

Varieties.

—The finger nails of the chief priest of the Chinese, Joss House, at San Francisco, are actually longer than his fingers, and are twisted like an augur.

—Philadelphia has just voted one million of dollars for new school-houses. The money is to be raised by a loan.

—There are now about 115,000 miles of railway in the world. These have consumed 40,000,000 tons of iron.

—In age indeed we must go down the hill, but we can do so with the wheel well locked.

—A street railroad has been opened at Louisville, Kentucky.

—A stupid and military tyrant is a lump of clay kneaded with blood.

—When there is a spanking breeze, bad children might be put out to take the air.

—Do you choose to chew? If you do, and you chew only two inches of "plug" every day, and do so for 30 years, you will have consumed more than a third of a mile of such plug.

—A bar of iron, valued at five dollars, worked into horseshoes, is worth ten dollars and fifteen cents; needles, three hundred and fifty five dollars, penknife blades, three thousand two hundred and eighty five dollars; shirt buttons, twenty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty dollars; balance springs for watches, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

—A woman was found dead in her bed lately at Bordeaux, and the doctors assert that she died from the effects of the smell of quinces, a large basket of which was found in her room.

—A commendable resolution. I ploughs, I sows, I reaps, I mows, I gets up wood for winter, I digs, I hoes, and waters grows, and for what I knows I owes the printer. I do suppose all knowledge flows right from the printing press; so off I goes, in these ere clothes, to settle up—I guess.

—The population of San Francisco is 120,000. In September, 1848, the number of inhabitants was 450.

—Pat was helping Mr. Blank to get a safe in his office one day, and not being acquainted with the article, inquired what it was for.

"To prevent papers and other articles that are placed in it from being burned in case of fire, said B.

"An' sure will nothing iver burn that's put in that thing?"

"No."

"Well, thin, your honor, ye'd better be after getting into that same thing when ye die."

Mr. Blank wilted.

—Never meet Trouble half way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. Perhaps he will give up his visit in sight of your house.

—Several preparations of paper have been made lately, which promise to drive "iron" out of use, even for plating ships of war; but the last announced is the most remarkable. Very thin sheets are dipped in the oriental gum called zopissa, and then put together. Plates of this paper, an inch thick, are bullet proof, impervious to water, indestructible by insects, incombustible, and have the advantage of being lighter than any known substances possessing these qualities.

—An unheard-of thing has occurred in Europe. King Victor Emanuel the "Re Galant'uomo," as his subjects fondly call him, being convinced of the necessity for great economy in the public administration, and desirous of co-operating personally in the task which the Italian ministry have to encounter, has voluntarily renounced 2,500,000 francs of his civil list in favor of the State. What other monarch in the world would do so much to save his subjects from taxation?

—The armies of Europe have a total of 4,694,000 men, costing annully \$425,000,000. Russia has the largest army, numbering 1,300,000 men. That of France numbers 750,000 men.

—Valuable lead mines have just been discovered in the mountains of the province of Munster, Prussia. The Boerenthal, of Hamburg, says that the ore is so abundant and so rich that it would suffice for the supply of all Europe.

—He who goes forward with energy and force avoids many annoyances. When a railroad train is at its speed, the conductor has no occasion to "whip behind."

—How to go mad. Be an editor; let the devil be waiting for copy; sit down to write an article, and get a few sentences done; then let an acquaintance drop in and begin to tell you stories and gossip of the town; and let him sit, and sit. This is the quickest way we can think of to go raving, distracted mad. —[S. F. Puck.

—A Frenchman has invented a process whereby from a photograph a clay model may be mechanically and accurately cut, from which a plaster cast is produced which is a life-like resemblance of the sitter. The photograph is taken in a circular room, every part of the person being photographed at the same instant. A statuette or half-sized bust is produced, at the will of the sitter. The name given to this new art is photo-sculpture. A London house has attempted the thing, but, as compared to the French, the works produced are poor and clumsy. The expense of the first cast is fifty dollars, each duplicate being five dollars.

—Harry Turn recently married his cousin, of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied, "that it had always been a maxim of his, that one good Turn deserves another."

—An English lieutenant has invented a new style of engine which is designed to be exceedingly compact and simple in its details. It is merely a cylinder fitted with a very deep piston. This piston has a cylinder inside of it, running at right angles with the bore of the main cylinder. There are two pistons in the cylinder, which connect by rods to a crank shaft running through the large cylinder. The deep piston also connects to this crank shaft, so that when it has made one stroke, carrying the crank shaft part of the stroke, the small cylinders in the main piston act on the shaft, and also impel it. The whole engine is no larger than the cylinder, everything being enclosed in it. Steam is used on the smaller cylinders first, and then let into the larger one.

