The Cambridge Chronicle.

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VOL. I. NO. 5. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1871. Terms: $1.50 per Annum.

Lucille's Mistake.

The visit over, bidding her adieu,
I took my hat, and, bowing low, withdrew.
Then, starting homeward, soon I missed my cane,
Retraced my steps and rang the bell again.
I heard a rush—the door flew open wide—
And with a bound Lucille was at my side.
Around my neck her lovely arms she threw,
Kissed me, ye Gods, she kissed me through and through.
Stock still I stood, not daring to return
The glowing kisses that my lips did burn.
I tried to speak, and gasped, "I clean forgot—
I left my cane." She started as if shot,
And cried, with sobs she vainly tried to smother,
"Oh dear! Oh dear! I thought 'twas Dan, my brother.
What shall I do?" she asked me o'er and o'er;
I lacked the courage to say "Do it more!"
So looking sheepish, seized upon my stick
And forthwith homeward trotted double quick.
When on my couch in vain I courted sleep,
I tossed—and pondered, "What wealth of love
That girl possesses, other girls above!
And if a brother she should hold so dear,
What must a husband to her heart appear!"
The idea grew; and—well, to end the tale,
I sought her often, and to such avail,
That ere a twelvemonth its full course had run,
I woo'd, I won her—and we twain were one;
And once I told her "that my love began
The night she kissed me in mistake for Dan."
"For Dan?" said she; "why, bless your stupid head,
Poor brother Dan was safe and snug in bed."
"You didn't know it!" "Why, of course I did."
And in my breast her blushing face she hid.

* * * * * *

Through all these years I did not once regret
My having fallen in the trap she set.
Happy am I, and happy, too, I've made her,
Although at times I laughingly upbraid her;
And then she says, "The moral, dear, of this is,
That girls don't often make mistakes—in kisses!"

The Man in the Moon.

Only the moon saw us,
Kitty, my darling;
Only the man in the moon.
Grandfather sleeping and grandmother knitting,
You and I in the old porch sitting,
Bats in the dim beyond aimlessly flitting,
I must be going soon:
Give me another, for nobody sees us,
Only the man in the moon.

Maybe there is a man,
Kitty, my darling,
Queer fellow, up in the moon.
If so, be sure he has stolen sweet kisses—
There must be matrons and there must be misses
Up in that silver-white country; but this is
Better than bliss in the moon.
One more, my beautiful; nobody sees us,
Only the man in the moon.

Kitty, sweet Kitty,
My darling, my darling,
Don't mind the man in the moon.
Now that you've listened, and now that I've told you,
Dearest, my love, my soul's love, I shall hold you;
Close to my beating breast some day shall fold you,
Kitty, my darling.
Only one more, love—*I will* snatch another,
Spite of the man in the moon.

Grandfather's stirring, sweet;
Hurry, my darling;
He will be coming here soon.
I've only taken two; three's an odd number;
There! now the old man may wake from his slumber,
Talk about stock, and the flour-mill, and lumber.
I'm just as happy,
Kitty, my darling:
Only I'll have *four*, the next time, remember.
How are *you*, man in the moon?

THE FALL OF UTIE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

The reception at Secretary Flake's was at its height. Bland Van, the President of the nation, had departed with his boys; the punch-bowl had been emptied nine times; and still the cry from our republican society was, "Fill up."

A pair of young men, unacquainted with each other, pressed at the same time to the punch-bowl, and Jack, the chief ladler, turning from the younger, a clerk in civil dress, helped the elder, a tall naval officer, to a couple of glasses. The clerk, young Utie, who was somewhat flushed, addressed the chief ladler and remarked:

"You d—n nigger, didn't you see my glass?"

"See it, sah? I've seen it seval times afo, dis evening."

Black Jack then received the current allowance of curses for his color and his impudence, all of which he took meekly, till the officer, Lieutenant Dibdo, interrupted on the negro's behalf:

"It's none o' yo affair, I reckon!" cried Utie, sullenly.

"The man had no intention of slighting you," said Dibdo. "You have been drinking too much, boy, and your coarseness is coming out."

A fresh crowd of thirsty people pressing up at that point gave Jack his opportunity to cry: "Room around de punch-bowl?"

And the disputants were separated and squeezed by the promenading tides into different rooms.

