The Cambridge Chronicle.

CLEMENT SULIVANE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WHAT IT COST MABEL.

Mamma took her spectacles off her nose, and laid them carefully down on the little table beside her—it always stood in the corner near the window—dropped her left hand, which was in the stocking, into her lap and began slowly—"My opinion of men, my dear, is, well"—and she stopped her scissors that were sliding off her lap, "is," she repeated, "that they are all very well in their place."

"But mamma——"

"I know what you are to say, my dear," (I am not clear that I did) "men are not easy to understand, and I don't see any reason why women, and particularly girls, should worry themselves with trying to understand any man's character or ways except their own husband's and brothers', and in time, their boys'. But what I want to tell you is, that there is nothing more troublesome, Mary, than a man always about the house. Look at your poor aunt Mary; not a room in her house tidy, with all Uncle Ned's books and papers lying about everywhere, and even the nursery cup-board piled up with books; such a man would drive me mad! No, my dear girls, don't, on any account, marry a man who works at home, instead of an office, like a Christian.'

Three days after this little chat, my eldest sister Mary was engaged to an officer, a friend of my cousin George, and as he was in a home regiment, there would be little work, if any, for him, and Mary would have a husband on her hands all day.

I know mamma did not like it for this reason, so I determined never to marry an idle man, and officers are idle. I thought Mary looked very red when mamma was talking, and, of course, she was thinking of Patrick.

Mary and Patrick went out soon after their engagement for a long ride, and cousin George drove me over to K—— to choose my present for Mary's wedding.

"Now, George, help me to choose," I said; but at that moment "Hollo!" he cried, "there's Trevelyan!" and rushed out; he came in in a little while, and said, "Mabel, Mr. Trevelyan wants me to see a horse with him; you won't mind being left, or you can stroll on the beach, and I'll come there for you. I forgot, Mr. Trevelyan, Miss Mabel Evans." A few words of commonplace from Mr. Trevelyan, and they were gone, leaving me alone at the jeweler's. Little I thought then that the kind, manly face I had glanced at would be the curse of my existence, the ruin of my young happiness. No warning shiver no presentiment of evil, came on that bright morning, to give me any idea that Mabel Evans, only just seventeen years old, a happy, merry girl, would lie down that night with dry, tearless eyes, praying, in the uncontrolled agony of a first grief, that death would take her out of her shame and misery. Why should I have chosen opals? fatal stones! when every other gem lay spread before me, the tender true emerald, the pure pearl, the faithful and sympathetic turquoise, "that doth tell, by looking pale, the wearer is not well."

The ring bought and paid for, I wandered on the shore to wait for George; I walked about until I was tired; I sat down on some low rocks and took out the ring to admire. I pulled it on and off, and played with it, putting the box in my pocket. Still no George, and no pony-carriage, the tide was coming in rapidly, and I ran in a stupid, childish terror, calling George! George! Breathless I reached the steps, and began to climb them; the lower twenty or thirty were steep and slippery. I fell several times, slipping: tumbling and crying like a baby, I at length reached a sort of landing over high-water mark, and rested. As soon as I could get up to climb the next flight of steps, then I thought of the ring—not on my hand, not in my pocket, where the green case was lying safely. In my grief at its loss I began to descend the steps, though the water had long effaced the marks of my flying footsteps on the sands; at this moment a shout, "Miss Evans!" and looking up I saw, not cousin George, but Mr. Trevelyan, standing on the top of a projecting cliff at some distance.

He must have seen me sobbing, and attributed my tears to fear at my situation; presently he came down, not slowly or cautiously, but with firm strides, as if used to mountain traveling; soon he was beside me.

"I am so grieved that you should be frightened, Miss Evans," he began; "but if you trust yourself to me, you shall be in the chaise in ten minutes."

"It is not that," I answered incoherently and crying again; "I have lost my ring—the present for Mary—for my sister's wedding.

"Poor girlie," he said, kindly, "that *is* a loss, what can we do? Don't cry, I will drive you back to the town and get her something else."

"Oh, we must find it," I said. "I have no more money; it is an opal ring, plain, set clearly in gold—I must find it."

