Love's Reasons.

"Tell the reason?"—Nay, my sweet!—
Potent as the cause may be,
Ask me not; for well I weet
Love and logic ill agree!

Love has reasons, all his own,
Were he willing to confess;
But he fears to make them known,
Saying, shrewdly, "Let them guess!"

Well he knows, though he may deem
All his reasons good and strong;
Something other they must seem
To the unimpassioned throng.

Nay, the god is counted blind
Lest, perhaps, the gift of sight
Rather dull might chance to find
All his fancy paints so bright.

So, my charmer, prithee, take
What of bliss the god may bring;
Nor aspire—for Cupid's sake—
To be wiser than the King!

Will it lengthen Love's caress,
All his nature to explore?
Give the heart a pain the less?
Or the lips a kiss the more?

Thankful for the blessing lent,
(What beyond is worth a sigh?)
Let us love,—and be content,
Careless of the how and why;

Like the maid, who in her room
Rears a fair and fragrant rose,
Happy in its breath and bloom,
Though its name is all she knows.

Not like him who sagely pries
Till its petals all are shed;
Growing, doubtless, very wise,
But alas! the rose is dead!

By John G. Saxe.

Farm, Garden and Household.

NANTUCKET CORN CAKES.—To one pint of boiling milk, stir in one coffee cup of white Indian meal; when cool add three eggs, beaten separately, a little salt: bake in small tins.

HARNESS BLACKING.—Three ounces of beeswax, four ounces ivory black, one pint neatsfoot oil, two ounces Castile soap, two ounces lard, one ounce aloes; to be boiled together, and poured into a hollow vessel.

KEEPING HONEY.—To keep honey all the year round, let it run through a fine sieve to separate it from particles of wax, then boil it gently in an earthern vessel, skim off the foam which gathers on top, and cool it in jars. After covering these tightly, set them away in a cool cellar.

CRACKS IN PLASTERING.—In some cases the plasterer has used too little real plaster and too much lime. Pure plaster of Paris will never crack; but as it sets too quick for the convenience of the operator a little lime is mixed with it. If you try to plaster with pure lime alone, it will crack all over in drying, and come off in patches; and this will show you the necessity of always using as little lime as possible, either in the sand used for bricklaying, or in the plaster used for coating the walls.

WATERING PLANTS.—Let it be remembered that nearly all plants thrive best in *moist*, not in wet soil. We think that most house plants are wet too much. Never pour water in the saucers, but into the pots, and then never until the surface is dry. The saucers may be used for neatness, but not for holding water. Rain water is the best hard; well water the worst. The morning is the best time to apply the water. Always use a fine sprinkler.

WASHING FLUID.—Five pounds of sal soda; one pound of borax; one-half pound of unslacked lime, must be fresh; four ounces of liquid ammonia. Pour one gallon of boiling water upon the soda and borax, when it is dissolved and has cooled, add the ammonia and salts of tarter. Slack the lime in one gallon of hot water, and let it stand till entirely settled; when the clear fluid must be carefully poured of. Turn it upon the solution of soda and borax, and add to the mixture eight gallons of cold water. Put the clothes to soak the night before washing day, with six tablespoonsful of this fluid to a tub full of clothes.

PREPARING FOWLS FOR EXHIBITION.—An allowance of hemp-seed and buckwheat for a fortnight, is recommended by fanciers, to produce a gloss upon the plumage of birds designed for the showroom. But a fine luster of the feathers depends more upon the general health than upon anything else. Liberty and a range where there are but a few fowls, and a diet embracing cooked vegetables and meat and a variety of odds and ends from the table, in addition to the insects and herbage they gather for themselves, are indispensable from the time of hatching until the show, if it is desired to have the plumage exhibit a nice bloom. —*Hearth and Home.*

PREPARATION OF CARMINE-PURPLE.—The dye recently invented, and known as carmine-purple, is obtained by the solution of uric acid in nitric acid, care being taken to prevent boiling over and too great an increase of temperature. The mixture should remain standing quietly for some days, after which a thick, pasty or doughy substance is obtained, which is to be treated with warm water, filtered, and the residum again treated with warm water. The filtered liquid possesses a reddish or yellowish color, decomposed by the nitric acid. This liquid is now a mixture of alloxan, alloxantin, urea, paraban acid, dialuramid, and other products of uric acid. It is next to be evaporated in a large enameled iron vessel, but not heated to the boiling point, which would destroy the murexide produced. After the liquid has been evaporated to a sirupy consistency, and has assumed a beautiful brownish-red or violet color, it is to be allowed to cool. The entire quantity of the liquid should never be evaporated at one time, nor heated to the boiling point.

