doubled myself up and got in. I went cautiously on hands and knees across the top of the bellows, and after several hair-breadth escapes reached the rods of the great organ-stops, with the composition-rollers working above and below. I softly got off the bellows at the side farthest from the side-door, and here I had to place myself in the most uncomfortable position it is possible to conceive. I had just room for my two legs, but none for the upper part of my body. A large beam projected just into the very spot where my shoulders ought to have been; so I had to bend my head forward over the top of the reservoir-bellows, with a row of sharp wire screw-ends above, lying across the nape of my neck. The composition pedal-work was now in front of me nearly, and pulling out a small rule, I immediately commenced my investigation and measurement. Meanwhile, I could hear the heavy theological Dean droning out his interminable sermon. For the first time in my life I admired his prolixity, for every additional subdivision of his subject gave me so much more time for my work. I knew full well that, when the sermon came to an end, my little excursion must also terminate, for the organists would then commence his concluding voluntary. I heard a faint sound at the back of the organ, of which, however, I did not take much notice. I supposed (and rightly) that it was the blower returning to his post, and I naturally calculated the small gratuity which would suffice to buy his silence when I made my exit through the dark little door opposite. How far the Dean had advanced in his sermon I could not tell exactly, but I know that he was in deep "Thirdly," and I thought to myself it was nearly time for me to get out. I had just resolved upon this, and was folding up my two-foot rule and my paper of memoranda, when my attention was attracted by a subdued creaking sound. I looked round; and, by the dusty twilight which prevailed inside the organ, I just saw enough to suspect that the bellows-blower had begun to put in the wind. In the greatest consternation I put my hand upon the top of the reservoir-bellows just before me. Yes, it was too true; the wind was being put in, ready for the concluding voluntary. It must be remembered that my head was of necessity bent forward, that my face was looking down upon the top of the bellows, and that I was so securely wedged into this position that it was only by scrambling across the top of the bellows I could possibly get out; and this was only possible when the wind was out and the bellows at its lowest level. Immediately, when I saw the difficulty, I endeavored to get one leg upon the bellows, in the hope I might be able to scramble over it to the other side before it rose much higher. But it had already risen too high for this. Every movement of the handle, worked by the man outside, raised the large moving surface an additional inch or so. It was now breast high, within two inches of my face. To raise my head was impossible, for, as I before remarked, a row of sharp screw-ends (technically called "tapped wires") was directly over the nape of my neck. All this time, though it was but a few seconds, I was acutely conscious of the steady progress of the sermon. I can even now remember every word of the sonorous Dean's peroration. A sudden thought flashed across my mind: "What a fool I am!—why not open the escape-valve?" Now, the escape-valve, which is an arrangement for preventing the bellows from bursting, was, as usual, in the middle of the wide expanse of the bellows-top. If I could only press this down, the air would escape, the bellows would sink, and I might yet get free. I strained and reached, but in vain; my longest finger could not be got within six inches of the valve. I thought of my two-foot rule; but, alas! in my consternation I had let it drop. On went the sermon; "beat, beat," went my heart. The bellows-top was now touching my nose, and the sharp points were being gradually driven into the back of my neck. I struggled, but in vain. It was no use. I was wedged in, like some poor victim in a torture-machine of the Inquisition. "Pump, pump," went the bellows handle; down came the blood from innumerable punctures in the back of my neck. My agony was intense. My face was literally jammed between the ever-rising bellows below and those hideous spikes above. I dare not cry out; for was not the Dean in the finest passage of his peroration? In the midst of my agony I heard a sound, and felt a movement in the mechanism near me. It was the organist pulling out the great organ stops. At the same instant my eyes caught sight of the "pull-downs" leading from the great organ wind-chest. Some little demon whispered in my ear; and in a moment I saw my only hope of release from the intense and increasing agony I was suffering. I must open the nearest pipes, and thus release the accumulating wind. I knew, of course, the uproar I should cause, and I still heard the interminable Dean at his interminable sermon. But I could not help it. With one hand I grasped about eight of the bass "pull downs," and with the other hand I laid hold of the nearest pedal-trackers. A roar of the most awful character ensued; it was as though fifty healthy bulls and five active volcanoes had burst into the chapel. The Dean's sermon was effectually quenched. One of his finest periods was brought to an unexpected full-stop. The unfortunate organist bounded off his stool, and swore audibly. The bellows-blower rushed off, thinking, no doubt, the devil was inside the organ. But, oh joy! the bellows sank, and in a fainting state I clambered over the top, stumbled out through the little side door, and fell into the arms of two Senior Fellows who had hastened up to the scene of the disaster. The commotion among the gownsman in the chapel, I was afterwards told, beggared description. Laughter, horror, exclamations of surprise and indignation, were all to the front by turns. The blessing was pronounced amidst the greatest confusion; and altogether the scene was such as those sacred walls had never witnessed before.

