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There Was a Time.

There was a time when Love's young flower,
budding,
Scatter'd around so fragrant a perfume!
There "was" a time when Love's young flower,
budding,
So gently nodded in the golden sunlight flooding
In at the casement of my lonely room.
Yet "now," alas! with bitter tears and sighing,
Helpless I watch it thro' the livelong day.
There "was" a time—though "now," all prostrate lying,
Scentless and snapp'd, I see it fade away!

In vain I strive to still the crushing feeling—
To soften down my overwhelming grief.
In "vain" I strive to "still" the crushing feeling,
Noisomely through my tortured bosom stealing;
No beauteous blossom brings my heart relief.
It was so bright a gem! No "other" flower
That spot before my window shall contain,
Where tender Love lies bleeding, and no power
Can raise it up, or bring "that time" again!

There was a time when Love's young blossom,
breaking,
Scatter'd around so fragrant a perfume!
There "was" a time when Love's young blossom, breaking,
Gladden'd mine eye, within my heart awaking
Thoughts and emotions I may ne'er resume.
Gone is that time! With bitter sighs and weeping,
Helpless I watch it through the live-long day,
And dream of hours—but "now" that flow'r is sleeping;
Scentless and snapp'd, I see it fade away.

CHARLES C. MACKLEY.

The Hawk's Nest.

We checked our pace—the red road sharply
rounding;
We heard the troubled flow
Of the dark olive depths of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below;

Above the tumult of the canon, lifted,
The grey hawk breathless hung,
Or on the hill a winged shadow drifted
Where furze and thorn-bush clung;

Or where, half-way, the mountain side was furrowed
With many a seam and scar,
Or some abandoned tunnel dimly burrowed—
A mole hill seen so far;

We looked in silence down across the distant
Unfathomable reach,
A silence broken by the guide's consistent
And realistic speech;

"Walker of Murphy's blew a hole through Peters
For telling him he lied—
Then up and dusted out of South Hornitos
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's and up through
Eden,
And 'cross the ford below,
And up this mountain (Peter's brother leadin'),
And me and Clark and Joe.

"He fou't us game; somehow, I disrember
Jest how the thing kem round;
Some say 'twas wadding, some a scattered ember
From fires on the ground.

"But in one minute all the hill below him
Was just one sheet of flame:
Guardin' the crest Sam Clark and I called to
him,
And well, the dog was game.

"He made no sign—the fires of hell were round
him,
The pit of hell below.
We sat and waited, but we never found him,
And then we turned to go.

"And then—you see that rock that's grown so
bristly,
With chapparel and tan—
Suthin' crep out—it might hev been a grizzly,
It might hev been a man.—

"Suthin' that howled and gnashed its teeth and
shouted
In smoke and dust and flame;
Suthin' that sprang into the depths about it,
Grizzly or man—but game!

"That's all. Well, yes, it does look rather risky,
And kinder makes one queer
And dizzy looking down. A drop of whisky
Ain't a bad thing right here!"—*Bret Harte.*

JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES.

"Who is there?" said a young man, in response to a knock at the door of his room.

"Mirelle," replied a sweet girlish, tired, voice.

The door was instantly thrown open, and Mirelle St. Croix entered her home. She was affectionately received by her brother Jules, and after wiping his hands on the skirt of the blouse he wore, he clumsily relieved his sister of an enormous bundle she had in her arms.

"Take care, Jules, that is lace and must not be crushed," anxiously said Mirelle, closely watching her brother as he lay his precious burden down on the only unincumbered chair in the room; but seeing the weary look in his sister's face he displaced the bundle a little roughly, and gave the chair to Mirelle.

"You are very tired, little one and you have brought home more wearying work. Surely Mlle. de Bastian will not withdraw from you her custom, if for one week you cease to work."

"No; but she would for that week replace me, and Paris abounds with clever dress-makers. Should Mlle. de Bastian find some one better than I am it is but natural she should retain them, and where then would I find work?"

"How I hate myself for idleness," impatiently exclaimed Jules.

"Now you pain me. Are you not working day and night, and will it not bring us a fortune? We are both so young. What is this little probation? It is but an appetizer to a good dinner," cheerfully replied Mirelle, laying aside her shawl and bonnet and donning a large white apron of the same material as her brother's blouse. She was, indeed, a little one, and the large apron covered her completely. She rolled her sleeves up to the elbow, displaying a perfect arm, and evidently fully prepared for work. "Now, brother, for your two hours' sleep and my two hours' work."

"Must I; will you not let me take your place?"

"Not for a moment."

