WEEKLY ERA.

W. M. BROWN, Manager.

Rates of Subscription:

WEEKLY—One year, in advance, $2 00
Six months, in advance, 1 00
Three months, " 50
TRI-WEEKLY—One year, in advance, 3 00
Six months, " 2 00
Three months, " 1 00
One month, " 50

THE WEEKLY ERA.

VOL. III. RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1874. NO. 38.

WEEKLY ERA.

OFFICE IN THE OLD "STANDARD" BUILDING, ONE SQUARE SOUTH OF THE COURT HOUSE, FAYETTEVILLE STREET.

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WEEKLY ERA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Beatrice Cenci.

THE STORY OF A WELL-KNOWN FACE.

In the picture gallery of the Berberina Palace, at Rome, hangs the portrait of a young Roman girl, painted by Guido. It is a beautiful but melancholy face, whose "south look of sweet, sorrowful eyes," reproduced in cromo, are so frequently seen in parlor and shop windows. For of all the famous paintings in Rome none is better known or more copied than this. It derives peculiar interest from the history of her whose features it is said to represent.

Francesco Cenci, the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Rome, was a man of violent temper, and, in his household, intolerably cruel. Two of his sons were assassinated at his instigation. At length, unable longer to endure his cruelties and tyranny, his family appealed to the Pope, Clement VIII, for protection, the petition was miscarried, and remained, of course, unanswered.

On the night of the 15th of September, 1598, Francesco was murdered. He was found with an enormous nail driven into each of his eyes—a mode of assassination which indicated that at least two persons were engaged in the work. One of them was finally captured, and upon examination, charged the wife, a son, and the daughter, Beatrice, with having prompted the deed. They had, he testified, put the victim to sleep by administering a narcotic draught, and then had introduced himself and his accomplice into Francesco's chamber. They were arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where they were from time to time, as was the practice during the middle ages, subjected to the tortures of the rack to force them to confess the crime. As was frequently the case with the accused, whether guilty or not, preferring death to this lingering agony, the mother and brother made confession. But for nearly a year Beatrice continued firm in her declarations of innocence. At last a new method of torture was devised, to inflict which which would make it necessary to cut off her hair, which is described as being "the most silken, the longest, and the most marvelous in color ever seen." At this she turned pale. "Touch not my head," she cried. "Let me die without mutilation." And to save her tresses she, too, yielded.

Her beauty, the belief in her innocence, the courage she had shown, had won the sympathy and compassion of the whole Roman populace, and the Pope was besieged with petitions to grant her pardon. This he was nearly persuaded to do, when at the trial her cause was most eloquently pleaded by the counsel appointed for the defense, and it was shown how probably a man so generally disliked and dreaded as Francesco should have had enemies outside his own household to plot against his life. Other murders of similar character occurring about this time, induced the Pope to refuse pardon, and it is thought that his decision was influenced by the considerations that in the event of their condemnation the property of the prisoners would come into the possession of the church. They were, therefore, publicly executed on the piazza of the bridge of St. Angelo, September the 9th, 1599. All the windows, roofs and balconies in the vicinity were filled with people to witness the scene, so great was the interest felt for the beautiful and young heroine.

The portrait by Guido is said to have been painted just before her execution, and during her confinement in prison. Her story has furnished food for many a romance, and has often been represented upon the stage. She is still generally supposed to have been innocent of the crime, and for every one recalling this passage of history, the picture has a strange fascination.

There was once a German nobleman who led a foolish and dissipated life neglecting his people, his family, and his affairs, drinking and gambling. He had a dream one night which vividly impressed him. He saw a savage figure looking at him with a serious face and pointing to a dial when the hands masked the hour of 1v. The figure looked at him sadly and said these words, "After four," and disappeared. The nobleman awoke in great terror thinking the vision foreboded speedy death. "After four!" What could it mean? It must mean that he would die in four days. So he set his house in order, sent for a priest, confessed his sins and received absolution. He also sent for his family and begged their forgiveness for past offences. After arraguing his affairs with his man of business he waited for death. The four days passed on and he did not die. He then concluded the vision meant four weeks. He did all the good he could, but at the end of two weeks he was still alive. It is plain now, he said, the vision meant four years, and in the next four years he gave his whole life and fortune for the improvement of his people, his neighbors, and the poor, taking an honorable part in public affairs. At the end of fonr years he was elected Emperor of Germany.

American Home Life—A Lecture by Grace Greenwood.