I was politely conducted to my rooms. The next morning I appeared before the Master and Seniors, and, though I pleaded loud and long, I was rusticated for two terms. I never went back to Cambridge. I always considered that I had been very badly treated.

Lapland as it Is.

Paul du Chailla says in a lecture about Lapland: When I went to Sweden and expressed my intention of going to Lapland, I was told that I should have to wait until the musquitoes had gone, for I could not stand them. I laughed at the idea; but when I arrived there you may be assured I believed it; why, Jersey is not for a moment to be compared with it for musquitoes. During the reign of this insect the inhabitants go to the mountains. The Laplanders are most astonishingly honest; they leave their valuables in sight of their servants when they retire, and have never known them to be stolen. I left my money-bag once, and traveled some distance before I missed it. I tried to make my guide understand my loss, and, in so doing, awakened the sympathies of a young woman (the Lapland women are beautiful!), who volunteered to get it for me, which she soon did. I offered her some of the gold, but she said she would not accept it; not knowing how else to reward her, I gave her a kiss; she looked astonished, and I gave her another. These people are intensely fond of flowers; in Summer, when the flowers are in bloom, it is a national custom to visit the graveyards each Saturday and strew the graves with them. Great interest is manifested to learn of affairs in America, and New York and Chicago are household words. The country has a very thick growth of birch and fir trees over nearly the entire surface, some of the fir trees measuring from five to eight feet in circumference. The scenery is magnificent, and I can conceive of nothing more grand than their mountains, which are from 5,000 to 8,000 feet in height. I have traveled for the short space of half an hour, and passed 72 waterfalls in that time with an average height of 1,000 feet.

A Connecticut girl died in consequence of being told as an "April fool" that her lover was dead.

Frightened by the Earthquake.

The effect of the successive shocks upon the miners, says a California letter, was singular. Some of them threw themselves prostrate in terror, while others, half clad and in the greatest fright, took to the woods. Our artist has caught the expression and appearance of two of these affrighted men most earnestly, yet at the same time somewhat ludicrously.



Blood in his Veins.

Did the reader ever venture a visit to the horse-market at Islington? It is not a cheerful spectacle; the strings of broken-down and aged nags that have been vamped, and veneered, and made to look spruce, on the chance of tempting some one to buy them for a pound above cat's-meat price, for the sake of the bit of work that may somehow yet be screwed out of them! It is pitiful to see their thin old manes so artfully done up in a plaiting of straw, as though it were to save the wealth of horse-hair thereby concealed from dragging in the mire. The misery of the well-bred horse is more prolonged. The common quadrupeds fail body and spirit together. His pluck fails him when his knees go "queer," when his eyes grow dim, and his rubbed shoulders chafe against the collar. There is no such thing as concealing his imperfections. His hide is of rough texture, and will no more take an artificial polish than a mangy old hair trunk; and his drooping ears and melancholy, hanging head give the lie to all that glib-tongued "coper" or "chaunter" may urge in his favor. You may black his feet, and trim his fetlocks, but you might as well put dancing-pumps on the feet of a superannuated agricultural laborer, with a view of passing him off as a lively village swain. He inspires no confidence in the breasts even of those whose highest price is a "pound a leg;" and though he may be heaps better than he looks, no one is disposed to take him on trust, and at a comparatively early stage of his miserable old age he is consigned to the slaughterer. It is altogether different, however, with the creature of blood and breeding. His brave heart, that in his earlier years was his master's pride and glory, is now his life's plague and his misery's prolonging. It will not permit him to yield to the assaults of adversity. With its every limb galled and wrung, blind, deaf, toothless, it must still hold up its head and dilate its thin nostrils. The least touch of the whip strikes fire out of it. Then its hide! The horse-dealing tribe have as much admiration for the coat of a throughbred as has their brother of Rag Fair for a garment of rare old broadcloth. It is never worn out. Its texture and gloss is such that, to the very last, it is a guarantee of the respectability of the animal that wears it, and whatever may be its faults and feelings, there is no denying he is the "remains of a good un;" and so it is vamped up, and its sore places are veneered, and, beginning its career as a park-hack and the associate of throughbreds, the dismal end of its changeful existence is in the shafts of a night cab; and the "knacker's" cart comes to pick it up out of the road, just where it staggered and fell, its last brave endeavor to haul four tipsy rowdies up-hill, and with no foothold for its worn-out thin old shoes in the slippery cobble-stones.—*London Society.*