LEAKY SOILS.—Are any soils leaky, in the sense in which the word is generally understood? We do not believe it. The writer owns and works a farm that was said to be leaky, had no bottom, would not hold any manure, and all that. Not thus understanding the nature of an arable soil, though it might happen to be underlaid with gravel, we had no fear of our leaky farm not responding to a proper feeding with manure and growing fat on it. We have suffered no disappointment in our case, and do not doubt that others similarly situated will equally escape disappointment. A leaky farm is one that has the advantage of being naturally drained; for it will not hold water, but everything held in suspension and almost everything held in solution by that water will be given up to the soil as it passes through it. Pure sand will filter and render clear the foulest water, and agricultural clay will absorb bad odors and decompose chemical solutions. Then a mixture of clay and sand must absorb the soluble parts of manure, and prevent the finely divided particles from passing through it to the subsoil. At least such is our belief, and our experience confirms it. We have no fear of leaky soil. We know many farmers who prefer a soil that has the characteristics of those that are called leaky to a heavy clay that is beyond suspicion in this respect. Ease of working, a quick recovery from a state of wet, warmth, and generally earliness, are valuable qualities of a farm, and all these pertain to soils that are called leaky.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE PLACE.—One Allison Weaver had a narrow escape from being roasted alive during the fires in the north woods of Michigan. He was employed in a shingle-mill, and finding that the fire was coming that way, he determined to stay and see the thing through. So he dug himself a well, filled it with water and covered it with four-inch planking, having saturated the ground around with water. As he said: "He kalkerlated it would be tech and go, but it was the best he could do." When the fire reached the mill he jumped into his well and drew the planks together over his head. The smoke poured down upon him and his den was so hot that he could hardly breathe; the planks above him caught fire, but he put them out by dashing water on them with his hands; the water in which he was standing became uncomfortably warm, but he could not help himself, and busied himself by making observations as to the progress of the fire. After it had passed by he was obliged to wait two days for the ground to cool, before he could pick his way to the nearest village in order to get something to eat.

A coxcomb having told a lady that he knew her thoughts by her eyes, "Do you?" said she; "then I'm sure you will keep them secret, for they are not to your advantage."

The Downfall of Babylon.

Of the various wonders of Babylon, the product of the labors of its engineers or architects, we have no leisure to speak, yet the chief pride of the impulsive population was its impregnable walls. Nature had left the city easy of access on every side; the ingenuity of man had covered it with fortifications. The Babylonians mocked at the futile efforts of their foes. A deep moat surrounded the city. Walls more than three hundred feet high covered each of the sides. They were seventy-five feet wide, formed of unburned brick; houses were built on the spacious top; yet between them ran a street so wide that a chariot of four horses might drive or turn upon it at will. An inner wall of not inferior strength provided a new defense. Massive gates of bronze secured every opening. The city was more impregnable to ancient tactics than the finest work of Vauban to his contempories—than the redoubts of Paris to modern cannon. Twice only was Babylon taken; once by surprise, and once by treachery. Nor was any ancient engineer ever able to dry its enormous ditch, to sap its gigantic walls, taller than most European spires, to crush in its solid gates, or penetrate its exterior defenses. The mighty fortress ruled for centuries over the plains of the Euphrates and the Tigris; the fame of its strength filled the world; it was celebrated in the annals of Greece and the chronicles of the Middle Ages; and in the fanciful days of chivalry and of barbarism every nightly castle seems to have been modeled upon the plan of the Assyrian stronghold, and possessed on an insignificant scale its ditch, its double walls, its interior keep, and its protecting towers.

Yet, compared with the enormous stone-work of Egypt or the Cyclopean fortress of Mycenæ, Babylon seems to have been singularly fragile. It was a mass of sun-dried bricks. Clay bound together by chopped straw and asphaltum, was almost the sole material employed by its architects. Palaces and temples, its lofty houses and its towering walls, were all composed of crumbling earth; and when at length decay settled upon the mighty capital, and its deserted buildings were abandoned to the ravages of time, it melted away like a baseless vision, and faded into a heap of dust. Except a hill of broken bricks, no trace remains of the tower of Belus. The Euphrates has broken its neglected embankments, and converted the site of Babylon into a desolate marsh. Wild beasts make their dens in the crevices of the pile of ruins. Bats and owls cling to the arid caverns. The fair plains of Babylonia, once clad in boundless harvests of Mesopotamian wheat, rich with endless groves of palm, are sown alone with brambles. The canals, the broad highways, and the spacious inns are gone. The gifted Semitic race, who wrought the flowered muslins, and cut the precious gems of Babylon, are mingled with the dust. All is solitude. The scornful Euphrates sweeps at will over the fields it was once condemned to fertilize, and mocks at the faded glories of Cyrus or Samiramis, of Darius and Alexander, so low has Babylon fallen!

Its renown was altogether material; no poets, historians, musicians, artists, sprung up amidst its crowded throngs. A single Burns or a Babylonian Pindar might have saved it from contempt; and but for the pen of a cultivated Greek its mighty towers and its gigantic walls would have risen and sunk undistinguished upon the Assyrian plain; but for the cry of Hebrew prophecy the name of Babylon would never have become the symbol of civic corruption, or its fate the lesson of all ages.