"My poor child," he said, looking perplexed, and pulling his mustache, "the tide will wash it away; it is already late, your mother will be anxious, and George will be home before we are; he is riding the new horse he spoke of, and has asked me to drive you back to see one of his he wants to change for mine."

"Do stay with me," I said, piteously, "and find the ring."

"Will you stop here for me," he said, "while I look for it?" his face lighting up, as if with hope of finding it.

"I will do anything you wish," I said, clasping my hands, "if you will bring me the ring."

"I shall hold you to that," he laughed out "describe it to me exactly, and let me go." I told him again what the ring was like, and he bounded up the cliff and I sat again sobbing and alone upon the cliff I watched the tide retreat and followed the water carefully down each step, examining each crevice and chink, but in vain. At last a voice above said quietly, "You promised to wait for me here." I turned quickly and climbed the steps with Mr. Trevelyan's assistance. "Here is your ring," he said gravely, and handed me an open box, showing a sparkling opal indeed, but not mine, not the one I had chosen. A blank dismay fell upon me.

"It is not mine, I have the box here," and I produced it. "By Jove," he said, "what a fool I have been," he paused; "listen to reason," at length, he said, "I cannot deceive your woman's wit. No ring would be found on the shore, unless by a lucky chance which we have no reason to expect, and so I got a ring as nearly like it as possible, and you must give that to your sister."

"I cannot, it is——" here I stopped and cried as if my heart would break.

"Miss Evans you don't look like a foolish girl; have some common sense, don't sob in that dreadful way. There is nothing wrong in your taking this ring; you shall pay me if you wish, whenever you choose."

He drew my hand from my face, and put the opal ring on my finger; chance or mischief guided him—it was the wedding finger.

We were uncomfortably near the edge of the cliff, he drew me gently away, and said, "Keep it, and think it a brother's gift. I am so glad to help a nice, dear, good little girl like you out of trouble," and, stooping down, he kissed me, kissed my lips! kissed me—as well, as if he was really fond of me, and he had never seen me before that dreadful day! Hot, cold, giddy, wretched, with a strange, sudden liking for him, utterly unaccountable to myself, I stood amazed, terrified, not at him, but at the wild beating of my own heart. He took my hand and led me without a word to the summit of the cliff; we walked silently to the chaise; he placed me in quietly and carefully; untied the pony's head, and drove off in silence.

I sat in a dream; neither spoke until we entered the wood we go through, a dark three miles from home. As if the trees gave him courage, he said, "Forgive me, I have behaved like—like a blackguard. I can't forgive myself, say you don't hate me."

"I hate *myself*!" I cried, passionately, and with the hand on which glittered the fatal opal, I struck my lips, that—that had been kissed."

"For God's sake, don't my girl, don't," he said, taking my hand, "be sensible and trust to my knowing what is best for us both. Take the ring off, put it into the box, give it to your sister, and keep your own counsel, as I shall." He added, "I treated you as a child, and you are an offended indignant woman, and I deserve all you can say to me; but I am ordered off next week; you will never see me again; and when you are older, will be less hard on a fellow."

At this moment George galloped up.

"What a time you have been, Trevelyan! I have been round the covers and home and out again to meet you. Why, Mabel, what is the matter? what a scarlet face, and red eyes, too!"

"Hold your tongue, George. Your sister has been alarmed at your absence, and the rising tide; let her be."

"She is not my sister, old boy, but my little coz, who will one day be Mrs. Evans. Eh, Mabel?"

This was George's favorite piece of teasing; he knew I did not like to blush, and I always got red when he spoke like that.

Mr Trevelyan whistled.

"Indeed, George, you should not say such things. I shall never marry any one," I murmured.

"Well, you need not be cross, Mabel; what did you get for Mary, after all?"

The question came at last, came like a thunder-clap. I could not answer. Mr. Trevelyan drew the box out of his pocket, and said, "Miss Evans entrusted it to my care going home; is it not elegant?"

"By Jove! it's not half a bad ring," cried George. "Let me see, opals are not luck, are they? Ah, yes," he went on, "it don't matter from woman to woman; but from a man to a girl it brings all sorts of bad luck, don't it May? Death and misery, and broken hearts, what is it, eh, Mabel? You are superstitious, you know all about that sort of things."

