The Cambridge Era.
AN INDEPENDENT REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.
Published Every Saturday,
—AT—
Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Md.
BY JAMES E. REESE & CO.
Office on High St., over the *Chronicle* Office.
TERMS:
$1.50 A YEAR, Invariably in Advance.
Correspondence solicited from all parts of country.

The Cambridge Era.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF DORCHESTER COUNTY.

VOL. I. CAMBRIDGE, MD., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1879. NO. 51.

The Cambridge Era.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	25

Six lines of minion type constitute a square.
A reasonable deduction made for monthly and yearly advertisements.
Business notices inserted at the rate of 10 cents a line for first insertion, and 5 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Obituary notices 5 cents a line.
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A DIFFERENCE.

Sweeter than voices in the scented hay,
Or laughing children, gleaning ears that stray,
Or Christmas songs, that shake the snows above,
Is the first cuckoo, when he comes with love.

Sadder than birds on sunless summer eves,
Or drip of raindrops on the fallen leaves,
Or wail of wintry waves on frozen shore,
Is spring that comes, but brings us love no more.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

A Mistake for the Better.

BY LENA LESLIE.

I don't know how Max ever came to fall in love with me when there was cousin Sylvie with her lovely complexion, blonde tresses and ladylike ways. To think that he should have preferred a wild little gypsy like me, with no fortune to boast of, and no accomplishments either, unless dancing is one, and I can dance like a fairy, Max says. Then as for beauty—well I will draw my portrait. Hair, dark brown, falling over my shoulders in wild profusion, as they say in novels, though, wild confusion would describe it better, for it will curl in spite of neglect, and curls will get in a tangle as everybody knows, and I can't spend a couple of hours at the mirror, daily, as Sylvie does; eyes, very good indeed—to devour stories; nose, rather saucy, if the truth must be told; mouth, passable; complexion, well, it would be better if I could only remember to keep my hat on. Oh! I suppose I must mention the dimple in my right cheek. I *hate* dimples they are *so* babyish, but I have been more reconciled to mine since Max's pretty speech about "Cupid playing hide and seek among the roses."

Well, as I remarked before, I don't know how Max ever came to fall in love with me. I asked him once and he said—but there! I am beginning at the wrong end as usual.

Well, to begin at the beginning I must go back to Sylvie's birthday party. She was eighteen, nearly three years older than I, but one would suppose her to be at least ten years the oldest by the superiority she assumes. Well, Sylvie was to have a party to celebrate the grand event of arriving at the superior age and wisdom of eighteen, and the lion of the occasion was to be Maxwell D'Arcey, a handsome, wealthy, young lawyer who had recently moved into town, and was considered a desirable *parti* by all the girls in the community. To tell the truth I had fallen in love with [illegible] myself, and so had Sylvie, though she would have been shocked to acknowledge the fact.

Sylvie's dress was to be quite magnificent. I often lingered in the sewing-room to admire the rich silk and foamy laces as they grew into graceful loveliness in the skillful hands of the seamstress. I ventured to suggest that a new dress would be conducive to my happiness.

"You can wear your white dress," said my cousin. Sylvie is always ready with suggestions.

"My white dress," I repeated scornfully.

"What is the matter with it?" inquired aunt Marsden, looking up from her sewing. "You have worn it but a few times, and white is quite suitable for a child like you."

"It is too short," I objected.

"Nonsense!" said aunt shortly.

"Mabel wants a train, ma," said Sylvie, sarcastically.

Well, I was fifteen and a half, and it was time to have long dresses if ever, so I forcibly remarked that I never should have a lover if I was to be kept in short dresses all my life.

"A lover!" shrieked Sylvie, looking extremely horrified, "that child talking about lovers!"

"I am not a child," I retorted, "besides *you* were fifteen and a half once." I was careful to give myself the benefit of the half year.

My mind was not occupied with lovers at that remote period. I stayed in the nursery and played with my dolls. "[illegible]" retorted Sylvie. I did not credit that statement for I don't believe Sylvie ever played with dolls. It is more likely she was sewing patchwork or studying the catechism, two things I always detested, but then Sylvie was born with a needle and thread in one hand and a catechism in the other.

