

"Thank fate! I shall never be the prey of a fortune hunter!"

"As Sally Biddleton uttered these words she threw herself back upon the sofa, and raised her handsome head with a slight sigh.

"Your fortune is your face," rejoined her companion, as he gazed admiringly on her features. Sally opened her large eyes in astonishment.

"A compliment from you, Tom!" she exclaimed.

"The gentleman colored," "I know I am much given to pretty speeches, but you know, Sally, that I admire you all the more."

To tell the truth, Tom Middleton had for a long time loved Miss Biddleton, with all the strength of an earnest and constant passion; but she was very diffident; he had been wrong from making known his attachment, and thinking Sally's ridicule, though had he been more confident of himself he might have read long ago a secret that Sally's eyes hid little pains to conceal. But Tom nevertheless imagined how desirable a fellow he was in himself, and, knowing that he had no other fortune to bestow, he did not venture to offer his hand to the daughter of Senator Biddleton and the reigning belle of the city.

Why was one of a large family, it is true, but her own beauty, her father's position and her own beauty made Tom imagine her to be far removed from him. Now, he only could read right when she thus playfully sneered at his small compliment, and turning away from the window, did not catch the tender look that stole over Sally's handsome features.

"Well, what is the weather?" she asked in a moment, as he still stood gazing into the night.

"It is beautiful moonlight, and I think had better go."

"Get O, no, Tom. Why, this is the first time I shall see you for ever so long."

"And will you care?" he asked, as he came again to her side.

Sally blushed. "Of course I shall care," she said.

"No, Sally; to-morrow you are going to Washington. You will be a belle there, as you are everywhere, and you will soon forget me."

No, indeed, Tom," she replied, seriously. "Among all these strange faces, I people I don't care anything about, I shall long to see old friends."

"But not me. You won't care much

whether I was among the number or not."

"Yes, I shall."

Tom was a fool where a woman was concerned, or he would have known what those words, in that soft, low tone, meant. As it was, a wild hope did spring up in his heart, but when he looked again at that beautiful woman he died away. "I am not brilliant enough for her," he thought, but he plucked up sufficient courage to put out his hand and take hold of hers.

"You are very kind, Sally," he said. "I shall come to Washington by and by, and then I shall know how sincere your words are."

Sally's cheeks burnt; but at that moment the door opened. Tom dropped her hand, as one of the numerous younger sisters came in, and the golden opportunity passed away, for they were not left alone together again that evening.

On that very same night, nearly a thousand miles away, two gentlemen were speaking of this same young lady. They were travellers who had accidentally met on board a steamer on Lake Erie. They were total strangers, and were ignorant even of each other's names, but had fallen into a chat as they strolled on deck, under the rays of the full moon.

"I never was so far from land before in my life," said the elder of the two, a fine looking man of perhaps thirty-five.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his companion, a handsome, city-bred looking gentleman. "May I ask where you are from, that your sea experience has been so very limited?"

"From the interior of North Carolina."

"Ah!" cried the stranger, and his cold observations lit up into sudden interest. "Then perhaps you know the Beaucleres?"

"Very well; indeed, they are old friends of mine."

"And Miss Beauclere, you know her?"

"Certainly."

"I hear she is very handsome."

"Yes, do you know her?"

"No, I have merely heard of her; but I expect to meet her in Washington this winter. She is the eldest daughter, is she not?"

"Yes."

"And is Senator Beauclere a man of wealth?"

"Yes; that is, he has a very fine estate."

"Miss Sally is the daughter of the first marriage, is she not?"

"Yes, and a noble girl. Why, she is worth half a million in herself alone," exclaimed the North Carolinian, enthusiastically.

His companion started a little at the remark, but changed the conversation to other subjects, and before long the two gentlemen parted for the night, still in ignorance of each other's names. They did not meet again, but in the morning exchanged merely a distant bow as they left the boat in opposite directions.

The week passed on, and Sally Beauclere was established with her parents at Willard's hotel, in Washington. As Middleton had predicted, her beauty and talents won around her a circle of admirers, and before long she was established as one of the reigning belles of Washington.

The admiration and adulation which she received, Sally found more intoxicating and delightful than she had imagined. It was very pleasant to be the beauty of every ball room, and to be constantly surrounded by a circle of adoraers. The idea of returning to the humdrum life of home was not at all pleasant to her, and she sometimes felt inclined to accept some of the brilliant offers that were made to her. She had been a good deal put out, too, with her room for not speaking before she came to his love for her, and although his earnest eyes haunted her with their wistful look of affection, she had more than one ambitious thought of trying to bewish his religious, and marry, as so many others would her, for money rather than love.