"Then I will obey at once," and, suiting the action to the word, Jules let Mirelle arrange him comfortably on the sofa, the only bed he had known for years. He turned his face to the wall, and was very soon fast asleep. As soon as Mirelle assured herself that he was asleep, she crossed the room, drew aside a red curtain, and revealed what? A window? No, but the work of two years—a statue, representing Judith with the head of Holofernes in her hand. The conception and execution were admirable. It was the perfection of art and the exact counterpart of nature. It was the work of Jules and his sister. It was their earthly god—on it they had set their all. The ghastly head of Holofernes possessed a charm to Mirelle—that had been her work, and to that head she looked for all her earthly happiness. Judith had been the work of Jules, and it was done with a truthfulness to nature and attention to art that are seldom seen combined.

For years Jules had dreamed of this creation, but never until within the past two years, had he been able to realize his dream. Up to that time he had lived on the support of his parents upon the farm. Mirelle; but when father and mother were no more, he imparted to his dearly loved Mirelle, and what was his happiness to find in her genius great as his own. Cheerfully they accepted the heritage of poverty and together they worked. Mirelle obtained a recommendation to Mlle. de Bastian, daughter of a nobleman, as a clever, neat sewer. So much did she please Mlle. de Bastian, that that very rich but kind lady engaged her at a stipulated salary, and kept her constantly employed with her torn flounces, embroidery, etc. The salary Mirelle received was sufficient to keep the landlord and wolf from the door of their two rooms. The material for Judith and Holofernes were procured on credit, owing to the good name and integrity of Jules' father, inherited by the son. So together struggled these two noble hearts, devoted to each other and their art. Their secret was imparted to no one. During the entire two years Mirelle had worked but two hours each day, devoting the remainder of the time to sewing and watching her brother.

Two more weeks would complete the statue, and in two weeks there was to be a grand exhibition of statuary, and for the best work of art there was to be a prize of fifty thousand francs awarded. All the well-known sculptors of the day were hard at work, each confident of success. Not a word of this had Jules breathed to his sister, but each time she was absent taking back her work and taking the orders of Mlle. de Bastian, Jules had stolen an hour from his labor, and had been moving heaven and earth to obtain a place for his statue at the grand institution that was to give to some one a fortune and a fame. At last Jules succeeded, so far as to persuade the committee to come and see his work which visit was to be paid the day before the exhibition. Still did Jules keep silent, fearing to disappoint his patient little sister, but hope was high in his heart, and he could scarce restrain his impatience. Even as he lay asleep on the sofa he was dreaming of the fast approaching day which was to make his fortune or ruin his ambition.

After working steadily for two hours Mirelle ceased, took off her apron, washed her hands, and seated herself at her sewing, which was to replace by her own embroidery a flower, which had been torn out by some aristocratic foot in pumps or patent boots. Through habit Jules woke himself within fifteen minutes after the two hours had expired.

"Late as usual, Mirelle?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet, and preparing to take the place Mirelle had just vacated.

"I wish we could see the termination of this two years' labor," sighed Mirelle.

"Signs of impatience!—that is bad, Mirelle, within three weeks of the completion of our work," said Jules, anxiously.

"Our work is not complete until it has found a purchaser—one that will pay a sum large enough to allow you to study as you wish, and to travel and see all that can be seen in connection with your art."

"And where is Mirelle while her brother is spending all the money?" said Jules, between strokes of his mallet.

"At home, ready in her turn—which will come at the sale of your next statue, to travel where you have traveled—to see and study all you have seen and studied."

"Did I travel the world over, see and study everything, it would avail me nought unless you traveled with me, and I could see your dear face and study to make you happy," affectionately said Jules, leaving his work and embracing his sister.

"The sacrifice to be away from you would be a great one, and as we have not found the purchaser yet, we will dismiss the painful subject."

"I will dismiss the subject on condition that you cease to work at that nonsense."

"This nonsense, Jules cost what to us would be a fortune. I must have it done, as Mlle. de Bastian wishes to wear it at some exhibition that is to come off in two weeks, and I have quantities to do for the occasion besides this."

"An exhibition in two weeks," repeated Jules, resuming his work.

"Yes—of pictures, I think," carelessly replied Mirelle.

"What kind of a person is Mlle. de Bastian?" asked Jules.

"What an odd question, Jules; you never spoke of her before."

"That don't answer my question, Mirelle."

"She is beautiful enough to be a study for your next statue if you will call it Venus."

"But from what springs her beauty—from the heart and brain, or from milliners' paint and powder?"

