FIELD AND FARM.

For and About Women.

Twenty-two acres have been planted in corn and seven acres in cotton by Miss Kreamer, of Helena, Ark., she having done the plowing herself and attended to the crop so far without help, and expects te harvest a bale of cotton to the acre, and 40 bushels of corn to the same amount of land.

Mrs. Helen Young Bailey of New Hampshire quotes the late Robert Kennicott, the naturalist, as having said to a lady who made bitter complaint of the depredation of the rose bug: "It is good enough for you; you had all the snakes killed;" and she adds this item of personal experience: "A few years ago a lively little striped snake made its haunt among my cucumber vines, and took the job of attending to the bugs. I was careful never to disturb it, and it grew quite tame and was always there, alert and watchful, intent on its own business and not minding me.

One of the chief requisites for a cheerful room whether in palace or cottage is sunshine. In the hot summer time a north room is endurable, but in winter we love those rooms best where the sun comes earliest in the morning and lingers longest in the evening. In such a room should the family life pass. And in its sunniest corner should be the invalid's chair, the grandmother's rocker, the baby's cradle.

American ladies may well take a hint from Mrs. Langtry, the famous English beauty, who said to a newspaper interviewer: "As the only sister of six stout brothers. I shared their outdoor sports in a most boyish fashion." It was not until some years after her marriage to Mr. Langtry that she was introduced in London society, so that all but a few years of her life are covered in the following statement: "My life in Jersey had been spent almost entirely in the open air, and as Mr. Langtry was fond of yachting. I became an expert yachtswoman, and was very fond of all sorts of outdoor exercise."

A "girl gossip" in the London Truth speaks of "the cultivated American with his curious intonation, ill-fitting clothes, and elaborate way of paying compliments, instead of letting them fall accidental and irresistibly, as it were" and reports the matrimonial market as follows: "Marrying men at a premium though no improvement to note in quality. Demand for maidens extremely quiet at last year's prices. Widows inquired for at rather less than previous rates. Widowers on firmer terms than usual. Clerics, medicos and barristers going up, owing to the war and the absence of military element."

Miss Middy Morgan is the stock reposter for a New York paper. She is noted for her little eccentricities in dress and appearance. Discarding the more fanciful elegancies of apparel in which many ladies delight, she wears short skirts, stout boots and garments of great plainness of style. She is quite as conspicuous for her substantial common sense as for her peculiarities of costume, and no fop may make sport of her except at his own peril. Whether she is visiting the cattle yards to make her reports of what is going on there or seeking information among the shipping at the wharves, she is self-possessed, dignified and lady like.

Constant Red Clover.

From the New York Tribune.

I see, by a note lately received from one of your readers, that the statement made by me in the Tribune, as to what clover does in our Iowa soil, seems almost incredible to Eastern farmers. Strange as it may seem, this clover, which is a biennial, appears to be a constant thing when once started in our soil. I myself am from the East, being New-Hampshire born and raised. I have now been in Iowa a little over a quarter of a century, and all the time on the same land I took up wild twenty-seven years ago. The question of all others to an Eastern man when commencing farming here is, or was, "the grass and clover question." I say was, for now with the most of Iowa farmers, this question is settled in theory if not by practice.

For years I was told I could not raise tame grass and clover here on this loose mellow soil. I have, however, proved the contrary. I have now the most of 640 acres seeded in timothy, red clover, Kentucky blue grass and white clover, the last two in pasture only. This year I cut from 250 to 300 tons of as fine timothy and clover as I ever saw. Part of the fields mowed over have been seeded fourteen years. The soil is mostly second bottom land, a light loam slightly mixed with sand, soil from three to five feet deep and underlaid with sand and gravel. Part of the time I have cut two crops and then pastured it closely fall and spring. Some of it has had one slight topdressing of barnyard manure. The most of it never has had a fertilizer of any kind upon it. Until seeded down it was cropped, mostly with corn; sometimes with wheat and oats

If we once get a catch of clover it seems to be seeded for all time, for it gets thicker every year. One winter, some four years ago, the clover seemed to be killed out, and I cut most of the fields for timothy seed, but the next year the clover came in again so thick that not one plant in twenty could possibly live because so thick. My theory is this: For some reason this soil favors the production of a large amount of seed, and the ground gets full of it, so to speak, and it keeps constantly coming. Again, this soil does not heave out the roots of clover by freezing, as in eastern states on clay soil. Blue grass and white clover once started here, even on ever so small a scale, spread rapidly until the whole pasture is covered. Some of these facts about red clover may seem strange to eastern farmers. It was a pleasing surprise to me.

Barefooted Horses and Bad Shoeing.

I owned a mare for fourteen years which was never shod. I used her for breeding from a colt, and kept her without shoes because it was better for my purposes, as she would not be so liable to injure her colts, and she was not driven enough to require shoeing. This mare was never lame or tender-footed, but she would slip on smooth ice, and once fell down in crossing a pond, and would have injured herself (as she could not gain a foot-hold) if she had not been held down until removed. She was gotten off the ice by putting a rope around her body and hitching another horse to it and sliding her several rods, broadside, to the shore. Her feet were never cut, and contained all the natural rim on the bottom, which, it is claimed in a state of nature will hold horses up, keeping them from slipping anywhere.

There is a vast difference in the wearing effect on horse's feet of prairie land where there is more or less grass to soften the footfall and also an absence of gravel, and a gravelly road. On such a road a horse might go on a walk, if not driven too much, without wearing the hoofs to the extent of becoming footsore, but if driven on a trot or galloped any considerable amount, it would become footsore. I have known colts while running in the pastures in summer on gravelly soil, by the natural wear of the feet and in stamping on account of flies—to wear the hoofs away so that they became decidedly tender-footed.

There is a great difference in horses about stepping; some strike the feet very hard on the ground and others step lightly. The former would be sure to get footscore without shoes, and with them unless very well shod, while the latter might do very well barefooted, under possible circumstances. There is also a great difference in the shape of horses' feet; some are born flatfooted and become crippled unless extra care is had in their shoeing; others have hoofs so upright and hard that they will endure neglect and keep their feet in sound condition. A flatfooted horse usually has a soft hoof, which wears out rapidly. It is apparent from these facts that a general rule to deprive horses of shoes cannot be made always practicable.

