

A BRIDE TO HER SCHOOL-MATE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I am dreaming, Lullie, of those sweet days When I sought, with my girlish rhymes, to praise The darling similes that nestled in Young Charley Hamilton's cheek and chin!

In the twilight here I was bending o'er Some faint-marked lines in the verse of Moore, When a faded rose that I knew too well And a golden curl from the bright page fell!

Ah, I understood that angel then, (Twas long ago—you remember when?) Who found in an earthly eye of blue A dearer Heaven than the one he knew

Beyond the stars! For, in Charley's eyes, The azure light of the summer skies Was mirrored—more lovely there, I deemed, Than when his beauty above me beamed.

Have you forgotten one triumph-night, One scene of music and flowers and light; And—a stately stranger with martial air, Who lingered with me by a fountain there?

Alas, (I regret my delusion now!) But when I had looked upon his dark brow, Long kissed by the burning suns that glow Where the performed winds of the tropics blow—

His heavy hair in its gloomy sweep, And his eyes' dusk splendor strange and deep, Whence the Southern fire with its restless flash, Was almost scorching the trembling lash!

Yes, when I thought of his beauty's glare— Why—Charley Hamilton seemed too fair— With his short, red lip, and his sunny curls, And dimples and blue eyes—like a girl's!

"He's a pretty boy!" I said, and smiled; And he pleased me much—when I was a child; With his baby-lip and his blue-veined brow— But I look for something that's manly now!

I was thinking the while of Colonel Clyde! (For his was a form and an air of pride.) "He is haughty as Lucifer!" I said; "But as splendid too!"—and you shook your head!

Charley is married! And one who seems Unlike the form that haunted his dreams— From a post-boy, is claiming his hand— But his home is princely, his name is grand!

We met last night in a smiling throng— Another had asked for a sweet, sad song, That he used to sing for me alone— I fancied a trembling was in his tone.

He's little changed—yet the years that are fled Have darkened the gold of his early head; And his eyes look misty, as tears slept there, And his brow has the faintest mark of care.

If I'm a deceived and unhappy bride, It is not the fault of Walter Clyde; Though I start at Charley Hamilton's name, Had I wedded him—I had been the same!

For as now I'm regretting him, I then Had regretted Clyde! Ah, a trifle, when It is lost, will oft take a charm divine— And possession dims the diamond's shine.

A REAL AMAZON; OR, THE HANGING CLOUD.

Among the chiefs of the Chippewas, whose bands are to be found on the shores of Lake Superior, Na-wan-ong-ga-be, or "The Beautifying Bird," is the most noted. He is a brave and skillful warrior, as well as the most eloquent orator of his nation. He is a favorite chief, and his voice is more potent in the councils of the red men of the Northwest than that of any other chief of his tribe. But that which has rendered Na-wan-ong-ga-be more famous than his deeds of bravery against the hereditary enemies of his people, (the Sioux, who occupy the opposite side of the Mississippi,) is that he is the father of the renowned Ah-shah-way-gee-she-go-qua—"the Hanging Cloud," or the "Chippewa Princess," as she is termed.

This Indian maiden, whose history and extraordinary character were subjects of much observation at the pay ground at La Ponte, on the southwestern shore of Lake Superior, is still more extensively known than her father, the gifted orator and brave warrior. Perhaps of all the Indians who annually assemble at that place, to receive from the agents of the government their regular instalments of presents, the Hanging Cloud attracts most attention. She is a great brave, whose courage and valor have been tried on various occasions of combat with the implacable enemies of her tribe, and the Sioux would conceive it a crowning glory to make her a captive. About twenty years of age—she became famous when even yet a child—she yet remains unmarried, for no brave need aspire to her heart and hand who cannot satisfactorily prove his superior prowess against the Sioux and in the chase.

Dr. Morse, who accompanied Commissioner Manypenny to the pay grounds of the Lake Superior Indians, became acquainted with this young amazon, and describes her as "a chivalrous warrior, and the only female of the Chippewas who was allowed to participate in the dancing circles and war ceremonies, or to march in rank and file, or to wear the feathers of the braves."

