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My Father.

Who hailed me first with rapturous joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: Why! she's a boy!
My Father.

Who gave that nurse a half-a-crown,
To let him hold me—awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down?
My Father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair away?
My father.

Who set me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brother's, good and square?
My Father.

Who, when I had a little fight,
Because Tom tore my paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right?
My Father.

Improvisations.

Fill, for we drink to Labor!
And Labor, you know, is Prayer:
I'll be as grand as my neighbor
Abroad, and at home as bare!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Others are burdened so:
Her's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Reckless of what comes after,
Silent of whence we come:
Splendor and feast and laughter
Make the questioners dumb.
Debt, and bother, and hurry,
Nobody needs to know:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give:
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Others have risen so:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

Honor's a thing for derision,
Knowledge a thing reviled;
Love is a vanishing vision,
Faith is the toy of a child!
Debt, and bother, and hurry!
Honesty's old and slow:
Here's to the goddess Worry,
And here's to the goddess Show!

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WHO WILL CONDEMN HIM?

A year or more ago I was invited by a friend to spend a day with him at his elegant country seat, Mountain Home, situated a few miles from Peekskill, upon that most romantic and beautiful river, the Hudson.

There was quite a number invited, and, anticipating a delightful week of pleasure, away from the dust and heat of the city, I sprang on board the cars, inwardly congratulating myself upon my good fortune. Upon reaching Mountain Home, I found that the other guests, a dozen in number, had already arrived, and I was glad to find that with many of them I was acquainted. Of but only one will I speak particularly; and he was a man who would attract attention under any circumstances.

With a commanding figure, above the medium height, and a haughty, though easy and graceful step, he advanced toward me, when we were presented to each other, and extended a hand, small and delicate in shape, but possessed of great muscular power, as I experienced when it clasped around my own with a pressure that gave me pain. I glanced into his face and started, for we had met before, and I saw the recognition was mutual, as the rich blood flushed cheek and forehead, and then retreating, left them pale.

His eyes, dark, penetrating, and hsaded by long, drooping lashes, looked unflinchingly into mine, as he bowed and said, in Spanish:

"We have met before, Senor; to-night I will explain; till then have patience." And then in English, which had just accent enough about it to make it interesting, he continued, "I am happy to meet you, sir."

I bowed, and, with another look at the dark, handsome face, I turned, and, offering my arm to a lady, we followed our host in to dinner.

"Who is that handsome gentleman?" asked my lady companion, indicating the person to whom I had last been presented.

"I was introduced to him, and the name is Senor Edmond Madrida," I returned.

"He is a superb-looking man—just the one I should select as the hero for a novel, were I to write one," and so I thought, as I gazed upon Edmond Madrida, who was pleasantly conversing with a lady upon his left.

It was a lovely moonlight night that followed the day of my arrival at Mountain Home, and our whole party sat up until after twelve o'clock, reluctant to retire and leave such beauties as surrounded them to the quietude that would rest upon mountain, river and valley when merry voices, ringing laughter and music were hushed in sleep.

I was standing upon the veranda, gazing upon the moonlit river that rolled by far before me, when Edmond Madrida came from the house, smoking a fragrant cigar, and joining me, said, while he offered his cigar-case:

"Let us stroll down toward the bluff, and enjoy a ramble and quiet smoke."

"I am willing, Senor," I answered. And together we walked along the winding moonlit path which led to a small summer-house, built upon jutting rocks which overhung the Hudson.

For some moments we stood in silence, gazing upon the grandeur of the scene around us; but at length my companion spoke.

"Colonel, do you remember our last meeting?"

"I do; it was in Mexico, and you then commanded a band of brigands."

"Your memory serves you well Senor. I saw you recognized me, as I did you, and I now wish to offer an explanation to you of my presence here. Suppose we converse in Spanish?"

"As you please, Senor Melincho."

"Hush! breathe not the name of Melincho here. I am now Edmund Madrida," interrupted the Mexican; and then, after a moment's silence, he took the cigar from his lips, and threw it far over the river, and watched its downward flight until the tiny spark was lost to sight in the gloom cast across the river by the mountain.

"Colonel, it was just after the civil war in America that we met. You had become separated from your men, was fired upon by some of my men, your horse killed, and yourself injured by his falling upon you. You remember when you told me you had been a Confederate officer, and was then going to give your sword to Juarez against Maximilian, I instantly had you released, gave you another horse, and while you remained in my camp a week, I believe, treated you well."