A horse well shod, so that the outer rim of the hoof rests fully on the shoe, will always travel better than one poorly shod or one barefooted. The curse of shoeing is the buttress—an instrument which a blacksmith seems to delight in using to cut down a horses heels, and more horses are made tender-footed from this abuse than all other causes. Farmers are very apt to allow their horses to wear their shoes so long that the outside of the hoof grows over them, and they grind the soft and tender portion of the foot, producing corns; whereas the shoe should always rest upon the rim outside. This neglect is the worst kind of economy, as it often results in permanent injury to valuable animals. Such shoeing is worse than no shoes, but this abuse is not a conclusive argument against shoeing, but should be conclusive against bad shoeing.

FANCY DRINKS.

Foreigners Take Theirs Straight—How Americans Mix Things Spiritual—Realms of Creative Fancy.

From the Kansas City Times.

Human ingenuity has gone no further in any thing than in the matter of mixed drinks in America. The Frenchman drinks his cogniac, claret and burgundy, vermuth and absinthe, but he takes them straight. The German the same, and the Englishman, while nursing his beers and ales, mild and bitter, pale and stout, half and half, etc., knoweth not such a thing as a cocktail, or a stone fence, a gin sling or a bonitzer, a silver fiz or an egg flip. In the matter of fancy drinks, all other nations are but ignorant, untutored savages. The American can take his alcohol in 300 different ways.

First in the list of a barkeeper's repertoire is the good old fashioned straight. This is his foundation. It may be worth $6 a gallon and retail at 15 cents a drink or it may cost $1.25 the gallon and sell for 5 cents, sixty being the average number of a gallon. From this foundation of straight whisky, be it good or bad, is reared the aerial structure of fancy drinks. Some modify the straight with a little lemon, a little syrup; some sugar of bitters or other decoction which imparts a novel and pleasant flavor. Then comes the simple sour, in which lemon and syrup are poured into ice, to which is added whisky or gin according to whether a gin or whisky sour is desired.

After learning these simple ingredients the artistic barkeeper can soar into the realms of creative fancy with the abandon of a poet or a painter until he reaches that *chef d'œuvre* of all chemists, the cocktail. Grand, unapproachable cocktail, emperor, czar, autocrat of all drinks.

The cocktail is made by first filling a glass with pulverized ice. Into this is put a dash of bitters, some sugar and a half gill of whisky. This is the simple cocktail, but the artist puts in benedictine, liquor d'amour or some secret ingredient and creates a cocktail par excellence.

Toddies hot or cold, of simple sugar and whisky are favorites. Sangarees made of half water, half wine and sugar are not so common in this section, but are prime favorites further south.

Hot drinks are very simple. Rum punch is half liquor and half hot water, and so with brandy punches, etc. Stepping into the select circle of fancy drinks, one runs across the startling drink, "blue blazes." Its name is suggestive, as it is burned in the vessel in which it is made. It is made of brandy, rum and high proof liquor which is burned into a bluish flame, which gives it the suggestive title. Then there is a "gin fiz," made of lemon, gin, sugar and mineral water, which makes a "fiz."

Then there are silver and gold fizzes, which obtain their names from the color of the liquor put into them. A Napoleon punch, of whipped cream, sugar, chocolate and brandy, is rather nice, and an "egg flip," of eggs, sherry and brandy, is a common favorite.

Mint juleps and sherry cobblers are for hot weather exclusively. The former is made of ice, sugar, mint and brandy, decorated with blackberries or strawberries and other fruits, and the latter has sherry for a body with fruit decorations.

A stone fence is cider and whisky, and is very deadly, but not so destructive as a Dutch cocktail, made of beer and whisky, which is simply fatal.

About the holidays all drinks give way to egg nog and Tom and Jerry. The difference between them is that the former is cold, the latter hot. Both are made of brandy, milk, sugar and eggs.

One fact for drinkers worthy of all consideration is the fact that in nine cases out of ten the whisky put into hot drinks is a very poor quality. This is due to the fact that the quality of liquor when hot can not be detected except by the oder, and only then by connoisseurs.

"Tim Collins" is made of soda, lemon, gin and sugar. A "Butter punch" of sugar, hot water, rum, nutmeg and butter.

The receipts of bars are greatly exaggerated. There is only one in the city that takes in over $80 a day, on which the profit is, owing to heavy expenses, perhaps less than $20, First class bars in the heart of the city, take in from $35 to $75 per day, and from this the receipts run down to $5 or a mere nothing.

A GERMAN GIRL'S LOVE.

Baron Steinburg's Daughter Casts Her Lot With a Poor Nobleman.

The death is announced of Madame Laura Sweitzer, at Port Jervis, just across the Delaware river from Matamoras, Pa., which recalls one of the saddest and most remarkable careers ever recorded. The story of her life, as told by Madame Sweitzer, reads like a romance, and seems almost too strange to be true.

Laura Von Puffnitz Steinburg, daughter of Baron Frederick Otto Von Puffnitz Steinburg, was born at Wismar, in Mecklenburg Germany, on the 10th of October, 1819. Her father was of an ancient and highly honored family, and Laura was a younger daughter. She was given all the advantages of an expensive education in music and the German language. At sixteen years of age she met a very poor young nobleman with a very long and honorable name the Count Frederick Kolstedt Schleswick Sweitzer. The young man was handsome and pretty well educated, but his poverty was a barrier to their union. Laura felt that she loved him so deeply that she could marry no one but him. Her old father would not listen to her entreaties and finally he sent her to Altona, a town near Hamburg, on the Elbe river, where he placed her in a convent until she became cured of her passion. She contrived to let her lover know where she was and thither he followed her. Having no money he applied for and obtained a position as under-gardener in the convent at a modest compensation. He and Laura were thus enabled to meet daily, and affairs were going on swimmingly when the old Baron Steinberg, having found that Sweitzer had left Wismar, suspected the true state of affairs and came post haste to Altona. He arrived in time to catch his daughter in an arbor in the convent garden conversing with the forbidden lover. The old baron and the young man exchanged hard words and a duel, in which the baron was severely wounded, resulted. Young Sweitzer and his sweetheart fled from Altona, were married and came to America where they landed at Castle Garden, New York, almost penniless. Sweitzer obtained employment, and they lived comfortably several years. Finally his health failed, and the couple came to Port Jervis, N. Y., and took up their abode in a little shanty in a suburb known as "nigger hollow." Madame Sweitzer made enough money to keep them alive by peddling matches and notions among the farmers, and by begging during the winter. She frequently walked fifty miles a day, and on a recent occasion took part in a pedestrian contest in Port Jervis, where she made a record of ninety-eight miles in twenty-four hours, and earned considerable money During her begging excursions she told the above story of her life. She was known in Pike County as "Meesby Maumie," or "the Countess."