She is not of a robust and masculine form, but about the medium height of females, slim, and rather spare built. On foot, she is said to be as fleet as the red deer of her native hills, and no young warrior has been found among her people who can compete with her in a running match. She has a standing challenge, offering to give her life in servitude to any man, white or red, who, giving her one rod the start, can catch her in the race of a quarter of a mile.

Her complexion is rather dark, even for an Indian, with large and lustrous black eyes, continually on the motion. Her nose is also large, and curved like the beak of the bird of Jove; while her neatly braided tresses are black and glossy as a raven's wing. She seldom smiles; and there is an expression about her well-turned mouth of much cunning and deceit. From her somewhat lofty forehead, which is frequently corrugated with frowns, particularly when some too curious eye is turned upon her, there seems ever to hang a portentous cloud, ominous of her name. In looking upon her countenance, with her ever-restless eyes roving over the surrounding lodges, no one could doubt that Ah-shah-way-gee-she-go-qua's greatest delight would be to exult over the dying agonies of some execrable Sioux, undergoing the tortures of the stake; or to bury her long blade in the heart of an enemy.

'Twas on a beautiful sunny Sabbath, in the month of September, says Dr. Morse, that noise and revelry upon the outskirts of the village of La Ponte, called the attention of the idlers connected with the commission, to the grounds occupied by the Indians, whom the agent had assembled to receive their annuity. The greater portion of the whites had gathered at the place of worship; but some of the curious, attracted by the sounds, proceeded to the spot, to observe what was in progress.

The Indians were about to celebrate, what they called the "Beggar's Dance," which was a wild motion, dignified by the name of dancing, and was purely of the wild-wood style. About the lodges were rude drums and other noisy instruments of Indian manufacture; and these, accompanied by warwhoops and screams, made a pandemonium of uncouth sounds, which

seemed to thrill upon the ears of the savage assemblage, with a rapture, like that awakened upon more polished audiences, by the gushing tones of Ole Bull or Jenny Lind.

At least one hundred warriors, dressed in the most eccentric and fantastic style, that the imagination can conceive,—that ribbons, feathers, every color of paint, bare legs painted, painted faces, war weapons, &c., could possibly give to human beings, were the active participants. These were in one grand circle, dancing to thumping sounds and guttural songs, in a way, which the Chippewas only know how to dance and sing.

Within this circle were gathered the persons of distinction, the most conspicuous among whom, was the youthful Princess. She was the observed of all the assemblage, as dressed in a rich, but tasteful suit of blue broadcloth, with dashing shawl and leggings, she occupied a blanket in the centre of the group. Her beautiful hair was parted over the forehead with true feminine grace, and ornamented with two warrior plumes, which bore devices to show the number of scalps she had taken in battle. As she sat in the midst of the warriors, with much evident satisfaction and self-possession, her fingers played with the handle of her keen-edged knife.

The occasion was to be celebrated by a "dog feast," and the dancers soon threw aside their noisy instruments, and set off in single file, to call upon the different chiefs, who remained in their wigwams, to receive their distinguished visitors. In the procession Ah-shah-way-gee-she-go-qua, filled the place of the third,—two warriors of great celebrity preceding her. In the proud step of the young heroine, there was nothing to indicate the weakness and irresolute peculiarity to her sex; but she moved along, as if conscious of her position, and with all the majestic hauteur of the "Forest Queen" she really was.

The chiefs they visited, each addressed the procession upon the virtue and duty of charity to their own poor, and a kindly regard to the members of their bands; and enforced their exhortations by presents of blankets, food and ammunition, to be afterwards distributed to the needy of the different bands.

The most striking and ludicrous object in the procession, was a tall and stately squaw, who bore behind her, and suspended by a broad strap about her forehead, the carcass of a large and very fat dog, that had by high feeding for some months previous, been prepared for this important ceremony. The skin had been denuded of hair, and the entrails removed; and with the legs distended with sticks, so that it covered the squaw's back, it certainly made a most grotesque appendage to her gaudy head-dress.

