The Independent Press.

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MISCELLANY.

MY WIFE'S COUSIN.

Some time ago, I called on a cousin of my wife who resided in the city of Philadelphia. I had not seen him for a long time, but having understood that he was in affluent circumstances, I was but little prepared for the condition in which I found him. Through information derived from a Philadelphia directory, I went to one of those alleys with which that city abounds, and found his name on a sign board, associated with that of another man, over a dark and dingy shop. The sign purported that they were locksmiths and bell-hangers; also, that locks were repaired and keys fitted. Without ceremony, I walked into the gloomy recess, where there was a blacksmith's forge, and where, among several muscular looking men, up to their arm-pits in work, was 'my wife's cousin.' He received me most cordially, and for a moment intermitted filing a huge brass key on which he was engaged, and the shake of my own dexter by one of his broad brawny hands I can liken to nothing nearer than the shock of a young earthquake.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he observed, "and just as soon as I finish this key we'll make tracks for home."

I, of course, replied that I was in no hurry, and at once became interested in the facile manner in which he was metamorphosing a rough casting into a polished key. As soon as it was completed, he washed the worst of the dirt from his hands, hung up his work apron, and putting on his coat and hat, remarked, in a cheerful tone, "Come now, Cousin Aleck, let's go and see whether wife has got any tea for us."

After we were in the street, our conversation insensibly ran on business, and I took occasion to say to him that I had been of the opinion that he had retired from his trade on a handsome competency. "Don't say a word about retirement," he replied; "it nearly makes me sick to think of it. People talk of retiring from business while they are healthy, and able to work; why, I tell you, Aleck, they don't know what it means. I didn't know what it meant until I tried it, but *now* retirement and misery sound, to my ears, like words of about the same meaning."

Perceiving that he had struck a subject on which he could easily be communicative, I looked inquiringly, when he rejoined, "perhaps you never heard the particulars of my retiring."

On my replying that I had not, he proceeded: "You see, Aleck, it is about three years ago that, having, as you would say, a competency, I made up my mind to stop work and move into the country. So I sold out my share of the business to my partner, spent a year or more in looking at two or three score of country places, and at last found one that wife and myself were considerably pleased with. Fine comfortable house, four acres beautifully shaded, vegetable garden not to be beat, and soil of a superior quality. The place is still in my possession, but before I would go and live on it again I'd give it away; yes, Aleck, I'd see it sunk in the middle of the Dead Sea. But I am getting a little ahead of my story. For two or three months, matters and things went on very well, because I had something to attend to in making a few little improvements about the house, and in furnishing a number of the doors with locks of my own invention; but as the whole premises were in excellent repair when I bought them, I soon came to a point where there was nothing to look after but the cultivation of the garden. I was not long, though, in making the discovery that I had no genius of taste for digging around roots or pulling up weeds, and so, as wife didn't wish the garden to run to waste, I employed a regular English gardener to carry the thing handsomely through.

"Well, I didn't mind the expense he put me to in the way of guano, new-fangled gardening tools, and patent watering apparatus; for I had fully expected to spend money, and, thanks to our previous economy, we had the money to spend; but, Aleck, it was really very amusing to see what the fruit and vegetables raised from our garden stood us in. Making use of the little arithmetic I was master of, I recollect that I cipher'd up the cost of some of the table fixins, and the result was—cucumbers, seventeen cents a piece; green peas, a dollar and three-quarters for a half peck; currants, fifty cents a quart; raspberries, thirty cents a pint; beets, fourteen cents each, and everything else in proportion. All this I cared nothing about, but somehow, I felt out of my gearing in not having the right kind of employment. Wife did her best to coax me into gentlemanly ways; had the old mechanical grime all thoroughly scrubbed out of my hands—fingernails cleaned out and rounded—so as to make it appear that I had never done manual labor.