"I remember perfectly your kindness, and ever shall thank—"

"I wish no thanks, Colonel; it was duty. Kindness is merely a refined selfishness. It is seldom, if ever, disinterested. But to continue. I knew of you afterwards joining Juarez, and of his unkind treatment of those who offered to serve him. But of me you knew nothing, only that I was the Brigand Chief Melincho, who was outlawed by either party, and whose blows only fell upon the enemy of his country, Maximilian, although he had much to revenge from those he served.

"I am a Mexican, and proud of it, though my poor struggling country has done little of late to win the fear and respect of nations; but I am proud of the blood that flows in my veins; and thirty years ago, when but an infant, my father died, and left me an unsullied name, the memory of his brilliant reputation as a soldier, and the grandest and wealthiest old place in Mexico.

"My father's nearest friend, or rather officer, Colonel De Leon, was appointed my guardian, and in his hands rested the entire control of my property.

"When ten years of age I was sent to Europe, and remained there, receiving my education in the best universities, until I was twenty-one, and then I returned to Mexico to find Colonel De Leon, my guardian, had gambled away all of my wealth, except the home of my childhood, and of my grandfathers before me. In this he was living, and to my reproaches upon his conduct turned me from it almost a beggar.

"I went to law to recover my property, but not a peros could I get, nor could I punish him for his perfidy, as my father, in perfect confidence, had given him complete power over all.

"In a frenzy of disappointment, I determined to seek revenge and drive him from my home, and, with a picked number of men, I went to the hacienda one night and demanded admission. I intended to take him from the house, make him sign certain papers, and then force him to leave Mexico under pain of death if he ever returned to the country. Contrary to my expectations, he resisted me, fired upon my men, and, as I gained an entrance into the house, attacked me with a drawn sword.

"I ordered him off, but he still advanced, and, in self-defence, I fired upon him, and he fell dead at my feet.

"The deed was done, and I had no course left me but to fly, for he was loved by the neighborhood, stood high in authority with the Government, and I knew death would be the penalty of my crime.

"I took from the house some valuables which had belonged to my ancestors, and which, strange to say, he had not gambled off, for they were jewels of great price, and, telling my companions to help themselves, I seized a candle and set fire to the mansion where those of my name had lived for many long years.

"By its bright light I fled from the spot toward the mountains, resisting, with arms, the forces sent to capture me—for the servants had alarmed the neighbors, and they had turned out in large numbers to revenge the death of Colonel De Leon.

"It was a bloody path we left behind us that night, and its cruel deeds throng upon me, in memory; but it was brought on by his resistance, for, by the Virgin! I intended him no personal harm.

"But to the end: I was outlawed by the government and my race, so I became a bandit. My band strengthened day by day, and each year the name of Melincho became more and more dreaded. I waged war upon the enemies of Mexico, attacked government trains to pay my men, but spared private citizens and their property, and never allowed one of my band to shed innocent blood.

"When Maximilian came to Mexico I fought against him and his followers, and ceased my war against my own government, for I knew that all of our country's soldiers were needed to resist the Franco-Germanic usurpation of Mexico.

"It was the year after I met you, Colonel, and shortly after the execution of Maximilian—who, had he caught Juarez, would have dealt him a like fate, and Americans would not have felt the same sympathy for the Mexican, fighting for his country, that they did for a foreign prince, battling for power to rule the people of another tongue—yes, it was shortly after Maximilian's death that I came across a party of my men who had surrounded a carriage containing an old gentleman and his daughter. They were Americans, traveling through the country, the old gentleman having visited Mexico to look after some mining property he had there.

"My men, contrary to my orders, had fired upon the carriage, and the coachman and footman were both killed, while one ball had seriously, but not fatally, wounded the gentleman. Fortunately, the young lady remained unhurt, and though her face was pale with fright and her eyes wore an anxious look about her father, I never gazed upon so beautiful a woman.

"Her reproachful glance met mine as I advanced toward her, and at once assured her that everything should be done for her father's comfort, and my men should be punished severely for disobeying my orders.

"I then gave orders to have another horse hitched to the carriage in the place of one that was wounded, and to my utter surprise, not a man moved. I repeated the order, and then one of them, a tall black-bearded fellow, whom I had once before caught in mischief, stepped forward and said:

"This is too rich a prize to let go, chief, and I, for one, am not going to lose it."

"I repeated my order, and for the last time, for, seeing he would not obey me, I raised my pistol and shot him through the heart."

"Another of the band sprung toward me with a drawn knife, but I sent him to join his comrade, and this cowed the others, who instantly obeyed my orders.