—Within the past eight months upwards of 400 papers have "died" in consequence of the exorbitant price of printing paper.

—The reformed French and Lutheran Churches are making rapid progress in France. They are recognized by Government, and their pastors liberally paid by the State.

—A nervous individual entered the car and commenced overhauling the baggage. The baggage-master, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him rather gruffly with: "What's wanting, sir?" "I'm looking for my trunk," demurely answered the nervous man. "I'll take care of your trunk, sir—that is my business," retorted the baggage-master. "O, I'm aware of that, sir, but I would always much rather keep my trunk under my eye." "Well then, sir, you should have been born an elephant, and then you could have your trunk under your eye the whole time.

—The following statement was made in the Confederate Congress just prior to its adjournment, of the number of troops furnished by the several States since the beginning of the war: Alabama, 40,000. Florida, 4000. Georgia, 51,000. Louisiana, 36,000. Mississippi, 40,000. North Carolina, 25,000. Texas, 27,000. Tennessee, 34,000. Virginia, 103,000. Arkansas, 23,000. Kentucky, 20,000. Maryland, 20,000. Missouri, 35,000. Total, 488,000

—A Little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, just to hear what he would say, to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present that he might have the colt, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked: "Why, Jackey, why didn't you give him the dog?" "Say nothing, mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

—New York city pays \$1,000 per annum salary to policemen: St. Louis, \$900; Cincinnati, \$850; New Orleans, \$1,000, and Buffalo \$750. In each of the cities named the police are uniformed, the uniform being furnished them at public cost, in addition to their pay. In Chicago, the Common Council has just increased the pay of policemen from \$600 to \$900 per annum.

—An "emigrant" who had been somewhat roughly dealt with by the "wild-cat" gentry of Virginia City, thus expresses his opinion of that lively town: "If Gabriel happens to light at Virginia City, there'll be no resurrection, for they'll swindle him out of his horn before he can make a single toot."

—The Philadelphia Press of Dec. 30th, 1864, announces in its report of operations of the mint that since the commencement of coinage in 1797, the value of gold coined has been \$777,421,471; of silver, \$133,804,936.

[From the New York Dispatch.]

OUR PARSON'S WIFE.

BY KATE MERIDEN.

"Sometimes she lifts the teapot lid,
To peep at what is in it,
Or tilts the kettle if you did
But turn your back a minute
In vain you tell her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much."

"Go 'long with yer, yer pesterin' crangerchee, an' if yer can find nothin' else to wash in, take the skillet. Set down, neighbor Mock, set down, an' let's have a pinch of snuff."

Neighbor Mock needed no second bidding, for just then the old lady began to feel that her budget of news needed an airing, and as she knew Nancy Blake to be a ready listener, she felt it a duty to unburden herself.

First of all then, she must tell Nancy she'd "been down to the post office, an' arter waitin' three mortal hours, she felt kind o' weak like and ready to faint when all on a sudden the Lord rewarded her patience, for the mail come in, an' she step up spry to see what war goin' on, an' who got letters. Well, sure enough, there war Betsy Turner biling on a corner of her apron, an' tryin' her best to get out a tear, just as if everybody didn't know the old hypocrite war laughin' inside, 'cause she'd got a letter tellin' as how her uncle Timothy hed departed from this wicked world, an' remembered her in his will. An' the Mug-ginses! well, it isn't my way to talk about my neighbors. All I've got to say is, I'd never allow my gals to git sich a heap o' letters from the fellers. She could say with a clear conscience that she never knowed Janey Ann to get a letter from a feller in her life. But drop-pin' that subject, what beat every thing was the parson's wife."

"Du tell!" exclaimed Nancy, at this point of the recital; "so she's arrived at last. What on arth does she look like?"

"A wee bit ov a thing, with white hands, an' a pair ov great brown eyes; a good gale might blow her away. For my part I don't set much store by her. Give me a woman as can hoe a field ov potatoes or get a wash out afore day-break. Come tu all an' all, I don't see what our parson hed to go an' get a wife for. Wasn't she an' Becky allays lookin' in at the parsonage? She was free to say she knowed its goin' on, from the parson's best pair ov lamb's wool socks tu a drawin' ov tea."

"I s'pose they're ter'bly taken with each other," ventured Nancy.

"The Lord knows yer right there, neighbor Blake; sich billin' an' cooin' I've not seed the like on this many a day. And having lightened her budget of news, neighbor Mock helped herself to another pinch of snuff, and took her leave, to gather new material for her next gossip.

It was morn amid the mountains; in the lonely solitude of those stilly fastnesses the glad sun pored a golden flood; each gushing stream and fountain murmured forth the goodness of the world's Great Author. In the vales below the sweet dewdrops lay like sparkling diamonds on the pure white lily buds, and the song birds warbled joyously in the forest woodland.

