

"Why shouldn't you say she was pretty?" asked Jerusha.

"Oh, you hush! Well the girl bent her head down, and a few stray tears came, for it was wicked and she knew it. But before the water got head enough to fall from her eyes, she kind of thought that the young minister's voice was getting shaky, either with mirth or with sadness. To find out which, slyly looked up, and both she and the minister laughed long and loud. So there was an end of the jobation he meant to give her."

"How did you know all this?" said Jerusha. "Were you there?"

"I certainly was not far off."

"But Israel and Sarah," said I now seeing through the whole affair, and understanding perfectly why father looked aside, and mother sat down, and Aunt Clara and Prudence Clark of the Dorcas Society, exchanged glances, and the minister himself would have laughed in the pulpit, if he had not turned it off with a cough,—but Israel and Sarah, how did they fare?"

"Why, Israel, he said that Sarah was just a pretty nobody, and Prudence Clark was a great deal more sensible—for his part he never cared anything about Sarah. And Sarah, she declared that Israel was a hawbuck of a fellow, that no girl would think of him when he was out of sight."

"It was to bad?" said Jerusha.

"Too bad?" I echoed.

"Dreadful suz!" said aunty mocking our tone. "Never you fear, if two young simpletons are once caught, that a joke is going to separate them! And whenever you hear two young people pretending to hate one another, you may get your wedding present ready for them. The folks did tease them though, too bad, and so they had it back and forth. Stories never lose anything by carrying, especially the compliments between two quarreling lovers. So it went on for about a month, when Israel, on his way to see Prudence Clark, who was sitting in her best, waiting for him, stopped to tell Sarah that he never said so and so. And Sarah said she never said so and so. And they went into the house to finish their talk, and Prudence Clark was left lamenting. I know that Israel came home very late that night."

"You know?" said Jerusha.

"And father's name is Israel," said I. "And mother's name is Sarah," said my sister.

"Hush, hush? here they come," said Aunt Clara. "But I don't believe they would ever have found out their own minds if it had not been for me."

"And you were the giggling girl," said I.

"And she's no better now," said my mother, as she slowly entered the room, and quite readily guessed what we had been hearing from aunty. Father walked up to Aunt Clara and pinched her ears for her. What more he might have done I don't know, if Parson Oliver had not dropped in. We made quite a pleasant evening of it, and the old folks discussed the reminiscence in all its bearings. I like to hear old people talk. They come straight to the pith of a subject, especially if it is love and matrimony. And the more I hear of them, the better I can realize the truth of the old Virginia admonition:

"Ole folks, ole folks, you had better go to bed. You only put mischief in the young folks head."

SHOOTING STARS.—At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper was received from M. Edm. Guilleman, who, on the 13th of November last, observed the phenomenon of shooting stars off the Island of Florez, the northernmost of the Azores. The horizon was covered with a narrow band of clouds up to about 10 degrees. From behind this band a series of fiery trains were seen issuing, apparently from the same point, and bearing some resemblance to those of a rocket. Most of these trains passed through the zenith, presenting the most admirable spectacle. The average time employed in crossing over from one horizon to the other was about six seconds.

In Russia, not long ago, while the people of a certain parish had assembled in the church, the building was surrounded by troops, and a priest of the Greek Church was brought in with a cup in his hand. He went from one to another and administered the communion. If any one shut his lips and refused to receive the sacrament, the soldier who accompanied the priest opened the mouth of the refractory peasant with his bayonet.

A GOOD AND HONEST JUDGE.

John Dudley, of Raymond, New Hampshire, who was a Judge in that State from 1785 to 1807, and for the last twelve years of its Superior Court, was a remarkable man. He had not only no legal education, but little learning of any kind; yet he possessed a discriminating mind, a retentive memory, a patience which no labor could tire, an integrity proof alike against threats and flattery; and a free elocution, rude indeed, and often uncouth, but bold, clear and expressive; with a warmth of honest feeling which it was not easy to resist. Quick to feel and prompt to act, he was a resolute, strong-minded man, intent on doing substantial justice in every case, though often indifferent to the forms and requirements of law. He did not always speak good English. "This 'ere plaintiff," and "that 'ere defendant," "them lawyers," and "these 'ere witnesses," were expressions that often fell from his lips; but it was remarked by Arthur Livermore, who had practised for many years before Judge Dudley, "that justice was never better administered in New Hampshire than when the Judges knew very little of what the lawyers call law." "You may laugh," said the late Judge Theophilus Parsons, "at his law, and ridicule his language; but Dudley is, after all, the best Judge I ever knew in New Hampshire." To have received such praise, he must have been, on the whole, not ignorant of law, nor inattentive to its substantial requirements; and his ideas of it may be inferred from the conclusion of one of his charges to the jury, as once repeated by the late Governor Plumer. It was somewhat in this style, with grammatical corrections:

"You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rascals; but no, I will not abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients; they are paid for it; and they have done in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England. Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is a much better guide for us—the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter, and the other towns which have sent us here to try this case between two of our neighbours. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the lawyers."

