The Cambridge Chronicle.

CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. NO. 27. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1871. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

An Editor's Table.

Will M. Carleton, in a recent poem, draws the foll wing picture of an editor's table:

The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance
furrowed with care,
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at
the top of a chair,
His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right
hand upholding his head,
His eyes on his dusty old table, with different
documents spread:—

There were thirty long pages from Howler,
with underlined capitals topped,
And a short requisition from Growler, request-
ing his newspaper stopped;
There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, con-
cerning sweet flowrets and zephyrs,
And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, de-
scribing a couple of heifers;

There were billets from beautiful maidens, and
bills from a grocer or two.
And his best leader hitched to a letter which
inquired if he wrote it or who?
There were raptures of praises from writers, of
the smooth and mellifluous school,
And one of his rival's last papers, informing
him he was a fool;

There were several long resolutions, with
names telling whom they were by,
Canonizing some harmless old brother who
had done nothing worse than to die;
There were traps on that table to catch him,
and serpents to sting and smite him;
There were gift enterprises to sell him, and
bitters attempting to bite him;

There were long, staring "ads" from the city,
and money with never a one,
Which added, "Please give this insertion, and
send in your bill when you're done."
There were letters from organizations—their
meetings, their wants and their laws—
Which said "Can you print this announcement
for—the good of our glorious cause?"

There were tickets inviting his presence to fes-
tivals, parties and shows,
Wrapped in notes, with "Please give us a no-
tice," demurely slipped in at the close;
In short, as his eye took the table, and ran o'er
its ink-spattered trash,
There was nothing it did not encounter; ex-
cepting, perhaps—it was Cash.

CONDEMNED BY A CLOCK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

On a summer evening, some years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town in the West of England. The name of the field was "Pardon's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town, who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question, a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into a road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of this stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as a Mr. Dubourg.

The two passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being half an hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised, and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the farther side of Pardon's Piece toward a boy who was standing at the back of a cattle-shed, in a remote part of the inclosure, screaming with terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man, with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under him, hanging out of his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the concussion of its owner's fall on it—at half past eight. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, were left on it. The farm bailiff instantly recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry, the stoppage of the watch at half-past eight was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was—if any one had been seen near the body at half past eight? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he owned that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At half past eight he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurriedly leave the field. At half-past eight the watch of the murdered man had topped.

Had any other person been observed in or near the field at that time?

No witness could be discovered who had seen any body else near the place. Had the weapon turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man. It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known, in and out of the town, as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that *he* had looked at his watch at the moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly a quarter past eight. Five minutes later—that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near Pardon's Piece, and had remained with her until his watch, consulted once more on leaving the lady's house, informed him that it was a quarter to nine.

Here was the defense called an "alibi." It entirely satisfied Mr. Dubourg's friends. To satisfy justice also it was necessary to call the lady as a witness. In the meantime another purely formal question was put to Mr. Dubourg. Did he know anything of the murdered man?

With some appearance of confusion, Mr. Dubourg admitted that he had been induced (by a friend) to employ the man on some work. Further interrogation extracted from him the following statement of facts:

That the work had been very badly done; that an exorbitant price had been charged for it; that the man, on being remonstrated with, had behaved in a grossly impertinent manner; that an altercation had taken place between them; that Mr. Dubourg had seized the man by the collar of his coat, and had turned him out of the house; that he had called the man an infernal scoundrel (being in a passion at the time), and had threatened to "thrash him within an inch of his life" (or words to that effect) if he ever presumed to come near the house again; that he had sincerely regretted his own violence the moment he recovered his self-possession; and lastly, that, on his oath, (the altercation having occurred six weeks ago), he had never spoken to the man, or set eyes on the man, since.

As the matter then stood, these circumstances were considered as being unfortunate circumstances for Mr. Dubourg—nothing more. He had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result

The lady appeared as witness.

Confronted with Mr. Dubourg on the question o. time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantelpiece. In substance, her evidence was simply this. She had looked at her clock when Mr. Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at a rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the statement of the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock, on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clockmaker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side; and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the Assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days.

