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Too Presuming.

Said she, "Pray tell me, if you can,
Why men so bashful are?
They fall in love, and dream, and sigh,
And worship us afar;
But when they strive to tell the tale,
They stutter, hesitate—and fail!

"We ladies like a man, you know,
One not afraid to speak—"
And here I thought a blush appeared
Upon the maiden's cheek.
Then to myself I said, "I see
This maiden's heart belongs to me."

Then out I spake: "Oh, lady fair,
My heart, my life is thine!
And since I boldly speak my love,
Pray wilt thou not be mine?"
"No, Sir!" said she, with wondering stare
Strange, how presuming some men are!"

Thinking Aloud.

BY MIGNONETTE.

Yes, it's best I should go away! I'll leave him
to her for a while—
Forever, maybe—who cares? He'll miss my
old wan smile,
And perhaps the hands that have always been
ready to do for him.
But I won't be a block in his way! I can see,
though my eyes are dim.

Thirty-two years come autumn I've been his
own true wife.
We've had our differings sometimes, but never
a serious strife.
I've worked and planned, and helped him to
all that he owns to-day,
And he's seemed like a part of me always, ever
since we were children at play.

How happy we were that winter we lived in the
little log-house!
Only two rooms and a cellar, but everything
sung as a mouse.
And Neddy, our first, was born there, and
John was so glad he cried,
And my heart, it just ran over with a wife's and
a mother's pride.

He wrote our friends in New Hampshire how
well we were getting on,
And all the crops he raised, the best was the
Little One.
And I laughing?—a foolish old woman—my dull
eyes all aflow
Over a something that happened thirty long
years ago!

The children have grown up and left us; two
in the graveyard lie,
The others have married and settled. We're
alone again—John and I.
And he loved me till this bad woman came here
to break my heart,
And now it is best that I leave him—better for
us to part.

She is a wonderful singer—she makes the old
house ring,
And there's something about her reminds me
of a wild bird on the wing,
And her face looks good and honest; yes—in
spite of her evil ways—
For the sake of my dead daughter, I'll say that
much in her praise.

"Friendship," I think they call it. He was
always a handsome man,
And he has good learning, and argues as well
as a lawyer can.
His years sit lightly on him, while I am thin
and gray;
But my spirit is young, and it loves him. And—
so—I will go away.

I'll go to my dear old Hampshire—I'll go to my
mother's grave,
And I'll let my sick heart break there in one
great sobbing wave.
The few little years that are left me will drag
their season on,
Till death shall come, and in heaven maybe
I'll find my John!

Here's shirts and stockings to last him—provi-
ding I never come back;
And Biddy will see to the house. There's noth-
ing that he'll lack—
Unless, when he has his headaches, he may—
well, he always said
That no medicine ever helped him like my
hands upon his head.

I'll take this picture with me. It looks as he
did the day
We stood up in church and were—Oh! "Well,
wifey, what is to pay?
I thought I heard you a-cryin'! No, don't you
budge—not an inch—
Till you tell me what's the matter! Old wifey,
what is the pinch?

"Cryin' over this scarecrow—no wonder! look
at his hair!
Plastered over his temples!—his—well—there
—there—*there*—
I heard it all my sweetheart, and what an old
fool I've been,
To let you think I was travelin' straight to such
meanness and sin!

"She's only my brother's daughter, and she—
no, you needn't speak!
She's in love with a decent young fellow, and
will marry him this week.
Brother Tom—you know the skinflint—is dead
set against—there—there—
You shall finish your cry in my bosom! I hain't
been, dear, quite fair.

"I shouldn't have told you. But secrets are hard
for a woman to keep!
I knew it would fret you, Jancy, and rob you
of needful sleep!
"No such thing?" But, sweetheart, I can prove
it to you, you see,
For you failed to keep *this* secret—*the depth of
your love for me!*"

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

Two women sat together at sunset in the porchyard of a white cottage that stood under its "ancestral tree," among its fields of wheat and corn, like a poet's vision of a quiet resting place for some weary, suffering human soul.

And one of these two women had eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to feel and appreciate it all. She was a tall and stately lady, apparently some thirty years of age—not exactly handsome, but with a grace of air and manner peculiarly her own. The careful toilet, the nameless air of elegance and luxury, the pale cheek, the soft white hands, betrayed the city dame. While the weary glance of her dark blue eyes, which even the quiet of that sunset hour could not drive away, showed that time had not dwelt gently with her and her heart's idols, but had thrown them, scattered and ruined, at her feet.