"There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just, and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case, and law enough in any case. 'Be just, and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirks of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I never read, and never will; but by common sense and common honesty as between man and man. That is our business; and the curse of God is upon us if we neglect, or evade, or turn aside from it."

"And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury; and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already about matters which have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain, common sense men, you need not be ashamed."

THE lobby on the tariff is large, and very importunate. Senators are beset in their bed-rooms, and at their dinner-tables; scurrilous paragraphs are telegraphed to distant newspapers; and (to use a familiar word here), "the whip is cracked" over the heads of all who hesitate about voting for the highest proposed rates of duties. As for Mr. Wells, he is denounced as a bribed free trade tool, by men who have never themselves known how to act honorably, or to be impartial.—[Wash. Corres.]

PNEUMATIC EXPRESS.—From recent experiments conducted by the London Pneumatic Company, it appears that 120 tons of goods can be sent through eighteen miles of tubes every hour, by means of atmospheric pressure, at a cost of not more than one penny a ton per mile. A part of the economy of this mode of conveyance is due to the fact that the partial vacuum in the tube is produced by means of large stationary steam engines, in which steam is generated most cheaply, and applied with the least waste.

THE FIRE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The havoc caused by the fire at the Crystal Palace Dec. 30th, is completely disclosed.

The whole of the northern end of the building has been destroyed, except a part of the low narrow wing extending towards the east into the grounds, at a right angle with the fabric, and used chiefly as an orangery. The space between the water-tower and the screen which separates the tropical department from the rest of the nave, about a couple of acres in extent, is now strewn with blackened masses of the fallen roof and other materials, presenting a deplorable spectacle. All that remains of the northern transept are a few broken outlines of the arches, and towering from among the general wreck are still to be seen the two colossal Egyptian figures copied from the temple of Rameses the Great at Abou Simbel, in Nubia, but now sadly defaced by the action of the fire. They were 65 feet high, and reached to the foot of the transept. Of the Alhambra Court, on the west side of the tropical part of the nave, and also of the Byzantine and Romanesque Court, facing on the opposite side, little is left but the bare walls; the Queen's apartments and the library and reading-room have perished, as have also the extensive collection of Indian curiosities and products, the Gallery of Naval Architecture, the Aviary, and the whole of the tropical plants. The remains of the stupendous tree brought from Sierra Nevada, in California, and which, when growing, is said to have been 400 feet high, have shared the same fate. The fire appears to have originated in the northeastern wing, from which it spread rapidly towards the main body of the building, along the flooring and other woodwork, which in the tropical end had become exceedingly inflammable. It afterwards extended to the great water tower, the floors of which, at different stories, and the gallery, were for several hours burning at the same time. The remains of the young hippopotamus are said to have been found among the ruins on Monday, but to have been scarcely distinguishable. A civil engineer who was among the first to enter the building after the alarm of fire was given, writes to the *Times*: "The fire appears to have originated in the workshops or storerooms beneath the tropical department, and, as a loud explosion was heard, I think it was caused more probably by an escape of gas than by the overheating of the stoves."

A COOL FARMER.—We have seen and heard of cool proceedings ere this, but the conduct of a Vermont agriculturist was positively "iced." He once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who, contrary to his expectations, after seeing it weighed, stayed to see it unloaded. But a few forkfuls were off when a bouncing rock rolled from off the load; then another, and then a third came bang upon the floor.

"What's this?" queried the buyer in a loud voice.

"Most all herd grass this year," replied the deaf man.

"But see here," continued the other, pointing to the boulders which lay arrayed in judgment against the dishonest hayman; "what does all this mean?"

"Shan't cut nigh so much yay this year as I did last," replied the dealer in herd-grass.

Just as he had finished the last sentence, down thundered a large chunk of granite, making a deep indentation in the barn floor with one of its sharp angles.

"I say, neighbor N.," screamed the purchaser of granite, "I want to know what in the h—l these are?" pointing to the broad boulders and the big lump of granite.

Old N. took up a mighty forkful of the herdgrass, gave it a toss into the hay-loft; then, leaning upon his fork, ejected his huge quid of tobacco, and replacing it with a fresh one, he took a view of the fragments of stone wall that lay before him, and, with one of the blandest smiles, he replied—"Them's rocks."

DURING the process of extinguishing the fire in the colliery of Clackmannan, near Stirling, 1851, about 8,000,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas were required to fill the mine, and a continuous stream of impure carbonic acid was kept up night and day for about three weeks. The mine extended over a surface of twenty-six acres, and had been 30 years on fire.

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