Most prominent among her sworn admirers was Mr. Carlton Murray, of New York, a handsome, distinguished looking, and reputed to be of great wealth, he seemed to a match not to be despised. Since the moment of his first introduction to Sally he devoted himself to her most persistently. Every day a bouquet of fresh flowers came to her room, with his compliments; every morning he hung over her chair; every evening he was ready to attend her to her balls and receptions.

Sally, to tell the truth, was very well pleased with his admiration—he understood well how to play the agreeable, he paid for such pretty compliments, he was so handsome and thoroughly bred. He had already made his proposal to her, and Sally was listening to his earnest pleading, as they had hidden from observation in one of the deep windows of the hotel parlor.

"Pray, Miss Sally, think favorably of me. My hopes of happiness, my future life, depend on your reply."

The words were earnest, the tone impassioned. Sally's cheeks burned as she heard for a reply. "I have known you for so short a time," she faltered.

"What is that? You have known me five weeks, and during that time have known me more frequently than you would under different circumstances in a whole year. I have known you long enough to love you, madly, distractedly love you, and you have known me long enough to love me at least hope." She did not reply. It had been towards her, taking her hand in his eagerness. "Sally, my dearest ally."

His words and actions recalled her to her duties, and she drew back. "You forget that you are Mr. Murray!" At that moment she caught sight of a gentleman

"who was talking with her father. "There is an old friend of mine. I must go and speak to him." And she sprang up without other reply to the impassioned suitor. Murray looked after her with a smile of triumph. He had little doubt of his ultimate success.

"Mr. Trumbull, how do you do?" cried Sally, as she came forward.

"Ah, Miss Sally, I am glad to see you again," exclaimed the gentleman. "Washington dissipation has not spoiled you; I see; you are more blooming than ever."

Sally laughed and blushed. "Come, now, pa, don't you bore Mr. Trumbull with politics, but leave him to talk with me for a while, and tell me how every one is at home."

Senator Deaulcure, after a few more words, turned away, and Sally and her old friend sat down side by side. Mr. Trumbull had married one of her old school-mates, and she regarded him almost as a brother.

"Well, Miss Sally, tell me about your beaux. Whose heart have you broken first?"

Involuntarily Sally glanced towards Murray, who stood in the window, regarding her with jealous eyes. "Nobody," she replied, lightly; but Mr. Trumbull's look followed hers.

"Why, who is that fellow who is watching you so earnestly?" he exclaimed with start.

"Mr. Murray, of New York, if you mean the young gentlemen in the window."

"It is the very man I saw last fall and spoke to of you," said Mr. Trumbull.

"Has he been making love to you?"

"What did he say about me?" said Sally, ignoring his last words.

"He did not say much; he asked a great many questions about you. But say has he proposed to you?"

"Never mind whether he has or not, but tell me what he said," urged Sally, eagerly.

"He asked if your father was rich, for he thought."

"Did he? and what did you say?"

"I said yes."

"And what else? Tell me all about it," he cried impudently.

"Mr. Trumbull laughed, and told him you were worth half a million of dollars," he said.

Sally's brow contracted, and her eyes flashed. You did? Why Mr. Trumbull, why did you say that?"

"I meant you was such a fine girl you were worth it; and, really, Miss Sally, I think it was too low an estimate, I ought to have said two millions."

Sally laughed. "O, that is so funny, and do you suppose he believed it?"

"Certainly. And so he has been court-yo?" Mr. Trumbull said shrewdly.

"Perhaps so; but you are sure he is the man?"

"I think he is, but a question will set it at rest."

Sally started up in her impulsive manner. "Come, I will introduce you, and then I will all know the truth of this extraordinary story."

Mr. Trumbull would have remonstrated, but she was half across the room before he could interfere. Murray started forward to his pleasure when he saw her approaching.

"Here is an old friend of mine, who thinks he has seen you before," she said to Mr. Trumbull.

"Mr. Murray," Mr. Trumbull said.

The gentlemen shook hands, and Mr. Trumbull said: "I think we met on board boat on Lake Erie last fall?"

"Yes," replied Murray, with a faint blush. "I remember it perfectly."

A few more words were exchanged, and then Murray walked away.

"Are you going to marry him, Miss Sally?" asked Mr. Trumbull.

"No indeed!"

"Is he rich?"

"He is said to be very wealthy."

"Then you suppose fortune will be a better sort of indifference to him?"

"But what if his is as mythical as mine?"

"You must find that out."

"No, I do not care to know," said Sally. "Let us talk of something else."

"Yes, I thought you were going to ask for your old friends. Have you forgotten about them in these gayeties?"