Her death was horrible. She was trying to steal a ride on the night freight train to Middletown, thirty-five miles south of Port Jervis, when she fell under the engine and was so crushed that her body was scarcely recognizable. Her husband died a few years ago, and she has been buried beside him in Laurel Cemetery.

British Columbia has started a little boom for herself by reporting the discovery of new and rich gold fields.

WHY I HAD TWO WEDDING DAYS.

Everything has been duly and properly arranged for our wedding. The engagement of Miss Nell Bartley to Mr. Bertram Langley had been announced in the fashion column of a leading "society journal," and the wedding day had arrived.

I am Betram Langley—commonly called Bert—and while I confess to being most sincerely and entirely in love with my little Nell, I must add I had been quite annoyed about our marriage, first at the persistance with which she insisted upon a grand wedding.

I hate fuss and parade, and have an old time notion that a marriage rehearsed giddily, and eventually solemnized before a crowd of gossiping, gaping people is robbed of all its sweet purity. Then, too, the trousseau! The whole business is a nuisance! Excuse the big word, but my feelings are strong on that point. What on earth a woman wants of clothes enough to last five years, and gewgaws more than she can ever hope to use, I never could see, unless, indeed, she entertains a horrible suspicion that the new firm may refuse to furnish a fresh supply.

It's all right, I suppose, since they all do it (no slang intended), but it was a trying time for me, I can tell you. I could scarcely get a glimpse of Nell, she was so busy with dress-makers, milliners, &c. &c.; and when I did see her, she was in such a rattling hurry to be off to keep an engagement with some workwoman or other, that I actually grew a little savage.

For a month before we were married I believe I never entered the house once but Kate—Nell's married sister—rushed into the room with an—

"Excuse me, Bert, but Nell is wanted a moment." Or, "Don't look cross, Bert, but Nellie must see Madame This or That," till I lost all patience.

There was another cause of annoyance, too—Nell's father was a rich man and as able as he was willing to furnish his daughter with as much finery as she might desire, while I, on the contrary, was a man with his way to make in the world.

True, I had a fair income and prospects, but I could not hope to give Nell as luxurious a home or as elaborate a wardrobe as her papa provided—at least not for some years; but I could afford to support a wife, and I loved Nell with all my heart.

When I asked Mr. Bartley's consent to our marriage, he was at first a little inclined to find fault with my financial condition. An older man, with a well secured fortune would have suited him better. He had a most unwholesome dread of fortune hunters, and even went so far as to have a mild suspicion that I might be just a bit interested in that way; but all that wore off in time, and we were on the best of terms.

I only mention this to show how a suspicion once entertained will return on the faintest invitation, and not unfrequently on none at all; for the time came when Mr. Bartley not only entertained this unjust surmise, but eagerly hugged this foul thought to his heart, and grew murderous in that vital organ toward me—Bertram Langley—as innocent a man as ever stepped.

The day before the one fixed upon for our marriage, Nell and I had our first tiff. I called to inform her of the smallest possible hitch in the church machinery. The regular sexton was obliged to leave town, but had secured the services of his brother, (a very deaf and stupid man, as it turned out.) Possibly she might have some instructions to give him.

I waited full half an hour in the reception room, cooling my heels and warming my wrath, before Nell rushed in.

"What is it Bert?" she asked breathlessly. "I'm awful busy!"

A spark is enough to ignite a whole city if it only falls upon highly inflamable material, and a word is enough to raise a furious temper in a man who is aching to get mad, so I answered curtly—

"If you are in such a hurry; it is no matter what I wished to say."

Nell opened her brown eyes in surprise. "I've got to select some lace," she exclaimed, "and Kate can't wait."

"Neither can I!" I retorted shortly, pulling on my gloves. Then after a moment I added. "You think a great deal of furbelows don't you?"

"Indeed I do!"

"I am afraid you will have to do with vastly less when you are married"

Nell tossed her head saucily.

"All the more reason I should be allowed to enjoy these papa gives me."

The shot went home. I bit my lips but managed to keep cool outside, though inwardly I was boiling.

"It is not too late to retreat," I said coolly. "If you repent your bargain, there is time to escape."

Nell's eyes grew big with horror at the idea.

"Indeed, it is entirely too late!" she burst out. "Why, everybody knows it! All our sets have cards—I should die of mortification to put it off now! We must go on, any way; I have no fancy for being a laughing stock for every one."

"Better be laughed at a week than miserable for a lifetime," I retorted.

Nell opened her lips to answer, but just at that moment Kate put her head in the door.

"Nell! Nell! Excuse me, Bert—"

I stayed to hear no more, but turned on my heel and strode away.

No sooner had I reached my hotel when I was heartily ashamed of myself; and when Tom, my elder brother and only living relative, rushed in and told me that he had left his wife ill at home, so anxious was he to see me married, the last bit of crossness departed and a great wave of tenderness swept over my heart for the brown-eyed girl whom I knew was to marry me to morrow only because she loved me far better than the elegance of her father's home or the costly trifles he could give her.

Tom was ill at ease and worried, and I knew that nothing but my marriage or funeral could have induced him to leave home when Lettie was ill.

Next morning I saw Nellie for a moment only, but the kiss I pressed on her dear little mouth was a silent plea for pardon and a promise for better control over my temper next time.

Evening came—the church was packed—and I, feeling most uncommonly stiff and awkward in a span new suit and speckless gloves, was awaiting in the vestry.

Nellie was to enter on her father's arm, followed by her bridesmaids and groomsmen—six in number—while I was to enter in the nick of time from the vestry, the minister from his study and meet before the altar.

It was all very pretty, but I almost knew I should make a mess of it—and I did with a vengeance.

I had requested to be allowed to be alone, so as to keep my part in mind, and for the same reason went early to the church, not to be stared at and confused, for this show affair was not one bit to my mind.

Just at the last moment Tom came rushing in, followed by the regular sexton.

"Ive got a telegram from Lettie," said Tom, his voice quivering. "She is worse, and I must start at once. Just time to catch the train. Good-by, old boy! God bless you!"

"I am going too—just came to wish you joy, Mr. Bert," said the sexton, who had known me since I was a lad. "Sorry I can't see you married. My road's the same as your brother's so I'll go with him:" and off they both hurried, the door shutting with a sharp click behind them.

The time for the arrival of the wedding party drew near; I advanced to the door that opened into the church, designing to open it and peep through. It resisted my efforts. I struggled with it sharply—no use! the door was locked!

Muttering a curse on the stupidity of the sexton, I strode to the outer door. In shutting the door it too had become locked, and I was as fast as fate.

Great drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead. What was to be done? I asked myself the question and mopped my face with my immaculate handkerchief, but failed to find the answer.