Well, I was sent to my room in disgrace for presuming to mention lovers; [illegible] I took the obnoxious dress from the closet and tried it on. It was very pretty, and becoming, too, for I look[illegible] well in white, but alas! I had grown, and the dress was shorter than ever. I took it off, threw it in a heap on the floor, and threw myself in a heap on the bed, and cried with vexation until a happy thought struck me. I remembered when th[illegible] taking the measure grandma said, "Turn [illegible] bit at the top, for the child [illegible]." Blessed [illegible] soul! I didn't [illegible] called a child by her, for she [illegible] aunt Marsden herself a mere [illegible]. I sprang from the bed and hastily examined the skirt. Sure enough, there was a "good bit" turned down at the top. Not enough to make a long train like Sylvie's, but quite enough to make it a respectable length. I went eagerly at work, and soon had the dress completed to my satisfaction.

The important night came at last.

I arranged my curls with unusual care, donned my remodeled dress, took a critical survey of myself, and went into Sylvie's room feeling highly delighted with myself and at peace with all the world.

Sylvie was in the hands of her maid and under the surpervision of Aunt Marsden. Her blonde hair was frizzed and puffed and braided, and the effect was quite bewildering, but her dress was charming. I rushed up to inspect, but she motioned me away. "Don't be so boisterous; you'll get me all in a muss!" she cried; so I was obliged to admire at a respectful distance.

Grandma was sitting by the fire knitting, and taking a survey of the proceedings. Presently she adjusted her spectacles and surveyed me. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, "how you do grow, child."

"Well, I do declare!" came from Aunt Marsden—once in a while she forgets to be elegant—"what in the world have you been doing to your dress, Mabel?"

"Only made it a trifle longer, Aunt; you see I had outgrown it," I answered, as unceremoniously as possible.

"Outgrown it, indeed!" she retorted. "When did I give up the control of your wardrobe?"

"I knew you were all busy, so I thought I would not trouble any one, as I could do it myself."

"Mabel"—it is wonderful what an amount of expression Aunt can put into the mere pronunciation of my name—"remember this! In the future I will attend to your wardrobe." Then she relapsed into severe silence.

Aunt never scolds, but her silence is more impressive than most people's speech, and the very manner in which she pinned on her collar was a stern reproof.

Sylvie does not resemble her mother in this respect. She has an artless way of making aggravating remarks, and it always drives me to desperation. I rarely attempt to answer her, for she can say more hateful things in ten minutes than I can think of in a year. Sylvie has her faults, if she is eighteen. Well, she just opened her batteries on me until I got into such a rage, and rushed from the room declaring that "I wouldn't go a step to her old party, so there!" Aunt never reproves Sylvie. My unfortunate temper is considered the sole cause of every trouble. I can't deny that I have a temper, but I do think it would not burst out so frequently if there were no Sylvie to fan it into flame. But "Sylvie is so gentle she never quarrels," her mother used to say, and so Sylvie always escaped punishment.

I remember how, when I was a little dot of a thing, I once took the law into my own hands.

Sylvie had been tormenting me all the morning, and I had complained of her behavior to aunt, who, instead of redressing my wrongs, bade me play alone if I couldn't play with Sylvie without quarreling, so I went up stairs to the playroom with my rag doll for company, and was keeping house very pleasantly with my best china tea-set spread out on a stool, when in came Sylvie. She gave the stool a sly push with her foot which sent my cherished tea-set to the floor with a crash. I thought the time had come to assert my rights, so I caught up the nearest article, which happened to be a book of fairy tales, and threw it straight at Sylvie's head. Her screams brought the whole household, and I was immediately marched off to the garret, where I was kept a prisoner for two days and nights. Such long days and such dark nights! Three times a day Jane brought me a slice of bread and butter and a glass of water. I remember I decided to starve myself the first day, and then I guessed mistress auntie would feel bad when she came up and found only my skeleton lying on the floor, and perhaps she would be put in prison herself for murder, and it would serve her just right, too.

