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Sweep Before Your Own Door.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down
from days of yore,
"Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear
the rubbish from your door?"
Let no filth, no rust there gather; leave no
traces of decay;
Pluck up every weed unsightly; brush the fallen
leaves away!

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep
without, within:
Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each
besetting sin;
Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner
temple grow;
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing
bitterness and woe;

Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our
neighbor watch, to keep;
All the work assigned us finished, we before his
door may sweep.

Half an Hour before Supper.

So she's here, your unknown Dulcinea,—the
lady you met on the train,—
And you really believe she would know you if
you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me;
there never was womankind yet
Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses,
but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the
elder; the younger looked up with a smile,
"I sat by her side half an hour,—what else was
I doing the while!

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as
the sun in the sky,
And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash
back from your own to her eye?

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be
as frank and as bold as the look,
And I held up herself to herself,—that was
more than she got from her book."

'Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt
you are voicing the mode of To-Day;
But then we old fogies, at least, gave the lady
some chance for delay.

"There's my wife—(you must know)—we first
met on the journey from Florence to Rome:
It took me three weeks to discover who was she
and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more
ere I saw her again;
And a year ere my romance began where yours
ended that day on the train."

"O, that was the style of the stage-coach; we
travel to-day by express;
Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't
admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the
elder. The younger half sighed.
"What happens when signals are wrong or
switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the
elder returned, "but admit
That your chances of winning this woman your
boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not at best know her name. And
what if I try your ideal
With something if not quite so fair, at least
more *en regle* and real?

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I in-
sist—you shall follow—this way.
My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat
Mr. Rapid to stay?

"My wife,—Mr. Rapid—Eh, what! Why, he's
gone,—yet he said he would come;
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are
properly crimson and dumb!"

BRET HARTE.

MILLY MORE'S LETTER.

I'm Aunt Gunter. Job Gunter is my husband. We keep the Anchor Port post office and a store, and sell groceries and garden sass, calico, shoes, and medicines, like other folks in our line, when anybody asks for 'em.

When a ship comes in, and the sailors come home to their wives and mothers, trade grows brisk. The housekeepers do their best and the raisins and dried currents and eggs and butter go off finely, and it's worth while to lay in ribbons for the girls, and smoking tobacco and long pipes for the men.

Jack and his wages make old Anchor Port brisk for a while, but at last he sails away, and all the women seem to ask for will be letters—letters, letters, when they have a right to expect them, and when they haven't, all the same.

It's "Please Aunty Gunter, look over them, and see if there aren't one for me;" and it's "Please, Uncle Gunter; it might have got mixed up and overlooked somehow;" often and often—God help the poor souls!—after Jack lies at the bottom of the sea, and nothing will ever reach them but the news of his shipwreck. But plenty of letters come after all, and sometimes we had to read them for the folks, Job and I, and so we get to know something of their lives.

Milly More could read and write herself, but still I always knew when she had a letter from Will Masset. I knew it by the hand-writing, and I knew it by her blushes, and by that happy look in her face. When he came home, she bought ribbons and bits of lace by the apronful; and I knew where the packages of candy that he bought were to go. And I used to keep Job from fishing down in Pullman's creek of afternoons, because I knew that was where Milly and Will liked to walk. Courting time comes but once in a lifetime, and I always like to see it prosper.

At last he sailed away, second mate of the Golden Dove; and when he came back from that voyage, they were to be married.

It was a sad day when that ship sailed. Mrs. Captain Rawdon and her girls were crying on the shore. Twenty women from the Port and five from the Hill were there to see her set sail.

It was a grim, gray day, and the voyage was to be a long one.

It was under our old sycamore that Will took Milly to his breast.

"Don't fret, darling!' he said. "I'll come back safe and sound. I couldn't drown now; I've too much to live for."

Poor boy! in spite of that, the Golden Dove went down in mid-seas, and only three men reached Anchor Port to tell how Captain Rawdon, and the rest were lost, at dead of night, in a most woeful torm.

Captain Kincaid brought the news up to Mrs. Rawdon. He stopped at our store to tell about it. A nice old man. A bachelor still, at fifty-eight, and as handsome, with his white hair and red cheeks, as a picture.

That was twelve months ago, the night I went into the store to sort some things out, as I always did Saturday nights. Through the week Job used to get everything mixed up—letters in my tea-boxes, candles in the letter-box, eggs where they oughtn't to be, and all the place askew. It was a warm autumn night, and Captain Kincaid's vessel was in port, and he had plenty of custom. Job served the people while I tidied up. I found half the last mail in a sugar box, and clothes pins in the ground coffee canister, and I just dumped them out.

"Gather up your letters Job," said I. "What possesses you, old man?"

And he laughed and piled 'em up. And I made a vow to myself that I'd keep the sugar box full after that, so that he shouldn't use it for the mail.

I had twenty-four pounds of sugar known as "coffee crushed," because it was prepared especially to use in coffee. That was the finest sugar Anchor Hill folks often bought, though I had a little cut and powdered by me, in case Mrs. Rawdon, or Mrs. Dr. Speer, or the minister's lady should send in; and I took the paper up and tilted it over the japanned box, pouring it in a nice smooth stream, when who should come running into the shop but Milly More. She was not dressed carefully, and her eyes were red with crying.

She asked for some tea, and while Job was weighing it out she whispered to me:

"Oh! Aunty Gunter, have you looked to-day? Isn't there a letter from Will? He said he couldn't die. I don't feel as if he could. Mightn't he write, after all? Do look."

"My Pet," says I, "it's a year ago that the Golden Dove went down. It isn't likely. And He don't let those live that want to always. It isn't likely, dear, but I'll look."

I took the letters in my hand one by one. Many of them would make hearts glad before the shutters were up that night; but none for Milly! It couldn't be expected, of course.

I told her so; but I took her into my little back parlor, and made her sit down. I talked as good as I could to her out what good does talking do?

"Oh, Aunty," says she, "I know it seems as if I was a fool; but I waked up hoping this morning. I don't believe he is gone. I can't, I can't.

"When baby died—the only one we ever had—I thought I never should believe it," said I. "But I had Job; and you have your mother and sister, Milly."

At that she burst into tears, and put her head down on my knee.

