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OVER THE DAM.

BY ZELOTES R. BENNETT.

Yes, life is a swift-running' river,
And it's mighty hard stemmin' the tide,
But the boat glides so smoothly at startin'
That one feels jest like lettin' it glide,
You hear the wild roar of the rapids
That below you now thunder and break,
But you think you can easily pull back
When you see their white foam in your wake.

Well, with me it was mighty smooth sailin'
Durin' all of life's first summer hours,
And the river sang ever so sweetly,
And its banks were so brilliant with flowers!
While the bow that hung over the torrent
Seem'd a halo that beckon'd me there,
And the white mist that rose from the waters
Quite conceal'd the black gulf of despair!

To be sure, I pass'd friends as I drifted,
Pullin' steadily up 'gin the stream,
But I laughed as I saw how they labor'd,
While my boat danc'd along like a dream!
What matter'd which way it was glidin'?—
If I sailed with it up or sailed down?—
Behind I saw only life's struggles,
And before me was pleasure—life's crown.

I say I pass'd friends pullin' up stream,
And they warned me of danger below;
But advice is so cheap that when given
It amounts to jest nothin', you know!
And exper'ence—well, that's of some value,
But it ain't always wisdom it brings;
I've got it—you're right; tis a nettle,
And I pluck'd it at cost of its stings!

It's tough, lookin' up that bright river,
An' seein' where I might have turned back,
To think that I took things so easy,
Letin' everything go to the rack;
But I'm here now, jest as you find me,
And I'm—well, you can see what I am;
I drifted, you know, with the current,
And of course I went over the dam.

Early Rising.

The celebrated Dr. Doddridge mention, in his "Family Expositor," that to his habit of early rising the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works.

Sir Thomas Moore remarks, in his preface to the "Uptopia," that he completed the work by stealing time from his sleep and meals. He made it his invariable practice to rise at four.

The well-known Bishop Barnet was an habitual early riser. When at college his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock; and continued the practice during the remainder of his life.

"I spent," says Dr. Paley, when giving an account of the early part of his life at college, "the first two years of undergraduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and extensive. At the commencement of the third year, after having left the usual party at a late hour, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my beside, and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing probably, if I were to try; and I could afford the indolent life you lead. You could do everything, [illegible] thing, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' I was so struck with the visit and visitor that I lay in bed a great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to lay my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole day, took supper at nine, went to bed, and continued the practice up to this hour." The consequence was he became a great man.

Since the year 1848, when gold was first discovered in California, that State has produced $1,380,700,000 worth of the precious metal. In the year named the yield was $8,000,000, and in 1853, the year in which the greatest yield occurred, the product was $68,000,000. Between 1865 and 1872 the average annual yield was about $60,000,000, with no appreciable evidence of reduction. In Nevada, the two great mines known as the Belcher and the Crown Point, situated in the Comstock lode, yielded up to Sept. 1, of this year, over, $26,000,000 in gold, with a clear profit to the stockholders in dividends of more than $14,000,000. The Belcher mine commenced to yield in 1863 and the Crown Point in 1869. During last April and May these mines produced an average of $81,000 per day.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.—The late news from France indicates that a coalition is being formed between the Republicans and the Imperialists, against the Monarchists under the lead of the Count of Chambord. This action on the part of the Republicans, coupled with the earnest desire of Thiers, to effect the object, shows that the Republic of France is on its last legs. The question now for French statesman to consider is: Will they have the old Bourbon Monarchy as represented by Chambord or another trial of Bonepartism? The chances, however, seem now to be in favor of Chambord, yet no one can measure the depths of Imperial Intrigue, or Republican revenge. Eugenie may be the Empress Regent within a fortnight, with McMahon at the head of the Cabinet.

CHANGED THE NAME.—Nebraska named a town Vanderbilt and then wrote to the Commodore. He replied that he didn't care a d—n, and the way they changed the name of that town would have made his hair stand on end.

