

THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in splendor is glowing;
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—
Let's up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are grow-
ing?
Why all night I have kept my own vigils, nor
sleep?
'Tis to-day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half show-
ing,
If she waits in the lane I'm to know all
is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no know-
ing,
Oh! I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a sheen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are blowing.
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me
there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Sweet Maud is my wife, with her sheen of
brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.
—S. H. M. Myers, in Harper's Magazine.

THE VIOLET FLOWER.

BY LOUIS CHARLES.

On a low, miserable cot in a small dingy room, under the roof of a crumbling tenement, a woman was dying. The shadows of night was fast falling over the little village in the Ardennes, and the sufferer turned her glaring eyes from the window and looked for a moment on the figure of a young man kneeling beside her.

"My son," the woman gasped, "listen to me, I am dying."
"I hear you, mother."
"You have always been a good son," she went on, feebly, "you never cost me a single tear."
"I did my best in all things."
"And you will not forget me when I am gone? You will remember your duty always?"
"I shall remember as long as I live."
"And you will never, never forget the last words which your mother speaks? Keep from evil companions, Pierre, and let nothing stain your honor. Promise me this, my son."
"I promise, mother."
"When I am no more, bury me in our own little churchyard, and plant a bunch of violets over my grave. Every year in the spring time you will come and gather two of the modest blossoms and repeat the vow you make to-night."
"I shall never fail."
"That is all. Love France for your mother's sake, and do not forget the violet flowers. Promise again, Pierre."
"Mother, I swear."
Ten minutes after, Widow Valore had ceased to breathe.

They were stirring days, those of 1798, when the great Napoleon began his memorable campaign into Egypt, and the soldiers came in swarms to answer his call. Pierre Valore stood among the very first volunteers. It was a strong arm and a willing life he offered for the glory of his native country. He feared neither the broiling sun nor the enemy's fire; a weary march had no terrors for him; and he gave no thought to the perils he would have to encounter. Such courage could not go long unrewarded; he rose rapidly; before half a year he found himself a captain, honored and respected by the men as well as by his superior officers.

The winter passed, and the skies were growing purer again, when Pierre's brow became clouded, and an occasional tear would roll down his bronzed cheek.

"General, he said one day to the commandant of his detachment, 'I should like to be spared for a few days.'"
"Spared, Capt. Valore?" echoed the General, with a look of surprise. "That is quite impossible. We start on Friday, and I could not think of sailing without you."
"But General, I must go."
"Must?" repeated the veteran, smiling. "That is not a soldier's word. 'Is it your sweetheart you wish to kiss farewell?'"
"Sir, I have no sweetheart," replied Valore, proudly. "I want to visit my mother's grave!"
"Is that all? Well, my man, take my word for it, your mother's bones have no intention of running away. You are the best man in my brigade; you are indispensable; is not that compliment enough?"
"But only for a few days."
"Come, do not ask for what is impossible. Go back to the ranks, and let your mother sleep on in peace."
Valore hesitated for an instant at the entrance of the tent.

"Then, General, you refuse?" he said turning back again.

"I must do my duty, Pierre; and I refuse."
Friday came, and the men embarked. But Pierre Valore was not among them.

The battle of the Pyramids was unavoidable; the enemy were anxious and strong, and Napoleon no less eager to measure his forces with those of his foes. A regiment was quartered on a little plain at the edge of a clump of stunted trees, and drawn up into a hollow square. In the center of a small platform, raised a few feet off the ground, were six officers, seated on drum-heads, and a seventh standing before them, his arms crossed, listening with apparent coldness to the decree which had just been read. He had heard the death sentence of a deserter, who was to be executed then and there, the doomed man being no other than himself. Behind the platform three men were silently digging a grave in loose sand.

When everything was ready the accused came forward, and an orderly from another division advanced with him.

"It is useless to question this," said the condemned in a firm voice. "I confess my crime."