So every time Jane brought my bread and butter, I crumbled it and threw it in a dark corner under the eaves, and I was pretty hungry too. Well that night the mice were attracted by the crumbs I suppose, for such a scampering and scrambling and squealing I had never heard before. I hid my head under the bedclothes, for I knew mice were particularly fond of naughty girls' noses, and I didn't want to lose my nose if it wasn't quite as pretty as Sylvie's. My solitary confinement came to an end at last, and it left such an impression on my mind that I never raised my hand against Sylvie again. However, I took my doll, Rosa Isabel, poured a cup of water over her head, and solemnly christened her "Sylvie Marsden." From that time Sylvie's representative received the punishments which properly belonged to Sylvie herself. It was a great relief to me to pull "Sylvie's" fringe hair and box her ears, or rather the place where her ears should have been. Poor Rosa Isabel! she saw such active service that she gave out years ago.

But to return to the party. When I was safe in my own room I locked the door to keep out all intruders, then closed the blinds and drew the curtains to shut out all sights and sounds of revelry. What to do next I couldn't tell. It did seem a pity to take off my white dress and fresh ribbons, so I lit the gas and took up my favorite book, "Dombey and Son," but somehow my beloved Florence and darling Paul were not so entertaining as usual. Finally I concluded to take a stroll in the garden, so I stole softly down stairs and reached my destination without meeting a person. The parlors were all aglo with light. I could hear the music and see forms glide past the windows, and at length I ventured to step on the piazza and peep in. The rooms were properly decorated with flowers, the guests were elegantly dressed and the music was entrancing.

While I stood there Sylvie glided by looking perfectly lovely and perfectly happy. Everybody was happy but me, and nobody cared whether I was happy or not. I was not missed. This thought proved too much for my equanimity. I retreated precipitately to the arbor and threw myself down on the bench in a passion of grief. I made so much noise that I did not hear approaching steps, and what aroused me was a gentle hand laid on my head. My sobs ceased instantly, and I lay perfectly motionless with my face hidden in both hands. Presently the intruder spoke and I recognized the voice. It was Mr. D'Arcey. I was utterly overwhelmed with shame. Mr. D'Arcey of all persons! To think that he should have found me there crying like a baby. Oh if the earth would but open and swallow me—or Mr. D'Arcey I didn't care which!

After awhile as he received no answer, he gently lifted me to a sitting posture and drew my hands from my face. I was so glad it was comparatively dark. Then he seated himself beside me, still holding my hands, and talked to me as though I were a child and needed soothing. I wondered what Aunt Marsden would say if she could see us. Of course it was perfectly proper, for I was only a child you know. I remember thinking indignantly, that he would not quite treat Sylvie in that manner, and I was almost as tall as she; but somehow I couldn't get angry with him, he had such handsome eyes.

"Now, Cinderella," he said, "tell me your troubles and I will be your fairy godmother, and grant all your wishes."

"I think the role of 'Prince' would be more suitable," I answered, audaciously, thinking it best to brave it out.

"I agree with you," he said, "provided you will dance with me. There is plenty of time before the clock strikes twelve."

They were just beginning a waltz when we went in. I hesitated when my companion asked if we should join them, for I had never waltzed with a gentleman; Aunt Marsden did not approve of it. But I was feeling reckless and rebellious, and besides I wished to see Aunt's and Sylvie's amazement when they should perceive the incomparable D'Arcey dancing with insignificant me. I wont stop to tell you of the lecture I received after the guests had departed; for I would rather talk about Max. Somehow, after that evening, we were continually meeting at croquet parties, picnics and so forth, and last winter, as I had attained the dignity of sixteen years, I was allowed to attend a party occasionally.

Well, after a while Max and I were engaged. Aunt objected at first, and said I was too young to know my own mind, but I knew better and so did Max, and at last aunt consented.

Well, of course I was perfectly happy, and when I am happy I am generally good, so Max never happened to see me in a rage, and remained in blissful unconsciousness of my awful temper. Really, I was good so long that I began to think that I had outgrown all my naughtiness, but I was mistaken as I discovered to my sorrow.

You see, after we were engaged he wished me to promise to waltz with no one but himself, and of course I promised; just as if I cared to waltz with anyone *but* him.