Anecdote of Ezekiel Webster.

In these latter days, when the office of the Surrogate is the theatre of so much unseemly wrangle over the wills of testators that men who have property to leave may sometimes despair of their wishes being consummated, an anecdote of Ezekiel Webster, brother of the "godlike," may be aptly quoted:

When in full practice he was employed to defend the will of Roger Perkins, of Hopkinton. The physicians made affidavit that the testator was struck with death when he signed his will. Mr. Webster subjected his testimony to a most thorough examination, showing, by quoting medical authorities, that doctors disagree as to the precise moment when a dying man is struck with death; some affirming that it is at the commencement of the fatal disease, others at its climax, and others still affirming that we begin to die as soon as we are born.

"I should like to know," said Mr. Sullivan, the opposing counsel, "what doctor maintains that theory?"

"Dr. Watts," said Mr. Webster, with great gravity:

"The moment we begin to live,
We all begin to die."

The reply convulsed the Court and audience with laughter.

A Wonderful Balsam.

A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines for rheumatism and the growth of hair combined, recently wrote to a friend for a recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

Dear Sir:—The land composing this farm his hitherto been so poor that a Chinaman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes, and plant them edgeways; but, hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten-acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found the stones had entirely disappeared, and a neat wall encircled the field; the rails were split up into firewood, and piled up symmetrically in my back-yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp; two days saw it clear off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill-pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, drew grease out of a flint, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars out of a defunct lottery."

SUCCESS IN CALIFORNIA.—Col. Kollister, a former citizen of Licking County, Ohio, emigrated to California shortly after its acquisition to the United States. He began in a small way near Los Angelos, raising sheep and cattle. His present possessions are immense. He has an almond grove covering seven hundred acres, and over sixty thousand almond trees yielding fruit. He has planted, and is successfully growing, one hundred thousand orange, lemon and olive trees, had at one time over one hundred and fifty thousand head of sheep and cattle; owns about one hundred thousand acres of land divided into three ranches. He has recently purchased in Japan twenty-six bushels of Japan tea seed, and sent over for and obtained two or three Japanese to cultivate it and expects to meet with great success in this new experiment.

WILL PARENTS TAKE HEED.—On all hands complaints are made of the increasing ill health of our school children. Now who is to take the matter in hand? Who is to say there shall be absolutely *no* lessons learned out of school, unless the present duration of school hours shall be shortened? It needs, we think, only that the parents shall themselves *insist* upon this to effect it. Why wait till brain-fever has set in? Why wait till little spines are irretrievably crooked? And of what mortal use is it to keep on pouring anything into a vessel when it is incapable of holding any more, and is only wasted upon the ground?

FANNY FERN.

HAZING.—The treatment of the Amherst Freshmen at their late initiation reminds one of old hazing customs. Some of the innocents were blindfolded, their arms bound with ropes, and then marched over town through ditches and by-ways on a wet, muddy night, in a manner that must have inspired anything but love and submission in the victims.

IRON ORE is found in most of the counties of Virginia and West Virginia, and has been mined to profit in at least twenty of them.

Latest Fashion Notes.

A handsome fabric, which will be very popular for underskirts is of satin and velvet in alternate stripes of different colors, as blue satin, with black velvet, or green, lilac, crimson, and corn-colored satin in contrast with the velvet. This material, cut on the bias, is the demand for trimming silk or poplin suits, which it does very effectively.

Empress cloth, in all shades and quality, velours, poplin, serge, *satin de chines*, alpaca, and the incomparable Cashmere, enjoy a high degree of favor.

Poplins are to be had from 62 cents to $2.50. Empress and velours vary from 75 cents to $1.50; serge from 62 cents to $1.25; and poplin alpacas are as low as 50 cents per yard.

Velveteen polonaises, trimmed with pipings of silk or satin, make a very handsome and comfortable promenade suit.

Close-fitting sacques, slashed at the sides, of fine beaver cloth, trimmed with black gros-grain pipings and fringe, are offered at $9.

One of heavy beaver suited to the coldest weather, trimmed with velvet, handsomely embroidered with silk braid, is a very desirable garment for $25.

Ladies' cloth is much used for demi-season, and is made up in sacques and mantels. This material is usually trimmed with braid or with pipings of silk, finished with lace.

A stylish marquis mantle of ladies' cloth, handsomely embroidered in white, with black and white fringe, attracted our attention. Price $18.

A water proof polonaise, stitched with white in a very pretty pattern, made quite a novel garment. Price $10.

Sailor hats of felt and tarpaulin will be the mode for children and misses. These vary in price from 80c. to $2.25.