Something About Salt.

It is a question, says *Hearth and Home*, perpetually recurring at every intelligent breakfast table, and inevitably asked by children who are taught to think, "Is salt indispensable to human life?" Dietically regarded, salt is by no means in the same category with mustard, pepper, vinegar and other condiments. These are not to be found in blood or muscle. Salt is. Select a small portion of brain or tissue, tendon or blood, evaporate it to dryness, then burn it to ashes, and afterwards, pouring upon it distilled water, filter the mixture through white blotting paper, and you have as a residum certain crystalline matters, prominent among which is common salt. In fact, common salt is a universal constituent of animal bodies, so universal that unless an animal can acquire it in one way or another that animal cannot live. Widely diffused all over the world, salt is taken up too by the roots of vegetables, and may also be found in their ashes. It so happens, however, that while stems and leaves are comparatively rich in salt, very little, if any, is discoverable in seeds. Cereal grains contain none. The practical result of this is, that whereas people who live exclusively on animal food, as the Esquimaux Indians in the Arctic, and the Fuegians in the Antartic circles, can dispense with salt in the main, it becomes a positive necessity of life to every people whose diet consists largely of bread or its equivalents. Salt, in one way or another, is, in fact, to all vertebrate, vivaparous, warm-blooded animals, not entirely carnivorous, the very *sine qua non* of existence.

Educational.—The next annual meeting of the National Educational Association will be held in Boston, on the sixth, seventh and eigth days of August, 1872. The forenoon and evening of each day will be occupied by the general association, and the afternoon of each day by the four departments—elementary, normal, superintendence, and higher education. The officers intrusted with the duty of making the arrangements are making good progress, and a full announcement will be made at an early day. The programme of exercises will include several of the most important educational topics now receiving consideration.

A Royal Nun.

A short time ago the world was surprised with the intelligence that a member of the Imperial family had entered a nunnery under very peculiar circumstances.