"You, Valore," exclaimed the Colonel; "you always were a brave bolder. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing, except that I find all very just. But I would do the same thing to-morrow all over again."

"Will you let us know why you did it, Pierre?" continued the officer, kindly.

"Yes, if any one cares to hear. My mother died five years ago. At her bedside I swore to live an honest man, and to avoid evil companions. To remind me of my pledge, she made me promise to plant a violet over her grave, and every year I was to pluck the first bud that blossomed among the grass. Four times I had sought the little church-yard, and gathered the tender flowers that grow above her sainted bones. At the time of my last visit the regiment was leaving France. I asked for leave of absence, and was refused. There was but one way left for I must obtain the violets at any cost—I deserted, when I had found the flower, and pressed it to my lips, the enormity of my crime arose before me with its shame. I had vowed never to forsake my duty, and I felt that my oath was broken. There remained but one thing to do—rejoin the regiment and deliver myself to justice. I came here and surrendered. The rest is known. I have been condemned justly, and I am ready to meet my doom. It is a heavy price—life for a single flower!"

"Here is the chaplain," whispered one of the men; "shall he approach?"

"By all means," said Valore; "I have made my peace with God, sir," he added, to the clergyman, "and I am prepared to die in charity toward all men. I have nothing to say except farewell, and bless you, every one."

Then, bowing to the chaplain, he walked to the scaffold with as firm a step as if he had been marching past the General in ordinary times, at a review. The men turned sick in the ranks, the drummer's hands trembled as they beat the terrible "tattoo," and the file of soldiers detailed for the execution hung their heads for shame, as though they were murderers, instead of promoters of justice and discipline.

"Farewell, friends, all!" shouted Valore, taking his position, and the Adjutant gave the word that all was ready.

But at that moment there was a cry—a low murmured cheer among the men—as they separated to let a horseman advance to the center of the column. He looked neither to the right nor left, but made straight for the platform, and dismounted within a few yards of the condemned man. As he stepped gracefully from his horse, and stood beside the deserter, both officers and men held their breath, watching with anxiety the movements of the master they had learned to respect so highly and love so well.

It was Bonaparte, hero of the Pyramids, who appeared before them.

Without a word the "Little Corporal" walked up the platform and placed himself directly in front of the disgraced man.

"Pierre Valore," he said, in his clear, pure voice, "your crime has been known to me only a short time. From yonder clump of trees I have just heard the whole story. If the life which you so freely offer to the memory of your mother is a burden to you, give it to me. You have another mother, kinder, better than the one you have lost, and who needs the help of her noble sons. Give me your hand; you are a free man; if you have a life to spare, keep it for her. For France is your mother."

Pierre Valore fell upon his knees, and seizing the delicate, wax-like hand carried it reverentially to his trembling lips.

"My life is yours," he said between his tears, "I wish I had a hundred lives to give as willingly."

The men were too excited to cheer, and maybe it was this mute admiration which honored the commandant most. He waved his hand graciously, and, mounting his horse again, rode away.

Two days later they were fighting. The "Little Corporal" was everywhere in the thickest of the fray. Just where the shot flew the fastest, where the furious cannon raged fiercest, the three-cornered hat was visible, always ahead, like a charmed being, leading them onward to glory, to triumph and destruction. The clarion shouted the order, "Charge!" which was re-echoed by every captain along the line, and the vast sea of men, sweeping down like a huge tide wave, plunged headlong in to the redoubt before them. The contest was man to man, sabre to sabre.

He certainly must have been invulnerable, so many times to escape what seemed inevitable death. For the twentieth time he was surrounded by a band of yelling Arabs, who defended with fiendish avidity each foot of ground that was taken from them.

Meanwhile a few yards distant, fought Pierre Valore. His trusty sword flashed, here and there among the howling crowd, dealing death in all directions. There was no time for words nor smiles; but in his mind he set down a decoration, should they meet at a later day. Again and again they were hemmed in, with a hundred infuriated savages at their faces. One tall chief, maddened with despair, hurled his lance with terrific violence at the breast of his fearless opponent.

