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just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model
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Railway Flirtation.

[From the Star Spangled Banner.]

"Katonah!" shouted the brakeman,
opening the car door as the train
passed before a pleasant station on the
Harlem Railroad.

I do not know as I should have par-
ticularly noticed that we had stopped
at all, for I had been napping it for
some miles; but just as I was casting
an inquiring, sleepy look out of the
window, and settling myself for another
siesta, my attention was attracted by
the entrance of a young lady, a way
passenger, who, perceiving the car well
filled, paused before me in evident em-
barrassment.

I scarcely wish the reader to infer
from this that there were no vacant
seats; on the contrary, the seat I oc-
cupied was selfishly monopolized by my
shawl and valise, which had excluded
many an applicant; and so, the mo-
ment I heard the car door open, I men-
tally resolved not to budge an inch;
but a glance at the new comer changed
my mind.

She was a young lady of exceeding
beauty, dressed in the rich and tasty
style of the present fashion. Whether
it was her genteel aspect, or the soft
melancholy of her dark impressive
eyes, I cannot say, but when she ven-
tured, almost timidly, to inquire if the
half-seat by my side "was engaged,"
I gallantly arose and proffered it to her
at once. I must acknowledge I felt
somewhat flattered by her preference;
for though a young man, and tolerably
good looking, I had the sense to per-
ceive that there were far better looking
men around, who, like me, might have
shared their chair with the handsome
lady stranger. I fancied they envied me,
too, as the fair girl sat plump down,
and her dainty form nestled close to
my side.

"I fear I have disturbed you," said
my companion, in a low, sweet voice,
that filled me with its soft cadence.
"Not at all, Miss," I rejoined, with
stereotyped politeness. "I am happy to
oblige you."

She bowed and smiled in reply, and
a short pause ensued, as is usual upon
sudden acquaintanceship. In the mean-
while the train had started, and we rat-
tled swiftly through the fields and
woods, now decked with the lovely tints
of spring. The conductor came in and
went his customary routine of exam-
ining the tickets.

I perceived hers was marked New
York, and after hesitating, I said:
"You go to the city?"
"Yes," she replied, with a smile of
winning candor. "That, I presume,
you have already found out."
"I shall keep you company, then,"
I observed, pleasantly.

"Thank you, Sir."
There was a slight dignity, I
thought, in her tone, so, as I am a very
modest man, I drew back, and said
nothing further. On rushed the steam-
horse upon its iron pathway. One more
station had been passed, and I was fast
relapsing into my former apathy, when
my lady friend, to my surprise, leaned
forward to me and whispered:
"I am so timid on the cars."

"Indeed!" said I, quite charmed
with her abruptness "you surely are
accustomed to traveling."

"Perfectly," she replied, with some
nonchalance. "But that is not exactly
it. There are so many dreadful acci-
dents on the railroad."

"Dreadful, indeed," echoed I.
"And," added my companion, with
sarcasm, "it is so unpleasant to travel
unattended. I usually have my brother
Charley with me; he is a splendid
escort."

"If you will allow me," said I, quite
gallantly, "I will gladly occupy that
position."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir,"
replied the young lady, with a grateful
glance from her dark orbs, "yet I am
accepting the escort of a stranger. Not
that I fear you, Sir, but, alas! I have a
jealous father."

"A jealous father!" I replied,
somewhat puzzled and surprised.

"Ah, yes," said the young lady, "it
is my misfortune, while having wealth,
health, and almost everything that the
heart can wish, to be under the tyrannical
control of an old step-father, who
treats me oftentimes in the most cruel
manner; debars me from the society of
your sex, shuts me up in the gloomy
confines of my chamber, and treats me
with pitiable rigor, if I do so much as
speak to or look at a man."

"What a monster," I ejaculated with
a face of melodramatic sympathy.

"That is the reason," she continued,
looking around, "why I am so diffident
about entrusting myself to your care;
but I do it on one condition."

"Name it," I rejoined, charmed and
delighted with the strange confidence
the young lady was reposing in me.

"That you leave me the instant the
cars reach New York."

I was so bewitched by the beauty
and charming assurance of my new
friend, that I readily gave the required
pledge; apparently quite relieved, the
young lady threw aside all reserve, and
talked and chatted with me in the most
pleasant manner. It is needless to say
that in an hour's time I had so far ad-
vanced in her good graces as to press
her hand, and the sweet, half-coquet-
tish smile that played around the cor-
ners of her cherry lips did not seem to
disapprove the liberty I had taken.

"Don't you know," said she, "that I
liked your face the first time I saw
it?"

"It was sympathetic on both sides,
then," I whispered, drawing so near to
her that I could feel her hot breath fan
my cheek.