The officer presently forgot all about it, but not so young Utie, who was partly drunk, entirely vain, not a gentleman by nature, and outraged that anybody had dubbed him "a boy." He sought the side of a fine young girl, the daughter of the chief of the bureau where he was employed, and with whom he was in love. She was attired in the free costume of republican receptions—bare arms, a low dress giving ample display to the whitest shoulders in the room, and fine natural hair dressed with flowers. Every gentleman who passed her during the evening had looked his homage freely — old beaux, dignitaries, officers, foreign deputies, *roués*—and as she had been two or three winters in that kind of society, nothing discomposed her.

"Robert," she said, with part of a glance, as Utie rejoined her, "you go to the punch-bowl too much. You reflect upon me, sir. Besides, I heard you quarreling with that handsome officer. I am dying to know him. Who is he?"

Utie looked viciously up, anger and jealousy inflaming his heated face, for although he had no engagement with Miss Rideau, he conceived himself her future suitor. But some rash words that he said against the officer were scarcely heard by the self-possessed beauty of official society, because just then the young officer and a friend were approaching them. She dropped her eyes when she met Lieutenant Dibdo's bold glance of admiration, perhaps in order not to be privy to the more searching look with which, like a gentleman of the world, he ran over the fine points of her plump body as he passed. But young Utie, seeing the offender of a moment ago taking such ardent and leisurely survey of the girl under his care, turned pale with hate. The officer did not notice him at all, absorbed in the fine colors, eyes, and proportions of Miss Rideau, and this further outraged Utie, who—to his credit be it said—had only modest thoughts for her. When he saw, however, that she looked after the manly figure and naval gilt of him of the profane eyes, as if to return his admiration, the [illegible] dropped an oath.

"I will horsewhip that p[illegible]ler-monkey!" he said.

"Robert," said the girl, placidly, "you won't. You have no horse and no horse-whip, but you have been drinking. Go from me, sir! Some one else shall see me home to night."

"I will kill the man who takes my place! Do you dare to speak that way to me?"

He had raised his voice, in his rage, so that some others heard it. There was a little pause of pressing people, for that was a chivalrous age as to the manner of men to women, and the young officer, just then returning, availed himself of the pretty girl's dilemma to say:

"May I assist you, Miss? I presume you are not in very agreeable company."

"Thank you, sir," answered Miss Rideau. "I would be obliged to have some one find my aunt for me; she is here somewhere."

"Will you accept a stranger's arm?"

"In this misfortune, I will."

Dibdo took off the pretty girl, and one of his naval companions, looking after him, exclaimed. "What a genius Dib. is with the ladies!" But the companion, feeling a trembling, unsteady hand upon his arm, turned about and met young Utie's desperate face. "I want to know the name of that fellow!" said Utie.

"That is Charles Dibdo," said the naval companion, "lieutenant of the U. S. frigate '*Fox*,' and I recommend you, my boy, to address *him* in a civil tone. For me, I never mind a drunken man."

Thoroughly demonized now, young Robert Utie turned blindly about for implement as revenge. He found it in Tiltock, a fellow clerk, a novitiate, and a ninny, who was visible in the crowd.

"Tiltock are you a man of honor?"

"I hope so, Bob."

"Can you carry a challenge?"

"O yes! I guess so, to 'blige a old friend."

"Can you write it?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Then take it by word of mouth. That scoundrel there, Lieutenant Dibdo, has insulted a lady, and me too. I must have his blood. Follow him up, and meet me at Gadsby's with his answer."

Full of self-importance at this first and safe opportunity to stand upon what is known as "the field of honor," Tiltock kept the lieutenant in his eye, and took him finally aside and demanded a meeting in the name of Utie. The naval officer answered that he had simply relieved a lady from a drunken boy; but Tiltock, in the dramatic way common to halcyon old times, refused to accept either "drunken" or "boy" as terms appropriate to "the code," and pressed for an answer. In five minutes the naval officer replied, through his naval companion, that having ascertained Mr. Utie to be a gentleman's son, and he, an United States officer, not being able to decline a challenge, the latter was accepted. The weapons were to be pistols, the place the usual ground at Bladensburg, and the time the afternoon of the next day.