The lady in question is the Infanta Maria Beatrix, the younger sister of the Duke of Modena, who for some years has been living in Vienna. On the morning of the 12th inst., this lady entered, under the name of Sister Marie, the Ursuline convent establishment here, as a novice, of course, at first, but the gates on closing, for ever shut her out from the world. She was born in 1824, and in 1847 married the Infanta Johann and had three children, two of whom are living at Frohsdorf. Within the last three years she has repeatedly journeyed to Rome to obtain from the Pope a special permission to enter a convent; but on the ground that she was married, that her husband was living, that she had children and even grandchildren, this was steadily refused her. But she persevered, notwithstanding the earnest wishes of her children, and at length succeeded, through the assistance of a Jesuit Father living in Rome. The Pope granted her permission to enter any convent she chose. About three weeks ago her son, who is an officer in the Pope's household, arrived in Vienna *incognito* to bid his mother farewell; the other children, among them the Infanta Carl, and his wife, a daughter of the late Duke of Parma, also came from Frohsdorf, chiefly with the intention of dissuading their mother from retiring for ever from the world and themselves. Many members of the Imperial Family used their influence to the same end. It is even said the Archduchess Sophia, the Emperor's mother, personally entreated the Infanta Maria Beatrix, to alter her resolution, but without effect. We are not told whether the person chiefly interested, the husband, added his prayers to the implorations of the remainder of the family. Towards the end her resolution appears to have been rather shaken, and she shut herself up for three days to pray and fast, and refused to see any one besides her confessor. But she remained firm, bade farewell to her children and their children, passed the night in prayer with her religious adviser, and next morning left the palace with her favorite servants, in two Court carriages sent for the purpose. It seems the Lady Abbess expressed great dissatisfaction at the appearance of the Court carriages, emblems of the worst pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and that the distinguished novice was actually requested to perform the journey over again in a humble vehicle, and to dispense with all but two of her attendants. She complied with the request, and returned in a hired cab with two maids, for whom lodgings were taken in the neighborhood of the convent, so that they might be at hand in case the Sister Maria should became ill. The gate was opened, and the novice passed in never to come out again, or to see her children, her husband, or her friends. Cases of married women obtaining permission to enter nunneries of the strict and secluded order are very rare. The fact that this lady was married and had married children and a husband living, added to the fact that she was closely connected with the Sovereign's family, has caused the case to be regarded and commented on here with an extraordinary degree of interest.—*Vienna Paper.*

To Construct a Fashionable Lady.

The Richmond *Enquirer* publishes the following recipe to make a woman of the period:

Take ninety pounds of flesh and bones—wash clean, bore holes in the ears and cut off the small toes; bend the back to conform to the Grecian bend, the Boston dip, the kangaroo droop, the Saratoga slope, or bullfrog break, as the taste inclines; then add three yards of linen, one hundred yards of ruffles, and seventy-five yards of edging, eighteen yards of dimity, one pair silk cotton hose with patent hip attachments, one pair of false calves, six yards flannel, embroidered, one pair balmoral boots with heels three inches high, four pounds whalebone in strips, seventeen hundred and sixty yards of steel wire, three-quarters of a mile of tape, ten pounds of raw cotton or two wire hemispheres, one wire basket to hold a bushel, four copies of a New York paper (tripple sheet), one hundred and fifty yards of silk or other dress goods, five hundred yards of point lace, fourteen hundred yards of fringe and other trimmings, twelve gross of buttons, one box pearl powder, one saucer of carmine and an old hare's foot, one bushel of false hair frizzled and fretted a la maniaque, one bundle Japanese switches, with rats, mice, and other varmints; one peck of hairpins, one lace handkerchief, nine inches square, with patent holder. Perfume with otter of roses, or sprinkled with nine drops of the "Blessed Baby" or "West End." Stuff the head with fashionable novels, ball tickets, play bills and wedding cards, some scandal, a great deal of lost time and a very little sage; add a half grain of common sense, three scruples of religion, and a modicum of modesty. Season with vanity and affectation and folly. Garnish with earrings, finger-rings, breast-pins, chains, bracelets, feathers, and flowers, to suit the taste. Pearls and diamonds may be thrown in if you have them, if not, paste and pinchback from the dollar store will do.

Whirl all around in a fashionable circle, and stew by gaslight for six hours.

Great care should be taken that the thing is not overdone.

If it does not rise sufficiently add more copies of a New York paper.

This dish is highly ornamental, and will do to put at the head of your table on grand occasions, but is not suitable for every day use at home, being very expensive and indigestable. It sometimes gives men the heartburn, and causes them to break, and is certain death to children.

If you have not the ingredients at hand, you can buy the article readymade in any of our large cities—if you have money enough.

New Invention.—An experienced railroad conductor at the West has invented a car that opens at the top when it tips over, and thus affords an escape for all passengers. Which ever side lands uppermost immediately opens itself wide, and the dismayed passengers are expected to climb out. It meets with great favor among all travellers.—*Exchange.*

A Railroad Story.