The Doctor had an evening interview with the father of the Princess and learned something of the girl's history. It appeared that at a time, but a few years previous, a small war party of the Chippewas' ancient enemies, the Sioux, stole near to the lodge of Na-wan-ong-ga-be, who at the time was lying upon his back inside, asleep, and fired a rifle at him, with the intention of killing him. The ball just grazed the chieftain's nose near the eyes, the scar of which still remains to be seen. The young girl, who happened at the moment to be sitting near her father,—sprang to her feet, and seizing her father's loaded rifle, flew from the lodge, and alarming a few young braves who happened to be close at hand, she pursued rapidly after the retreating assassins. Two of them were killed, one of whom fell by the hands of the maiden, who bore his bleeding scalp in triumph to her father.

The Chippewas have a singular custom among their tribes, which they say has ever been observed by them. All young persons, of either sex, before they can rank themselves as men and women, are made to pass a trying ordeal. This is the undergoing of a rigid fast. Those who cannot, for at least four days, endure abstinence from food and drink, are not considered worthy the respect of the tribe. But if they continue thus to fast for ten days, it is sufficient, and all in any case required. They have then perfected their high position in life.

The old chief informed the Doctor that his daughter had fasted ten days without a particle of food or drink. On the tenth day, feeble and nervous from the long continuance of her fast, she had a remarkable vision, which she related to her friends.

She dreamed that at a time not far distant, she would accompany a war-party to the Sioux country, and that the party would kill one of the enemy, and would bring home his scalp.

It happened that shortly after the relation of the young girl's dream, a war party was really organized for a start to the west side of the Mississippi, and she, in accordance with her vision, which continually haunted her mind, determined to go with it. Against this unusual course, her parents and relatives urged their strongest remonstrances. But their protestations against it were in vain. She had resolved on the adventure, and nothing would turn her aside from it. "Her highest ambition, her whole destiny, her life itself, seemed to be at stake, to go and verify the prophecy of her dream."

The war party started forth on their errand of blood, and the young Hanging Cloud was finally permitted to accompany it.

They crossed the "Father of Waters" into the enemy's territory, and for ten or twelve days sought through the swamps, and upon the prairies beyond, for the foe, but all in vain, for the Sioux were then absent upon their buffalo hunt, on the wide plains through which flow the head waters of the Red River of the North. They were therefore forced to recross the great river without allaying their thirst for vengeance by a single drop of Sioux blood. They must return to their homes without a single scalp to herald the triumphs of a victorious foray.

The party had reached the banks of the river, and encamped upon it, under the shelter of the thick undergrowth, and on the following morning, as they launched their canoes upon its rapid current, lo! one solitary Sioux, who had approached the river to fish, unmindful of their presence, was discovered by them and shot.

With shouts of exultation the warriors tore his scalp from his head, and hastening back to the lodges of the Chippewas, celebrated the dance of victory with this fresh trophy of their valor.

It was thus realized the prophecy of the Indian girl to the very letter, and herself, in the esteem of all the neighboring bands, elevated to the highest honors in all their ceremonies. She alone, of all the females, is permitted at all festivities to associate, mingle, and counsel with the bravest of the bravest of her tribe.

Nor was the occasion above referred to, the only one in which the Hanging Cloud has signally herself, for on more than one war trail her light step has fallen. Her beaded moccasins track has many a time been made in the soil of the Sioux's country, and her scalping-knife has torn the bloody trophy from his head. In the recent war between her tribe and their old enemies, not far from St. Paul, Minnesota, Hanging Cloud led a party of young braves, from which, after a severe engagement, that lasted part of two days, they returned with nine scalps, four of which were hanging at the belt of the young heroine. Her father is still living, and an influential chief; and there is no doubt that, the event of his death, his daughter, Ah-shah-way-

gee-she-go-qua, the Hanging Cloud, will become the leader of her band, with the consent of the entire tribe.