Never Dies nor Surrenders.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The result of the contest in Ohio is full of encouragement to the lion-hearted Democracy of the country. It gives the lie to those pseudo political philosophers, who have been asserting the Democratic party had won its last battle in the great States of the Union, and it presages the general success of that organization in the elections to take place next month. We expect to chronicle a brilliant victory in New York, which shall even outstrip that just achieved in Ohio. In the former, as in the latter State, the party stands upon a platform of the soundest timber. The New York Democracy have covered themselves with glory. They have come back to the simple faith and noble creed of Jefferson. They have risen up like brave and true patriots, and now stand face to face with the enemy. It is very cheering, in view of the moral cowardice and temporizing policy of the last few years, to witness this manly gathering of the hosts of Democracy, on the principles of the Old Guard, in the Empire State. The Democracy in all its years of adversity never was so pregnant with hope as it is to-day, never stood in so little fear of the future. As Senator Casserly said, in one of his speeches, the motto of the Democratic party of the Union is grander than that of Napoleon's Old Guard, for "it never dies and never surrenders." Everywhere let the members of this party preserve the organization. There is no fear of harm from the temporary parties that spring up for a single, circumscribed purpose. They will flash across the political sky meteor-like, to disapper forever in the dark abyss of space. All Democrats must now organize as a band of brothers, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Cannadas, for the rescue of their imperiled institutions. Let those who have been lured off for a while return to their allegiance, and let those who have always been faithful remain steadfast until the last.

It should be borne in mind by our fellow-Democrats that the questions of the future, which press upon us for present consideration and for final settlement at no remote period, are not local or temporary in their application or interest. They are not questions new in political philosophy. The circumstances may be different from any before contemplated; but they have not been entirely unforeseen or unprovided for. The wise and prescient founders of the Democratic party based their political structure upon a rock, and nothing shall finally prevail against it so long as the Union lasts. The Democracy is coeval and coexistent with the Union itself. It is well for our co-partisans in this State, who are now listening to the voice of the siren of the new party men, to reflect upon these matters. Let them bear in mind that there are other evils in this country beside those of the gigantic monopolies, and let them bear in mind, also, that those who are now making the loudest professions of antagonism to the aggressions of the corporations have been but very recently co-workers with them, and now have abandoned their associates from selfish and interested motives. Let Democrats ask themselves what have these new party men to say of the usurpations of the Federal Administration in the South. How can any conscientious Democrat assist to destroy his own party to elevate one who has been so recently the bitter enemy of all we hold dear in principle and of all to whom we are allied in the community of blood and creed? Consider that the whole South—the home of Democracy, the birthplace not only of Washington and Jefferson, but of so much that is truthful, chivalrous, and glorious in our history, that gave to the Republic the Northwest and the Mississippi Valley, and even our own California, and the gold and the very public lands that swindling corporations have stolen from us, is in ruins, its civilization trampled out under the hoofs of barbarian negroes, led on by what the *Day-Book* fitly describes as the vilest hordes of thieves and villains, cowards and brutes, that ever insulted heaven or polluted the earth since time began.

In all human history there is no parallel; the scourging of Attila, or the ravages of the Turks, or even the Sepoy insurrection cannot be compared for a moment with the infernal work of these Radicals in the South, with an army to back them and half a million of its best and bravest lying under the green sod. Its disarmed and helpless people, its fragile women and innocent children, have been robbed and outraged, and tortured beyond expression, to blot out, or in the cant phrase of the monsters to "abolish" the civilization of Washington and Jackson, and "reconstruct" a "new order" that reverses the order of nature and "reforms" the work of God Almighty as well as that of the founders of American liberty. That such a diabolical system could go on for eight years, and the American Democracy stand shivering in the wind, and stupidly striving to overcome it by "policy," will be the wonder of all future ages. But thank Heaven, the faithful few—the glorious "Old Guard," who have kept the faith and fed the fires burning on the sacred alters of Democracy—have at last been rewarded with the spectacle of a regenerative and manly gathering of the Democratic hosts for deadly battle with the enormous villains who have so long desecrated and polluted, without resistance or even protest, the glorious land of Washington. It is true, we have yet too many of the old leaders among us, who, with "white lips and bated breath," counsel "prudence," but every hour the ground is slipping from under their feet, and new men, are coming to the front charged with the holy mission of leading the gathering hosts to a grander victory and nobler work than even that of Jefferson and the Democrats of ninety-eight.

What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he wants, hired servants can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them. But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and many need a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds—a man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardley supply the need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more. The other half, surprised above measure, have got more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a noble idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, and sympathy and love.

A STUMP SPEECH IN NEW PLACE.—It is all very proper, remarks the New York *Herald*, to give credit where credit is due, and to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," but we do not see the precise necessity of injecting into the official monthly report of the condition of the public debt a stump speech in favor of the present administration. It is true the debt has been very handsomely reduced under General Grant, but it really seems to us that the people who have paid their heavy taxes without complaining deserve the credit therefor fully as much as the administration under whose eye and cognizance the late Congressional salary grab occurred, and at whose connivance the salaries of the President and other public officers were enormously increased, for all of which the people will have to pay in the way of enhanced taxation.