Her companion was some five years her junior, and many times prettier—a little round-faced, apple-cheeked woman, with dark-blue eyes and dark-brown hair, and a rounded figure that was set off to the best advantage by the afternoon dress of tinted muslin that she wore.

At present the handsome face was almost spoiled by a querulous, discontented expression. She was contrasting her own hand, plump and small, but certainly rather brown, with the delicate slender white fingers of her city friend, all glittering with rings.

"Just look at the two!" she said. "All that comes of making butter and cheese, and sweeping the house, and dusting, and washing dishes, and making beds all the time. That man told the truth when he said that woman's work was never done. I know mine never is. Oh! dear, dear! To think that you, Margaret, should have married a city merchant, and be as rich as a princess in a fairy tale; and here I am planted for life, plain Mrs. Hiram Parke, and nothing in the world to compare with you. I am sick of being only a farmer's wife."

Margaret Von Howth looked down at her grumbling little friend with a smile.

"Jenny, it seems to me, as we sit here in this quiet place, and look out over all these pleasant fields that are your own—it seems to me that you are almost wicked to talk like that."

"I dare say you would never like it, Margaret. You would never wish to change situations with me."

"Perhaps not. But would you not like to change with me?"

"Yes."

"And you be Mrs. Ven Howth instead of Mrs. Hiram Parke?"

Jenny hesitated. She loved her handsome husband dearly.

"Well, I don't mean that I want to give up Hiram. I only wish he was a city merchant instead of a farmer, and as rich as your husband is, that is all."

"And that is a great deal. Jenny, if your wish could be granted, do you know what your life would be?" said Mrs. Von Howth coldly.

"What yours is, I suppose. What any lady's is in your position."

"But what is that life? Do you know?"

"How should I?"

"It is a weary one, Jenny, with more genuine hard work in it than is all your making of butter and cheese."

"O! Margaret."

"And O! Jenny, believe me, my dear, there are no people on earth who work harder than the fashionables who have only their amusements to provide for. A long, long life of mere amusements is a dog's life, Jenny, at the best."

"I should like to be convinced of it by actual experience," said Jenny, doubtingly.

"So I said and thought once. I have been convinced that it is all vanity and vexation of spirits, my dear."

"But how?" persisted Jenny.

"How? Indeed, ten thousand ways. If you live in the fashionable world you must do as the fashionable world does. You must rise and dress, and hop, and lunch, and dress again and drive—then dress again and appear at certain balls, parties, concerts, exactly as your friends do, or be voted *bourre*, and out of the world altogether. You, my poor Jenny, who are by no means fond of fine dresses, what would you do at a fashionable watering-place in the hottest days of August with five changes of toilet between morning and night, and a French lady's maid to tyrannize over you all the time?"

"Horrors!" ejaculated Jenny.

"Balls that you must go to in spite of fatigue; parties that you must go to in spite of the heat; calls you must make on people you detest; O! Jenny, I would far rather be at home with the butter and cheese, if I were you."

Jenny was silent. Here was the side of the bright picture she had never seen or dreamed of before.

"You love your husband, Jenny?" said her friend, after a time.

Jenny opened her eyes wide.

"Love him! Why, isn't he my husband?" was the reply.

Mrs. Von Howth laughed.

"Some women in society might think that a reason why you shouldn't love him!" she said, dryly. "And he loves you also?"

"I should die to-morrow if I thought he did not."

"Tut, child! People leave this world when God wills it—not before. I dare say you would survive his unfaithfulness. Many women before you have lived through such things."

"Don't talk of it, Margaret; I could not bear it. Why, he is all the world to me! and, yourself being judge, how could I bear to lose him?"

"Then don't wish him to be a city merchant, my dear. I dare say there are many good men in the city—men who love their wives—but, on the other hand, there are so many temptations, especially in society, that I sometimes wonder, not that so many do go astray, but that so many remain true to themselves and their duty."

She spoke absently, and her eyes had a far-away glance as if they dwelt on other things.

Jenny ventured a question.

"Margaret, is yours a happy marriage? Do you love your husband? And does he love you?"

Mrs Van Howth started, and then turned pale.