"I don't believe in luck," said Trevelyan, softly. "I believe in love at first sight."

Mamma appeared on the steps as we drove up, anxious at our absence, and rather cross at seeing a stranger. She received George's explanations, hurried away to give fresh orders for dinner; but she need not have troubled herself, for Mr. Trevelyan rode away, after inspecting the horses, and George returned with him.

I escaped with a slight lecture, and, with the fatal ring, I was at last left alone. Alone with the ring! should I ever feel alone again? No man, and but few women, could realize the sufferings of that night. I had been brought up in strict seclusion, educated by a lady, with Mary for my sole companion, had never heard but Puritanic sentiments on the subject of marriage, and held the first-love of every woman's heart as a holy thing to be sought out and won

[redacted]

old characters—

"In Christe and thee,
The truste shall bee."

The ring looked old-fashioned, and the box was worn and had a number attached to it, which had been partly torn off.

I quickly changed it into the green box belonging to my lost ring, and put the case away. At breakfast I found Mary in tears, mamma very grave and quiet, and no Patrick or George. The wedding was put off. Patrick was ordered to India. George had to join his regiment, too, and Mr. Trevelyan also disappeared from our quiet town.

Months passed away; Mary grew thin, but seemed very cheerful; I lost color and spirits daily, and got more and more like a ghost, but quiet and womanly in my ways, with a staidness that Mary teased me about, and mamma complained that her baby Mabel was gone for ever.

By that kiss shut, as I imagined, from all ties dear to maiden's heart—forever forbidden by the memory of that day to hope for lover, or husband, or children—shut out from all the world of woman; yet with a heart wealthy with passionate love, I poured forth all this wealth of affection, all this ideal love at the feet of the man who had wrecked my life by one foolish action; yes, my fancy, after a time, invested Mr. Trevelyan with every virtue, and I pardoned his fault, condoling it as the years passed on by the thought that he cared for me, had loved me "at first sight." My dreams—walking or sleeping—were of him; I acted the scene on the cliff again and again; in visions felt his lips press mine, in dreams he told me of his unchanging love.

Six years flowed on in quiet succession of daily duties, and I had grown so used to my ideal sorrow, so quiet and resigned to my lot in life, so contented with my dream hero, that I had at twenty-three years ceased to trouble for the future, only grieving for Mary's long waiting, and for her fading beauty and failing health. Patrick's letters were not as a lover's should be, and we always knew by her sigh that no news had come of a speedy return. We were sitting one Christmas eve, as usual, very quietly and rather dull round the fire, when Mary rose and began to softly pace the room.

"Mabel," she said gently—mamma was asleep—"I feel so strange to-night; I cannot rest; I believe Patrick has come to England, and that we shall be married at last."

"Of course you will be married," I said, "but what nonsense to think of his coming to-night,—it is only because it is Christmas eve, and one wants to have those we loved around us."

"Tell me, Mabel, don't you hear footsteps?" We looked out, the snow lay thick on the ground, and the laurels bent under the weight on their leaves. A painful quiet reigned supreme, and only our beating hearts throbbed audibly in the silence.

The slight movement we made in closing the curtains woke mamma, who said, "I dreamt of George, and thought he married Mabel, poor boy; how fond he was of you girls."

Mamma rose and said, "Get me my netting Mabel, play or read something, and sing for tea;" but instead of the grim face of Woods as usual, a well-known voice said, "When will you 'ave tea, mum," and there was that rogue George. Mary flew past him, "Patrick!" George winced at this open neglect of him, and revenged himself by kissing mamma, and nearly shaking my hands off.

On that evening I will not dwell. We were all happy together. Patrick looked ill and worn. India had tried his health severely, but England would soon restore him, and the wedding-day was fixed for the following week, as there was nothing to delay it. "Why wait," mamma said; "I wish it," and so it was settled. Presents began to flow in upon Mary, and the old time came vividly back to me. George said carelessly, "I have invited old Trevelyan to the wedding," and we met once more; not in the evening, when I could have hidden my blushing face in the soft shadows of our drawing-room, but in the daylight of a frosty morning did I meet the man I first hated and then loved.