WHITE HOUSE APPROPRIATIONS.—Troublesome people will not let the President and his increased salary of fifty thousand dollars alone. Congressman Willard, of Maine, has found out that the appropriations for 1873–74 to the expenses of the White House are about seventy-seven thousand dollars, in addition to the fifty thousand dollars recently voted. Most persons think that the President keeps up the White House. Not at all. How erroneous is such an idea as will be seen from the following appropriations by Congress: Furnace keepers, $720; two policemen, $2,600; one nightwatchman, $900; usher, $1,200; two doorkeepers, $2,400; steward, $2,000; messenger, $1,200; secretary and clerk, $10,600; contingent expenses, $6,000; annual repairs, White House, $15,000; refurnishing White House, $10,000; fuel, $5,000; green house, $10,000; grounds, $10,000.

BACK PAY.—The Missouri *Democrat* has a charming way of putting the back pay business.

Stephen A. Douglas used to take his $8 a day, and be satisfied; but John A. Logan thinks he is underpaid at $7,500 for six months service—or about $40 a day.

William H. Seward never grumbled that he was underpaid when he was receiving about $1,500 a year as Senator. Conkling and Fenton voted themselves five times that much, and yet they are not happy.

John C. Calhoun was a fire-eater and secessionist and all that, but he never was mean enough to steal $5,000 out of the Treasury in a single haul, as his successors from the Palmetto State have done.

Daniel Webster made a tolerable good Senator at the rate of $8 per diem, counting only the actual days spent in Washington; but Mr. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, thinks he is five times as valuable to the country as the Great Exponnder was.

EX-GOVERNOR FOOTE, in his "Reminiscences," is exhibiting too much spleen against Mr. Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis' friends may have forgiven Mississippi for her repudiation, and all that sort of thing, but they can never forgive her the wrong she did the upper house of Congress when, in electing a United States Senator, she put her Foote in it.—*Courier Journal.*

WHY CALLED "SHE."—The following are reasons why a ship is called 'she': "They are useless without employment, they bring news from abroad, they wear caps and bonnets, they are often painted, and a man never knows the expense till he gets one."

Why Money is Scarce.

We presume that throughout nearly all the Western States money is what is usually known as "very close" in the agricultural districts—in the mining and manufacturing districts, money is always more plentiful at this season of the year than in the purely agricultural ones. In these there seems to be a universal complaint of scarcity of money. The country merchant cannot meet his Eastern obligations because he "cannot collect." Not only is this the case now, but it has been the case repeatedly in the past, and according to the rule of probabilities will be the case frequently in the future.

A state of affairs like this that incommodes the whole community, that destroys prosperity, must have a cause, and this cause should be hunted out and removed. It will be far better, more effectual and lasting to remove the cause of these financial difficulties than it will be to patch it up with temporary loans or issues of currency.

In our opinion the trouble is caused by the American habit of living on the expectation of what we are going to have.

Let us illustrate our position a little: A young man comes of age with a heritage of a thousand or two dollars; he very wisely decides to marry and buy a farm. Having settled down in life, he next proceeds to reckon what his profits for the ensuing year will be, something after this wise: "I have twenty acres of wheat; at fifteen bushels to the acre this will yield me three hundred bushels, which at $1 50 per bushel will bring me $450. Then I will cut twenty-five tons of hay; allowing I save five tons for my own use, there are twenty tons, which at $10 a ton will bring $200. I will sell no corn but feed it to my hogs. I will have forty to sell after saving out enough for home use. If they weigh 200 lbs each, and I get $10 ⅌ 100 lbs., there is $800; making a total of $1450. To be on the safe side, I will allow $450 for wages and losses, and can safely calculate on $1,000 as my profits."

Working on this principle, he begins to spend money—no, he does not spend it, for he has none to spend—but goes in debt on the calculation that he has an income of a thousand a year. He buys stock and machinery on credit, to be paid for "when the crops are sold." He runs a little bill at the grocer's, at the dry goods store, at the tailor's, and his wife runs him one up at the milliner's.

By and by the season is over, and he begins to look at the result, which is not so pleasing as he anticipated. Part of his wheat crop failed altogether, the balance was poor, and his whole twenty acres brought him but 150 bushels—which he sold at $1 10 a bushel. His hay crop not turning out so well as he anticipated, and having purchased more stock, he is obliged to keep back more of it for his own use, and the amount he has left for sale will scarcely pay for the cost of harvesting. He has lost one or two horses, and the doctor has a long bill against him. His hogs did not average two hundred apiece, and brought him but $4 a hundred instead of $10.

