ON THE ICE.

Twenty years ago, more smuggling went on along the northern border than anywhere else in the Union, and one of the chosen routes for illicit trade was across the St. Lawrence River.

At hundreds of points contraband articles were landed, and farmers throughout the entire northern portion of the states of New York and Vermont were more or less in league with the Canadian fishermen and boatmen, so called, who engaged in this forbidden traffic, aiding them to secrete, and afterward to dispose of, their merchandise.

Much of this was liquor, from which these kindly farmers "took toll" as it passed, and it so happened that one could often find better whisky among the ragged hills of Essex, St. Lawrence and Chittenden counties, than in the gilded saloons of Albany or New York.

In 1863, I was appointed special deputy marshal at a river port near Ogdensburg. That is, I was acting under authority of the deputy marshal at that point, but was not confined in the extent of my territory; and it was in the conduct of my duty while holding that office that the following adventure befel me:

For some time prior to my appointment, the smuggling of liquors across the river had been carried on most actively, to a greater extent than in any previous years, and it was for the more especial purpose of breaking up this importation, and capturing, if possible, some of the lawless importers, that an extra office had been created and I had been named to fill it.

The persons with whom I would have to deal would be rough, perhaps desperate, and the duty to be performed dangerous; but these things only added zest to the undertaking. Perhaps I was foolhardy; certainly I was not afraid.

My appointment came to me in September. When the first snow fell I was still hard at work, and still without any noted achievements to report.

True, I had been shot at twice on the river; I had met the smugler's boat, and chased it, one dark night, in my open skiff alone; I had been "warned" by two notes, in the true Kuklux style; but I had not broken up the traffic, nor caught the men engaged in it. And, therefore, I worked steadily on.

The season was an unusual one that year, and winter came late. I well recollect that on Christmas day the snow was but two inches deep on the main shore, and the river still open.

This fact, of course, aided the contraband trade, and it looked as if the year might close with the smugglers still in full feather and no captures made. I redoubled my efforts.

Between Christmas and New Year's, two things happened. First, wandering one moonless night along the shore, I surprised a party of three men unloading liquor, shot and frightened them away, capturing their cargo; and second, the weather turned suddenly very cold, so that, the last day of the year, teams could cross upon the ice which had formed on the river.

It was the thirty-first of December, about noon, that my friend the deputy marshal called me into his office. Retiring with me to the inner room, he closed the door carefully, then drew near and spoke.

"Karl, you like the service?"

"You know that I do."

"And if you could obtain the appointment as special detective, with a good salary, you would remain in it?"

"I most certainly would."

"Then now is your chance. I have this morning received information that to-morrow night Dirk Sutton and his gang are to be on Red Fox Island, seven miles down the river, for a spree. If you can go there, join the party in some way, and decoy the fellows into American territory, for the island is Canadian ground, I will be on hand with force sufficient to bag the party, and you shall have the strongest recommendation which I can give you to go with you to Washington. The duty's dangerous; for, if they spot you as a spy, the rascals would as soon drown you as look at you. But the reward and honor are great. What do you say? Will you try to coax them into the net?"

I paused a moment, and then replied: "Yes"

A few hours later, just as the dim winter's sun sank behind the distant fringe of gloomy hemlocks, I left the main shore and struck out across the thin ice of the river for the island of Red Fox. To a stranger I might easily have been taken for a wandering musician, for under my arm I carried an ancient fiddle, but beneath my ragged jacket were two of the best American revolvers, and beneath the jacket upon the bosom of my shirt, was fastened the star of detective service of the United States.

My plan was simple, and yet I believed it to be all that was needed. I proposed to visit the island as a traveling fiddler, seeking a New Year's festival at which to earn an honest dollar, and if, as I hoped, I should gain admission to the dance where Dirk Sutton and his companions were to be found, I trusted to my own wit and the circumstances of the evening to afford me an opportunity of beguiling the men on to American soil.

Red Fox island lies a little more than a mile distant from the south shore of the river, and a little less than the same from the northern or Canadian coast.

It is a small bit of ground containing less than a thousand acres of land, wooded and clear, and supports but two families, that of Branch Sutton, Dirk's brother, a fisherman-farmer at the north end, and that of Olin Dakin, a Norwegian, at the south end.

The dance, or merry-making, which I proposed to attend, was to be held at Branch's cabin.

Just as the first set had formed upon the rough floor within the snug house, and the regular musician—a half-breed, from the Indian village on the mainland—had drawn his bow across the strings the first time, I entered the room and cried:

"God save all here, and our Queen!"

"What's the queen to us?" growled the host; as he left his partner—a bright Canadian girl, with a most substantial pair of ankles showing beneath her short, red skirt—and moved toward me. "Good evening friend! What wou'd you?"

"That I might earn a fiddler's penny," said I, unbagging my ancient violin. "I beg you let me join the merry-making."

"But we have one fiddle now," said Sutton, doubtfully, when he was interrupted by one of the boys of the "gang," who cried:

"Give the scraper a chance! Two squealers make more noise than one. Grease your bow, my man, and go at it!"

Without further parley I obeyed, and the revelry of the night began.

I say revelry—I might say rioting. As the hours passed, the fun became fast and furious, and the scores of people who filled the small house made more noise than would a hundred in a hotel on shore.

The girls laughed, shouted, sang, and danced; the boys romped with their partners; stealing kisses while they shouted over the feat, drank, swore, and danced.

Sometimes they even quarreled; and as the time flew, the liquor began to make itself felt on both women and men.

When supper was announced at midnight, all present, except myself were half drunk. I saw that whatever was to be done must be done quickly.

A plain farmer meal was spread in an adjoining room. Dancers and fiddlers ate together. As we stood side by side around the long table, I turned and spoke to a buxom girl at my side.

"Mistress, I can't stop playing to dance, but I'll tell ye if I could there's not a gossoon in the room could bate me!" and I winked knowingly.

"What's that, fiddler?" cried Dirk, from across the table. "Yer a dancer?"

"Yis, mister," I replied; "an' a good one. I can dance, jump, or run, to bate any man I ever met yit."

