

## Varieties.

—The Portland Oregonian says there is living in that city an old gentleman, a native of Jerusalem, the ancient capital of Judea.

—Rents have advanced 200 per cent. in Washington.

—An Irishman on enlisting was asked by the recruiting officer: "When you get into battle, Paddy, will you fight, or run?"

"Ah, faith!" replied Pat, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be after doin', yer honor, as the majority of ye does."

—The telegraph line to connect San Francisco with Vancouver's Island is very nearly completed. It at present reaches Seattle, Puget Sound, and will reach the Island in the course of a few weeks.

—The tonnage of the United States Navy at present amounts to upwards of 500,000 tons, which includes vessels of from 100 tons to upwards of 7,000 tons, the *Dunderberg* being of the latter dimensions.

—The Sultan is the only prudent monarch in Europe—he has a quarter million surplus.

—The longest railway line in England is the London and Northwestern, 910 miles; the Northeastern is 746. Eight railroads have their termini in London, and their gross receipts are close upon a million dollars per week. The total railway receipts in Great Britain are two and a half million dollars per week. The total investment in these roads is about \$1,963,413,775.

—What do whales want of a school, papa?

To learn to spout! They are the greatest spouters in the world—except, perhaps, some of our noisy congress men.

—You must mind your P's and Q's now Miss Eliza," said a sister to a little girl.

"Indeed!" she replied, "I suppose I must be pert and quarrelsome?"

"No," replied a third person; "you must be polite and quiet."

—The divorce laws in Indiana have been changed. A year's residence or no separation.

—Eighty thousand apartments are vacant in Paris. Rents are low.

—The Chicago lake tunnel has been excavated for nearly a quarter of a mile, and is progressing at the rate of ten feet per day.

—Judge Payne of Hartford, was fond of quizzing, and one day he tried his hand upon Prince, a smart negro who was about the court-room. "Prince," said the judge, "did you know the devil was dead?" "No, Sah," replied Prince; "but I knowed he was in pain!"

—The Chicago Tribune says Congress is subject to two disorders—Grab and Gab.

—Speaking of the "fast" men in Paris a letter says: "Galloping consumption and disease of the heart are now their diseases. The galloping consumption takes six weeks to complete its mortal work. To drop down dead now is quite a common occurrence in cafes and restaurants; and in seven instances out of ten the corpse has not seen thirty springs."

—Gold is at 4000 per cent. premium in Richmond now, or \$40 in paper for \$1 in gold.

—The celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. It is told of him that, having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to test the honesty of his servant, and left a handful of gold upon the table. "Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

—Canadian rats play hob with the editors' rooms there. They eat manuscript, carry off pens, lick up the paste, and now they dip their tails in the ink-stands and try to edit the papers.

—10,000 gallons of sorghum have been made in Guilford, Conn., this year.

—The principal of the Inland Revenue Department of England has recently examined twenty-six samples of beer, of which twenty were adulterated. In fourteen of these samples he found the prohibited articles called grains of paradise which, however, fit for Eden, are by law unfit for beer. In one of the fourteen he found, beside the prohibited grains, a portion of tobacco in

two others, cocculus indicus was present in large, and even dangerous quantities; two samples contained capsicum; and two others protosulphate of iron.

—The mind may be overburdened; like the body, it is strengthened more by the warmth of exercise than by clothes.

—There is one great source of enjoyment which those who are born are deprived of—one that is very much under-estimated—the enjoyment of striving to get rich.

—A Springfield, Mass., baby has six grandmothers whose united ages are 437 years. The great great grandmother's is 99, three great grandmothers 84, 77, 73 and the two grandmothers are 55 and 49.

—Some few days since a suit was terminated in Hungary, which had engaged the courts in that country for one hundred and eighty years.

—A dull person does some things better than a man of genius; as an ivory paperfolder cuts the leaves of books better than a keen blade.

—It seems a paradox that, while there is no grass in the streets of prosperous cities, there are a great many snakes in the grass.

—The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

THE Government is doing much for the cause of woman. We have post-mistresses, female employees in various departments, female officers in the army, etc., etc. Dr. Mary E. Walker was for months a prisoner in Richmond, and has since received a commission as full surgeon in the United States Army.

ABSTRACT  
Of Meteorological Observations for the month of Jan. 1865, at G.S.L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN:		
Barometer out of repair.		
Monthly Mean.	Thermometer open air.	
7 a. m.	2 p. m.	9 p. m.
16°	27°	20°
Monthly Mean.	Thermometer Dry Bulb.	
7 a. m.	2 p. m.	9 p. m.
34°	43°	40°

The highest and lowest ranges of the Thermometer, during the month, in the open air, were

Max. 45° Min. 2° below Zero.  
The amount of snow that fell during the month, measured nine and a half inches; this, with the rain that fell, produced one inch and 222 over, being nearly one and one-fourth of an inch of water over the surface. The prospects of water for irrigation are very fair.  
The winter, so far, has been steady, and, though cold, the Thermometer has but once went under Zero for arial sport.