"Indoors" is the title of a lecture delivered in Plymouth church, Brrooklyn, on Wednesday evening, by Grace Greenwood. She began the lecture by controverting the proposition that American home life is declining, and that by an extension of the franchise to women it would receive it death blow. She did not believe, she said, in either of these propositions. She was willing to ackowledge that American home life was not all that it should be, but the woman question, she contended, lay at the very threshold of the home question. Having briefly alluded to the way in which men arrange matters for the guidance of women, the lecturer proposed to reverse the state of things—to put the saddle on another horse, and to propound a code of rules for the guidance of man in such matters as manners, amusements, dress, love, courtship, marriage, deportment toward wives and mothers-in-law, politics, religion, and so forth, humorously illustrating the question by placing before the auditors a number of obligations incident to the above conditions. She asked how would men like this state of affairs, and with some elaboration, ridiculed the theory put forward by the Duke of Argyle that no woman had a right to appear on a platform except it was to be hanged, and that then, of course, it was inevitable. Men, she said, gave much laudation to women, but justice would be better. She did not think that men meant to be unjust tyrants towards women, and she averred that she would not say so, even if she thought so. The lecturer next referred to conjugal life, the great sheet-anchor of home, which, she said, had been more jested about than any other sentiment. This was especially true in respect to the Spanish, French, and Italian, as, for instance: "A woman is to be found home three times—when she is christened, when she is married, and when she is buried." "He that takes an eel by the tail or a woman by her word may say he holds nothing." "He that loses his wife and a farthing hath great loss of his farthing." But notwithstanding these things she believed that there is much conjugal affection among us yet, and that there is a good deal of truth in the old proverb, "There is but one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her." Referring to the relations which frequently exist between husband and wife, arising out of the sense of absolute and secure possession, she quoted the philosophy of Artemus Ward, who said on the subject, "Now you are married and can eat onions." The enunciation of this sentiment created much laughter. She also referred to that compound of weariness and disgust termed ennui, which frequently springs up between young people who marry without any fixed and abiding love. Ennui she termed the devil's usher. She then proceeded to the consideration of marital jealousies. The troubles of husbands in respect to mothers-in-law were humorously considered, and a difficulty was suggested in respect to Mormonism to the effect that, although the Mormons might be reconciled to a plurality of wives, they would scarcely be favorably disposed toward a plurality of mothers-in-law. In reference to many marriages the lecturer said that when love is out at elbows all the world may know it; that that skeleton will jump out of the closet, and always when company is present. She especially counseled domestic privacy, and in this connection she referred to the fact that domestic affairs were continually noised abroad in the newspapers. The reporters did all this, of course, but she thought that many of the sins of society were frequently laid on the shoulders of the "rascally" reporters. She also sympathized with that class of unfortunates, in the fact that they are so frequently obliged to listen to stupid lecturers, and expression of sentiment in which there is much justice.

A Pen Portrait of Disraeli.

This great conservative leader, in whose hands have been reposed all the material interests of the Church and aristocracy, is anything but the type of an Englishman. He is a tall and rather broad-shouldered man—though otherwise not of stout build—with a slight stoop, of very sphinx-like looks; a sallow complexion and a dreamy expression; a long and shaven upper lip, closely shaven whiskers, and an imperial. His walk is more like that of a dancing master than of a genuine John Bull, his toes evidently doing much more work than his heels. A hearty, joyous laugh from him would seem to be impossible; but there is frequently a very sardonic smile upon the face of this master of irony. Whatever may be his religious views—and they appear by some of his novels to be a singular mixture of Christianity and Judaism—he is the first of the Hebrew race who has attained the position of Premier of England, and he is equally proud of the favored people from whom he traces a distinguished lineage. Although in his sixty-ninth year, Disraeli shows no signs of senility, and could wear out many a much younger man in hours of oratorical effort, or in watching the interests of the party he presides over, even from the foremost opposition bench of the House of Commons.

Why Women Marry.

Some close observer of social relations, having looked about among his married female acquaintances, ventures to give the following list, with an attempt to indicate the reasons which influence many to marry.

Number one has married for a home. She got tired working in a factory, or teaching school. She thought married life on earth was but moonlight walks, buggy rides new bonnets and nothing to do. Well she has got her home, whether or not she is tired of the incumberance this deponent saith not inasmuch as this deponent does not now positively know.