"Then we must get behind a couple of Morgan ponies which I had purchased, and make fashionable calls in the day time on those who had called on us; and wife wanted me to soften down my voice and to be particular about my grammar and the subjects I talked on; but sometimes forgetting myself, I would revel in the proud memory of the locks and keys I had handled in happier days and commence a history of my exploits in that line, when wife would look as though she was going to sink through the floor. In fact, she wished to keep a perpetual lock on my lips, (so far as our antecedents were concerned,) with the key in her pocket. But I sighed for the shop, and time hung so heavily on my hands that an hour spent in stupid listlessness about the house seemed longer to me than a day did when I had orders ahead for locks and was driving hard to get them finished at a given time. My youngest brother, who is a college bred man and a lawyer, sent me, at my request, a fine collection of books on all imaginable subjects, so that my library outshone that of the parson, or, indeed, any other man in the place; but I found I had to more taste to sit down and read than I had for trimming currant bushes. Time was, after I had finished a hard day's labor at the shop, when an hour at locks was a real solace, and I also believed an occasion of improvement. Then I envied those whose leisure allowed them to feast on books perpetually; but the mistake I made was in failing to discriminate between the mental habits and requirements of the professed student and those of the working man.

"In this wretched manner did time at my country seat drag heavily along. Visiting was a perfect bore, for not feeling the slightest interest in such masculine topics as corn, grubs and manure, and caring less for the feminine ones of dress and local gossip, I didn't know what to talk about. Books set me to sleep, and not having the society of my two boys, who were off at boarding school, I became fully satisfied that 'nothing to do' was equal to having everything to suffer.

"My most delightful place of resort was a blacksmith's shop, some two miles from the house, where occasionally I would handle the hammer, and clang a little on the anvil, but wife making the discovery one day that my hands were getting grimy, again, I was obliged to own up the cause of it, and this, to my sorrow, was succeeded by a positive prohibition on her part from my taking any further exercise at the forge. After this, when I would sometimes ride past the shop behind my prancing Morgan horses, the tears would start in my eyes at my being debarred the only employment which was in the least adapted to my taste or capacity.

"But, Cousin Aleck, to shorten my story, wife, perceiving that my unhappiness was increasing, at last consented to move back to town, and let me resume my business. I had no difficulty in renewing an arrangement with my old partner, and hence, here you see me hard at work, and happier than the President. I am perfectly able, in a pecuniary point of view, to live without work, but I have learned to my satisfaction two important truths—first, that we never enjoy ourselves so well as when we are usefully employed; and second, that there is no occupation, on the whole, for which we are so well fitted as that to which we have been long accustomed, and which has hence become to us, as it were, a second nature."

I was much pleased with the good sense of "my wife's cousin," as evinced in the small section of his autobiography which he had given me, and very soon after he had finished it, we reached his dwelling. If his shop was dingy, there was dinginess here. The edifice was built on the Philadelphia style, having a large dining room back of the two parlors, and a middle kitchen in the rear of the dining room. The whole floor, as well as the airy and pleasant bedrooms above stairs, were probably adorned with a better description of furniture than was owned by the Governor of Pennsylvania. Everything was in perfect order, and although the locksmith's wife was somewhat uppish in her notions, I soon perceived she was a capital house keeper, and that my friend was proud of his house, and proud of his wife, and proud of his two sons, who had come from boarding school to spend the vacation. I found that these lads were quite intelligent, and that they were both intended for the learned professions. While one of them entertained me with some music on a parlor organ, the worthy smith begged me to excuse him for a few moments, after which he reappeared in perfectly clean linen and a suit of dainty black. We supped at a table spread with the utmost profusion, and in the evening, some company coming in, conversation and music filled up the passing hour. I was deeply interested, and concluded that "my wife's cousin," the locksmith and bell-hanger, was a wise man, and that unwittingly he had discovered the true philosopher's stone. Daily work was to him as necessary as his daily bread, and the toil of the shop only served to enhance the pleasures and recreations of a refined and happy home. On taking my leave, I realized that I had been taught a valuable lesson: Employment is the healthful tie of life, and he that would seek happiness in a state of perpetual repose, betrays a profound ignorance of the beneficent laws which govern his being.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

Frederick The Great.—His chief residence, between the Peace of Dresden and the Seven Years' War, was the Palace of Sans Souci, which he built in the immediate neighborhood of Potsdam, in 1746.—In the same spot he had a vault prepared, and lined with marble, to serve for his grave. In one of his walks from Postdam to the place, while the grounds were being laid out, he pointed out the grave to the Marquis d'Argens, his companion, with this comment, "*Quand je serai la, je serai sans souci.*" And to this accidental expression the palace owed its name, which was subsequently placed in golden letters on its garden front. There he spent most of his hours of peace; there he died; and in the apartment in which he breathed his last, the reverential affection of his successors has left all the furniture unchanged, in the exact state in which it was at that instant, fabling even that his favorite watch stopped the moment he expired.

