

BREVITIES.

"There isn't a mite," says Lavater, "but what fancies itself the cheese."

One of the rules of the new English dress reform is to wear a dress until it is worn out.

The South Carolina Legislature has enacted a law legitimizing the children of colored mothers by white fathers who held them as slaves.

Two things indicate an obscure understanding—to be silent when you ought to converse, and to speak when we should be silent.

An Indiana editor makes a pathetic appeal to his readers, saying: "If there is anything you know that is worth knowing, that we ought to know, and you know that we don't know, please let us know it."

An old gentleman in Pennsylvania walked forty miles to pay his subscription to a newspaper. This is a severe rebuke to the many men who would walk forty miles to keep from paying their subscriptions.

The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does or imagines of wrong; but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and divine emotions, and it can only look upward and be dumb. When we are in the right we can never reason, but only assent.

A baby in the northeast part of the city, during a fit of coughing Monday, apparently strangled to death. A doctor was called in and he pronounced life extinct. While the body was being prepared for burial, it suddenly revived, and now bids fair not to cause another "lay out" for many years.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A philosopher says that the true secret of earthly happiness is to enjoy pleasures as they arise; for that man who can keep his eyes upon the bright present while it is bright, tastes the cup of sweetness prepared for him; but we are prone to look forward to dark objects while we should be enjoying those that are more agreeable.

If any man possessed every qualification for success in life, it is probable he would remain quite stationary. The consciousness of his powers would tempt him to omit opportunities. Those who do succeed, ordinarily lay their success to some disadvantage under which they labor. It is the struggle against difficulty that brings faculties into play.

A man, on the day he became a hundred years old, went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of hob-nails. The shopkeeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old man reported that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

An editor in Victoria, Australia, says, "The people of this region have become so virtuous and well-behaved that it is impossible for us to make an interesting daily paper. We hear that a ship-load of convicts is on the way to our virtuous port, and we look for greater activity in our local news department, as soon as its passengers shall get fairly ashore."

Earthquakes are on the increase. According to the best authorities there were in the fourth century, 21; in the fifth 25; in the sixth, 31; in the seventh, 10; in the eighth, 11; in the ninth, 36; in the tenth, 17; in the eleventh, 51; in the twelfth, 68; in the thirteenth, 55; in the fourteenth, 58; in the fifteenth, 41; in the sixteenth, 110; in the seventeenth, 180; in the eighteenth, 680; in the nineteenth, 925.

With regard to the prolific nature of the orange, the crops, more especially in an abundant season, are something really surprising. Twenty thousand marketable oranges from one tree seems almost beyond belief; but such is a fact. The branches have frequently to be propped up with wooden supports to prevent their breaking. Rizzo mentions a tree growing at Nice in 1789, which was more than fifty feet high, and the trunk of so large a girth that it required two men with outstretched arms to embrace it. It usually bore from 5,000 to 6,000 oranges.

A gentleman in Syracuse, blessed with a very jealous wife, gave her a lesson and himself a very good hearty laugh, the other day, by a very simple yet ingenious device. While his wife was out he cut from paper a couple of figures represented in the act of kissing. He placed the paper in such a position

that the light would reflect a life-sized shadow upon the window curtain, that she would see on arriving, and awaited the result. He heard footsteps—then they paused and were followed by a mad rush into the house, where the affair was explained and the story ended.

The Happiest People.

The happiest people in the country to-day, perhaps, are the members of the church of the Latter-day Saints in Utah. A short time ago, they were under a very dark cloud. The Prophet, President, most of the Ruling Elders, and other men high in authority, were in jail or under heavy bonds to await their trials for murder, adultery, and most of the other crimes known to the criminal law. Some members of this society had already been tried and imprisoned for high crimes and misdemeanors. But now comes a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States declaring all the proceedings void from the beginning. The judge who issued the processes, the marshal who executed them, the attorney who managed the prosecution, the jailor who received the prisoners, all are trespassers. All the acts of the Territorial judiciary and the executive officers of the court, are declared, by the court of high appeals, to be usurpations. The men who have been arrested have, under the decision, a clear cause of action for false imprisonment. The (Federal) officers of the Territory of Utah have incurred expenses to the amount of over \$15,000 for conducting these trials. As the proceedings have all been declared illegal, it is said the secretary of the treasury will be prevented from paying any part of this bill. It is also said that the alleged offenders of the law in Utah can not now be tried under the laws of the United States, inasmuch as they have already been put in jeopardy. Altogether these Utah trials have had a very bad effect, and they show what comes from having third-rate lawyers and fifth-rate politicians for judges.—*Prairie Farmer*.