"I must tell you," said she. "They want me to marry Captaid Kincaid. He's courting me. He fell in love with me the night he brought the news to Mrs. Captain Rawdon; I was there sewing, and heard it all. Oh, how cruel to fall in love with a poor girl at such a time! And he asks me to be his wife. And mother and Fanny shall always have a home, he says. And you know how poor we are. And they're angry at me for saying No. And how can I, how can I, when my heart is in the sea with Willie?"

"Captain Kincaid!" I said, and I couldn't say any more; she took my breath away. She was a nice, pretty girl; but the Captain was rich, elegant and stylish. An old family he came of, too. It was an honor for Milly More.

"Not just yet," said I, after a while. "Perhaps you'll feel better. He's old, I know, but he's a splendid man."

"You too!" said she. "You too! Nobody understands. It isn't as if I had made up my mind, like all the rest. Will will always be a living man to my mind. I don't think any one ever loved but me. Nobody understands—nobody."

I kissed her, and coaxed her, and said no word about her changing her mind; but for all that I kept thinking of it in a kind of maze.

"Captain Kincaid! such a gentleman as that! Old as he was, could she fail to see the honor?"

But when I told Job, says he:

"Jerusalem! a young, pretty girl like Milly! Why don't he go after some widder or an oldish gal? Milly is too young for him. Poor Will! What a pity! They jest suited each other."

I couldn't help it though. Mrs. Captain Kincaid would have things that Milly More could never dream of: silk dresses and velvet cloaks, jewelry and stuffed chairs in her best rooms, a silver ice-pitcher if she chose, like Mrs. Captain Rawdon. She might have a carriage too, and a pair of ponies. And I liked Milly, and wouldn't have envied her her luck one bit; and I didn't wonder at Mrs. More and Fanny.

Once having given me her confidence, Milly didn't stop; and Mrs. More came over to talk about it too, until at last I fairly up and sided with the old lady.

"Milly," says I, "Will is gone, and you aren't his widow, to wear weeds all your life—not that many do, if they can help it, seems to me—and Captain Kincaid is as good as man can be, and you'll be happy with him. You can't help loving him as much as there's any need to love."

After that she stopped talking much to me. She used to give me strange looks though. I knew all about it. I knew that her heart was in the sea; but Will was gone and why should she refuse what Providence offered?

The captain staid at the port three months, and at last we worried her into promising to be his wife—old Mrs. More, Fanny and I. She just gave up at last.

"It don't matter much after all," she said. "I must be going out of my mind, for I never can stop watching and hoping. I shall die soon I suppose whether I marry or not."

After that she never spoke of Will, and Mrs. More told me she was engaged; and she wore a diamond ring upon her finger. And the day before the ship sailed she was to marry Captain Kincaid, so that she might go to Europe with him.

A year and three months since the *Golden Dove* went down. Well, no one can tell what changes a little while can bring. I used to hope that I hadn't had much hand in it after all, when I thought it over, and remembered poor Will, and how he took her in his arms under the sycamore.

But then, you see, Mrs. More's sight had failed, so that she couldn't do fine sewing, and Fanny wasn't of much account except to look at. It was a hard life that lay before Milly. It was good for her to marry Captain Kincaid, and have rest and comfort, wasn't it?

"To-morrow is the wedding," said I to Job, "It's going to be in the church. Miss Salsbury is finishing my silver-gray poplin. It sets splendid. We'll have Ben Barnes in to keep store, and go, won't we? You'll like to see Milly off, won't you?"

"I wish it was Will Masset," says Job.

"Poor Will!" says I, and I went on tidying, though it was a Friday. I should be so busy next day. I got out my big paper of sugar, and I got down my japanned sugar box, never empty yet since that day I filled it up. And then Job, sorting the letters, looks up at me.

"Never begrudged you anything so much as I do that box," says he. "Best thing I ever put the mail into. This mere wooden thing with a slide is a pesky bother."

"Law me," says I, "if I'd knowed you wanted it, you should have had it. I didn't think you had any plan in it. Jest stick 'em anywhere, I thought you would. I'll empty the box; I've got one that'll do. And I'm glad you spoke before I filled it up."

So with that I spread a big paper on the counter, and emptied out the sugar.

It had packed a little, and came out *in* a sort of cake. There it laid, white and shiny, and on top of it, whiter and shinier, laid *a letter*—a letter with a ship-mark upon it, and this superscription:

"Miss Milly More, Anchor Port, Maine, United States of America."

Three months ago—poor stupid!—I had emptied my best coffee crushed in upon it, and there it was.

Three months ago she had come down to me and asked for a letter, and I'd thought her half crazy; and I'd have given more money than there was in the till, to have dared to tear that letter open on the spot and read it, though I knew the hand was Will Masset's.

"This can't wait," says I.

"No," says Job, "it can't, with that wedding coming off to-morrow."

Then I stopped and thought, let it lie until it is called for, and she'll be Mrs. Captain Kincaid, with her silks and her velvets, and her fine house and her carriage, all the same. This comes from a shipwrecked sailor, poorer now than when he went away.

"Perhaps I'd better wait until the wedding is over, Job," said I.

And my old man came across the room and put his arm about my waist.

"Nancy," says he, "you and I was young folks once. I used to think something was better than money and fine doings then. And though we old folks may get a little hard—though to be up in the world seems so much, and all that old sweetness so silly, why, it will come back sometimes. You remember how he kissed her under the sycamore; and—Nancy, we couldn't wait until after the wedding, either of us."

I put my arms about Job's neck, and I kissed him; and then I got my sunbonnet and ran over to Mrs. More's.

Captain Kincaid was there. I stood at the door with my letter behind my back.

"Won't you walk in?" said Mrs. More.

"I—I haven't time," said I. It's only an errand. It's a little singular. Milly, there's a—a—"

"My letter! my letter!" cried Milly. "It has come at last!"

How she knew it, Heaven knows. She hadn't had a glimse of it.

It was the old sailor's story: a shipwreck, a deserted island, wretched months spent in hoping for succor, and a sail at last. He would be home in three months.

"Three months!" said Milly. "Oh, how can I wait."

And then says I:

"Milly, forgive a poor old stupid goose. That letter has been lying under my best coffee crushed three months and a day. And there's a vessel in the offing now."