Feathers, velvet, and gros-grain are the trimmings most selected for round hats, while lace, flowers, and long ostrich plumes are the favorite garnitures of bonnets.

A most serviceable and stylish boot for the promenade is a double-soled button boot of about eleven buttons, with handsome Russian leather foxing, calf kid tops, and scolloped and stitched with plain black. Price $10.

A very heavy walking boot for mid-winter has fourteen buttons, and a very thick double sole. Price $12.

A superb suit of rich, black silk had a plaited flounce, headed by plain points, headed with passementerie, and finished with rich fringe.

A handsome garment in velvet consisted of a sleeveless sacque, with a circular cape open both in front and in the back, and trimmed all around with a leaf passementerie, and beautiful guipure lace.

A blue velvet bonnet and brim of alternate folds of velvet and tea-colored silk, a soft plaited crown. In front on top of the crown was a plume, a most exquisite blush rose-bud and leaves, and a blue bow and ends of gros grain. Inside trimmings of white tulle.

Something entirely novel was a bonnet of drab silk, with a plaiting of silk around the crown, finished with ornaments of steel.—*New York paper.*

A Story of Industry.

The French papers have a story about the beginning of M. Thiers's career which is a pendant to that of the first introduction of the great banker, Laffitte, to the tide that led on to fortune. Young Laffitte being rebuffed by a banker to whom he applied for employment, and turning sadly away, spied a pin on the floor, and stooped to pick it up; on which the banker called him back, made him a clerk, and finally a partner, and so made his fortune. The Thiers story is that soon after he came to Paris to seek his fortune M. Coste, the editor of the *Temps*, and M. Bellet, one of his chief collaborators, noticed a light always burning in the attic of a house they had to pass about 2 A. M., as they left the office to go home. This excited their curiosity so strongly that one night they knocked at the door and asked the porter who it was that lived *au cinquieme*. He said it was an industrious young man, working hard to fit himself for a journalist. Upon this they mounted to the garret, and presenting themselves to the youth, like Providence in human shape; and, a brief conversation satisfying them of his competency, the editor gave him immediately a place on the staff of the paper, which was the first round of "young ambition's ladder," which has conducted him to the highest places of fame and power. We tell this story, as the French papers say in such cases, *avec toutes les reserves*, by no means guaranteeing its authenticity. There is no inherent improbability about it; and, at any rate, it is a good story.

Ugliness of Mormon Women.

A late writer says: Nothing impressed us more in Salt Lake city than the homeliness of the women. It may be ungallant to mention it; but, as every one that goes there thinks it, here goes the statement of the fact. Now, homeliness of feature is not a disadvantage. There is a handsome ugliness and a pious homeliness; but with these Mormon women it is a vicious, outrageous uncomeliness, indicative of moral disfigurement. The Tabernacle was alive with them. They made us shudder. It is "assault and battery" to have them look at you. What Brigham or any other man would want of seventeen such creatures I cannot imagine. One of them, I should think, would be a great horror. Such dislocations of noses and misplacements of mouth, and ruins of eyebrows, are not gathered together in any other place on this continent. There must be a good many witches among them. We would not have been much surprised to see them riding home on a broomstick. The only excuse that we can see for polygamy is that it would take at least fifty such women to make one wife.

RULES FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life: Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurb they may appear to be. Never to show levity when the people are professedly engaged in worship. Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it; nor seek occasion to retaliate. Never to judge a person's character by external appearance. Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions. Never to dispute if I can fairly avoid it.

COULDN'T TRUST HIMSELF.—The *Swiss Times* reports that a native of Fribourg presented himself a few days ago at the window of the Post Office at Lusanne, and asked for an order of 100 francs. The clerk put the following usual questions to him:—"Who is the sender?" "Jacques Mathieu." "What is the name of the payee?" "Jacques Mathieu, *post crestante* at Estavayer." "Is he your brother?" "No, it is myself." "Do you mean to say that you are sending a Post Office order to yourself at Estervayer?" "Yes, I am going there." "But why can't you take it yourself" "Ah, there it is," said the simple fellow; "You see I know myself, and if I were to take the money with me the probability is that it would never reach Estervayer, while by sending it through the Post Office I shall be sure to find it on my arrival, where I shall need it."

HARD AT WORK.—The work of clearing away the ruins, and rebuilding Chicago, proves an important means of relief to mechanics and laborers who find plenty of employment at good wages. The average wages for laborers in the ruins are $1.75 per day, for teams, $4.50; for carpenters, $3 to $3.50, and bricklayers $3 to $3.25. Members of the Chicago Bricklayer's Union demanded increased wages, and many of the members struck, the contractors refusing to yield to strikers, as there are a large number of bricklayers from other places, willing and anxious to work at present wages. The price of bricks has risen from $6.50 to $12 and $15, but the supply seems abundant, and prices will recede.

The Remote Cause of the Western Fires.