Then I flew back to the inner door and listened. The organ was playing gaily, and a subdued hush told me that Nellie was entering on her father's arm, and here was I standing, caged like a rat.

Oh, how I tried to open that door! My gloves split, and the prespiration ran in rivers down my face and dropped off the end of my nose; but not one inch could I budge it.

I have wondered since how I should have looked if I should have succeeded in bursting open the door, and been suddenly projected before the *creme ge la creme*, with limp collar, torn gloves, red face and distended eyes. I can smile now, but I can assure you I saw no fun in it then.

I tried the door till positively no hope remained in that direction. Then I flew again to the outer door and pounded and even shouted, but to no purpose.

Utterly hopeless, I returned to the inner door once more. All was silent. Should I thunder upon its panels and proclaim my presence and demand to be "let out?" Nobody likes to look like a fool if he can help it—and I hesitated.

I glanced around. The windows caught my eye—why had I not thought of them? I could at least make my escape, and the ceremony might be delayed, and consequently awkward; still Nell would not be utterly put to shame. Like the madman I was, I seized the table, dragged it to the window, sprang upon it, and climbed on to the high and narrow window sill; throwing up the sash. I prepared to leap out; but I had reckoned without my host; the cord that held the weight was broken, consequently the moment my hand left the sash the window descended with startling rapidity, striking me full upon the head, and knocking me off the narrow sill, dashing my head against the sharp corner of the table, and at last landing me full length on the floor

I tried to rise; something warm rushed ever my face, I put up my hand to clear my eyes—my hand was covered with blood.

I felt giddy and weak, still I staggered to my feet; then a black mist arose around me, and I knew no more.

This was Thursday eve. Sunday afternoon, the sexton, returning to his duties, found me lying upon the floor half dead, wholly delirious, my face covered with blood, and a hole in my head large enough to let the life out of any man. That mine was spared was because I had fallen with the wound down, and the soft pile of the carpet acted like lint to staunch the blood.

As soon as I could control my thoughts I begged to know of Nellie. Poor little girl! she had been quite overwhelmed. When I failed to appear Kate's husband rushed out to inquire of the sexton if he had seen me. He was positive that I had been there, and equally positive that I had left again in company with his brother—said that he could not be mistaken—both seemed in a great hurry and had jumped in a carriage and been driven rapidly away.

Messengers were sent to my hotel, but without gaining a clew to my whereabouts; so after a mortifying wait Nellie had been taken home, and the very morning of the day I was discovered the whole family sailed for Europe.

As soon as I was able to stand, I sailed in search of the woman I had so innocently humiliated. Not knowing her whereabouts, it was two months before I found her. At last one evening, wandering on the seashore of a quiet little English town, I espied her —and alone.

That she believed me a most blackened villian was plain, for the look she gave me when she recognized my presence was one of unutterable contempt. Now that I had found her, I was determined she should hear the truth.

"Nellie, I cried, hurrying to her, and grasping both her little hands before she had time to escape.

"Well, sir?" she replied, haughtily, trying but trying in vain to free her hands.

"My darling," I pleaded, "you will at least hear a man before you condemn him!"

Her face flushed angrily.

"What can you say," she burst out hotly, "that will make your conduct less dastardly? Have you not made me the object of every one's ridicule and contemptuous pity! Offering me public insult no woman could ever forgive? Have you not made me hate everybody, myself most of all? What more do you wish, Bertram Langley—you villain!"

I winced a little at the word, as I thought of my broken head—though God knows I did not blame her, believing as she did.

"Why are you here? And why did you run away." She demanded, with a whole world of scorn on the words "run away."

"I did not run away, I was locked up."

"Locked up! For what? Where?" cried poor Nell, starting back, a look of horror creeping up into the brown eyes.

I verily believe she thought for an instant I had added murder to my other crimes.

"Why, in the vestry," I explained a little foolishly. "Come and sit down and let me tell you. I am quite ill yet."

This was a master stroke. Nell seated herself without demur, and I half sitting, half lying at her feet, related to her the chapter of my misfortunes.

Dear little girl! her face brightened before I was half through—indeed. I am sorry to say she laughed quite heartily; but she became sober when I told her about the window coming down, and leaned over and kissed the scar on my head tenderly, and I knew that peace and confidence was restored.

After a while we fell to talking it over in a general way.

"It was a dreadful blow to me," said Nell, pensively; "I thought my heart was broken."

"I thought it was a pretty tough blow myself," I laughed. "By Jove, I thought my head was broken. When that window came down it knocked me higher than Gilderoy's kite! The next time we are married, Nell, I won't be left to dig out of any such ridiculous hole as a vestry: if there are any windows that have got to be jumped out of, we'll hop out together."

Great was the family wonder to see us walk in together; but everything was all right as soon as explained, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartley consented that Nell and I might be married next day in the quaint little church in the place.

And so we were. I led my bride in myself, and Papa and Mamma Bartley followed soberly behind, and Kate and her husband were all the crowd we had.

A curate, who had a bad cold officiated, and the time-honored and world-renowned Dicken's woman pew-opener, shabby and snuffy, was on hand to make everything romantic and proper.

So this is why we were married without bridesmaids, and had two wedding days.

A Jersey Farmer's Losses at the Hands of Relentless Enemies.

From the Philadelphia Times.

M. C. Browning, a farmer living near Ellisburg, not far distant from Camden, has been so persecuted by malignant enemies during the past two years that he recently offered a reward of $500 for the conviction of the offenders. Thus far his tormentors manage to elude capture, for they have cunningly devised and carried out most of their schemes successfully. His troubles date back to December, 1879. At midnight on the 18th of that month his barn was discovered to be on fire. Twenty-five fine bred milch cows were stabled in the barn, and though every effort was made to save them, all were roasted alive.

In the following November, when he had about retrieved his losses, six fine cows died one afternoon. Investigation developed the fact that they had been poisoned with Paris green, a quantity of which was found strewn over the grass in the pasture. Last October several head of swine were poisoned with arsenic. The grounds were searched, and in the feed boxes were found four packages of the deadly mineral. Yesterday morning Mr. Browning, while feeding his stock, found five pounds of Paris green and some arsenic in the bottom of the swill-tub. This was discovered in time to prevent any fatal consequences. He laid the matter before Mayor Bradshaw, and subsequently offered the reward for the arrest of the guilty parties. It is whispered about in the neighborhood of Ellisburg that several discharged farm hands knew something about the outrages.

Virginia's Prodigy in Arithmetic.

From the Luray (Page County, Va.) Courier.