Unromantic as I must seem, I did not know him. Bronzed, changed by climate and hard work, altered by a tremendous mustache, altogether different, my ideal was lost forever; nothing but confusion at again meeting remained. Colonel Trevelyan was introduced to Miss Evans, and actually asked after the little girl he had driven home. We both looked a little foolish, but soon got over our shyness. I took the earliest opportunity of an interview with him, and returned the ring which had caused me such agony. He would not fear taking it, and while we were speaking Mary entered the room. With the decision which had before saved me, he said, "What a handsome ring your sister has got for you." Mary sprang forward eagerly to see it, and I was obliged to give it to her.

"You darling! so that is what you bought for me." The ring was on her finger at last, and she called to Patrick O'Neale to look at it; he came at her summons, looked at it, drew it from her finger with fast whitening lips, tried to speak, read the legend engraved, and fell down in a swoon on the floor.

The scene was awful, the accursed opal was still clenched in his hand while convulsive fits succeeded the swoon. A sudden shock the doctors said, but what could be the cause? Mary hung over him in an agony of suspense; for days his life was in danger; "The ring, the ring!" was all he repeated in his delirium, and the ring was indeed the cause of all this misery.

Colonel Trevelyan had failed in obtaining another plain opal ring at the jewelers, and he hurridly searched the stores of the only pawnbroker in K., and selected this, the gift of Patrick O'Neale to his wife, his wife! a woman who had forfeited all right to that title, all love from her husband; all respect from her sex. A woman who had decieved and left him; a woman whom he believed to have been dead years ago. And now when at last life had joy in store for him, the ring, the fatal opal ring, glittered on the finger of the pure being he hoped to call his own, no wonder that his brain reeled and gave way under the cruel shock.

"IN CHRYSTE AND THEE."

What mockery the ring was! She had trampled upon his love, outraged his trust and dishonored him, how he could love and trust any woman again is the strangest part, but none could see Mary without loving her, poor girl; she bore up bravely, nursing him, soothing him, and trying to bring him back to life.

Colonel Trevelyan and I felt absolutely guilty of having brought about this terrible grief and trouble. And our part in the transgression (except one scene) was explained, and all that Mary said was, "Poor Mabel!" guessing with woman's instinct at my secret. The pawnbroker could give no account of the ring; a woman had brought it there eight years ago, who gave the name of Smith. There was no clue. No one had called for it. Mary replied to mamma's anxious queries, that she should do what Patrick wished. If he asked her to marry him she would. If not, well, she would always be with mamma. But Patrick never asked her, he sank rapidly, the mental shock, the memory of the past, the agony least Mary should refuse to marry a divorced man, who had never told her of a previous marriage; all this combined to weaken his hold on life, and he died on the first warm spring day, and in her arms, and with her loving words in his dying ears. And all the long winter Colonel Trevelyan had been with us as a brother, and we leaned on him in this hour of trial. Mamma treated him as an heirson, and to her he confided the whole history of his love for me, of my refusal to accept that love, and lastly of the cause of that refusal. How could I leave my poor Mary, with her widowed heart, even though the love offered me realized all my youthful dreams, all my wildest hopes. No, I would marry when Mary did, not till then.

Two years later.—George, dear old cousin George, has asked Mary an old question, and she has answered yes. Some one else, presuming on this, reminds me of a promise, and complains to dear mamma of my obstinacy on two points. I will receive neither ring nor kiss as a seal of that promise, and he cannot or will not understand why.

"My dear boy," mamma says; My opinion is that it is useless to try to understand girls' whims and fancies, although in this instance there is a reason for Mabel's objections. Remember what the ring and kiss cost Mabel."

The Story of Antioch.