"I would have loved him, and made him a good wife, but he never loved me. He placed me at the head of his house because he thought me ladylike and interesting, that was all. He told me once, though not very plainly, that he had no great love for me, and since then we have each taken our own way, independent of the other. I seldom see him at our house in town. I have my carriage, my diamonds, and my opera box. In the season I go to Saratoga or Newport, while he favors Long Branch with his presence. We are perfect strangers to each other; we never quarrel, and I suppose if I were to die to-morrow he'd be an inconsolable widower for a week. Jenny, you will not wish to change places with me again. Your husband might change as mine has done, exposed to the same temptation. Thank Heaven you have him as he is a good, true man, who loves you; and never mind the butter and cheese, Jenny, so long as your happiness is made up with them."

She rose from her seat, and strolled up the garden path.

Jenny did not follow. She sat on the step, lost in thought. The riddle of her friend's life was at last made clear to her. She had often wondered why Margaret, in the midst of all her wealth and luxury, should seem so sad; she wondered no longer now.

To be the wife of a man who had no love for you! What "lover dove" was there be than this for a proud and sensible woman?

Jenny turned with tears in her eyes to meet the stalwart husband as he came from the field.

"Well, little woman," he cried; and then she got the hearty kiss for which she was looking.

Yes, Margaret was right. The butter and cheese were of little consequence when love like this made her task easy to endure.

And the rosy-cheeked little woman bent fondly down over her "Hiram," as he flung himself down on the porch seat, and fanned him, brought him lemonade, and made him thoroughly happy and at rest.

Poor Margaret! Happy Jenny! Never again would she wish to be more—only a farmer's wife.

NEWSPAPERS.—Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with a single newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satiated, and books, though useful—yea, absolutely necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. The village newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured. Then comes the demand for the county news. Next to the political come the literary and then the scientific journals. Lastly, and above all, come the moral and religious journals. The variety is demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county or locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design, progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel, he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the very next thing after a family greeting, he inquires for your village or county newspaper, and you feel discomfited if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it. The newspaper is just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefoot boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child that is eager for newspapers. He will make the man of mark in after life if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal it is a rule that never fails. Give the children newspapers.

PETROLEUM OILS.—In a recent report on these oils, Professor Chandler gives the following as the cheapest process for making an oil that will not flash, that is, emit an inflammable vapor below 100° F.

1 Run off the naphtha down to 58° R., instead of 65° to 62°, the usual point.

2. Then expose the oil in shallow tanks to the sun, or diffuse daylight, for one or two days. The increased dispense of this plan of refining would not reach more than three or four cents per gallon. This addition would be cheerfully paid by the consumer, to insure himself and his wife and children, from horrible death. But the refiner says, I cannot get the advanced price, because the consumer does not know my oil is safer than the cheaper article. This is true, and our only hope is in strict laws, rigidly enforced, which will make it a crime to sell an unsafe oil.

INDIANS.—The Pi-Ute Indians are a practical people. One of their medicine men said that when he died, if the Indians would cut him to pieces the pieces would unite again immediately, and he would ascend into the heavens in a cloud of smoke. This was too much for Indian curiosity to stand, and a bystander dispatched the doctor with a blow of his knife. The body was then cut to pieces, but, much to the disgust of all present, the remains of the poor wretch refused to move, and were left on the ground as food for the wolves.

Cornering Farm Products.

There may have been in the past a time when a speculator could approximate with some accuracy to the exact amount of wheat, corn, or pork which could be thrown upon the market, but that does not exist now. The area of cultivated land is so much greater and the crops so much more varied that no such estimate can now be made. The Western people have learned a lesson from the experience of the past, and they now so vary the good crops of their farms that most of them are no longer absolutely dependent upon the one grain, corn, or wheat. There is a point of price beyond which the farmer thinks it good economy to eat some other food and sell this or that article. There is a point in price beyond which the farmers knows it is useless for him to hold his product. Then the multiplication of railroads enables the farmers rapidly to concentrate their salable articles at any one point where the price may be highest. The great wheat corner of Chicago was an instance of these facts. Never before was a speculation gotten up with so little foresight. The earth may be said to have groaned with the burden of grain and fruits she was bringing forth, and the very men engaged in this wild operation are among those who boast that more than one-fifth of the railroads of the United States center at Chicago. It may truly be said that from the four quarters of the earth the golden grain came pouring into that city as the price per bushel touched $1.55; for wheat was even shipped back from Buffalo, and the vast resources of the railroads became wonderfully apparent. It is stated as an instance of this that one of these great lines brought to the city in one day 1,600 car-loads of grain. It would seem that with such experience and such resources plainly evident, the Chicago operators would be slow to enter the field of speculation in any agricultural product, but we have from there the intelligence that they are now engaged in the effort to corner pork.

