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August.

The quiet August noon is come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds made love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—
The blossing of supreme repose.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

To-Day and To-Morrow.

When thou art by,
I know not why,
I love thee, but I love thee not so deeply;

But when thou'rt gone,
And I'm alone,
I marvel that I held thee then so cheaply.

Thy smile and talk,
Thy glance, thy walk,
In vain regret I picture and remember;

As well I might
Recall the light
Of June amid the darkness of December.

Ah, cruel fate!
That all too late
We learn the golden value of our pleasure—

That it must go
Before we know
How passing sweet it was to have our treasure.

Praverse are we,
Too blind to see
That idle memories only lead to sorrow.

Enjoy to-day,
While yet you may;
Why wait until to-day becomes to-morrow?

—*Edmund Whitehead Howson.*

The Tramp's Revenge.

A great, fertile hollow, in the midland hills, and one man owned it all. Five hundred acres of level and upland, field and forest; and well might Milly Van Vleeck complain that she could not even visit a neighbor without climbing over the hills.

But old Squire Van Vleeck had no use for neighbors.

Was not the land his own, and the homestead and the sawmill itself, half-way down the hollow?

Such barns!

Why, the biggest of them had scarcely a rival in the county. There was twenty feet of sheer fall, between the mows, packed as they now were with tons of clover and timothy.

What did he or his need of neighbors?

Not much, perhaps, but that fall, when his ambition goaded him to reach out for the civic honors he deemed the rightful due of so much land and forest, saw-mill and crops, and all that, he suddenly discovered that the people in the other hollows and on the hills and in the villages, all had neighbors of their own.

Such a snub they gave him!

No wonder the grim old squire went back to his ample homestead and growled at his patient wife, and even at Milly, in spite of her gentleness and her beauty, and behaved himself, generally, like the old bear he had grown to be.

The first heavy snows came earlier than usual and the cold weather brought with it immunity from the one thing the squire hated most.

Not a tramp had been seen in the hollow for weeks, and no man troubled himself to ask whither they had flown.

All the more, however, that bitter afternoon, did the old man's angry soul stir itself within him when he met, at his own gate, the most outrageous specimen of the abhorred race that the whole season had brought before him.

If other tramps had sometimes borne only the seal of misfortune or of common vagabondage, this one was clearly and undeniably a chosen vessel of vice and crime.

Plenty of bone and muscle had he, and the very swing and spring of his slouching gait proclaimed that no lack of mere physical capacity had made him what he was.

Can a tramp have in him anything like energy?

The squire would have said "No," at any time before he gave that roving ruffian so large and so acrid a piece of his mind and temper.

He had scarcely dreamed of such a change as his words produced.

There was some magic in them stirring up evil into a power.

The begging whine swelled into a volume of hoarse and strident vituperation. The relics of a mind glowered fiercely through the hairy, filthy face. The whole hulking frame seemed to quiver as the tramp strode away, with the meaning of the threats and curses with which the air was blue behind him.

Fear is a bitter ingredient to put in the cup of anger, and Squire Van Vleeck was in even a worse humor than usual, ten minutes later, when a somewhat fine-looking young man reined in his horse at the gate, and seemed about to spring from his sleigh.

"Good morning, squire."

"Don't stop, Gil Morse! Drive right on!" roared the old man. "Don't stop again anywhere in this holler. Yer father's son needn't quit the road anywhere on my land. Ef it hed't a-been for him, I might a-had the nomination."

More than that he said; but while the young man's face deepened to a hot crimson, he controlled his temper sufficiently to give his horse the reins and do as he was bidden without another word.

A tall, strongly-built, broad-shouldered youth was Gilbert Morse, and a year in a city business-house had made none the less a man of him. His greeting at the squire's had been clearly altogether unexpected, and he pulled his horse to a walk, a moment later, as if he wanted to give the matter some kind of consideration.

How he would have driven if he could have looked along the road ahead of him, just beyond where it entered the hemlock-woods!

Distant as were her neighbors, Milly Van Vleeck was too robust and healthy-minded a young lady to remain housed up, even in winter weather, and she had never looked rosier or prettier in all her life than she did that afternoon, as she tripped along the frosty road homeward.

Away beyond the sawmill, and into the woods she had been, almost aimlessly, in sheer exuberance of youth and high spirits, never dreaming of such a possibility as danger there and then.

Down the road she was coming, and the frosty snow that crackled under her light feet was not more innocent or fearless.

A man in the road!

It might be Jake, her father's sawmill hand, or it might be one of the farm-boys, or it might be neither. Why should she care?

And yet, as that man drew nearer, Milly walked more slowly, and her heart began to beat, she could not have told why.

She could see him more distinctly now, and never had her eyes fallen on anything like that before.