"Gris" writes to the Cincinnati *Times:*

Let me relate an incident of travel that occurred when I was a frisky young man with a fondness for young ladies' society. Understand me, I have no distaste for young ladies' society now, but they don't seem to hanker so much for mine as they did, say twenty years ago. This is natural enough. I don't blame them—only they don't know what they are missing.

A friend and myself got on board an express train one afternoon to make a short trip. The car we entered was full. Only one vacant seat in fact, and that was alongside of a charming young lady. My friend and I made a dash for that very desirable seat. It isn't a fair thing to do, as a general thing, but it was allowable under the circumstances, I gave him just the slightest trip in the world, just enough to enable me to get the start of him and obtain the coveted seat. My friend took a seat on the wood box, and disconsolately enough. I think I added to his discomfiture by certain triumphant winks, nods, and motions which I indulged in. The young lady was attractive, and some casual remarks dropped on one side or the other—young folks will drop a remark occasionally, and are more ready to pick it up again than the old ones—afforded an opportunity to glide easily and pleasantly into conversation.

She was witty and sprightly, and I grew unusually brilliant; that is, to the best of my recollection at this somewhat remote day. My friend observing this looked madder than ever. At length we reached a station where the train stopped a moment. My friend abdicated the wood-box and rushed out on the platform. Suddenly he returned, and coming quickly to me, seized me by the collar, and said in a tone heard all through the car:

"Quick now; get right off here. You can get work now. You can get a job here just as well as not. They tell me there is only one shoemaker in the place, and lots of work. Tramping all around the country for a job of shoemaking don't pay. Take work when you find it. That's my motto."

He almost forced me out of the seat with his vehemence, and if I hadn't made a vigorous resistance he would have had me out on the platform. The lady gave me one look of supreme disgust—a tramping journeyman shoemaker!—then directed her gaze out of the window, and kept it there for the remainder of the journey. My friend remounted the wood-box, and indulged in a series of fiendish grins and malignant chuckles as would have justified me in hurling him from the car, only I was too stupefied by the proceeding to proceed against him. When I left the car, the lady looked to see if I hadn't forgotten my "kit," and I am satisfied she thought I had got off to "kick for a job," as they say in shoemaker parlance.

A Wife Worth Having.—The Boston *Traveler* has found an extraordinary woman, as we learn from the following story. That paper says: There has resided in the south end of this city, for a number of years past, a man and wife—the man a kind and indulgent husband, the wife a most extraordinary woman, which the sequel to the story will show. They were in good circumstances, though not rich; had the comforts of life, but never saved up much money, apparently. They lived for many years in this way, until one day the wife said to the husband, "Husband, why don't you buy a house? It is so much nicer than to rent?" "Ah," said the husband, "I can't afford it." "But," said the wife, "wouldn't you take one if anybody would give you one?" "Certainly," said he, little thinking that it would ever come to pass. The wife then presented him with a sheet of paper. Reader, what do you suppose that sheet of paper was? It was nothing less than the deed of a nice house in the city, costing nearly $7,000, which amount the wife had saved out of the money her husband had given her to spend for various things. You can judge of the surprise to her husband. How many wives would ever do that?

A Smart Boy.—The St. Peter (*Minn.*) *Tribune* tells the following good story about a boy of that town:

Johnny Rogers—everybody here knows him—is only five years old, and commenced attending school this Winter. He is as full of mischief as he can be, and a few days ago his teacher, having exhausted every power of moral suasion to make him behave with proper decorum, wrote a note to the principal, something like the following:

"Mr. Metcalf—The bearer deserves a severe punishment."

The teacher gave the note to Johnny, and told him to carry it to Mr. Metcalf. Johnny evidently smelt a mice—it seemed to him that something was wrong, and he concluded he wouldn't go to the principal's room. Meeting a little Norwegian boy in the hall, he inveigled him into delivering the note, and went off to play himself. The principal read the note, and at once honored the note presented by "the bearer" by giving him all it called for. The innocent Norwegian lad departed a sadder if not a wiser boy.

Who I Am.—The following story is told of Colonel Samuel Colt, who in his lifetime was sometimes inclined to be a little pompous. When he was building dwelling-houses for the workmen employed in his great pistol factory, he one day encountered a boy picking up chips on his grounds.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, gruffly.