The prospective success of this new corner is based upon the fact that Chicago demands mess pork to be of a certain standard; that there are now only about 124,000 barrels in the city, and that all in Cincinnati is controlled by three firms, and that these two stocks are the large proportion of what is in this country. The true standard for judging the prospects of the success of any corner is the certainty of a demand. In this light the present Chicago corner is even more illy planned than the one so lately collapsed. The corn crop throughout the whole country is very large, and in most sections the wild mast is excellent. The potato bug has been, compared with last year, almost harmless to that great food crop; the production of molasses from various sources has increased; the time of the year when work ceases is at hand, and the number of hogs in the country has increased over 2,000 in the last year. There is no other so cheap mode of transporting a bushel of corn to market as when condensed into fat of a hog's sides, hence with abundant corn it can readily be seen that the farmers of the West will rapidly turn their corn into hog flesh, and in view of cheap corn and high priced pork will spare from their farm stock a few more than originally intended for this purpose.

This will make a plethora of pork supply; but it may be contended that it will not be put up at Chicago standard, or rather that the rules of the clique will contend that it is not of prime quality. On this point, firstly, St. Louis will buy if Chicago does not, and thence the American market will be supplied. Again, buyers may choose to make a standard of their own and not take as a finality the dictum of the Chicago clique. In any event we can see for this new combination no better fate than that met by the attempted monoplizers of wheat, and possibly in its culmination an injury to the commercial interests of Chicago and the transferment of some of her trade to her rival on the Mississippi.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.—Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years it may be, to make you what you are, with all the lessons of experience; and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," said the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort I am sure there is something wrong with their mother. Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a life-time. Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits; yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child, by your circumstances in life, give it what its most values—plenty of love.

SECRET KEEPERS.—Never tell a secret to any one if you can avoid it. Keeping secrets is a duty but few persons have learned to perform. There are none so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons court secrets as a spendthrift courts money, for the purpose of circulation. It is foolish and unwise to tell your secrets to people who have no particular interest in your wellfare. There are many persons who seek to gain the confidence of others, in order to have something to talk about. It is always best to keep your own counsel, except in such matters as you feel incompetent to decide for yourself. In such instances it would be well to seek advice from such persons as you are certain you can trust and rely upon. Go to some true and tried friend, who knows fully the circumstances in which you are placed, and you will often find them of individual aid to you in forming an opinion, or settling some doubtful point, but unless you have this object in view, keep your secrets locked within your own breast, if you wish them to remain unknown to the world.

A FABLE.—Several monkeys were confined in one cage, being separated by bars. When their food was placed before them, every monkey but one neglected his own food and sought to rob his neighbor, while an old fellow of more wisdom than the rest quietly ate from his own dish. "Why do you not do like the rest?" one of the thieving monkeys asked him one day. "Are you more honest than we?" "I do not know about that," replied the other; "but honest or not, I find that I am fuller fed when I attend to my own dish, while much of your food is wasted in your scramble after what does not belong to you."

Alice Cary.

This beautiful tribute to the memory of a gifted woman, whose sweet and tender utterances will long live in the hearts of the people, we take from the *Christian Union*:

"Considering the multitude of her literary engagements, and the quantity of verse which she gave to the press during the twenty years of her career, the amount of mental [illegible] which she must have performed was indeed great. And yet, busy as was her life, Alice always had a half hour for a friend—seeming greatly to enjoy these breaks in her working hours; while, to the applicant for advice or assistance, she ever lent a willing ear.

"This readiness of sympathy opened the gates to a wide work of charity, and during the last years of her life she became, in a confidential way, the dispenser of aid, encouragement and advice to an extent which even her best friends could hardly realize or measure. Was it a woman out of work? Alice placed work in the willing hands. Was it a sick family in need of food or attendance? Alice was the good angel who brought peace into the sad room. Was it a young girl going astray? Alice, the gentle, sympathizing sister, won the wandering feet into sober paths. Was it a disappointed author who came to tell her story of disappointed hopes? Alice, from out of the stores of her own experience, drew lessons which comforted and encouraged. She was, indeed, a very Sister of Mercy, and when she died, tears were shed for her at many a fireside, in many a lone chamber, where her memory now is something very sacred and sweet."