The "Little Corporal" saw it come and in one second prepared for his death. But in the supreme instant he was spared. A man sprang up and almost dragged him from his horse, receiving, as he did so, the lance in his own chest.

"General!" cried Valore—for the man was he—"my life belongs to you and to France!" and he fell with the lance through his heart.

It was over—the day was won. With a mighty cry of triumph the victorious army swept over the plain, leaving the dead and wounded upon the blood-soaked field.

In his tent, Europe's conqueror was thanking heaven for its favors, and dreaming already of new worlds and new people to subdue.

The day will never be forgotten. Its victory and multitude of slain will be remembered as long as history lives. But there were deeds of valor performed on those Egyptian sands that deserved loftier monuments and louder praises than were sung over their naked bones by hyena or carion bird.

Among those obscure heroes was Pierre Valore, whose name, although unknown to fame, still found a place in the memory and gratitude of the indispensable man he had saved.

Bonaparte never forgot Pierre Valore last words spoken on that day, and the sound of the dead man's death cry rang on his ears till he died.

On his return to Paris the Emperor chose the violet flower as his favorite emblem. He never gave any reason for its selection; but long afterward it was

said by a veteran of the "Old Guard" that the origin of the emblem could not be traced beyond the battle of the Pyramids. He added, also, that hardly any other subject would make the master's cheery voice tremble, or make the pure, unclouded brow grave.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"Heaven," says a worthy gourmand, whose merit is the greater because he is dyspeptic—"Heaven is where we eat; hell is where we digest."

Sarah Bernhardt is by no means stout, still this does seem to be a little exaggerated: "An empty carriage drove up to the door and Sarah Bernhardt dismounted from it."

Some one asked the master of a colored servant why the latter always wore an irreproachable white cravat. "So as to know where his head begins," replied the master.

A woman in New York says that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and that when he is very drunk she kicks him; and she adds that she does most of the kicking.

"Why, Willie," said his mother at dinner, "you can't possibly eat another plate of pudding, can you?" "Oh, yes, I can, ma; one more plate will just fill the Bill."

When we humans are asked for a dollar to help bury a poor fellow, we shell out immediately; but there are those among us who would not give the dollar to the poor fellow before he died.

A servant whose bachelor employer is dead seeks another situation. "Can I call on your last master?" says the lady to whom he applies, "and obtain your character from her?" "Not at present, madame—he is dead!"

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture." "So do I, my dear—so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

There are few, even among the good mottoes of our time, which will rival the following, when carefully put into practice. It contains within a few words the positive, the comparative and the superlative duty of man: "Get on; get honor; keep honest."

Meeting trouble half-way is a pitiful exhibition of folly. So is breaking your neck or falling in love; but if you happen to have a weakness that way you can't always, somehow help it. Besides, a little worry now and again, is the mustard of life.

While swinging their hoes in the weedhaunted rows, Where beans and tomatoes were growing, The son to his father set out to remark, "As warmly the sunbeams were glowing, 'Why is this spot to the place that was not known to fame till that apple proceeded?'" "I pass," quoth the parent; then answered "Because 'tis the garden of weedin'."

A Detroit child of a long and severe attack of neuralgia by falling down. That's nothing. Some years ago a Norristown youth was cured of a bad habit of swearing by falling off a cherry tree. Not a single oath passed his lips since. The fall broke his neck.

Virginia has reason to be proud of a model judge. His name is Barksdale. At Halifax court house two men were fighting. A crowd stood around seeing the fun. Watch in hand, the judge stopped and said to the principals: "If you are here five minutes hence I will jail you." The fight ended at once.

In a little town in Missouri a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for \$10—when you came a little hand. What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for \$10. Father sold one for \$60 the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

When a man comes up to us and mentions "that little bill," we reply: "Oh, yes; we should have fixed that some time ago, but had to go to Memphis to write about the scourge. Just got back to-day. Come down to the office and we'll give you the money; it's in our traveling-bag. And he says he's got to run to catch a train.