A man by the name of Price, near Alma, who is almost blind, and who is wholly uneducated and not at all sprightly in other respects, is said to be able to solve almost any problem in mathematics that can be given to him. He uses no figures, but makes his calculation on his fingers. Mr. Hampton, who is teaching in that neighborhood, gave him last week the following problem, which he solved quicker than a good scholar present could do by Algebra: A man bought a horse, buggy, and harness. The horse cost $48 more than the buggy, the buggy two and three-fourths times as much as the harness, and the harness one-seventh of the whole sum paid. What was the whole sum paid—what did each cost? He has no difficulty in working fractions, however complicated and intricate. Mr. James P. Graves informed us that he once asked him what was the third and the half of one-third of three and one-third, and he was ready with the answer almost as soon as he had finished the question. He is about 23 years old.

There was a severe frost over a large part of the United States on the morning of the 4th of July, 1859, and another on the 20th day of August.

SHORT AND SWEET.

From Harper's Weekly.

The death of little Miss Jem's mother (she died suddenly one day in early November) revealed the hitherto unsuspected fact that her income—supposed to have been derived from an estate of her late husband's, but now proved to have been the liberal yearly allowance of a wealthy uncle of his—died with her; and little Miss Jems, after the funeral expenses were paid, found herself and her maternal grandmother (a dear old lady, with "a bee in her head," it must be confessed, but a bee that never stung) left to begin the world anew with but a hundred odd dollars and a small houseful of furniture.

Mrs. Jems had been of an easy-going, secretive, apathetic nature, obeying implicitly the command, "Take no thought for to-morrow," and, strange as it may appear, had never given even the slightest hint of the real state of affairs to her daughter, who was but three years of age when her father departed this life, and who, by-the-bye, resembled her mother in no respect and so, as well may be imagined, when the disclosure came, little Miss Jems was much surprised and confounded.

She had been looked upon in her neighborhood quite in the light of an heiress, and had been wooed by the "butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker," to speak poetically, and last, but not least by a great deal, by a handsome young builder—just admitted to partnership with his father—who built the row of cottages in one of which the Jemses lived.

I don't mean to say that it was entirely on account of the fortune which it was thought she would inherit that so many came a-wooing the heroine of my story. Oh no, indeed, for her face was a fortune in itself. It was one of those pretty, child-like faces, with limpid hazel eyes, red pouting lips, and pink dimpled cheeks, which one longed to kiss as soon as one saw them, and which everybody who could find the slightest pretense for so doing did kiss as soon after seeing them as possible.

"Just as though I were a baby!" said little Miss Jems one day to her intimate friend Miss Serena Sloo. "And I hate it, and I've almost made up my mind to strike the next person who attempts it." And she stamped her small foot and shook her small fist in such a cunning way that Miss Sloo, who was several years older than she, immediately crushed the pink cheeks between her hands and kissed the pouting lips heartily.

"Serena Sloo," said little Miss Jems, indignantly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself." And then imagine, in addition to the pretty face, a wee figure, not very slender—on the contrary, delightfully plump—with No. 1 feet and No. 5 hands, and I'm sure you will acknowledge that your "mind's eye" never looked on fairer picture.

"'Oh, she's a daisy!'" sang the butcher's boy while cutting the steak for Aleck Wilmartin, the young builder mentioned above; and so engrossed was he with the, to him, subject of the song that he cut the tough part of the steak twice as thick as he did the tenderloin, and as he handed it, to his customer he winked slyly, and said, "Isn't she?"

Aleck frowned upon him, and left the shop in dignified silence, which went to prove that to two persons at least there was but one "daisy" in that vincinity.

Little Miss Jems wept for her mother a month and more, though, to tell the honest truth, their affection for each other had been less strong than usually exists between parent and child; and then she dried her eyes, and sat down in her snug parlor, one bright December afternoon, to consider ways and means for the future.

Grandmamma was there, too, in her own particularly easy rocking-chair, humming softly to herself, in the whitest of white caps, adorned with the flutedest of fluted raffles, with a ball of yarn and a half-finished stocking, which she was rapidly finishing, in her black alpaca lap. And while little Miss Jems was thinking so hard that three wrinkles were plainly discernible on her fair brow, somebody came whistling up the steps. Miss Jems sprang from her seat, ran to the door, opened it, seized the whistler by the hand, and drew him into the dining-room.

"Grandma is in the parlor," she said, "and she knows nothing about the money, and, God willing, she never shall."

"Of course not, my dear," said Aleck Wilmartin, lifting her lightly and seating her on the dining-table, to her great vexation.

"Take me down. I won't be treated this way, you great rude thing, she cried, crimson with rage. "Take me down this instant." And the way she stamped her foot (she was always stamping her foot about something or other) when once more on the floor, it's a wonder that the heel didn't fly off the dainty slipper. "I want to talk with you as a woman with a man," she continued, "not as a girl chattering to a boy."

Mr. Wilmartin led her with mock solemnity to a chair, and seated himself beside her. "I am all attention. Proceed, Pigeon."

"Pigeon, indeed! That's a fine way to begin! I shan't say another word until you behave yourself;" and little Miss Jems turned away and gazed steadily out of the window.

"Miss Jems," said her lover, "I am behaving—upon my word I am. And as you refuse to begin the conversation, I—talking as a man to a woman—assure you that there is not the slightest necessity for making any change in your way of living. This house is mine, therefore it is yours, and as soon as you can make up your mind to let me come and share it with you, the wedding ring will be bought."

"And that's *your* idea of a man's talk to a woman!" said little Miss Jems, with scornful emphasis. "*I* call it a man's talk to a child. And I will *not* live in your house, Mr. Alexander Wilmartin, which is *not* mine. And you shall never put a wedding ring on the finger of a beggar. So there now!"

"Well, upon my word, you *have* got a temper of your own, Pigeon—Miss Jems, I mean," said Aleck, retreating in affected terror, to the other end of the room, to return in an instant, however. "But, if it be not too presumptuous on my part, may I beg your ladyship to tell me what you *do* intend to do?"

"I shall keep a store, sir—a candy store."

"And eat up all the profits, to say nothing of the stock, yourself?"

"Alexander Wilmartin, once for all, if you will not talk sense, go home."

"Violetta Jems, familiarly known as Pigeon, rather than 'go home,' I promise to talk sense by the hour."

"Well, sir, I shall keep a candy store. I don't know how to do anything else to earn money, and that's easy, 'cause it's mostly pennies that come in—though I *can* make change for a five-dollar bill with a little studying—and as for grandmamma, she's awful smart at figures; and I've found the very store. It's two miles away from here"—catching him by the lapel of his coat, and standing on tiptoe. "I wouldn't start business in this neighborhood for the world—everybody'd tease so; and there's lots of children there; and I'm going to take it tomorrow; and we'll move in a few days."