"From the heart, I am sure. Were I equal to her I would have her by me—love her and be as devoted to her as to a sister."

"She is a valuable jewel in an odd setting, and I wonder she is still mademoiselle."

"She is not going to be married, or I should have been kept busy with other work than this."

"I hope she won't change her mind about the exhibition."

"And wherefore?"

"I should not like her to, after you had strained your eyes over that lace."

"You are odd, Jules, in your remarks."

"Eccentricity of genius, Mirelle, laughingly replied Jules, dropping the curtain and shutting himself up with his work as was his wont whenever his thoughts wandered from it.

Mirelle continued to sew, finished her work, put it carefully away, and occupied herself in arranging the room, which, in her absence, Jules contrived to put in dreadful disorder. Jules worked for some hours, then he ceased, to partake of his late dinner, and after that he took his customary walk of half an hour with Mirelle; returning he resumed his work and listened to all the praises and encouragement which came from the heart of his sister. And in that regular way passed the two weeks, all but one day, and that day the one on which the committee were to pass their judgment on Judith and Holofernes. Mirelle was absent, and Jules sat awaiting his judges; they came late, and one at a time; but they all came, and to the seven who numbered the committee Jules unvailed his treasure. For some minutes silence reigned, and then, with one accord, the seven judges turned and extended their hands to Jules.

The principal then said: "Your work shall have the most prominent position in the exhibition, and I would not hesitate to give you the fifty thousand francs this moment; there is a new era in your art—you have commenced it, and with you it will end. Your name, if you please."

Jules could not reply, so overcome was he by his good fortune. The gentleman [illegible] is, and understood, men of the world [illegible] were, what the feeling must be of [illegible] struggling artist, who, from obscurity [illegible] rty, is suddenly raised to fame and [illegible] After a slight pause, Jules said:

"This is not alone my work—my sister has created the head of Holofernes."

"Wonderful!" was the reply.

"We do not wish, to have our names put down until after the exhibition."

"You are too modest; but as you wish. Shall your statue be marked 'for sale?'"

"Yes—oh yes; I have made it to sell."

"But the prize will give you a large sum."

"Not sufficient; besides, it is not mine yet."

"But it will be, and most justly. I congratulate you on the possession of your genius, and also your sister. We will take your statue away in half an hour. Good-day."

A respectful bow from all and Jules was again alone. He felt intoxicated with happiness, and could neither move nor think until he was aroused by the persons come to take away the statue. Carefully he superintended its removal, and thankfully he watched it as it was driven out of sight. He had scarcely regained his room and lowered the curtain when Mirelle returned, looking more tired and careworn, Jules thought, than he had ever seen her.

"I have news for you, Jules," she said.

How Jules longed to say, "I have news, too, for you, Mirelle;" but prudence and the wish to surprise his sister kept him silent as to anything in connection with the good fortune which had just dawned upon them. "What is your news?" was all he said.

"Mlle. de Bastian has given me two cards of invitation to this exhibition, which is to be one of statuary. I wonder if there will be one such statue as ours there?" proudly said Mirelle, going to the curtain, evidently with the intention of looking again at, "Judith."

"Stop, Mirelle, I want to let a night pass without looking at our work; then, on to-morrow it will be a little new to us, and we can better judge of it."

"As you wish; but, tell me, will you go to this exhibition?"

"Most undoubtedly."

"I shall enjoy it so much."

"I am sure you will," replied Jules, thinking all the time of the great surprise he had for the little pale face beside him.

The next day had scarcely dawned when Jules rose to keep guard by the curtain and to build castles for the future, but not air castles. It was a dull gloomy day; but to Jules all was bright. He was restless all the morning, and he insisted upon Mirelle getting ready an hour before the time. In fact he kept her in such a bustle and confusion that she had no time to think of "Judith." Had she asked to see it, Jules felt as though he would have told her all, but he succeeded in getting her off in good spirits, and without a word in regard to "Judith."

As they approached the hall Jules grew nervous, and almost fearful to enter; but he felt Mirelle's hand on his arm and he was brave again. They followed the crowd ahead of them, and in a few moments found themselves in the exhibition room, which was densely packed. Jules placed Mirelle in a place of safety, and left her for a moment to ascertain where "Judith" was placed. He soon saw his statue in the center of the ring—all the statues were placed in a ring to avoid being touched or pushed. Yes, there was his "Judith" on a high pedestal of blue; crowds were gazing at it, and Jules paused for a moment to hear some criticisms upon it. A lady and gentleman stood close to him—they were the personification of womanly and manly beauty, and the strong resemblance between them pronounced them brother and sister. To this couple Jules turned his attention, and heard the lady say:

"Anatole, I would give twice the amount of the prize to know the artist that created that statue of Judith."