In a sick-room: "Ah, my dear friend, you are too kind to come and spend the evening with me, though of course, it can be little pleasure to you." "O nonsense, you mustn't think anything of the sort. Life isn't all pleasure. We can't always expect to do what would be most agreeable for us to do. 'Some one had to come and see you, you know."

First Honest Villager—"Well, how did Jean Pierre come out? Did they convict him of poisoning?" Second honest villager—"No; there was no evidence against him, and he swore solemnly that he was innocent." First honest villager (with a fearful sneer)—"Innocent? O, yes, he's innocent; just as innocent as I am. The confounded scoundrel!"

Mr. E. P. Whipple was once introduced by the chairman of a rural lyceum as follows: "To-night, fellow-citizens, we are to hear some remarks from E. P. Whipple, of Boston, who will amuse and instruct you, probably." Dr Bellows tells of a man who dropped a dollar in his hand, with the remark: "I heard your lecturer last night. I approve your views, and want to see 'em forwarded."

The surgeon had prescribed a bath for a soldier who was a little sailing, and ordered that he be conducted to an adjoining establishment by a sergeant. At the end of an hour's waiting at the bath-room door the sergeant, hearing no noise, entered the room, and found the soldier seated by the side of the bath-tub. The water was it was when the soldier went into the room, except that its level had been perceptibly lowered. "Ma foi, sergeant," said the soldier, "you may put me in the guard-house if you want to, but I can't drink another drop!"

Thrift is one of the Iowa virtues. A Davenport clergyman was called upon to marry a couple one night last week. They were nicely dressed, in their twenties, and well-to-do. After the ceremony had been performed, the groom thrust his hand in his pocket and fished out three quarters, which he held in the palm of his hand, saying to the minister "There take your pay from that." "Let us see," mused the minister, "the publishing of the marriage notice will cost half a dollar!" "O, will it?" replied the groom; "well, then, take the whole of it! it ain't much matter, anyway!"

"There is a heavy European hegrira this year," remarked an old lady with a compact forehead and a chin more pronounced than ever, since her teeth were all gone. "I wonder what a hegrira is any-how. He must be something dreadful. I never heard of a shegrira, so that shows which sex preponderates in wickedness." "The party of the other part," a mild-eyed rather meek-looking gentleman, who had cherished the lovely creature above quoted his wife for thirty or forty years, remarked, on reading the same item a few hours later: "A hegrira, eh? A gander scrape, I s'pose. No ladies going. Won't they have a blessed time, though?" Such is life.—American Punch.

AT ATLANTIC BEACH.

In the first place, a little while before the bathing hour a couple of sturdy young men having very much the appearance of sailors, come down to the water's edge with a light surf boat. They are attired in close fitting swimming suits, with bare feet, legs and arms. After placing a life preserver or two in the boat they put it into the water until they are about knee deep, when, jumping in, they put in their oars, and carefully keeping the bow towards the breakers, pull a few vigorous strokes, until the little cockle-shell of a craft is suddenly lifted up on the crest of a wave, and as suddenly disappears behind it. The waves are so high and the boat so buoyant that that sometimes all but a few inches of the bottom can be seen as it goes over a breaker. These men are called the "life-guard," and are stationed at frequent intervals along the bathing grounds. There is seldom any need of them, as there is little or no undergrowth on this beach, which is what makes the surf dangerous. But once and a while some venturesome swimmer gets a little fatigued when out too far and signaling a boat climbs in for a few minutes rest. The life-guard are also very obliging in assisting lady bathers who are timid. They are also serviceable in keeping perfect order among the bathers and preventing the possibility of ladies being insulted while in the water by any of the rough element, which, though notably scarce here always forces itself in where there are crowds. The boats being out the bathers generally appear from the bath houses. They begin to come down the beach in parties, and a motley looking sight they are. There is the grey-headed old father, with a corporation which shows the effect of good living, which is generally set off to the best advantage by a bathing suit which would be a comfortable fit for his son, whose weight is about a hundred pounds less. The mother, "fair, fat and forty," who looks, in her flannel robe and immense straw hat, if not fairer, much fatter, and more like fifty. There are the daughters, arrayed in more or less coquette suits, with skirts thereto of greater or less length, the older the demure the longer the skirts generally. There is almost invariably a youngster or two, who are frequently attired in a suit of underclothing, and a general air of embarrassment pervades the whole party except these youngsters, who are invariably the first to reach the water and the last to enter it.