"I almost wish I had the dogs with me she said to herself with a shudder. "What a horrible looking man. I thought the tramps were all gone."

More and more slowly walked Milly, for, as the hideous human form drew nearer, a pair of blazing, hungry, wild-beast eyes gloated fiercely and triumphantly upon her through the matted locks which hung from under the battered felt on his head.

A darter of his, I reckon," growled the tramp. "It's all the same, anyhow; some rich man's gal."

A wild scream burst from Milly's whitening lips, and she tried to spring past him; but his long arm caught her as she went by, and in an instant her shawl was wound around her head.

"No more screechin'," growled the hoarse, deep voice, "though there's nobody nigh enough to hear ye."

Nobody?

Then why was it that the lash had fallen so suddenly on the good horse Gilbert Morse was driving, just beyond the turn in the road?

A scream from vigorous lungs goes far in frosty weather, and the whip fell more than once.

Milly struggled hard, even in that grasp of iron, but her strength was failing fast, when a wild, angry shout rang down the road, and the tramp loosed his hold for a moment.

"Don't meddle, youngster," he began, as a fiercely plunging steed was pulled up in a flurry of snow at the roadside.

The answer came from the loaded end of a whip, square between his eyes.

A thinner skull might have been cracked by it, and, even on his brazen forehead, the blow brought him to his knees.

Milly Van Vleeck was free, and she almost instinctively bounded into the cutter.

There was no room to turn and Gilbert Morse gave his trotter the reins, for he saw the tramp was feeling among his rags for something which might have danger in it. He longed to stay and finish his work with his loaded whip, but there was Milly.

"Oh, Gil!" she exclaimed, "hows I I get home?"

"The saw-mill road," he replied; "the track has probably not been broken, but the snow isn't deep."

"Yes, but it has," said Milly. "They were hauling logs, yesterday."

"Safe enough, then," said Gil. "But ain't I thankful I came along, just then!"

"Did father tell you I was out this way? I knew you would come to see me first thing. And how you have improved!"

Milly's excitement was taking a form that could not be unpleasant to her companion; but a deep cloud was settling on his face, notwithstanding, and she checked herself suddenly to ask him:

"But what can be the matter? He did not hurt you, did he?"

"No, but your father has, Milly. I cannot stop at your house. Your father has forbidden me. Something between him and mine, about the election. When we get to the gate you can get out and go in. Perhaps he'll get over it soon, and I don't want to make him any worse just now."

A wise young man was Gilbert Morse, in spite of his Milly's all-but tearful protestations, for the sight of his daughter returning home in such company, aroused old Squire Van Vleeck to the uttermost.

It was even an aggravation that Gill so deftly pulled up just long enough for Milly to jump out, and then raised his hat so politely to her father as he drove away.

So choked with wrath, indeed, was the bitter old man that he could not find words to express himself, and, before he had recovered his utterance, Milly was rapidly recounting to her mother her awful peril from the tramp, and the gallant manner in which she had been rescued by Gilbert Morse.

The squire could not help listening, although it seemed a good deal like a romance at first.

But Milly had bruises to show, as well as her torn shawl and disordered dress, and in a moment more the old man was striding up and down the room like a tiger in a cage.

"On my own land! in my own woods! My own daughter!" he gasped at intervals; and then stopped in front of her, with: "Did you say Gil Morse knocked him down?"

"Yes, father."

"And saved ye?"

"Yes, father; and he brought me home in his cutter."

"And I drove him away like a dog or a tramp this very afternoon!" roared the squire. "I'll drive them all away. I'll shoot 'em on sight. They'll burn me out of house and home next."

Milly's mother had her arms around her, almost hysterically, but her excitement was calmness itself compared to the almost ludicrous frenzy of the old man.

Lack of love for his own had never been charged upon him, whatever were his other faults.

The events of the afternoon had not, moreover, been of a sort to induce any unusual quietude.

His expected supper and evening at Squire Van Vleeck's having been so unceremoniously put out of the question, his afterthoughts equally forbade an immediate drive home, for that would be ten miles at least.

Just over the hill, and less than three miles from the Van Vleeck homestead, was a pleasant country hostelry, and there Gil naturally betook himself for supper and horse-care.

This attended to, he said to the landlord, an old acquaintance:

"Al, can you keep a secret?"

"Did, once," replied Al.

"Then lend me your shotgun," said Gil, and, with the request, he added an account of his exploit on the road and the differences between himself and the squire.

"Can't go to the house, you see, Al, but I'm bound to know if that rascal is loafing around there."

"I'd go with you in a moment, if I could get away," almost shouted the landlord. "Gun? Yes, two on 'em if you want. I wish my wife wasn't sick. It won't do for you to arrest him all alone, and without any warrant, but try for a chance to fill him full of buckshot."

