I have lived many years in confusion

For if you never have less in your pocket You will always be " well enough off.".

I have lived many years in confusion,
Enjoying (?) single-wretchedness life;
But now I have come to the conclusion.
To take to my bosom a wife.
I have found one at last that will suit me,
And I look now upon her with pride;
I hope some good marksman will shoot me
II I don't want to make her my bride.
I asked her one night if " she'd have me?"

She locked up and aweetly did smile,
And this is the answer she made me,
"Yes, darling, if you'll Walf just a while,"
The time has been patiently Walf-ed
As on time's wings it swiftly did glide,
And "now then" I want to be mated,
And take this young maid as my bride. And take this young maid as my bride.

hope you'll not Waite, neither tarry, Nor think of this scrap as a pun, But come with intentions to marry," And make Alice Waite and me one. And make Alice Waite and me one.

I want the knot tied as it should be—
Not tied with a blemish or flaw;

But so lawyers—who troublers would be—
Cannot loose it by flaws in the law.
Then we'll laugh at the wind and the weather,
And will scoff at the storm and the blast;
We will bless God, and love him together,
And a "haven of rest" reach at last,
Where the weary can rest without frouble.
And none need be fearful of death;
Where a lifetime is merely a bubble.
That would perish and be gone at a breath.

And now if I never more meet you,
While we sojourn in this blessed land;
I am in hopes I in Heaven may greet you,
Midst the throng sented near God's right hand,

THE MINER'S REVENGE.

A Sketch of Early Times in California. The sketch which I give you, dear readers, is a true one, the main features of which will be recognized as more than a "mere coinage of the brain" by thousands of persons now residing in California. Of the death of Frederick Roe at the hands of the populace of Sacra-mento in the spring of 1851, the reasons of it, the reader is still remindful, for it was one of the most determined outbursts of popular indignation and vengeance which any single individual had, by his crimes, brought down upon himself, since California had become an American possession; nor has it scarcely been equaled since.

The first time I eversaw Roe was in the fall of 1850. I was traveling through Bidwell's Bar, a village of considerable note on the Feather river, when I noticed a large crowd of persons collected at the upper end of the town, assembled for the purpose of administering fifty lashes to an individual in whose posse sion had been found a couple of gold coins which had been identified as belonging to another person. In addition to that punishment, the popular verdict was that his head should be shaved, and two hours given him to take his final leave of that section of the country. The man was a perfect stranger to the village, having taken up his residence at that place but two days previous, and the fact that his accuser was a gambler, and that it was at the instigation of that peculiar class that he was being punished, aroused a suspicion in my mind of the justice of his sentence, which was much strengthened by the honest and open bearing of the man, and the earnest candor with which he avowed his innocence. His name was spoke in favor of the prisoner. Walsworth, and from different statecame convinced that the matter stood thus: That morning Walsworth was standing in a gambling house watching a game of monte, when Roe, who was engaged in betting against

it with no success, managed to take from the table, while in the act of "cutting" the cards, two Bolivian ounce-pieces, upon which had been scratched, for some reason, a peculiar mark. These he handed to Walsworth, telling him to bet them for him, merely to change his luck. Knowing but little about the game, he at first refused, but, upon being pressed, he took the coins and threw one upon the table. The piece was recognized by the dealer, who asked Walsworth how he came by it. The victim informed him that it had been given him to try his luck with, and pointed to Roe, who was standing at the other side of the room, them. Roe was called for, but, seeing how matters were, denied that he had given it to the man, or that he had ever seen him before. Walsworth was instantly searched, and the other piece course, accounted for in the same manner as the first, but which Roe again word of the former was taken in pref- umph by the crowd. erence, and the latter, after a hasty trial, was sentenced to the punishment lines of armed police were stationed on he was receiving on my arrival. Owing each side of the door, as well as inside to the number of persons surrounding him, I was unable to get a signt of him until he had received his sentence in after making an unsuccessful cearch through the town for Roe. He left an open note for him, however, which was lead. But it was only for a moment read by myself and several others pre-

thus: "MR. Ros-Sir: Through your villainy I "Ms. Ros—Sir: Through your villainy I have suffered a humilisting disgrace—a dishonor which will render my life one of misery to its latest hour. I am innocent, as you well know, and had not my time been limited to two short hours, your dying breath should have asknowledged it ere another hour. I shall now live but for one thing—revenge. Go where you may, my eyes shall be upon you; and, so sure as there is a God above, my satisfaction shall, in less than one year, be complete and dreadfol.

"Jacob Walsworth."