Rev. W. Brown Keer, late Harbor Chaplain at Bombay, writes to the editor of the London *Times* in relation to the earthquake at Antioch. He says:

"It may interest some of your readers who wish to compare notes to learn that a severe shock of earthquake was felt here yesterday, precisely at 8 A.M., English reckoning, or shortly before 2 in the day, Turkish time. The house which I was in was shaken violently to and fro for four or five seconds, or, as one gentleman thinks, even more. A stove weighing nearly a hundred-weight was overturned; the walls of stone and plaster, with wood-work and beams, were cracked, and the plaster fell on all sides. Books were thrown from the cases, and a clock hurled from a bracket on the wall into an arm-chair, a few feet distant, without breaking the glass case or the clock-works. Outside the house the walls fell, the narrow streets (only about twelve or fifteen feet wide, and some less) being literally blocked up for long distances with the ruins of fallen houses, and a dense cloud of dust arose on all sides. Men, women and children ran hither and thither, bewailing their own hurts or the loss of relatives. I went down to the bridge, south-west of the city, about two hours after, at 10 o'clock A.M., and saw many dead persons brought out of the city and laid out for burial. Later, I counted fifteen new graves, all close by each other. Looking toward the town, ruins could be seen in all directions. Several aqueducts were broken, and telegraph poles were thrown down and the wires broken. The Greek church, a strong stone-arched structure, built only a few years ago, and capable of holding 500 or 600 persons, was utterly ruined—one side and the entire roof was gone. The American Protestant church and premises are also greatly injured, and four persons of their small community were killed, though the Mission families are all safe. The number of killed and wounded cannot be ascertained with any approach to accuracy, and, of course, flying rumors are abundant, one man saying that he thought there must be 1,000 killed, while another said there must be 500, and a third 2,0, which is, perhaps, within the truth. The city contains from 12,000 to 15,000 persons, it is said, but no accurate census exits. There was time from the beginning of the first shock to its close for many to escape the falling houses or walls, and during its continuance two or three persons in the house where I write walked across the room and (not very quickly) down stairs while the shock lasted. Several smaller and lighter shocks occurred for an hour or two afterwards, but not sufficiently strong to shake down buildings. These shocks have continued at intervals through the night, and another, more distinct and wave-like, was felt to shake the house with a loud, hollow, rumbling noise, about half-past six this morning. The first shock yesterday was immediately preceded by a rumbling and creaking of the joints of the window and door frames, to which a louder noise, like thunder, succeeded, and then walls and buildings fell. Several *minare* are cracked, but all yet stand, though some of the arched caravansaries and baths near them have fallen. The old Roman bridge of four arches is rent in several places until the water can be seen through it from above; a part of the parapet wall has also been shaken off, and the arch above the city door at its east end has been hurled down and lies almost whole. Much damage has been done to houses in the lower part of the town, and many of the inhabitants are to be seen encamped about in the fields or plain. It is nearly fifty years since the last similar visitation occurred to this city—viz., on the 13th of August, 1822—when some thousands of lives were lost here and in Aleppo, at which place the interior of the fort was entirely destroyed. Here the effects of the shock are less visible in the upper part, or southeastern portion of the city, near the foot of the lofty hills or mountains on which the old Roman castle walls yet remain. Some distress of a temporary kind will doubtless be felt; but the rains, which have been abundant, give prospect of plenty, and provisions are at present by no means dear."

A MYSTERY SOLVED.—About once in four or five years the question, "Was Morgan murdered by the Freemasons?" comes up in the newspapers, and is discussed with as much fervor as if the transaction it refers to was a matter of yesterday. It will sadden those who delight in mystery to know, on so good authority as that of Morgan's son, that the supposed victim of the brethren of the mystic tie was neither tied to a stone and sunk, had his throat cut, nor was torn asunder, according to the general custom in such cases. On the contrary, he lived until nearly thirty years after his abduction, finally ending his days in corpulence and contentment at Hobartown, Van Dieman's Land, where he for some time published a newspaper, the *Advertiser*, which is still in existence. According to the son referred to, Morgan was released on condition of his leaving the country forever. He was accompanied to Quebec, where he entered the British navy, and placed on a ship which left soon after for England. Later he accompanied a government vessel to Australia, and his period of service being ended, he chose to take up his residence in that quarter of the world. His son is a resident of San Francisco, and is responsible for the statements here given.—*Boston Globe.*

DAVID SCOTT and Mitchel Cherest, the men who murdered three inmates of a house of ill-fame at Bull Run, near Windsor Locks Conn, in January last, and who were subsequently arrested in Van Wert, O., were found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to the State prison for life.