It was somewhat dark when Gilbert Morse began to retrace, on foot, the road he had so recently driven over, for the moon was not yet over the hills, but he felt all the better for having the double-barreled duck-gun over his shoulder.

"Better than a pistol for night-work," he said to himself.

He did not keep the road up to the homestead, but made a detour through the woods and came out beyond, not far from the saw-mill.

"Better go on toward the main road," he muttered: "it's early yet, and he's likely to come in from that direction."

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, a moment later, as he stood among the sheltering shadows of a clump of trees, "three of 'em. The big fellow's the same one. They're making straight for the sawmill. Bent on mischief not a doubt of it."

There was no earthly reason for any sort of doubt.

The big tramp had met his two associates, returning from an expedition somewhat more successful than his own, and they had promptly agreed with him that the circumstances called for the infliction of the extreme penalties known to the laws of their guild.

It was already getting well into the evening, and rural retiring hours are notoriously early.

Not that slumber was likely to come very promptly to the Van Vleeck family that night, though the squire had calmed down a good deal and was unusually silent.

Mrs. Van Vleeck had kept very close to her daughter all the evening, and had taken the precaution to bring the two dogs, both large ones, into the house.

The dogs and the family might be the safer, but how about tramps?

The big ruffian, as has been said, was not without some traces of a vicious intellect, and was quite competent to be the leader of a little affair like that.

"Set the saw mill first," he said. "All the men folks 'll start for it to put it out. Then the barns, to call away the real, and we kin work the house quick and get to the woods and over the hills as safe as so many foxes."

So they could, indeed, if no mishap came in to interfere.

The house-folks must be in bed now.

A match, some kindlings and bits of wood, on the opposite side of the saw mill from the house—nothing easier than to start a fire.

"Now, boys, for the big barns. We kin wait there till this 'uns well a-going."

They made a run for it, but the only reason they were not more closely pursued, or even fired upon, was that Gilbert Morse deemed it his duty to stop and scatter the growing blaze behind the saw mill. It was not hard to do, although the fire was beginning to come up very well when the desperadoes left it. The brands could all be kicked into the snow, and there was not a trace of it in three minutes after he got there.

But those three minutes!

The big barn was better than either of the small ones, because further from the house and more easy of entrance. It contained no horse, and was not even locked.

The three tramps were inside quickly enough, and the big one climbed one of the high mows.

"Better light it up here," he said to his friends below. "They can't get at it to put it out. Say when. Is the saw mill well a-going?"

"Can't say edzactly," growled one of the smaller ruffians, peering through the door. "And there's a feller runnin' acrost the field."

"Here goes then!" exclaimed the leader, as he caught up a wisp of hay and scratched a match. "Now, boys, I'm coming. Make for the shed. We'll work it."

A slippery thing is a hay-mow, and uncertain footing in the dark. Instead of coming down as he went up, the big tramp found himself sliding, sliding helplessly into that twenty-foot gulf between the two mows.

In vain he grasped at the dry timothy and clover, he did but scatter his lighted wisp among the tinderish masses he pulled down with him in his fall.

Down in a half stunned heap, with a vast pile of kindling hay on top of him, to choke and stifle him with its smoke as he limped about in the suffocating darkness and vainly groped for a way to escape.

Bang, bang!

One of the smaller tramps went down amid a storm of leaden pellets, but the other reached the shed just as the door of the house swung open, and the two mastiffs bounded out to see what might be doing there.

Squire Van Vleeck and his "hands," old and young, were out in the shortest order, and the female part of the household were not far behind them; but it was too late to save the big barn, whatever might be done for the others.

Well for the squire's pockets that he had built them some distance apart.

As for Gilbert Morse he was calmly reloading his old duck gun when the squire discovered his presence.

"I'm going in a minute," he remarked, coolly. "Don't be in a hurry. I've put out the fire at the saw mill, and I think I peppered the fellow lying there by the shed. If I'd been a little quicker I might have saved the barn."

"So you've been out here this winter night lookin' out for my property, hev ye?" said the half-bewildered squire. "The barn's gone, and no mistake; but we kin save the others."

The old squire was just the man to be steadied by an actual calamity; but, while his "hands" were doing what little could be done in the way of a fire department, he strode straight for the two tramps.

The one who had been in the way of the buckshot would never answer any more questions, but the one the dogs were holding down gave some information.

"Where's the man that attacked my daughter this afternoon?" asked the squire, sternly.

"In the barn," replied the tramp.

"But the barn's barning up," said the squire.

"So is he," doggedly returned the ruffian; "and served him right, for getting me into sech a scrape as this."

Some profanity there was; but the dogs were taken off, and the man was tied up.

"Oh, Gil, come into the house," were the pleasant words that came to the young man's ears, as he stood looking at the tramp he had shot.

"Not till your father asks me," was the half-haughty response.