No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examinations—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister in the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irresistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in court; everybody said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon; and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the prisoner was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defense.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of a new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and the barristers on either side, the Court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents, in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the housemaid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress's clock.

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantel piece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offense, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible, by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock, and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantel-piece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After uselessly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case—after accidentally scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock *by guess*. She was flurried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had over-estimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly *a quarter of an hour too fast*.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again had occurred until the last thing at night. She had then moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone the next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew anything about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

This evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined, as a matter of course. Her character was inquired into; corroborative evidence (relating to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was not too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted, from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried everybody with incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the house-maid after the trial had begun; and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted everybody: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me anything about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his death-bed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel, and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy of Pardon's Piece.

Death in the Coal Mines.

The casualties in the mines of Schuylkill County for nine months of 1869 were 57 killed and 91 injured, or at the rate say of 72 killed for the year and 115 injured. This was an average of 67,800 tons for each death, and 42,400 for each person wounded. In 1870 the casualties in the three districts were as follows:

	Killed.	Wound.	Widows.	Orphans.
Schuylkill	112	252	72	252
Northumberland	14	35	7	26
Columbia	2	9	1	None.
Dauphin	1	2	1	2
	129	298	81	280

Of the injured, 28 subsequently died, making 157 deaths during the year. Nearly one-half of all these casualties occurred in August, September, and October, the three months of fresh work, following the resumption. The fall of Coal and Rock caused nearly one-fourth of the casualties, 94 in all, and explosions of Gas, of Powder, of Blasts, and boilers caused 146, or more than one-third. The deaths by fall of Coal were 38, by Explosions 19, by fall of Slopes 26. The loss of life and limb in 1870 was much in excess of that for the year previous, and is stated as follows, in figures representing the number of thousands of tons to each person killed or injured:

	Killed.	Wound.	Widows.	Orphans.
Schuylkill	35	16	55	16
Northumberland	91	35	190	47
Columbia	194	41	383	None.
Dauphin	568	284	548	284

In England, in 1869, the average of casualties was one death to 84,226 tons of coal raised. In the worst district the average was one to 45,969 tons.

Progress of Co-operative Industry.

People are slowly learning the advantages of combination in industrial production, both in profit of result and in escaping from the worst drudgeries of toilsome labor. Even the farmers, who are usually the last to move in any co-operative direction, are beginning to see the benefits of this policy, and to reap its advantages. The production of cheese in factories by neighborhood combination has now become an established business, and not only turns out to be a real economy, but in removing a laborious branch of manufacturing industry from the household, it has proved one of the greatest domestic boons to overworked women in many a farmer's family. This industrial improvement is not only extending in this country, but the English farmers are beginning to copy the American system with satisfactory results. The report of the Derbyshire associated dairies, shows that their first year's experiment has been fairly successful, so that there is every probability that the plan of operations will not only be continued but extended. The "*Food Journal*" says that the manufacturers of milk have realized good prices for their produce, while the quality of the cheese made has decidedly improved, and what is a hopeful feature in the transaction everybody seems satisfied.

The Morman Tabernacle at Salt Lake city, is an oblong, 250 feet in length by 150 in breadth, and was first opened for worship in 1867. From the ground rise forty-six pillars of red cut sand-stone to the heighth of twenty-five feet, on which rest the arches which support the roof. The roof is a single oval span, eighty-five feet high, with the ceiling sixty-five feet above the flooring. The space between the outer and inner shells of the roof is nine feet. The inside is very plainly furnished—the seats and woodwork being unpainted. In the west end is a very fine organ, constructed here, second in size to none in the Union. The entrances are on the East and West sides. The gallery, which extends nearly around the edifice, is not attached to the walls, but rests upon two rows of pillars. The entire building is capable of seating thirteen thousand persons. Its cost was about $350,000; being built by the Morman church from the tithing.