"One of our many sculptors, no doubt," replied the brother.

"No, there is no name to it. It must be some poor artist who does not appreciate his own genius, and who fears criticism. I must know who it is, and I must have that statue if it is to be bought."

Jules waited to hear no more, but went in search of Mirelle, and brought her to where he had been standing.

"Our Judith, Jules," was all she could say, and then cling to her brother to support herself, for the surprise had been as sudden as great, and completely unnerved her. The lady Jules had been listening to passed at this moment, and tapped Mirelle lightly on the shoulder.

"You like it, little one?" she said.

"So much, mademoiselle."

"Judith will get the prize, and I shall get Judith."

"You, mademoiselle?"

"Yes. I am going now to tell my father to purchase it. The prize will be awarded in half an hour." Without waiting for a reply, the lady passed on, but not without glancing in wonder at the companion of Mirelle. "Who could he be?"

"Who is that, Mirelle?" questioned Jules.

"Mlle. de Bastian and her brother."

"You were right about her, Mirelle; she is indeed worthy of all your praise."

The half-hour passed slowly, and at the end of it the gentleman who had passed judgment to Jules on his statue entered the ring, and walking to the center, he addressed the visitors. He explained thoroughly the plan of the prize-awarding; how forty of the most critical, just, intelligent and well-known gentlemen had been selected to pass judgment on the statue; how they had passed judgment, and that it was his duty as well as pleasure to give that judgment; which was that the prize had been awarded to "Judith," the artist wished his name concealed; but they had ascertained it, and the judges, the committee, and undoubtedly all present congratulated the two artists whose genius had seldom been equaled, Jules St. Croix and Mlle. Mirelle St. Croix, his sister; to them is the prize of fifty thousand francs awarded, and the sum of a hundred thousand francs is offered for the statue by Monsieur de Bastian who was one of the judges.

Deafening applause followed this speech, and amid it all Mirelle and Jules stood receiving silently, but so thankfully, the reward of their talent, perseverance and goodness.

"You are to come home with me, Mirelle."

Mirelle looked up and saw Mlle. de Bastian.

"I wait not for an introduction, Monsieur St. Croix," she continued, extending her hand and warmly shaking the hand of the astounded Jules, who began to believe in miracles, and prayed they might continue.

"Is not our success great, mademoiselle?" artlessly said Mirelle.

"It is but the commencement, dear little Mirelle. Come, let us go home, my brother will go to the committee room with M. St. Croix and then bring him to us."

Mirelle gladly obeyed, and her brother did the same.

She found guests and a dinner awaiting Mlle. de Bastian.

"I was determined to bring home the victorious artist and do honor to him by this little reception. I little thought you were that artist," said mademoiselle by way of explanation.

"My brother had more, much more to do with the statue than I had," naively said Mirelle.

"I shan't give you more than your share of praise, nor shall I forget this worshiped brother, Mirelle," kindly replied Mlle. de Bastian.

A little later Jules came. He was courted, praised, congratulated and teased in turn; but one word or look from Mlle. de Bastian he valued more than all. But the day came to an end, yet Jules and Mirelle never forgot it, for it was their last day of poverty, and their first of prosperity.

The two artists were often to be seen at the home of Mlle. de Bastian. Jules told Mirelle he was studying the face of Helene de Bastian for his next subject, but from the announcement some months later, of the approaching marriage of Jules and Helene, Mirelle was inclined to believe that it was the heart, and not the face of Helene that Jules had been studying. The study had been mutual on both sides, as was evident by the happiness reflected from heart to face of bride and groom.

Mirelle would have been bridesmaid, but she was at the same time performing the part of bride to Monsieur Anatole de Bastian.

And so for a time art gave place to love.

The Yankee Girl.