"Don't be a fool, Gil Morse, just because I am," growled the old man. "Do as Milly tells you, now and hereafter. Go right in. We'll take care of things for ye for a while; but I reckon it'll all be yourn one of these days."

And so Gilbert Morse did not go back to the hostlery that night, and when, a few months later, at the trial of the captured tramp, he was asked, "Are you in any manner connected with Squire Van Vleeck?" he manfully responded:

"He is my father-in-law."

But nothing more was seen of the big tramp, not a relic of him, until they rebuilt the great barn the following spring.

—*W. O. Stoddard, in Hartford Times.*

Popular Superstitions of the Turks.

The interpretations of dreams gives rise to much cogitation, and furnishes a frequent topic of conversation for Turks, men and women. Fire means sudden news, as water forecasts a journey. A person who has a reputation for explaining dreams finds a ready welcome everywhere in the East. The Evil Eye is feared by all classes. It is to divert harmful admiration from her own beauty to her ornaments that a Turkish bride decks herself with diamonds pasted on chin, cheeks and forehead; for this that she shrouds her face with a glittering veil of thin, copper-colored strips of tinfoil; for this that she sits under the *askі*—a festooned canopy of artificial green boughs, with bunches of dyed feathers and shining metal balls completing the decorations. It is for this that every Turkish baby has its little muslin skull cap, adorned with a medallion of pearls. And if you happen to say "*Ne guzel tohoudjouk!*" (What a pretty child!) you are instantly asked to spit in its face or to say "Mash-Allah!" to correct the mischief of your words.

Divination is often made at holy wells, by observing the surface of the water. At Eyoub, the sacred quarter of Stamboul, near the mosque where the sultans are girt with the sword of Osman, in lieu of coronation, is a famous well. It is to be found in the back garden of a poor, tumbled-down house belonging to the Khodja who takes charge of it. It is an ordinary round well, about a yard in diameter. A low coping-stone runs round it, over which the votaries at Dame Fortune's shrine stoop low, to catch, if they may, some image in the depths below vouchsafed for their enlightenment. All Mussulmen, before looking in, reverently hide and stroke their faces with their open hands, and as is their manner in praying for some favor.—*Belgravia Magagine*

A leading physician says heat is the sole cause of cholera infantum.

HOW ADAM GOLDIE SHOOTS.

A Missouri Rifleman who is Equally Wonderful at Short and Long Range—Six Successive Bull's Eyes at a Thousand Yards—A Long Range Duel.

In Shannon county, Mo., lives a man who is a greater adept with the rifle and has performed more real and marvelous feats of marksmanship than even those with which Dr. Carver has of late been astonishing the world. Capt. Bogardus and the noted English marksmen, Lord De Grey, Aubrey Coventry, and Cholmondeley Pennell are completely eclipsed by this hitherto unheard of phenomenon. The name of this wonderful handler of the rifle is Adam Goldie, and, as above mentioned, he resides in Shannon county, Mo., where he was born. He is about thirty-eight years of age.

Adam Goldie is a man in the prime of life, about five feet eleven inches in height, and with a most wonderful physique. He has a frank, open countenance, with large, bright blue eyes, which have a peculiar appearance. They are restless and ever in motion, and there is a peculiar sort of twitching action perceptible, which almost conveys the impression that his vision must be defective. His light brown hair hangs in long, flowing locks, and a long, flowing beard covers his chest. His face is a taking one—open, affable and free—and when he talks, his voice has a ringing, cheery tone about it that is pleasant to the ear.

Some of the feats which he has performed seem impossible. He has broken 299 glass balls out of 300 in twelve minutes, with a forty-four calibre Winchester rifle. He can break 100 glass balls five times out of six, without a miss, in three minutes. These feats are unparalleled, and surpass Dr. Carver's wonderful shooting. A seemingly incredible feat that he performs is as follows: A soda water bottle is thrown into the air in a certain manner, and before it falls Goldie will send a bullet down the neck of the bottle and make a hole in the bottom. There are other feats that he performs with bottles. At fifty yards distance a bottle is placed on a forked tong, and Goldie will send six bullets in rapid succession down the neck and through the bottom, only perforating the latter in one place.

At long distances this wonderful marksman performs just as marvelous feats. At 1,000 yards he will hit the centre of the bull's-eye and then send six bullets, one after the other, hitting the very indent made by the first. A potato thrown in the air Goldie will perforate with six bullet holes before it touches the ground. Perhaps his most astonishing feat is his breaking two balls at once. This is done in the following manner: The balls are thrown crosswise, and as they pass each other on their course, with quick, unerring aim and lightning-like rapidity, Goldie will speed a bullet through both. Another feat is the placing of an inch strip of tin about three feet long in position, at thirty feet distance, and perforating it from top to bottom with thirty-six holes, all exactly in the centre of the strip, and all at even distance apart. Goldie says he does not know where his wonderful skill comes from. He never handled a rifle until he was eighteen years old, and to him it seems like an instinct. He would take aim and fire with unerring accuracy, and his wonderful feats soon acquired for him a marvelous reputation among his neighbors.