The Animal Kingdom.—The number of species of animals known to be now living is thus given by Mr. Bentham. The number of mammalia is estimated at between two and three thousand species; birds at about ten thousand; reptiles and amphibians, under two thousand; fishes at about ten thousand; insects at above one hundred and sixty thousand; crustacea and arachnida rather above ten thousand; mollusca about twenty thousand; worms, radiates, and sponges and infusoria, under six thousand; while there are about a hundred thousand species of plants. He thinks a "Genera Plantarum" is still within the capabilities of a single botanist, while such a work on animals would have to be accomplished by a division of labo among zoologists.

The Suicidal Mania.

It is said that an ancient law-giver once put a stop to a suicidal mania among the young women of his country by ordering the bodies of all who took their own lives to be exposed naked to the public view. The dread of that which was to come after death, the ignominy of exposure and the insults of the rabble, was relied upon to stay the fatal hand, and is recorded to have justified the faith reposed in it. To mark its reprehension of suicides, the Athenian law cut off the hand which dealt the blow; and for centuries the old common law of England ordained the burial of the self-murderer in the highway with a stake through the body. As public opinion would not tolerate any of these usages now, unless, perhaps, the exposure, half-naked, at the Morgue of the men and women who drown themselves be an exception; and these usages are pretty much all that mankind has devised to deter from suicide, it becomes a question whether some ignominous punishment might not be awarded such wretches as are arrested in the act of suicide before their purpose can be crrried into execution. In England, if such person is found under the influence of liquor, he is put away in jail for a month or so to get sober; if lunatic, he is sent to the asylum; and in case he is sober and well-to-do, a heavy fine is added to the imprisonment. It would be well if this were the course of law in the United States. Every now and then we read of some would-be suicide pulled out of the water, or cut down from a tree limb or rafter, or otherwise prevented from self-murder, and yet no pain or penalty is inflicted. But a few days since a man was overpowered by the police just as he was about to blow his brains out, and that was the end of it, instead of some ignominious punishment having been awarded.

The Lazy Man.

A lazy man is always good-natured. He never flies into a passion. He might crawl into one, if that were possible; but the idea of his flying into one is preposterous. Who ever heard of a lazy man breaking into a bank where a crowbar had to be used, or drilling into a safe? Not but that he might covet his neighbor's goods contained therein, but the horror of handling a crowbar and drills would always deter him from actually committing burglary. He never runs away with his neighbor's wife, simply on account of the horror he has of running. If he is ever known to run, it is to—run to seed. He rarely lies about his neighbors, for it would be too much exertion; but he lies about a bar room all day. He is of inestimable service to a billiard-saloon, keeping the chairs warm and watching the game, for few would care to play where there are no spectators. The fact that he does this without pay, day in, day out, shows the unselfishness of his nature. The lazy man never gets up revolutions, insurrections, and other popular excitements, and don't make a nuisance of himself by training around the country making incendiary speeches to promote public discontent. In his own neighborhood he is never a busybody in other people's affairs, for the very idea of being a busybody at anything would drive him out of his head. No lazy man ever ran mad. If he went crazy, it was because he couldn't go anywhere else without walking. Lazy men don't disturb the quiet of peaceful neighbors by putting up factories, furnaces, and other abominations.—*Exchange.*

Fight Between Guests and Waiters.—The united railway directors of Germany met recently at Berlin, and having completed their deliberations, gave themselves a grand dinner. Long before the guests had become merry with wine, the waiters exhibited an hilarity at variance with their natural demureness, and the waiting became somewhat slack, if not grotesque. In short, the guests were not seated many minutes when it became but too patent that the whole waiting *personnel* was dead drunk. But instead of temporizing with the merry crew until they had quietly been got away, one of the railway magnates, accustomed to rule, violently remonstrated with one of the worst offenders, and the latter answered by a terrific box on the director's ear. This scandal, of course, was not to be borne; the whole company arose like one man, crying for vengeance, while the rebellious waiters took their daring colleague's part. Blows fell thick and fast, and the skirmish was not terminated until a posse of constables came to rescue the millionaires from the host of waiters.