Referring to her death, the writer adds:

"In life, the sisters were inseparable. Their love for each other was very beautiful to behold. Unlike in many respects they were alike in affection; and when Alice fell sick, with her last lingering and intensely painful illness, Phœbe was almost her sole companion and comforter. She watched carefully through days, weeks, months, of such suffering as, happily, it is not often our lot to witness. The disease at first assumed the form of inflammatory rheumatism; then developed into sciatica, which gradually drew the hip-socket apart. Relief was obtained, in the moments of acutest agony, only by morphine, injected; and her body finally became a mass of punctures inflicted by the steel of the injector. It was Phœbe's hand which gave the lesser pain to soothe the greater torture. Brave in her duty, she would press the cruel probe into the shrinking flesh; and then, when sleep followed, she would steal away to her own room to sob her own nerves into subjection.

"Death came at last. How great a relief it was to the sufferer cannot be expressed in words. To Phœbe it was a real joy—for her beloved one, after so long agony, had repose. But who can say what loneliness was in her heart? That beautiful home, so full of associations of the dead, how inexpressibly sad must have been its very atmosphere! Left to herself—courting no companionship even with her most intimate friends—she seemed to dwell with the dead. Earth, and life, and friends, were no longer as they were; and though she seemed to others cheerful and resigned, it was only too evident that Phœbe longed to follow her sister gone before. She had not long to wait, for, ere six months, she, too, fell asleep."

POISONED HERSELF.—A couple of young ladies from the country came into Peoria, Ill., a few days ago for the purpose of attending the Normal School, and having obtained rooms on the bluff, took possession of them. They had not been in possession long before they found that the rooms were infested with mice and rats. They therefore procured some arsenic, and in the evening one of the ladies spread a piece of bread with butter, and putting on some of the poison, covered the whole with some sugar. Instead of immediately putting the deadly viand where the animals she wished to kill would be most likely to get at it, she foolishly laid it on the table and prepared another piece of bread for herself in the same manner, of course omitting the arsenic. This piece she laid on the table beside the other, and taking up a book, drew a chair beside the table and commenced reading. Absorbed in reading and yet conscious that she was hungry she, without looking up, reached out her hand and took what she supposed to be the harmless food. But she had taken the wrong piece as she suddenly found, and a physician was hastily summoned. He remained with the sufferer all night and the next day until he thought she was out of danger, although very sick.

NEW METHOD OF STORING GRAIN.—A plan has been submitted to the French academy for storing wheat in portable sheet iron granaries, in which a vacuum is maintained equal to at least from three to four inches of mercury, this being found sufficient to destroy all insect life (although a more perfect vacuum is preferred), and to insure the evaporation of any moisture in the grain. The apparatus is of cylindrical form, placed vertically with convex top and bottom. The top is provided with an opening through which the inlet of grain is led, with a waive pipe through which the air is exhausted, and with a guage by which the degree of exhaustion is indicated. The grain is removed through an opening in the bottom. In an experiment, where living insects were introduced in large quantities with the grain, it was found that they were all killed before doing mischief, and at the end of six months the wheat was found to be in as fine condition as at the outset.—*N. Y. Daily Bulletin.*

DIAMONDS.—Late advices indicate that the African diamond fields are already becoming exhausted, and that a rise of from ten to twenty per cent. in the price of diamonds has occurred there. Hundreds are said to be leaving the fields, broken down by disappointment and want, and many seekers have returned again and again to research the forsaken hillocks. There is one consolation to those who may be disappointed in their search for gems in our Western Territories; the land itself is a mine of wealth, and is precious stones do not crop up, there are precious metals and minerals enough to reward both miner and capitalist.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—Private advices received from members of Lieutenant Wheeler's exploring party, dated Fillmore, Utah, state that their operations are delayed by hostile Indians. Lieutenant Denwiddie, Second United States cavalry, in charge of the escort accompanying the party, had an engagement with the Ute Indians, near Beaver, in which nine Indians were killed and many wounded. On reaching Desert City, a town of about one hundred and fifty houses, they found that place deserted by the inhabitants, they having fled, with their live stock, to regions of safety.

JOHNSON'S DEFALCATION.—The examination into Johnson's defalcation in the U. S. Sub-Treasury Department shows that the amount will figure up as high as $165,000, and perhaps $200,000 of this money Johnson has some little, if anything, his losses in Pacific Mail stock being fully $200,000. He leaves his family poor.

Some Old-Time Penalties.