Some five years ago Goldie left his native county of Shannon, where he is engaged in cattle raising, for Northwestern Texas, where he passed two years, and there one of the most exciting incidents of his career happened. His fame as a marksman among the Texans soon became notorious. In the vicinity of Goldie's ranch lived one William Darrell, or, as he was more familiarly termed, Bloody Bill. This Bloody Bill was a noted ruffian and desperado, a reckless dare-devil. His feats in marksmanship were likewise astounding, and probably no man in the Lone Star State excelled him in handling the rifle. Bloody Bill had been engaged in many deeds of daring, and was nearly always mixed up in some row or squabble. He had already killed three men, and his numerous acts of ruffianism had made him a terror to the frontier. Few cared to cross his path, as his dangerous character and dexterity with the rifle were well known. Goldie had met Bill on several occasions, but had never been involved in any difficulty with him. Knowing his turbulent disposition, he always sought to avoid him. On one Sunday, however, Goldie was sitting in company with a score of Texans, when Bill rode up and joined the party. Of late he had become quite jealous of Goldie's notoriety as a marksman, and had frequently spoken disparagingly of the latter. At last the Texans began to relate some of their reminiscences, and Goldie commenced relating an incident that had occurred to him. Bill, who had drank heavily and become rather moody, in the midst of the narration suddenly jumped to his feet and insulted Goldie, at the same time striking a blow at him. All was instantly commotion. The whole party were on their feet and revolvers were drawn. Goldie demanded satisfaction for the insult, and Bloody Bill, with a scornful laugh, suggested that they had better make it a trial of their respective skill with the rifle. The idea was caught up by the Texans, and after a short consultation they decided that a duel should be fought, but, in consequence of the extraordinary skill of the parties, at a long distance. On the open prairie, about two miles distant, grew two post oak trees. They were 420 pards apart, and were the only trees on that spot. All around was open, timberless prairie. It was decided that Goldie and Bill should both take their rifles and each take up a position behind the respective trees and then blaze away at each other. The Texans hoped by this means to prevent bloodshed, or at least to prevent a fatal termination to the duel. The preliminaries being settled, the whole party mounted their horses and rode out on the prairie to the selected spot. Goldie took up his position behind one of the trees, and Bill ensconced himself behind the other. The remaining party of the crowd then rode to a slight undulating eminence to the right, where they were to remain as spectators. One of them was to give the signal for the beginning of the contest by firing his rifle in the air, and the report was to be the signal to the duelists to begin with their bloody work. Goldie awaited anxiously for the detonation of the rifle, which suddenly sounded on the air.

Then commenced the duel at the longest range ever recorded. Goldie advanced from behind the tree in a kneeling posture, when, whiz! his sombrero was perforated by a ball from Bloody Bill's rifle. Quick as lightning he dropped full length on the ground in time to escape the two other bullets which came in rapid succession. He lay still, brought his rifle into position, as he was stretched full length upon the ground, and then remained immovable. Presently he saw a diminutive figure which he knew to be Bill (who was was nearly one inch taller than Goldie) advancing cautiously from the shelter of the tree. Quickly taking aim he fired twice in succession and then retired behind the sheltering trunk. One of the bullets he afterward discovered had passed through the lobe of Bill's left ear. There was a cessation now of firing for some time, when Goldie espied his opponent's head and shoulders exposed. Quick as lightning his rifle was at his shoulder, and the detonating report was heard. Bloody Bill's hat was carried away by the bullet. Goldie now rather incautiously advanced from his shelter and became the target for six balls in rapid rotation, one of which made a hole in his coat-sleeve and another through his pantaloons. He beat a hasty retreat. The duelists remained gazing at the distant trees, each watching for the indistinct form which represented his adversary. Each peered cautiously from behind the tree, endeavoring to gain sight of the other. Goldie at last saw Bill again advance, and the former stepped rapidly to the front and quickly brought his rifle into position. Almost simultaneously the clear, sharp report of two rifles rang on the air, and both men fell. Goldie managed to raise himself and crawl behind the trunk of the tree. He had been wounded in the left shoulder. Presently he was joined by the Texans who had been witnesses of this most exciting duel. They had already ridden over to Bloody Bill and found him dead—a bullet had penetrated his temple.