Everything went on smoothly until the other evening at Marion Wallace's, and then I came to grief. I was standing near the window watching the dancers—the band had just began one of Strauss's waltzes—wishing Max would come and waltz with me, when along came Reginald Champney.

"What are you looking so glum about, sister Mab?" he politely inquired. I have been "sister Mab" to Reggy ever since we played together as children, and I tyrannized over him on account of my three weeks seniority, *a la* Sylvie.

"I see what the trouble is," he continued, "you are spoiling for a waltz, and you are too bashful to find a partner," and catching me by the waist he whirled me half the length of the room. Before I recovered my senses we ran plump against Max and Sylvie. Such a look as Max gave me, but he passed on without speaking. Of course he thought I had wilfully broken my promise, and I didn't care if he did. What right had he to neglect me and dance with Sylvie! I sat in a corner the rest of the evening and refused to dance even a quadrille, but Max never came near me until he came to escort me home. He walked beside me in a dignified silence, with his most majestic air, and I felt so small and insignificant, but I had no intention of falling at his feet and begging his forgiveness, when I had done nothing to be forgiven for. When we reached the door, he raised his hat and bade me good night in the politest and coolest manner possible. I went into the house feeling as if I had encountered an iceberg and been completely annihilated. Feeling curious to know how I looked in this unusually humble mood, I walked straight to the mirror. The sight of my woe-begone countenance and drooping figure filled me with indignation.

"Mabel Allen!" I said to my reflection, "where is your spirit, child? Do you intend to submit to this sort of treatment? Remember Mr. Max D'Arcey is not your lord and master yet! Rouse up and assert your rights!"

Then, as I recalled Max's behavior, all my rebellious blood rushed in a torrent to my face. "Ah, my dear," I said, nodding approvingly to my double, "I see you are assuming your war-paint."

Then I sat down to consider the matter, and the longer I pondered over it the angrier I became, and at last came to the conclusion that Max had tired of me and had used this opportunity as a preliminary step toward breaking the bonds of which he had grown weary. Well, if there was to be any jilting done, I preferred to do it myself, so I went straight to my writing-desk and wrote the hatefulest note I was capable of writing, and at the end I gave him back his freedom and banished him forever. I retired to rest feeling as triumphant as a commander who had outgeneraled the enemy, but I did not sleep well.

The next morning Sylvie came to my room to borrow some hairpins and saw the letter lying on my desk.

"Shall I post your letter, Mab?" she inquired.

I assented, sleepily.

Sylvie takes a morning walk for her complexion, whenever the weather permits, but I prefer a morning nap. If I had not been so sleepy I might have wondered at Sylvie's unusual friendliness, for it is not her custom to trouble herself with favors, especially for me.

Well, I finished my nap at last and by that time the letter was well on its way. All at once I realized what I had done, and repented my rashness, but it was too late; I must take the consequences.

"Whatever possessed me? Why did I write that letter?" I cried, wringing my hands despairingly. "Max will now know what a horrid little wretch I am, for I showed myself right out, and besides I told him I never wished to see his face again, and Max is *so* proud, he will never forgive me, and it will serve me just right, too."

"Oh! I wish I had that letter back. If only Sylvie Marsden hadn't been quite so accommodating."

Several days passed and I heard nothing from Max.

I found it difficult to appear like myself, but I tried to hide my misery, for I dreaded to have Aunt Marsden discover the quarrel. I could imagine the air of calm resignation with which she would say, "I have been expecting this."

This morning I was sitting alone by the breakfast-room fire, thinking what a miserable Christmas it was, and wondering why I couldn't have died years ago when I was a child, when the bell rang, and Kate came in with a letter and package addressed to me.

I knew the handwriting—Max is a splendid penman—and I looked at the envelope several minutes, but could not make up my mind to open it and read my sentence. I knew very well what the package contained. I had once given Max a little locket of mine to place with the other charms upon his watch chain, and now he had returned it. I remember he clipped a tiny curl from my head and placed it inside the locket. Had he sent back the curl, too?

With eager hands I unwrapped the box and found—not my poor little trinket—but an elegant cameo ring. What did it mean?