Then bills foot up faster than he imagined. It is astonishing how rapidly a bill grows at a store where you get just what you want and tell them to "book it."

Altogether, instead of being able to meet all his bills, and have something left over to spend during the coming season, he has to give his note for part of his accounts, and start the season without a cent of money on hand.

Does he learn any wisdom by the experience? Very little. Perhaps he has good crops the next season, and is able to pay all his fresh accounts and part of his old notes, and so struggles, always living each year on the expectations of that year's crops being constantly "short of money," and the first bad season is unable to meet his store bill again. Is it any wonder with such a system that ready money is scarce? It is so easy to make bills when the merchant knows your "credit is good," pay-day looks a long way off, and just a little now and then cannot amount to much, and he falls into the old ruts again and travels them so often that he at last loses all desire or expectation of getting out of them.

What is the remedy? Short and simple, though not always agreeable at the first. It is this:

Never spend your money 'till you have it!

Scrape along, economize, do anything to get through the first year if possible without going into debt. Deny your self-luxuries and let your recreation be the contemplation of the peace and comfort that shall be yours the coming year. Before purchasing an article, think twice whether you can do without it, and make it a rule never, if it can possibly be avoided, to purchase anything for which you have not the money on hand to pay with. Then the next year you will have the money in your pockets, know how much you have to spend, and have a clear conscience, unvexed with that most depressing of all questions: "How am I going to meet my next winter's store bill?"

We think if this plan was pretty generally followed for a few years there would cease to be the constant cry of "no money," and the cry whenever there is a short crop or the sudden fall in the price of some article of produce of "the farmers can't pay their debts."

We trust our readers will not misunderstand us so far as to think we are recommending a plan of miserly or penurious living; quite the contrary. We like to see a man enjoy the fruits of his labor, and spend his money in accordance with the amount he is making, but not in accordance with what he expects to make. One is liberality—the other reckless.

We have laid the burden of blame on the farmers, because it is they who really bring the money into the country, and it is upon them that the whole community depends. Merchants and dealers produce nothing; they are simply middle-men between the producer and consumer. When the farmers are prosperous, pay their debts promptly, and are doing well, the whole community shares in the prosperity. When they are behindhand and unable to meet their debts, the whole business community is depressed and suffers therefrom. This reform, therefore, must begin with them, and it is them we address because they alone have the power to accomplish it.

We do not expect to overturn this evil and remodel the community by this article; but we have had the satisfaction of "saying our say," and saying what every reasonable man will recognize as truth, and we wish the press at large to take the matter up and agitate it until the reform is accomplished.—*The Bumble Bee.*

Agriculture in Greece.

In Northern Greece, agricultural implements are of the rudest character. On the rich, Crissæan plains, within an hour of the bay of Corinth, the Homeric plough still turns the earth. A stick of hard wood, sharpened and held point downward, is drawn by ox or donkey. If the form of a plough is given, with rude coulter, the acme is obtained. Where wealth exists and intelligence is more advanced, it is difficult to introduce implements. The attempt was made near Livadhia to use an iron plough of the pattern approved elsewhere, and the peasants rejected it and clung to the fashions of their ancesters. Only the sickle is used in reaping. Grain is threshed on earth-hardened or stone floors, by the treading of cattle, horses or men, as the Old Testament describes the process in the days of the patriarchs. It is winnowed by tossing it into the air, and allowing the wind to carry off the chaff, while the kernel falls into a sieve shaken by hand. These methods prevail even under the shadow of the Acropolis of Athens. It is no wonder that the donkeys have not much burden of harvest to carry to distant market, even from fruitful Bœotia.

Nor is it strange that out of four million acres of arable land in the kingdom, only one million and a half are under cultivation at all. The government tax is one-tenth of the product in kind. Notwithstanding all these drawback, the value of cereals produced in Greece, according to the official figures of last year, was $7,532,333, and the principal products exported amounted to $8,348,864. Of currants, the crop ranges from 70,000 to 82,000 tons a year, valued at from $5 to $6 per ton.

This insight into the Charlestown Navy Yard is furnished by that rebellious organ, the Boston *Advertiser*: "Some idea of the way in which the Navy Yard is used by political tricksters may be inferred from one or two instances. Not long ago an order came from the Department in Washington to appoint an applicant to a certain place—Superintendent of Paints, perhaps; at any rate, an office which did not exist, and for the creation of which there is no earthly reason, except that some body had demanded that the man should have a position under the Government. Whether the service he had rendered to secure the place was political or not, we cannot say; but there was nothing for him to do except to report regularly on pay-day, and it is doubtful whether he ever did a day's work of the kind nominally given him."