Needle Work.—A very ingenious method of peforming needle work—styled pentagraphic embroidery—has been invented by an English mechanic, and the affair is altogether a curious device. A number of jointed frames are employed, each carrying tambouring or sewing apparatus. They are so arranged and connected together that the needles they carry may be made to traverse in any direction over the surfaces of the fabrics to be embroidered, and that the movements of the several needles shall be simultaneous and similar. The needle-frames are also connected with a pentagraph having a tracing point capable of being led by the workman over the lines of a pattern which it is desired to copy, and when this is done the needles will each travel in and work along a path similar to that passed over by the tracing point. Thus each needle will produce embroidery resembling the pattern, though not necessarily of the same size; usually it is preferred that the pattern should be on a somewhat larger scale than the work that is accomplished by its means.

Grades.—Railroad engineers will be interested in knowing that recent reports from Switzerland seem to indicate that such steep grades as that of the Mount Rigi Railroad, even with the exercise of the greatest precautions, are not entirely safe. An ascending passenger train on this well-known road was recently stopped by the inability of the locomotive to carry it any further. All the brakes were applied as tight as possible, but absolutely without effect; the train began to slip down gradually and was soon beyond the control of the engineer and brakesmen, when the timely arrival of another train with a fresh engine fortunately averted a shocking accident. The slipping train had acquired but little velocity, otherwise it would have been impossible to hold it, even by means of the other locomotive.

How Father Cured his Horse.

Well, said Reuben, the story-teller, father always wanted a horse, because the folks in Greene live scattered, and he has so far to go to attend funerals and weddings, and visit schools, you know; but he never felt as if he could afford to buy one. But one day he was coming afoot from Hildreth, and a stranger asked him to ride. Father said, "That's a handsome horse you are driving. I should like to own such a horse as that myself." "What will you give for him?" said the man. "Do you want to sell him?" says father. "Yes, I do, and I'll sell him cheap, too," said he. "Oh, well," says my father, "it's no use talking, for I haven't the money to buy him with." "Make me an offer," said he. "Well," just to put an end to the talk," said my father, "I'll give you seventy-five dollars for the horse." "You may have him," says the man as quick as a flash, "but you'll repent of your bargain in a week." "Why, what ails the horse," said my father. "Ails him," said the man, "why he's got the 'Old Nick' in him, that's what ails him," says he. "If he has a will to go, he'll go, but if he takes a notion to stop, all creation can't start him. I have stood and beat that horse till the sweat ran off me in streams. I've fired a gun close to his ears; I've burnt shavings under his nose. I might have beat him to death or burnt him alive before he'd have budged an inch." "I'll take the horse," says father. "What's his name?" "George," says the man. "I shall call him George," says my father.

Well, father brought him home, and we boys were mightily pleased, and we built a place for him in the barn, and curried him down and fed him well, and father said:

"Talk to him, boys, and let him know you feel friendly."

So we coaxed and petted him, and the next morning father harnessed him and got into the wagon to go on. But Georgie wouldn't stir a step. Father got out and patted him, and we boys brought him apples and clover tops, and once in a while father would say 'Get up, George,' but he didn't strike the horse a blow. By and by he says "this is going to take time. Well, Georgie, we'll see which has the most patience; you or I." So he sat in the wagon.

He sat full two hours before the horse was ready to start; but when he did there was no more trouble for that day. The next morning 'twas the same thing over again, only Georgie gave in a little sooner.

All the while it seemed as if father couldn't do enough for the horse. He was round the stable feeding and fussing over him in his quiet, gentle way, and the third morning, when he had fed and curried and harnessed him with his own hands, somehow there was a different look in the horse's eyes. But when father was ready to go, Georgie put his feet together and laid his ears back, and wouldn't stir. Well, Dove was playing about the yard, and she brought her stool and climbed up by the horse's head. Dove, tell what you said to George that morning.

"I gave him an awful talking to," said the little girl. "I told him it was perfectly ridiculous for him to act so; that he'd come to a real good place to live, where everybody helped everybody; that he was a minister's horse, and ought to set a good example to all the other horses, and God wouldn't love him if he wasn't a good horse. That's what I told him. Then I kissed him on the nose."

"And what did Georgie do?"