There was a good deal of drinking and boasting at the hotels that night. Utie and Tiltock telling everybody, as a particular secret, that there was to be "an 'fah honah," otherwise a "juel," at "Bladensburg, sah!" The gin-drinking, cock-fighting, sporting element of the town was aroused, and Utie and Tiltock were invited on all sides to imbibe to the significant toast of "The Field." Very noisy, very insolent nuisances, indeed, these two mere lads—the offspring of a vain and ignorant social period of which some elements yet remain—borrowed the money to hire a carriage, and at midnight they set out with some associates by the old, rutty, clay road for the Maryland village of Bladensburg. That night they caroused until nature, despite her revolt, put them to bed. In the morning, with a swollen and sallow face, dry hair, unsteady hands, aching eyes and dim vision, Robert Utie awoke to the recollection of his folly and his rashness, and he realized the critical period which he had provoked. His clerkship lost, his self-pride poignant, his pockets nearly empty, his respectable career irretrievably terminated, his sweetheart insulted, and his life in danger! There was no escape either from despair or fate. Tiltock was strutting about below stairs with a drunken old doctor, misnamed a surgeon, who deposited behind the bar a rusty case of surgical instruments, and who took a deep potation to the toast of "The fawchuns of waw." The Bladensburg people were well aware of the occasion, and the old tavern was surrounded by loafers and gossips, many of whom were boys who had walked out from the city as we go to prize fights in our day. To fill up the time a dog fight and a chicken fight were improvised by the enterprising stable-boys in the back yard, on the green slopes of the running Branch. While Tiltock strutted out of town at an imposing pace to examine "The Field," Robert Utie retired to his room, sought with an emetic to relieve his stomach, and then sat down to write some letters and an epitaph. The paper was thin, and the pen and ink matched it, but the drunken boy's eyes marred more than all; for suddenly the secret fountains of his lost youth were touched as by the prick of his pen, and the drops gushed out upon the two words he had written:

"Dear mother——"

Not his sweetheart, who was nothing to him now, not his "honor," which had been only vain glory and deceit, not anything but this earliest, everlasting faith which is ours forever, whether we be steadfast or go astray; the tie of home, of childhood, and of our mother's prayer and kiss—this was the soft reproach which glided between a wasted youth and the "field of valor" he had attempted. He wept. He sobbed. He threw himself upon the bed, and pressing his temples into the ragged quilt, felt the panorama of childhood pass across his mind like something cool, sorrowful, and compassionate. The sickness *she* had cured, the bad words *she* had taken from his undutiful lips, the whipping she had saved him from at the cost of her deceit, the lie she had never told *him*, the tears he had found her shedding upon her knees when first he had been drinking, the money he had never given her out of his salary but had spent with idlers, his ruined soul which to that mother's thought was pure as a baby's still, and watched by all the angels of God; these were admonitions from the green meadows of childhood. Before was the barren field of honor. How short is the struggle betwixt youth and selfishness, that sum of all diseases and crimes; that selfishness out of which wars arise and hell is inhabitated!

A poor [illegible] worked Christian negro, a [illegible] tavern, hearing the sobbing of Robert Utie and aware that one of the duelists occupied that room, lifted the latch, and awakened the wretched boy from his remorse.

"Young moss," he said, "doan you fight no juels! Oh! doan do it, for de breesed Lord's sake! It's nuffin but pride and sin. Yo's only a pore, spilt boy, but you got a soul, young moss! Doan you go git kilt in dat ar bloody gully wha' so many gits hurt a'moss to deff!"

Utie rose from the dream of home, and kicked the poor slave out of his room. He then drank, speculated upon his chances, practiced with an imaginary pistol at the wall, and meditated running away, alternately, until Tiltock's business-step rang in the hall.

"Bob," he said, "we've picked you a beautiful piece of ground, and the other party's waiting. It's the most popular juel of the season."

They walked up the sandy village street, under the old hip-roofed houses, crossed the Branch bridge, and proceeded a quarter of a mile on the road to Washington. There, where a rivulet crossed the road amongst some bushes, they descended by a path into a copse and on, to a green meadow-space cleared away by former rain freshets.

Farm boys, town boys, and intruders of all sorts were lurking near. The field of honor resembled a gipsy camp.

Lieutenant Dibdo's companion came up to Tiltock and said that his friend did not wish to fight, and would make any manly apology, even though unconscious of offense, if the challenge was withdrawn. The crowd was ardent for the fight, and Tiltock, who was punctilious about honor, particularly where he could cut a safe figure, repelled the compromise, as "unwarranted by the code." He knew as much about the code as about honor, and more about both than about getting a living.

"Then," said the lieutenant, "I am authorized to say that my principal will take Mr. Utie's first fire. Let him improve the generous chance as he will. The second time we will make business of it."

The interlopers fell back. The word was given: "*Ready—Aim—Fire!*" Robert Utie, sustained by braggadocio, that quality which makes murderers die on the scaffold heroically, fired full at the body of Lieutenant Dibdo. That officer fired into the air and remained unmoved and unharmed.