A roar from the assembled company answered this statement, and one of the gang shouted:

"Yer meat's got inter yer head, cat-gut! Go back to yer stool!"

I felt that my time had come. Quicker than thought I dropped the glass I held, and turned to the scoffer.

"I'll run ye a race, ye mud turtle, from here to the American shore and back, for a ten-dollar note!"

A sudden hush fell upon the room for an instant; then Branch Sutton roared out, "Run, Jem! Ye'll beat him, sure!" and all the others gathered around and urged their comrade on.

"I will run," said he, separating himself from the others with all of a drunken man's bravado; "an' I'll bet ye twenty dollars, if ye will!"

I was about to reply, when Dirk interposed:

"Get out! You're too full to run. Ef fiddle-de-dee wants to lose his money, I'll win it," and he shook a greenback in my face.

"See here, mister," said I, "you fellers is a-chaffin' me, but I'll tell ye what—I've got just thirty-seven dollars in my pocket, an' ef the entire crowd 'll put up twice that amount against it in one o' these yere gal's hands, I'll run ye all from here to the shore and return!"

A perfect bedlam of cries arose, the money was produced, I deposited my stake in the hands of the most sober of the women, and five minutes later stood in line with Dirk Sutton and his entire gang, close to the hemlocks that fringed the isle, awaiting the word "Go!"

"Across and back, mind!" said Dirk; and I smiled and nodded my head.

Then came the word, and we sprang away.

The game was mine!

For a short time I easily outstripped them all, for I was fleet of foot, but after a little the chief drew along side.

"I guess ye never run with Dirk Sutton," he panted, as we strained and flew over the smooth ice—"I guess—"

The shore was becoming distinct. I interrupted my companion.

"I guess nothing; I kin beat Dirk Sutton at running or anything else. Do ye see that tall pine? That shall be the shore mark, an' I'll touch it first."

With clenched teeth, outspread nostrils and panting breath, we swept onward. The terrible pace was telling upon me, but I would not give up. A little more and the game was won. Even now, as we neared the shore, it seemed to me that I could see the motionless figures crouching beneath the low-hanging trees. Three minutes more, and my quarry would run head first into the trap.

Suddenly I heard a cry—not a shout, not a spoken word, only a cry, from one of the men behind. It was answered by an oath from Dirk; then came a swift curve in his line of advance. I saw him half face me, with eyes full of vengeful terror and surprise; I caught the gleam of a knife, and heard the words:

"Fool—curse you! You have fooled me, but you die!"

And then, before I could halt, or even turn, the avenging blade descended, and throwing my arms wildly above my head, I sank quivering upon the ice, dyeing its smooth surface with my warm blood, while Dirk and all his men, in wide circle, turned and fled.

But even as they fled, and all things grew dim before my eyes, I heard a sharp, crackling sound, as of a dozen rifle-shots—then I fainted.

When consciousness returned I lay beneath the tall pine, the ragged wound in my shoulder, bandaged. My friend, the deputy, bent over me.

"How do you feel?" he half whispered.

"Better," said I faintly. "And Sutton?"

For answer my friend pointed to a dark object a few steps away.

"Dead!" My men fired at him as he struck you, and he fell, pierced by half a dozen balls. You have lost the gang, but we have killed the leader."

Smuggling on the river never thrived after Dirk Sutton's death; but I did not go to Washington for appointment. One experience was enough; I went back to farming.

Personal.

Daniel Webster made a profound impression upon Carlyle, who said of him to an American: "The most remarkble man in appearance I ever saw—great, shaggy, taciturn, having the gift of silence yet knowing how to talk—a great thing, that, to know when to hold your tongue, evidently of great reserved power. I shouldn't like to fall into his claws when he is excited."

A recent report on the estate of the late James Lick, of San Fransisco, shows it to be worth now $1,948,350,86. Out of this are to be paid $700,000 (less $105,678.-73 already paid) for an observatory and telescope; to the California school of Mechanical Arts, $540,005; for free public baths, 150,000; for bronze statuary in San Francisco, and to the Old Ladies' Home, $100,000 each; for a monument to Francis Scott Key, $60,000, and other bequests to benevolent societies, etc., amounting in all to $1,758,271.27.

McShane, a member of the Canadian parliament, went into the office of the Montreal Herald, and soon emerged from there all covered with blood. He said he got into a political discussion with the editor. Such results not infrequently happen. Editors sometimes present very striking arguments. When McShane held the mirror up to nature he didn't know himself.

A reversal of the usual order is thus chronicled by the Washington Critic: "A little before noon to-day a mounted white messenger from the White House arrived at the interior department, bearing a gorgeous bouquet for the dusky and handsome Miss Needles, of the land office, with the compliments of 'Aleck,' the tan colored knight of the whisk, who lords it over the underlings at the public expense."

The Washington Star is authority for the statement that the "process of boiling Guiteau's body in the vats of the Medical museum (at Washington) and the removal of the flesh therefrom was completed last Saturday, and after the bones had been scraped they were removed to the roof of the museum to be bleached in the sun. The bleaching process will continue for a couple of weeks, when the skeleton will be articulated and placed in the case which has been prepared for it. It is said that the museum authorities during their culinary operation took the quadriceps extensor, deltoid, and sternocleido mastoid muscles out of the boiler, and, after dividing them into small pieces, placed the pieces in jars of alcohol, and distributed them among many medical men in this city.

A Washington correspondent thus describes two quarreling Representatives: "Mr. Robeson, pleasantly called the "rotund," is one of the heaviest men in the House. His width of beam is almost as much as his height. On the other hand Mr. Whitthorne is one of the smallest men in the House. Mr. Robeson's voice is ponderous, while that of Mr. Whitthorne is small and piping, though when one listens to him a while he is easily understood. His pronunciation is very distinct, while that of Mr. Robeson is boisterous and rumbling. The difference in size between the two legislators suggested the use of the names of David and Goliah."