The old Germans showed a keen sense of humor even in the serious work of punishing offenses, if we may believe a book lately published in 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 instruments of corporal chastisement. In Hesse, women who had beaten their husbands were made to ride backwards on a donkey, holding his tail, on which occasions the animal was led through 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 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 henpecked 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 heads exposed and then posted opposite to each other in the market place, where they remained 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, libelers 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.

LAWYER'S JOKES.—Attorneys will have their jokes. Here is one by Judge Colt, of Connecticut: Being once opposed to Mr. S——, then a late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury upon a point of disagreement between them: "Here my brother S—— and I differ. Now, this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly, while at the same time neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, that a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head" (here he laid his hand familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) "is a *squash!* I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference—undoutedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You may often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side; for, even if it was *not* a head, it occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable. The effect was irresistible, and the joke won the case!

REPORTING.—The Washington *Sunday Herald* is fearful of the future journalistic enterprise. Here is a sample order to a *Tribune* reporter, which it looks forward to with trepidation: "Mr. Scribbler it is currently reported that Tom Tippler's whiskey has strychnine in it; go down to the bank and draw $500, and devote yourself to the study of Tom Tippler's whiskey; take ten or twelve drinks a day for four or five months; if you live, your salary shall be increased 25 per cent.; if you die we will debit the *Tribune* with a metallic coffin and a first class funeral." Or mayhap the order will be this: "Jack Ketch, the hangman, is said to be a cruel bungler. You will go and do something to get yourself hung, and we will have a half dozen reporters to criticise on the operation. The old mother will be put on a half pay pension and your successor shall marry your sweet heart."

A NEW FERTILIZER TRADE.—A writer in *The London Times* relates that in the mummy pits at Sackhara, Egypt, he saw many persons busily engaged in searching out, sifting, and sorting femora, tibiæ, and other bony bits of the human form, which almost crusted the ground thereabout. Nine camels were employed to bear these in nets to the riverside, where vessels waited to carry them to Alexandria, whence they were shipped to English manufacturers of manure. The trade is brisk, and is said to have been going on for years, and may go on for many more. It is truly a strange fact to preserve one's skeleton for centuries, in order that there may be fine Southdowns and Cheviots in a distant land. But then Egypt is always a place of wonders.

The *German Agriculturist* says that a great portion of the flavor of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and he recommends a thorough kneading for the removal of the buttermilk, and a consequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared according to this authority, is pre-eminent for sweetness of taste and flavor—qualities which are retained for a long time. To improve manufactured butter, we are advised by the same authority to work it thoroughly with fresh cold milk, and then to wash it in clear cold water.

SMALL POX.—The India *Medical Gazet te* reports some cases of small pox cured by the external application of carbolic acid. The persons concerned were very reluctant to submit to the treatment, but after one or two cures with the acid and one or two deaths without it the reluctance vanished, and now the carbolic acid is reported to be in great demand. The acid was applied to the face and hands and next day the eruptions were found to have scabbed and dried up. The cures were effected in a few days.

When John Adams was ninety years of age he was asked how he kept the vigor of his faculties up to that age. He replied: "By constantly employing them. The wind of an old man is like an old horse; if you would get any work out of it you must work it all the time."

The London Bakers.

The London Bakers' Strike Committee resolved that the necessary notices should be delivered to the employers in order that the strike may begin. In the meantime the men have issued an appeal to the public in which they say:

For years past, as the world is well aware, the condition of the journeyman baker has been a disgrace to his employer, a shame to humanity, and a scandal to civilization. Education, science, and philanthropy have achieved much for all other classes, but in his case they have done little or nothing. He is still the outcast of the industrial system, the Pariah of the social circle, the only artisan who is deprived of his rest, denied his Sabbath, and doomed to toil in confined dungeons, the foetid atmosphere of which is as fatal to life as the poisonous breath of the black hole of Calcutta. Government inspectors have denounced the evils surrounding him as most baneful and demoralizing; and medical men have affirmed that he is a prey to the most debilitating influences, and his term of life the briefest of all classes—in a sentence, that he is murdered by long hours and excessive toil. For him there is no respite. His existence is that of a dog. He scarcely knows what it is to enjoy a night's repose. His sleep is a "pitch" in the heated bakehouse, his bed the board upon which the bread was made, and when he rises from his hard couch, his sweat and tears literally mingle with the ingredients of which the staff of life is manufactured, and which the public are compelled to eat. The Sabbath comes, but comes no Sabbath day to him, and thus, year after year, he drags out a miserable, monotonous existence, laboring sixteen, eighteen and twenty hours a day, at a wage which a sweep or scavenger would refuse, until his health fails, and a premature death terminates his sufferings. Will any Christian man say that the operative baker ought to be satisfied with such an iniquitous system? When all other trades are obtaining increased pay and reduced hours, is he alone to be condemned to sleepless nights, excessive toil, low wages, disease, and death? Certainly not.