Young's Parallel Lines.

An Unceremonious Bishop.—At the meeting of the Synod at Aberdeen on Thursday, the Bishop said: Before proceeding, I have to remark, that I see persons here who have not my authority for being present. I positively refused to give my sanction to ladies being present, and until the ladies withdraw, I shall not proceed with the business. (There were some half dozen ladies in the front seat of the South gallery.) If the ladies have any delicacy they will not remain without permission from me, and I hope any gentlemen, who may have influence with them will exert their influence to get them to accede to my request. (After a pause, and no stir among the ladies, the Bishop continued.) If the ladies are determined, I am equally determined, and I will adjourn the Synod to another place. (A pause of some minutes ensued, and yet no sign of the ladies retiring.) The Bishop then said: The Synod is adjourned till the ladies retire—for half an hour.—The Bishop then retired, but the ladies in the gallery sat still for several minutes. Ultimately, and after a good deal of consultative whispering, and having had the counsel of a reverend brother, who ascended the gallery, they retired.—*Aberdeen Press.*

Jefferson's Ten Rules.—1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain the evils have cost us which have never happened.

9. Take everything always by the smooth handle.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

Weeds in Gardens.—The only way to keep weeds in subjection is to treat them with "eternal vigilance." There is no royal road to a neat garden. On walking recently through a neighbor's grounds, noted for their good order and neatness, we asked him the secret of his success in exterminating weeds. He replied that he had only one leading rule on the subject, and that was, "*never to allow a weed to go to seed.*" If every person owning a garden will devote his leisure moments daily to the destruction of weeds, he will find it a comparatively easy matter to keep them down. And this systematic daily hoeing will not only keep his garden neat, but will keep the soil in the best possible condition for the growth of plants.

Written at my Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers, like souls at rest.
The stars shine gloriously; and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet, with its bloom blue and mild,
Wave o'er thy head, when will it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the morning tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter stream
By thee, as oft in childhood lie,
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
To stain the plumage of sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,
With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee!

Oh! from life's withered bower,
I still commotion with the past, I turn,
And naught on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there!
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless your weeping child;
And o'er thine urn, religion's holiest shrine,
Oh, give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

Necessity of Pure Air.—Whatever makes the air impure makes the blood impure. It is the air we breathe which purifies the blood. And as, if the water we use to wash our clothing is dirty, it is impossible to wash the clothing clean, so, if the air we breathe is impure, it is impossible for it to abstract the impurities from the blood. What, then, are some of the more prominent things which render the air impure. It is the nature of still water to become impure. It is the nature of still air to become impure. Running water purifies itself. Air in motion, draughts of air, are self purifiers. Thus it is that the air of a close room becomes impure inevitably. Thus it is that close rooms bring consumption to countless thousands. Hence all rooms should be so constructed as to have a constant draught of air passing through them. A man of ordinary size renders a hogshead of air unfit for breathing, and consumes its blood-purifying qualities, every hour. Hence sleeping in close rooms, even though alone, or sitting for a very short time in a crowded vehicle, or among a large assembly, is perfectly corrupting to the blood. Close bedrooms make the graves of multitudes.

Hall's Book on Consumption.

The Secret of Happiness.—"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erected a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a very merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the days be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied; 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done so many things during the day to please me that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkindly to anybody.' What influence, then, hath a woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of pure emotions! Speak gently, then, after the toils of the day are over. Smiles cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful."

Judge O'Neall and Whitner.—Presiding Elder J. W. Kelley, in the last Yorkville Enquirer, holds sentiments in unison with our own. He says:

"I am heartily glad that the up-country has two such Judges as N'Neall and Whitner. They honor their places. I am a Methodist, they are Christians, one a Baptist, the other a Presbyterian; I honor them for their faithfulness and usefulness as men, Judges and philanthopists, and servants of the Lord Jesus. Other occupants of the Bench may be equally deserving for aught I know to the contrary. Certainly a christian people should have men faithful to God, as well as acceptable to men, to hold the scales of justice and apply the rules of equity."