Some enemy of Bretty Harte says: "One of the most intense and unspeakable Englishmen I have seen since I struck London is Mr. Bret Harte. His hair is white, and his face red enough to enrage the tamest bull in the world. He wears a section of a window-pane in one eye, and talks with a la-de-da accent that would infinitely amuse the friends of the heart we used to know. This one trains with My Lord This and the Earl That, and talks big things of magazines he is going to start."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is adored by the babies. I once saw him get in a pretty basket phæton for a drive with a five-year-old admirer, and before they had gone a block he had filled the phæton with half a dozen little street youngsters, from two to five years, and, to crown all, had a round-eyed German baby on his lap, sitting in passive enjoyment and unconscious of the undignified picture. "Well," he said afterward, "the poor little toddlers looked so wishful at the phæton, and my little girl guest said let's take 'em along."

SEWARD'S ASSASSIN.

Lewis Powell's Daring Enterprises, Hand-to-Hand Fights, and Hair-Breadth Escapes—The Story told by the Man Whose Name Young Powell Assumed.

Philadelphia Times.

Lewis Payne, formerly United States attorney for Wyoming territory, was put to considerable trouble in his youth because Booth's fellow-conspirator, who attempted to kill Mr. Seward, assumed his name. Mr. Payne's interest in the assassination has caused him to search closely into the history of that remarkable person, and the outcome of the search is an important article in the current number of the Weekly Times. From that article the following paragraphs are taken:

Powell was also one of the men who made the celebrated calico raid in the valley in the fall of 1864, when a train load of calico was captured and the calico strewn all over the country for miles around. In retaliation for shooting General Hunter's men, a soldier named Anderson and several others were captured and shot by the Federals at Port Royal. The speed of Powell's mare was all that saved his neck from being stretched on that occasion. He escaped with seventeen bullet-holes through his clothing. On one occasion the house in which Powell was stopping was surrounded by the Federals, when Powell blacked his face with lamp black and walked out of the house. One of the soldiers remarked; "That is a d—n tall nigger," and let him pass on without molestation. I might give a great many incidents of this kind in the career and adventures of Powell, but it is unnecessary. Such things occur in the lives of many soldiers. Powell had the reputation of having killed a great many men, and when any desperate matter was to be undertaken he was selected.

On one occasion Powell captured a sutler near New Orleans, with a wagon load of tin cups and ginger cakes. After the war the sutler whose name was Tomasen, settled in Fauquier. In describing his experiences with Powell, the old man used to say that he made him drive through the woods and up into Cobler mountain, where a goat could hardly climb. There they staid until the Union army moved away, when Powell distributed his goods and wares to the people in the neighborhood. For sometime afterward everybody was munging ginger cakes, and every negro had a new tin cup, a luxury they had not enjoyed "afore God, massa, since de waif." The old fellow never failed to wind up his narrative with "Mien Got, Mien Got! he was so clever wit my goods, he gives 'em every tam bit away." Powell's favorite mare was a blood bay. This animal had a habit of foaming at the mouth and exposing the whites of her eyes. Mounted on this mare, this strange man "rode fast and far to share war's fiercest perils." The people here in Virginia who remember Powell, as he appeared twenty years ago, with his pale face, slouch hat, and mysterious ways, mounted on that bay mare, dashing and splashing through the woods, across fields, over ditches and fences, by day, at night, and through all kinds of weather, almost believe that he must have been a stray knight from the Black Forest.

There is one incident in the strange and wayward life of Lewis Powell which I had almost forgotton to relate. An old man named Elias Corder became violently insane in Upper Fauquier. He is now in the asylum at Staunton, and will probably never know how near he was to death. Powell had been on a raid, and returning late one stormy night, stopped at an old vacant church near Corder's house, spread down his blanket on the floor, and was soon fast asleep. All of a sudden he was awakened by a crash of thunder, and saw by the flickering lightning an object standing near him. He got up and tried to find the door, but was either too excited or too little acquainted with the place to find it in the dark. The noise he made started old Corder into singing and shrieking. Powell did not know what to do. Another flash and he saw the figure coming towards him. He had lost his pistol in the darkness. There was no time to look for it. The maniac was advancing. Another flash of lightning and he found himself in a hand-to-hand encounter at midnight in a deserted church with a maniac. The noise made by Powell and old Corder, who had wandered off in his night-clothes and was having his "devotions" all to himself, aroused some of the neighbors, who, on going to the church, found that Powell had old Corder down and was sitting on him, and would occasionally give the old man's head a bump against the floor to subdue him. Powell was badly scratched and bitten, but, with the assistance of the neighbors, Powell succeeded in tying the old man, and the next day he was delivered to the county authorities and placed in jail at Warrenton.

During the cannonading of Jackson and Banks across the Shenandoah river, a shell entered the gable-end of a house on the Valley pike, exploded, struck a bureau at which a young lady was dressing her hair, in an upper room, chipped off a large wedge-shaped piece of the bureau and drove it into her back under the shoulder-blade. The same day a young confederate soldier was brought to the house by some of his companions, shot through the lungs. The name of the girl was Lillie Bowie; the name of the soldier was Lewis Powell. Miss Bowie was the daughter of a gentleman from Alabama, who had married a Virginia lady. Under these singular circumstances these two young southern people met in Virginia, wounded almost unto death, and formed an attachment for each other which only ended when the one breathed out the last of life upon the scaffold in Washington, and the other returned, a broken-hearted woman to her far-away home in the south.

When Powell had recovered from his wound he went to Richmond as a guard to some prisoners. While in Richmond he attended the theatre for the first time in his life. John Wilkes Booth, who was in Richmond at that time, appeared in the cast. Powell was so delighted with Booth's acting that he sought his acquaintance and gained it. At that time Booth was engaged in a plan to abduct the president of the United States and his cabinet. He saw in Powell material to be used in his plot. As Burr wound himself into the open heart of the unfortunate Blennerhassett by the elegance of his manners, the beauty of his conversation, and the power of his eloquence, so Booth infused the venom of his own ambition into the credulous heart of the gawky and impressible country boy, and found him an easy conquest. Stavity of pretended friends over flowing bowls, jellies, ices and champagnes has turned older heads than Powell's, and if he had no strength to resist the blandishments of John Wilkes Booth he at least paid for his weakness with his life. Powell was a brave man, and it is a pity he was not brave enough to resist the wiles of his evil genius. But he was not, on the contrary, from the hour he first met Booth he was his to do as he pleased with. Leaving Richmond, Powell returned to the Piedmont section a changed man.