The Yankee girl is treated at length in a late *Saturday Review*, by some one who has evidently "had his comb cut"—if we may be permitted the expression—by one of them. "The Yankee girl," he says, "was born to livein packets. She gives one the notion of a being created to rush through space She is always on the move; last year in Paris, the year before in San Francisco; she has taken a run back to New York on her way to Cairo; you meet her on the Pyramids, you flirt with her in the Sierra Morena, you jostle her in the studios of Rome, and you cut her in the Tuileries Gardens. She is equally fond of supper and sentiment; and breaks into one's morning rhapsody over the sunrise to spout out an order for a hard boil egg and two slices of ham cut lean. She is silent when her mouth is full and that is fortunately very often. But a great deal of her conversation, when it is empty, refers to the pleasantest modes of filling it. She is great on *tables d'hote*, and critical on hotels. Her pocketbook is full of charming recipes for dishes she has met with, mixed up oddily with descriptions of Rome and the names of her dancing partners. She delights in telling how rich 'pa' is, and how vulgar 'ma' is. 'I'm a Yankee girl, I guess, and ma keeps pretty slick out of my way.' Life takes a free and easy turn in this absence of maternal supervision. For a certain noisy kind of flirting nobody is the Yankee girl's equal." He goes on to say that she is a very nice girl, all in all, but has a bad habit of forgetting one just as soon as one turns his back on her; which fully accounts for the sour milk in *his* cocoanut. "It is difficult to say," he remarks mournfully, "whether she is married or not; if she is, it does not matter much, for her husband is as often without her as with her. 'I love my husband,' she tells you plumply; 'oh, yes, I love my husband, and a good many other people besides!' And then she goes down to supper again, and sentiment is forgotten in sherry cobbler." It was Dickens, we believe, who first told the English that sherry cobblers were a great institution; and ever since the discovery no Englishman has written about American people without at least one allusion to it.

A Cure for Dyspepsia.

In the *Gazette Hebdomadaire*, Dr. Gontaret recommends for the form of dyspepsia in which there is difficulty in the digestion of starchy articles of food, the use of the nitrogenous substance developed in buds and grains during their germination, and known as *diastase* or *maltine*. This substance, as is generally known, induces in hydrated starch the process of catalysis, by which it is converted into dextrine and glucose—the forms which all starch and sugar must assume before they are fitted for nutrition. The organic matter contained in the mixed saliva, and the fluids of the small intestine, are, in health, sufficient to establish this process; but, in a condition of the alimentary tract characterised by alteration or deficiency of saliva or intestinal juices, this substance promises to do for starch and sugar in intestinal digestion what pepsine does for the albuminoid articles of food. He employs the remedy in doses of two to six grains after each meal, and says that it never acts prejudicially on the digestive organs.

THE total number of Scandinavians in the United States is estimated, at the close of 1870, at 400,000, of which about 50,000 are residents of Chicago. They number 380 congregations, 140 ministers and 50,000 communicants. They have a collegiate institution at Decorah, Iowa, called Luther College, with six professors and 135 students; a theological school at St. Louis, with 20 students (this under the old Norwegian Synod); the Augburg Seminary, at Marshall, Wis., with two Professors and 19 students (this under the Dano-Norwegian Conference); the Augustana College and Seminary, at Paxton, Ill., with three Professors and 35 students (under the Augustana Synod.)—*Chicago Journal.*

MARRIAGES IN SPAIN.—Marriages in Spain are arranged by the parties most concerned, and no fortune is necessary on the part of the lady, the *hidalgos* being very generous and disinterested in their love affairs. In cases where there is a large property, matches are sometimes made up by parents, between an uncle and neice, the object being to secure the the money to the latter. But the evil of such unions is so visible, that they are looked upon with disfavor, and people question the right of the church to grant dispensations under such circumstances. In the south of Spain it is the custom for courtships to go on for a number of years, the parents leaving the young people at liberty to continue or to break off the engagement.—*The Echo.*

"A Demonstration" in Paris.