"Why, he heard every word that I said, and when I got through he felt so 'shamed of himself, he couldn' hold up his head; so he jest dropped it, till it 'most touched the ground, and he looked as sheepish as if he had been stealing a hundred sheeps."

Yes, and when father told him to go, he was off like a flash. He has never made any trouble since. That's the way father cured a balky horse. And that night, when he was unharnessed, he rubbed his head against father's shoulder, and told him as plain as a horse could speak that he was sorry. He has tried to make it up to father ever since, for the trouble he had made him. When he's loose in the pasture father has only to stand at the bars and call his name, and he walks up as quiet as an old sheep. Why, I've seen him back himself between the shafts of the wagon just to save father trouble. Father wouldn't take two hundred dollars for the horse to-day. He eats anything you give him. Sis very often brings out some of her dinner to him.

"He often eats out of a plate," says Dove; "it makes him think he's folks.'

Mount Cenis Tunnel.

The total expenses of the Mount Cenis Tunnel amount to 65,000,000 francs; of these, 20,000,000 francs are to be contributed by the Victor Emmanuel Railway, or Railway of Northern Italy. This sum is to be paid on or before the opening of the tunnel. The French Government was to pay 19,000,000 fr. if the work was accomplished within twenty years, reckoning from 1862. But if the work was accomplished at an earlier date France bound herself to pay 500,000 fr. more for every year thus gained upon the stipulated time. As there have been eleven years thus gained, France will have to pay 5,500,000 fr. beside the 20,000,000 fr. of the original stipulation. She has, besides, to pay 5 per cent. interest on the money due for the work as it proceeded from year to year. Thus Italy will pay something less than 20,000,000 fr. Had the construction of the tunnel continued beyond the stipulated term of twenty years, Italy would have lost 500,000 fr. for every year in excess of that period.

Revenge.—I remember once says a novelist, hearing of a lady who had married out of sheer revenge. The right man had omitted to propose or had proposed to somebody else. Whereupon she took a man who was simply ugly, old and stupid. In advanced life she candidly owned how it was that she had made such a marriage. It was simply done out of spite. She had a sort of idea that the man she loved would be grieved at her marriage, and she wanted to grieve him. I believe after all, that she found a very tolerable husband.

Frogs steal honey from the bee hives in Jamaica, West Indies.

City Scenes in Gotham.

A correspondent of a Western paper, writing from New York, says: The street cars are always crowded. Nearly all start from one and the same point—the City Hall—from which the different lines radiate in all directions. On Third avenue, where a car goes every minute, the traffic is enormous, half the time the cars are overcrowded. A car will carry sixty, and seventy, and eighty people, and still the conductor will not refuse to stop, and one more will clamber up the platform. About thirty will sit, fifteen on each side, twenty or thirty will stand in the car, and some twenty on each one of the platforms; and so a car will hold a hundred people. The cars go very fast, the conductor taking scarce time to let the passengers out. In a car which is crowded, you will find those that sit to be men, and those that stand to be women. Here there is no time for gallantry. The writer has been in cars in which a dozen or fifteen ladies stood, while probably the same number of men had seats. But no one offered his seat to a lady. It does not matter whether the lady is old and descrepit, or has a babe on her arm; your gallant New Yorker will calmly keep his seat and let her stand. Of course the women, seeing the men rude, have become polite, and are particular in thanking them whenever they enjoy the good fortune to be offered a seat. It is just as convenient, in fact more so, to ogle a woman in the car while you sit and she stands; and whenever a New Yorker gets into a car, it is such a hard matter to get a seat that he is determined to keep it, the ladies and gallantry notwithstanding. The ladies wear now open sleeves, and it is an advantage to see their fair arms while they are grasping the strap.

The New York rowdy is in his glory in the car. He is often in company of a young woman whom he holds tenderly to his heart, while the other people look on and giggle. The sovereignty of love is here manifest; it is open and unconcealed. If the gentleman without a collar—and the New York rowdies are all on the very worst terms with paper collars and bows—step slightly on the foot of the lady sitting beside him, it is surely not his fault; he has been brought up to it. If he utters some jocular remark about her appearance to the other collarless gentleman—some innocent, lepid joke, you know—why, he means no harm. He is a rowdy, you know. If he is drunk and snores, no one will disturb his gentle doze; the conductor will take particular pains not to disturb him.