So the group goes down to the beach; they wet their toes, look at each other, giggle a little while and say it is "so awful cold." Then look at the people who are watching them, and feeling that they are being laughed at, join hands (all but the children), and the head of the family taking the lead, they rush in, wet their heads, and get a thorough ducking. In a moment they emerge, splutter and splutter a little; one of the girls or the mother gets knocked over by a wave that she did not see; the others laugh at her; she joins in, and in a few moments they were tumbling around and jumping over the breakers, as much at home as though they were in their native element.

This fun is indulged in for a few minutes, when the maternal heart feels for her youngster, who are enjoying themselves immensely playing in the sand on the beach, and she directs *paterfamilias* to go and bring them into the water. The obedient and well-disciplined husband does not advance any opinion which he may have that they are enjoying themselves as much as possible in water up to their knees. But he goes for that child at once seizes him and bears him into the water. The child shrieks and kicks and is frightened almost out of his wits and when his mouth is widest open, with a despairing cry the noise suddenly ceases, and young hopeful has taken in about a pint of salt water and firmly believes himself drowning. The parents are inexorable, however, and not until the little fellow has been thoroughly scared and ducked is he allowed to resume his infantile gambols upon the sand. The young ladies are now trying to swim, and throw themselves out flat upon the water, kick up their pretty little white feet and forced under their curly hair, fairly "drank the waters," and believe they are on their way toward becoming great swimmers.

This scene is now enacted daily, and I assure you my account of it is not at all an exaggerated one. There are, of course, many who have bathed season after season and know all about it. They don't swallow so much salt water; have the knack of going gracefully and easily over a wave or under it even without any discomfort. The movements of these are as pleasing to watch as the others are ludicrous, and no little excitement is occasioned sometimes by the bold swimming seaward of some young fellow who has no more fear in the water than on the land. Another thing which lends great charm to the whole is the boundless good humor that prevails; every one is enjoying himself, all cares and anxieties are thrown aside, and all for the time being, are regardless of the future and the past, and existing only in the present moment, are happy.

What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or house-meths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave man's fortune or embroider them to feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true

wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled cedar and painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far from those with who else are homeless. This I believe to be woman's true place and power.—Buck's.

MINNESOTA STATE NEWS.

Todd County.

The epizootic prevails among the horses in Hartford, Todd county, in some instances causing death.

Rice County.

There have been about 800,000 bushels manufactured in Faribault the present season.

Shattuck school has added to its corps of teachers Prof. Clinton, who will take charge of the preparatory department.

Another fool fired off a double barreled shot gun in a store in Faribault that he knew was not loaded. Nobody was hurt, but shelf hardware was a good deal damaged.

The Faribault schools, which are among the foremost in the United States, never have opened with so much promise as this year. The school year begins September 11, 1879.

Faribault Republican, September 3: Eight large stacks of wheat owned by Michael Fitzpatrick, in the town of Wheatland, were set on fire by some rascals, on Thursday morning last, about 3 o'clock. These stacks, we understand, contained the entire crop of Mr. Fitzpatrick. They were stacked for two sittings, four stacks in a place, and about seventy rods apart, and contained about five hundred bushels of wheat. The loss is a heavy one indeed.

FASHION'S DEMANDS.