"Is another shot demanded?"

"Yes," said Tiltock, "our honor is not yet satisfied."

He waved the crowd back in an imperious way—they having rushed in after the first shot—and he gave the word himself like a dramatic reading.

Robert Utie looked, and this time with a livid, sobered face, into the open pistol of the man he had provoked, the professional officer of death. The fine, cool face behind the pistol was concise, grave, and eloquent now as a judge's pronouncing the last sentence of the law. The next instant the boy was biting and clawing at the ground in mortal agony. The impatient crowd rushed in. A faint voice was heard to gasp for what some said was "water" and some thought was "mother." Then a figure with a dissipated face a little dignified by death and with some of the softness of childhood glimmering in it, like the bright foot-fall of the good angel whose mission was done and whose flight was taken—this figure lay upon its back amongst the bushes, under the sunshine, peeped at by distant hills, contemplated by idlers as if it were the body of a slain game-chicken, and the drunken "surgeon" was idiotically feeling for its heart.

"Gentlemen," said Tiltock with a flourish, "we are all witnesses that everything has been honorably conducted."

The city had its little talk. The newspapers in those days were models of what is called high-toned journalism, and printed nothing on purely personal matters like duels when requested to respect the feelings of families. As if "the feelings of families" were not the main cause of duels! There was a mother somewhere, still clinging with her prayers to the footstool of God, hoping for the soul of her boy even after death and wickedness. This was all, except the revolution of the world, and the wedding in due time upon it of Lieutenant Dibdo and Miss Rideau. It was what was called a romantic wedding.

Coal Resources and Coal Mining.

Mining of anthracite coal was begun in this country in 1820. The anthracite coal region embraces four hundred and seventy square miles of land. In 1820, when the mining operations were confined to the single county of Schuykill, Penn., there was a population of 20,000 in the suburbs of this coal region, and 865 tons of anthracite coal were mined. Since that time the production has been, at the beginning of each decade, as follows:

Years.	Population.	Tons Mined.
1830	45,000	174,734
1840	70,000	864,384
1850	130,000	3,358,899
1860	220,000	8,412,946
1870	350,000	15,723,030

The amount of anthracite coal yet in the earth is as follows, the area and thickness of the veins being accurately known:

	Square Miles.	Depth of Coal. Feet.	Tons.
Central coal fields	126	15	5,854,961,000
Southern coal fields	145	25	11,308,842,000
Northern coal fields	198	15	9,179,872,000
Total	470	.	26,343,675,000
Deduct one-half waste in mining			13,179,837,500

Leaving of marketable coal 13,171,837,500 tons, or a deposit equal to an annual supply of 20,000,000 tons for 600 years.

Statistics of bituminous coal operations show that within a circle of one hundred miles, of which Pittsburgh, in the western extremity, is the centre, there is enough bituminous coal in the earth to pay off the national debts of all the governments of the world many times over. And it has been estimated, from geological surveys, that this coal would pay our national debt fifty-four times if its stupendous value could be realized at once.

Far down in the mines (in some instances as much as 1,500 feet below the level of the rivers), there is in the small anthracite region more than four hundred miles of railroad, not included in the aggregate of the railways in the State of Pennsylvania. These subterranean railways would, if formed into one continuous line, reach from Boston to Washington, or they would form a double track from Philadelphia to New York and back again.—*Syracuse Journal.*

A party of Sonora scalp-hunters killed a party and captured fifty hostile Apaches near the border of Sonora and Arizona a few days since. The Mexican government pays $200 for each scalp, and the State of Sonora the same.

Out West, when a notoriously lazy man is caught at work, they say he is meddling with industry.

Women at the Polls.