A Chapter on Crabs.

Nature seems to have taken into consideration their warlike disposition, for she has certainly endowed them with the power of renewing their arms and legs. It is also asserted that they are almost, if not quite, insensible to pain, for a celebrated naturalist states that he once saw a crab eating another which it had just killed, while a larger one was picking off and eating bits of *his* body. Thus crab number three was eating crab number two, who went on feeding as if he did not mind his big brother treating him as he had crab number one. There is another fact equally remarkable, and that is, that some crabs—the spider, for instance—throw away their limbs with apparently as much ease as an old soldier could his wooden leg. When pursued they are probably aware that their enemy wants something to eat, and therefore fling him a leg to appease his appetite and to save the loss of more. I once had a spider crab sent to me, and I was very much vexed to find that he had lost a leg, and blamed the person who had put him into a basket, for having, as I thought, done it carelessly. I put him by himself in a glass of fresh seawater, and next morning, on looking at him, you may guess my surprise at finding that he had but one leg left to his body, the others being strewed about the bottom of the glass. I presume that he felt so annoyed at being captured and imprisoned that he threw away his legs in a fit of despair, or perhaps it was an act of spite against me for being the cause of his capture. At all events, he paid the just penalty of his folly, for after trying to hobble about on one leg for a day or two he died. Before we return, I must tell you that the shell of the crab does not grow much larger, although his body increases in size, When he begins to find his jacket too tight to be comfortable, he has a natural desire to take it off. This is not an easy task to perform because he has so many claws and legs, the covering of which is so attached to the jacket. He therefore crawls beneath a heavy stone, which holds his shell tight, and then wriggles himself out of his shell clothing. As soon as he has undressed himself he becomes much bigger than he was before, and could not possibly re-enter his shell. His body is then as soft as your hand; and, therefore, well knowing that if he met any hard-coated crab, he would certainly be killed and eaten, he hides himself until his skin hardens and forms a new suit of armor to protect him from his foes.—*Little Folks.*

Decided.—The Paris *Gaulois* gives, in a paragraph signed "Un Domino," the following anecdote about Sir Walter Scott: "When the celebrated romancer had finished 'Quentin Durward,' he offered the youngest of his daughters, on whom he had not yet settled a dowry, £4,000 or his last novel. Miss Scott replied, blushing, that before taking a resolution on the subject, she wished to read the manuscript. Hardly had she received it before she ran to her father's bookseller, who immediately gave £4,800 for the novel. The young lady returned to the house enchanted, and said to her father, blushing, that she preferred the novel to £4,000, and the poor man, credulous as poets and fathers are, wept with emotion in the arms of his daughter, who blushed anew."

An Extraordinary Somnambulist.—In Mt. Vernon, Indiana, there is an interesting "old citizen," of whom a local paper says: He will attend a church and listen to a sermon, and that night he will repeat the sermon in his sleep *verbatim et literatim.* He has been known to listen to lectures on scientific subjects, that he knew no more about than a hog, and would repeat the lecture in his sleep, so with public speeches. He is an illiterate man, using commonplace language, yet, when under the influence of somnambulism, uses the most chaste language.

With a Wedding Present.

Sweetest maid in all the earth,
Though my love be little worth,
Yet I cast it at thy feet:
To be spurned by thee is sweet.!

Heed it not, nor stoop to take
What I lavish for thy sake:
Scarcely cast on it thine eye:
Go thy way, and let it lie.

Oh, that in a living line
Were ten thousand loves like mine
Prostrate laid, that on them all
Thine unheeding foot might fall!

Go thy way, most sweet, most fair!
Tread us down, and do not spare!
Trample on our heads, for we
Only live to honor thee!

All along the love-paved road,
Lady, pass to thine abode.
Queen of loves, ascend thy throne,
Where thou wilt not sit alone.

Sweetest maid in all the earth,
Is my love too little worth
Even to be trampled on
As thou passest to thy throne?