Powell soon began to sell off his horses and dispose of his effects, saying he would be gone for several months on his Maryland expidition. Among those who were to accompany him were William Sowers, John H. Coxe, and others, of Norfolk, but when the time came to depart all of them backed out except Powell. Whether these men knew anything as to the nature of the expedition I will not pretend to say. I do know they were intimates with Powell, and that I saw and overheard them talking about their "Maryland expedition" just before Powell left the Piedmont section. Powell left Fauquier some time in January, 1865. Miss Lily Bowie quite recently gives a feeling description of her parting with Powell, who promised to return within a few months. She never saw him again. The first intimation that Miss Bowie had that Powell was one of the Lincoln conspirators was seeing his picture in the illustrated report of the trial. When we were told a man named Payne had stabbed Stewart it nearly frightened us to death. We all expected to be hanged. Miss Bowie went to Washington during the trial, but did not succeed in obtaining an interview with Powell. She wrote to him, but does not believe her letters were delivered, as she received no response to them. She applied to Secretary Stanton, but he refused her request to visit the jail, and as the military commission by which he was tried sat with closed doors, all efforts to see her lover were in vain.

After leaving Fauquier, Powell went to Noakesville, on the Virginia Midland railroad, where he left his horse and exchanged his uniform for a suit of citizen's clothes. He then proceeded to walk down the railroad toward Alexandria. Near Alexandria he met some Federal pickets, and representing himself as a refugee was conveyed to Alexandria, where he took the oath of allegiance to the United States government as "Lewis Payne," of Fauquier county, Virginia," and was allowed to pass through the lines. His reasons for assuming the name of "Payne" can only be accounted for upon the two-fold hypothesis—first, that he wanted to hail from a section of the country with the people and geography of which he was familiar, and to select a name identified with that section of country; second, he probably desired to take a name easily remembered, and one with the connection and relationship of which he was familiar.

Precisely at the hour when these terrible scenes were being enacted in Ford's Theater, on Tenth street, in Washington, when Booth had sent his fatal ball crushing through the brain of Abraham Lincoln, and had leaped from the box to the stage brandishing a dagger and crying "Sic semper tyrannis!" and the whole audience was shocked, amazed, and stunned, and the wounded President clutched and gasped for life, Lewis Powell presented himself at the residence of Secretary Seward, who had been thrown from his buggy a few days before and was confined to his bed, and asked to be shown to the Secretary's room. He was met at the door by William H. Bell, a colored butler, who told Powell that he could not see the Secretary. Powell held a small vial of medicine in his left hand, with his right hand in his coat front. He wore a dark gray coat, black trousers with light overcoat, and slouch felt hat bent down over his eye. He spoke in a firm but low tone of voice, and said he had been sent by Dr. Verdi with the medicine, and with instructions to see the secretary in person and tell him how it should be taken. After some hesitation he was admitted by the butler, and when he had ascended the stairs he was met by Frederick Seward, who demanded to know his business, when Powell felled him to the floor, cutting him twice in the head with a knife held with the blade down below his hand; he then turned upon Bell and disabled him severely. He then proceeded to the room of the secretary, and was met at the door by Augustus Seward, whom he stabbed well nigh unto death, cutting him five or six times. Pushing his way into the sick room, he was attacked by George F. Robinson, the nurse, and by E. W. Hansell. The former he wounded in the face and forehead with his knife, and the latter he stabbed over the sixth rib to a depth of six or seven inches. Forcing his way past the other attendants in the room, he went to the bedside of Mr. Seward and stabbed him three times, inflicting ghastly wounds in his jaw, neck, and breast. In the struggle the Secretary rolled out of bed, and was lying on the floor in his blood when his physicians arrived, his attendants being utterly dazed by the sudden and terrible onslaught of this ferocious man.

The only words uttered by the assassin during all this awful conflict were "I am mad!" and these were uttered in a "strangely intense, but not a strong voice," as described by the witnesses at the trial. As Powell left the dwelling of the secretary and mounted his horse he slashed at the colored man who had held his horse, cutting him about the face severely. He then threw the knife to the ground, and, riding out Vermont avenue slowly for a few squares, put spurs to his horse, and rode out into the darkness, and was seen no more until he was arrested in disguise at the house of Mrs. Surratt, No 541 H. street N. W., in Washington. When arrested, Powell had one of his trousers' legs rolled up, a skull-cap on his head, and a pick-ax on his shoulder. He said that he had come to dig a ditch for Mrs. Surratt, but she denied any knowledge of him. He was sent to the headquarters of General Auger, and upon an examination of the boots he wore one of them was found to contain the name of John Wilkes Booth.

He Would Lose in Pork.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

An incident related to illustrate the simple honesty of the natives of a sister state, who are represented as being people whose promise may always be relied upon, is as follows: "In the rural part of the state referred to there is a man who is an acknowledged leader in politics in his district, and among his followers is a fellow who has considerable influence with the bummer element. The first mentioned man has, among other worldly goods, quite a number of hogs, and the other fellow used to shoot one of the porkers whenever he wanted some meat, because it was easier to supply bacon this way than to hustle for it. The boss politician knew full well who it was that was killing his pigs, but not wishing to lose the support of the fellow, he never mentioned it to him. The thing got so monotonous, however, that something had to be done to stop the slaughter; so one day the boss said to the offender: 'Say, look here. I want you to quit shooting my pigs. I desire to allow them to grow to a proper size before they are killed, and I want to kill them myself. If you will give me your word that you'll not shoot any more of them, I'll agree to give you 500 pounds of pork a year. What do you say? Is it a bargain?' 'All right,' replied the other; 'I give you my word that I'll not kill any more of your swine on the terms you propose; but—' after a pause, 'I'll lose pork by it.'"