Chicago has burned down, and whole square miles of western land are burnt up. That misguided cow and unhappy lamp have been berated enough. If the barn had been damp with recent rains perhaps the fire had gone no farther. Certain is it that if the rooftops had not been baked dry by a summer's drought Chicago would not have mourned her lost children and ruined homes.

Had not those Wisconsin fields been as ashes in the dry wind, had plentiful rains drenched the Michigan woods, the country would have been happier today. Everything there was as dry as tinder say all the papers.

Now whose fault was it? People with more piety than wisdom may say in a horrified way: "What a question! Do you arraign acts of Providence?" No. There has been blame somewhere. We are not inclined to shift it upon Heaven. Men, not Providence, brought this calamity upon us. It is we who have created these dry summers. Had there been no drought there had been no such wide ruin.

The time was when such long-continued dry seasons were not known. Men can and do change the character of climates. We can cause the rain to fall or drive away the clouds. Men have altered the temperature and moved the dew-point. The farmers of the northern states are in a measure responsible for the series of dry summers that have prevailed for the last ten years.

Meteorology is beginning to take a high position. We have mapped the winds and can signal the coming storm to the sailor and farmer. The laws of the weather are no longer a matter of guess-work. Cause and effect are as sure in the clouds as on the ground. Observing the effect we can trace the cause. Given this series by dry summers, science points to the cause—our denuded forests.

In our foolish American haste we have wastefully cut down the trees, dried up the springs, raised the temperature, so that precipitation of moisture is reduced, and have driven the rain away in useless clouds or invisible vapor over the Atlantic. Chicago is burned down and we are solemnly saying, "How heavy is the hand of Heaven upon us." We have prayed for rain one day of the week, and driven it away with an axe on six.

The mischief is done, and the best thing we can now do is to examine the matter with a view to future prevention. How shall we bring back the rain? How restore our forests? Simply by planting our woods anew.

This is not a new or untried idea. Artificial woods are no longer a novelty in Europe. There this whole matter is well understood. In parts of the Continent foresters are appointed by government. It is their duty to inspect all standing forests. Schools of arboriculture are established. The habits of the trees are considered, the soil examined, and tree-planting carried on over hundreds of square miles. For every tree cut down one or more new ones must be set. Nurseries, producing millions of young trees, do a thriving business in supplying this material. Under the advice of the foresters the new forests extend year by year. On the rocky hills of Scotland the oak, maple and chestnut are planted; the willow is set out by the million on the marsh-like "polders" of Holland; about Utrecht, and on the sandy plains of Zelderland, near Arnheim, the traveller passes artificial pine forests by the hour.

In view of these western fires it is high time we prepared to imitate our transatlantic friends. At once the great cost of such an undertaking comes up. Now we think it can be shown that the thing will pay to do it. If there is money in it it will get itself done fast enough.

The land used for such forests is generally fit for nothing else. We have millions of acres that are barren wastes—an eyesore and tax on the owners. By examining the most flourishing trees growing in similar soil in the neighborhood we can decide what to plant. By sowing the seed or buying young trees a year old we can soon start a forest that in twenty years will bring a cash return that will cover the cost of plasting, interest and taxes, and leave a margin of profit besides.

To come down to details, let me present an estimate prepared for a gentleman who had a hundred acres of nearly valueless land in eastern Massachusetts. It was a continual tax-bill and brought no return whatever. The land was valued at fifty dollars an acre. The interest for twenty years would be $6,000; the taxes, $5,000. If he had nothing no the land he would be $6,000 out of pocket at the end of that time. There was a fence round the whole lot that it was estimated it would cost twenty dollars a year to maintain. Each acre would hold 500 trees or 50,000 in all. The trees could be bought for $1,500 The planting would cost about $600. The trees at the present price of posts and sleepers would be worth at least seventy-five cents each. To sum up:

Interest	$6,000
Taxes	5,000
Fencing	400
Oversight, at $50 per year	1,000
Fifty thousand trees	1,500
Planting	600
Fifty thousand trees at 75 cts	$14,500
Five per cent. loss	37,500
	7,360
	$30,200
Cost	14,500
	$15,700

The care would be slight, as there is no culture of any kind. Certainly this would be a nice little piece of property to leave to the children, or set them up in life with. Were the trees cut down, the place could be replanted. With better kinds of trees, and more time, a greater price could be obtained. The trees to be used were maple and chestnuts. The Scotch are noted for minding the "mickle" that brings the "muckle," and the Zelderlanders are the closest-fisted people in Europe. That they plant trees in countless thousands proves they have an eye on the above cheerful pennies.

CHARLES BARNARD.

Proclamation by the President.

By the President of the United States:

A PROCLAMATION.