The next time I saw Roe was upon the occasion and at the time mentioned in the beginning of this sketch. He was then a French monte-dealer, and carried on his operation as such in a disreputable den on the corner of Front and J

on the morning of the day of his On the morning of the day of the death he drank pretty freely, and being wery irritable when under the influence of liquor, he ordered from the table a of liquor, hed made remarks to a bystander in relation to the honesty of the his limbs, and an escort, followed by game. The miner refused and a rough and tumble fight in front of the house him in triumph to a large oak near the was the consequence. A teamster attempted to separate them, when Roe neath a sturdy branch of which he was pulled a revolver from his belt and shot guarded while the preparations for his him, causing a wound which proved fatal two days after. Roe was arrested and lodged in the station-house, then located in the basement of a brick building on the corner of Second and J streets. Thimble-riggers and French monte sharps were getting into bad odor and as soon as the circumstances of the murderous attempt became known-or rather as soon as it was noised about the streets that such a deed had been into the pale features of the prisoner, perpetrated by a gambler upon an disclosing to him the determined faces them very closely.

"honest, hard-working man," a crowd of his executioners, and the vast concommenced gathering in front of the course of spectators which surrounded station-house, which in half an hour swelled to the number of some two hun- length procured, the knot adjusted over dred persons. Up to this time but lit-tle excitement had been manifested by around the limb above, when he was the assemblage, and I have no reason to believe that the thought of lynching him had been entertained or even suggested by a single individual present; they had collected from motives of curiosity-a desire "to learn the particulars," and nothing more. At this mo-ment the startling cry of "Hang him! hang the murderer!" burst from a single throat in the crowd, but the tone in which it was uttered was so loud, firm ly turned upon the speaker, who was a man of perhaps forty years of age, with a stout, well-formed person, and a long, I w heavy beard which covered his face to his eyes. He was a stranger to those present, but his intelligent looking face and the garb of a miner, in which he was clothed, entitled him to some re- he did, to the very letter, for the miner spect, and as he slowly mounted an and Jacob Walsworth were one .empty merchandise box not a word | Golden Era. escaped from the crowd. He removed his hat, and, turning, pointed toward

the prison, and addressed the gather-"In that prison," he said, "is a murderer, a thief, and gambler. He has murdered a peaceable citizen befere pass for a distinguished personage at your eyes, and is now waiting for his money to buy his release, and to stalk ness the career of Joseph Bates, waiter, forth again in your midst with the and former inmate of the penitentiary. blood of his victim upon his hands! There is no such thing as law in California for the punishment of such villains except it be administered directly by the people. I say, bring him out and hang him as high as Haman. Who

says yes to it?" The miner descended from his ros trum, but not until he had fired the train. His words had the desired effect. and a hundred voices took up the savage shout, and "Hang him! hang him!" resounded through the assemblage, which was rapidly increasing in numbers as well as violence, until the streets adjoining the prison were densely crowded. Shouts of vengeance and defiance of law now went up from every quarter, striking terror to the heart of the ironed culprit as he heard his sentence pronounced by the excited mob without. The whole police force of the city was stationed around the door of the prison and the Mayor vainly resorted to alternate threats and promises to desperse the crowd. The only answers were the ground of fraud. It appears that groans and hisses, mingled with Mr. Bates had hired a friend from the cries of "Break the door down!" restaurant to play parson for him, and 'Bring a rope!" "Hang the murderer!

The miner who had ignited the flame, satisfied with his work, vithdrew from the crowd, and with his arms folded, silently awaited the result.

The streets near the prison now be came a solid mass of human beings; saloons, hotels and restaurants were deserted, and clerks, waiters and proprietors joined the excited mob and lent their voices to the general cry. At length a demonstration was made teward the prison door. Upon a balcony overlooking it appeared the Mayor of the city, who arrested the movement by again asking to be heard. He appealed o them as good citizens to disperseoledging himself that the murderer should not escape, but be tried, and if found guilty, hung. Citizens did the same, but nothing could shake the determination of their auditors; the cry of "Down with him," and groans and hisses and insults, now greeted all who