Another wonderful fact connected with Goldie is that he is just as good a marksman and just as dexterous with the revolver as he is with the rifle. At sixty paces he can hit the center of the bull's eye and then put twenty balls in quick succession through the same orifice. At forty paces he can with his revolver knock off the ash of a cigar which a gentleman may be smoking, although few men have the nerve to stand as the target. Another of his feats with the revolver is firing at a champagne bottle at forty paces, and with the bullet drive the cork into the bottle. In short, his feats with pistol are too numerous to mention. He seems to fire without taking aim, as some of this shooting he can do in almost any position, firing from under his leg, etc.

It is understood that some gentlemen who are acquainted with Goldie's record with the rifle, and have witnessed his splendid shooting, are raising a sum of money to bring him before the public. It is their intention that he shall first give a public exhibition of his skill in St. Louis, and afterward go East, when a match is to be arranged between him and Dr. Carver.

Two Stories With Morals.

A bridegroom near Kansas City counted out $16 in his left hand, and remarked to the dear young thing at his side, "That will do for our wedding journey, as there's an excursion to town to-day." His wife told him that he had better let her have the money, as she had a pocketbook, but he preferred to maintain control of the exchequer. He was willing to borrow her purse and put the $16 in it, and their financial differences were finally adjusted on this basis. When he reached the depot, somewhat encumbered with the bride on his arm, he was jostled by a stout man who apologized and went on. The tickets had been bought, there were no peanuts sold on the cars, and his hands were constantly occupied during the wedding journey so that he did not discover his loss until they had eaten their lunch in a restaurant, and he was called upon to pay for it. His pocket had been ripped open, and her purse, with the money in it, had been stolen. His bride sobbed on his shoulder, and reminded him that she had told him to give the money to her. Moral to men: Trust your wives, and beware of pickpockets.

The most mysterious thing in this world of mysteries is a woman's present timent. Herb is Mrs. Riley, who has her being in Macon City, Kansas, and always carries her money in a purse, and her purse in her pocket. One day she was going out of town on an excursion, and suddenly, utterly without warning, without her mentioning the fact to her husband, she had a presentiment that if she were to carry the money in her pocket she would lose it. So she took her purse and hid it in her bosom. She had another twinge of presentiment, and dropped her watch and chain into the same receptacle. Then she became sceptical, fished out the purse, and taking from it $6 restored it to its nest. The $6 went into the despised pocket. When she arrived at the depot she was accosted by a beautiful young gentleman, who inquired if she was looking for anybody. While he was speaking, a horrid man pushed against her rather roughly. The beautiful young gentleman took her part and abused the horrid man, and as there was every sign of a fight the lady prudently withdrew. Soon afterwards the lady put her hand into her pocket and found that there was nothing in it. The lining had been cut with a knife. Purse and watch were near her fluttering heart. The presentiment had been a sound economic policy and her want of faith had cost her $6. Moral to women: Trust your presentiment, and beware of pickpockets.—*New York Tribune.*

Miss Lee and a Naples Landlord.

A letter from Naples to the Columbia (S. C.) *Register* says: Miss Mary Custis Lee, a daughter of General Robert Lee, arrived here a few days ago, in company with some lady friends from Malta, who registered at the Hotel Royal des Etrangers. It appears that during the night of the 8th the mosquito bar around the bed ignited accidentally from a candle which Miss Lee had lighted. In a few moments the flames spread and caught the lace curtains, and the room was soon enveloped in flames, which Miss Lee heroically endeavored to suppress, but without success, and fearing that the hotel might be burned she gave the alarm of fire, which soon was heard by some gentlemen who were occupying rooms on the same floor, when ex-Judge Samuel W. Melton and Mr. A. W. Clark, of Columbia, S. C., were the first who came to the rescue of Miss Lee, and succeeding in saving her money and valuable jewelry from the flames. The morning following the fire Miss Lee expressed her willingness to pay all damages, though the fire had occurred from accident. The proprietor, taking advantage of the lady, demanded 2,000 francs, which was a preposterous and enormous charge of the damage. The friends of Miss Lee at once demurred to this charge. The American consul, Mr. Duncan, at this place was exceedingly kind and protested against the payment of any such sum. The proprietor, now being foiled in his disgraceful effort to overcharge for damage occurring from accident, became insolvent and spoke in a manner which reflected upon Miss Lee. The insult was quickly resented. Mr. Clark, of Columbia, S. C., struck him over the head with an umbrella. In a few moments the proprietor was surrounded by a number of Italians, who were clerks, waiters and attaches of the hotel, but they were met by Judge Melton, Colonel John T. Sloan, Jr., Mr. D. A. P. Jordan, of South Carolina, and Dr. I. B. Roberts, of Georgia, who, by their courage and determination, caused them to stampede and call for the police. A large crowd soon assembled about the hotel. The proprietor was denounced by Colonel Sloan for his conduct toward Miss Lee, and challenged him to go into the garden and answer for the same with swords or pistols, which the proprietor declined to accept. It would be well for Americans to avoid this hotel when coming to Naples.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Property on Sixth avenue, New York, has been injured (so it is claimed) to the amount of $60,000,000 by the elevated railroad.