The note explained. He had sent me a "little apology," he wrote, in the shape of a Christmas gift, hoping it would atone for his unkindness. Would I please accept it, and forgive him. He had been quite angry at first, but on considering the matter had seen that he was too hasty. He had waltzed with Sylvie because she had asked him, it being the "ladies choice," of course he could not refuse, and he did not really blame me for retaliating, and waltzing with Mr. Champney.

So it seems he thought I waltzed with Reggy to repay him for waltzing with Sylvie. Still I was puzzled. Not a word about my note, and how Max D'Arcey could forgive me and forget his pride I could not imagine.

While I was trying to solve this riddle, Sylvie came in. A sudden thought struck me. "Sylvie," I said, abruptly, "did you post my letter?"

She hesitated as if to collect her thoughts.

"Don't you remember?" I said, impatiently, "the one you offered to post the other morning."

"Really I forgot all about it," she replied, carelessly, "here it is now," drawing it from her pocket and tossing it across the table to me. "I hope it wasn't particularly important," she added somewhat sarcastically.

My heart gave a great throb, but I tried to say, indifferently, that it was of no consequence.

Wasn't I glad to get that letter again. I went directly to my room, dropped it in the fire, and saw it burn with great satisfaction.

There is another thing that puzzles me, and that is, how Sylvie Marsden, who never was known to forget anything in her life, should have forgotten to post that letter. I almost think she forgot it intentionally, to vex me. Well if it gives her any satisfaction, I will allow her to think she has succeeded in her design.

A Notable Estate.

HOW MANY NEW YORK BUILDING OWNERS HAVE BEEN RUINED.

Every one who has been on Broadway between Union Square and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, says a New York correspondent, remembers a large, dingy, old-fashioned building at the corner of Nineteenth street. It stands back from the street, the plot is surrounded by a high railing, there are many fowls about the house in fine weather, and sometimes a cow may be seen grazing at the east end of the garden. This is the home of old Peter Goelet, bachelor and millionaire, who owns more real estate than any other man in New York, the present head of the Astor family excepted. His brother, Robert, married and pretty well supplied with heirs, is also a real estate millionaire and worth very nearly as much money as Peter. The two brothers inherited their property and have taken excellent care of it. They own many houses on Broadway, and acres of land in various parts of the city, but principally up town. It has been their custom all along to lease their land rather than build on it. They charge a rent of five per cent. on the value of the same, and they sometimes advance money to the lessee to build, taking a mortgage as security. The lessee has to pay all taxes and other expenses, so the five per cent. is a clear income. Since the hard times began the Goelets have become the owners of many of the houses erected on their land. Most of these houses were built in flush times by speculators, with borrowed money, some of which was advanced by the Goelets. When the mortgage interest became due and the speculators could not pay, having been unable either to sell the houses or rent them, the mortgages were foreclosed, and in most cases the houses were bought by the owners of the land. It was a perfectly legitimate proceeding, of course, but it meant ruin to hundreds and profit to only one or two—one Goelet, or possibly both. The wealth of the family has been greatly increased in this way, and there are many broken down builders and speculators in New York who curse the day they had anything to do with a Goelet lease. The largest building erected on Goelet land is the Windsor Hotel, which was sold under foreclosure a few weeks ago. The Goelets had mortgages on it amounting to about $180,000, for money advanced to build it. John T. Daly, who borrowed the money, became insane and hanged himself in a shanty across the East River. His heirs held the property, but it finally became too heavy for them. Mortgage interest fell due; they could not pay, and a foreclosure was ordered. A representative of the Goelets attended the sale and bid up until the price went above the mortgages. He then withdrew and other parties continued the bidding until $351,000 was reached, and the property was knocked down to an agent of the Daly heirs. At the time of Mr. Daly's death the value of the property was estimated at $750,000.

The Value of Fish.