So it was Will, after all; and Job and I went to the wedding with happy hearts. And no need to pity Capt. Kincaid either for he married Fanny More before the year was over.

JAPANESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.—The Japanese never smoke opium. They have small pipes that hold three good whiffs, and of the mildest Turkish tobacco. They have a club house in Yokohama, of which the high Japanese officials are members. They have none at Yeddo, the capital. That is where Iwakura lives, consequently he is not a member of any club. The Japanese have the games of chess, cards and dominoes. Their cards are different from ours, but the essential principles of the game are the same. Latterly they have become large importers of billiard tables, and the game is fast assuming high rank there. They are great wrestlers, and every year the champion wrestler wins the embroidered apron, which he is allowed to wear one year. The Japanese are anxious to open their country to foreigners, but they are profound believers in civil and religious liberty. So far as their religion is concerned, they do not wish to be dictated to or bullied into doing right. They intend to do right, and in moral action are governed by conscience alone. They will not be forced to do right, but will do it because it is right. If they rise in the scale and importance of nations they desire to do so of their own accord. In all dealings they are governed by what conscience dictates to be right. No Japanese is allowed to cut down a tree unless he plants another. Under the law the mother is held responsible for the good conduct of her children. The Japanese women are held as equals, but are not as highly educated as the males. Adultry is a thing unknown among the Japanese. After a few years, in case a married women is childless, the husband is allowed to take a handmaid. After a child is born by her she must leave as soon as it is weaned; and after that the real wife adopts it as her own. Adultry, if it occurs, is punished by the death of both parties. If a trouble occurs in the street the parties living opposite are responsible for it. Of course they try to make the parties move on and stop the row.

BLACK SILKS.—A change is taking place in black silks. They show a tendency toward smoother surfaces, have more natural lustre, and are neither blue-black nor brown-black, but are of deep jetty hue. Low-priced silks especially show smaller grain, because they are now free from the heavy dye formerly used to give them a meretricious lustre and weight. Instances are known where by means of this dye 16 ounces of this silk were raised to 40 ounces, and silks sold for $2 or $3 a yard were as heavily repped as those costing $4 or $6. Buyers of silks at $2 or $2.50 a yard are advised to abandon the idea of getting weighty corded silks, and to choose instead softer silks with small reps, and nearly the lustre that is natural to pure silk. These do not cut or crease, and their smooth surfaces endure friction far better then do those with projecting cords. Lyons silk at $3 a yard is the popular choice for street suits, and the same silk of a higher grade, sold for $4, is as rich and heavy as any lady need care to wear. There will be a renewed effort to bring black silk into disfavor this winter, and owing to the variety of rich dark colors imported, it may not be as universally worn as at present; but when a lady wants the finest fabric that can be bought, and finds hat to be black silk, she will not hesitate to buy it. Quantities of jet ornaments, embroidery, velvet, and lace are the trimmings with which black will be enlivened. Ladies who are renovating the black dresses o last season, whether of silk, cashmere, or alpaca, are advised that they can clean tehm beautifully with borax and tepid water. The proportions are a tea-spoonful of borax to a quart of water. Apply with a woolen rag or a nail brush.—*New York Paper.*

AN INCIDENT.—A gentleman who came up the Hudson on the steamer, tells this story: "I noticed," he said, "a serious looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or a bookkeeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth the gentleman tooo it in his arms and carried it to and frk in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear— "What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that d—— baby for?" The man only nestled the baby more quietly in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again. "Where is the confounded mother that she don't stop its noise?" continued the profane grumbler. At this the father came up to the man and said: "I am sorry we disturb you, sir, but my dear baby's mother is in her coffin down in the baggage room! I'm taking her back to Albany where we used to live." "The hard hearted man," says my friend, "buried his face in shame, but in a moment, wilted by the terrible rebuke, he was by the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby."

GOOD HORSES.—A horse is never vicious or intractable without a direct cause. If a horse is restive or timorous, you may be sure that these faults arise from defects in his education. He has been treated either awkwardly or brutally. Commence the education of a horse at his birth; accustom him to the presence, voice and sight of man; speak and act gently; caress him, and do not startle him. All chastisement or cruelty confuses the animal and makes him wild. They are good men who make good horses.

IMMIGRATIAON. — Nearly forty-seven thousand immigrants arrived in the United States during the three months ending March 31st, 1872, of whom over five thousand were farmers, and nearly the whole of the remainder were of other equally useful occupations. About one third of the whole were from Germany.

The Swedish immigrants of New Sweden, Me., milk their cows three times a day, morning, noon and night.

A Stubborn Duel.

If you wish to know what manner o *young* man Gov. De Witt Clinton of New York was, you have only to read the official report of the duel which he fought in 1802 with John Swartwout, at Weehawken. Clinton was then opposing Aaron Burr, and Swartwout accused him of being actuated in his opposition only by personal and selfish motives.

"He is a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain," exclaimed the hot-headed Clinton.

A challenge followed, and the duel was fought. I suppose that it was the most remarkable affair of the kind that ever occurred—out of Ireland. The first fire doing no harm to either antagonist, one of the seconds asked Swartwout:

"Are you satisfied, sir?"

"I am not," said he, with more bluntness than courtesy.

They fired a second time without effect.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second.

"No!" thundered Swartwout.

The men fired a third time without any effect, when the same gentleman again politely asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied.

"I am *not*," was the reply; "neither shall I be until that apology is made which I have demanded. Until then, we must proceed."

Swartwout's second then presented a paper containing the apology demanded for Clinton's signature, saying:

"We cannot spend our time in conversation. This paper must be signed; or proceed."

"I will not sign any paper on the subject," said Clinton, with a firmness and dignity. "I have no animosity against Swartwout. I will willingly shake hands, and agree to meet on the score of former friendship."

The fourth fire then took place, when Clinton's ball struck his obstinate antagonist in the left leg below the knee.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" the wounded was again asked.

Standing firmly at his post, he answered: "It is useless to repeat the question. My determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed."

While the surgeon was extracting the ball from the opposite side of Swartwout's leg, Clinton again declared that he had no animosity against Swartwout, that he was sorry for what had passed, and was willing to go forward, shake hands, and bury the circumstance in oblivion. Swartwout, however, standing erect at his place, insisted upon the written apology. A fifth time they fired, and Clinton's ball struck his antagonist in the same leg, but a little below the former wound.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked the second.