Girls in the Bath.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Several hundred young women and girls splashed and swam about like so many dolphins in the sea bath house at the foot of Almond street recently. The boys hold undisputed possession of the bath house for four days in the week but Mondays and Thursdays no boy nor man can approach within half a square, for on those days the place is sacred to the girls. On Monday there were nearly 500 maidens in the bath. The female attendant who looks after the baths on those two days says that most of the girls who come to the bath are expert swimmers, and half a dozen of them can easily swim a mile against the tide. A young miss who did not give her name published said to a Record reporter that she could swim faster than any boy of her age who comes to the bath. This same young miss gave the reporter an entertaining account of how the girls enjoy themselves in the water. "We go in," said she, "to have a regular good time, and I suppose that we swim about like boys, although I never saw a boy swim. Are we afraid? Not a bit. Some of the great big women are, and some of the little chits, after they are prepared for the bath, sit on the side of the pool and squeal right out if we throw water on them; but, pshaw! they don't amount to nothing. Most of us just dive right in slap-dash, and paddle about, play leap-frog, duck each other, and have lots of fun until we are tired out. Oh, it's jolly fun, just as good as going to Atlantic," and with her wet hair streaming in the wind she ran on up Almond street for home. The superintendent of the bath house says that about one-fourth of the bathers on "girls' day" are grown women, a great many of whom come regularly twice a week. During these days the house is always thronged, and crowds of young women and girls wait patiently for hours on the wharf for their turn to carpe.

A DESERT ISLE.

New York Home Journal.

It was ten o'clock of a July morning and the larger fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had but just risen from the breakfast table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned lazily over the piazza railing and looked absently out on Lake Winnipaka. Beside him, in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and fro, with an untiring movement, and with deft fingers playing in and out among bright silks and crewels. She was idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there was a lack of repose in her indolence that made it restful to turn again to her brother, who stood with statuesque inaction, looking on the still water below.

"What are you going to do to-day?" the little woman asked.

"Nothing."

"There's a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you see that pretty girl down there at the landing?"

"The one with red?"

"Yes; don't you see she's pretty?"

"I hadn't thought of it."

"Well, she is—remarkably. Wouldn't you like to meet her? I could easily manage it."

"I'm not particular. Is she worth while?"

"Ben you exasperate me. Do you take an interest in anything?"

"I don't do anything else in Wall street. I'm off duty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of way."

"Well, I suppose you are tired, poor fellow! I know how you feel. I am tired myself, most of the time."

"Tired! I look like it," laughed the young man. "I'll tell you how it is, I simply want my liberty. It doesn't pay—this dancing attendance on half a dozen girls whom you never see again."

"O, well, don't then."

Ben Adams at twenty-one had performed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart-whole and beginning to take a purely fraternal interest in blushing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone or with his friend Ruthland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-eight. With entire resignation young Adams acted as usher at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Katharine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other men. And so he approached his thirties, and within a year of them leaned idly over the piazza railing at Lake Winnipaka and declared to his sister that Robinson Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance. "Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like going back to savagery?"

"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is, you are very different from what you used to be."

In the meanwhile, the boat below pushed off, and Adams followed it with his eyes chiefly because it would have been more trouble to look another way. The young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine Vail, and the boy at the oars was her twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was a young lady of views, supported by more or less logic and by what some plainly thought better, an extremely pretty face. Her enemies—but she had none—would have said that while she dispised conventionalities, no one was more annoyed when obliged to disregard them; that while she resented the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father had said one day:

"Nothing would take the kinks out of our Josephine like settling down with a good husband." The young lady took it in high dudgeon, and went away meekly to wonder if it were true. On this particular July morning Josephine accepted her brother Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly well able to row herself, but because it would keep Tom out of mischief.

"Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't frighten me, but I can't read."

There was a pause.

"Row near the bank in the shade, Tom."

"Another, longer pause.

"Say, sis," said Tom, at length, "now we're off, I'll tell you where we're going."

"Where you're going? Why; you're going to take me out for a row."

"Not much. I'm going two miles up above to see some fellows who are camping out."

"And going to take me? I think you're mistaken, sir. Give me those oars."

"No you don't sir. Leave 'em alone and sit still."

"Tom, turn this boat instantly or, I'll—"

"What'll you do? Come, now; you sit still or I'll—"

A thought seemed to strike Tom.

"Come, keep cool, Jo. We'll go up a piece further, anyway. I can't take you up to the camp if you don't want to go. You don't want to back yet awhile, do you?"

"Tom, there's the Desert Isle just ahead! Don't run into it. Be careful; you're going straight toward it."

"We might land there," said Tom blandly.

"To be sure, we might," said his sister, glad of anything to divert him from the first scheme.

"All right, just as you say."

Tom turned his boat toward the great rock which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of grass or a bit of moss.

"Hop out," said Tom. "I've got to see to the boat. I guess you can climb up to the top easy enough."

"Of course, I can, said Josephine; as if I needed your help, you little monkey."

In a moment she stood at the top of the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh came from below.

"Good-bye, Jo; I hope you'll enjoy yourself. I'll see you later."

Plato says: "A boy is the most vivacious of all beasts." Plato and Miss Vail were of one opinion on that point. She looked about her and took in the situation. She was monarch of about twenty-five square feet of rough gray rock, the sides of which descended abruptly to the sides of the water. Perched high on this massive pedestal, her figure stood out against the sky in bold relief. A book and parasol were her only accessories, for by some happy inspiration she had clung to these. The sun was high in the heavens, but its hot rays were mercifully tempered by a soft breeze on the lake.

Josephine seated herself, raised her parasol and opened her book. She faced the probability that at least two hours of noonday solitude were before her. The only philosophical course of action was to make the best of it. But what a situation to be discovered in. She remembered with satisfaction that a large party had gone on a picnic today and the dowagers left behind were not given to boating at high noon. She tried to think how she should laugh it off if any body should see her, but under the most cheerful aspect she seemed to herself a ridiculous spectacle. To be ridiculous in a good cause had in it an element of heroism, but the present situation was one of unmitigated absurdity, and Josephine Vail was more for the heroic rather than the comic to be her forte. Once tears of real vexation started as her head drooped to throb in sympathy with the hot pulsations of the air about her. An hour had dragged its length along when Josephine suddenly lifted her head and listened painfully. A man's voice singing and the regular dip of oars, and yes, in an instant, a boat swung slowly round the bend. The man sat in it, lazily rowing and lazily singing.