In fact, she is now the ruling spirit of her people, who have long considered her as possessor of extraordinary powers of prophecy, and the immediate favorite of Manitou.

TACTLESS PEOPLE.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

We believe it is generally admitted that the most agreeable associates, in the every day intercourse of society, are those who put us in a good humor with ourselves. Tactless people have a wonderful faculty of effecting the very opposite. However well tuned may be the instrument they touch, their rough, inconsequent fingers always strike some jarring string. Wounded sensibility exaggerates their bluntness into insult—Confusion enters the doors where they pass in—Discord follows in their steps.

There is an anecdote told of a certain officer who, having lost an arm in battle, ever after judged of the high breeding and good nature of the persons presented to him by noticing whether their eyes wandered to the empty coat-sleeve. He knew that those who appeared perfectly unconscious of his loss were influenced by considerate delicacy; while those whose eyes were constantly turned to the former locality of the deficient member, had souls of a rude texture, insensible to fine perceptions or sympathetic emotions. Tactless people belong to this last mentioned order of beings, and seem to possess an especial gift for spying out and pitilessly dragging to light imperfections which politeness ignores.

Their scrutinizing eyes are ever upon a voyage of discovery, and who does not shrink from their merciless scanning? Who has not felt that "Being observed is just being tortured."

Yet from this torture we never need hope to escape while a member—especially a feminine member—of the tactless family is present. Be sure that her lynx eyes will detect the first unwelcome tread of silver that winds its shining way among raven locks, and will as certainly proclaim the unsuspected intruder! But she makes the announcement not with malicious intent, she is quite unconscious of wounding one yet unreconciled to the sore necessity of growing old. Your tactless friend seems physically unable to avoid personalities. Let a pair of smiling lips disclose pearls of strikingly unnatural whiteness and regularity, and she is immediately impelled to descend, upon false teeth. She unfailingly discusses the angularity and want of grace of meagre people before those who are vainly seeking flesh in cod liver oil and every other known promoter of rounded outlines; and she invariably expresses her disgust for unseemly rotundity before unfortunates who are martyrizing themselves by futile efforts to reduce their unsymmetrical proportions through compression and starvation, or to conceal them by manifold arts of the toilette.

Tactless people are especially given to criticize dress. Wee to the hapless fair one who has been forced by poverty into some little, unattractive expedient—or who bears about her a darn, or a slight fracture, which she nervously hoped might escape notice! Beyond all peradventure, a pair of rebuking, tactless eyes will, forthwith, fasten upon the imperfection!

Beware, too, of the hands of the tactless. They are human magnets to attract and draw out defects. If a vase of flowers is turned to the wall to hide an unsightly crack—if a cushion is arranged on a sofa to conceal an unlucky rent—if a curtain is adjusted over a window to veil a broken pane—if a footstool is carefully placed over an oil stain on the carpet—their hands, as if by instinct, drag away the friendly screen and reveal the hidden offence!

As for French gold, and plated silver, and paste diamonds, and imitation lace, dyed silks, cleaned gloves, and other genteel shams and expedients, there is not the faintest chance that they will pass current with your tactless guest. If, perforce, her lips are silent, the close investigation and the significant glances of her tell-tale eyes quickly announce that she is not duped by the imposture!

Then, if there is a sore subject to any one present, it is always stumbled upon, (though with no unkind intention,) by these tactless individuals. They always talk of poverty to those who are vainly struggling to keep up appearances. They will discourse about profligate sons and thankless daughters before sorrowing parents, and rail at unworthy husbands before heart-broken wives, and bemoan the wretchedness of marriage before ill-matched partners. If a girl has been jilted, they innocently endeavor to entertain her with an account of the wedding of a gay, young friend.

If a sick child lies gasping in its mother's arms, the consolation they offer is a history of the deaths they have known from just such illnesses! They are very much surprised if an impression slowly reaches them that they have created confusion or occasioned distress. They assure you they had no such design—and doubtless they had none. It was only the absence of that sixth sense, called "tact," which rendered them so obnoxious as companions, and which will always cause their presence to be dreaded and shunned.