"I had Mr. Rodman and his daughter conveyed to a hacienda near, and there made as comfortable as possible, and myself watched over the wounded man during the weeks of recovery."

"It was two months before Mr. Rodman was able to resume his journey and leave for the United States, and in those two months I had learned to madly worship Ellen Rodman, and I wrung from her a confession that were I not a bandit she would become my wife, for she admitted her love for me, she urging me to relinquish my wild life and to leave Mexico, when I could flee from my bitter past, but telling me at the same time that while her father lived she would never leave him."

"Thus we parted, Mr. Rodman thanking me warmly for what I had done for him, but with a certain manner that showed me that, in his eyes, I was but a robber chief, though his daughter might believe me not altogether cruel and crime-stained.

"Ellen Rodman, whom I so wildly loved, returned to her home in New York, while I remained in the fastnesses of the Mexican mountains.

"But not for long. I was a changed man, and determined to leave my native land and lead an honest life. I gathered together only the wealth I had captured from my attacks against Maximilian, relinquishing to my band all that I had won otherwise, and, with the jewels which I have before mentioned, I left the country.

"Shortly afterward it was reported that the famous Melincho was killed, and a body, terribly disfigured, was taken and buried as his; but this I managed by placing my clothing upon the body of a Mexican officer, killed in a duel, and disfiguring the face so as to be unrecognizable.

"I sailed for Europe, and with the jewels and other property in my possession, found myself a rich man.

"In London I met our host, and promised him, if I ever came to America, to visit him. So, arriving last week, I met him in New York, and came up home with him.

"The name that I bear is my own, being Edmond Madrida Melincho, but the latter I have discarded forever.

"Once since my arrival have I seen Ellen Rodman, but without her seeing me, and I learn that her father is dead, having died two years ago, and left her poor, and that she is now living with a maiden aunt, her father's sister.

"Now, Colonel, you know my history, and I will candidly say that it is my intention to make known my presence to Ellen, tell all of my life, and ask her to be my wife, and who that knew my story would condemn me. You will not betray me, will you, Colonel?"

The Mexican finished his story of bitter wrong done him, and of his blood-stained life that followed, and, with arms folded upon his heart, and his eyes looking deep into mine, awaited my answer.

I offered my hand, and to his question answered:

"Senor Madrida, no act of mine shall ever cause you to regret the confidence placed in me; and as I know Miss Rodman, I may be of service to you."

"Thank you, Colonel; many times thank you. To-morrow we will talk together about it. Now it is daylight nearly, for, see, the sky is getting bright beyond the mountain," and placing his arm in mine, we returned to the house, and then retired to our rooms.

It was arranged that I should call upon Miss Rodman and tell her the history of Edmond Madrida's life as he had told it to me, and if I found she was still true to her love for him, that I was to bring him to the house and introduce him, as a friend of mine, to her aunt and herself, and leave the rest to fate.

Upon my return to New York I called upon Ellen Rodman, and at the first mention of the Mexican's name I saw that she had not ceased to love him, and when my story was ended she begged me to bring him at once to her.

Miss Mary Rodman, Ellen's aunt, was delighted with my foreign friend, and when—three months after—Edmond asked for the hand of her niece, the old lady granted it willingly, and I verily believe that the only regret of the dear old soul was that she was not forty years younger, to marry him herself.

Thus were two lovers made happy, and in one of the pleasant portions of our almost boundless republic they live together in peace and contentment in a lovely home, far from the strife of busy cities.

Moths in Furniture.

There are two species of moths which infest furniture. One is a large fly, of silvery white color; the worm of the same is shaped like a chestnut worm, and is familiarly known. It rarely infests furniture. The other is a small fly, of a dark drab color; the worm is about one-fourth of an inch long, and tapering from the head to the tail. It was first observed by upholsterers about thirteen years ago. This fly penetrates a sofa or chair, generally between the back sofas, or under the seats, where the vacancy among the springs affords a safe retreat. It may make a lodgment in one week after the furniture is placed in a house. If such should be the case, in two months the worm will appear; and the continual process of procreation in a few months increases the number to thousands.

This moth has no season. It destroys in winter and summer alike, as it is kept in active life by the constant heat of the house. We find at the same time in the same piece of furniture, the fly, the worm, and eggs—thus showing that they are breeding and destroying all the time. It does not eat good pure, curled hair, but fastens its cocoon to it, the elasticity of which prevents its being disturbed. The inside of furniture is used by it only for purposes of propagation.