Five o'clock came; the crowd was bers around the prison; hour after kour had been consumed in listening to speeches and suggestions, which had been received by groans, or shouts of approval, according to their character. The mob were getting impatient, and in a few minutes more would have forced the door of the prison, when a proposal was made which received the almost unanimous approval of the as-

semblage. tried and a verdict pronounced within him, and he kept his eyes upon Mrs. two hours. The jury was selected, who Gaylord's new found husband. At repaired to the Orleans Hotel, and the length the claimant sold the family cow trial was commenced. The evidence was conclusive of the guilt of the prisoner—there could be but one opinion. Yet for hour after hour the announceas the man from whom he had obtained ment of the verdict was withheld by the jury, in hope of the dispersion of the crowd as the evening advanced. Eleven o'clock drew near, and still no diminu-tion of the number could be observed. sailed into the affections of the Widow A great portion of them were collected Gaylord under false colors. The widow was found in his pocket, which he, of around the Orleans, and the cry of is in a very unsettled condition again, "Verdict! Verdict! Give us the ver- and is almost sorry that the court indict!" now greeted the ears of the terfered just when she was beginning to denied. Circumstances were against jurors, who, seeing the us lessness of feel at home with her husband. John Walsworth, for it was certainly consid- longer deferring the announcement of Travers, the claimant of Alvah Gayered a singular transaction for a man to their decision, came forward, and from lord's wife and children, and cow and trust his money in the hands of a the balcony of that hotel pronounced stranger, and Roe was well known on the verdict of guilty upon the prisoner, the Bar, and the other was not; the | which was received with a shout of tri- Illinois penitentiary.

A rush for the prison was made; long down the first man who attempted to force an entrance. This, for a moment, they gathered round the door, apparently waiting for some one to take the that they quailed before the determined vious to its reaching its destination, front of the police, for the next, the which read, as near as I can recollect, bearded miner who had first applied the match to the train whose flames were now about to devour the prisoner, stepped boldly to the door, and was followed by a score of strong arms bearing a huge beam to be used as a battering-ram in breaking through the wall which divided them from their victim. The hands of the officers were on their weapons, but the miner stood unterrified in their midst, and calmly informed them that to draw one drop of blood at that moment would be to bring upon themselves a punishment as dire as that which no earthly power could prevent the prisoner from receiving. The crowd indersed the speaker with a most ter-rific yell—the ponderous beam was brought against the door with a crash that shook the building to its very center-the police gave way-and the next

> execution were progressing. The night was intensely dark, not a solitary star looking down upon the prisoner to cheer him with a smile for the future, and the frown of Him who ered over that solemn scene. Torches were lighted, which cast their dim glare

the whole immense assemblage, bore

him on every side. A rope was at asked if he had any requests to make or anything to say. He replied in the negative, and when questioned concerning his nativity and relatives, he had strength only to answer that he was a native of England, where his mother was then residing.

"Now comes my turn!" cried the bearded miner. The order to "hanl away" was given ; a dozen men gave a pull upon the rope, and decisive, that all eyes were instant- and the corpse of Frederick Roe hung dangling between the heavens and the

> I will not describe that scene, although it was the most solemn and impressive I have ever beheld; my intention is to show whether Jacob Wals worth fulfilled his oath, which I think

And Still Another. It is only requsite for a young man with curly hair, black and shiny, mustache of the same hue, and pleasing address to exert a fair amount of cheek to our fashionable watering-places. Wit-Mr. Joseph Bates met at Newport a retired ship-chandler named Bryne, with half a million. Mr. Bryne had three daughters, the youngest, of course, a lovely being, the idol of an admiring circle of friends, Mr. Joe Bates was Augustus Beekman, who owned half the town of Flushing and several thousand lots in various parts of New York and Brooklyn, not to mention a bank account of hundreds of thousands. Mr. Bryne allowed an intimacy to spring up between his youngest and Augustus Beekman, alias Joe Bates, waiter, and ex-penitentiary birds, lent him money, and encouraged him before the truth dawned upon him. When it did he warned his daughter. But the maiden was incredulous. She consented to a private marriage with Augustus, which took place at Williamsburg, the Rev. William Reaper officiating. The girl returned to her parent, but the marriage could not long remain concealed. A suit for divorce has been brought on restaurant to play parson for him, and that the girl was doubly deceived by the scoundrel. It is probable that she will fail in her suit, as the laws of the State do not require the solemnization of a marriage by a clergyman. It is little less than wonderful that this oftrepeated swindle should avail after so many exposures. But there is no resisting the charms of a glossy head and dyed mustache at Newport. Sympathy with the lovely victim must give place

An Impostor Detected.