Singularly enough, their own sensibilities are remarkably acute. No one can be more quickly wounded than they, if their blunt speeches are retorted, and the arrows sent back hit their own vulnerable points.

Do we estimate "tact" too highly in thinking it a positive virtue, one of the indispensable elements of an agreeable character? Was it not Dr. Johnson who said that politeness was "benevolence in trifles"? If politeness be the offspring of good feeling evinced in social minutes, tact as certainly springs from the amiability which is thoughtful to spare others pain.

Many a woman, endowed with noble attributes, and rich in sterling virtues, has passed through life little beloved, little appreciated, and seldom sought after, because she was lamentably deficient in this one conciliating, harmonizing quality of tact; because she always rendered those with whom she associated discontented with themselves, and that engendered discontent with her.

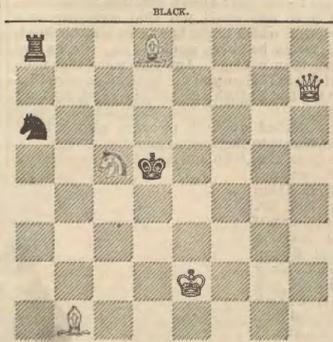
A writer who has evidently weighed the importance of the social art of making one's-self acceptable to others, by rendering others pleased with themselves, jocosely advises a man, who has failed in inspiring a woman with love for him, "to fill her above the brim with love for herself," assuring him that all which "runs over will be his." That counsellor understood the value of the word "tact."

A MILKMAN'S CONFESSION.—A German had made a fortune in Philadelphia by selling milk. He started home with two bags of sovereigns. On shipboard he counted one bag of treasure. A mischievous monkey was watching his operations. As soon as it was replaced and tied up, and the other bag emptied, Jacko snatched up the full one, and was soon at the mast-head. He opened the German's bag; and, after eyeing the pretty gold, he proceeded to drop one piece upon the deck, and another in the water, until he had emptied the bag. When he had finished, the German threw up his hands, exclaiming, "He must be the devil; for what came from the water he does give to the water, and what came from the milk he gives to me."

CHESS DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY PAUL MORPHY.

PROBLEM No. VII.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VII.

- 1. R. takes B. 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3. R. to Q. R. eighth 4. P. to Q. fifth winning easily.

GAME EIGHTH.

Between Louis Paulsen and Paul Morphy.

- WHITE. (Paulsen.) 1. P. to K. fourth 2. Kt. to K. B. third 3. Kt. to Q. B. third (a) 4. K. B. to Q. Kt. fifth 5. Castles 6. K. Kt. takes P. 7. K. Kt. takes Kt. (b) 8. K. B. to Q. B. fourth 9. K. B. to K. second (f) 10. Kt. takes Kt. (g) 11. B. to K. B. third 12. P. to Q. B. third (h) 13. P. to Q. Kt. fourth 14. P. to Q. R. fourth 15. Q. takes R. P. 16. R. to Q. R. second (j) 17. Q. to Q. R. sixth (i) 18. P. takes Q. 19. K. to R. square 20. R. to Q. square (n) 21. K. to Kt. square 22. K. to K. B. square 23. K. to Kt. square 24. K. to R. square 25. Q. to K. B. square (o) 26. R. takes B. 27. R. to Q. R. square 28. P. to Q. fourth