The worm when ready for food, crawls out and destroys the covering, if of woolen or plush material, and falling to the carpet destroys it. They rarely cut through plush from the inside, as it is of cotton back, but there are instances where they have cut up muslin on the outside backs of sofas. There is no protection against it but continual care.

New furniture should be removed from the walls at least twice a week at this season of the year, and should be well whisked all round, and particularly under the seats, to prevent the fly from lodging. This is an effectual preventive, and the only one known. Cayenne pepper, Scotch snuff, turpentine, and all other remedies for protection from the large moth are of little or no avail against the furniture moth. Saturation with alcohol will not destroy them when in a piece of furniture.

If the furniture is infested, they may be removed by taking off the muslin from under the seats, and off the outside ends and backs, where they congregate most, and exposing it to the air as much possible. Beat well with a whisk or the open hand, and kill all the flies and worms which show themselves. This done often will disturb them, and may make them leave the furniture, as its desire is to be left quiet. When the furniture is free from moths, and is to be left during the summer months without attention, it may be protected by camphor in small bags, or highly concentrated patchouly. The safest way is to have furniture well whisked twice a week.

If the moth attacks the carpet, which they will first do under the sofas and chairs, spread a wet sheet on the carpet and pass a hot flat-iron over it quickly—the steam will effectually destroy both worm and egg. If furniture is delivered in a dwelling free from moths, the upholsterer's responsibility ends there, and all rests with the housekeeper, as no tradesman can tell whether the moth will attack it or not. There are cases where the furniture has been in use ten or twelve years before being attacked. It would be as fair to hold the tailor responsible for the safety of clothing as to hold the upholterer responsible for the safety of furniture.—*Cabinet Maker.*

The New Fifty Cent Note.

The plates for the new fifty cent note have been prepared at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury Department, and the work of printing the new note will be commenced next week, though it will be probably a number of days before the note will be issued to the public. The new note will be about a quarter of an inch shorter than that now in circulation and a quarter of an inch wider, its dimensions being three and three-quarter inches long by two inches wide. On the face of the note, left hand side, is a vignette head of Samuel Dexter, who was Secretary of the Treasury in 1801, and a former Governor of the State of Massachusetts. On the right of the note is a section of geometrical lathe work, with the words "Fifty cents," in white letters, engraved across the face. The story or lettering on the note is the same as on the present issue, with the exception of the words "receivable for all United States stamps," at the bottom of the old note, which are omitted on the new one. The seal is printed in the centre of the face, and is enclosed in cycloidal work, a new feature upon fractional currency. The back of the note, which will be printed in New York, will be in green. It is made up of geometrical lathe work and scrolls. On the right hand corner the word "cents" found on the old note is omitted, and the numeral "50" takes its place. The date of the passage of the act authorizing the issue is omitted from the face of the new note and put upon the back thereof. On the left hand side of the back there is an open space to show the fibre in the paper, and it will not be shown on the face as much as in the old note. The new note, of course, will take the place of the one now in circulation, as the present issue has been counterfeited, although not to any great extent. No other new fractional currency will be issued at present.

Absense makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

A Garden of Your Own.

What the Danbury Man Thinks About the Matter.

The chief charm of having a garden of your own is the fresh state of the vegetables which daily garnish your table. Any one who has always depended on a store for his supply does not have the faintest conception of the superior flavor, tone and elasticity of vegetables gathered fresh every morning from your own garden. Aside from this benefit, gardening is the most health-giving occupation known to man, unless we except that of a physician, which we don't. There is a man who lives on the other side of our street who has a garden, and has fresh vegetables every day, our folks say. We don't know anything about that, but we do know that he has a garden, because we see him out in it every morning, in shirtsleeves and slippers, picking cucumber and squash bugs. We know when he gets hold of one by the way he shuts his mouth and fingers. Sometimes he doesn't catch the one he is after, and sometimes he makes a half dozen passes at one bug. Every time he makes one of those passes he says something. The first remark is not very plainly heard, but the next is quite so, and the observation that follows after the sixth unfortunate pass, appears to go completely through our head.

He jumps around this way for about an hour, and having got his blood up to fever heat, goes in and drinks a cup of boiling coffee, and then goes to business. At noon he goes out there to kill a couple more bugs, but doesn't do it. He finds two hens from the next house, in the cucumber patch. They have scratched down to the cool earth, and thrown the parched soil of two cucumber hills over their backs, and with one eye closed in a speculative way, are thinking of the intense heat and the short grass crop. When they see him, and the preparations of welcome he has hastily got together, they get up and leave. The first thing he throws at them knocks a limb from a choice pear tree, and the next thing, which is generally a pail, goes through a glass cover to some choice flower seeds, and loses its bail. He then goes into the house and gets some more boiling coffee, and says the man next door is something we never put in print, and goes to business again. At night he comes home and kills bugs until supper time, and then goes in with his fingers smelling as if he had shaken hands with twelve hundred bed-bugs.