Freeport, Ill., has had a claimant, and the claim he made was quite new and peculiar. Years ago-probably fifteen-Alvah Gaylord married a good young woman in Stephenson county. After the birth of his second child Alvah wandered away and was heard of no more. Mrs. Gaylord brought up her little family in respectability, and became known as the Widow Gaylord. Ten years after, a bronzed and deeply full of trivialities, endless in its expressions, and our stopping place for the whiskered man called upon the widow sions of wonder at everything, and thornight was yet in the distance. Our come back to live with her and his children the remainder of his days. At first she was incredulous, but he showed her certain marks on his body which convinced the woman that he was none other than her long lost husband. She had now found him, and his children clung to his knees, and the whole family took him to their hearts and home. So they lived in peace and happiness It was, that a jury of twelve men be selected, that witnesses should be examined, and that the prisoner should be The strawberry mark did not satisfy He also had a good deal of counterfeit money about him and forged bonds in profusion. His claim was examined before a court, and his name was ascerpig, and all that was his, has been sentenced to a three years' residence in the

Early Cultivation of the Oyster. For a creature of such lowly rank in the scale of animate being, it is wonderthe prison, who had orders to shoot ful what a literature attaches to the oyster. Through the roll of ages it has until he had received his sentence in force an entrance. This, for a moment, been a factor of prime importance in full, and was on his way down the river, seemed to check the infuriated mob as the convivial instincts, the moralities, and the industries of men. It has honorable mention in classic song and story. When imperial Rome had her many million populace, and her almost fabu-lous wealth, the oyster figured promi-nently in the more than lavish luxury of that extravagant city. Do our oystergrowers know how ancient their calling is? About 2,400 years ago one Sergius Orata, a man of a practical mind, turned Lake Avernus into an oyster bed : and through the culture of this bivalve the Lucrin oysters, as they were called, became in reputation the "saddle-rocks" of Rome. And what a splendid market he had! His practical genius carried the new industry of oysterplanting to great perfection; and such was his reputation in that line that the Romans had a saying that, should the oysters stop growing in Lucrin Lake, Sergius would make them grow on the tops of the houses. Avernus has at last succumbed to the mutations of time, and is to-day a miserable hole of volcanic mud. It now offers a good opportunity to test the great man's abilities; but Sergius Orata himself "dried some time ago.—Popular Science

Monthly. On an average there are 769 mar-riages per week in Paris, and about eighty-five separations. Among the former occur some curious coincidences which, to be appreciated, may be thus translated: Mile. Death is united to M. Departed; M. Drum to Mile. Trumpet; Mile. Gaiter to M. Pantaloon, and M. Roaster to Mile. Boiler.

THE statistical editor of the Times, has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," seemed to hang in the black and lowering clouds which hove black and lower loss than the black and lower loss than t grasshoppers, at least, passed over here vesterday. There might have been a few more or less, as we did not count

All Sorts.

Canon law-Touch and go. THE receipts of all England's railways re 51 millions per week. THERE are about half a million Scan-

dinavians in the United States. Low LANGUAGE is a good enough argu-

THERE is no accounting for it, but four women out of five stick the postage in a Latin church, afterwards in a stamp on the left-hand corner of the en-

ment for the man who uses it.

THE Church of England now has in that country 12,200 benefices, 11,000 parsonages, 20,694 clergymen, and 58,000 curates.

THE British railroad companies are

required, under a penalty of £20 for each omission, to report every case of which occurred in the year 1856. The accident. CALIFORNIA now holds the Yosemite valley in trust for the nation, and has

paid \$55,000 to settle the pre-emption claims of the persons who colonized

PENNSYLVANIA has 195 blast furnaces, 130 rolling mills, 16 rail mills, 18 steel works, and 21 bloomaries. All the other States put together do not contain so many.

Eastern papers ridicule Western names, but they have not yet heard of Sardine Muzzy, a farmer in Dane county, Wis., and a prominent member of Marshal Grange, No. 24.

Notice has been given of a new Russian loan. This has been an annual event since 1869, inclusive. The total of the Russian loan now amounts to £150,000,000.

\$50,000,000 and the Railroad Commissioner of the State thinks it should no than the British savant was close after longer be exempt, as it now is, from taxation. THE Meteorological Committee of the

Royal Society report that in 1873 a hands of Prof. Newton, who put to-fraction over seventy-nine out of every gether the stone bit by bit, until, cefraction over seventy-nine out of every hundred of the English weather warn- mented, it stood a good square block, ings were correct forecasts of the weather five or six feet high, and completely which actually ensued. A cook on a Detroit tugboat, having

fallen heir to \$20,000, instead of immediately leaving, gave her employer a full week's notice of her contemplated departure. Rebecca Stohn is a woman it was raised in honor of certain persons of principle if she did work on a tugboat. WHILE the clergy of the United

States annually cost \$12,000,000, intoxicating drinks, it is said, cost \$1,487,000,-000; and there are 400,000 more persons engaged in the liquor business than in preaching the gospel and teaching school. In photographing the sun, the intens-

ity of the light renders it necessary that the exposure of the plate should be extremely brief; and we learn from a lecture by Prof. S. P. Langley that the time usually occupied is only 1-150th of a second. THE cage-birds of the United States

consume about 175,000 bushels of seed in a year, of which more than two-thirds is canary seed, the rest being hemp seed, rapeseed, millet, cracked wheat, etc., to the value of more than \$2,000,000 annually. THE Shah of Persia, during his recent