The following is the description of a scene in Paris:—A body of 300 men were dragging, a well-dressed man, who, bareheaded, was held by the collar by two Chasseurs-a-pied. Loud cries of "To the river!" "He is an informer, a spy of Pietri's!" were heard, while other voices exclaimed. "They want to restore their bludgeon days. No pity; away with spies!" It was stated that this person had been seen, pencil in hand, noting down the numbers of the battalions which made their appearance upon the place. Upon being questioned by the two soldiers, he replied that it was no business of theirs, and it was asserted that he struck at them with a *casse-tete.* He was then seized, searched, and upon him were found a revolver and papers proving that he belonged to the Police. This discovery exasperated the crowd, and the unhappy man was dragged toward the canal, into which he was about to be cast when some better-disposed persons thrust him into the guard-house, and the officer commanding the post ordered the gates to be closed. The quays were thonged with an excited and furious crowd, who demanded the surrender of the prisoner, and the execution of the popular sentence. The officer climbed upon the railings and explained to the mob that it was his duty to retain the prisoner in order that he might be conveyed to the Prefecture, and besought them to be calm. His exhortation was not listened to. Cries of "They want to let him escape!" "Give him up to us!" drowned his voice. Some Foot Chasseurs got over the railings and were followed by many of the crowd, and recaptured the poor wretch, whom the National Guards on duty made no effort to save. Blows fell thickly upon him; he was hustled and kicked, and appeared almost dead. There were at that time about 20,000 persons collected on the Place de la Bastille; but, although those who called for the death of their victim only numbered 400 or 500, of whom a great proportion were mere gamins, no attempt was made to prevent the execution of their bloodthirsty decree. The prisoner was dragged toward the Boulevard Bourdon, he begging to be allowed to shoot himself. The chasseurs who held him put him into a bench, and submitted the question to the crowd. "Will you allow the prisoner to blow out his brains with his own revolver?" "No!" was the response, followed by cries of "To the water with him!" A move was then made toward the Quai Henri IV., and there, doubting whether their victim might be able to swim, they took the precaution of tying his arms and legs, and in that condition he was carried as a mere bundle on to a barge, whence they flung him into the river. The current immediately bore away the helpless man, at which showers of stones were hurled. Some men belonging to river steamers attempted to cast life-buoys to the drowning man, but they were driven off by the furious execrations of the mob, and ultimately desisted. The body drifted under the piling at the point of the Ile St. Louis and was no more seen. These horrible scenes lasted for upwards of two hours. Upon the Quai Henri IV., two persons who ventured to explain against these brutal proceedings, were themselves assailed as police spies, and threatened with death. Other persons were similarly treated, and barely saved themselves by opportune flight. In the meantime the Place de la Bastile continued to be thronged, and the caifes and wine-shops drove a flourishing trade."

Condition of the Piegans.

The present condition of the Piegan Indians, concerning whom so little has been heard since the massacre of last year, is thus reported by Colonel John Gibbon, commanding at Fort Shaw, in a letter:

I accompanied the officer to witness the distribution of annuity goods to the Indians, and found assembled there some six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, principally of the Piegan and Blood tribes—tribes of the Black Feet Nation. I never heard Indians talk more peaceably. Bird Chief, an old man, who was in the fight with Colonel Baker last year, said he had not had a good night's sleep since that fight, and had ever since been moving from place to place, expecting every day to be attacked by somebody, he did not know who; that they all wished to live at peace with the whites now, and to have no more trouble. A number of others spoke, all in the same strain. They all expressed pleasure in having an agent living among them. They all seemed satisfied with their present agent, Major McCarthy, and said that I would be surprised if I could compare the present issue of goods (with which they seemed very much pleased) with former issues. Peace with the Piegans is much to be desired and can be easily maintained, provided they can be dealt with justly. The agent complains that of the $50,000 appropriated by Congress for the Piegans only $17,000 worth of goods has yet reached him. The Indians appeared very destitute and some breadstuffs, coffee, and sugar should be sent to them without delay.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION has come up for solution in Nevada. Three mail robbers, who plundered a train on the Central Pacific Road some months since, were convicted, and are now in the State Prison serving out sentences of about twenty years each. This was deemed an adequate punishment under the laws of the State, but the Federal statutes affix the penalty of death to mail-robbing by force or intimidation, and for this offense the robbers have been indicted by a United States Grand Jury, and, on the 7th inst., U. S. Marshal Lammon, on motion of District Attorney Seely, and under instructions of the Court, made a demand for the possession of the prisoners. Under the advice of Attorney-General Buckner the warden declined to comply with the demand, and thus at present rests the matter.

SAILING VESSELS built in the United States during the year ending June 30, 1870, are officially reported to number 816, of which the ships are forty-one, of 57,107 tons, and the schooners 519, of 56,903 tons—showing the coasting trade very near the foreign shipping. The steam vessels number 290, of 70,620 tons, there being six ocean steamers, eighteen for the lakes, and 266 on the rivers; the barges reported are 162, and the canal boats 512; or a grand total of vessels built, from ocean steamers to canal boats, of 1,418; tonnage, 276,953.

Attempt to Assassinate Zorrilla.