- MONTHLY JOURNAL.
1. Cloudy and wintry.
  2. do and thawing.
  3. do thawing, with a little sunshine.
  4. Hazy and clear alternately.
  5. Clear.
  6. Cloudy; snowed at evening.
  7. Mostly clear and cold.
  8. Clear and cold.
  9. do do
  10. do do
  11. do do cloudy at night.
  12. Cloudy.
  13. Some clouds and some sunshine.
  14. Mostly clear and cold.
  15. Cloudy.
  16. Clear and cold.
  17. Cloudy and snowy.
  18. Mostly clear.
  19. Cloudy and snowy.
  20. Partially clear and cloudy.
  21. Clear.
  22. Cloudy; snowed at night.
  23. Cloudy and snowy.
  24. Clear and cold.
  25. do do
  26. Cloudy and cold.
  27. Mostly cloudy.
  28. Partially clear.
  29. do do
  30. Clear; some warm.
  31. Cloudy, rainy and warm.

[From Dollar Weekly Star.]

### THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

"Money! More money? Mrs. Wilde, I am perfectly astonished!"

"It isn't for myself, Eustace," faltered the timid little wife, flushing up to the roots of her hair; "but the ladies in the church are trying to make up a little sum for the poor soldiers in the hospitals, and—"

"Twenty-five dol-lars!" enunciated Mr. Wilde, as if every syllable were a hundred pound weight hurled at his defenceless partner. "For the soldiers! Do I pay taxes, Mrs. Wilde, or do I not? Are my resources drawn upon by the Government every day in the year, or are they not, for this very object? I am not made of gold, Mrs. Wilde, whatever you may think; I assure you that it is only by the practice of the most rigid economy that I am able at the year's end to bring my expenses within my annual income. Besides, I very cordially disapprove of these outside charities. It's Government's business to

provide for the sick soldiers; I can't afford to pay the debts of the whole War Department, and what's more, I won't!"

Eustace Wilde was standing in front of a garnet-clear coal-fire, on the hearth-rug, buttoning up his gloves for the down-town jaunt that opened his day's business, a handsome, stylish looking man, with a silky black mustache and a portly figure attired in garments that fitted him as only Broadway suits can fit; while Maggie, his wife, sat before the coffee urn in a pretty morning dress of buff gingham, with deep linen cuffs, and a little white collar tied with maize-colored ribbon. She had a very sweet face, shadowed with heavy brown hair and bright hazel eyes, in whose translucent depths there lurked just a gleam of piquant fire; but somehow there was a weary, careworn look about the delicately-moulded features, a tired droop of the lashes, and a dark ring under the eyes that made one instinctively remember patient Martha of old, "burdened with many cares."

She took up her little porte-monnaie with a disappointed face to replace it in the pocket of her black silk apron.

"What shall I tell the committee, Eustace?"

"Tell them, Mrs. Wilde," said her husband, dogmatically, "that at the present scale of prices economy is the chief duty of us all. The soldiers will, I have no doubt, be cared for by the proper authorities. I must decline to subscribe. You observe, my dear," he added, glancing at a bank note that lay on the table-cloth, "that I have already placed housekeeping funds for the week at your disposal. I must beg of you to use proper discretion in its expenditures."

"Five dollars is not enough, Eustace," said Mrs. Wilde, with a stolid courage born of desperation.

"Not enough?"

Maggie raised her eyebrows a little impatiently.

"If you think, Eustace, that five dollars will pay the butcher, settle the baker's account and the ice man's bill, and then leave enough for daily marketing expenses, I should like to have you remain at home and take charge of the finances yourself—that's all."

"My dear, you must purchase cheaper articles."

"But, Eustace, you know how fastidious you are about your meals."

"That has nothing to do with the question," said Mr. Wilde, a little shortly. "We must economize, my dear, we must indeed."

Maggie Wilde colored, and bit her lip. Economize!—when she had sat through all the sunshiny hours of yesterday over a weary work-basket mending little dresses, and darning tiny socks, and retrimming her own bonnet to save unnecessary expenditures. Economize!—when she wore her old shawl, and made over her old dresses, and heard the children's lessons, to dispense with a governess' salary! Poor Maggie! It was hard to be accused of extravagance under these circumstances. A quick answer trembled on her lips but she forced back the angry words, and answered in a subdued tone:

"Indeed, I try not to be extravagant, Eustace."

"But you must be, my dear, or else wherein the name of common sense does all the money go? I never spend anything."