He keeps his boy home from school to watch the garden, and guard against the encroachment of straying cattle. The boy gets several other boys to come over and help him. They take a half dozen sheets out of the wash, and put up a circus in the back part of the yard, and some vicious boy who hasn't pins enough to get in, leaves the front gate open, and when the circus is in the midst of its glory, the cry of "a cow in the garden!" breaks up the performance, and sends both artists and audience in pursuit of the beast. When our neighbor comes home that night to gather vegetables fresh from the garden, and smash bugs with his finger and thumb, and goes out and looks at the destruction, it is altogether likely the first thing he thinks of is the danger in eating store vegetables which have been picked some days before, and allowed to swelter and wither in noxious barrels, and how much better it is to have everything fresh from the garden. But we are not certain. Neither is the proprietor of the circus.

A Belgium Story.

We quote from the Belgium newspapers the following account of a dreadful tragedy that occurred in a little village near Brussels. A farmer and his wife had plotted to murder their niece during her sleep, to rob her of 1,830 francs that she was taking to her sick mother. In order to foil the future searches of the police, they, previously to perpetrating the crime, were engaged in digging a large hole in their garden, so as to bury the body in it, when the young girl, who, not being asleep, had heard her terrible sentence, rushed out by the window and ran to the police station, distant one mile only.

But as soon as she was out, the daughter of the farmer, who was not expected home that night, came back, and not wishing to awaken anybody in the house, went noiselessly into the bed where her cousin had been lying a few minutes ago. She soon fell asleep, and thus her mother, not being aware of the Providential substitution, owing to the darkness of the night, broke her own daughter's neck with an axe.

This being done, the two were going to the garden, carrying the corpse, enveloped in a bedspread, when two gendarmes, accompanied by the fugitive girl, rushed into the house with lanterns in their hands.

At the sight of their niece, whom they thought they had murdered, the two wretches took off the covering and found their unfortunate child killed by their own hands.

The man, taking a large butcher's knife, plunged it into his breast and fell dead on the ground. As to the woman, who was prevented from committing suicide, she became insane, and is now shut up in a lunatic asylum, where she is expected soon to die from mental exhaustion. A more horrible account has rarely been registered in the annals of crime.

Official Postage-Stamps.

The new postage-stamps of the Post-office Department are pretty things, as postage-stamps go, and pretty mainly because they are plain. A large numeral in the centre, instead of a portrait head, denotes the denomination, and the words "official" above and "stamp" below show its exclusive purpose. The words "Post-office Dept." above this oval centre, and the denomination repeated both in letters and figures, with the initials U. S. below, complete the stamp. It is a pleasant black and white in color, made neutral by finely engraved lines.

This new stamp is exclusively for the Post-office Department, and is only a specimen of a great variety of them, designed of all denominations for all the departments. A great variety of stamps of many denominations have been designed for all the departments, but differing for each.

Sailing Boats.

A word to land-lubbers who sail boats. Rarely an accident happens when a boat is well managed. Of late a class of boats have been built which require great care in handling them—small sloops with one sail of immense proportions. Amateur boat sailors who sail small boats should observe a few simple rules. Never make your sheets fast, as you can hold them easily by taking a halfturn round the cleets. When the wind is "puffy," be very watchful, and "luff" in season, and never "jibe" when it is blowing fresh. If you want to come about, bring your boat's head to the wind. Don't carry sail too long, reef in season. Never carry itoxicating liquors in your boats. With a fresh northwest wind blowing, a man who undertakes to sail a modern-built sail-boat needs all his faculties clear and unimpaired.

Our Visitor.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye, and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," said he, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of the other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity, plunged the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off calmly, but in a voice tremulous with suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half a dozen or so of his front teeth:

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and spit on his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps."

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment.

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the man that printed it, just a few minutes. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm at home, and he gets how-came-you-so every little period. Now, when he's sober he's all right, if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk he goes home and breaks dishes and tips over the stove and throws hardware around, and makes it inconvenient for his wife, and sometimes he gits his man and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drank lately, and broke all the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife round with a carving knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wasn't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down his spine, on his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing to do all around. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?"—Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick and replied with increased emotion:

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw, and Mister John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. He is a good deal stouter. Bla—bless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with his fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked, innocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against Jno. Smith. I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see the man what printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as tho' it would soothe me to see that man. I went to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunden man's back, remained until about 6 o'clock in the evening, and then wentup street to find the man. The man he is looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.—*Utica Herald.*

Brought Back to Life.