The importance of the cod, herring, mackerel and salmon fisheries is well known, since there are few parts of the world to which these fish, canned, salted dried or smoked, have not penetrated. Yet even those who have a general idea of their extent would perhaps be surprised to learn that in the neighborhood of Newfoundland alone about 147,500,000 codfish are taken from the water every year; that $280,000 worth of herring have been caught in Loch Urn, Scotland, in the course of a single fortnight; that from Halifax only there are often exported 150,000 barrels of mackerel annually; that the aggregate value of the salmon fisheries of the British isles for one year amounted to $3,450,000. Such sums become startling when one reflects that each of these figures reperesents only a fraction of similar wealth drawn from the salt water at the same time in other parts of the world, and often by other races of men. Perhaps the lavish fertility of the sea may be best shown by repeating the statement of a proprietor of a large canning establishment at Shippegan, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence:

The heavy gale of August, 1873, drove more lobsters ashore within five miles of my packing houses than I could make use of during the whole summer. They formed a row of from one to five feet deep, and I should estimate them at an average of 1,000 to every two rods of shore.

The canning establishment of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick use from three to five tons of lobsters a day, destroying every year about 30,000 tons. At this rate it is no wonder that the size of the lobsters taken has already begun to decrease, and that there is danger of exhausting the supply.

A NOTED BURGLAR. Peace, the murderer, who was hanged in England, had a wonderful ability to hide in the smallest possible limits, during his burglarous expeditions. He could place himself in a box with remarkable promptitude. In the bottom drawer of a chest, and in a chiffonier he has frequently hidden; while from long practice he was able to hide under an ordinary round table, clinging to the spiral stem in such a manner, that even if the table had no cover, he would escape the glance of a casual observer.

A Sermon for the Senate.

MR. BEECHER SPEAKING OF WASHINGTON AND DRAWING CERTAIN PARALLELS.

"And their works do follow them," was Mr. Beecher's text. Of Washington he said:—"Certainly his works follow him. A great man; not great in intellectual endowment; not by any remarkable genius in any direction, but that of sound judgment and discretion; but a man untainted by personal ambition. He kept himself by the power of God pure in patriotism, large in statesmanship, amidst the squabbling influences of a tempestuous time; a man devoted to the best interests of the nation that was born under his care. Patient, untiring, hopeful in the darkest hour; a sublime courage both on the field of battle and in the hour of misfortune and adversity, irreproachable in personal morals, wise in all things pertaining to public affairs, he collected about him counsellors who in their several spheres were wiser than he, and gathered from them the whole wisdom of the time in affairs of State. No man is a wise ruler who does not gather about him the wisest counsellors, and his name, while it will be preserved by the peculiar relations in which he stands to this nascent republic, written in history, reappearing in counties and towns. Yet it is not so much his name as that his works do follow him. We have no Napoleon, no ambitious Cæsar, no Romulus or Remus to whom we can turn back with pride, but we have a man with the sympathies of a man, near to us, wise, patient, courageous, pure, large-hearted and devoted to the interests of the commonwealth. It is well for young men of this day to ponder these things. The curse of our public men has been that they had no faith in the saving power of rectitude and goodness. Many and many a man of gigantic power has fallen because he sold himself to the selfish influence of the hour, and did not dare to trust himself to rectitude; did not dare to be called a Radical; did not dare to face an inflamed and ignorant populace and to insist upon it that nothing is for the public good that is not founded upon truth, justice and rectitude. To-day how are men fallen in the Senate of the United States—they cannot fall in the House of Representatives. (Laughter.) How are men whom we have a right to admire—around about whom, whether on one side or the other, we have been glad to twine laurels—how have they, against their better judgment, against the better instincts of their natures, bowed down to the outcry of a furious mob that gives expression only to its prejudices. Daniel Webster would have been President of the United States easily and illustriously if Daniel Webster had believed that rectitude is always safety; but he quivered before the face of the Moloch in the South, fell and never rose. And that public man that in the councils of his nation now acts according to the principles of rectitude and takes good or ill as they come—his works will follow him and he will be honored in the time to come.

Saved from an Adventurer.