"Don't you?"

"Never my dear—never. Depend upon it, the escape valve is somewhere in the housekeeping. It would be much better to devote your energies to domestic economy than to running about collecting money for the soldiers—very much better, Maggie. And moreover, I can not very well let you have any more this morning; my funds are running decidedly low."

"You had fifty dollars in that pocket-book the day before yesterday," said Maggie, quietly, "and I have used but ten of it."

"Ten? you must have had more than ten."

"Not a cent," said Maggie, firmly.

"The coal bill. I paid the coal bill out of it, and that was twenty, you remember, Mrs. Wilde," said Eustace, triumphantly.

"Then where are the other twenty dollars?"

"Mr. Wilde twisted himself a little, as though his pearl-colored over-coat were rather a tight fit.

"Business my dear; you can't be expected to understand anything about business matters."

"But what particular business persisted his wife."

"Maggie," said Mr. Wilde, solemnly, "this isn't to the purpose at all. A woman's mind isn't adapted to comprehend business relations; she should confine herself to the one grand point econ-

omy. Reduce your expenses; bring everything within the narrowest possible outlay. I think it would be a very good plan, my dear, to keep a little account of your daily disbursements, and I could glance over it every night, and check off any little items that struck me as clearly superfluous."

Maggie's dark eyes began to sparkle ominously; she played nervously with the golden circle of her wedding-ring.

"You would find no items of that description, M. Wilde."

"You think not, I have no doubt; but women seldom understand the nicer distinctions of economy, and—"

But Mrs. Maggie rose quietly to her feet and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her with a good deal of vehemence. The slender thread of her patience had been strained to its utmost tension and had snapped asunder at last.

She sat down and—of course—cried heartily.

"And I was so sure of that money for the poor soldiers," she thought, between the bright drops. "It seems so little for us to give them, when they are doing and enduring so much for us! I cannot brook this—I must not! Eustace has harped quiet long enough on this particular string—it must be put an end to! There is some difference between pinching parsimony and judicious economy. O Maggie Wilde! if woman's wit don't help you out of this perplexity you deserve to sink into a mere household drudge, whose idols shall be gold, silver and copper."

How haughtily the red arch of her lips curved!—how defiantly the brown eyes glittered through their moisture! Beware, Mr. Eustace Wilde—your wife will be a match for you yet, although you rejoice in a beaver hat and a moustache, and the superb consciousness of manhood, while she—is nothing but a woman!

"Bridget," said Mrs. Wilde, coming into the kitchen where her Milesian cook was chopping spices for some elaborate made dish wherein the heart of Eustace Wilde delighted, "will you lend me your old bonnet and cloak to-morrow?"

"Bridget stared in open mouthed amazement.

"Sure, ma'am, and why would ye be after wantin' 'em? They're not dacent for the likes o' you."

"Never mind; I wish to borrow them for a particular reason, and your old brown dress also, if you will lend it."

"You're welcome as flowers in May, ma'am?" said honest, puzzled Bridget; "but it's a queer fit they'll be for you, darned, an' patched an' faded."

But Mrs. Wilde only laughed.

The rain was pattering drearily against the breakfast room window the next morning as Eustace Wilde sauntered slowly in, but Maggie's chair was empty.

"Where's your mistress, Mary?" he asked the waitress.

"She's breakfastin' with the childer, sir. Charlie's got the toothache, and won't be quiet without his mamma stays."

"Maggie spoils those children," thought Mr. Wilde, shrugging his shoulders. Breakfast was a dismal meal without his wife's bright face opposite to him, and he did not linger long over it.

"A bleak day," he soliloquized as he opened his umbrella and strode forth in the rain and wind, "It's a good thing the stages run only a block off."

He took his seat, unfolding the morning paper, all unconscious of the shabby-dressed woman, veiled and wrapped in a brown cloak, who entered the stage at the next corner. Nor did he observe that she descended at the same street where he pulled the check strings to alight.

As he entered the covered stairway leading to his office, in a massive marble building, a bluff-looking man advanced to meet him.

"Look here, Wilde, I've been waiting here these fifteen minutes, and I'm in a deuce of a hurry too."

"I am a little behind time this morning," said Eustace, shaking the rain drop in a dingy shower from his umbrella. "Come up to the office, Hall."

"I can't; I haven't a minute to stay. I just come round to see if you could pay that little bill."

"What bill?"

"Why your share of the supper at D—'s, and the ride afterwards."

"Oh! yes—yes. Well, how much is it?"

"Only a trifle—eight dollars."

"Mr. Wilde leisurely opened his pocket-book and placed one or two bills in his companion's hand.

"That's right, I believe. A very unpleasant day. Good morning, Hall."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]