The "appeal" admits that the men may be vanquished, as they are poor and their employers are rich, but (they say) better they should be reduced to dock laborers and scavengers than silently submit to a bondage more degrading than that which the Egyptians imposed upon the Israelites. Between bondage and starvation there is little scope for choice; but of the two it is better to die from want than to linger on a miserable existence in slavery, a curse to ourselves and accursed by our fellow men. They have, however, faith "in the great heart of humanity."

RUNNING IN DEBT.—There is nothing that makes a man more contemptible in his own eyes than owing money when he cannot pay it. He feels that he is in a false position; that instead of ranking with the respectable portion of society he ought to take his position with the meanest classes, for he is walking about under false colors in other people's clothes, feeding, surreptitiously from other people's tables, living in houses, lodging, and using furniture that do not belong to him, and that if he were to act like an honest man, and pay for what he has, he must dress less, eat plainer food, and dwell in back streets: he would then be a far more respectable man than the scamp who willfully incurs debts which at the time he knows he cannot pay. Many an honest man is brought into untold embarrassments by an extravagant and thoughtless family, and by the pernicious system of long credit giving by retail merchants. Now this system of buying on credit is simply ruinous, and really creates habits of extravagance; it seems so easy to look forward to meeting a payment which is six months' distant! Keep out of debt, my friend. Pay cash for every article which you or your family require, and regulate your expenditure according to your income, trusting nothing to the future which the present cannot provide for. Better a little privation now, than debt and ruin hereafter.

A HALL OF TORTURE.—Junius Henri Brown, in a sketch "Down the Danube," says: The Rathhaus, or Town-hall, of Ratisbon, a gloomy and ungraceful pile, was mostly built in the fourteenth century. The imperial diet held its sessions there from 1663 to 1806, and the saloons of the diet have not been altered, and still contain the benches, arm-chairs, and tables used by the embassadors. The dismal dungeons in which prisoners were tortured are shown for a fee; and on going into them I noticed the bench of the judge, protected by an iron grating lest he might be killed—as he deserved to be—by the miserable wretches in whose suffering he delighted. There are the rack, the wheel, the thumbscrew, the spiked helmet, the burning pincers, the fiery cowl, the straining cord, the bone-crusher, the fiery furnace and all the implements of torment which we blush to think were freely used by our ancestors a little more than a century ago. The collection of devilish devices for producing pain is larger at Raitsbon than at the National Museum in Munich, or the Arsenal in Venice.

THE HEAT.—Is it possible to convince the public that the past summer was really a very comfortably cool one? It may be, since September breezes have now cooled the blood, and the *remembrance* of heat is *not* heat. Certain statistics, which purport to come from the United States Armory at Springfield, indicate that the summer of 1872 was not so very remarkable for heat. The average temperature for the four months of May, June, July, and August, in 1868, was 68 degrees; for 1869, 65 degrees; 1870, 70 degrees; 1871, 66 degrees; 1872, 69 degrees. The average for June this year was 69 1-3 degrees, while in 1870 it was 72 degrees. The average for July was 74½ degrees, while in 1870 it was 75 degrees, and in 1868 77 degrees. The August average this year, up to the 28th, was 75 degrees; in 1870 it was 74 degrees, and the other years two or three degrees less.

A USE FOR OLD MUSLIN.—There is no economy in using old muslin where it can be exposed to much wear, but for some purposes it is "as good as new." A lady writes *Hearth and Home* that for years she has made her partially-worn sheets into simple window curtains. From the center of the sheet she tears the worn portion; this leaves two strips, each of two and one half yards in length, and from three fourths of a yard to a yard in width. She then sews the two selvedge edges together, and turns the raw edges back to form a seam. All around the curtain she now stitches at about an inch from the edge, narrow strips of some pretty and washable cambric or calico for a trimming, putting an extra row of stitching through that on the upper end, to make a place for a tape to be run in.