"I am not, sir!" replied Swartwout; proceed."

Clinton then left his station, threw down his pistol, and declared that be would fire no more.

Whereupon Swartwout, turning to his second, asked what he should do; to which the second replied:

"There is nothing further left for you now, but to have your wounds dressed."

So the combat ended, and the two parties returned in their barges to the city.

A Sad, Sad Story.

Twenty-five years ago, says a letter writer, a company of young people, farmer's sons and daughters, to the number of thirty-two, drove in the early morning down to the ancient little city of Amboy, New Jersey, to embark in a sloop for a sail down the waters of one of the prettiest bays that wash the Atlantic coast. Arrived at Sandy Hook, they feasted, fished and frolicked and flirted, too, no doubt, for the wash-tub and the dairy can never deprive the daughters of Eve of their prerogative. At the close of the afternoon they prepared for a glorious bath in the surf of Florida Grove, the young men retiring round the point, leaving their fair friends in unembarrassed enjoyment of the situation. Upon their return the young farmers saw a sight that might well strike terror to the stoutest heart. The cruel undertow had sucked the poor girls down to their deaths, and the waves had cast their bodies on to the sands from whence they had dashed so merrily into the rolling surf a short half hour before as not one of the whole party was left alive. Sadly the young men bore the remains of sister, friend and sweetheart back to their homes, now made desolate indeed, and wide-spread was the grief and anguish in the hitherto happy township of Piscataway. There was not a family that did not mourn the loss of a beloved child and daughter; and such was the shock produced by the terrible occurrence throughout the whole State of New Jersey that the memory of it is preserved to this day, and the story told by those who listened to it first, perhaps, from the lips of a sorrowful eye-witness.

FOOLED THEM.—At the steamboat wharf a religious meeting was held, and one gentleman of the city was offering a prayer, when the exercises were suddenly interrupted by a man falling or tumbling into the water. There was a rush to see what was the matter, when the fellow was seen plunging about and apparently drowning. Several pieces of timber were thrown him, and also a rope, but he kept sinking and rising, evidently unable to see (or unwilling more likely) the means taken to rescue him. At last two men jumped in and pushed the timber close to him, when he disappeared for the tenth time, and it was supposed he had floated under the boat. One of the men dived after him, but he was seen to rise some fifteen yards from where he went out of sight, and the fellow swam lustily to a boat waiting for him, into which he tumbled, and the comrade and the aquatic mountebank pulled away jeering and laughing at the wonderful feat of fooling good men who had tried to perform an act of humanity. It is questionable whether such lives are worth saving; at any rate the mean fellow deserved to be keel hauled.—*Fall River Herald.*

DAIRYMEM'S CONVENTION.—A Convention of the dairymen and farmers of the State of New York is soon to be held in New York city. A call has already been issued by the milk producers, who intend to take the sale of milk out of the hands of the middle men, who adulterate it to such a degree as to render it almost worthless, and what is of far more importance, highly injurious to the consumers. With that object in view, the dairymen and farmers will unite and form a protective association, to be known as the United Farmers' Milk Company. The City will be mapped out into districts, and each milk producer will take as many as he can attend to.

M. Thiers speaking of the dangers which threaten France said: "There are three dangers, and three only—radicalism, Bonapartism, and my death. The first I do not think very menacing; the second requires to be watched over carefully; and as for the third, there is no question of it." In the President's opinion, therefere, Bonapartism may again be in the ascendant.

THE IRISH CUP POTATO.—If the Irish Cup potato which the Editor of the New England *Farmer* says "upon the whole, is the best potato he has ever known," is the same "Irish Cup" we used to grow twenty years ago, it is the poorest in flavor smallest in size, and meanest to dig we ever grew. We should like to have a description of our brother editor's Irish Cup.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Manufacture of Crackers.

The process of manufacturing crackers is accomplished almost entirely by the aid of specially devised machinery. First of all, the flour is hoisted to one of the upper floors of the factory, and then emptied into a large bin; thence it passes to an elevator which carries it to a revolving sieve. Here it is thoroughly sifted of its impurities, and then allowed to fall through a shoot leading to the mixer. The latter consists of a cylinder containing a rotary axle on which knife blades are fastened. At the opposite end from that at which the flour enters, is an opening through which the mixed dough is pushed out of the machine by the action of the revolving blades. The flour on entering the mixer, is immediately moistened by a stream of water pouring in from above. Except for the fancy varieties, flour and water constitute the sole ingredients, not even salt being added, as it is considered that that substance renders the biscuits liable to spoil. As fast as the dough is pushed from the mixer, it is received in large masses by a workman who passes it through a machine technically termed the "baker." This is nothing more than a pair of heavy metal rollers, which squeezes the dough into a kind of thick sheet. Still further rolling follows until the material is made into sheets of about one-half an inch in thickness. The dough is now ready to be made into crackers. Once more it is rolled to bring it to the exact thickness required, and then, from between the rollers, travels under a set of dies which, working very rapidly, stamp out the crackers in quantities at a time. As fast as the latter are cut, they slide along on a sheet of canvas, one workman, removing by hand the dough from between them, while another, as soon as a sufficient number are completed passes a flat tray under them, and places them in the oven, which is a huge brick compartment, heated from below by large furnaces. Within is an iron wheel resembling the paddle wheel of a steamer, trays, however, which are so arranged as to lie always horizontal, taking the place of the buckets on the latter. This wheel revolves bringing each of the trays, of which there are twelve, in turn before the open door. Upon these trays the unbaked crackers are placed, and those already finished being removed, each batch travels once around the oven, the time occupied in so doing being sufficient to admit of their becoming thoroughly cooked. They are then packed in boxes, barrels, or tins, and are ready for the market. A single oven of the kind above described will bake one hundred barrels of flour, made into dough, in ten hours; and we are informed that, with three such ovens in operation, as many as eight thousand barrels have been made into crackers in the space of three weeks.