"It's that blaze creature who watched us off this morning," thought Josephine. "It's a type I detest. And to think he should see me here! It's really more than I can endure." The girl looked with envy on the tortoise which slipped easily from the base of the rock into the water as he heard the disturbing sound of oars.

"I hope he'll have the good taste not suppose I came here of my own free will. He wouldn't think of interfering with me, I hope. What? I believe he's coming straight toward me."

Josephine turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grew every moment more and more intense. But at last decency required some recognition of the nearing boat. The young man was rowing now as if he had a renewed interest in life. He was soon at the base of the rock.

"I beg you pardon," he said, as he raised his hat; "can I be of any assistance to you?"

"You are very kind, sir. You find me in a very absurd position."

"You have evidently been shipwrecked. Are you the sole survivor?"

"No, not shipwrecked, but ashore and abandoned by my cruel tyrant of a brother. To tell you the truth, sir, I am the victim of a practical joke. My little brother has left me here while he goes further up the lake to visit some friends who are camping there."

"I beg you will make use of my boat, then, to return. I will come up to you in one moment."

Leaping out of his boat before Miss Vail could say a word, he drew it up on a low shelf of the rock and quickly reached her side.

"Let me help you," the young man said, with such a firm assurance of good-breeding, that she made no resistance or attempt at independence, but accepted the proffered said in a quiet matter-of-course way.

"Your boat! your boat, sir!" she suddenly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rocks as to dislodge the boat, and before Adams could grasp it, the little craft was gayly tilting about, half a dozen yards away.

The two looked at each other a moment and then simply laughed, though both were conscious of its being questionable taste.

Adams sobered and said: "Can you ever forgive me, Miss—"

"Miss Vail. I am Miss Vail."

"And I am Mr. Adams. Can you be magnanimous enough to forgive me?"

"That is the question I should ask you."

"Ah, you evade mine. At any rate, I shall never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling I never saw. The truth is, Miss Vail, I haven't had very little experience in rescuing fair ladies. You are the first whose life I have tried to save, I am no hero, as you see."

The genuine annoyance of her companion aroused the compassion of Josephine, and she commenced to talk to him with a desperate cheerfulness and acceptance of the situation.

"What a cold-blooded little villain that brother of yours must be, Miss Vail, to desert you in this fashion! I suppose we must throw ourselves on his mercy when he comes back, How are you going to account for me? Consider me your man Friday."

Beneath their light talk ran an undercurrent of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered to think what a good story this adventure would make for circulation among her friends, when Adams foresaw how it would add to the conviviality of his club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of the confounded scrape, but he soon forgot to be annoyed, and wanted it to last forever. She ended, I am obliged to confess, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusoe, his isle, and considering his own far preferable. There was a good breeziness about this girl that made one forget the mounting thermometer. She had a way of going to the point, and, moreover, she had a point, two things which Ben Adams told his sister he appreciated in a woman.

In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both able to express an honest surprise when a boat appeared in the distance; and on taking out his watch, Adams found it to be three o'clock.

"Now!" was all Josephine said, but there were conflicting emotions in the monosyllable.

"Hullo-o," shouted a shrill voice across the water.

"Hullo-o," called Adams back.

Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance.

"You're a great one, Jo," he muttered, "I'd like to know when you would a got a beau. Did he drop out of the clouds?"

"Hush, sir; you've been a very naughty boy."

As they rowed home, Adams devoted himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapegrace. The latter proved very approachable, and Adams found no difficulty in persuading him to go fishing the next day.

When they were home at last Josephine took her younger brother into her room and turned the key.

"Tom, you've treated me very badly to day. What would you give if I wouldn't tell father? You wouldn't like to be sent back to the military school, you know."

"Say, sis, I'll tell you what," and the little wretch gave a wink of immense significance; "if you won't tell on me, I won't tell on you. Honor bright, black and blue, cut me in two."

"Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Ben. Adams to his wife at their wedding reception a year after, "don't you think we might afford to tell people now how we met? I never knew a secret kept better. I nearly ruined myself with my monosyllables, you see, I thought on your account I wouldn't let him tell. I didn't care; I liked it. I had no business to, you say? But I liked it, nevertheless. Here are Ruthland and his Mary. Let's tell them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winnipaka for our honey-moon."

How Gladstone Looks.

London Correspondent of the Boston Herald

Mr. Gladstone is one of the cleverest, readiest talkers I have ever heard. He sits in the front row of the members' pews, on the left hand side, facing the speaker, close by the end of the table, which stands in front of the white-wigged clerks. Perhaps I should have said he reclined there, for he doesn't exactly sit. His head is thrown back, and rests upon the upper edge of the pew-back, his hands are clasped in his lap, his legs are sprawled out in front, and he has the general appearance of a man sound asleep. But he isn't. Now and then the eyelids half open, and a shade of expression crosses the wrinkled features, as the old man mentally makes a note for future use. When his opponent had ceased speaking, Mr. Gladstone comes to his feet with surprising ability, and advances a step or two to the end of the table. There is a little red box here containing his documents, and he places the ends of his right hand fingers upon the box. He lifts his chin slightly above the normal height, like a man used to talking to a gallery, and, as the words flow freely from between his lips, he emphasises them by prodding the box with the tips of his straig. tened fingers. As Mr. Gladstone talks, he grows. In silence and repose you see a thin and shriveled old man, with long, slender legs, swollen joints, a hooked nose, sunken eyes, a sparsely clothed head, rather narrow through the temples, but broad and high over the ears, straggling white whiskers, which shamble down the sides of his face and under the chin, and a general air of physical decay that is not altogether reassuring. But as his chin goes up, and his form dilates, and the words begin to roll out with rapidity and resonance, as the eyes kindle and the smile of conscious power spreads over the old face, you begin to feel the reason of the premises grip upon the politics of Great Britain. He has the perfect confidence of the practical speaker, and that eloquence of manner, lofty and stately in form, which proclaims the orator. He is by all means the most admirable talker I have ever heard in England. He uses no notes, and as soon as he has finished what he has to say, he slouches back upon his seat, apparently in that state of complete physical collapse which Charles Dickens ascribes to the old paralytic, who is always throwing his pillow at some one, and immediately falling helpless in his chair.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Farming Notes.