A curious story of the bringing to life of a man who had committed suicide by hanging at Valde-Grace, Canton Friburg, is told by the *Confederc.* On the first diagnosis the doctors affirmed that asphyxia was complete; the body gave not the slightest sign of life, it being blue and rigid. One of the physicians present, however, would not leave the corpse without making a final experiment on it. He uncovered the breast, and attempted for some time to induce respiration by artificial means, but without result. He then applied the hole of an electric battery to the passage of the pneumo-gastric nerves, and caused a strong current to pass at intervals of four seconds. Almost immediately feeble signs of respiration reappeared. Five minutes afterward the radical pulse and the cardiac pulse again become perceptible. The epiglottis was tumefied, and it was necessary to pull the tongue out of the mouth by means of a pair of pinchers in order to render the respiration freer. A few ounces of blood were then drawn from the mediocephalic vein. The dilated pupils contracted gradually, and the signs of life became more and more manifest. The patient was then able to swallow a small quantity of alcohol. Finally a slight muscular contraction was perceptible without the intervention of electricity; the sensibility of the cornea reappeared; then the feet became warm again, and soon after the regular pulsation of the carotid arteries were easily perceptible.

LIVING IN SAN DOMINGO.—It is said that the cost of living in San Domingo for a family of five persons does not exceed $4 a day, and that on that amount they can live excellently. A comfortable house can be rented at $10 a month, and a cook can be hired for $5 a month. The new American settlement of Samana Bay is said to offer even greater advantages. But the disadvantages are not mentioned.

The report from the Maine hay crop is to the effect that the quantity will be a good average, and that the quality has never been surpassed in the knowledge of hay-makers in the State.

A Village on Fire.

A Fearful Experience.

A Michigan paper publishes a private letter from State Senator McGowan to his wife, giving an account of the great fire at Michigammi. After describing the spread of the flames in the forests surrounding the village, he says:

"We saw it was useless for us to try to do anything except, if possible, save our lives. We ran to the lake and got out on a point. But the direction of the shore was east and west, and the fire was sweeping down upon us. I went to the edge of the water, and looked up and down. The line of safety seemed to be in the water, and in I went. I picked up a board six or eight feet long and waded out to get a better view of the situation. Just east of me I saw some men trying to get a hewn stick into the lake. I went to them, but they had given it up and were looking for boards. I urged them to put in the timber, and, at my solicitation, they tried again and we succeeded in launching it. One of the men had a plank, and I had my board. We laid the board and plank across the timber, which was probably twenty five feet long, and with this raft six of us put to sea in the teeth of a furious wind that sought to drive us into the fire. After struggling awhile, I told the men to keep the timber from turning, and I clambered up astride of it, near the "bow" end, and, with my board for a paddle, I struck out. It was terrible work. The winds and the waves were against us. The lake was white with foam. We had made about four rods from shore when one of the tallest men, letting himself down, said his feet were on a rock. Our strength was almost exhausted, so we told him to hold us. I slipped down from my wooden horse, and on examination we found the rock large enough to allow two of us to stand on it. We took a long breath, and went into committee of the whole on the situation. If we should undertake to row our craft further from the fire, we would soon be overcome, and then be blown directly into it. The unanimous verdict was, that we would take our chances there. The fire was around us, above us, every where. The water was full of struggling people. We held to the stick. Two of us would stand on the rock at a time and anchor the rest, who floated like sea weeds from along the sides of the timber. When the hot air swept down upon us, we put our faces close to the water and shut our mouths. For an hour and a half we were there in the water, and I became terribly chilled.

By and by the worst of the fire was over, and a couple of Swedes came toward us with a boat. I was the worst used up of any of the party, thoroughly chilled and exhausted. My companions called to them to come and take me off. They helped me into the boat, and the Swedes took me to the little steamer which was anchored further out in the lake. I gave them $2 to go back and bring off another of the boys who was also badly chilled. As soon as I got aboard the boat I commenced wringing my clothes as well as I could and exercising all I was able. The hot air and smoke had made my lungs so sore I could not breathe deep, and every breath was painful. However the air was still warm from the fire, and I gradually grew warmer. We sent every boat we could after the people in the water, and on the points, until at last our little steamer was loaded. The fire had swept by where our raft was, and the balance of our little party had let loose from the rock and floated ashore. We were all saved. The mill was still standing, but not out of danger. After they had sounded the whistle, the people commenced gathering there. I can not describe the scene here. I don't wan't to try. The women and children and men rushing about and crying and begging to know something of the absent ones. You may imagine it, don't ask me to tell it. The whole village was burned. Out of 126 houses, only three were left standing, and one of those was burning before we left. It was impossible to tell how many lives were lost.