Through the Tunnel.

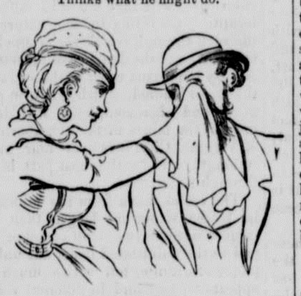
ILLUSTRATED BY D. SCATTERGOOD.

Riding up from Bangor,
On the "Eastern" train,
From a six weeks shooting,
In the woods of Maine;
Quite extensive whiskers,
Beard, moustache as well,
Sat a "student fellow,"
Tall and fine and swell.

Empty seat behind him,
No one at his side;
To a pleasant station
Now the train doth glide.
Enter aged couple,
Take the hinder seat;
Enter gentle maiden,
Beautiful, *petite*.



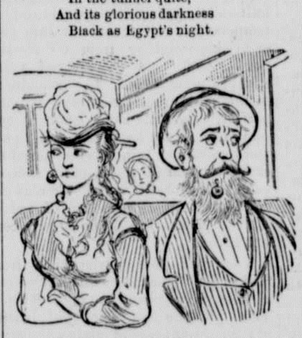
Blushingly she falters,
"Is this seat engaged?"
(See the aged couple
Properly enraged,)
Student quite ecstatic,
Sees her ticket's "through,"
Thinks of the long tunnel—
Thinks what he might do.



So they sit and chatter,
While the cinders fly,
Till that "student fellow"
Gets one in his eye;
And the gentle maiden
Quickly turns about—
"May I, if you please sir,
Try to get it out?"



Happy "student fellow,"
Feels a dainty touch;
Hears a gently whisper
"Does it hurt you much?"
Fizz, ding, dong! a moment
In the tunnel quite,
And its glorious darkness
Black as Egypt's night.



Out into the daylight
Darts the "Eastern" train:
Student's beaver ruffled;
Just the merest grain
Maiden's hair is tumbled
And there and then appeared,
Cunning little ear-ring
Caught in student's beard.

BLOOD.—A very interesting case of the successful transfusion of blood from one person to another is described by Professor Jugeson of Berlin, in a recent number of a medical journal published in that city. His patient was a man twenty-eight years of age, who had been poisoned by phosphorous, having taken a solution of the ignition mass of eight bundles of matches, on the ninth of December. On the 11th of February, the activity of the heart having been excited by champagne, a transfusion of 580 cubic centimetres of blood, which had just been taken from three persons in good health, was effected, into a vein of the arm, 500 cubic centimetres of the patient's own blood being at the same time taken from an artery. An improvement in his condition at once set in, and he was able to leave his bed early in March.

ANECDOTE OF WESLEY.—Wesley and Bradburn often used to itinerate together. On one occasion they had some difference, and the contention was so strong that Bradburn said they must part. It was like Paul and Barnabas parting. Next morning Wesley asked Bradburn if he was in the same mind. "Yes," said Bradburn; "it will be better for both of us." "Well," said Wesley, "it must be so, except you beg my pardon." "I won't," said Bradburn. "Then I will beg your pardon, Sam." Bradburn burst into tears, and the two evangelists loved each other more than ever.

Serious Forest Fires.

Each year immense quantities of valuable timber are burned in the United States and Canada. Last year the losses in this direction were frightful and this year the fires start in much earlier than then, with indications of equally as serious results. Already fires have raged in many portions of New York and Pennsylvania, destroying the fine forests by the square mile, and the people of the vicinity powerless to help themselves. In all cases the inhabitants abandoned their business to do battle with the fire, but they seem to have made little headway. In some cases such was the intense heat of the air that workers were forced, at times, to throw themselves on their faces to avoid suffocation. The cattle ran bellowing about mad with terror. Flakes of fire poured constantly from above, as if from a volcano in eruption. Long lines of fence disappeared almost in a flash, like the quick rush and flight of so many fiery serpents. The women in the houses packed up their treasures, and gathered together their little ones, prepared at any moment to flee for their lives. It is certain that many of these fires are the result of sheer carelessness on the part of hunters and others, but it is as certain that those who are made to suffer through this carelessness should unite in a system of cooperation, so that the people of neighboring towns might turn out *en masse* to help each other in case of need, would be judicious. Those who have had experience know that in prairie fires the only really dependable plan of procedure is to get well to leeward, and either burn or cut down and remove the grass and stubble in the path of the coming flames. If the fire cannot leap the swathe or gap thus made, its race is run. It might be very difficult, or perhaps impossible, to do this in a burning wood, because of the size and weight of the trees. Perhaps, however, it might be done beforehand. The towns, that is to say, might provide for clearing space at assigned intervals in all forest lands, so that when the fires did break out there would be some chance of keeping them within circumscribed limits. The subject is one worthy of grave attention, and now that these fresh conflagrations have come so swiftly on the heels of the destructive ones of last Fall, it is to be hoped that more active and effectual measures will be provided against similar disasters for the future than have yet been applied.