Heroic Girl.

An Augsburg *Journal* gives a singular account of the heroism and presence of mind displayed by the daughter of a game-keeper residing in a solitary house near Welheim. Her father and the rest of the family had gone to church, when there appeared at the door an old man, apparently half dead with cold. Feeling for his situation, she let him in, and went into the kitchen to prepare him some soup. Through a window which communicated from the room in which she had left him with the kitchen, she perceived that he had dropped the beard he wore when he entered, and that he now appeared a robust man, and that he was pacing the chamber with a poignard in his hand. Finding no mode of escape, she armed herself with a chopper in one hand and the boiling soup in the other, and, entering the room where he was, first threw the soup in his face, and then struck him a blow with the hatchet on his neck, which brought him to the ground senseless. At this moment a fresh knock at the door occasioned her to look out of an upper window, when she saw a strange hunter, who demanded an admittance, and, on her refusal, threatened to break open the door; she immediately got her father's gun, and, as he was proceeding to put his threat into execution, she shot him through the right shoulder, on which he made his way back to the forest. Half an hour after, a third person came, and asked after an old man who must have passed that way. She said she knew nothing of him; and after useless menaces, if she did not open the door, he also proceeded to break it in, when she shot him dead on the spot. The excitement of her courage being now at an end, her spirits began to sink, and she fired shots and screamed from the windows, until some gens d' arms were attracted to the house, but nothing would induce her to open the door, until the return of her father from church.

Russian Ship Canal.

It is stated on the authority of an Italian journal that the Emperor of Russia contemplates uniting the Caspian with the Black or Euxine Sea by means of a canal, which will be about 400 miles long and take six years to complete. This project is worthy of one of the greatest Powers on the globe. More than one object is subserved by it. It

secures entrance to the heart of Russia to the commerce of the world without necessitating a transshipment of goods, the Caspian and the Volga being navigable together more than 2,000 miles. It will enable Russia to concentrate greater military strength upon the southern shores of the Caspian and within 500 miles of the Persian Gulf, and another object is said to be the replenishing of the waters of the inland sea, which is showing a subsidence year by year, threatening in the course of time the destruction of the fishing business which now gives support to hundreds of thousands of the Russian people. The Caspian is 38½ feet lower than the Black Sea by latest measurements. A scheme of this kind is in consonance with the spirit of the age which sees the completion of the Suez canal, seeks to cleave the granite barriers in the tropic zone to unite the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific.—*Sacramento Union*.

Colors and Health.

There are some colors that no person can be cheerful and elastic in spirit with if their rooms are tinted with them. A correspondent of a scientific paper, the *Builder*, states that he had occasion for several years to examine rooms occupied by young women for manufacturing purposes, and he has observed that while the workers in one room would be cheerful and healthy, the occupants of a similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all "inclined to melancholy, and complained of a pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work." The only difference he could discover in the rooms was that the one occupied by the healthy workers was wholly whitewashed, and that occupied by the unhealthy workers was covered with yellow ochre. As soon as the difference struck him, he had the yellow ochre washed off the walls and then whitened. At once an improvement took place in the health and spirits of the occupants. He pursued his observations and experiments, not only in large manufactories, but also in small apartments and garrets, and he invariably found that the occupants of such quarters, when they were colored yellow or buff, were less healthy than their neighbors in whitened rooms, and that when the yellow hue disappeared, the low spirits and ill-health went with it.—*Ex.*

Tricks of the Trade.