AN ANECDOTE OF MATHEWS.—We are given to understand that the following anecdote of Charles Mathewe the elder has not hitherto been in print in this country. Matthews and Tattersall were very intimate, and the great commedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friend to Newmarket, where, on one occasion, Mathews indulged in his well known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc. "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews in precisely the same tone of voice, "is a bay filly by Smolensko," etc. The auctioneer looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded: "What shall we say to begin with?" "What shall we say to begin with?" replied the echo. Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out, "One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guideas," echoed Mathews. "Thank you, sir," cried Tattersall, bringing down the hammer; "the filly is yours." Mathews was considerably taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock," and the company enjoyed the joke immensely.

A DARING FEAT.—A very daring feat was performed a few days since on Lookout Mountain, by a young lady from Nashville. It is customary for all strangers visiting the height to have their photographs taken at the gallery situated on the "point," or extreme verge of the mountain, overlooking the Tennessee River. Timid persons are genenally content with a position ranging at from three to four feet from the edge of the precipice, which juts out above the trees several hundred feet below. The young lady in question was not satisfied with the common custom, but with the assistance of the photographer and a friend, climbed over the verge and stood on the projecting fragment of rock only six inches square, within a few feet of the top of the bluff, and looked calmy down from the giddy height until her picture was taken. One jostle or misstep, and she would have gone down through the tree tops and into the valley below. No other lady has ever attempted the feat, and we suppose never will.

THE COST OF DRINKING.—The St. Louis *Republican* furnishes the following: "The total outlay for last year's stock of drinks —including native and foreign wines and liquors and malt beverages — exceeds $162,000,000. The profits on this outlay to dealers foot up the handsome sum of $500,000,000, making the total expenditure of the people of the United States for drinks $662,000,000. From three to four hundred able-bodied men are employed behind the counter of saloons. Those licensed to sell liquors make one in 250 of the population, and as each of these has one or two aids, it is estimated that one in about every 120 of the citizens is engaged in drink selling. Leaving out women and children, and making due allowance for teetotallers, the drinkers are less than twelve millions in number, and on average every eighty drinkers support a drinking establishment and consume four hundred and sixty gallons of spirits, eighty gallons of wine and two thousand gallons of beer annually, and pay about sixty dollars each.

A TRUTHFUL ALLEGORY.—A traveler was pursued by a Unicorn. In his affright he fell, and as a fallen man, caught at whatever was in his way; he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before himself and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before and saw a dragon with jaws ready to receive him. He looked to the roots of the tree and saw two rats, one white and the other black, gnawing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree and saw it filled with poisonous asps, ready to sting; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger he caught the honey, ate it and perished. O man! see here thyself! the tree is life; the unicorn death; the precipice eternity; the dragon thy destroyer; the rats day and night numbering the hours of thy stay on earth; the asps, thy own bad passions; the honey, pleasure, of which thou partaketh to thy eternal ruin.

CLAIMS.—The number of claims before the U. S. Southern Claims Commission presented thus far, amount to 1,600, ranging from $12 to $350,000, and averaging $2,500 each. According to law the Commission expires on the 3d ot March next, but it is said six years will be required for transacting the business now on hand, and, under the present bureau system of the Department, it may even extend to fifty years.

The Messenger Bee.

A bee flew in at my window,
And soon flew out again.
I said, as I pined in the shadow,
"He visits no house of pain."

A bee without hive or honey,
Of the fields, a citizen free,
Dead leaves, or a flower-strewn pathway,
Came with a lesson to me.

My thoughts flew out of the window,
Following far away
A web in the air that was woven
Of invisible threads of gray.

Till we came to familiar pastures,
Where clover and buttercups spread,
Dog-roses, the bell-wort, strawberries:
How long had my youth been dead?

I recognized there my childhood,
As soulless as this wild bee,
When into the world I wandered,
Holding youth, my all, in fee.

Now youth and its visions have vanished,
There comes this wandering bee,
So soulless he knows not who sent him
To return a soul to me!

How They Protect Themselves.

Leaving Fort Wallace about sunset on the evening of the 15th of July, says Gen. Custer, we began our ride eastward, following the line of the overland stage route. At that date the Kansas Pacific Railway was only completed as far westward as Fort Harker. Between Forts Wallace and Harker we expected to find the stations of the overland stage company, at intervals of from ten to fifteen miles. In time of peace these stations are generally occupied by half a dozen employees of the route, embracing the stablemen and relays of drivers. They were well supplied with firearms ammunition, and every facility for defending themselves against Indians. The stables were also the quarters for the men. They were usually built of stone, and one would naturally think that against Indians no better defensive work would be required. Yet such was not the case. The hay and other combustible material usually contained in them, enabled the savages, by shooting prepared arrows, to easily set them on fire, and thus drive the occupants outon the open plain, where their fate would soon be settled. To guard against such an emergency, each station was ordinarily provided with what on the Plains is termed a "dug-out." The name implies the character and description of the work. The "dug-out" was commonly located but a few yards from one of the corners of t e stable, and was prepared by excavating the earth so as to form an opening not unlike a cellar, which was usually about four feet in depth, and sufficiently roomy to accommodate at close quarters half a dozen persons. This opening was then covered with earth and loopholed on all sides at a height of a few inches above the original level of the ground. The earth was thrown on top until the "dug-out" resembled an ordinary mound of earth, some four or five feet in height. To the outside observer, no means apparently were provided for egress or ingress; yet such was not the case. If the entrance had been made above ground, rendering it necessary for the defenders to pass from the stable unprotected to their citadel, the Indians would have posted themselves accordingly, and picked them off one by one as they should emerge from the stable. With these arrangements for defense a few determined men could withstand the attacks of an entire tribe of savages. The recent depredations of the Indians had so demoralized the men at the various stations that many of the latter were found deserted, their former occupants having joined their forces with those of other stations. The Indians generally burned the deserted stations.

MAKING A LIVING.—It is said, in th day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn to live without means. Setting aside the aged and helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. Who, in this wide world, in this universal magazine, this great store-house, cannot find means for living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual but can find means. Ye who have been lingering on, hoping for better days, rouse up your energies, feel that you have that within that may stir you up to the best purposes of life. Resolve to find means. It may not be that they will exactly correspond with your taste; but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of material. The very rocks and stones we tread on, which Nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the macademized pavement beneath our feet. And water, the gift of Heaven, is not suffered to flow idly on, telling its history in gentle murmurs. It is made the source of wealth and industry; it turns weels, spouts forth in streams, and becomes a revenue for thousands. Turn which way you will, and the world is full of materals. But those materials must be converted into use by those who think, those who invent, and those who labor.