"O, no!" And Sally put query after query about her home friends until, at last, Mr. Trumbull said—

"But you do not ask after Tom Middleton, and yet you might, for he cares more for you than all the rest of them put together."

"O, that's nonsense! But how is he?"

"He will tell you himself."

"Tom here!" exclaimed Sally, her face flushing up with delight.

"Yes, indeed. We come on together."

"And why hasn't he come to speak to me?"

"The merry fies clouded again."

"He says he did not dare before all these people; but if you will go to your father, I will send him there."

Sally started up at once, and Mr. Trumbull looked after her with a smile. He had been hoping for this match for a long time.

"Now, as he went out to find Tom, he whispered to him—

"Speak to her to-night, man! I am sure she loves you."

Tom scarcely knew whether he was walking on his head or his heels as he made his way to the private parlor. He never could remember afterwords exactly what happened when he reached it. He only knew that Sally came to him with a bright, blushing face, and that the next thing he

certain of was that she was clasped in arms.

At a tolerably early hour the next morning a note was handed to Sally. It was from Mr. Murray, renewing his offer, and begging for a speedy interview.

"Ask the gentleman to come up," Sally said to the servant, Tom, who was with her went out without one particle of jealous objection.

The young man came in, and would have seized Sally's hand, but she drew it back haughtily. "Stop a moment, Mr. Murray, I should like to ask you a question."

He paused, abashed by her resolute face.

"What is it, Miss Beaulieu?"

"Do you know how much money I am worth?"

He hesitated and stammered. At last, he said, "Your friend, Mr. Trumbull, mentioned to me that you had some fortune, but I assure you, dearest Sally, that it is only a small one."

Sally looked him with an imperious gaze. "I have not a penny in the world."

He stood still, looking at her with a pale, astonished face.

"Yes sir, I am entirely without fortune, and whoever weds me must take a portionless bride."

"I am very sorry—" he gasped out, "no more."

"No need to express your regret, sir, I am engaged to be married, and will bid you good morning."

Murray got out of the room as best he could, and vanished that day from Washington. His wealth turned out to be a mere fabrication of his own, and he was heard of no more in fashionable circles.

"After all, wasn't it funny that I should be courted for my fortune?" Sally said as she related Mr. Murray's discomfiture to Tom.

"But I agree with Mr. Trumbull," he replied enthusiastically, "that you are worth your weight in gold."

A Quaker Detective.

We were five passengers in all, two ladies on the back seat, a middle-aged gentleman, and a Quaker on the middle, and myself on the one in front.

The two ladies might have been mother and daughter, aunt and niece, governess and charge, or might have sustained any other relationship which made it proper for two ladies to travel together unattended.

The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, toward whom he was really very kind, and he was very agreeable—bowing and smiling—and chatting over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at the time of life, of a "crick" in the neck. He was evidently a gray Lo-sario.

The Quaker wore the uniform of his office, and confined his speech, as many a parliamentarian would save his credit by doing, to simple yea and naye. As for myself, I make it an invariable rule of mine to be merely a look-on and listener.

Toward evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man might sometimes fall, by the abrupt query from the talkative gentleman, "Are you armed, sir?"

"I am not," I answered, astonished no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied; "for before reaching our stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he resumed; "only when one is responsible for the safety of others, you know, such a thing as a pistol march would materially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressed the Quaker, "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons."

"Yes," was the response.

"Have the villains murdered any of their victims?" the older lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—plundering them?" added the younger in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter, the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, nothing worse than a robbery can befall us."

Then, after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unnecessarily introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excited himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and succeeded so well by the time night set in, that all had forgotten, or only remembered their fears to a slight extent.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse. Persuading himself, he took from his pocket a package of newly invented "cough candy," and after passing it out to the ladies, he helped himself to the tin, and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of high ecstasies when the new nostrum, more than half the efficacy of which, he insisted, depended on being taken by suction, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately a coach stopped, while two faces, hideous and blackened, presented themselves at each endow.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lively screams from the back seat; "but business is business, and cure will soon be given, if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will spare, as far as may be consistent with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies," appealed the polite passenger in his blindest manner.

"Oh! certainly they shall be first attended to and shall not be required to leave their places, or submit to a search, unless their conduct renders it necessary."

"And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol gleaming in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass out your purses, watches, and such other trinkets as may be accessible without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely, and were not further molested.

One by one the rest of us were compelled to get out, the middle-aged gentleman's turn coming first. He submitted with a winning grace, and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affair, like the sum I lost, was scarcely worth mentioning. "The Quaker" turned next. He quietly handed over his pocket book and watch, and when asked if he had any other valuables, said, "None."