The "Fat Contributor" reveals altogether too much of the interior management of the show business, in the following letter:

"I met Phillips here, the famous lecture impresario. He has the 'escaped nun' on his hands at present. With the O'Gorman he has swept through New England and the Middle States, and is now on his way to California. The 'escaped nun' is a big card, and there are few carding machines to equal Phillips. And of all the nuns who have escaped from nunneries nun have escaped as this nun has. Nun! On a fortunate day for her, Phillips, who was looking out for some novelty in the lecture line, came across her. He saw at once what the business was capable of, and he was not slow to make a bargain with her. The first thing he did was to get her mobbed. (An escaped nun is of no account until she is mobbed.) It was a little severe on Edith, and the boss mobber, whom Phillips had hired for the occasion, getting a little drunk, nearly broke Phillips' head with a dray pin in the melee, in a confused yet conscious zeal to earn his money. Phillips has a rude wood cut on his small bills representing the mob, which he cut out himself with a jackknife while recovering from the effects of the escaped dray pin. The cut shows the mob pouring a perfect volley of shot directly into the escaped nun's face, while a shower of brick-bats is flying toward her over the top of a distant steeple. The nun smiles sweetly upon her assailants, while Phillips is seen in the background egging on the mob. I may remark, incidentally, that it is the first time that Phillips ever allowed himself to be kept in the background, but this, you see, was 'business.' Whenever business lags, Phillips has her mobbed again. He carries a quantity of assorted brickbats with him, so as to be able to get up a mob on the shortest notice. He had some imitation brickbats, made of red flannel, stuffed with cotton batting, which he hurls at her himself, in well simulated rage, regardless of consequences to her

chignon. At one place, where he had arranged to have her mobbed, the mob he had hired disappointed him. Not one of them came. So he had to mob her all alone. He says she must be mobbed regularly, if she has to mob herself. His small bills are a curiosity in show literature: 'She was stoned in Erie, Pa!' 'Tickets for sale at the bookstore!' 'Nearly assassinated by a pistol-shot in New Jersey!' 'Get your seats early and avoid a crowd!' 'The carriage nearly demolished!' 'Copies of photographs for sale at the hall!' Phillips considers that he has struck the right trail at last and is on the high road to success. The Escaped Nun business knocks everything he has had anything to do with."

The Dutchman's Fight.

"Jimson Weed," a new correspondent is responsible for the following Teutonic story:

A friend of mine, who lives in Indiana, has a Dutchman who works about the place, and one day the said Dutchman, whose name is "Jake," came rushing into my friend's office, puffing and blowing and exclaimed as he threw himself into a chair—

"Oh, Mr. Ed., I vas had a h-l of a fighting!"

"Why, Jake, how was that?" said Mr. Ed. "How did it happen? Tell us all about it?"

"Well! Mr. Ed., you know Fred Doespittle, he keeps all de dime his pigs, vot comes de yard in, and makes drubbles dare mit de blants, and de garten. Vell I say to Fred Doespittle once a good many dimes, Fred Doespittle, ven you keep not your pigs out from de yard in den I kill your pigs once! Den Fred say I shall go to hell once, but I don't do it, I shust vatch, and bime by this morning pooty soon, I find de pigs again come from de street out, de yard in. Den I take a big stick and break it mit de pig, and Fred Doespittle he sees it and he vas mad like any dings, and he called me a d-n Dutchman more as von hundred times and den dare vas a h-l of a fighting."

"Well," said Mr. Ed., "who whipped? How did it come out?"

"Oh," said Jake, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I vos just nothing! He bring me a couple of dimes mit his boot, un I don't stay any longer and he don't run so fast as I do. (Rubbing himself briskly). Oh, it vas a h-l of a fighting!"

Release of the Tichborne Claimant.

The release from prison of the Tichborne claimant on bail was the occasion of a scene which proved that the supposititious Sir Roger has many firm supporters among the populace, as well as some adherents who occupy a prominent station in society. On the day when he was to be released many thousand persons assembled in front of the prison and waited anxiously for some hours in the hope of catching a glimpse of his burly form when he should emerge from the walls of Newgate. The respectable gentlemen who entered into recognizances for his appearance were received with tumultuous cheers on their arrival, though the mob did not know who they were. The supposition that they had some connection with the claimant's case was sufficient to arouse the enthusiasm of the multitude. One of these gentlemen, who was tall and portly, was mistaken for a relation of "Sir Roger," and received an especial ovation as he descended from his carriage. In order to avoid the crowd it was determined, after a long delay, to allow the claimant to leave the prison by means of an underground passage leading to the dock of the Old Bailey, and thence into the street through the main entrance of the courts. But several hundred people had caught wind of the stratagem, were at the Old Bailey entrance to receive "Sir Roger," and followed his carriage with cheers as he drove away. It is said that a gentleman living at Southampton offered to send up a carriage and four grays to convey the claimant from Newgate, an offer which was declined.—*Ex.*

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were drefful poor?"