A HORRIBLE MASSACRE.—A few days since, says the San Antonio *Herald*, while encamped at the Howard Springs, on the El Paso road, a train of wagons and about fifteen persons were attacked by sixty red-skins, six or eight deserters, negro soldiers and seven Mexicans. It was about 12 M. Some of the men were cooking, some lolling in the pleasant shade, others attending to the various duties, and all in a state of lazy carelessness, when like a thunderbolt the fiendish yell of the savages deadened every heart with terror. Before the panic-stricken teamsters could collect their scattered thoughts and arms, the Indians had ridden amongst them and secured all but two. After having thus secured the now despairing teamsters they proceeded to pillage the contents of the wagons. They, to their great delight, found a quantity of United States arms and ammunition, which they appropriated to their use. They took a few articles of merchandise, with which the wagons were principally loaded, for the use of their recruits and Mexicans. They then rolled the wagons together, carefully tied their victims under the wagons, piled wood around and set fire to the pile. They remained with a diabolical stolidity till the death throes of the tortured teamsters ceased to greet their ears, then they deliberately collected their mules and spoils with the dignified air of conquerors."

A STUTTERING OFFICIAL.—The Chicago *Post* remembers a good story of the private secretary of a former Governor of New York, badly given to stuttering. Some innocent agriculturist had managed to pass some local measure to the advantage of Squashville Center or Little Bungtown through the Legislature, and the act only awaited the gubernatorial signature to become law. Time passed but the Governor "made no sign." The rural member called upon the secretary and represented his case, called again and yet again. On the occasion of his third visit, at the conclusion of the interview, the secretary remarked: "S-s-s-say, do you know w-w-w-what was the name of the little c-c-c-cuss in the T-t-t ter-tes-testament that got up into the p-p-p-palm-tree?" "Zaccheus," promptly replied the member. "Y-y-yes, Zaccheus, th-th-that's the m-man," answered the secretary: "and w-what ws-wa-was it th-they said to him?" "Oh, he said to him, 'Zaccheus, come down.'" "Th-th-that's it," said the secretary with every affectation of delight, "c-c-c-come down—yes—good-day." The member saw the point of the delicate satire, and "came down," and an hour afterwards his bill was law.

A MULE DEVOURING SHEEP.—The Versailles (Mo.) *Gazette* says: Mr. Fred. Jones, residing some eight miles Southeast of this place, is the owner of a thrifty, four-year-old mule. One of his neighbors, it appears, has been gradually missing his sheep, and supposed that the dogs or wolves were devouring them; not in the least placing suspicion on the mule, it, as a matter of course, was not watched. This work went on until one day last week the children were returning from school and beheld the mule; he was engaged in making a meal on sheep and grass alternately—that is, a bite of "mutton" and then a nip of grass. Our informant states that on hearing the sheep bleat, this mule will leave its kindred and go in search of its prey. This, of course, will be denied by a great many as being reliable; but our informant further states that the mule has been watched by its owner and others, and find facts as above stated. This "queer" member of the animal kingdom has been placed in a lot in order to prevent its further destruction of sheep.

A GERMAN named Godfrey Kohler, committed suicide in Echo Woods, north of Philadelphia. He placed a noose about his neck, fastened the end of the cord to the top rail of a fence, knelt and strangled himself.