MINERAL WEALTH OF VERMONT.—Under her mantle of verdure Vermont conceals her mineral wealth, to the abundance of which no other state in New-England can hold an equal claim. Recent observations have been made by one of the leading geologists of Boston, with the intent to verify the reports of the existence of large amounts of iron ore in the northern portion of the State. The quantity of this ore seems inexhaustible from recent discoveries and scientific researches. The lead mines near Rutland are also very promising. A visit to an iron ore bed in this county showed that affairs were progressing in a favorable manner. A shaft has been sunk to the depth of forty feet, from which drifts were sent out in every direction, under the guidance of a chief miner. The drifts are walled by timbers and slabs to prevent the earth from falling. At the end of each drift a miner works by the light of a tallow candle. In one drift the yellow ochre, the inevitable accompaniment of this ore, was being removed; in another a fine vein of ore had been struck; while a third developed masses of good manganese. The ore is wheeled in barrows along the galleries and raised to the sunlight in baskets propelled by water power. Within a rod of the shaft the ore is freed of the ochre by a revolving washer, and afinlly drawn in long carts over a crazy road of four miles to the furnace.

POPULATION OF CHICAGO.—The new city directory of Chicago will contain 130,000 names, or 20,000 more than last year. The publisher estimates that this will give the city 455,000. It is safe to say that there are over 430,000 people there. On the north side, where less than 10,000 were living the day after the fire, there are now 60,000.

A Colorada party which prospected Arizona pretty thoroughly on both the thirty-second and thirty-fifty parallels, found an abundance of rubies, almandines, chalcedony, and brilliant crystals, resembling diamonds, but they are believed not to be such.

Indian Gang Robbers.

I do not profess to be a lover of adventure. A life of romance and excitement may suit one of those eccentric characters who speak of "roughing it" as something delightful; but, as for me, the comforts of civilized life are far more desirable than all the prairies, jungles, night encampments, and narrow escapes in the world. It was all very well for Cowper to long "for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade;" but I am certain that if he ever had succeeded in finding such a spot, he would have beaten a rather hasty retreat out of it.

Perhaps, my reader, you may think it rather strange that such a matter-of-fact sort of person as I am should have an adventure to tell you about. But truly, "this life is a difficult riddle;" for, without wishing to be a hero, I became one.

You wish to hear how this happened? Well, then, wait till I have lighted a cigar, and ensconced myself comfortably in the easy chair, and I will spin you such a yarn as will quite astonish you, particularly when you remember that it comes from a sober individual like me.

It was in the days when railways had not yet made their appearance in India, that I thought of taking a trip from Madras to Hyderabad. Of course, when I made known my intention to some friends and relations of mine, they were quite shocked at the idea, and warned me very seriously of the peril attending such an undertaking; but, strange to say, nothing could dissuade me from my purpose; and so, after making the necessary arrangements for a journey by land, I found myself *en route* to Hyderabad.

The first few days of my journey were spent very pleasantly. I enjoyed the scenery, stopped at every traveler's bungalow, helped the old butler—a pensioned sepoy—to catch a chicken for my breakfast, smoked, drank sweet toddy, shot at the monkeys that scampered along the sides of the road and, in fact, did anything and everything that would tend to make the time pass agreeably.

I had already completed the greater part of my journey, and was quite elated with myself at having traveled so safely, when one night—"Sahib! Sahib!" cried the Oriental driver, and he jabbered away in Hindustani to the effect that a gang of robbers were rushing down the road to attack us.

The first thing I did on hearing this intelligence was to grope in the darkness for my rifle; but lo! it was nowhere to be found, and then it struck me that I must have left it at the last traveler's bungalow. Here I was in a very unenviable predicament—the driver had disappeared, and I was alone, unarmed, and in danger of being murdered by robbers! On came the Indian brigands; and, without any hesitation, pounced on what little property I carried with me, bound my hands together, and dragged me along with them, till they arrived at a miserable hut in the heart of the forest which bordered the road. The first sight that greeted me sent a thrill of horror all over my body. The skulls and bones of slaughtered men were scattered all over the place. It was then only that I perceived the extent of my danger; and my suspicions regarding the villains' intentions towards me were too well founded. I overheard a conversation, in which they spoke of *making me a sacrifice to their idol!*

By the time I had reached the interior of the hut I was in a state of desperation. What was I to do? How was I to escape? These were questions that greatly perplexed me. But suddenly hope beamed in my heart. Among the few things I brought with me in the transit was a pretty large sized box of opium, which I had anticipated selling to a Hyderabad merchant. Well, I guessed the robbers had a peculiar liking for this commodity, from the appearance of their bloodshot eyes and unnatural thickness of speech. Here was the very thing. If I could only discover where the article in question was, I might yet be all right. I scanned the interior of the hut, and in particular the heap of things which the robbers had taken from the transit, when, to my delight, I beheld the box of opium, I was looking for. Without losing a moment, I addressed the robbers in their own language, telling them that among my things there was a box of opium, and that, as I did not feel very well, I should feel obliged if they would hand me a small quantity to swallow. As soon as they received this piece of information, the whole gang of them—there were ten altogether—rushed to the box indicated, and attacked its contents in the greediest manner possible. It was quite evident that they had not touched their favorite narcotic for a long time. One by one they gradually fell back in a state of stupefaction, at first smiling quite benevolently on each other, and finally sinking into a deep slumber.

Now was the time to act. Cautiously rising from my seat, I contrived, by dint of searching to find a knife, with which I riddled myself of the ropes which bound me. In one corner of the hut I found a clumsy iron instrument, resembling a hammer; this I picked up, and with it aimed a blow at the strongest of the crew.

But I had not been cautious enough. Another gang of robbers—evidently comrades of those I had been captured by—happened to pass the hut when I delivered my blow; and seeing what I was about rushed in, brandishing their swords, all bent on revenge.