Eleven Thousand for a Dog.

There is an $11,000 dog in Springfield, Mass., according to the *Republican.* This is a bare statement of fact. The way of it is this: The now uncomfortable famous Mr. Stokes, of the New York Tombs, owned a setter reputed the best hunting dog in the city. Mr. Harker, the owner of the noted stables, wanted the setter and tried to purchase him. But Stokes had just refused $600 for him, and didn't want to sell the dog. Finally, however, he told Harker that as perhaps his hunting days were over, although he would not sell he would make him (Harker) a present of the dog. Harker would not, however, accept the friendly offer without a reciprocal one, and as he had offered $1,000, engaged to give him the profit within a specified time, on 1,000 shares of a certain railroad stock. A rapid turn in the market brought the aforesaid stock to an advance of $11 a share, and that he offered promptly to make over to Stokes for the setter. The speculative young man, however, said, "Let it wait for a while; perhaps I shall make more yet." Instead of more he made less; the stock fell as swiftly as it had risen, and dropped flat on the market. So for a little while the setter that Mr. Harker prizes so highly, and that can be seen by the curious in Hampden Park, was worth $11,000. What a halo of glory encompasses that remarkable dog!

In the Depths.

The results of the deep-sea dredging by the scientific expedition lately sent from England show that in "the deep, unfathomed caves of ocean" there are found sea-monsters far bigger, as well as far uglier and far more beautiful than were ever transferred to an aquarium. The caprella, or "phantom shrimp," for instance, which may be found on sea-weed, sitting upright like a monkey, holding on by his hind-claws, and, with ghastly grimaces, mesmerizing all passers-by with his fore-claws, sits upon sponges a mile or two deep in the darkness—there, however, not a quarter of an inch, but three inches long. The nymphons, sea-spiders, who crawl out from under stones, and who, having no body to speak of, carry their stomach, for economy of space, packed in long branches up the inside of each leg, are found in the depths of the Arctic sea, not, as in shallow water, half an inch, but two feet in diameter."

AN UNWHOLESOME DIET. — George Adamson, aged seven or eight years, of Maysville, Cal., was sitting under a shady tree, at his father's residence, eating bread and butter. A caterpillar fell upon the bread, unobserved by the lad, and he put the morsel to his mouth to take a bite, when the worm bit him on the tongue. Immediately the tongue swelled until it nearly choked the boy. The doctor applied powerful remedies, only in time to prevent a fatal result, as he says ten minutes' delay would have caused death.

"You sell watered milk, I see," remarked a well-known dry-goods merchant to a restaurateur. "Well, what of that; don't you sell watered silk?" was the prompt retort.

Fish Culture by Farmers.

Why should not farmers and others raise fish for the market and for their domestic uses, as well as cattle, fowls, or any other living stock? For so staple and healthy an article of food, it seems as absurd to be dependent upon chance capture in a wild state as it would be to rely for our poultry upon the fortune of the hunter or for our vegetable supply upon the finding of suitable esculents in localities in which a knowledge of botany may tell us they ought to grow. The efforts of the fish commissioners in this and other parts of the country, in stocking the waters with the spawn of valuable species of fish, will undoubtedly largely increase the numbers of the finny denizens of our rivers and streams; but the labor of securing an abundant and really obtainable supply is thus only begun, and it seems to us that it may be continued by every dweller in the rural districts having the simple facilities requisite for the construction and maintenance of suitable fish receptacles.

Artificial incubation and the stocking of private ponds are of course no novel idea. History tells us of the vast sums expended for such purposes during the decline of the Roman empire; and pisciculture, especially in the monasteries, seems to have flourished through the middle ages. The success which has attended all modern efforts in a similar direction, even in the propagation of the trout and other delicate species, leaves little doubt but that, at a very moderate outlay of time and money, every farmer could provide himself with a well stocked pond, which he would find a constant source of valuable remuneration.