It is said that Prof. Morse returns to this country with $80,000 in his pocket, awarded him by the continental powers who have adopted his telegraph system.

"They Say"

BY MRS CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

"They Say?" Who are *they?* who are the cowled monks, the hooded friars who glide with shrouded faces in the procession of life, muttering in an unknown tongue words of mysterious import? Who are *they?* The midnight assassins of reputation, who lurk in the bylanes of society, with dagger tongues sharpened by invention and envenomed by malice to draw the blood of innocence, and, hyena-like, banquet on the dead?

Who are *they?* They are a multitude no man can number; black-souled familiar of the inquisition slander, searching for victims in every city, town and village, wherever the heart of humanity throbs or the ashes of mortality find rest.

O! coward, coward world skulkers! Give me the bold brigand, who thunders along the highways with flashing weapon that cuts the sunbeams as well as the shades.

Give me the pirate who *outwits* the black flag's emblem of his terrible trade, and *shows* the plank which your doomed feet must tread; but save me from the *They Sayers* of society, whose knives are hidden in a velvet sheath whose bridge of sheath is woven of flowers; and who spread with invisible poison, even the spotless whiteness of the winding sheet."

Government Expenditures.—The Union presents a detailed statement of the appropriations made by the Thirty fourth and Thirty fifth Congress, showing the amount recommended by the Executive, and the additions made by the National Legislature. It says:

"An examination of these estimates for which the Administration is responsible exhibits the fact that the Government would, if conducted to them, be conducted upon a basis of the strictest economy. The increase of expenditure, about which so much has been said, is limited to three sources: 1st, the expenses of the army; 2d, the increase of the navy; and 3d, the expense of the Post Office Department. A word upon each of these points: The increased expense of the army was occasioned, as every one knows, by the Utah war, and our Indian troubles. Not only was the deficiency provided for at the late session created in this war, but the increase in the regular annual estimates was required to meet these contingencies.

"2. The increase in the expenses of the navy arises from the amount expended in the construction of new vessels and in giving additional strength to the arm of the public defence. There is not an individual throughout the country who does not feel that the number and efficiency of the navy is wholly disproportionate to our commercial interests and national importance. Let those who desire a smaller and less efficient navy complain of those expenditures.

"3. The increased expenses of the Post Office Department. Two causes have produced this result, to wit: the reduction of postage and the increased mail facilities afforded to the country. If those who complain of the expenditures of the Government as estimated for by the Administration desire retrenchment and reform in this Department, the remedy is a plain one—either increase the postage or reduce the mail facilities."

Pure Bread.—Dr. Danglish, of Great Malvern, has patented an improvement in the preparation of dough, from which is made an absolutely pure bread, and the taste and flavor are such as can scarcely be imagined by those who have not eaten it. The advantages of the process are—1. There is a saving of the whole of the waste caused by fermentation, which averages fully ten per cent. Thus ten per cent. more bread is made out of a sack of flour than by the old process. 2. The process, instead of occupying eight to ten hours, is completed in half an hour. 3. The cost of machinery and gas is less than that of yeast used in the old process. 4. The dough requires scarcely any handling to form it into loaves. 5. The bread is absolutely pure. It is simply flour, water, and salt. Finally, should the whole of the bread in the kingdom be thus made, a saving would be effected of an amount equal to our entire importations of foreign wheat.—*Illustrated Inventor.*

Kind Charles the Simple and his Fool.—This good fellow's influence was so great that Charles, King of France, once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. "Oh, content enough," was the reply; "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool." It was this fool who once tried his master's nerve by rushing into his room, one morning, with the exclamation, "Oh, sire, such news! four thousand men have risen in the city!"—"What!" cried the startled king; "with what intention have they risen?"—"Well," said Jean, placing his finger upon his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bed-time."