"Thank you for seeking my advice on the subject, Miss Jems. It was exceedingly kind of you, said the lover, with assumed sternness. "And your grandmother, from whom you are so anxious to conceal your change of circumstances, and who comes from a wholesale family, as she has frequently told me herself, what will she think of this summary proceeding?"

"I shall tell her, Aleck, I am doing it for fun."

"Doing it for fun? Keeping a confectionery on a very limited scale for amusement?"

"Yes," replied little Miss Jems, nodding her head cheerfully, and smiling brightly. "Grandmamma has heard me say over and over again I'd like to keep a candy shop. And I can soon convince her that my happiness depends on starting one at once. It would never do—her head being so queer at times—to let her know I am obliged to do so—"

"Which you are not," interpolated Mr. Wilmartin.

"For if I did, she'd begin, dear old soul, to prepare for the poor-house immediately."

"And when are you going to marry me?" asked Aleck.

"As soon as I have proved that I can support myself; something that every girl as old as I am—seventeen last week—should be able to do."

"And if you should fail?"

"'In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail'" quoted little Miss Jems.

"You are mistaken; Richelieu was mistaken; there is," persisted the lover—"on the last page of the book."

"Well, then, if I fail, I'll marry you all the same. And now you may kiss me once and then run away; for since we have decided what is best to be done, I must set about doing it without delay."

"*We* have decided," echoed Mr. Wilmartin; and multiptying by six, he kissed little Miss Jems accordingly, and rushed around the corner to a half finished building, before which half a dozen workmen were lounging, "a-waiting for the boss."

And the store was hired and stocked, and the rooms above it furnished with part of the furniture from the cottage—the rest was to remain there until a new tenant took possession—and everything was in apple-pie order when it was opened on Christmas-eve. It had only one window, and not a very large one at that, but little Miss Jems had made the most of it. Cats, dogs, monkeys, elephants, horses, cows, lambs, snakes, lions, tigers—in fact, a whole menagerie of barley-sugar was installed therein, and glowed red and yellow beneath the brilliant gas jet. Sparkling glass jars filled with lemon drops, gum drops, clove drops, and peppermint sticks, cream sticks, birch sticks, and all sorts of sticks were ranged on the store shelves, and the counter was almost covered with brand-new tin pans containing pea-nut, cocoa-nut, walnut, and cinnamon taffy, and enticing chunks of old-fashioned molasses candy, and from the ceiling hung some wreaths of Christmas green; and, taken altogether, with little Miss Jems in a large snowy white apron behind the money drawer, it would have been hard to have found a more attractive small establishment for sweets anywhere. And grandmamma seeing the great delight of her heart's treasure, was proportionally delighted, and softly murmured to herself, every five minutes, "She shall play it as long as she wants to, the dearie, and I'll help her."

But just as little Miss Jems was serving her first customer—a very small boy, who bought, after long deliberation, a camel and a chicken—a carriage stopped before the door, and a handsomely dressed lady descended from it, and entered the store in great haste.

"Are you Miss Jems?" she asked.

"I am," Miss Jems.

"I'm glad to hear it, for a nice time I've had looking for you. Your father's uncle—the gentleman from whom your mother used to receive a yearly allowance—is in the city, and wishes to see you immediately, as he will be obliged to leave again to night. I am his step-daughter. Please come at once. You will not be detained for more than an hour."

Little Miss Jems stared helplessly at her visitor a moment, then she stared helplessly around her, then she collected her scattered senses, and called, "Grandmamma!" The old lady came out of the back room. "I must go away, granny dear, for a little while," she said. "Do you think you can take care of the store until I come back?"

"I am sure I can," said grandmamma, proudly.

And dropping the white apron and donning her cloak and hat, away went little Miss Jems with the step-daughter of her father's uncle.

It was two hours before she got back, and when she stepped from the carriage a crowd of children, evidently in the very highest glee, laughing and singing and shouting, their hands full of paper parcels, came out of the little shop. She glanced in the window as she opened the door; not one animal of the whole menagerie remained. She looked at the shelves when she entered; the glass jars, less sparkling than when she left, were empty. Her eyes fell to the counter; not a bit of taffy or old-fashioned molasses candy clung to the pans.

"Why, grandmamma," she cried, her whole face beaming with satisfaction, "what a business you have done, to be sure! The money drawer must be nearly full. And I don't believe you sold anything in all your life before."

"Sold?" repeated the dear old lady, her smile of welcome fading. "Were the things to be sold on Christmas-eve, my dearie, when we're only keeping store for fun? I hadn't it in my heart to take the little ones' pennies. 'Merry Christmas,' says they so prettily; and 'Help yourselves,' says I. And I never see such a lot of children as did help themselves in all my life before."

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" exclaimed little Miss Jems; what *shall* I do now? I haven't another dollar in all the wide world!"

"You'll have to marry me right off, pigeon. Remember your promise," said a manly voice; and a pair of manly arms encircled her. "The wedding ring is in my pocket."

Little Miss Jems, tossing her hat in one corner and her cloak in another, burst into a wild fit of laughter. "Oh dear! I shall die—I know I shall! Its too—*too*—too funny!" she gasped. "After all the trouble I had teaching grandmamma the prices of things this morning! And papa's uncle—such an old gruffy as he is!—wanted me to send her to some charitable institution to be taken care of; said *he'd* take care of me if I would. I'd like to see myself, and so I told him. 'I'd ten thousand times rather keep—oh, dear! oh dear! oh dear!—a store,' said I. Aleck, why don't you stop laughing, and why—don't—you—make—me—stop laughing? Was there ever anything so ridiculous? Did you ever since you were born hear of a business begun and ended in three hours?"

"'Twas short and sweet, like little Miss Jems," said Aleck. "By George! here's three peppermint drops left! One for you, one for grandmamma, and one for me. Keep your mouth open and shut your eyes, pigeon."

MARK TWAIN ON PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Some Advice to the Descendnats of the Pilgrims.