Facts and Fancies.

It is estimated that the actual cost of producing wool in California is less than ten cents a pound.

The highest office in the gift of the nation is said to be that of surveyor on Mount Washington.

Most persons have heard of a dead wall, but a correspondent writes to say that he has actually got a living room in his house.

A hotel thief got about $100 in the Sherman House, Indianapolis, the other night, and left behind, in his room, jewelry worth $125.

What is the difference between the entrance to a barn and a loafer in a printing office? One is a barn door and the other is a darn bore.

"I can speak seven different languages," said a convict as he entered the penitentiary. "No matter," said the keeper; "we have but one here, and very little of that."

A bride in Indiana, after the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, stepped gracefully forward and requested the clergyman to give out the hymn, "This is the way I long have sought."

Josh Billings says: "There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdum they don't kackle much until after they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are alwus bragging and a kackling what they are going tew do beforehand.

There are in Chicago 10,000 carpenters, 8,000 bricklayers, 2,000 plasterers, 2,000 painters, 3,000 stone-cutters, and other trades in proportion. The carpenters are getting an average of $3.25, and bricklayers an average of $5 a day.

A young lady, seeking a situation, was interested in an advertisement for some one to do light housekeeping. So she wrote to the advertiser asking where the light-house was, and if there was any way of getting to shore on Sundays.

Smoking out may be a very effective way of getting rid of rabbits, but it appears to be expensive sometimes. A Missouri farmer tried it a short time ago. He caught the rabbit, but burnt up half a mile of fence and over a hundred apple trees in the process.

A nice young man whose fine manners and clothes had created a decidedly favorable impression on the marriageable women of an Iowa town, was shamefully neglected when it became known that he had received a despatch "to come home immediately, as the baby was very sick."

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. The newest style of boquet for a bride to carry on her wedding-day, is very small and round, composed of buds and small flowers.

Fuller, in his description of a good wife, says: "She commandeth her husband in equal matters by constantly obeying him. She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing water. Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her husband's wearing it. In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."

NOVEL SUIT FOR DAMAGES.—We understand that a most singular case is about to be instituted by one of our well-known citizens against a merchant, for causing the death of his wife, and setting damages at 10,000. It appears that the merchant, who is a dealer in drugs, was in the habit of selling to the wife of the citizen referred to laudanum for personal use, in a clandestine manner; that the wife on one occasion, took a dose of said laudanum, which was the immediate cause of death. Previous to the woman's becoming addicted to the use of the drug, she was a healthy, intelligent and industrious helpmate. The husband claims that, through the influence of the drug, his wife lost her health, she became depressed in spirits, and death followed, causing desolation to his home and sorrow in his heart. Believing that all this was produced through the sale of the drug, he claims damages from the seller, on the ground that he knowingly sold the poisonous article, fully aware of its disastrous effects upon the woman in question.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.—With al the characteristic energy of the people of this country, it is a remarkable and lamentable fact that the children of those who have raised themselves to social position and influence by their personal efforts, almost invariably waste what their parents accumulated. With superior advantages and a bright prospect before them to occupy a higher place than their prudent, persevering fathers, they fall by vice and dissipation into neglect and absolute nothingness. Neglected opportunities is the sin of those who imagine themselves something when at the end of a useless life, they discover themselves to be nobodies. It is natural for parents to hope, pray, and labor for their children, with an ambition to leave them useful and prominent among men. But necessity alone develops power, and honest devotion in the steady pursuit of a reputation above reproach, secures what those who waste their opportunities never obtain—a good name.

A CLUB.—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with the club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came prettty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers."

THE PRICE OF WOOL.—The price of common wool in the New York market on the 1st of May was, in 1861, 32 cents per pound; 1862, 42 cents; in 1863, 70 cents; in 1864, 70 cents; in 1865, 65 cents; in 1866, 65 cents; in 1867, 48 cents; in 1868, 45 cents; in 1869, 45 cents; in 1870, 44 cents; in 1871, 48 cents, and in 1872, 70 cents. Other grades of wool have fluctuated in proportion during these years.

A man who had lost his eyesight by reading a borrowed paper, recovered it soon after subscribing for it.

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