A Detroit paper in speaking of the Michigan election says:—Mrs. Nannette B. Gardner, whose success in securing the registering of her name week before last was duly chronicled at the time, has cast the first vote for a State officer deposited in an American ballot-box by a woman for the last half century. Mrs. Gardner arrived at the polls of the First Precinct of the Ninth Ward at about 10:30 o'clock, in a carriage, accompanied by her son, a lad of 10 years, Mrs. Starring, and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins. Barely a dozen bystanders were present at the voting place, and the larger part of these were laboring men. No demonstrations whatever followed the appearance of the ladies, the men remaining quiet and civil, and contenting themselves with comments *sotto voce* on the last political development, and with speculations as to how the newly enfranchised would vote. Mrs. Gardner presented herself at the polls with a vase of flowers and also a prepared ballot, which she decorated with various appropriate devices, in her hands. The inspectors asked the questions in regard to name and residence usually put to all applicants, and her name being found duly registered her ballot was received and deposited in the box without any further proceedings whatever. There was no argument, no challenging, no variation from the routine traversed by each masculine exerciser of the elective franchise. Mrs. Gardner voted, as we understand, for one Republican candidate, with one Democrat and one lady. After the vote was deposited she presented the vase of flowers to the inspectors, and also handed them a large picture, representing an immense crowd of women in darkness just entering the portals of an arch inscribed "Liberty" and upon which an eagle was perched. The gates were held open by Columbia and the Goddess of Justice. The foremost woman held in her hands a scroll inscribed 'The Fourteenth Amendment.' To the right were imps of darkness fleeing away, some with barrels of whisky. On the left was pictured the Capitol at Washington, with men crowding its steps, cheering, &c. Streams of light flowed upon them, while, with the exception of this and the foreground, the picture was darkness intensified. The following lines appeared underneath:

"We come, free America, five millions strong,
In darkness and bondage for many years long,
We've marched in deep silence, but now we unroll
The fourteenth amendment, which gives us a soul.
Glory, glory, hallejujah! glory, &c.,
As we go marching on."

Columbia—"Welcome, beloved daughters;
Take your places beside my sons."

After the vote had reached its resting place there was a faint attempt at a hurrah among some of those present, but this was frowned down by the others as tending to interfere with the solemnity of the occasion. The ladies then left the voting place and matters resumed their usual appearance thereabouts.

Wedding Toilets in 1770.

Brides and bridegrooms of 1871 may be amused by the description of the toilet of a couple on their wedding day one hundred years ago. To begin with the lady, her locks were strained upward in an immense cushion, that sat like an incubus upon her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top, like an eagle on a hay stack. Over her neck and on her bosom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front with a bosom-pin, rather larger than a copper cent, containing her grandfather's minature, set in virgin gold. She was braced up in a satin dress, the sleeves as tight as the natural skin on her arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, whence the skirt flowed off and was fastened at the top by an ample loop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet and glittered with spangles as her little pedal members peeped curiously out. Now for the swain. His hair was slecked back and plentifully befloured, while his queue projected like the handle to a skillet. His coat was sky blue silk lined with yellow, his long vest of satin embroidered with gold lace, his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with pink ribbons. White silk stockings and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue completed the habiliments of his neither limbs. Lace ruffles, clustered around the wrist, and a portentious frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the minature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

The Boy that Paid his Debt.

The other day a little son of a well-known bank officer in Wall street lost his purse while coming from Central Park, and a stranger, seeing his discomfort, paid his fare, three cents. The boy thanking him, said, "If you will tell me your name, sir, I will bring it to you to-morrow." "Oh no," said the gentleman, "never mind about it."

The boy persisted, saying his father never allowed him to run in debt. "I will not give you my name," replied the gentleman, "but I live at No.—, on—— street." The next morning the door-bell rang at that house, and our little hero told the amused servant maid his errand.

"Which of the gentlemen is it?" said she: "there are several in the family." The boy twisted on his heel, and after a moments thought, said. "Have you a photo graph book in this house?" She brought it, and turning over its pages, he said, pointing at one, "That's my man. Please give him these three cents, and tell him the boy who borrowed it in the cars yesterday left it to pay his debt."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Procession in New York on the occasion of the German peace demonstration, was the largest affair of the kind ever seen in Gotham. It included military, civic societies, the trades, etc., and was from 12:30 until 5 o'clock in passing the City Hall. All of the Germans in New York were in line; while thousands came from neighboring cities and towns to take part. As an illustration of the character of the affair, over five thousand musicians constituted the bands which discoursed music on the occasion.

On the door of the Chetopka House, in Kansas, was recently posted the following notice: "This hotel is closed on account of a difference between the proprietor and the cook, which was settled with pistols, and sent the proprietor to the grave and the cook to the jail."

Notable Events.

In 1177 it cost but twelve pence to purchase a fat ox in England.

Prussia was anciently possessed by the Venedi, whose kings were descended from Arthinus, first king of the Hiruli, on the Baltic, 320 B. C. Its original name was Burussia. The Potes held possession, under King Jagello, in 1219. The Grand Master of the Teutonic order conquered them and held possession until 1700, when he was made king.