The process of the seasons has again enabled the husbandman to garner the fruits of successful toil. Industry has been generally well rewarded. We are at peace with all nations, and tranquility, with few exceptions, prevails at home. Within the past year we have in the main been free from ills which elsewhere have affected our kind. If some of us have had calamities, there would be an occasion for sympathy with the sufferers; of resignation on their part to the will of the Most High, and of rejoicing to the many who have been more favored. I therefore recommend that on Thursday, the 30th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship, and there make the usual acknowledgments to Almighty God for the blessings he has conferred upon them, for their merciful exemption from evils, and invoke His protection and kindness for their less fortunate brethren, whom, in His wisdom, he has deemed it best to chastise. In faith whereof, I have hereto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 20th day of October, in the year of our Lord, 1871, and of the independence of the United States the ninety-sixth. U. S. GRANT.

By the President.

HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

THREE Co-operative club stores have been successfully started in Danvers, Mass. The articles sold are groceries and provisions. Each family, upon joining the club, is required to pay in $10. Pork sold elsewhere at 14 cents a pound retail, the families obtain at ten cents; and tea, costing elsewhere $1 25 per lb., is sold for 90 cents. The stores in the town have put down their prices to as near wholesale as possible, in order to break up the club stores, but unsuccessfully.

Colorado is first in the field with a narrow gauge railway. A road of three-foot gauge, seventy-six miles in length, has just been completed, and is now open for travel and freight.

The Mormon Trials.

Affairs in Utah have taken a new turn, and one that will no doubt be the means of revolutionizing the institutions of that territory. In the case of the Mormon Hawkins, a saint, who was tried, Mrs. Hawkins, the defendant's first wife, testified that Hawkins gave no reason for taking other women for wives except that she had had her day, and it was proper he should have some one else. She said she had borne him seven children at the time he took another wife. The defence offered no testimony, except to prove the marriage of Hawkins with his second and third wives. General Maxwell spoke for the prosecution, and assuming that the defence would rest upon plural marriage as being part of a religious faith, argued that polygamy was a direct violation of both the ecclesiastical and common law. Fitch concluded at a late hour for the defence. He contended that Hawkins, being a Mormon, had no intention of committing a crime, and that intention was essential to conviction; that *there was no law* [Romans v., 13] *against polygamy when he took his second wife;* and he could not be guilty of adultery, because he was legally married to the woman according to the usages and customs of the Mormon Church.

The jury in the case came in with a sealed verdict, which, on being opened, was found to be "guilty." The court room was crowded, and the announcement created much excitement. The counsel for the people moved that the defendant be taken into custody, which motion was stoutly resisted by the defendant's attorney. The prosecution, however, were firm in their demand that the case should take the ordinary course, and the United States Marshall was accordingly directed to bold Hawkins as a prisoner. Time was allowed to prepare a motion for a new trial and arrest of judgment. The penalty prescribed by the Utah statute for the crime of adultery is imprisonment for not over twenty years and not less than three years, or a fine of not over $1,000, or both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court. This is a test case, and virtually places all polygamists at the mercy of the first wife, who, under the act, is the only party who can institute proceedings against the husband. The case was conducted on both sides with great determination, and the charge of Judge McKean to the jury is spoken of as being eminently able.

A Riot in California.

A terrible riot occurred in the town of Los Angelos California, which originated in the following manner: A fight having occurred in the Chinese quarter, Officer Bilderan attempted to arrest one Chinaman for shooting another, but, upon meeting resistance, called upon a citizen named Robert Thompson to assist him. The officer and the citizen again attempted to arrest the Chinaman, when the Chinese on both sides of the narrow street began firing. Thompson fell, shot through the breast, and soon died. Bilderan was shot through the shoulder, but succeeding in reaching his horse and escaped. A Mexican boy named John Jose Mandevis was shot through the leg. A mob soon collected, and attacked the whole Chinese quarter; but the Chinese defended themselves stoutly. About 500 armed men then surrounded the Chinese position and cut them off from escape, and 16 Chinamen who were captured were summarily hanged by the mob. Fire was applied to many of the houses, but the flames were extinguished by the Chinese. The authorities succeeded in restoring order, and prevented further bloodshed.

The mob was composed mainly of native Californians and Mexicans and the dregs of society. All the Chinese that were hanged were frightfully beaten and maltreated before hanging. One of them was a child only 8 or 9 years old. In addition to the 16 persons hanged, two men and one woman were found, dead, and another man was discovered in jail in an insensible condition. Only one of those who were hanged has been identified as having shot at the officers. The others are supposed to be innocent, the guilty ones having escaped before the mob assulted their houses. The old Vigilance Committee has been reorganized to prevent a repetition of the rioting.

Disaster on the Lakes.