European trip, it appears, kept a diary, which has been published. It is reported to be a very dull, stupid book, piece of information in the book which is new, and this is very startling. The Shah says: "The people of London think very much of their police; any one who shows disrespect to the police

must be killed." The Food of Primitive Man. In the present state of research, the earliest authentic traces of man on earth go no further back than the age of ice, so-called, and the accompanying or subsequent formation of the diluvium or drift. The relics of man, dating from an earlier epoch, the upper Miocene formation, that is, the middle of the Tertiary group, which are said to have been found in France, are at least very questionable. But there have been preserved for us in cavern remains, datng from the Ice Age, which tell us of the food used by man in those times. Man then inhabited Central Europe in company with the reindeer, cave-bear and the mammoth. He was exclusively a hunter and fisher, as is shown by the bones of animals found in his cavedwellings. The Miocene epoch, which abounded in arboreal vegetation, had disappeared during the long period of the subsequent Pliocene formations, the climate of Central Europe, meanwhile, having gradually become colder. Nature supplied no fruit for the food of What food he got by hunting and fishing was precarious, and there were intervals of famine; for fortune does not always smile on the hunter, and the beasts of the forest are not always equally numerous. The food, too, was uniform, and not altogether adapted for man, for the flesh of wild animals lacks fat. The man of those times had not enough of the heat producers in his food, and that he felt this want we learn from his taste for the marrow of bones. All the long bones of animals that are found in cave-dwellings are cracked open lengthwise, in order to get out the marrow. Now, this insufficient, uniform food has its counterpart, in the low grade of culture which then prevailed, as evidenced by the mode of life, the weapons, and the tools. Man then lived isolated, without social organization; he dwelt in caverns, and his only protection against cold was the skins of animals and the fire on the hearth. His tools were of stone, unpolished, unadorned; so rudely fashoned that only the eye of the connois-

seur can recognize in them man's handiwork .- Pop. Science Monthly.

Birds have a great fear of death. In illustration of this, Madame Buist, in her new book on birds, relates the following: A hen canary belonging to the author died while nesting, and was buried. The surviving mate was removed to another cage; the breeding cage itself was thoroughly purified, cleansed, and put aside till the following spring. Never afterward, however, could any bird endure to be in that cage. The little creatures fought and struggled to get out, and, if obliged to remain, they huddled close together and moped and were thoroughly unhappy, refusing to be comforted by any amount of sunshine or dainty food. The eign birds, who were not even in the house when the canary died, nor could, by any possibility, have heard of her through other canaries. The result through other canaries. The result was the same; no bird would live in all further attempts to coax or force a upon them as the bones of giants who bird to stay in it.—Home Journal, bird to stay in it. - Home Journal.

A Stone with a History.

Moncure D. Conway, writing entertainingly of the Congress of Orientologists lately convened in the British Museum, says: "Prof. Newton, the greatest living master of Greek antiquities, once related to me personally the recent story of one of the inscribed stones which to-day the Congress examined only with reference to its archmological value. This stone was once way into a mosque at Rhodes. But there was also a gunpowder-magazine under the said mosque, and immediately under this stone. One day the powder-magazine exploded, the mosque was blown to fragments, and 250 persons killed. No one has ever been able to explain the cause of this catastrophe, had just occurred and left a cleft in the stone-work of the powder-magazine, and that this earthquake was immediately followed by a thunder-storm which sent a bolt of lightning through the said cleft into the powder. Whatever may have been the origin of the catastrophe, a dreadful one it was. The authorities of the place, possib'y for fear of some further calamity, refused even to dig out the bodies of those who had been buried amid the ruins, but the English Consul begged permission to do so. Of the 250 or thereabout who had been in or near the magazine at the time, only one was found to be alive. This was a very fair young Turkish girl who had been married on the preceding day. Her husband was almost dead with grief, and when the news came that his bride had been saved alive from the ruins, he hastened to kiss the feet of the THE total cost of the 1,500 miles of English Consul who had rescued her. railroad in Vermont has been nearly but no sooner had the British diplomatist done his work thus gallantly him. Out of the debris he collected a large number of inscribed fragments of stone. These found their way into the covered with inscriptions in Greek. The writing indicates that it was a memorial raised in the time of Demetrius Polycrates, the first King of Macedonia whose head appears on coins, and that who had come forward with aid and contributions in a sudden emergency or time of public need. It is rather odd that the memorial of honor to certain eminent benefactors should have fallen as a treasure into English hands because of an English Consul's stepping forward at a moment of catastrophe to do a generous thing which others neglected.