In December last Miss Isabella Porter of Chicago, one of the society belles, was to have been married to an Italian count named Nicholas Macrosski. No less than eleven hundred invitations had been issued, and a grand affair was expected. Two days before the ceremony it was discovered that the supposed count was an adventurer with two wives and several children. He was arrested on a charge of felony in New York, and has been heard of no more. Instead of tearing her hair and going into sackcloth and ashes, the charming Miss Porter dried her tears and went into society. The following notice, which has just appeared in the papers, may fairly be termed the sequel of the story: "The marriage of Miss Isabella Penton Porter, daughter of Hibbard Porter, Esq., to F. Sherrill Eames occurred Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Clinton Locke, D. D. The newly-wedded couple left for a short trip to the South."

An Old-Time Plague.

The Plague fright at Berlin has recalled the extraordinary precautions taken during the cholera epidemic of 1831. A cord was drawn in front of houses supposed to be infected. The keys were given to a police agent, who three or four times a day went to see what the inmates wanted. He then placed what he brought them on a table outside near the door. The money was put into a glass full of vinegar, and the agent took it out with a spoon. The paper on which the commissions were written down he took up with pincers. When a sick person was taken to a hospital a police agent preceded the vehicle with a bell, and two soldiers kept every one away from the sick person. The doctors wore cloaks and masks of oil cloth. The skin of dogs and cats being deemed particularly favorable to the dissemination of the disease, persons were recommended to kill them, except where they were positively necessary. For months the inhabitants lived in trepidation, and an old lady actually hanged herself for fear of the cholera reaching her. The precautions gradually became matter for ridicule.

MORTALITY.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'ersweeps their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time and the hour.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Storms generally are a mystery, but you can always see the drift of a snow-storm.

—He who brings empty hands to the granary of the Lord rarely goes away with his belly full.

The most terrific storm of real woe in a man's heart rarely flings its froth and foam as high as his lips.

—"That's a nice new suit you have on; what did you have to pay for it?" "Sixty dollars—and costs."

—The praise and blame which hang on the lowest boughs, and may be easily plucked, are generally worthless.

—Modesty is a priceless virtue; but, if like the bloom on a woman's cheek, it is only "put on," it loses its value.

—There wouldn't have been any milk in the cocoanut if some of our dairymen had had the original construction of it.

—Some thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

—Did the man who Rhode Island ride straddle? It wouldn't take much of a stride to straddle that State.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

—Simple pity ain't much better to a person than an insult, but to pity him with a $5 bill is bizziness.—*Josh Billings.*

—It is a base ball where one lady monopolizes partners enough to have nine on a side. Any other woman present will say so.

—Talk about the angry sea and the mad waves, and all that. Humph! you'd be angry too were you crossed as often as the ocean is.

—Profound remark by an observer of men and things: "If soldiers without leaders are little to be feared, still less are leaders without soldiers."

—Mary J. Wadleigh, of Sutton, Mass., has no fewer than one hundred pet cats; and it may not be out of place to add that she is still unmarried.

A landlady was complaining that she couldn't make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why not make one end vegetables."

—The French are acquiring a more stable government every year. Paris alone consumed 11,219 horses for food last year.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Rye and Rock are put forward as a new combination; but it is as old as the hills. One has only to take enough rye and the rock comes as a matter of course, at the head of his grave.

– He who spends his life in accumulating knowledge which is never adapted to the wants of society is a literary miser. His gainings bear no interest, and he defrauds mankind of their just dues.

—An Irish Wicklow Quaker was recently replied to by a lady listener. The Quaker was exclaiming against agitation. The lady responded: "What good in the world was ever done without agitation? We cannot even make butter without it."

—A minister who was speaking quite loud saw a woman leaving the church with a crying babe, and thereupon exclaimed: "Your baby don't disturb me, madam." "That isn't it, sir," she replied; "you disturb the baby." Of course, every effect must have a cause.

—A pretty girl out West told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Can you read what's in my mind?" "Yes," said she; "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you're just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding cards are out.

—I love, and have some cause to love the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, and therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food;
But what a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

FRANCIS QUARLES.

—In a primary school not long ago the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nests," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a little Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, that's for the bird to roosht on."

—A gentleman walking with his boy on the banks of the Seine, the child slipped over the bank in the water, and would certainly have been drowned but for the courage of a man who was fishing, who jumped in and saved the boy. The father thanked him cordially, but asked him if he would add to the obligation, as he was already wet through, by swimming out for his son's cap.

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