Facts and Fancies.

The washings from the locality where large deposits of coal are kept, kill fish in streams where such waste water flows.

There's a metre dactyllic, pondaic,
A metre for laugh and for moan;
But the metre alone not prosaic,
Is the meet her by moonlight alone.

The prejudice against church organs is still strong in Scotland. Many of the people will not enter a church that has one.

Preachers in Iceland are not very well paid for their services. Not one of them has an income of one hundred dollars a year.

By means of a simple and ingenious process a beautiful description of artificial ivory is now produced from india rubber.

A pert fellow seeing in the street an old woman who drove some asses, said, "Adieu, mother of assess." "Adieu, adieu, my son" answered she. The man felt his ears grow as he walked along.

At a meeting of a town council an alderman complained of the absence of a certain councilman. "Sir," exclaimed a councilman, indignantly, "you ought to have made that complaint when he was present!"

A widow, a boarding-house keeper out in Kansas, who entered a complaint against a boarder, gave her age as 23, when she is 50 if she is a day, and the enraged justice dismissed the case without inquiring any further.

A marriage by matchlight was recently consummated in Kansas City. The 'Squire was in a hurry, and so was the couple, and neither would wait until the lamp could be illumined. The fee was paid under a neighboring gas lamp.

It is said that the leaves of the geranium are an excellent application for cuts where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied to the part, and the wound will be cicatrised in a short time.

A shrewd little fellow was entrusted to the care of his uncle, who fed the boy very poorly. One day he happened to see a greyhound, whereupon he asked the little fellow if knew what made the dog so poor. The reply was, "I expect he lives with his uncle."

"As my wife at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came along with a 'broth of a boy,'
Who was driving a stout little donkey,
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
'There's a relation of yours in that carriage!'
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
'Ah, yes—a relation by marriage!'"

A minister asked a little boy who had been converted, "Does not the devil tell you that you are not a Christian?" "Yes, sometimes." "Well, what do you say to him?" "I tell him," replied the boy, with something of Luther's spirit, "that, whether I am a Christian or not, it is none of his business."

The English postal cards sometimes form the basis of libel suits. A man received one from his wife's brother, in which it was written: "Your unmanly conduct to my sister is known to me. It shall be known to the world at large, if you do not reform, you coward." The receiver of the epistle sued for slander, and got £30 damages.

A young lady of Bainbridge, made a bargain with Curtis Cooper some fifteen years ago, whereby she was to have a "ewe lamb and its increase until she was twenty-one years old," in exchange for a gold watch and key. She was but six years old at the time, and now sues Mr. Cooper for 18,064 lambs, or their value, at $4 per head, which is $64,526.

An advertisement is going the round of the German papers, stating that a German firm in England has been established since 1853 for marrying foreigners to English "parties." Indeed, it is stated that the firm has "rich parties" always on hand, from all parts of Europe, ready to be married. Discretion and delicacy are guaranteed, and unexceptional references are offered.

An Illinois constable made a return on the back of a paper thus: "I executed this subpeeny by trying to read it to John Mack, but he was drivin' cattle on horseback, and run faster than I could, and kept up such a hollerin' I don't know whether he heerd or not. This is the best I could do, and don't whether the subpeeny is served according to law or not."

Down in a Pennsylvania town the other day some unscrupulous fellows, who had been gunning, compelled a poor itinerant Italian image-peddler to stand in the road until they had shot every one of his images from his head, to the imminent danger of himself and the utter destruction of his wares. And then they would not pay the poor man a penny for the damage done him.

The Terrible Sufferings in Persia.—The accounts in the Levant *Herald* of the terrible sufferings of the people of Persia, which, though not unlike many of the similar stories published, shows that the days of famine have not yet passed away. The Persian army has been disbanded, business has stopped, and the people are camped in the mountains. No such terrible famine is recorded in history, and we fear it may continue for months. While contemplating these horrors it is pleasant to hear that the march of the cholera has been stayed. But this should cause no cessation of the sanitary measures in this country against the disease. The misfortunes of other countries ought to teach us the lesson of providence and prudence.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3661_scm12289-0109