Flowers are more in vogue than ever, and no costume is complete without them.

Infants' Berlin wool mittens are in white, blue, rose-color and cardinal red. Small bone, pearl and metal buttons are greatly used for garnishing street costumes.

Ribbons of every width dispute success with bouquets of flowers and gold thread. The exquisite Pekin ribbons are those preferred for garnishing black grenadine dresses.

Infants' robes have the ornamental front sometimes studded with small butterfly bows of satin ribbon.

There are cunning little baby-gloves of French and English lisle-thread and silk, in white blue and rose-color.

Inexpensive fans are made of mummy-cloth, and have all the effects of the satin Pampador fans without the cost.

Felt bonnets and round hats will be worn again this fall, notwithstanding the suggestion that they were losing favor last year.

It is the same with gold as with flowers. It is found everywhere, and fashion after abandoning it, has returned to it with passion.

Street dresses for morning wear in the winter will be somber as two trimmings, and will incline very much to the masculine style.

At Saratoga one lady is said to possess twenty parasols, each one of which was made to order after her costumes were completed.

Infants' mantles' all have the double cape—the lowermost a full yard in depth and the upper one about three-fourths of a yard deep.

A preference of fashion at the present moment is for Japanese ornamented paper napkins. They are used at the fashionable afternoon teas.

Infants' wardrobe, according to the number and the quality of pieces contained are sent out from our furnishing-houses at from \$30 to \$180.

Pretty new bathing-shoes are ornament with bead-work, after the fashion of the Indian moccasins, and are called the Pochontas bathing-shoes.

Organdie muslins have returned to favor this summer, and are most invariably made with short skirts, much trimmed, and the bouffant panier polonaise.

The English jockey-cap, with its stiff vizier, is taking the place of the silk hat, so long worn for riding, and ladies have them made from the material of their habit.

Embroidery runs riot on summer toilets for every part of the day. In the autumn it will be even more fashionable, as it is more effective when done on heavy cloth.

The most dainty infants' robes are generally made of French maineook muslin. This is as sheer and beautiful in texture as linen cambric, and washes equally as nicely.

A favorite way of wearing the broad eash, so popular at present, is to place it around the waist to form a belt, and to tie it carelessly on the left side in a large loose knot.

White parasols with lace trimmings are the most elegant of the season, and accompany the white French bunting and India muslin toilets worn during the day on the piazza.

Jet is much in favor this season, and is used on hats, costumes and mantles. All kinds of head trimmings are worn, and the pretty clair de lune trimmings have been revived.

A pretty style of hair-dressing for the morning is to wave all the hair and twist it into a figure of eight very low at the back of the head, transfixing it with a metal dagger or arrow.

Dauphin gray is a new shade of silk that will be worn in the Autumn. It has a yellowish tinge, not so deep as that of old gold, and will be contrasted with myrtle green and with wine color.

The shape of ribbon bows has changed completely. They are no longer made with stiff loops and ends, but merely with very long loops, consequently very supple, and without any ends at all.

The figured silk net-gloves are increasing in popularity. They have but one fault, and that is that they are very per-

ishable, making them much more expensive in the end than the best gloves.

The waists of ball dresses are now made glove-fitting, a result which is brought about by having almost as many seams in the front of the dress as in the back, and cutting the side pieces cross-wise.

ELLEN JEWETT'S MURDERER.

The Mystery Explained After Forty-Three Years.

It was nearly half a century ago, or on the 10th of April, 1846, that Ellen Jewett was murdered at No. 41 Thomas street, in New York. The only interest attaching to the tragedy more than to scores of other homicidal happenings in New York which have marked its history with blood red letter days, was the fact that the perpetrator of the crime was never brought to justice, and the circumstances were such as to give the case a permanent place among the unsolved murder mysteries of the metropolis.