Number two married because she had seven young sisters and a papa with a narrow income! She consulted the interest of the family. Perhaps she had better consulted her own interest by taking in sewing, or some other light work.

Number three married because Mrs. sounded better than Miss. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transformed her into a regular old maid. Think how awful that would have been!

Number four married because she wanted somebody to pay her bills. Her husband married for the same reason, so they are both repenting at leisure.

Number five married because she was poor and wanted riches. She never counted on all the other things that were inseparable from those coveted riches.

Number six married because she thought she would like to travel. But Mr. Number Six changed his mind afterward, and all the traveling she has done has been between the well and the back kitchen door.

Number seven married out of spite, because her first love had taken to himself a second love. This piece of retaliation might have done her good at that time, but in the long run number seven found it did not pay.

Number eight married because she had read novels and wanted sympathy. Sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic kettle is not kept boiling, and the domestic turkey is done. Novels and housekeeping don't run very well together in harness, to use a sporting term, and number eights supply of sympathy don,t last very long.

Number nine married because she loved her husband with all her heart and soul. and she loves him still, and will probably continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world— so she says.

We have got the right motive at last, a motive which, when sanctioned by a desire and resolution to improve and elevate each other, and to live true and holy lives before God, cannot fail to call down the blessings of Heaven. But sad is the fate of those who marry from wrong motives, to escape their share of life's work, or get something for which they have nothing to give in return.

Barnum's next Sensation.

The greatest showman of the day is once more in London, completing preparations for opening of the immense Hippodrome which he is erecting in New York. He has leased from the Harlem Railway Company property in the very centre of the city, opposite Madison Park, Fifth Avenue Hotel, St James Hotel, and other principal buildings. The "track" of the Hippodrome is to be one-sixth of a mile in length, and some idea of the means which are being taken to create a sensation may be derived from the following facts: Barnum has not only sent agents to Spain and Africa to secure attractions, but has himself visited the Hippodrome in Paris, the Circus Renz at Vienna, Myer's Circus at Dresden, Salamonski and Garris's Circus at Cologne, the Zoological Gardens of Hamburg, Amsterdam, and other continental cities, selecting and purchasing the choicest animals procurable, and engaging the most talented artists. He has secured what may fairly be called an endless variety of attractions, ranging from a race horse to a Roman chariot. With the Messrs. Sanger alone, he has done business to the tune of £11,000. He has already shipped to New York elephants, camels, and horses trained for every species of circus performance. On the 25th a further batch will be dispatched, including sixteen ostriches ten elands, ten zebras, a team of rein deer with Lapland drivers, a troupe of performing dogs, goats, etc., etc. The armor and costume makers of London are to be set to work immediately, the pantomines are off their hands, and some portion of the paraphernalia which is to contribute to the gigantic whole, will be shipped weekly. The hippodrome will be opened in April next, and in the preliminary parade, we have no doubt, the citizens will say that their greatest and most popular showman has far outstripped all his former efforts. We may add that New York enterprise will in no way interfere with the famous tent show everywhere known as "Barnum's Great Museum, Menagerie, Circus and Travelling World's Fair."—*London Era.*

Why is a man who never lays a wager, quite as bad as one who does? Because he is no better.

Shad and Herring Fisheries.

The season for the prosecution of shad and herring fishing in North Carolina waters has already commenced, the receipts of shad by the Norfolk boat yesterday being ten barrels, which is now the daily average. The supply will gradually increase until it reaches fifty and then one hundred barrels per day. The first North Carolina shad are caught in the Albemarle and Pamlice Sounds, in stake nets, each 36 feet long. About 15,000 or 20,000 of these nets are set and fished by men in small boats, 200 nets being managed by one boat. From 500,000 to 1,000,000 shad are caught in this way every season. These fish are at once packed in ice, and in a few hours are in Norfolk, and in 24 hours after being caught are landed in this city. From here many are shipped to points in the West. In March the North Carolina fisheries about Edenton are in full blast, the enormous hauls of shad and herring being landed by means of seines. At least one million shad and many more herring are here caught, the shipments reaching from 100 to 500 large boxes each day. The North Carolina fish are considered superior, because they are caught as they leave the sea, and are always fat and in excellent condition. The first shad that reached here this season were caught in the St. John's river, Florida, and brought here by the Savannah steamers early in January. These fish are generally poor, and command but $30 per hundred, while North Carolina shad command $35. The Potomac and Maryland fishermen commence operations about the first of April. Shad are not caught in the waters north of here until as late as May and June.—*Baltimore American.*