Herr Strousberg, the European ex-railroad king, has offered his creditors three cents on a dollar. Their claims amounting to $16,000,000.

An interesting black worm, an inch long, that falls to pieces on being handled, has appeared in Colorado, and taken to boring through the roots of the corn.

A young woman residing in the neighborhood of Headley, in England, recently arose in her sleep, and, taking a carving knife from the kitchen, proceeded to the fowl house, where she cut off the heads of six fine cocks and hens. She afterwards slaughtered five pet rabbits, and wound up her somnambulistic exploits by mortally stabbing a favorite donkey.

L. D. Atchison, who fell a distance of 200 feet from the trapeze bar of his balloon at Elmwood, Ill., being killed instantly, was a veteran aeronaut and acrobat, having replaced Donaldson with Barnum's show. Some five years ago, while exhibiting in Kentucky, his balloon burst at an elevation of 2,000 feet, but he clung to the pieces and escaped with his life, though he was badly injured.

A Texas, (Mich.) girl tried to get in to a rear window of the school-house the other day, when the sash fell and held her fast about the neck. Several men across the street heard her scream, but supposed it was children at play, and it was ten or fifteen minutes before she was seen and her unconscious body released. It were long before indications of life was discovered, and several hours before the child regained consciousness.

An electric alarm has been recently designed which may be fixed to an ordinary clock. It is so arranged that when the hour hand of the clock touches a button an electric circuit is completed; the minute hand passes over the button without effect. There is a series of holes for the different hours, into any one of which the button can be pushed according to the time at which the alarm may be desired. The completion of the electric circuit may ring a bell or sundry other alarms.

Karl Piloty, the great historical painter, recently heard from a brother artist that Dr. Trettenberg, an old physician of seventy-three, Piloty's friend for many years, had said that the attempts on the emperor's life were the legitimate fruits of the emperor's massacres in 1848, when he was in command of the Prussian troops. The painter denounces the physician, who was sentenced to eight months' detention in a fortress, which at his age is next thing to a sentence of death. When Piloty appeared in court he was hooted and hissed.

The total area of Denmark, says an English exchange, is 6,900,000 acres; 5,200,000 acres are under cultivation, of which 300,000 have been added during the last ten years. The area is divided into more than 200,000 different properties, of which 170,000 are each owned by a different proprietor; and out of 280,000 families not living in the towns only 26,000 are cottagers. It will thus be seen that in Denmark, as in France, the soil is divided among a number of small proprietors, and not, as in England, accumulated in a few hands. During the last ten years an extraordinary increase in the breeding of cattle and a corresponding decrease in the production of grain has taken place. Two thirds of the imports and exports fall to the share of England and Germany, Sweden and Norway coming next.

Lightning's Startling Work.

The house of Mr. Caleb Bradbury in Cambridge, Mass., was struck by lightning about quarter before six o'clock on a recent Friday afternoon. No other building within a quarter of a mile of it was furnished with a lightning rod, but on this one rods arose from every corner of the roof and from the chimneys. A bolt entered the front of the house at the side of a bay window, and nearly on a level with the top of the window. Clapboards were torn off and thrown into the street and also a portion of the boards inside the clapboards. A space of three or four feet square was stripped in this manner. Mrs. Boyce, a visitor, was reclining upon a sofa, immediately inside of this point, in the front parlor. The lightning threw down the plastering behind her, covering her completely over. A space about six feet square was torn off. A ball of fire then rolled across the room, went up the back wall and then traversed the gilt moulding completely around the room, burning it at every alternate inch and then passed out. Mr. Bradbury was sitting a short distance from the lady, but neither were injured, though both were stunned for a considerable time. He had just been telling the lady that there was no possible danger of the house being struck, as it had met with that fate recently and the lightning never struck twice in the same place. At the same time the front of the house was struck a bolt passed into the kitchen window, which was open, in the rear. Miss Ella Fletcher, who was preparing supper, was hurled roughly through the kitchen and thrown into the dining-room, but was not badly injured, though stunned for some time. Her sister was also in the kitchen, but was not disturbed. The lightning by some process found its way to a chamber up stairs, passed completely around the moulding, burning it as in the parlor, and then left, doing no other damage. The rooms were filled with a sulphur-like smoke. All of the inmates of the house were hard of hearing all the evening. The damage to the house was not far from $150.

President Polk's Cocktails.