There were three queens in England at one time, in 1517, viz: of England, of France, and Scotland.

James I. was seized by the Scottish nobles, Aug. 22, 1582. The act was termed the "Raid of Ruthven."

The medicinal use of cassia, manna and senna are said to have been discovered by a Greek physician, 1245.

The quadruple alliance between Germany, France, Holland and England was concluded July 22, 1718.

The first rebellion in English history was by the Scots and Danes, A. D., 1067, in favor of Edgar Atheling against William I.

The first notable riot in London was the demolition of the convent belonging to Westminister Abbey, A. D. 1221. The ringleader was hanged, and his associates had their hands and feet cut off.

The rose bush, it is said, was first planted in England, 1522.

The city of Rouen, France, was first captured in 1562, when the King of Navarre was killed.

The Russians attempted to take Constantinople first in 864, under the Grand Duke Rurick, and have been trying for it ever since.

Amadeus was the name of the first Duke of Savoy, 1417, A. D.

The title of Sardinia was given at the peace of Utrecht, 1718.

Scenery was first introduced into theatres 1533.

There were only 58 Scotchmen in London in 1567.

The Unitarian Church was founded in 1553, revived in 1602 and again in 1774.

The title of "Serene Highness" is taken from "Serenetas," originally an Eastern title, given to the Emperors, savoring of the indolence inspired by the climate.

Sheep were exported from England to Spain in 1467.

Port-holes in men-of-war were invented by Descharges, a Frenchman, at Brest, in 1500, A. D.

The present fashion of shoes were first worn in 1633.

The use of surnames is attributed to the Normans.

The first laws on slavery in Great Britain are attributed to Ina, King of the West Saxons, 692.

The English Societies, the Inner, Middle, and Outer Temple, were founded in 1185, by the Knights Templar.

It is stated by a careful writer that Solomon dedicated his temple on Friday, Oct. 30th, 1000. We cannot say if the date is correct.

Letters were franked free first in 1660.

Ten thousand friars and nuns turned out of the monasteries in England, 1535. Several thousand in Germany in 1784.

May games much in vogue in England 1518 but owing to riotous conduct soon got into disuse.

At Richard I.'s coronation at Westminster Hall, some Israelites, endeavoring to be present at the ceremony, roused the ire of the mob, and a massacre ensued which so pleased the King that he ordered a general massacre, 1189.

Unpleasant.—A Canadian experienced a rather unpleasant sensation in Portland the other day. He went to a drug store and gave the clerk a paper upon which was written "spirits fermenti," and being asked how much he wanted, said a dollar's worth. The clerk took the Canadian's jug, filled it with the required article, and the fellow went away rejoicing. He then returned in a few minutes in the greatest agony, calling for the clerk who had filled his jug, and saying that he was going to die. The proper remedies were applied, and, when he had sufficiently recovered, it was learned that the man had been sent by a doctor to purchase some whiskey for a sick friend, and he thought he would indulge in a friendly "smile" before returning to his friend. His grief was explained when it was learned that the clerk had given him "spirits furniture," a name given some furniture varnish.

"That Blessed Baby."—The western newspapers are greatly excited over the double baby which is now on exhibition in Cincinnati. One editor says: "The children (for children they are) are rather pretty and intelligent looking—blue eyes, fair hair, and light complexion. Their bodies are joined together so that there appears to be but one body, and their heads lie in exactly opposite directions. The question has often been asked, 'Can they ever walk?' It will be an odd-looking sight if they do, for their lower limbs are placed at their side, and at right angles with the line of their body. Besides, the right leg belongs to one and the left to the other, and being governed by different minds, I should think they would fail to move in harmony. While I was there one child fell asleep; the other remaining awake, laughing and crowing."

A Strange Story comes from St. Clair County, Alabama: The story runs that in that county three disguised men broke into a tax collector's house during the absence of the good man, and demanded the taxes already collected from his wife, who courageously refused to give them up. They searched for and found the money, afterwards telling the woman to prepare supper for them. She did so, but deftly put arsenic in their coffee. They drank, and soon fell dead. Then the tax-collector's wife stripped their disguises from their faces and found that two of the villains were unknown to her, but the third was her husband, who had taken this means of stealing the people's money.

A Dance.—Speaking of dancing, a spirited Naples cotemporary makes the following reflections: "A ball," he says, "is in itself an incongruity. If you look at it in its true light it seems to be the act of a madman to whirl round to music with your arms around a woman who does not belong to you. But, if you should dare to embrace a lady when there is no music it is construed into an offence, which must be atoned for by the sword of a husband, a father, or a brother."