After a lapse of forty-three years, *The Star* of Wednesday last, under the head of "Light on a Murder Mystery," gave the public a brief statement to the effect that Mr. D. B. Sanford, a prominent citizen and member of the Board of Education of Bayonne, N. J., had disclosed the name of the murderer, and that the crime was committed by one Richard P. Robinson, alias Frank Rivers, who at the time was a member of the old Columbia Engine Company No. 14, with which Mr. Sanford was also connected in 1841.

A reporter called on Mr. Sanford at his home in Bayonne, and from the lips of that gentleman received full corroboration of the statement, together with details of the affair. On the morning after the murder, Mr. Sanford says, he was passing along Thomas street, and saw a crowd in front of No. 41. He stopped to inquire the cause, and then for the first time heard that Ellen Jewett had been killed the night before. Bill Harrington, a boss butcher in Washington Market, went into the house and saw the dead body. The police were active in their efforts to discover the perpetrator, and soon after, probably the next day, Robinson, alias Rivers, was arrested and charged with the commission of the crime. When the case came to trial female inmates of the house swore positively that Ellen Jewett had been Robinson's mistress; that he had been with her on the night of the murder; that they had been heard quarreling, and that after he left she was found dead in her room. Robinson was defended by Ogden Hoffman, one of the ablest criminal lawyers of the day, who afterward died of cholera during the epidemic of 1849. The defense established an alibi on the testimony of reputable witnesses which outweighed that of the women of the house, and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. Shortly after Robinson left the town.

Some time after the trial, four or five months, Mr. Sanford thought, he was discussing the case with an acquaintance of his, who was also a friend of Robinson's, one Caarles Fountain, who then lived at No. 141 Sullivan street. He told Mr. Sanford that had he cared to do it he could have given evidence at the trial which would have corroborated that of the women, and secured the conviction of Robinson. Fountain said he was in the house on the night of the murder, and in the next room he heard Robinson and the Jewett woman quarreling. He overheard enough to know that Robinson intended to leave her, and came to demand the return of a ring which he had given her. He was about to get married. She refused to return the ring, and threatened to expose his connection with her to the girl whom he wished to wed. Both were very angry. Robinson was desperate, and the result was the death of his mistress. Aside from any desire Fountain might have to protect the life of Robinson, a stronger and perfectly natural motive for his silence during the trial was the fact that he did not wish to make public the fact that he himself had been a visitor at the same house.

When asked by the reporter why he did not inform the authorities at the time of what Fountain had told him, Mr. Sanford explained that as Robinson had been tried and acquitted of the crime, he could not be tried for the same offense a second time, and in any event Robinson had disappeared, nobody knew where. He subsequently heard that Robinson went to Texas and died there. Fountain, also, he believes, has been dead several years. At the time of the murder Mr. Sanford says Robinson was a humor-scarum young fellow, 22 or 23 years of age, and that he had the reputation of being "a bad man" with women. He was engaged to three or four at the same time. The girl he wished to marry was the daughter of his uncle, Joseph Hoxie, and among others he was engaged to Miss Mary Chancellor of Long Island, whose brother was a member of the Columbia Engine Company along with Sanford and Robinson. The only reason Mr. Sanford had for breaking silence after so many years as to the statements made by Fountain, he said, was that the matter had been brought freshly to mind by reading a review of the Ellen Jewett murder in some newspaper, and that he thought it had been a mystery long enough.

The old adage running to the effect that fortunes grow out of pennies, was tolerably well exemplified in a matter that came under our notice recently. During the summer of 1860 a resident of this city drew a considerable amount of money out of a savings bank, leaving on deposit a balance of 47 cents, although, had he waited three or four days longer, he would have found his account credited with an additional \$6 representing interest. One day last week he was overhauling some papers and came across the long neglected pass-book. A friend who was present jokingly purchased the book for \$1 from its possessor, who hastily figured up the amount as now amounting to \$1.50. But when the friend allowed him to repurchase the book at a trifling advance because the books of the bank showed that \$29.75 was the exact amount to which he was entitled, his astonishment may be better imagined than described.

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