The main dining room of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, presented a beautiful and picturesque scene last Thursday night, on the occasion of the first annual festival of the New England society of Pennsylvania. Speeches were made by Gov. Hoyt, Senator Frye of Maine, President Hopkins. Senator Rollins, in concluding, said that the next speaker, while not born in New England, had done the best he could, for he had his children born there and thus had made himself a New England ancestor. He thus introduced Mark Twain, who sat to the left of Gov. Hoyt. Mr. Clemens rose and in a peculiar, sleepy manner began his remarks by thanking the company for the deserved compliment to himself and his posterity. "I shall continue to do my best," drawled out the speaker, who continued as follows:

"Oh! my friends, hear me and reform. I seek your good, not mine. You have heard the speeches; disband these New England societies—nurseries of a system of steadily augmenting laudation and hosannahing, which, if persisted in, uncurbed, may some day in the remote future beguile you into prevaricating and bragging. Oh! stop; stop while you are still temperate in your appreciation of your ancestors. Hear me, I beseech you; get up an auction and sell Plymouth Rock! The Pilgrims were a simple and ignorant race; they never had seen any good rocks before, or, at least, any that were not watched, and so they were excusable for hopping ashore in frantic delight and clapping an iron fence around this one; but you, gentlemen, are educated, you are enlightened; you know that in the rich land of your nativity, opulent New England, overflowing with rocks, this one isn't worth, at the outside, more than thirty five cents. Therefore, sell it, or, at least, throw it open to the patient medicine advertisements, and let it earn its taxes.

Notes and Hints on the Fashions.

Some notes and hints on the fashions: Young men are now often noticed wearing hats inclined downward at an angle of forty-five degrees over their left ears, and with cigarettes cocked upward in corresponding obliquity from the left-hand corner of their mouths. It may be well to state that they also wear other articles of use and adornment, but those above mentioned are what first attract the attention. An eminently sensible style of costume in view of the exceedingly changeable character of the weather of late would seem to be composed of rubber boots, perspiration proof celluloid collars and cuffs, a linen duster and a sealskin cap. Boats embellished with day-before-yesterday's mud are much worn in public. As women's head-gear grows larger and their wraps more voluminous, men's trowsers grow tighter and their hats smaller. If there is anything in evolution, the time is rapidly approaching when man will be a puny, indefensible creature, and women a terrorizing Amazon. The increasing opulence of tailors and modistes, however, unerringly indicate the survival of the fittist.

Ex-Senator Christiancy was obliged to pay about $10,000 for the expenses of his divorce suit.

ENGINEER MELVILLE'S HOME.

The Joy the Intelligence of His Safety Brought to His Wife and Children.

From the Philadelphia Times, 24th.

This will be a happy Christmas for the wife and children of Engineer George W. Melville, of the Arctic exploration yacht Jeannette, who was in command of the whale boat which first landed safe September 29, at the mouth of the river Lena, off Siberia, and brought the news of the loss of the yacht. Mrs. Melville with her three little girls, each a blonde, frank-faced portrait of the father, is living in a pretty little cottage at Sharon Hill, a few miles from the city, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad, where for over a year she has mourned her husband as dead. Mrs. Melville is a lady past thirty, with the appearance and manners of an old society which is fast disappearing. She wears her hair yet in the old-fashioned style of high puffs and rolls at each side above the forehead, and has other charming oddities becoming the wife of a remarkable man. She is a daughter of Judge Waldron, of Buffalo, N. Y., who for upwards of forty-five years occupied the bench. When her husband was chosen out of the three hundred applicants in the United States navy to go with the Tigress in search of the Poloris she suffered great anxiety, but he calmed her by telling her it was his duty and holding out the possibilities of honor and advancement it might bring.

One night in April, 1870, soon after the youngest child was born, Lieutenant Melville came to his wife's bedside and she saw at once by his demeanor that something extraordinary had happened. "You have received orders to go away," she said, at once divining the worst, and quieting her as best he could he said it was true and told her her he had been commissioned to go on the Jeannette. "The last word he used as he went out of the door," Mrs. Melville said last night, "were that the vessel would never return, and in the letter I got from him, mailed at San Francisco, he said that the Jeannette was prettily and completely equipped, but was utterly unfit for the service intended. Then in the last letter I ever received from him, mailed at Onaloska, he said they had passed through a severe storm and would inevitably have been lost had it not been for the convoy that accompanied them. Under these circumstances it is very natural that I should have despared of his safety, but I felt if any one would brave the danger it would be him, for he always was fortunate in overcoming difficulties, and I am not surprised that he brought his boat's crew safe to shore, after being three months wandering on the ice after leaving the crushed yacht. I met Mrs. De Long the other day and she was very hopeful and tried to cheer me from the despondent belief in my husband's death, but now the positions are reversed and it is Lieutenant De Long who is in peril and my husband safe. But I know my husband so well that I am sure he will not give up continuing his search while there is a chance of finding a man who was on the Jeannette. At the best my husband cannot get home before April and it may be be the summer or fall. For seventeen years we have been married and during that time he has not been with me more than four years. But when he is home he is the most domestic and loving husband the skies ever looked down upon."

Lieutenant Melville was all through the war in the service of the United States navy and was an officer on the Wachusett which captured the privateer Florida. He has always been an adventurous and daring spirit. His great-grandfather before him was an Arctic voyager and gave his name to Melville bay and sound, a circumstance that the lieutenant regards with great pride. Mrs. Melville has received a great many complimentary letters and very many of her friends and acquaintances have called upon her to express their pleasure at her good fortune.

Tricks of Smugglers

From Progress.

At one of the Paris barriers there exists a museum of the contrivances used for smuggling of liquors into the city which has been captured on various occassions by the employes of the octroi. Here are piles of common white plates, the top one of which on being lifted off shows a cylinder of tin piercing the remainder of the pile. Here are rolls of linen, which are merely a few yards of stuff wrapped around a tin box fashioned of the requisite shape, and with ends artistically finished off with strips of linen set on end. Here is the bust of india-rubber of a make-believe wet-nurse, who used to take her little charge out daily to breath the fresh air beyond the barriers. Here are two great blocks of stone that on closer inspection prove to be tin-lined boxes with artistically fitting ends. Here are three stout folio volumes bound calf and labelled "The Philosophy of Nations." With these books under his arm a pale, interesting-looking young student used to wander forth into the suburb to pursue his studies, One day an inquisitive custom house officer, grown suspicious that the youth always carried out the same books to study, insisted on opening one of these volumes. He found that the leaves had been nicely cut away with a sharp knife to afford a secret niche for a square case-bottle, which was filled with brandy—a similar contrivance existing in each of the other two books. But the cleverest trick of all was one which was very complicated and costly in its details, but which must have paid handsomely, as it was carried on for months without detection. A lady and gentleman, seated in a plain coupe, drawn by a good horse, and driven by a coachman in livery, were wont to drive out to the Bois de Boulogne every afternoon, returning usually about dusk. The gentleman was evidently an invalid. He was always enveloped in a fur-lined cloak, with the collar raised around his throat, and had a fur cap pulled down over his brows, while the little that could be seen of his countenance was of a sickly pallor. He was always reclining in a corner of the carriage, as if too feeble to sit erect, while his attentive wife sat beside him evidently solicitous for his welfare, being especially careful to keep his cloak well wrapped around him. The guardians of the octroi saw his vehicle and its inmates pass by them daily without suspicion. One day, however, after making the usual inquiry, "Have you anything to disclose?" the custom house officer, on closing the door, struck the supposed invalid's foot. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the officer. No response—not so much as an inclination of the head. Rather surprised, the officer repeated his remark in a louder tone, at the same time touching the sick man's shoulder. At that moment the lady and coachman leaped from their respective places and fled away with surprising swiftness, leaving in the hands of the officers the horses, the carriage and the invalid, which last was found to be made of tin and filled with brandy—his face being most artistically constructed in wax. The space under the seat of coupe and the coachman's box were also reservoirs of tin, so that the smuggling transactions of the party had been practiced on a very extensive scale.