Although I was aware of my peril, I determined to make a stand and defend myself. Wielding the iron instrument about, I struck right and left, at every blow knocking down one of my assailants. But they seemed to muster strong, and I felt that I could not hold out much longer. Gradually my strength failed; and, with one final blow of my ponderous implement of warfare, I sank down exhausted —my head was swimming—I felt the sharp edge of a sword on my back, and then knew that all would be over, when—bang! bang! I recollect nothing more—only waking suddenly as if from a dream, and finding myself in the residence of the police inspector attached to the district I had been traveling through. A doctor was standing near me.

"Don't move," said he. "You have been severely wounded; but, by careful attention will soon be all right."

Presently the inspector himself came up, and then I learned from him that, on the very night I had been attacked, he was searching for a gang of robbers who had been disturbing the district at that time, murdering and robbing every one they found; and that, while he was prosecuting the search, my transit-driver came running up to him, and explained the particulars of my capture. On hearing this, the inspector, accompanied by a dozen policemen, followed the tracks of the robbers, which were easily seen, till they arrived at the hut where I was defending myself. The inspector had seen the danger I was in, and fired a shot at one of the robbers who was in the act of stabbing me. Immediately the whole gang dispersed, but were captured. I was found in a state of insensibility, with a wound in my back, and had been forthwith conveyed to the inspector's house.

I made a lengthened stay at the house of my kind preserver. Medical treatment finally tended to the perfect restoraion of my health; but I suffered a long time after from mental shock I received that night. I thanked the inspector very warmly for his bravery and kindness towards me.

Five of the robbers were hanged and the rest transported for life. Of course I figured very much in the papers; and on my return to Madras, instead of being censured for not following the advice of wiser friends, I was welcomed as a hero.

I am now in a pleasant up-country station in Southern India; and often of an evening, as I think over the events of the past, I remember with a shudder my adventure with India gang robbers.

Queer Punishment in Germany.

A curious work on "the humorous element in German law," by O. Gieske, has just been published at Berlin. The author describes the punishments which were inflicted in various parts of Germany, in some cases up to a very recent period, with the object of humiliating the culprit, and exposing him to public ridicule. A common punishment was that of going in procession through the streets of a town or village in a dress covered with images of swords, whips, rods, and other implements of corporal chastisement. In Hesse women who had beaten their husbands were made to ride backwards on a donkey holding his tail, on which occasion the animal was led though the streets by the husband. This custom existed in Darmstadt up to the middle of the seventeenth century, and was so common that a donkey was kept always ready for the purpose in the capital and the neighboring villages. If the woman struck her husband in such a manner that he could not ward off the blow, the donkey was led by the man who had charge of him; if not, then by the husband himself.

At St. Goar a miller was allowed a certain quantity of wood from the forest belonging to the town, in return for which he was bound to supply a donkey to the municipality whenever required for the chastisement of a scolding wife. Another very old custom was that of punishing a hen-pecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does not deserve any protection against wind and weather." If two women fought in public they were each put in a sort of closed sentry-box, which only left their head exposed, and then posted opposite to each other in the market-place, where they remain for an hour face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet.

A common punishment for scolding women was the "shameful stone," which was hung round their necks. This stone was usually in the shape of a bottle. At Hamburg libellers and slanderers were compelled to stand on a block and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a sign of repentance. This custom still existed thirty or forty years ago. In some towns the "shameful stone" was in the shape of a loaf, whence the German saying, "a heavy bit of bread" (ein schwerer bissen brod). At Lubeck it was in the shape of an oval dish, and in other places in that of a woman putting out her tongue. Such stones were usually very heavy; according to the law of Dortmund and Halberstadt (1348) they were to weigh a hundred weight. Those who were wealthy could purchase exemption from this punishment with a bag full of hops tied with a red ribbon.

FIGURED DRESS GOODS.—Figured goods are conspicious among all importations for suits. The richest fabrics brought to the country are covered with arabesques damask figures of the same, or a lighter tint than the ground. These show what is called faconne goods —that is, with the figure wrought by the loom; broche goods, with a design like embroidery done by separate bobbins; and raye figures, damask wrought in stripes. Sicilienne, a repped fabric of silk and fine wool, introduced last year, is again brought out in the quaint bronze, reseda, and peacock colors, but is too costly ever to become common. It is intended for polonaises of street suits, and is also in pale tints for evening over dresses. Plain Sicilienne is shown, and also Sicilienne faconne, overwrought with arabesques and intricate tracery. Another novelty is Sicilienne crape, with the ground crinkled like China crape, and partly covered with damask figures wrought in lighter shades. A soft, rich, antique-looking silk, called gros d'Ecosse, is imported to the dark stylish colors for suits. This also shows heavy damask figures.

OLD GERMAN LAW.—A work by Herr Gieske on "The Humorous Element in German Law" was recently published at Berlin, and contains, among other interesting matter, descriptions of the punishments to which delinquents were subjected in old times. However ludicrous some of these inflictions may seem to the Germans of Bismarck's day, they must have been anything but funny to those who suffered them. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century it was the custom in Hesse to seat a woman who had beaten her goodman on a donkey facing the tail, which she was made to grasp firmly, and in this position she went through the town, her husband leading the donkey. Men who persistently allowed themselves to be henpecked had the roofs of their houses removed, on the ground that a man who permits his wife to rule at home does not deserve to be protected from wind and weather. Slanderers and libelers were made to stand in public on a block, and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a token of repentance.

A NEW SECT.—A Russian paper says that a new sect has been discovered at Pskoff. It was founded a short time ago by a monk named Seraphim, who had run away from his monastery with a considerable sum of money belonging to his order. Seraphim preached the simple and convenient doctrine that no one could enter the Kingdom of heaven without sin, and he accordingly soon made a great number of converts. One of the practices of the new sect is to cut the back hair of the woman very short, and then arrange it in the form of a star. What is the origin of this custom is not known, but it has been maliciously insinuated that as the female members only of the sect were so treated, the object is to enable its founder to make a handsome income by selling their hair for chignons. Seraphim has now been arrested, and will shortly be tried as a religious impostor at St. Petersburg.

INCREASE IN GOLD.—The *Financial Chronicle* thus speculates on the increased price of gold: On the whole the stock of gold in the commercial world has been increased since 1848 by 2,533 millions of dollars, and has received an average addition of 104 millions a year instead of 25 or 30 millions as previously. The London *Economist* calls attention to the fact that however active was the production of gold the activity of the mints was greater still, as the coinage of the world since 1848 has been $3,000,000,000, of which $1,000,000,000 has been coined by France alone.