Utah is not the only place in the United States where a man may enjoy a plurality of wives with impunity, although the process by which this privilege is obtained is not one calculated to endanger the institution of monogamy. Some years ago the house of a New Zealander named Oades was burned by natives while its owner was temporarily absent, and on his return he found, as he thought, the bones of his wife and children among the ruins. He thereupon sailed for California, and after the lapse of a few years married again. But his first wife was captured, not burned, by the savages, and she had regained her liberty, when she made her way to California, found her husband, and by a mutual agreement became and equal sharer with the second wife in her husband, and by a mutual agreement became an equal sharer with the second wife in her husband's American home—an instance of feminine generosity only paralleled by the English and Saracean wife of the old crusader. The family lived contentedly enough, but their neighbors were scandalized at this perversion and reversion of Enoch Arden's case, and they brought the matter before the courts. The laws of California, however, declares that if a husband or wife is separated from his or her consort for a period of five years, and either party marries again under the impression that the first consort is dead, the second marriage is not void except upon application of either party during the life of the other. As the two wives in the present case are willing to live under one roof, and as the husband is anxious to have them do so, the courts decline to interfere, and so the New Zealander is a bigamist according to law.

The Serpent of Appetite.

It is an eastern fable that a certain king once suffered the Evil One to kiss him on either shoulder. Immediately there sprang therefrom two serpents, who, furious with hunger, attacked the man, and strove to eat his brain. The now terrified king strove to tear them away and cast them from him, when he found, to his horror, that they had become a part of himself.

Just so it is with every one who becomes a slave to his appetite. He may yield in what seems a very little thing at first; even when he finds himself attacked by the serpent that lurks in the grass, he may fancy he can cast him off. But, alas! he finds the thirst for strong drink has become a part of himself. It would be almost as easy to cut off his right hand. The poor poet Burns said that if a barrel of rum was placed in one corner of the room, and a loaded cannon in another, pointing toward him, ready to be fired if he approached the barrel, he had no choice but to go for the rum.

The person who first temps you to take a glass may appear very friendly. It was not a dart that Satan aimed at the fated king. He only gave him a kiss. But the serpent that sprang from it was just as deadly, for all that.

O, be careful letting this serpent of appetite get possession of you, for it will be a miracle of grace, indeed, if you are ever able again to shake him off.

Could anything be better than the following, copied from the travelers' book at an inn in Switzerland:

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

"I've lost my portmanteau."
"I pity your grief."
"All my sermons were in it."
"I pity the thief."

Origin of Plants.

Madder came from the East.
Cabbage grew wild in Siberia.
Buckwheat came from Siberia.
Celery originated in Germany.
The Chestnut came from Italy.
The Potato is a native of Peru.
The Onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
Millet was first known in India.
The Nettle is a native of Europe.
The Citron is a native of Greece.
The Pine is a native of America.
Oats originated in North Africa.
The Poppy originated in the East.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Parsley was first known in Sardinia.
The Parsnip is a native of Arabia.
Sunflower was brought from Peru.
The Pear and Apple are from Europe.
Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.
The Mulberry tree originated in Persia.
The horse Chestnut is a native of Thibet.
The Cucumber came from the East Indies.
The Quince came from the Island of Crete.
The Radish is a native of China and Japan.
The Zealand Flax shows its origin by its name.
Pears are supposed to be of Egyptian origin.
The Garden Cress is from Egypt and the East.
Horse Radish came from the South of Europe.
Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.
The Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.
The Jerusalem Artichoke is a Brazilian production.
Barley was found in the mountains of Himalays.

A Brief Temperance Lecture.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Phillippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a few companions to breakfast, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated—he was not in any respect a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble—but in that joyous hour he drank just one glass too much. In taking the parting glass, he slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage; but for that one glass of wine he would have alighted on his feet. His head struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding he was taken into a beer shop near by, and died. The extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars, and sent the whole family into exile.

Soldiers Fifty Dollars per thousand.