"A peaceful spot, of beautiful quiet, Clare," said Amy Norris, leaning out of the east window in her husband's study; "what splendid mountain scenery."

"The view is certainly beautiful. I wish, Amy, I could say you were equally correct, as regards the beautiful quiet you speak of."

"And why not; what can possibly disturb the lovely repose of this spot?"

"A busy meddling spirit, my love; I grieved to confess, that even in this fair village may be found gossip-loving individuals, who seem to make it their chief concern in life to disturb the peace of those better disposed. Long and earnestly have I tried to eradicate this mischief loving spirit, yet with apparently little success, and did I trust in my own efforts I should altogether despair. I do not tell you this to discourage you; my love; I think, however, it is best for you to know what to expect, for I doubt much if our parson's wife will be left alone," he said trying to smile.

Before Amy could reply, visitors were announced, and for the next three hours she found she was "expected" to be a patient listener to the remarks and suggestions of her husband's parishoners.

On this occasion, granny Pape, whom, in consideration of some three score

years and a pair of spectacles, had been chosen to head the committee to wait upon the parson's wife, ventured the opinion "that the wife of a parson should always be in a company humor, secondly, a little of seedcake in one's house was always convenient, (granny Pape was remarkably fond of seedcake) then too, a parson's wife should expect to have much of her husband's society."

"No, no," chimed in several aged voices at this point of the proceedings, "the parson, my dear, belongs to the people, and we are the peoples' representatives."

With a look of amazement, and scarce able to conceal her amusement, Amy turned from one to the other of the peoples' representatives, to discover if possible, what next would be expected of her.

She was not left long in doubt, for neighbor Mock having joined the party at the parsonage, assured its mistress "that it was customary, and looked neighborly to take a 'bite' with their parson's wife, and as she liked to make herself useful, she'd 'just hang over the kettle,' and before Amy could decline the proffered assistance, the busy old lady was deep in the mysteries of pantry and closet, taking note of all the young housekeeper's domestic arrangements."

All things, however annoying, must have an end; and tea and seedcake having been dispatched by the peoples' representatives, Amy at length had the satisfaction of seeing them depart. Yet this was not the only example she was to witness of neighbor Mock's usefulness.

Time sped on, bringing little change to the inmates of the parsonage, for the dove of peace seemed to have found a resting place in the little cot, and though the good gossips continued to entertain their neighbors with the tit-bits of the town, the most serious charge they could bring against the parson's wife was that she wore gold bracelets; yet as she was kind and affable to all and did much toward smoothing out the wrinkles of the neighborhood, she soon became a general favorite, and as the church continued to flourish, Amy's bracelets were soon forgotten.

This was the happy state of affairs, when, one evening, as the sun was sinking to rest, neighbor Mock entered the parsonage.

Now the old lady had, for some time been losing caste among the citizens of the place; and in proportion as the gentle influence of the minister's wife had been extended, so had hers declined, until she could but acknowledge that some of her best stories lost their relish for want of ready listeners.

Of course it was in neighbor Mock's nature to forgive what she considered a personal affront, and though she still continued to maintain a friendly appearance, her feeling toward Amy was far from sincere, and she would seize any opportunity to annoy her to pass ailla headed.

On five present occasions her curiosity was excited to its extreme capacity for on entering the parsonage, she found the minister pacing up and down in his study, with a haggard and dejected air, while in the adjoining apartment, Amy sat, endeavoring to hush the cries of her child, though her own tears flowed free and fast.

Vainly did neighbor Mock endeavor to discover the cause of the unusual disquietude; for once the old lady found her parson impenetrable, while Amy begged to be excused, in an earnest manner, which admitted of no denial, and her visitor reluctantly left, in the vain hope of ascertaining in the kitchen what she had failed to discover above stairs.

All her efforts, however, were futile; for Bibby, with an extra twist at her dishcloth, assured her that she was altogether knowin' sich nothin' at all 'ow the matter war.

"An' yer don't know, my good girl, ov any leetle disturbance, 'twixt the parson an' his wife?"

"Some disturbance, I continued Bibby, "fur as I know to the contrary, they're as happy as two bays in a tar-pot."

The old lady returned home, wholly dissatisfied with her visit. That there should be a mystery which her ingenuity could not fathom, was in itself sufficient cause for vexation, added to which the fact that that mystery centered at the parsonage, and her curiosity knew no bounds. Yet, though the old lady had her own surmisings, and did not hesitate to spread them abroad, for a time they were unheeded; and it was only when after briefly stating to his flock that important business would compell him to leave them for a short time, that the good people began to wonder at the parson's absence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]