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) This seems to be a favorite opening with Mr. Paulsen. The move, though a safe one, is not likely to lead to interesting positions. (b) Better than K. Kt. takes Kt., in which case White would advance 7. P. to Q. fourth, regaining the piece with the better position. (c) By retreating 7. Kt. to Q. third White might have preserved his pawn, but the cramped situation of his game would have amply compensated Black for his loss. (d) Indirectly protecting his king's pawn, for suppose 8. Kt. takes Kt. P. 9. R. takes Kt. and White keeps his pawn, since if 10. K. takes B. White wins the rook; 11. Q. to K. B. third (check) more than it would yield. (e) Black might also have played 8. Kt. to Kt. fifth. (f) If 8. P. to Q. Kt. third 9. B. to K. Kt. fifth 10. Kt. takes Kt. 11. R. to Q. R. square with a decided advantage. (g) If instead White play 10. B. to K. B. third he loses directly. (h) 11. Q. takes Kt. 12. Q. to K. B. square (A) 13. Q. takes Q. 14. R. takes Kt. 15. R. to K. eighth (mate) 16. R. takes Kt. 17. Q. takes Kt. (check) 18. R. to K. eighth (check) 19. R. to K. square 20. R. to K. square

NEVER BUY WHAT YOU DON'T NEED.

If the poorhouse has any terror for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a jews-harp, see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for which nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady-love would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that cost just half the money! If she wouldn't, let her crack her own walnuts and buy her own clothes. When you see a man paying \$5 for a Frenchified toy that a philosophic Yankee baby will pull to pieces in five minutes, the chances are that he will live long enough to realize how many cents there are in a dollar; and if he don't, he is sure to bequeath that privilege to his widow. When a man asks you to buy that for which you have no use, no matter how cheap it is, don't say yes until you are sure some one else wants it at an advance. Money burns in some people's pockets, and makes such a pesky hole, that everything that is put in drops through past finding.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACT.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant maid, but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub women. The brewer observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of brewing dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman, as a skillful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

An infidel, who had been attempting to prove that men have no souls, asked a lady, with an air of triumph, what she thought of his philosophy. "It appears to me," she replied, "that you have been employing a good deal of talent to prove yourself a beast."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRINCE.

MANY readers must remember the striking remarks of a distinguished artist upon the beauty of the dead, when, like a magical dial, their features show traces of life's sunshine that had blessed them; the beauty of repose; a calm rest after the "fitful fever." Such a beauty, sometimes, does sleep confer upon the beloved ones that receive it.

A PHILADELPHIA Quaker, desiring to see "Eq." affixed to his name, advised a correspondent to direct his letters to him "without any tail," and he received a reply superscribed, "Amos Smith without any tail."

TALK to vulgar people of any thought or sentiment that may be expressed in a flower or a star, a landscape or a morning, and they charge you at once with being fanciful, and unsubstantial, and not fit for such a real world of dirt as our great brown mother is.

THE New Zealand mother thruster stones down the throat of her infant in order to make him a stern and fearless warrior; and Christian matrons have been quite as savage without intending it.

A MAN has no more right to bring on indigestion than he has to get intoxicated or fall in debt. He who offends on these three points deserves to forfeit stomach, head, and his electoral franchise.

A FEW weeks ago, a Tennessee landlord, seeing a sailor with a pocketful of money, followed him on the road to rob him. He thought to catch a far, and did twice as much as he undertook. He caught a Tar.

A CYNICAL writer asks "when women will cease to make fools of themselves." Probably when men cease to admire and love fools more than women of sense.

WHEN, in a case of doubtful morality, you feel disposed to ask, is there any harm in doing this? please answer it by asking yourself another, is there any harm in letting it alone?

"GENTLEMEN" said a tavern-keeper to his guests, at midnight, "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not, but for as myself I am going to shut up."

If the old maxim is true, that the law takes no account of small matters, it must take precious little account of many who pretend to administer it.

A MAN can do without his own approbation in society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when alone; without it he is not to be endured.

WHEN a man has been intemperate so long that shame no longer paints a blush upon his cheek, his liquor generally does it instead.

A SCURRILOUS Western editor says he sometimes blushes that he is a man. His friends often blush that he isn't.

LET a young woman take the degree of A. B. that is, a Bride, and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

LET every man regard himself as an act of God, his mind a thought of God, and his life a breath of God.

HE that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

"My son, run to the pump and fetch me a drink of water; I am very dry." "So is the pump, father."

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and their business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

To know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity is knowledge enough for a little great man.