The Russian Navy.—The efforts which Russia has lately made to increase her Navy are attracting attention in Europe. These efforts are so considerable, that her own building yards are not sufficient for the purpose, and she has been having vessels built in England, France and America, under the superintendence of her own naval officers. The Baltic fleet numbers twenty-seven ships of the line, and several smaller vessels, without counting gun-boats. Her flotilla in the Caspian sea has been increased, and she is creating a respectable naval force in Eastern Siberia, and at the mouth of the river Amoor.

Sudden Death.—We regret to learn that Mr. John Clemens, an old and respected citizen of our district, died very suddenly, from a stroke of apoplexy, on last Saturday, at Boiling Springs Church, where he had gone for the purpose of attending divine service. Immediately after his arrival, he was walking in the direction of the church, in company of one or two friends, when he suddenly fell and expired in a few minutes. Just before his death, when questioned about his health, he remarked that he was as well as he had been for some time. He died at an advanced age, and leaves a widow, a number of children and many friends to mourn his loss.—*Spartanburg Express.*

Character of a Frontiersman.

Some idea of the reckless character of the persons who infest our frontiers, may be inferred from the following incidents related by Maj. Emory, United States Army, in his report of the United States and Mexican boundary:

"One evening," (says the Major,) "several gentlemen, among them a retired officer of the filibusters, were enjoying the delicious twilight of that climate on the bank of the river, (Rio Grande,) opposite the point where was usually posted a picket guard, detached from a Mexican military station four miles distant. The guard of ten men were seen to approach the local, dismount, tie their horses, and stretch themselves on their blankets, some to sleep, others to smoke, but none particularly to watch.

"The conversation of the first named party was of a jocose character, directed at the expense of the young American filibuster who had joined in the Caravagal revolution, which had just ended with such signal advantages to the regular Mexican troops.—A little nettled, probably, at what had passed, he offered a wager of one hundred dollars that he would cross in a boat and take the guard, single-handed. His wager not being accepted he offered to bet drinks for the party. Some persons, not dreaming he was in earnest, indiscreetly took the bet.

"The absence of the filibuster was scarcely noticed, and the conversation about other subjects had continued for nearly an hour, when it was interrupted by the sharp reports of a revolver, and a yell which reverted from shore to shore, giving the impression of many voices; these were quickly followed by the rolling fire of a platoon of musketry, and then all was silent.—'Could that be S——?' asked one. 'Impossible,' was the reply. 'It would be just like him,' said a third. Shortly after, a boat containing two or three men, was seen to dart across the rapid current from the shadow of the high bluff on the American side. As it approached the opposite side, its occupants, not wishing to violate the usages of the guard, called out in Spanish they were friends, going to see what was the matter. 'Matter? H—ll!' answered a voice in English, 'come here and help me to drive these mustangs in the river.' They found the guard dispersed, and S——with one arm shattered by a musket ball; with the other he was trying to lead all the ten horses to the river shore."

Winsboro Register.

A Short Clergyman.—A few miles below Poughkeepsie, N. Y., there now lives and has lived for several years past, a worthy clergyman—a man, however, very short in stature. Upon a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church to fill his pulpit for the day. The invitation was accepted, and Sunday morning saw Mr.——in the pulpit. Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly very nearly hid the poor little clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and with pious faces, seemed religiously anxious for the text. They were not obliged to wait long, for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and in a squeaking, tremulous voice, proclaimed in nasal tones the text:

"Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid!"

A general roar of laughter followed the announcement—the clergyman turned all sorts of colors. Many in the general uproar left the church, and it was a long time before the minister was enabled to proceed with a sermon so abruptly broken off.

Afternoon came, and the little man, standing on the footstool, had a fair view of his audience. The text was announced in due form:

"A little while ye shall see me, and again a little while ye shall not see me!"

In the course of the sermon he repeated his text with great earnestness, and stepping back lost his elevated footing and disappeared from his hearers. The effect may be more readily imagined then described.

A Good Old Man.—A good old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire: one whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learnt the best thing in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy he is the more regarded. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then; yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relic. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.

Bishop Earle.

Clocks Invented in Paradise.—A German woodsman has revived the Eden clock, by marking the hours of waking and the first notes of the different singing birds.