"We are completely satisfied with our work, and intend to continue in the same road!" Such was the literal text of an anonymous letter received by the unhappy widow of Marshal Prim on the day his remains were carried to the Atocha Church. It was no heartless hoax It was a message of warning to the other public men who had taken a prominent part in elevation of King Amadeo to the throne. Some of these men treated it as a joke, but others did not. Among the latter were the Ex-President Ruis Zorrilla. He took the warning especially to himself, as he had borne a very conspicuous share in the King-making. He presided over the Cortes which voted Amadeo, and over the Commission who went to Italy. Since the death of Prim, Zorrilla has hardly ever appeared in the streets without an escort of Police, and he has been ridiculed in some of the papers for this extraordinary care of his life. There is now little doubt that to this precaution he owes his escape so far. He received a verbal message that if he would grant an interview, the parties desiring it would communicate to him important revelations respecting the authors of the assassination of his friend Marshal Prim, whom the tribunals of justice have not yet been able to discover, though they are constantly arresting persons "on suspicion." Being excessively anxious to do what in him lay to clear up this fearful mystery, Zorrilla said he should be willing to see the parties in question in his own house, Calle San Mateo, in the evening. He was told that would not do. They would not come to his house, but would meet him at any other he might appoint. He fixed 10 at night, in the house of a friend living in Calle Pez. Punctual to his appointment, he went, and stayed till nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. It is needless to say no one came. He was accompained by his particular friend Don Luis Hernandez. They left about 2 o'clock, and walked in the direction of Senor Zorrilla's house. They had not gone many steps when a a man emerging from the shadow of a doorway ran rapidly past them. Senor Zorrilla noticed the incident, and remarked to his friend, "*Lo presentia; estamos vendidos*" "I thought as much, we are 'sold' (duped.") A few yards further on and they came to the Calle San Roque, a narrow street which opens on to the Calle Pez. From a dark corner in this street two men emerged crossed the sidewalk, and fired at them. The balls, of which there must have been at least seven, to judge by the marks they made in the wall of a currier's shop No 10 Calle Pez, passed close behind them, but fortunately without touching them. With great presence of mind, Senor Hernandez pulled out his revolver, and, firing it twice, ran after the assassins, who fled along the Calle San Roque, leaving their *trabuco* (blunderbus) on the ground. In the dark shadow between two of the lamps they disappeared, and as there was a watchman at the other end of the street, who declares no one run out of it, they must have entered one of the houses, doubtless left open for that purpose.

A New Anecdote of the Revolution.

When Washington determined to cross the Delaware and surprise the Hessians at Trenton, his plans were discovered in some way by a Tory family living on the Pennsylvania side. A young man of this family was dispatched across the river to warn the Hessian commander, Colenel Rahl, of the intended attack. He reached Trenton in safety, and going to Colonel Rahl's headquarters, asked for an interview. This was refused by the sentry at the door, who said that the colonel could not be disturbed; that he was particularly engaged. After several ineffectual efforts to obtain an audience, the young man went away, leaving a note with the request that it should be given to Rahl immediately. This note contained the information that Washington would cross the river that very night. It was carried to the colonel, who was engrossed by a game of chess. Hearing that it was left by a young man, and apprehending no danger, he put it into his pocket, and went on with the game. Before morning light he was roused by the fierce attack of the Americans, who drove in his pickets, and came suddenly upon the main body of the bewildered Hessians, who fled in all directions. Col. Rahl mounted his horse, and gallantly but vainly endeavored to rally his disordered troops, and as he rode back toward Trenton, after going some distance in the country, he was mortally wounded by a musket ball. He fell from his horse, was carried into a house (still pointed out), and died. In his pocket, after death, was found unopened the note referred to.

UNITED STATES CURRENCY.—A dispatch from Washington says: The striking out of an appropriation in the Omnibus bill of $200,000, for the construction of a building to be used for bank note and bond engraving and printing, is probably the last effort in that direction at present. It appeared in debate that the cost of the engraving and printing done in New York during the fiscal year was $1,845,665, while that done here cost $1,185,396.35, being a saving of $660,368.65. Mr. Garfield's bill for replacing mutilated or worn-out currency would require the printing of nearly $56,000,000. According to Superintendent McCartee's estimate, the cost would be as follows: To replace all the national currency, allowing that fifty-six million of notes will be required, would cost, if entirely engraved and printed, in the Bureau, $1,602,000; Engraving 6,000 sets of plates at $136 per set, $780,000; localized paper, 14,000,000 sheets at $8.50 per 1,000 sheets, $117,000; localized paper allowance for sheets mutilated in printing, $3,000; three plate printings, numbering and trimming at $50 per 1,000 sheets, $700,000; total, $1,602,000.

SING IT, MY MAN.—A seaman, who had an impediment in his speech, was serving on board a flagship, and while under way, the admiral's only child fell overboard from the gangway. The tar ran to report the accident to the first lieutenant, who was on the quarter deck; but was so agitated that he could not utter a word. The officer seeing what was the matter, raised his finger, and said, quietly, "Sing it my man." The seaman immediately struck up:

"The Admiral's boy is overboard,
Is overboard, is overboard,
The Admiral's boy is overboard—
Heave to, or he'll be drowned."