Judge Carpenter, of California, tells this anecdote of James K. Polk's term of the Presidency: Polk was a temperate but not abstinent man, of very regular habits. He rose early at the White House, and had his servant bring, punctually, a very large cocktail in a tall glass, of which he drank just one-half and left the other half for his return from his morning walk. On this walk he required the company of Marshall Polk, his nephew. Young Polk was also fond of a cocktail, though his uncle did not know it and would not countenance it. However, they would hardly have left the house on the daily occasion, when Marshall, pretending to have forgotten something, would slip back and drink nearly all the remaining half of the cocktail and pour in some water. After returning from the walk, President Polk repaired to his chamber in a brown political study, and seizing the tumbler gulped down the water and sediment, and then exclaimed: "Paugh!" This continued with regularity, and the cheat was never found out. Polk now lies before his dwelling in Nashville, interred in his yard, and Marshall Polk has not been heard from since the beginning o the war.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Recipees.

ONION SOUP.—Cut into slices twelve onions; boil them in three quarts of milk and water, equally mixed; add a little veal; season with butter and pepper; add a few well-toasted slices of white bread and a handful of finely chopped parsley.

WAFFLES.—To a quart of sweet milk take two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a cent's worth of yeast, a teaspoonful of saleratus, and flour to make a stiff batter; in the morning add a teaspoonful of sugar. They should be fried a light brown in a waffle-iron. Have melted in a cup a piece of butter with three-quarters of a cup of milk, and as the cakes are done grate nutmeg on each and sprinkle on sugar, then put a little of the melted butter and milk on each, and you will see how fast they will disappear when placed on the table.

ROLLED BEEFSTEAK. — Beat a large tender steak thoroughly and carefully. Sprinkle over salt, pepper, sage, minced onion, minced parsley and bits of butter. Have ready some mealy Irish potatoes mashed fine and seasoned with a little butter and salt. Spread over all and roll up tightly; fasten the ends and sides securely with skewer-pins. Place it in a pan with such broth or gravy as may be on hand; if none, two teacups of boiling water and one small minced onion, peper, salt and one slice of pork. Simmer and baste as you would a roast duck. Sift over it browned cracker, pounded fine.

OLD VIRGINIA TOMATO "KETCHUP."—Take ripe tomatoes, lay them in scalding water; when sufficiently cool peel them and cut them in small pieces, removing the cores; measure them and then measure a fourth less of strong cider vinegar, say three quarts of vinegar to one gallon of tomatoes. Put the tomatoes on the stove a half hour before adding the venegar. For a gallon of tomatoes season three quarts of vinegar as follows: Two teacups of brown sugar, two large onions, minced fine, two tablespoonfuls peeled horse radish, two tablespoonfuls peeled celery seed, two tablespoonfuls salt, one tablespoonful mustard, one tablespoonful black pepper. Other spices may be added if desired. Boil till reduced to two-thirds of its original bulk.

Farm Notes.

All farm animals except poultry seem to crave salt and should have it.

It is possible to raise a crop of clover, another of millet, and another of rutabagas from the same land in one season. Dairymen with a herd of cows and few acres may find a hint here worth heeding.

All who can do so should arrange so as to keep hogs in their apple orchard to eat up all the wormy fruit as it drops during the season. In this way, easier than any other, can the ravages of the worm be checked. Where hogs are not sufficient for the purpose, a small flock of sheep should be used.

The object of mulching is two-fold—first to retain moisture in the ground and prevent it from being parched by summer heat; second, to protect the roots of vegetables from the severe frosts of winter. The best materials for mulching are tan-bark, saw-dust—or better still, charcoal-dust—leaves, straw, to any light porous substance which will keep the soil loose and moist. By proper mulching we have seen potatoes, peas, beans, cabbages, onions and other vegetables maintain their growth through the driest summer.—*Exchange.*

Tomatoes are raised by the French in this manner: "As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible they they top the stem down to the clusters, which soon push strongly, and produce another cluster of flowers each. When these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level, and this is done five times successively. By this means the plants become stout dwarf bushes not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent their falling over sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows so as to keep them erect. In addition to this, all laterals whatever are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquire a beauty, size and excellence unattainable by other means."

How Raisins Are Prepared.

A strip of land bordering the Mediterranean, somewhat less than one hundred miles in length and in width not exceeding five or six, is the raisin producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the Muscatel grape, from which the raisin is principally produced, may grow and thrive abundantly, but the fruit must go to the market or the wine press. When the grapes begin to ripen in August the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm dry soil, and one by one clips the clusters as they reach perfection. In almost all vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hot-beds, and covered with fine pebbles, on whic hthe fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut branches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill top, and there deposited in the empty wine press, till enough have been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough dried raisins are brought from the wine press and heaped upon boards. One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, those of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries and deposited in piles by themselves; so in turn are treated those of the second quality, while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers and reserved for home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin box and about an inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid so as to lap over and cover the raisins evenly deposited in the trays,