Why do not our farmers take more pains with their gardens? The nabobs of the cities insist that the bill of fare provided for them shall always contain "the delicacies of the season," while the farmer, who might have them in a freshness which the nabob's money could never command, sits down to his pork and potatoes and pie. He works early and late to "get a living," and has nothing desirable to live on, after all.

Golden arbor vitæ proved so liable to be injured in winter that the culture with us has been almost abandoned. Four years ago a couple of them were planted on a piece of rock-work, and these have escaped the slightest injury, even during the last severe winter. They make a moderate growth, but it is healthy; the color is perfect, and they seem quite at home. In every other situation they have failed. It is because the roots running among the rocks free from stagnant moisture acquire perfect ripeness, as do the whole plants. I believe that by special means of this sort we may do much to increase the hardiness of many beautiful trees and plants only half born.

Few wells supply water so wholesome for drinking, cooling and washing as pure cistern water. "Sanitas" gives an interesting account of pumping good water from the upper part of the cistern while beneath it was not quite so good. My plan is: A deep cistern with plenty of water to last eight to twelve months, well filtered through porous brick, a chain pump to stir the water from top to bottom every time any is drawn. My cistern is over twenty-four feet deep, with a small cistern at the side to receive the water, and filter it through a four-inch brick wall. The water in such a cistern will remain as cool as in a well of the same depth.—Suell Foster, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

Grass and clover are cut much earlier than they formerly were. It is now the general practice to cut them when in full blossom, or as near that time as circumstances will admit. It is generally admitted that they contain as much nutriment at that stage of growth as they will if they are permitted to stand longer.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

SALMON AND POTATOES.—Take some cold boiled salmon, drain it, boil half a dozen potatoes, and mash them thoroughly, mix salmon and potatoes together with a little salt and cayenne, place in a baking dish; to the juice drained from the fish add a little chopped parsley, a little mace, the juice of half a lemon, a small lump of butter cut in pieces, pour this sauce over the fish, bake quickly until well brown. Serve hot.

HOW TO TREAT BITES AND STINGS.—Apply instantly, with a soft rag, most freely, spirits of hartshorn. The venom of stings being an acid the alkili nullifies it. Fresh wood ashes, moistened with water and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute, or soda or saleratus, all being alkalies. To be on the safe side in the case of snake or mad-dog bites, drink brandy, whisky, rum or other spirits as free as water, a teacupful or a pint or more according to the aggravation of the circumstances.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.—Take a dozen large ripe cucumbers, pare and cut open and remove the seeds, and grate to a pulp; place the pulp in a bag of thin muslin and hang it up to drain. Next day remove the grated cucumber from the bag, add two or three onions and green peppers chopped fine, a tablespoonful of salt, mix well, and plack in a jar with sufficient vinegar to cover it.

DRY LIMA BEANS.—Wash one quart of dry Lima beans in two warm waters; soak three hours, drain, and put on to cook in enough boiling water to cover them. Cover the pot with a tin lid, adding more hot water as it boils away, boiling rapidly one and a half hours, when there should be only water enough to come up to the top of the beans—just sufficient to make a nice dressing. Five minutes before taking up season with salt and pepper, and stir in a dressing made of one tablespoon each of flour and butter rubbed together until smooth. This is a delicious dish.

CREAMED CABBAGE.—Slice as for cold slaw and stew in a covered saucepan til tender; drain it, return it to saucepan, add a gill or more of rich cream, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to taste; let simmer two or three minutes, then serve. Milk may be used by adding a little more butter; or have a deep spider hot, put in the sliced cabbage, pour quickly over it a pint of boiling water, cover close and cook for ten minutes, then pour off water, and half a pint of rich milk. When the milk boils stir in a teaspoon of flour moistened with a little milk, season, cook a moment and serve.

Next to the watercress, in the estimation of many people, are young mustard leaves; they make a nice garnish for broiled ham, and when prepared with salad dressing are very appetizing. Omit powdered mustard in the dressing.

Pillows.

How different are modern pillows from that which was used by Jacob, when he became a fugitive from the anger of his brother Esau. Think of a man placing his head on a stone, expecting to sleep comfortably, but that undoubtedly did the patriarch.

The object of a pillow is frequently mistaken to be to raise the head above the level of the body. In its proper place, a pillow is put under the head so as to raise the latter on a level with the body—that is, the spine should point precisely toward the median line of the head. The pillow should be used only when the body is reclining on its side, which is its natural and easy position when in a state of rest. It is seldom safe to sleep on the back.

The pillow should not be too large, and yet large enough to enable the head to retain its natural position. The veins of the neck, if constricted and unnaturally compressed or enlarged, impede the return of the blood to the heart. When sleeping on the back, if any pillow is used it should be very thin—there is no space for a thick one.

Avoid pillows which permit the head to sink into them. In such case the head becomes overheated; and whatever heats the brain sends too much blood to it. You can reasonably see that soft pillows are very injurious.

The hair pillow has no equal. For common use in the country, the inner leaves of corn husks make good pillows. Use only the soft inner husks.

Stick to the Farm.

Des Moines Register.

Farmers better stick strictly to their business. There is money, peace and security in it. If farming is not sufficiently understood, study that subject more thoroughly. Master as many of its arts and mysteries as possible. After the most mature deliberation, if the old system which has been pursued for years is found to be a failure, or if it be clearly established that there is a better way let no old foggy notions prevent taking a new departure. But move carefully and cautiously in any radical change.

If tempted to sell out a good Iowa farm, or other valuable property, be certain that the new enterprise is safe and reliable, insuring a better investment for the money which has taken long years of hard and anxious toil to accumulate. It is only necessary to go west or southwest in the adjoining states and territories of the Pacific coast, to find people who have lost nearly all that they had and are now in poverty, the result of taking rash steps in selling a good home, relying upon the representations of some enthusiastic letter writer or the more unreliable stories of interested agents, about some fabulous land flowing with milk and honey. Beware of rash changes. All "promised lands" do not raise grapes in cluster so large that they have to be carried on a pole between two men. Cautiously listen to the man who talks about lands where millions of the precious metals are lying about loose. Beware of new schemes, new Eldorados, fabulous mines, rich fields of fruits and flowers, unlimited vistas of rich pastures for flocks and herds.