"Yes," she murmured, gently with-
drawing herself from my glowing em-
brace, for we had passed through the
tunnel, and I had taken a lover's advan-
tage and snatched a hasty kiss.

"You are a naughty man, the
naughtiest I ever saw," she said in a
low and tremulous tone. "If pa should
be on the train, what would he say?"

"Never fear, sweet creature," I re-
joined earnestly. "Your cross old father
is miles away, and let us improve the
present opportunity."

"Are you aware," she observed, half
mischievously, "that there is another
tunnel beyond, a great deal darker, too,
than the one we have left?"

"I know it," said I, with a tender
glance at my fair enslaver; "we are
drawing near to it very fast."

Once more I placed my arm around
the waist of the young lady, and, wrapped
in the gloom of the tunnel, took
sweet pledges from her lips. It was
gratifying to my vanity—all good-looking
young men are vain, you know—to
perceive that my lovely companion
clung more affectionately to me than
before; indeed, I had scarcely time to
tear myself from her arms, when we
emerged once more into broad daylight.

She had let her veil drop over her face,
and I could detect the crimson flush
through the fine net work of lace. Her
voice betrayed much agitation as she
whispered:

"I have gone too far with you, Sir;
alas! you have ceased to respect me."

"My sweet charmer," I ejaculated,
let us ever be friends; give me your
name and address."

"My name and address," she re-
sponded, "you must never know; I
already feel frightened to think how far
I have permitted myself to venture
with a stranger. Forgive and forget."

"A flirt, a coquette."

"No, no," she returned, hurriedly,
pressing my hand. "I am not a flirt,
but I dare not—as much as I think of
you—I dare not let the acquaintance
proceed further. Have pity on me—
have pity!"

She looked so pleadingly, so entreat-
ingly, with those soft eyes gleaming
through the silken meshes of her veil,
that I could not persuade myself to be
offended with her. At last she reluct-

antly consented to give her name, and
handing me a prettily embossed card, I
read, "Kate Darrell, No.—University
Place."

The train had reached Thirty Second
street, and I could readily see that my
fair innamorata grew every moment more
restless and disturbed. First her head
peered out of the window, then she
would half rise and cast hurried and
fearful glances behind.

Already I was beginning to share
the uncomfortable feelings of my com-
panion, as visions of an angry papa,
flourishing a cane over my head, rose
vividly before my mind's eye, when
suddenly Miss Darrell uttered an ex-
clamation, and darted from the car.

I wondered at the ease and dexterity
with which she descended, though the
car was propelled quite rapidly by
horse power, but my wonder and sur-
prise were considerably increased when,
a few minutes after, a thick set, stern-
looking gentleman entered from the
opposite side, inquisitively scanning the
face of each passenger.

"Hello!" said he, rather gruffly, has
a young lady been occupying this seat?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied, somewhat
disconcerted, and quite abashed.

"Light jockey, maroon silk, and gray
travelling cloak?" pursued the gentle-
man, interrogatively.

"I believe that was her costume," I
replied, somewhat sulkily.

"By gad! she has given me the slip
again!" cried the gentleman, slapping
his breeches pocket with much empha-
sis.

"Given you the slip?" I repeated, a
sudden and awful light breaking upon
me.

"Yes; the jade is as sharp as a
needle."

"Pray, Sir," said I, with a sensation
of suffocation, "may I be so bold as to
inquire if you are the father of that
young lady?"

"Father!—the devil!—no, Sir. I am
a detective."

"Then," continued I, with desperate
calmness, "who is the young lady?"

"Bless your soul, she is Nancy Dacors,
the fashionable female pickpocket.
By gad, Sir, she has been playing her
points on you?"

The detective grinned, and the pas-
sengers, gradually comprehending the
"situation," smiled provokingly. I
did not reply—the intelligence was
stunning and mortifying in the highest
degree. So my beautiful companion
was nothing more than a member of
the "swell mob," and I, while flattering
myself upon having made a conquest,
in reality had been the victim of a cun-
ning and designing deceiver; and well
had she duped me, for, even while I
was snatching those dear-bought kisses,
she had dexterously relieved me of my
watch and chain and purse; and as I
never saw her or my valuables again, it
may be readily believed that my adven-
ture was not without its moral, or that
I was thereafter not quite as eager for
a railway flirtation.

Woman's Influence Politically.