Following the disastrous fires in the West are disasters on the Lakes. A number of vessels have been lost with all on board. Among them is the propeller Coburn, A dispatch says two boats of the *Coburn* have been washed ashore one empty, the other having in her two dead bodies, those of a colored man and a boy. This settles the question of the fate of those not already reported saved, in all probability. The *Coburn* has five boats; one was stove, two were found with persons alive in them, and two are found with no one living. It can hardly be otherwise than that the persons who failed to save their lives in the boats have perished. In all probability they number as many as thirty, at the lowest estimate, and among them are doubtless the Captain, Gilbert Demont, Indian Agent Smith and his wife, Major Atwood, and all the ladies on board, of whom there are reported to have been eight. From what can be learned of the scenes during the last hours of the steamer, the ladies very likely went down with the boat, either unable to remain outside, or lacking the hardihood. It seems likely, too, that several were seen in the cabin just before she sank. Flour and articles with the name of the *Coburn* on them came ashore at Kincardine all day.

It is more than probable that all the books, papers, &c., belonging to the steamer went down with her, consequently some time must necessarily elapse before a complete list of her crew and passengers can be obtained, and there is a strong probability that the names of all of her crew will never be known, as nothing on her books will show them.

A Sad Tragedy.

A sad tragedy occurred near the University of Chicago, resulting in the death of Col. Thomas W. Grosvener, city prosecuting attorney. There is much excitement over the event, and various stories are afloat as to the facts of the case, but the following may be regarded as nearly accurate. At a late hour named a patrol belonging to Company L., First Chicago Volunteers, a youth of some seventeen years, and stationed near the corner of Cottage Grove Avenue, and University Place, noticed a man passing southward on the opposite side of the avenue. The sentry ordered him to halt. The reply to this was an oath. The order was repeated and no reply made. The Third time the sentry ordered him to halt or he would shoot. The reply was "Shoot and be d—d." The sentry fired and the man fell. The wounded man was at once identified by those who rushed to the scene as Col. Grosvener, who resided on Oak Avenue, toward which he was going when shot. The coroner was notified of the occurrence, and ordered the arrest of the sentry. His name is Theodore N. Treat; he is a student in the Chicago University, Sophomore Class, and claims to have acted strictly according to orders. Col. Grosvener was a native of Utica, N. Y., his age was about thirty-seven. The sentinel was posted to preserve order in the city.

CLOSE HAULED.—Since the death of Father Taylor, of Boston, many anecdotes are told of him, among which is the following from Richmond, where he was born. He spoke the sailor vernacular to his audience, who fully appreciated and loved the good old man. On one occasion, while making the dust fly from the pulpit cushions, he noticed an old salt, whose weather-beaten face was a good *fac-simile* of an old-fashioned door-plate, seated near the altar, and who gave expression to his conviction of sin by loud, prolonged groans, and at every renewed blast from the pulpit the groans became louder, whereat the good father fixed him with his eye, and addressed him in these words: "Luff, brother, luff; luff while she breezes, and you'll weather hell yet, with the lee leeches of your top-sails smoking;" which neatly expressed the neareat touch and go possible, and gave good solid comfort to Jack.

Said a conceited young lady—You men are a covet us-set.

Appeal for Aid.

In view of the urgency of immediate and copious aid from the people outside of the State, the following appeal to the United States has been issued by the Michigan State Relief Committee:

To the People of the United States: We need instant and plentiful aid. From 12,000 to 15,000 people, at least, in the State of Michigan, have lost their homes, food, clothing, crops, horses and cattle. On the night of the Chicago fire 2,000 people on the east shore of Lake Michigan, and 5,000 to 6,000 on the west shore of Lake Huron were reduced to almost absolute destitution. Within two or three weeks other small settlements have been blotted out. The number of individual farm-houses, barns and frontier dwellings which have been destroyed by the all-prevading fires cannot from want of information, be accurately calculated. The aggregate we know to be enormous. The fires are still burning, and new ones spring up. The area of ruin and devastation is daily increasing, and much suffering exists. A long, hard and cold Winter is approaching, and large numbers of these people are accessible only by water, and navigation will soon be closed. Scarcely a month, or six weeks at most, remains in which to feed, clothe and shelter them for the Winter season, which extends far into the Spring. They must be helped now, or they will perish. They will need, too, in early Spring, seed and implements for harvests next year. A greater portion of them must commence life entirely anew and without preparation at the beginning of Winter. Their isolation from the centres of commerce and the means of communication makes the problem of relief more difficult and urgent. The people of Michigan have nobly responded to appeals which this misery has made to their sympathy and generosity, but they are sorely crippled, indirectly in their business by the Chicago fire, and directly by the assistance given to the sufferers from that calamity before they were aware of the demands which would be made upon them at home. Many of them, too, have lost their resources by fires which occurred in this State. In their name, and on behalf of the victims already known and many whom we fear are yet unknown, we ask prompt and efficient aid from our benevolent fellow-citizens everywhere. Money and supplies may be sent direct to Michigan Relief Committee at Detroit or Grand Rapids.

Wyoming's Great Legislative Joke.