Facts and Fancies.

How to raise beets—Take hold of the tops and pull.

Quicksilver has been discovered in Noxubee County, Miss.

Confidence is an unfaithful man; in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend, or so much you enemy, as yourself.

Three things are important if you wish to keep friends—to give much, to ask little, and to take—nothing.

Sir Morgan Crofton, an English baronet, has been sentenced to imprisonment for drunken and disorderly conduct.

Iron wide enough, says a recent chronicler, to belt the globe with netting a yard wide, is made yearly into cages for birds.

Never pride yourself on having done a particularly wise thing; it may hereafter show itself to have been particularly foolish.

Danbury (Conn.) is raising apple seeds for the western market. Eight barrels were recently shipped to a town in Missouri.

A couple in Iowa got divorced lately, but not appreciating the comforts of single blessedness were remarried the next day.

The *Observer* "Year Book" gives the list of deaths of American clergymen, 1870, with their ages. The average age is 61 years.

The coal miners of Great Britain produced last year 107,000,000 tons, worth £27,000,000, and the furnaces made 5,000,000 tons of pig iron.

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou mayst a friend into an enemy. To be dexterous in danger is a virtue, but to court danger is a weakness.

An impudent youngster came very near getting his ears boxed the other night at a wedding party for wishing the bride "many happy returns of the day."

At San Francisco, in the celebration of the capitulation of Paris, one of the banners in the German procession bore the inscription: "New dish—frog smothered in sauer kraut."

A Kentucky wedding was interrupted by a young girl, with a babe in her arms, forbidding the bans. The bridegroom, asked them to excuse him a moment, stepped out and shot his head off.

Col. Whitely of the Secret Service Division, has captured since May 10, 1869, the enormous sum of $500,000 in bogus money, and $300,000 worth of cleansed and counterfeit revenue stamps.

They have a steam shovel on the Mississippi Central Railroad which takes from the solid bank of earth and loads a train of eighteen dump cars in thirty-nine minutes, carrying about seventy-five cubic yards of dirt.

It is said that if all the dogs of this country ate was fed to hogs, it would make $50,000,000 worth of pork. Add to this the value of sheep they destroy, and something of an idea of the curse of dogs can be obtained.

The agricultural association of Shelby county, Tennessee, will offer a premium of $1,000 for the finest and best and most abundant cotton crop produced on a single acre, and $500 for the greatest corn crop produced on the same area of ground.

Here's one of Punch's best things: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

Francis Creely, aged eighty, often said he would be willing to die when he had seen his youngest grand-daughter married. He attended her wedding the other evening, near St. Louis, and taking part in the dance, fell dead, without a groan at her feet.

The old folks in a Sullivan county family were somewhat surprised the other day, when, upon rebuking the familiarities of a young gentleman with their only daughter, the young man up and told them that is wasn't any of their business, for they'd been married for a year.

Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "your choice in marrying shows that." Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

A good story is told of a German shoemaker in Utica, N. Y., who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the article: "Der poots ish not quite done, but der bill ish made out."

A man was arrested in Buffalo last week for stealing a barrel of salt. When arraigned in the court he pleaded destitution. "You couldn't eat salt," said the judge. "Oh, yes, I could, with the meat I intended to steal." This reply cost him six months. The judge had no appreciation of delicate humor.

A Providence man, about seven years ago, was persuaded to take some stock in a fancy corporation for a bad debt, and recently some of its creditors, finding his name in the list of stockholders, commenced suits against him and obtained judgments which have thus far amounted to $25,000, and the end is not yet.

The new city of Kalama, Oregon, though but four weeks old, contains five hundred inhabitants, and boasts of four dry goods and grocery stores, three restaurants, carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, boot and shoe shop, and about thirty dwellings of various grades, from a one story frame to a dog tent. No rum shops are permitted, and not a fight has yet occurred.

A rare animal, a beautiful black fox, was recently trapped by Mr. H. Edwards of Lobo. The fox, when trapped made a gallant effort to escape by attempting to gnaw off the paw that had been caught, and succeeded in doing so with the exception of a small sinew. At this point bleeding had made her too weak to struggle longer, and the trapper's hand ended the scene.

THE London *Times* anticipates an easy settlement of the Fishery question by the Joint High Commission, but is not sanguine as to an arrangment in the case of the Alabama claims. The *Times* expresses regret at the limited powers held by the Commissioners.

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