Through Japan. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing of a tour through Japan, says: "We passed through little vilages with thatch-roofed cottages, cottages guiltless of such an innovation as chimneys. Looking in through the open-paneled doors I could see them cooking their rice on little round stone boxes called 'hibachi.' The smoke growing thinner and thinner as it hid in the corners of the airy kitchen, came out imperceptibly through the broad, open doors. Now and then I saw a woman at an old-fashioned spinning-wheel, and one or two weaving Japanese cloth. Darkness shut in over the pretty landone evening, and told her that he was sorry he had ran away, but had now books of royal birth. There is only one lanterns and merrily started off at a rapid rate. A half-hour's travel, by faith rather than sight, and we stopped at a Japanese hotel in Fujisawa. The hostess met us with many salaams of welcome, and we climbed a steep pair of stairs to our room. It was matted —nothing else in it. The sliding doors opened into a little court-yard, where, in the morning, we discovered one or two dwarf trees and a pond with fish in it; but at night it seemed only an avenue through which came up to us all inconceivable odors of Jananese cooking. The next morning the rain was pouring in torrents, a genuine supplement to the rainy season. After breakfast we again started on our journey. The rain stopped for a while, but fell in showers through the day. As we rode the county became more picturesque. saw huge trees and trunks of trees with ivy and wild grapevines clambering over them. The country, if possible, reached off into greener hills and green-er valleys than before, a beautiful country, a goodly heritage, no barren spots, everything green and fresh, but on the acres and acres of pasture land no cattle were feeding, no flocks or herds of any kind. Rice was growing in the valleys, but the hill turf land seemed unused. Everywhere there were fresh mountain springs, and all around us tokens of a rich country but a poor people. Eggs, rice, and fish are the only food for the people. There were half-clothed children making mud pies in the streets of the villages, everywhere men standing idle. Asking them

why, the answer would, doubtless, have

been that of the good book of old, ' be-

cause no man hath hired us.'

"Everybody's Aunt." And there is a mother in Israel, cushmistakably a cape as the cape of Good Hope. Her hands are in mitts, a flimsy suggestion of gloves without any fingers. She never dyed her hair. She would about as soon die herself.

That face of hers beams with goodness and good-will. You want her to be your aunt, as she cannot be your mother. You would be glad to sit by her kitchen fire and hear her talk, and she would be precisely as glad to have you. Her easy cushiony way of walk-ing suggests a gentle old chaise with the top up. She is enjoying every minute of the time. She is a Methodist of the old school, and she needs no assurance experiment was tried of introducing for- from you that she will go to heaven. She has it from better authority.-Letter from a Camp-Meeting.

REMAINS of the mastodon of the Andes have recently been unearthed in that cage. The cage was haunted, and Venezuela, near the village of San Juan the author was obliged to desist from de los Morros. The inhabitants look

How Cod Liver Oil is Made.

Very few of the hard drinkers of cod iver oil know how it is manufactured. But a correspondent of the New York Tribune has examined a distillery for the same at St. John's, Newfoundland, to the manufacture of the oleaginous nectar : During one of our rambles on shore

we inspected a cod liver oil distillery,

and the mode of manufacture is so sim-

livers are first washed with fresh water, and great care is taken to cleanse them agreeable, bitter taste. neath to a temperature of 112 deg. Fah., which raises the exuded oil to the surface, whence it is skimmed off carefully. It is then filtered three times; first the other, the inner one made of flannel, and the two outer ones of muslin; then through three others similarly placed, one inside the other, but made of stuff resembling Canton flannel; from these

and dirt. ing me that out of the same glass offered

last bags it drips into a large tin trough,

hardly refuse. I found its flavor not unpalatable, but it was almost tasteless, with barely a vestige of the nauseating, rancid odor "Pure Cod Liver Oil" sold in New York drug stores. From being extracted at a low temperature it is said not to retain its purity longer than fif-teen months, after which period it is mixed with ingredients to preserve its taste, or rather to prevent its rancid flavor from becoming too apparent.