Draught Horses.

Pennsylvania Farmer.

There has been such a demand made upon Western Pennsylvania for draught horses the past few years that farmers who have been fortunate enough to breed heavy horses have found it decidedly to their advantage when their stock was brought to market. The supply is not yet up to the demand for heavy draught horses, and we see as a result that there is a tendency on the part of breeders to meet this demand. The question with the average farmer and breeder is not so much as to what he may prefer, but what is the most advantageous, the most profitable horse to breed. For ordinary purposes in a comparatively level country a horse weighing 1200 pounds is perhaps in most respects the most desirable animal. But as farmers raise four or five times as many horses as they themselves use, the question of breeding simply is, what is the most marketable horse? In selling cattle to the butcher, he pays according to the weight—the heavier the steer the higher the price. Two pounds of beef are worth twice as much as one pound. In draught horses this rule does not hold good, the advantage being on the side of the heavier horse. When a 1200 pound horse sells for $140, or 12 1-2 cents a pound, a 1700 pound horse sells at 300, or nearly 18 cents a pound, being a market of forty per cent. premium over the lighter in favor of the heavier horse. It is not difficult to see, therefore, which is the most advantageous horse to breed for market. It is simply a question of dollars and cents, and is readily seen by any one.

Keeping Poultry.

The poultry house, to be made in the best manner, should be a frame, plank up with one inch plank, close enough to prevent vermin from entering, and to secure sufficient warmth. The size of the building may be estimated by allowing one and one half square foot to the fowl. Through the top of the building put a tube or pipe, so as to secure ventilation. It is best to have the earth as a floor, on account of the vermin. If such it should be made solid and kept regularly cleaned off. For perches have poles with the bark on, two or four inches in diameter. Some prefer sassafras, believing it will prevent disease. It will be found beneficial toward preventing lice. Place the perches firmly and all about the same height. Near the house, or where the chickens mostly range, prepare a large box, filled with ashes, for the purpose of a good preventive against lice. If the lice should appear, mix sulphur with the ashes. The best preventive against lice we ever tried were cedar boughs. We sometimes put a small cedar bush in our poultry house, which completely exterminates them.

Things in General.

Twelve scholarships in the high school at Toronto have been won by ten girls and two boys, and the explanation put in on behalf of the boys is that the girls were older. In order to save the boys from further discomfiture it has been decided that in future the scholarships shall be equally divided. Some such arrangement seems necessary to protect the male scholars.

The stay-at-home individuals have the satisfaction of knowing that the pleasantest place which the traveler sees is home, on his return to it. "We get," wrote Mr. Dickens, when returning from his first visit to America, "we get fevered with anxiety for home. Oh! Home, home, home, home, home, home, home!!!!!"

There are thirty-eight fire-arms and amunition manufacturing establishments in the United States, with a capital of $8,315,289. They turn out products valued at $5,618,636 annually. The demand for revolvers is increasing so rapidly that new establishments have been started since the census was taken. After an American boy gets through with the milk bottle he calls for a revolver, and usually gets one. The deadly instruments are freely sold to boys by arms dealers.

The price obtained at a London show for the prize bulldog Lord Nelson, who had won every cup for which he ever competed, was $50,000. His aspect is described as that of the "most unprincipled ruffian that ever ran on four legs to help his master in the attack on a helpless traveler on a starlight night." His coat is milk white, his eyes red and bloodshot, his chops fall down each side of his jaw, and when he raises his lips and shows his teeth the spectators draw back in terror.

Several of the wealthiest financiers of Holland have determined to reclaim a tract of land long lost to their country, a tract now covered by the waters of the Zuyder Zee and they are already engaged in making surveys for a new set of those "gigantic piles" commemorated by Andrew Marvell. The great works on the Island of Walcheren will be outstripped by the new dikes which are to be built, and these will be made high and thick enough to withstand the shock of the heaviest seas. These dikes, when they are completed, will demonstrate the enterprise of the Dutch.

A patent has been granted to the celebrated German, Herr Krupp, for a new sort of floating battery. This is designed for coast defense. The new battery is circular in form, and is said to combine the greatest stability with the greatest amount of buoyancy. The buoyancy is produced by the use of air chambers. The battery is easily moved from place to place, and is steadied by ballast. It is not provided with either steam engine or sails, but it carries a very heavy gun. It is designed to be drawn by steam tugs.

The so-called lucifer matches were invented in 1829, by John Walker, an English chemist. He covered the ends of sulphur matches with a paste made of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony mixed with starch. These ignited upon being drawn between folds of sandpaper. Improvements now followed in rapid succession. First the sulphurate of antimony gave way to phosphorus, and the chlorate of potash to nitre. Then stearine was used to take the place of sulphur, which diminishes the disagreeable smell, and we have the almost perfect noble matches of the present day, designated as congreve matches.

Among the provisions for the regulation of the liquor traffic in Copenhagen just reported by the special commission appointed for the purpose are these: The number of licences shall be reduced from 1,350 to 300; no landlord shall be under 35 years of age; female service, except that of the hostess, is forbidden; drink cannot be served to any person under 18 years of age, male or female, or to any one who is already drunk; a drunken person is to be conveyed to his own dwelling in a cab or a covered carriage at the expense of the landlord in whose house he took his last glass.

The monument to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, designed by Col. Casey, consists of a column of granite, four feet square and eighteen feet high. The inscription will be as follows: "Here was buried—Thomas Jefferson—author of the declaration of American independence, of the statute of the state of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the university of Virginia. On the die will be inscribed: "Born April 2, 1743, O. S. — died July 4, 1826. All this is in accordance with Jefferson's own directions.

The republicans of the Sixth Ohio district nominated Col. J. H. Bingham of Fulton county for congress.

The new bridge over the Cottonwood at Iberia is now finished and ready for travel.