Among the Ashantee allies of the British forces, under Sir Garnett Wolsely, were 11,000 men provided by Kings Ansa and Atta. These monarchs, with a noble patriotism, required neither pay for themselves nor their troops; only a few hundred muskets with some powder and lead, which, of course, were supplied. The actual services of other native troops were secured at fixed rates, which, regarding the belligerent nature of the services, were not high. The Kings were paid £10 or fifty dollars in round figures, per month for every thousand of the colored troops brought into the field. The Chiefs, answering in rank to our Major Generals we suppose, received five shillings a day, while the fighting men were paid three pence a day for provisions, but nothing for fighting, that being included in the £10 *douceur* to the ebony sovereigns who own them. Taking every thing into consideration, England got her food for powder at a cheap rate. Of course she put her colored allies in front where they couldn't well run away; but then at fifty dollars a thousand Sir Garnet could well afford occasionally to be a little reckless in his native warriors.

EVARTS' DONKEY STORY.—William M. Evarts tells this story: "A few summers since, at the urgent request of one of his youngest daughters, he sent up to his country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noise inspired her with the profoundest pity for his evident distress. So she wrote to her father: 'Dear papa,—I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so lonesome.' As Mr. Evarts renders this pathetic appeal it is irresistible.

On a Sunday evening, recently, a well known clergyman was eloquently enlarging upon the duty of forgiving one's enemies; and, among the questions which he put to the congregation—without, of course, expecting an answer—was, "Do you love your enemies?" To his surprise, some one promptly replied, "No, sir!" The speaker who thus unexpectedly made answer was a little boy sitting in one of the front pews; and the result, as may be imagined, was the upsetting of the gravity of both preacher and congregation.

Jewels.

It is said that Agnes Sorel, the favorite of Charles VI. of France, was the first noble-woman that ever wore a diamond necklace, the art of cutting and polishing diamonds being almost unknown until her time. It is said that this necklace, or carcanet, as it was called, was so heavy and uncomfortable that Agnes Sorel wore it only on state occasions. She however popularized the style, and diamonds soon became all the rage, and commanded fabulous prices. As there can be nothing permanent in the world of fashion, brilliants were in time superseded by artistically wrought gold and jewelry. Catharine de Medicis and Diana de Poitiers brought pearls into vogue, and diamonds were quite discarded until Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis I. of France, when she brought some remarkable gems from England; but after that unfortunate queen's return to Scotland, subsequent to her young husband's death, pearls regained their supremacy. On the occasion of Marie de Medicis' coronation, all the ladies of the court wore elegant head-dresses of pearls. Under the reign of Louis XIV., precious stones were brought in large quantities from Persia and India, and were more generly worn than before. Even the waist and sleeves of dresses were trimmed—if that word may be properly used—with turquoise and ruby *passementerie*, aigrettes of diamond, not to speak of the enormous and dazzelingly brilliant stomachers then in vogue. Diamonds were displayed in almost incredible profusion, as buttons and studs and pins; on the lids of snuff-boxes and jewel cases; on the handles of whips, parasols, and swords and the heads of canes; and, above all, on the lace-collars of the courtiers.

HOW SUCCESS IS ACHIEVED.—When Professor Agassiz was asked to become a member of a firm with the assurance that he could make "any amount of money," he replied "I have no time to make money." The principle of this doctrine is the secret of success in life. If a man could multiply himself, issue himself in many copies, and each copy apply itself to some business, he would, if he were a capable man like Agassiz, succeed in all; but each man can apply himself only to his own business, and there he must use his energy if he would succeed. This is the secret—concentration upon one business. Agassiz had no time to make money, to make love, to be a statesman, lawyer, mechanic, anything but just what he was—a scientist, whose specialty was ichthyology. All his energy was devoted to this purpose, and he succeeded. The concentration was intense and long-continued, and not even the great Cuvier was his equal.

BLACK WIT.—"I say, Josh, I war gwine down de street, de odder day, un' I seed a tree *bark*."

"Why, dad am nothing, Sam, I seed one *holler* once."

"Wal, I seed de same tree *leave*."

"Ya! ya! ya! did he take his *trunk* wid him?"

"No, he left dat for *board*."

Another.—"Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout dat queer case I had de oder day?"

"No, Pomp; what war it like?"

"Well, I will tell you. Mr. Grub came to me de odder day an' says he, 'Here Pomp, I'll gib you my house an' lot an' my fine hores for a cent.'"

"Good golly. What did you say, Pomp?"

"Why, I—I said he couldn't cheat dis nigger."

HOW TO MANAGE MISTAES.—As a minister and lawyer were riding together, said the minister to the lawyer:

"Sir do you ever make mistakes in pleading?"

"I do" said the lawyer.

"And what do you do with the mistakes?" enquired the minister.

"Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them; if small ones, I let them go," said the lawyer. "And pray, sir, continued he, "do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"And what do you do with the mistake?"