Dangers of the Deep. There is considerable attention at-

tracted in marine interests and among ship-cwners in New York by the recent remarkable discovery by Capt. Picasso, of the bark Terresa, of a dangerous rock in the Atlantic ocean. The mystery of the President, City of Boston, Pacific, United Kingdom, and many other noble vessels which have been lost without leaving behind them the slightest trace of their fate, has at length received solu-tion in the report of Capt. Picasso. The rock is located in latitude 40 north, and longitude 62 west, Though Capt. Picasso disclaimed being the first discoverer of the rock, as he mentions its being marked on an old chart, long ig-norance of its existence among nautical That little line, indicative of the fur-rowed fitture is no more age than the men, and the constant danger to which they have unwittingly been subject, will to the commerce of the whole turned vessel; but the length of the obstruction-some 309 feet-precludes the possibility of its being the wreck of a ship. None but iron vessels are this length, and one of these would certainly not float. Sea-weed proves the rock, as this excrescence would not attach itself rapidly to anything else, and is of very slow growth. The evident truthfulness of the Captain is apparent, through his naming the chart which marks the rock upon it, thereby taking any credit of discovery away from himself. His reliability is further illustrated by the fact that the rock can be found on none of the more recent charts. The serious difference of two degrees of longitude between the location of the spot on Noury's chart and the actual location by Capt. Picasso is one which every sea captain should become acquainted with. The rock lies, according to Capt. Picasso, within a few seconds of the same degree as New York is situated in, and on a straight line from west to east. The rock must lie about 550 miles from New York harbor, and is directly in the course of ocean steamers, in what is known as the southern passage. It is fully 500 miles north of the Bermuda islands.

Run Over in Paris.

Lucy Hooper writes from Paris to the Philadelphia Press: "I have spoken before of the odd law which they have here, by which a person, on being run over while crossing the street, is obliged, if not killed, to pay a fine for obstructing the public highway; and a very peculiar and oppressive instance of its enforcement came to my knowledge the other day. A little child, the offspring of a poor couple residing in one of the minor streets running out of the avenue Josephine, while playing in the ioned as to her chin, and a face as pleasant and hospitable as an open fire on Thanksgiving day. At \$100 a pound and nothing could be cheaper—she in addition to their sorrow for the loss would be worth \$20,000, for she weighs two hundred. Her hat is a "bunnet." It shoots out a little in front, like a the child out of the street. It is a maryoung scoop-shovel. It curls up a lit- vel to me that somebody is not run over tle behind, like a young wren. She and killed every hour in the day m wears about as many hoops as a stone Paris, so numerous are the vehicles, so jar. But she indulges in a petticoat or reckless are the drivers, and so furious two, "gethered," as she will tell you, at the top, and puckered with the pull of a string, as they used to wind a clock. A cape without fringe or adornment has fallen upon her like the mantle of the Down they will charge point-blank at the property of the pace at which the horses are driven. There is no law against fast driving here, and pedestrians have no rights which charioteers are bound to respect. Down they will charge point-blank at prophet, and envelopes her shoulders the promenader who may be crossing and her arms even to the elbows. If it the street, shrieking 'Gare!' or 'Hay were a little peaked and scolloped, it but never turning a handsbreadth either would be a vandyke; but it is as unto the right or to the left to avoid going to the right or to the left to avoid going straight over him. The omnibus-drivers are as bad as the rest, and not long ago a lady was run over by a crowded omnibus on the Rue de Faubourg Ste. Honore, and so badly crushed that she died in a iew hours. I presume her heirs had to pay a fine to he city for the crime of causing the detention of a public vehicle, as well as the obstruction of the highway.

> SMALL WAISTS .- The trouble is, too many women value the wasp-like dimensions of their waists because they are wasp-like—forgetting the important fact—to all lovers of beauty—that every part of the human body should be in proportion to the other parts. It has never influenced a fashionable woman yet to hear that the Venus de Medici has a large waist—she has been told so ever since that faultless image of female beauty was disinterred. She merely shrugs her shoulders and draws her lace tighter. It kills her finally, but what of that?