The accident, for such it was, by which woman suffrage became the law of Wyoming happened in this way: The President of the Council of the first Territorial Legislature of Wyoming strolled into the office of the Secretary of the Territory one morning in November, 1869, to talk about local politics. Woman suffrage came in for its share of attention. Said the Secretary, who was a staunch advocate of woman's right:

"Mr. President, do you know you have the greatest opportunity of any man in America to immortalize yourself?"

"How?" inquired the president.

"By introducing a bill to the council extending the right of suffrage to woman," replied the secretary.

"By Jove! I'll do it if you'll draw up the bill," responded the president.

"Agreed," answered the secretary; and Mr. President smiled the quiet smile of satisfaction incident to the birth of a new idea, pulled away at his cigar, straightened himself and walked to the Council chamber to ponder on his future greatness. The bill was drawn, introduced and passed the first reading of the Council—more for the novelty and notoriety than because its members were in its favor.

In the lower house, however, the bill met opposition, and became the subject of earnest dissension on the part of a minority. The majority looked upon the whole thing as a joke of the rollicking secretary, and were disposed to let him have his fun, while they would enjoy the big supper promised them by the secretary if they would pass the bill. Thus the bill passed the House, not supposing the Council would confirm it on its final reading. The Council, however, did pass the bill, whether from indifference or to appear consistent with its former action it is impossible to say, as it is equally impossible to account for most of the laws passed by this Legislature on any known hypothesis. But whether joke or design on the part of the secretary, the members of the House were certainly victimized, for they never got that big supper, and the bill did pass.

It only waited now for the Governor's signature under the great seal of the Territory to make this bill a law in the land. In a few days the bill was returned with his Excellency's familiar O. K., and woman suffrage became both a fact and a law in Wyoming.

A Strange Case.

A sad incident occurred at Steubenville County Infirmary a few days ago, resulting in a horrible death, the burying of a small lad named Murphy, aged five years—a reel-footed child, who was deserted by the mother to cloak her shame. It appears that two other pauper children, name Philip Sheridan and Andy Stewart, dug a large hole in the orchard adjoining the infirmary. After effecting this part of the diabolical act, the two little fiends, whose ages, were respectively five and ten years, repaired to the infirmary grounds and caught the reel-footed boy, and carried him to his living grave. Shrieking, yet without power of being heard, the little victim was caught by the young executioners, and forced into the hole. Holding him down they shovelved in the earth and stone upon his writhing body, stifling his cries as best they could, until the poor deformed body ceased to struggle, and the spirit took its flight to Him who gave it. The two young murderers went back to the house without informing any one of the deed, and the buried boy's absence was first noticed by Mr. Porter, the Superintendent, about one o'clock. Upon making inquiries, a little black boy informed him that Andy Stuart and Phil. Sheriden had "buried 'Limpy' down in the holler." On going to the spot, Mr. Porter found the newly made grave, and below the surface the lifeless form of little "Limpy." The little murderers have been sent to the reformatory. This is one of the saddest incidents we have ever had to record.

OUR HOUSE AND HOME.—Says Mrs. Stowe: There are certain characteristic words which the human heart loves to conjure with, and one of the strongest among them is the phrase, "Our House." It is not my house, nor your house, nor their house, but *Our House.* It is the inseparable *we* who own it, and it is the *we* and the *our* that go a long way toward impregnating it with the charm that makes it the symbol of things most blessed and eternal.

Houses have their phsiognomy, as much as persons. There are common place houses, suggestive houses, attractive houses, and scientific houses, and fascinating houses, just as there are all classes of persons. There are houses whose windows seem to yawn idly—to stare vacantly—there are houses whose windows glower weirdly, and look at you askance; there are houses again, whose very doors and windows seem wide open with frank cordiality, which seem to stretch their arms to embrace you, and woo you kindly to come and possess them.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.—Another frightful colliery disaster is reported. An explosion took place in the Seahan Mine, near Newcastle, England. Thirty-three men were in the pit at the time, none of whom where saved. The families of the victims with numbers of people gathered around the mouth of the pit, and former scenes of excitement and distress were renewed.

FLOUR IN CASKS AND IN BAGS.—Dr. Poleck has been making researches into the methods of packing flour. He finds that flour preserved in casks is often injured by the insufficient circulation of air through its mass. In consequence, its gluten is changed, assuming a sour re-action, and the flour will not make good dough. This change is indicated by a peculiar mouldy smell. Flour preserved in bags is not so liable to this change.

The Death of Nero.

One night Nero, dressed in women's clothes, was in one of the palaces of Rome, surrounded by his boon companions, male and female, indulging in the most loathsome orgies, when a great uproar was heard in the streets. A messenger was sent to ascertain the cause. He returned with the appalling tidings that Galba, at the head of an avenging army, was marching rapidly into Rome; that insurrection had broken out in the streets, and that a countless mob, breathing threatenings and slaughter, were surging toward the