A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves. "So after a hearty 'good night,'" the robber thrust his pistol in his pocket, and with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about making his departure.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker, in a tone more of command than request.

"Stop! what for?" returned the other in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply, emphasized with a couple of derringers cocked and presented.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker again exclaimed: "And if one of thy sinful companion advances a step to thy relief, the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

The robber at the opposite window, and he was at the leader's head, thought it a good time to leave.

"Now get in friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man, "and take the middle seat, but first deliver up thy pistol."

The other hesitated.

"There had better not delay; I feel the spirit beginning to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place by his side, giving the new comer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate.

The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially factions on the Quaker's prowess.

"You're a rum Quaker, you are. Why, you don't quak' worth a cent."

"I am not a 'Shaking Quaker,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the 'Hickory,' or rather of the 'Old Quaker' stripes, I should say, retorted the lively man; but the Quaker, relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation time speed, and sooner than we expected the coach stopped where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had performed a redistribution of our efforts till it should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach lamp rendered the prospect somewhat difficult before.

It was now necessary that it should be attended to at once, as our jovial companion announced his intention of leaving at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach to abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "business before pleasure, and for business there's no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner?" he said to me, still keeping his hand on a friendly way on the passenger's arm.

I did so, but not one of the stolen articles could be found.

"He must have got rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to disengage his arm. In an instant one of the derringers was levelled at his heart.

"Sit hand or foot and you are a dead man!"

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to forget both the language and principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand with directions to fire on the first of the two shots that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on Luthario, from whose pockets, in less time than I take to tell it, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the ladies, who had begun in no measured terms to remonstrate against the shameful treatment the gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective, who had been set on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief.

The robbery had been adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to free the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice, still believed to be unsuspected, who, he counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place.

The result was that both, for a season, did the state some service.

Elephants' Sagacity.

Those who have lived much in the jungle in Ceylon, and had constant opportunities of watching the habits of wild elephants, have witnessed instances of the submission of herds to their leaders, that suggests an inquiry of singular interest as to the means adopted by the latter to communicate with distinctness orders which are observed with the most implicit obedience by their followers. The following narrative of an adventure in the great central forest toward the north of the island was communicated by Major Skinner, who was engaged for some time in surveying and opening roads through the thickly-wooded districts there, will serve better than any abstract description to convey an idea of the conduct of a herd on such occasions:

"The case you refer to struck me as exhibiting something more than ordinary brute instinct, and approached nearer to reasoning powers than any other instance I can now remember. I cannot do justice to the scene, although it appeared to me at the time to be so remarkable that it left a deep impression on my mind.

"In the height of the dry season in November—Kalawa, you know the animals are all dried up, and the tanks nearly so. All animals are sorely pressed for water, and they congregate in the vicinity of those tanks, in which there may remain ever so little of the precious element.

"During one of those seasons I was encamped on the bank or embankment of a very small tank, the water in which was so dried that its surface could not have exceeded an area of five hundred square yards. It was the only pond within many miles, and I knew that of necessity a very large herd of elephants, which had been in the neighborhood all day, must resort to it at night.

"On the lower side of the tank, and in line with the embankment, was a thick forest, in which the elephants sheltered themselves during the day. On the upper side and all around the tank there was a considerable margin of open ground. It was one of those beautiful, bright, clear, moonlight nights, when objects could be seen almost as distinctly as by day, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to observe the movements of the herd, which had already manifested some uneasiness at our presence. The locality was very favorable for my purpose, and an enormous tree, projecting over the tank afforded me a secure vantage point in its branches. Having ordered the fire of my camp to be extinguished at an early hour, and all my followers to retire to rest, I took up my post of observation on the overhanging bough; but I had to remain for upwards of two hours before anything was to be seen or heard of the elephants, although I knew they were within a few hundred yards of me. At length, about the distance of three hundred yards from the water, an unusually large elephant issued from the dense cover, and advanced cautiously across the open ground to within a few hundred yards of the tank, where he stood perfectly motionless. So quiet had the elephants become, (although they had been roaring and breaking the jungle all day and all night), that not a sound was now to be heard. The elephant remained in his position, still as a rock, for a few minutes, and then made a series of successive stealthy advances of several yards, (halting for some minutes between each advance), with ears bent forward to catch the faintest sound, and in this way he moved slowly up to the water's edge. Still he did not venture to quench his thirst, for, though the forest was partially in the tank, and the water was reflected clear in the water, he remained for some minutes listening in perfect stillness. Not a motion could be perceived in himself or his shadow. He returned cautiously and slowly to the position he had at first taken up on emerging from the forest. Here in a little while he was joined by five others, with whom he proceeded as cautiously, but less slowly than before, to within a few yards of the tank, and then posted his patrol, to then re-entered the forest and collected around him the whole herd, which must have amounted to between eighty and a hundred individuals, led them across the open ground with the most extraordinary composure and quietness, till he joined the advanced guard, when he left them for a moment and repeated his former reconnaissance at the edge of the tank; after which, having apparently satisfied himself that all was safe, he returned, and obviously gave the order to advance, for in a moment the whole herd rushed into the water.