HEAVEN ever renders her dews to the earth; but earth seldom, or never, renders her dews to Heaven.

THE dress of a frivolous coquette, however abundant, is next to nothing.

Too much rain is as bad for vegetation as too little; it operates as a check-rain.

A DENTIST at work in his vocation always looks down in the mouth.

PROBABLY few women actually whip their husbands, but a great many get them whipped.

LADIES, take in your crinolines and let out your minds.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE house of a colored woman, named Wilson, living in Scarborough, Me., was recently discovered to be on fire early one morning. The neighbors assembled and extinguished the flames; and on their looking about the premises a knife and hatchet, covered with blood, were found on the hearth; in the fire-place were found the heart, liver, &c., of a human being, and in the oven were found a couple of arms and legs which were supposed to be those of her own son. It appears that she had murdered the boy, cut him up, and then set fire to the house to conceal her crime.

A MAN named Brown, who had been an inmate of the Old Soldiers' Home, in Washington, D. C., recently called at a drug store in that city, and purchased fifteen grains of corrosive sublimate, fifteen drops of muriatic acid, and one ounce of rose-water, which he said he wanted for a wash. The articles were put up for him in a bottle, and he left. He soon after returned to the store, threw the empty bottle on the counter, cried "Save me! I've killed myself!" and fell dead upon the floor.

A YOUNG man named Aaron Irely, who had been recently pardoned out of the Pennsylvania State Prison, a short time since went into a rolling mill in Centre Co., Pa., and deliberately placed both his arms between the blades of an enormous pair of shears which severed them completely about midway between the wrist and elbow. On being asked why he did the act, he coolly answered, "My hands got me into the Penitentiary once, and they shall never do it again."

DURING the last month eight persons have committed suicide in the United States by poison; seven by shooting; six by drowning; three by hanging; three by cutting the throat and two by suffocation with the fumes of charcoal—twenty-nine in all; and besides these, some twenty unsuccessful attempts have been made at self-destruction.

A DENTIST who had been engaged in his profession for forty years in England, and who every tooth he had extracted during that time, provided in his last will and testament that they should all be buried with him. On his death, the teeth to the number of some thirty thousand were put in a large box, and deposited upon his coffin in the grave.

THE farmers in various parts of Cook county, Ill., are losing their cattle by a sort of mad disease, which is supposed to be engendered by the bad state of the water in the sloughs where the cattle drink. The first becomes stupid; then grow uneasy and excited, and next become wild, both at the mouth and die.

A JAPANESE girl attempted to escape from her native island not long since by secreting herself on board a vessel bound for Shanghai. On being discovered she was sent back, when the Japanese government condemned her, and all her relations, and several officials who ought to have detected her, to death.

A MAN named Garver, living at Green Point, a few days ago went in bathing in the river, near his house, leaving a little son on shore to watch his clothes. While swimming out a few rods, the unfortunate man was seized with the cramp, and drowned before his son could call assistance.

JOSEPH CLAWTRAY, a boy thirteen years of age, whose parents live in East Broadway, while playing with a steel trap, got his hand caught between the teeth, and was so affected by pain and fright that he went into convulsions, and was saved from death with great difficulty.

A HITHERTO respectable man, seventy years of age, who has hitherto reared a family of children, was recently detected in a city in Tennessee, as the accomplice of boy thieves, who had stolen money and jewelry and left it with him for safe keeping.

MACHINES have at last been invented where-with a block of wood is sawed, split into kindlings, and tied up in neat bundles of uniform size. This will save much trouble to all housekeepers, and by its cheapening of fuel be an especial advantage to the poor.

A SPRING, called Leon Hole, has been discovered some eighty miles east of El Paso, which is one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and has been sounded to the depth of eight thousand feet without finding bottom.

DURING the late brilliant display of the aurora borealis, the electric telegraphs in some parts of New England were worked by the auroral current exclusively, in one case for more than two hours.

It has been ascertained that there is more zinc in Northern and Southern Wisconsin than in all Europe has yet given signs of possessing.