The Sensational in Print.

Many readers have no doubt been surprised at the freedom exhibited by many New York journals in dealing with domestic matters. A cotemporary in speaking of this species of journalism says:—

Most respectable and modest citizens have of late been astonished to find the affairs of their own fire-sides vulgarly paraded in these chattering sheets. Young ladies of estimable character, who shun all notoriety, come face to face with announcements of their engagements, their nuptials, their visits, their very purchases, when they visit the theatre or the houses of their friends. Gentlemen who guard their households as they would guard a sanctuary from the intrusion of impudence, and curiosity, and vulgarity, encounter the names of their daughters flippantly associated with public festivities, and often in the same slang that chronicles a rat bait, or sandwiched in between the puffs of notorious women. They wonder how the intelligence was obtained, if the paragraph should have a slender basis of fact, as it sometimes does.

The new order of journalism has brought to the surface a new order of reporter, who makes it his business to learn all he can of what the public has no business to know. He goes to the large florists and ascertains who the boquets are for, gets the names and numbers, finds out the owners of the bridal wreaths and floral decorations. He visits the card engravers and, either by cajolery or bribery, gets a list of the invitations ordered. He hangs about Delmonico's and the other first-class *restaurateurs*, treats the head-waiters and writes puffs of the cook. He buttonholes the leaders of the string bands; he finds out the weak points of private butlers and stewards, and he buys up the unwary salesmen in the large dry goods and ladies' furnishing stores with tickets to Tony Pastor's and the Theatre Comique.

There is another feature of this business which is perhaps quite as odious as the others. These journals are not always vulgarly complimentary. They are sometimes wickedly libelous. Nothing offers the ready means of revenge on a young lady or a rival to the Frosts of society like these chatterers. He can, in the guise of fashionable intelligence, cause the insertion of an innuendo that will bring pain and dismay to a defenceless woman. He can assert the most atrocious thing of his enemy, and before his enemy has corrected it, the mischief is accomplished.

There is still another feature of this business that I must allude to. It is the black-mailing department. Respectable gentleman can always keep their own and their wives' names out of the sheets at the rate of $25 a paragraph.

At Quincy, Ill., the other day, a lady got on board the cars bearing in her arms a handsome little child about four months old, tastefully dressed, for which she manifested the deepest affection. When the train reached Shelbina another lady got on board, holding in her arms a four months' baby, the exact counterpart of the one first mentioned, and dressed in precisely the same way, and took her seat directly in front of the first passenger. Just after the train was in motion both ladies had occasion to get up and pass through the car, and each one deposited her baby carefully on the seat. On returning each mistook her seat, and, singular to relate, made a mistake in the babies. No. 1 carefully lifted in her arms the baby of No. 2. No. 2 caressed most fondly the little cherub belonging to No. 1. For twenty-two miles the two mothers rode on the train, each nursing the other's child for her own. On reaching Macon the Shelbina lady started out of the cars, and was on the point of stepping on the platform with the other lady's infant in her arms, when the conductor, who had noticed the involuntary exchange, called her attention to the fact. She was, of course, greatly surprised, and could scarcely believe it possible; but on returning to the car and comparing notes as well as babies with the other lady, the mistake was discovered and promptly rectified. Each lady pressed closer to her breast the little cherub she had come so near losing, and after a profusion of explanations and apologies, which were only terminated by the ringing of the bell, they separated and each went on her way rejoicing.

An Extraordinary Death By Burning.—Eunice Tully, aged 18, met a terrible death by burning at Flemmington, N. J. She was at the house of Harvey Bartles, and the family being absent, she went into an adjoining field where two sons of Mr. Bartles were gathering brush. She kindled a blaze in one of the heaps, and in so doing set fire to her clothes. The flames were smothered, and she started towards the house, when smoke was seen rising from her clothing again. One of the young men ran to her assistance, and the fire, as they supposed, was entirely put out, before she entered the house. Ten minutes afterward she rushed out enveloped in flames and screaming for assistance. She ran so wildly, and the flames gained so rapidly in the wind, that before any assistance could be rendered she had fallen down exhausted, and so fearfully burned that death resulted in a few hours.

A doting mother in Poughkeepsie expended $28 in dressing up her little baby, of which of course she thought the world, and sent the bill to her husband, who is independently rich and in dependently mean. He made out a check for the amount, and added these words: "This is for a child a few months old. Fools still live." To which the bank clerk added, "So do hogs."