OLD SAYING.—Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence; they take all the colors of life; they are often exquisite strokes of genius; they delight by airy sarcasm, by their costic satire, the luxuriance of their humor, the playfulness of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They gave a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man in all the various states which he may occupy. A frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasure of thought.

THE PART OF JACKSON.—The Richmond *Enquirer* says that Grant played the part of Jackson recently on a small scale. When Jackson found the United States Bank rotten and about to collapse, he removed the deposits. Grant did the same when he got private information that the First National Bank was going to burst. The difference is that Jackson took away the public money and Grant took away his own, leaving $100,000 of the public money to be lost in the ruins.

MATRIMONIAL STRATEGY.—A henpecked gentleman determined to sup with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and, just for a lark, invaded his residence, where they found him and his wife sitting in chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

According to a California paper a young lady of Sacramento in telling a gentleman about her Yosemite trip said the scenery was gorgeous—perfectly ravishing—but she didn't like their style of locomotion down there. "How's that?" said her friend, "how did you locomote?" "Why, don't you think," she replied, "I had to ride a la clothes-pin."

The King and The Soldier.

Frederick of Prussia had a great mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers into the Royal Guards, and paid an enormous bounty to his recruiting officer for obtaining them. One day the recruiting sergeant chanced to espy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high; he accosted him in English, and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of Military life and the large bounty so delighted Patrick that he immediately consented.

"But, unless you can speak German, the king will not give you so much."

"Oh!" said the Irishman, sure it's I that don't know a word of German."

"But," said the sergeant, "three words will be sufficient, and these you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guards. As soon as he sees you, he will ride up and ask you how old you are; you will say 'Twenty-seven;' next how long you have been in the service; you will reply 'Three weeks;' finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations; you answer 'Both."

Pat soon learned to pronounce his answers, but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with "present arms."

"How old are you?" said the king.

"Three weeks," said the Irishman.

"How long have you been in the service?" asked his majesty.

"Twenty-seven years."

"Am I or you a blockhead?" roared the king.

"Both," replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guard-room, but pardoned by the king after he understood the facts of the case.

HOW TO BET.—A Yankee arriving in Boston without money or friends was revolving in his mind whereby he could raise the *chink*, as he expressed it. Jonathan had never visited a city in his life. He strolled into a shoemaker's where an advertisement, "Wanted, a first class boot-maker," appeared on the window, and accosted the proprietor:

"Do you want a first class boot-maker, here?"

"Yes."

"What do you pay?"

"That depends on your capacity. Have you worked on custom work?"

"I reckon. You jest try me, Captain; I hain't skeered a bit at tryin'."

The proprietor gave his new hand a bench and materials and bade him make a pair of ladies' gaiters. Soon after he left the store on business.

Jonathan made a shoe, but such a horrible affair that, ashamed to show it, he hid it in the shavings. Just as he completed the second shoe the proprietor returned. He flew into a passion at beholding the botched shoe.

"You confounded rascal, so bad a shoe has never been made in this establishment!" he exclaimed.

"Would you like to bet on that, stranger?"

"Bet. Yes, I bet $10 no such work as that was ever done in this store."

Jonathan walked to the shavings, dragged forth his first shoe, and, coolly pocketing his ten dollars, walked off.—*Inland Monthly.*

The Romish Church has met with another check, in Brazil in asserting her extravagant claims to determine the civil as well as the spiritual status of individuals. The question whether Protestant marriages are dissolved by the conversion of one of the wedded pair to Catholicism has been decided against her. Many Brazilian jurists defended this monstrous assumption, the Catholic bishops sanctioning the re-marriage of converts without regard to their existing wedlock. This state of things has now come to an end through the instrumentality of Herr Hermann Haupt, who, being in Rio Janero, while the post of German Charge d'Affairs in that capital was vacant, called the attention of the Government to the re-marriage of two German converts whose Protestant husbands were still alive. The Emperor, after consulting the State Council, decided that Protestant marriages are indissoluble except by judicial decree, that the two women had incurred the guilt of bigamy, and that they and the priests who performed the ceremony of marriage had laid themselves open to criminal prosecution.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above every other feature that adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak when required, with seriousness and kindness of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or blush.