"When the poor animals had gained possession of the tank, (the leader being the last to enter), they seemed to abandon themselves to enjoyment without restraint or apprehension of danger. Such a man's animal life I had never before seen indulged together in so narrow a space. It seemed to me as though they would have drunk the tank dry. I watched them with great interest, until they had satisfied themselves as well in bathing as in drinking, when I tried how small a noise would arouse them of the proximity of unwelcome neighbors. I had but to break a twig, and the solid mass instantly took flight like a herd of frightened deer, the smaller calves being apparently dislodged and carried along between two of the older ones."—Sir F. Emerson Tennent.

The following was posted on the door of St. Andrew Church, in Northford, England, some time back: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those who live in the parish, and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me. Enchiridion, French, English, &c."

Accommodation at the Bank.

A capital example of what is often termed "taking the starch out," happened in country bank in New England. A pious, well-dressed looking individual entered the bank, and addressing the teller, who was somewhat of a wag, inquired:

"Is the cashier in?"

"No sir," was the reply.

"I am a dealer in pens," supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well, I will wait."

The pen dealer took a chair and sat composedly for a full hour, watching for the cashier. By this time he began to grow uneasy, but at twelve in his chair for about twenty minutes, and seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well," I don't know exactly."

"The wagging tail," but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me that he would be back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you may say, if you wish," said the teller very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the day time, and you can probably find some place in the town where they will be glad to keep you of nights."

The pious peddler disappeared without another word.

Wids and Ends.

607—A bootblack in Virginia City has a sign on his door—"Boots blacked inside."

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

608—"Ha't at your 'atleepy?" asked a bookbinder, of a scedy-looking man; "It looks as if it was a dreadful long time since it had a nap."

"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a devoted wife to her husband one day. "Flow so?" replied her husband. "Because Abel was killed with a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to visit it every night."

609—An old lady was asked what she thought of her neighbors of the name of Jones, and with a knowing wink replied:

"Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones sometimes I think, and then again I don't know; after all, I rather guess he will turn out to be a good deal sulkier of a fellow as I took him for."

610—A Boston philanthropist, visiting the State prison, remarked to a prisoner: "Most of your friends think your sentence was excessive, nothing like it was over known."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the prisoner's reply, "but then, you know, every thing has gone up since the war."

611—There haibnt been a bug made yet in Britain, nor one that warn't a good job; there is ever lots of human men loafing around blacksmith shops and cider-mills, all over the county, that don't seem to be necessary for anything but to beg plus tobacco, and swear, and steal watermelons, and when ye let the cholera break out once, and when you see the wisdom of having just such men laying around; they help count."

612—The Postmaster-General has opened negotiations with the British government for a reduction of the single rate of letter postage on and after the first of January next; to six cents.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL AS A FARMER.

As the world already knows of his triumphant political record and his successful administration of the national finances, it will not be surprising to know that he is also practical and successful in his agricultural pursuits.

He has quite an extensive farm of from 200 to 300 acres, which produces the finest fruits and vegetables, as his garden and orchards also contain the finest of Apples, Peaches and the lesser grades of Cattle.

At the annual exhibition of the Great Farmers and Mechanics Club, of which Col. Daniel Needham, Secretary of the N. E. Agriculture Society is President, the first premium was awarded to Gov. Boutwell for the finest display of blooded stock. Also to the same person for some classes of vegetables.

The Empress Eugenie, prompted quite likely by the wonderful exploits of young Mr. Bennett's twelve-day trip across the Atlantic in the yacht *Dominion*, has sent two thousand francs to the yachtsman of France, to be distributed in prizes. Whether she ever heard the little anecdote concerning:

"Oh, woe'y go British cotton trees,
Above us under Babylon;
Now's Thacker-Baker's barn and corn,
And beat your crooked yachters!
They started off to run a race,
And wee wee thined with wadders;
But oh! they were dead with shock,
And say British yachters!"

613—Mrs. Furber, of New York, has been elected health officer weekly market and night "total" must be on small packages account, short an average of 10 lbs. of 10 lbs.