The national debts of the principal nations of the earth, we believe, now rank about as follows: The United States, $2,453,559,000; England, $3,758,420,000; France, $2,613,600,000; Russia, $1,260,600,000; Austria, $1,210,000,000; Italy, $1,094,040,000; Spain, $798,760,000; Prussia, $325,560,000; Canada, $72,600,000; Switzerland, $774,400.

Somebody's Hand.

There's a soft little hand, with just one or two
rings.—
There's a dozen of dimples, and some other
things;
And the hand is as white, and as pretty, I
know,
As the prints of the birds on the new-fallen
snow.
It is soft, it is warm, and its pressure is sweet,
When, by chance or design, fingers happen to
meet,
And the lady who owns it is pretty and free—
Except in the promise she's just made to me.

'Tis a hand to be fondled, and petted, and
kissed,
When encased in white kid, on society's list;
'Tis a hand to be held, and be loved, with the
rest,
When the glove's thrown aside and Somebody's
at rest.
'Tis a hand in adversity, sorrow, or care—
When the brain burns with fever, or chills in
the air—
'Tis a hand to smooth wrinkles and banish the
pain,
When lights are burned low, and life's breath
on the wane.

'Tis a hand for the death-bed, to take the last
pledge,
When the grave yawns in waiting, with Death
at its edge—
With a future unknown, and the hungriest sod
Is waiting to hide all that's not gone to God.
'Tis a hand for the bridal, to give all the thrust
That a life has been given, as some time it
must—
With the heart, and the life, and the faith, and
the name,
And all the fond tribute its owner can claim.

A Western Incident.

A target shoot was a grand thing among the rough pioneers; there were some visitors from beyond the mountains, and each rifleman was particularly anxious to display his one accomplishment before the strangers. Mike Fink was among them—the very prince of marksmen. But on this occasion he was unusually quite and reticent.

After exhibiting their skill by "cutting the center," to the satisfaction of the visitors, it came to Fink's turn to perform the grand final feat of the occasion.

This consisted in setting a tin cup on the head of one of the party, and placing him at the distance of fifty paces, shooting the cup off the head of the person supporting it. Mike as usual selected Joe Stevens as cup bearer. All knew his skill, and no one would have hesitated to have performed the service. They did not know, however, that but a short time before this Mike had fallen out with Joe, and had patiently waited the time for his revenge. Joe accepted the honor with alacrity, especially gratified at Mike's commendatory remarks, as he requested him to perform the service. Fink expressed himself confident that he could "plug the foremost side of the cup, provided Joe would hold it up, for he allus hild kind o' stidy like."

The distance was measured—the cup-bearer took his station; the shining helmet was placed upon his head. Mike took his "peg," pricked his flint, primed his firelock, poised his rifle, took aim and fired. The ball crushed through the brain of his former friend and comrade, and Joe Stevens fell prone to the earth and expired without a groan. Mike's vengeance was satiated. But Joe had a brother there that day.

He, as well as the other persons present, knew that "Mike Fink had played foul." Scarcely has the the light smoke wreath from Mike's fatal rifle vanished into thin air, when Dick Stevens, the brother of the murdered Joe, brought his unerring rifle to bear upon the murderer, and in an instant a ball was crashing through the skull of Mike Fink, and he fell dead in his place at the peg from whence he had sent the messenger of death to a fellow being only a few seconds before.

A deep and wide pit was dug, and into it the rude backswoodsmen lowered the lifeless forms of murdered and murderer and there—through long ages forgotten—the two silently moulder to dust.

What "A Boy" Knows About Lobsters.

When a lobster shakes hands with you, you always know when it takes hold, and are exceedingly pleased when it gets done. They have small features, and lay no claim to good looks. When they locomote, they resemble a small boy shuffling off in his father's boots. They are backward, very. They even go ahead backward. They occasionally have a row like people, and in the *molee* lose a member, but have the faculty of growing out another. The process is patented both in this country and in Europe, which accounts for it not coming into general use with the human lobster, so to speak.

A lobster never comes on shore unless he is carried by force. They are afflicted with but one disease, and that is boils. There is more real excitement in harpooning a whale, or in having the measles, than there is in catching lobsters. The fisherman provides himself with a small hen-coop, and places in it for enticers several dead fish. He then rows his boat to the lobster ground (which is water), and sinks his coop to the bottom, and anchors it to a small buoy (one from eight to ten years will do), and then goes home. When he feels like it again, say in the course of a week or so, he goes back and pulls his poultry house, and if he has good success he will find the game inside the coop.

As an article of food, the real goodness of the lobster is in the pith.