There was an election recently in the cities and towns interested on the question of annexing Charlestown, Brookline, Brighton, and West Roxbury to Boston. Boston declared her willingness to each case by a large majority, and each of the towns offered itself as a willing subject for the deglutition except Brookline. Boston gains 50,000 population with her three new wards.

Keeping Butter.

While a well in this vicinity, was being cleaned recently, a half-pound of butter was found in the bottom as good and sweet as when first made. How long it had been there no one knows. The present occupant of the premises has been fifteen years on the place, and the pump being in constant use there had been no occasion before to have it cleaned. The butter must have been there all this time, and how long before is not known. The outside was of a paler color than that within, but otherwise there was no change.

It is not unknown to good dairy folks that butter will keep well in cool, pure spring water, and some have taken advantage of the fact to preserve butter in close vessels under the surface. But we think it is not generally known that it would keep so long in actual contact with the water. It might be worth considering whether this hint about preserving butter might not be taken advantage of, so as to irritate a regular plan of preserving butter sweet and fresh, until markets or other circumstances favor good prices. It is one of the weaknesses of the butter business that at some seasons prices are ruinously low, and the usual remedy of potting is not a very good cure.

The water, of course, must be cool and pure. At a high temperature, such as most water near the surface reaches, vegetable organisms grow that would soon communicate decay to organic matter in the water; but there are many places where a lagoon of the proper condition of pure well water could readily be constructed.

It may not be out of place here to remark, that little hints such as these are continually occurring in almost every one's experience; but only soon to be forgotten. Yet often if the suggestion be listened to and the thread followed up, one might get on the track of some good idea that would rapidly make a fortune. We think that new inventions require much study; but the truth is most of our best discoveries have been by accident.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Burial of Capt. Hall.

A SKETCH OF THE FUNERAL

By Schuman is particularly affecting. The scene on the foreground is a series of rugged blocks of ice, a snow plain white with undriven snow occupies the middle distance, while in the distance are rugged bluffs, and promontories and huge masses of amorphous rocks. To the left of the picture the ice-bound waters of Polaris Bay shimmer in the clear light of the stars and the more fitful gleams of the evanescent auroras. On a snow bank close to the edge of the bay is a wooden shed (the observatory) and a tall flag pole with the stars and stripes at half mast. In the centre of the picture, slowly trudging along over the snow plain, is the funeral cortege. The bier rests on a sledge and is covered with the national flags. In procession two by two, the crew in their Arctic dress, fur caps, fur jackets, and top boots, with lanterns in their hands, are gently drawing the sledge with a hawser. One man marches a few paces in advance at the head of the procession, lantern in hand. Behind the sledge are the Esquimaux members of the crew, straggling after the sledges in bewilderment and grief at the scene.

AFTER THE DEATH OF HALL.

Mr. Semanen, a German, a Baptist, and a teetotaller, complains that after Captain Hall's death the regular Sunday services, which were so faithfully held from Sabbarh to Sabbath during the Commander's *regime* fell into desuetude. "Things got very changed then, I tell you," are his words. The carpenter Mr. Coffin, who measured Mr. Hall's body for the bier, states that the countenance was calm, placid and devoid of the least trace of pain or suffering far more natural and fresh in color than any face of death he ever remembers to have seen. The carpenter, as I have already said is a poet and his incubrations have been enlivening the pages of the Scottish newspapers. There is no questioning the honest sincerity of his emotion when he recites his lofty panegyric of the greatness of Gaptain Hall. Hall, one may say, died with the word "Excelsior" on his lips. "Find the Pole; never mind me," was his latest utterance.—*N. Y. Herald.*

An Iowa editor, recently, to keep up with the style, ran away with another man's wife. He did not get off so easily however, as he imagined he would. The man followed and overtook the truant couple. The editor got behind the woman, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible, He was uncertain as to whether the outraged husband would shoot him, or murder him with a carving knife. He stood there, like the boy upon the burning deck, and calmly awaited the result. The outraged husband came up within about two feet of the editor, and said: "Cuss your impudence. I WANT TO STOP MY PAPER." That was all. The editor recovered himself and said he would have the matter attended to at once. During this trying scene the woman stuck to the editor like a sand burr to a girl's stocking. Some get mad and stop their paper for almost nothing—it beats all.

A negro member of the Mississippi Legislature is in jail for stealing a hog. His friends say he really didn't want the hog, but felt that, as a Radical leader, he must steal something, and he could find nothing else to steal.—*Courier-Journal.*

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