Living Beyond Their Means.—Bulwer says poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men, with $10,000 a year, suffer more for want of means than others with $500. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is $10,000 a year, and he suffers enough by being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day and does not go in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this; but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes, who never know a minute's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness among the working men in the world than among those who are called rich.

Facts and Fancies.

Hop culture has proved a failure in Kansas.

Memphis belles lead pet goats by blue ribbons.

It is good to have enemies, if it is only to hear of our faults.

The Augusta *Journal* speaks of raising pigs as "hogriculture."

Speak plainly; act decisively; out of doubt, out of controversy.

The Methodists of Canada are divided into five separate ecclesiastical bodies.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

People in Palatka, Fla., are daily wakened by the cheerful chirp of huge alligators.

A lady advertises for a laundress who will be willing to take her pay in lessons on the guitar.

A German physician declares that unmarried women live much longer than married women.

In Switzerland a law is proposed making it unlawful for any one under 14 years of age to smoke tobacco.

An Iowa school teacher, a woman, has been discharged for forcing a boy to show her how he kissed the girls in the woodhouse.

It is said that there are already one million bushels of grain on board vessels, at Chicago, ready for the opening of navigation.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A young physician asking permission of a lady to kiss her, she replied: "No, sir; I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."

Four things are greviously empty: a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

"All bitters have a heating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady. "You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you?" inquired the lady.

A Wisconsin editor was called out of bed one night to receive a subscription. After that he sat up nights for over week, but the offence wasn't repeated.

One hundred thousand paper-soled shoes were sent to the French army from Boston and New York, according to the European correspondent of a Southern paper.

When a Dutch maid-servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A beau with an umbrella receives extra pay.

A western lover says of his parting from his adored one: "Her last words fell, like great rocks, into the sea of my sorrows, and splashed the briny water into my eyes."

Iowa must be a good tree-growing State. A man there grew from the seed, in seven years, maples large enough to make three ten feet rails each, with 4,000 trees to the acre.

Kansas City reports a lady as passing along the main street of that town composedly puffing a cigar, whilst her husband, a meek-looking personage, walked behind, carrying the baby.

The following notice is posted conspicuously in a publication office out West.: "Shut the door—and as soon as you are done talking on business, serve your mouth the same way."

A young lady in a button factory at Waterbury, Conn., while stooping to pick up some buttons the other day, had her hair caught in the machinery, and her scalp completely torn from her head.

A Lockport dog got a needle fast in his tongue, and the animal was chloroformed in order that the needle might be extracted. The surgical operation was a success, but the chloroform killed the dog.

A Frenchman took a room in Paris on condition that the landlady would wake him up every morning at 8 o'clock, and tell him the day of the week, the state of the weather, and under what form of government he lived.

A jewelry establishment in Indianapolis was closed the other day, and the following placard in large printed letters explained the cause of the suspension of business: "On a jury. Will be back when we hang the cuss."

"Excuse my left hand," said Wiggins, as he shook hands with a friend. "Certainly, certainly, I never take umbrage at nature," was the reply, referring to Ecclesiastes x, 2. The consequence is that they have not spoken since.

A curious and imposing ceremony took place in Lexington, Ky., a few days since. During the funeral services of a lady in that city, her infant, only a few weeks old, was brought to the chancel of the church, and there, in the presence of its dead mother, was solemnly dedicated in baptism to God.

There was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them; "Boys, do you know what day is this?" "Yes, sir," immediatly replied one of the boys. "Deacon Day, the cooper."

A Milwaukee paper tells of a remarkable case of suspended animation. Last week one of the children of Mr. Bien, after a short illness, died, to all appearance. On the third day after death, a Lutheran clergyman called to read the burial service, and, casually placing his hand upon the folded hands of the child, was surprised to find a warmth unusual in the dead. So convinced was he that the child was lying in a trance that he advised the postponement of the funeral, and his suspicions proved correct, the child having become reanimated, and being yet alive, with a fair chance of recovery.

Charles Robinson and Charles Stevenson got into a fight, over a game of pigeon-hole, at Jacksonville, Ill. Stevenson threw Robinson and got one of his thumbs in his mouth, whereupon Robinson seized Stevenson by the throat and choked him to death. Robinson was arrested.

Numerous encounters are said to have occurred between the Blanco and Colorado parties in the State of Buenos Ayres. About thirty deaths occur daily from yellow fever in the city of that name.

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