MIXED.—There are two merchants in Greenfield, Mass., whose stores are in close proximity; each owns the building in which the other has his store, and when one is disposed, as landlord, to crowd his tenant a little, retaliation comes quick and sure. They have warned each other out of their respective premises about once a quarter for the last year or two, but still they stick, and most likely "will fight it out on that line" through life.

Facts and Fancies.

Daniel Drew is worth $25,000,000.

Vanderbilt's daily income is $12,000.

A cat at Leavenworth, Kansas, put a burglar to flight.

A bad style of arithmetic—Division among families.

The fashionable color of England is a shade of light buff called Isabel.

The harvest in Russia has turned out much better than was expected.

12,208,000 tons of coal were exported from Great Britain during last year.

A little temper is such a good thing in wives that they never ought to lose it.

Vigilance committees for the eradication of lightning rod men are forming in Indiana.

In England, recently, a celebrated breeding blood horse sold for $65,000 in gold, the highest price ever paid.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—*Holmes.*

The trial of Marshal Bazaine, of France, will commence in October. Two hundred witnesses will be called.

The man who rose before sunrise has come to the conclusion that the rose that all are praising is not the rose for him.

Six young Kentuckians who own a crop of tobacco each are to decide by a shooting match who shall have the whole.

The manufacture of ice in New Orleans is said to be a success, and has been the means of reducing the price to $8 per ton.

Two things indicate an obscure understanding—to be silent when we ought to converse, and to speak when we should be silent.

Among the table-girls at one of the down-East watering places are fifteen school-teachers, who thus employ their vacations.

A band of Apaches lately attacked a settlement on the San Pedro River, Arizona, but were repulsed by the settlers, who killed three of them.

An Albany minister has three times had a handsome gold watch, which was a present to him, stolen, and in each instance returned to him.

The Smiths had a dinner at Pittsburg a while ago. The first toast was "Pocahontas—Heaven bless her for saving the Smiths to this country."

There are 80,000 less cattle in Maine now than ten years ago, caused by a succession of light hay crops. This year there is a good crop in that State.

Connecticut should be credited with the laziest fisherman. The individual in question ties his fish line to his dog, and when he gets a bite, kicks the dog.

In the open air when a thunder storm is progressing, and no shelter near, the best course is to place one's self at a moderate distance from some tall trees.

Joseph McElroy, a gambler late of New Orleans was shot dead by Paul Kerm, a prominent vine grower of Los Angelos, Cal., in a quarrel about politics.

Emma: "Father can you say what Mr. Budd said to his little girl?" "Father: "Of course I can, what was it?" Emma: "He said here's a kiss and there's a dollar.

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

A man and his four boys were lately capsized on a barge near Wheeling, Western Virginia, and the father kept his four sons up until they were rescued, and then fell back and was drowned.

A party of burglars successfully robbed the Third National Bank of Baltimore of a very large sum, the exact amount of which has not yet been ascertained, though it is placed at about $100,000.

A modest bachelor says all he should ask in a wife should be a good temper, sound health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, pretty figure, good connections, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money.

Heart disease, paralysis, and nervous exhaustion are the diseases that make havoc on the Pacific coast, and break down men apparently in the prime of life. The climate is a stimulant, leading men on to do their utmost, and deceitfully leaving them to die, when they break down.

A gentleman, addicted to scientific inquiry, has discovered that thirty three days complete the cycle of the potato bug generation; that seven hundred of the critters are the average product of one female, from which the family grows in the second generation to 245,000, and in the third to 85,700,000.

Another new planet has been discovered, the one hundred and twenty-fourth of the group of the Asteroids. It is bright, shining as a star of the tenth magnitude, and its position one hour after midnight, was in 22h., 21m., 22s, of the right assension, and in 70° 18' and 30" of the south declination.

The Court of Impeachment at Saratoga, announced that Judge Barnard had been found guilty, removed, and disqualified from holding office. Messrs. Lord and Johnson only, voted in the negative. On the article charging conspiracy between Barnard, Fisk, and others the vote was unanimously "not guilty."

Large numbers of Dublin poor are perishing for want of bread, in consequence of a strike of the jorneymen bakers for higher wages. The most intense excitement prevails, and hundreds of women are in the streets inclined to riot and pouring imprecations upon the heads of the master bakers. Attacks upon the shops are feared.

New York Fashion Notes.

Black velvet wristlets are fashionable, and are very pretty with loose sleeved dresses.

Flowing sleeves are cut half long and are generally confined to their overdresses. There has been little change for several years past in the outlines of waists and sleeves.

Morocco belts in black, brown, green and red, are very much worn and are quite jaunty.

In the shape of novelty, very wide sashes, of black faille, terminate in edges fringed with different colored silks. These sashes called centures jardinieres, are worn with colored toilets, and may be used to loop up the skirt. Others are fastened a little on one side, and terminate in long, drooping loops. The latest novelty in sash ribbons, are those in plain colors or plaided, or watered.

Very stylish suits for little boys of eight and nine years are now made of navy blue flannel and trimmed with white braid.

Plaited blouse waists with short basques open on the hips will be worn this fall made in cashmere, silk or alapaca. Sometimes the plaits are edged with narrow lace, but a stripe of black velvet ribbon dividing the plaits, is very effective. A box plaited blouse was shown made of white alpaca, the plaits separated with velvet ribbon, and edged with narrow white lace. The front and deep cuffs were fastened with large velvet buttons. This style of waist forms an elegant finish to a black silk skirt and overskirt, and can be worn all winter.

It is hinted that black silk dresses will be very much ruffled, and that the ruffles are to be lined with colored silks. This is certainly an excellent taste, and will no doubt be well patronized.

A broad sash of black velvet, though so heavy a material, was not ungraceful even with so airy a fabric as tulle.

The newest and prettiest style of hat we have seen has a high crown, with a sloping brim about three inches in width. This brim is lined with velvet, the color as the taste of the wearer may dictate, and turns up close to the crown at each side. A band of velvet encircles the straight crown, with a broad end falling over the back, while high up at the side is placed handsome ostrich feathers. This shaped hat is very becoming to most faces, and has a stylish, jaunty appearance.