Much has been said recently about
the influence Mrs. General Logan ex-
erted with the Illinois Legislature, to
secure the nomination of Senator for
her husband. Governor Oglesby was
no match for Mrs. Logan, and she won
the position for her husband, keeping
him from dissipation, and restraining
his impetuosity. Senator Fenton owes
much to the tact and energy of his
daughter Josephine; Mrs. John C.
Fremont has always been of great ser-
vice to her husband, and Senator
Slidell, of Louisiana, was aided in his
fortunes and popularity by Mrs. Slidell,
both in New Orleans and Washington.
One of the most remarkable instances
of female electioneering, however, oc-
curred in California, when Gwin and
Broderick were contending for the
Senatorship. And in this instance
Broderick confessed to a defeat at the
hands of beauty. Mr. Gwin opened
parlors at the principal hotel at Sacra-
mento, and Mrs. Gwin presided. The
beauty and talent of the State were
concentrated at the receptions, twenty-
seven young ladies lending their at-
tractions to influence the Representatives.
The Legislature was invited to
partake of the hospitalities of the Gwin
reception, and as he was then United
States Senator, and was still expected
to be, it may well be supposed that the
brilliant Court established by Mrs.
Gwin was not neglected. And the wife
and family of Dr. Gwin knew how to
keep open house. They had wit, good
sense, refinement, beauty, wealth, name
and position. They embarked all these
qualities in the contest, and used their
eloquence to such advantage that Bro-
derick had to retire from the scene.—
New York Globe.

Railroads Sixty Years Ago.

The following, in reply to a letter
concerning railroads, was written by
Chancellor Livingston, who had been
associated with his brother-in-law,
Robert Fulton, in the application of
steam to navigation:

ALBANY, March 1, 1811.

Dear Sir: I did not till yesterday
receive yours of the 25th of February;
where it has loitered on the road, I am
at a loss to say. I had before read of
your very ingenious proposition as to
the railway communications. I fear,
however, on mature reflection, that they
will be liable to serious objection, and
ultimately more expensive than a canal.
They must be double, so as to prevent
the danger of two such heavy bodies
meeting. The walls on which they are
placed must be at least four feet below
the surface and three feet above, and
must be clamped with iron, and even
then would hardly sustain so heavy a
weight as you propose moving at the
rate of four miles an hour on wheels.
As to wood, it would not last a week.
They must be covered with iron, and
that, too, very thick and strong. The
means of stopping these heavy carriages
without a great shock, and of prevent-
ing them from running on each other
—for there would be many running on
the road at once—would be very diffi-
cult. In case of accidental stops, or
necessary stops to take wood and water,
&c., many accidents would happen.
The carriage of condensing water would
be very troublesome. Upon the whole,
I fear the expense would be much
greater than that of Canals, without
being so convenient.

R. R. LIVINGSTON.

Wallace on the Origin of Man.

Man may have been, indeed, I be-
lieve must have been, once a homoge-
neous race; but it was at a period of
which we have as yet discovered no
remains, at a period so remote in his
history that he had not yet acquired
that wonderfully developed brain, the
organ of the mind, which now, even in
his lowest examples, raises him far
above the highest brutes; at a period
when he had the form, but hardly the
nature of man, when he neither pos-
sessed the human speech, nor those
sympathetic and moral feelings which,
in a greater or less degree, every-
where now distinguish the race. Just in
proportion as these truly human facul-
ties become developed in him, would
his physical features become fixed and
permanent, because the latter would be
of less importance to his well being;
he would be kept in harmony with the
slowly-changing universe around him
by an advance in mind, rather than by
a change in body. If, therefore, we are
of opinion that he was not really man
till these higher faculties were fully
developed, we may fairly assert that
there were many originally distinct
races of men; while, if we think that a
being closely resembling us in form and
structure, but with mental faculties
scarcely raised above the brute, must
still be considered to have been human,
we are fully entitled to maintain the
common origin of all mankind.—
Herald of Health.

Eleven Thousand Persons Killed by Snakes.—An English paper says: "A Saint Patrick is evidently wanted in India as much as he ever was in Ireland. During the year 1869, no less than 11,416 persons in the Bengal Presidency died from the effects of snake bite. The return giving us this information has been carefully compil- ed; all the merely sick and wounded have been omitted, as well as those sudden deaths which in India are often attributed to snake bites to heirs of property unduly eager for their inheri- tance. It is a surprising fact that this destruction of human life goes on year by year, and that no efficacious means are adopted to check its ravages.

Some years ago, in one of the wes-
tern courts, three men—an En-lish-
man an Irishman and a Scotchman—
were found guilty of murder and sen-
tenced to be hung. The Judge told
them they could each choose the tree
on which they would like to be "strung
up." The Scotchman promptly chose
an ash tree. "Well, Pat, what will
you be hung on?" asked the Judge.
"If you please your honor, I'd rather
be hung on a gooseberry bush." "Oh!"
said the Judge, "that's not big enough."
"Begorry, thin," replied Pat, brighten-
ing up, "I'll wait till it grows."

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Has been RE-FITTED, and no pains is now
spared to make all who may call Comfortable
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Oct. 27, 1870. JEREMIAH GALWICK. 34-1y

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we will soon hear what you have to say.
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These figures will be greatly reduced by the
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51-4f