Remarkable Masonic Funeral,

The first Masonic funeral that ever

occurred in California, took place in 1849, and was performed over a brother found drowned in the bay at San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies and makes the following statement as states that on the body of the deceased to the manufacture of the oleaginous was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved initials of his name. A little further ir estigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems ple and interesting that I venture to inthat was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin. sert a description of it for the benefit of consumers of the beverage. The nothing in the history or traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue of all traces of gall, the gall not only ink, which time could not efface, apdiscoloring the oil but giving it a dis- peared all the emblems of the entire apprenticeship. There was the Holy They are then placed in a vat and heated by steam from a boiler under-four-inch gauge and common gavel. There were also the Masonic pavement, representing the ground floor of King Solomon's temple, the indented tessel which surrounds it, and the blazing through three bags, placed one within star in the center. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems per-taining to the Felloweraft's degree, viz : The square, the level and the plumb. There were also the five columns representing the five orders of architecture; and is drawn off into puncheons through the Tuscan, Dorie, Ionie, Corinthian a faucet, over the mouth of which is and Composite. In removing his garplaced a screen of the finest muslin, ments from his body, the trowel pre-which excludes every trace of sediment sented itself with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was It is then ready for the market, and the pot of incense. On other parts of in color and general appearance closely his body were the beehive, the book of resembles Sauterne wine. Our polite but fishy host pressed me to drink a glass of it, but I declined with all the All-seeing Eye, the anchor and ark, the politeness I could command. He evidently looked upon my refusal to drink problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, stars as a slight upon his oil, and brought and comets; the three steps which are every argument in his power to bear to emblematical of youth, manhood and induce me to alter my decision. At age. Admirably executed was the last he was successful, for, after inform- weeping virgin, reclining upon a broken column, upon which lay the book of to us, and standing on the same spot, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle had drank of it, I could emblem of a pure heart, and in her left hand a sprig of acacia, the emblem of the immortality of the soul. Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hourglass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that life is withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the destroyer were placed amid the long and flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were striking emblems of mortality and immortality blended in one pictorial representation. It was spectacle such as Masons never saw before, in all probability such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never known .--Philadelphia Age.

The Footprints of Time.

Wrinkles are the first tell-tales of an ost youth, and the wrinkles make their way in a very stealthy manner. At first there comes a faint marking of one little line about the corner of the eye, and one at each side of the mouth. Assuredly it is the sign of approaching age, we say complacently, looking at ourselves in the glass, conscious of our attractions in the perfection of their maturity. rowed future, is no more age than the one scarlet leaf of the maple in the cause him to receive all the create a lise over The knowledge of such a lit is the shadow of the herald if you discovery. The knowledge of such a dangerous reef, situated in such a position, is of the greatest importance with our friends. The gap made between the control of the whole It might be argued absence is abrupt, unexpected. You left a blooming, sleek-haired, slimwaisted girl; you find a faded, hollow-eyed, gray-haired woman, the mother of children, afflicted with bad health and tired of life. Or you encounter a stont and florid matron whose buik is a burden to herself and a matter not for admiration to her friends; whose early shyness has worn off and gives place to a free-and-easy good nature that may be genial but is vulgar; whose girlish seutimentality has gone with her blushes. and who now openly proclaims her de-votion to champagne and lobster salad as among the few things in life worth-taking trouble for, and talks of the pleasure of the palate as superior toevery other enjoyment. To be sure, paring away in your mind's eye those superfluous layers of flesh, you can make out the nose of the past, and the lips have the same curve as hers had in the days when you would have given a month's salary for a kiss; the eyes are the same color, but what has become of their sparkle? Where is that roguish twinkle that made your heart leap when; it flashed upon you, giving point to a girlish sauciness that was so innocent and she thought so naughty? Where is that dewy, downcast look that was so conscious where there was nothing to blush for? Is it that ugly leer which tells of less tenderness of sentiment than you would like to see in a man? You must accept this as the "survival;" it is all you will have of the sweetness, the bashfulness that once seemed to

you the most exquisite grace on earth. A Memorial to Prentice.

The local press of Kentucky having suggested a movement for the erection of a monument to George D. Prentice, whose grave is now marked only by a flower, the Courier-Journal announces that it has long been the purp*se of the company to fitly memorialize Mr. Prentice, whose professional work was mainly performed on the Journal. It now means to place his statue, wrought by Hart, in a niche over the doorway to its new edifice, now in process of erection. It is favorable, nevertheless, to the movement of the editors, and urges that the city of Louisville in its corporate capacity should take part. Of the de-ceased journalist the paper over which he once presided says: "He was an he once presided says: "He was an odd, eccentric man; fonder of women than of men; generous to a fault; in-sensible to fear; hard-working and pains-taking in his profession; careless of his vices; isolated, self-contained, indifferent; a great character, a strong character, a weak character, brilliant and marked from first to last, interesting throughout.'

More Certain than Philosophical. One of the students at Davidson Col-

lege, who was too lazy to do anything right, was in the habit of cleaning out his lamp chimney by running his finger down it as far as he could and twisting it around. After he had cleaned it out in this partial manner, one day not long ago, a fellow student took it up and carried it to the residence of one of the professors, with the inquiry, "Why is it that this chimney is smeked up to this point and no further?" The learned gentleman entered into an elaborate scientific explanation of why it was arguing with great lucidness, and citing various authorities to show the correctness of his reasoning. When he had finished, the student said to him, "No, sir, you are wrong." "Why is it, then?" inquired the professor. "Because the fellow's finger wasn't long enough to reach any further," replied the student.