"The signal is given by the chaffinch, the earliest riser among all the feathery tribes. Its song precedes the dawn, and is heard in summer from half-past one to two o'clock, A.M. Next, from two to half-past two o'clock, comes the black cap, (*Sylvia atricapilla,*) whose warblings would equal those of the nightingale if they were not so very short. From half past two to three o'clock, the quail is heard. From three to half-past three the hedge-sparrow. Then from half-past three to four o'clock, we have the blackbird, the mocking-bird of our climates, which imitates all tunes so well, that M. Duvau de La Malle made all the blackbirds of a French canton sing the Marseillaise hymn, by letting loose a blackbird which had been taught that tune. From four to half-past four o'clock the lark pours forth its melodies; from half-past four to five o'clock the black-headed titmouse is heard. Lastly, from five to half-past five o'clock, the sparrow, the *gamin* of the skies, awakes and begins to chirp. Queer horology that! Quarter-past quail, half-past sparrow and about eleven minutes of blackbird. "What queer things men will make for money!" as the old lady said when she saw a monkey."

A Flea under a Microscope.—When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates, fitted over each other, each plate covered like tortoise shell, and where they meet, hundred of strong quills project like those on the back of the porcupine or hedgehog. There are the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent cases, pierces to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood, six long-jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast, all ready at any moment to be thrown out with tremendous force for that jump which bothers one when they want to catch him, and at the end of each leg hooked claws to enable him to cling to whatever he alights upon. A flea can jump a hundred times his own length, which is the same as if a man jumped to the height of 700 feet feet; and he can draw a load 200 times his weight.—*Chambers' Journal.*

One.—One all-rounder will make a fellow look ridiculous. One new bonnet will make a young lady feel happy. One "funny man" will bother a whole neighborhood. One infuriated bull will set two or three streets in an uproar. One bad novel will waste whole reams of good paper. One little song will set thirty people talking. One "jolly row" will turn all the inhabitants of a street out of doors. One pretty flirt will make a dozen plain girls unhappy for an entire evening. One bad joke, if printed, will make its author disgustingly and insufferably vain for the remainder of his life. One champagne supper will turn six fellows into monkeys, and get five severely lectured by their indignant consorts. One sunshiny day will bring out all the butterflies and pretty girls in a suburb. One dog with a rattle tied to his tail will set the whole town in an uproar, and make a half dozen horses run away with buggies. One tight pair of boots will render the life of the wearer miserable for five or six days. One may as well take one's self off when one has no more to say.

Love in the Cars.—The editor of the Harrisburg Telegraph is informed of a singular adventure, which occurred on the passenger train of cars arriving at Harrisburg from the East, on Saturday evening last. In one of the cars a young gentleman was seated, apparently deeply occupied in reading a book he held in his hand, until he got to Lancaster. At this place a very handsome young lady entered the cars and took her seat opposite to him. Before they had been long in the train, the eyes of both met, and they recognized one another as old acquaintances—when very young, having been separated by their parents moving apart—those of one to the West and the other to Philadelphia. The two soon became enrapt in earnest conversation, fell ardently in love with one another, and by the time they arrived at Harrisburg had resolved to be united as man and wife and travel on their journey to the lady's home together. Accordingly they took lodgings at a hotel, sent for a minister, and were united in the bonds of connubial bliss, and taking the next train, were off on their bridal tour. The Telegraph's informant says he is acquainted with the parties, and that they both occupy high positions in society.

Short Hair.—The style of hair cutting variously known as "fighting," "hospital," and "penitentiary" style, has been somewhat in vogue again this summer. It is a fashion which requires some pluck in the wearer, and subjects him to an infinite number of practical jokes. The only instance we have known when the joke was on the other side, is reported by an exchange. A short haired friend of ours went with a friend to a neighboring village, and meeting some friends in the bar room of the hotel, a bet was proposed. T. wore his hat well over his head, and a wager was made that a stout gentleman from the rural districts, then and there present, could not lift him from the floor *by the hair of the head.* The wager was put up—or rather it went down. T. took his seat on the floor, and the rural gentleman prepared for his task. Imagine his surprise on removing his hat to find that he might as well undertake to lift a cannon ball by the whiskers. After some "cussing and discussing" about such a swindle, rural paid the little bill.

Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.

During the week ending on Friday night, there were thirteen fires in New York, the aggregate loss by which was $142,000.