"Why sir, I dispose of them in the same manner you do—I rectify the large ones, and pass the small ones. Not long since, continued he, "as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the devil was the father of *liars*; but made a mistake, and said the father of *lawyers*. The mistake was so small that I let it go."

A FABLE.—"The millennium is come," said a lion to a lamb; "suppose you come out of that fold, and let us lie down together, as it has been foretold we should."

"Been to dinner to-day?" inquired the lamb.

"Not a bit of anything since breakfast," was the reply, "except a few lean swine, a saddle or two and some old harness."

"I distrust millennium," continued the lamb, thoughtfully, "which consists solely in our lying down together. My notion of that happy time is that it is a period in which pork and leather are not articles of diet, but in which every respectable lion shall have as much mutton as he can consume. However, you may go over yon sunny hill and lie down until I come."

Don't Go There.

The Danbury *News* says:

"One of our young men has ceased to make calls at a certain house. It appears that he went the other night from an oyster supper, and on her father appearing at the door, he observed: "Hallo, old tadpole! where is the floating gazelle? where is my love now dreaming?" This seemed to indicate that something was wanted, so he placed his hand sadly on the young man's shoulder, stowed away a large amount of leather under his coat tail, and then retired into the house. The young man doesn't go there any more. He says the small-pox is hereditary in the family."

A Brick of a Name.

A certain college professor asked a new student to give his name, and was astounded when the young man in response remarked, "You are a brick." "What do you mean sir?" he inquired, and again the obnoxious answer was given. At this the professor grew angry, declaring that he would not be insulted, when the innocent cause of his wrath disclaimed any intention of insulting him, and explained by saying, "My name is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynold Anderson ——." "Ah, indeed!" was the Professor's ejaculation, as he settled back, and added, "You will commence your lesson Mr.—a—a—Brick."

Dana.

Chas. A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, is nearly sixty. He walks in an erect and haughty way, with firm and lively step. He is very strong, and has a solidly built frame. His eyes are sound and clear, and his voice is stiff and hard as ever. It is marvelous to see how little he has changed in twenty years. Dana has grown rich through his proprietary interest in the *Sun* during five years; and his income from his paper and from the Cyclopedia (the second edition of which he is now editing, in company with Mr. Ripley) might safely be put down at one hundred thousand dollars a year for all the rest of the years of his life.

A mild and affectionate wife in Lancaster overheard an acquaintance remarked that her husband was too fond of Loo. She waited up for him that night, and when he came home demanded to know if he had been spending his time again with Loo. The unsuspecting husband admitted that he had, when, without giving him time to explain, she went for him with a fire shovel. The husband does not exactly remember how the interview ended, but he never could convince his wife that Loo was a game of cards, and always plays euchre now and gets home before ten o,clock.

Out of five children which composed the family of John Jacob Astor, one only remains. This is William B., who is now upwards of eighty. He is now one of the oldest native-born residents of New York, and has seen a wonderful series of changes. He can remember the first steamboat which greeted his boyish eyes when he was a youth of fourteen, and he has seen the city increase from 30,000 to a population of more than a million. He has also seen his father's estate expand from $200,000 to $50,000,000, and he has beheld all the associates of his youth pass away, as well as his parents and their children.

An exchange says: A prospective son-in-law while relating "the old, old story" to his charmer, at the old folks' home, last evening, sat down on a bent pin, which had been placed in position by the prospective brother-in-law. He sprang about three feet in the air, and while coming down was heard to whisper softly, "I think it is cooler near the window, love." His smile was sweet, but sad.

"Got anything for a sick man to read?" inquired a pug-nosed boy at a news-stand the other day. "Yes, anything you want—Bibles, poems, religious books, *Christian Herald*, and so forth," replied the clerk. "Bibles!" echoed the boy; "do you thing dad's a hangel? Gimme a lively dime novel—one with an Injun sculping a soldier!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Irish domestic, new engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

LEMON PUDDING.—Weight of two eggs in butter, which beat to a cream, same weight of flour, same of pounded white sugar, the grated rind and juice of two lemons; bake half an hour in a small flat pie dish, with a rim of paste round the edge; serve with sifted sugar on top, and send up very hot.

It is proposed to appeal to Congress to dam the Ohio river. One would imagine that the ejaculations of passengers on board steamers that have been "stuck in the sand," at a low stage of water were sufficient to answer all purposes in that direction.