"Picking up chips, sir," replied the youngster, evidently unawed by the great presence.

"Perhaps," exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up with dignity, "you don't know who I am. I'm Colonel Samuel Colt, and I live in that big house up yonder."

The boy straightened up and swelled out, and answered, "Perhaps you don't know who *I* am. I'm Patrick Murphy, and I live in that little shanty down yonder," pointing in the direction.

"Sonny," said the colonel, blandly, patting the boy on the head, "go on and pick up all the chips you want, and when you get out come back for more."

Sarah A. Williamson has recovered a judgment of $175 against a saloon keeper at Hudson, Mich., for money paid to him by her husband during three years past.

Facts and Fancies.

Dead locks—False curls.

What fruit is the most visionary? The apple of the eye.

Judy's shop-boy won't get up in the morning—he says it's sleep year.

Satire should not be like a saw, but like a sword—it should cut and not mangle.

Dreadful Query: If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it be for a lady who stutters?

A dog is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man when he takes too much.

There is never a man so mad, says a celebrated writer, but some woman loves him and has faith in him.

The man who bit another man's nose off, in an affray, is said to have taken a prominent part in the fight.

A genuine lion is sauntering around San Jose, Cal., and the citizens are keeping remarkably good hours.

Two married Quakeresses have lately been elected school trustees in one of the Chester County, Pa., districts.

A fashionable young lady of Boston boasted of having a dress on which were two hundred yards of lace trimming.

A western writer describes a Dolly Varden dress as an animated old-fashioned window curtain thrown over a red brick wall.

Advice to Husbands—Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow! may not have a sixpence.

Wisdom and truth, the off springs of the sky, are immortal; but cunning and deception, the meteors of the earth, after glittering for a moment, must pass away.

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 will be remembered that an elephant's tooth was found in a gravel-pit in Louisville, Ky., last summer, After giving the subject due consideration, scientific men say it must have been there for over two hundred years.

It is estimated that in the State of Minnesota alone, the Government loses $300,000 annually in the pre-emption of timber land by men who have no purpose of settlement, and who retain the land only long enough to cut off the timber, when they abandon it and pre-empt new tracts.

A lady, who loved Bulwer, entered a book store just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. "I wish to see 'What will He Do with It,'" said she to the boy behind the counter, "Well," said the boy, "If you'll step to the window, you will probably see him sling it into the back lot."

Speaking about being buried alive, there is a story of an ox in Wisconsin which survived the longest living burial on record. He had the good fortune, however, to be buried in a hay stack, which fell upon him. Nobody knew what had become of the creature until after his mysterious disappearance had lasted over three weeks, when he put out an appearance from the haystack, having eaten his way from the centre to circumference. There was snow on the ground, which afforded moisture enough to prevent his dying from thirst.

An aged but rather rural deacon of Danbury, Ct., somewhat astonished his family on returning from a recent visit to Bridgeport, by disclosing in the recesses of his capacious valise two valuable volumes in blue and gold, a prize package containing gold coin, a cake of fig paste, two pictorial papers, and a package of ice-cream candy. He said a boy on the cars gave him these things. He confessed that the boy was an entire stranger, but fervently hoped Heaven would paint him a sky-blue if he ever forgot his kindness.

Familiar Love.—Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among all the pleasant periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between the lovers is so assured and the coming event so near as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other; what each will renounce for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she had never loved her lover so well as when she had told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars together, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry out of the same book, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of the whole heart in written words, which the writer knows would be ridiculous to any one but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars produced.—*Anthony Trollope.*

Fire-Proof Wood.—Wood may be rendered—so it is asserted—nearly as capable of resisting fire as brick or stone, and without labor or great expense. The dried lumber is soaked for a short time in a solution of soluble glass, a silicate of soda or potash, after which it is immersed in lime-water, by which the silicate of soda is decomposed and the pores of the wood filled with a silicate of lime. The substance is fire-proof, and cannot be dissolved in water, and its presence and effect in the fibre of the wood are, therefore, permanent. Soluble glass is readily obtained, being already largely used for various purposes in this country.

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