Dr. J. H. Slack, the New Jersey Commissioner of Fisheries, writes to the *Tribune* a letter containing many useful hints relating to this subject. Referring to the preparation of the ponds, he says that two points must not be overlooked: proper proportions of the banks and freedom from surface water. For the former, with ordinary loam, the following proportions will be found correct: Let the base of the tank equal three times its height, and let the width of the top equal the height. Thus, if the tank be 10 feet high the base should be 30 feet and the width at the top 10 feet. The sluices and overflow should be made of stone laid in cement. Wood, it is stated, will rot very rapidly and will prove of no value. The services of a competent engineer may be employed to advantage, and the money expended for such supervision will save much trouble and vexation. Surface water is a fertile source of trouble, as it carries with it brush and leaves, which clog the screens, allowing the contents to overflow and permitting the escape of the fishes. In most cases, a series of ditches, entirely surrounding the ponds, will carry off the surface water, a gate being placed at the head of the ponds with an opening only allowing as much water to enter as can be readily conducted away. At the sluice gates screens of wire gauze must be placed to prevent the egress of the fish. These should be made of galvanized wire if of large mesh, and of copper if fine. A screen of coarser mesh, placed a few inches up stream from the fish screen, will arrest much of the floating trash and prevent clogging. This second screen, called the leaf screen, should be placed at an angle of about 60 deg. that a greater surface may be exposed to the water.

As regards stocking the tanks, it can hardly be expected that every farmer can enter into the careful operations of trout culture, but there are plenty of other varieties of fish suitable for food which may be easily and profitably reared. The ordinary cat fish (*pimelodus*) will thrive and breed in almost stagnant water, and is hardy and enduring.. The female takes care of her young, which, for some weeks after they are hatched, follow her about as chickens do a hen. For large ponds, through which a gentle current can be made to flow, the best fish for the south is the southern bass (*grystes salmoides.*) It has a variety of names and is known also as the yellow and black bass, trout, chub, and growler. The adult fish is of a greenish brown color with a bluish black spot upon the gill, the young having in place of the spot from two to four longitudinal bars; the back fin is spinous and high, and the tail is similar to that of the trout. Besides the above two varieties mentioned as examples, there are scores equally valuable as food, some indigenous to northern, others to southern waters, which will probably suggest themselves to our readers interested in the subject.

If the pond be well supplied with aquatic insects and plants, the fishes will need no food; but generally overstocking is the case and hence a certain quantity is required. Any kind of animal food, cooked or uncooked, is suitable; the entralis of fowls, lights of beef, oxen and hogs, if thrown in in small pieces, will be eaten with avidity.

Australian Sheep and Wool.

Some time since choice specimens of sheep and wool were sent to this country from Australia, with the idea that the breed would be a valuable accession here. The wool was examined by the most skillful dealers in the country, and the sheep were placed on the farm of Henry S. Randall, Cortland Co. The final report is that the fleeces weigh about a pound less than those of our American Merinos, and that although the wool is finer, an American farmer cannot afford to raise and keep such sheep. They are well adapted, however, to Australia, with its perennial feed and almost free range, while the fine quality of the wool meets a demand in English and European markets. What might be done with Australian sheep, if they were acclimated and crossed with other sheep, cannot be stated, but it seems tolerably clear that as the American Merino has been brought up in this manner, it is hardly worth while to go through this process simply to secure a result already obtained.

EXCITEMENT IN UTAH.—A great excitement was caused in Utah by the announcement in the *Journal* that Ant. Eliza Webb Young, the seventeenth wife of Brigham Young, had forever left him, carrying off her furniture and personal effects. Brigham will endeavor to replevin the goods. Mrs. Young is at the Walker House, and three leading lawyers are about to institute a suit for divorce and alimony in a large sum. Great revelations are expected concerning the inner domestic life of the Prophet. Mrs. Young is enjoying the sympathy of the Gentile ladies, and polygamous Mormons are a good deal disturbed.

RARE.—A young man from Billtown dined at a hotel in Oswego, the other day, and as the waiters were taking orders, he heard his next neighbor order, 'roast beef rare." When his turn came he also said "roast beef rare." In due time it came very rare. Looking at it a moment he said, "Here, waiter, I want mine cooked." The waiter responded, "I thought you said roast beef rare?" "You don't call that rare, do you?" interrogated Billtown. "Yes, that's roast beef rare, shuah," "Well, if you call that rare, just take it back and rare it over," says the Billtown aristocrat.

The Dunkers.

A Strange Religious Sect--Their Genuine Love Feast.

The Dunkers are a very curious religious sect, originating in the old world, and flourishing in various parts of our country, especially in Lancaster County, Pa. They are well-to-do farmers, and, as a friend remarked to me, are lik