Cardinal Manning's Appearance and Speech.

Cardinal Manning, of England, is, in personal appearance, extremely imposing. His face is pale and almost bloodless, his eyes are deep set and brilliant, his hair and eyebrows snow-white. He is cold in manner, and in public speaking he is closely logical and argumentative, but on occasions he rises to heights of eloquence. He has been on terms of brotherly intimacy with Mr. Gladstone ever since their boyhood, and the story is well known in England of Gladstone bursting out when it was announced that Henry Edward Manning had been appointed Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster: "If you had remained in the Church of England, you would have been Archbishop of Canterbury," the highest spiritual dignitary in England.

The Army Chaplains Choice.

The following reminiscence of the war of the rebellion, related by Chaplain C. of the———New Hampshire Regiment has not before, we believe, found its way into print. It was in the pioneer days, when military tactics, it seems, were not the only thing that would occasionally get a little overdone, that the boy, unluckily, once upon a time, got the temperature of the earth even rather high for the good of the Sunday-morning baked beans, and as they rattled out of the pots, they reminded the hungry soldiery considerably more of a distant roll-call than of anything savory for their sharpened appetites. The quick eye of Colonel T., as he came into camp, took in the situation at a glance; and drawing his broad, ruddy face into an expression of well-feigned gravity becoming the occasion, he quietly said to the officiating clergyman, "Chaplain, the beans, as you see, have got a pretty hard bake on 'em this morning, but if you think they are worth asking a blessing over, go ahead." Whether or not the second blessing descended in due form is a matter of conjecture. It is certain, however, that the good humor which followed the hale colonel's remark proved to be a much more salutary condiment that day than anything found in the pepper-boxes, excepting, perhaps, for the goodly few who still retained a faint recollection of their catechisms.

"Gath" on Guiteau.

George A. Townsend to Cincinnati Enquirer.

I think the conviction that Guiteau ought to be hanged lies at the bottom of the fear that he will not be. He illustrates to every body, and particularly to the young, the pernicious influence of egotism and selfishness on the character, and finally on the habits. At times in this trial I have thought of Dickens' depiction of young Jonas Cnuzzlewit, whose picture, as drawn by Leech, resembles Guiteau. The consuming selfishness, the unfeeling avarice, the cruel indifference to pain sketched by this man of fiction, came out even more vividly in Guiteau. He is not even able to let his lawyer make him insignificant in order to save his life. At times his cowardice and cunning permit this line of defence to go on, but he will then burst into paroxysms of rage that so little respect is paid to his greatness. Guiteau's countenance has always suggested to me a man so absorbed in the passion for celebrity that it has given him a worrying preoccupation—a constant self-consciousness, looking even within upon his troubled thirst instead of outward upon other human beings and the things of nature. Unquestionably a sensualist, he has never had any gallantry. His sensuality and egotism have finally run together in some hideous mould, like the swine into which the devil has centered, and who ran down the steep place into the sea.

I have previously said that one of the clearest proofs of his sanity is the fact that he saw no illusion in the consequence of killing President Garfield. He saw the actual facts as he affected them. He said: "I will kill Garfield, make Arthur President, change this government, put Blaine out of the Cabinet, and alter a whole chapter in our history." He saw nothing which was not there in the direct consequences of his bullet. Why should he be held to be insane for predicting so clearly what was to ensue? Garfield is in his grave. In the lusty strength of middle life, with a noble range to live, to work, to enjoy, and to transmit himself through the institutions of the country, he was cut off by the interposition of this wretch, made to suffer ten-fold the agonies of the undistinguished soldier, or even general, because he had so much to live for that it was agonizing to die. The pretext that God inspired the shot the prisoner vaunts in nearly the same breath that he rejoices in the complete success of the catastrophe. When he mentions God not a particle of reverence is in his tone; but when he mentions the enormous change he has brought about in our history, you can feel the expression of egotistical joy that he could rise to be so great, so wise, and so universally recognized as one of the powers of the earth. And he is a power until his carcass in its low and selfish hideousness shall exhale the spirit which animated it.

"Fooling Gineral Sherman."

Detroit Free Press.

About six miles out of Savanah I came across a farmer who accepted a plug of tobacco and was ready to sit down on a log and answer all questions. When I asked him about Sherman's approach, he burst in a loud laugh and slapped his leg, and was so tickled that he did not calm down for two minutes.

"Excuse me, stranger," be finally said "but whenever I think of how I fooled Gineral Sherman it tickles me all over."

"Did you fool him?"

"Wall, I rather reckon," How?"

"Wall, you see, that's my place up thar on the rise. When the war broke out I was the most cantankerous rebel you ever saw. I swore I'd fight and fout and fit till we licked the Yanks, if it took a hundred years. I reckon Gineral Sherman heard of it."

"Probably he did."

"And after he took Atlanta he made up his mind to gobble me. He knew I'd swore to die before I'd surrender, and he come along down from Atlanta with over 70,000 men to surround me. Mighty cute old man, that Gineral Sherman!"

"Yes."

"Well, they got here one night about ten o'clock. I reckon that nigh on to 30,000 of them surrounded my house up there and called fur me to come out and surrender and end the war."

"And of course you did?"

A Strange Story.

Josiah Gilbert in London Secretary.

A son of a family named Watkinson, residing at Lanehnam, Suffolk, had gone to America. One summer Sunday afternoon they were attending service, and occupying a large, square pew near the pulpit. The door of the small building was wide open, and one of the party, who sat looking down the isle, could see out into the meeting-house yard, which was shaded by tall trees. Suddenly to his intense surprise, he saw the absent brother approaching through these trees, enter at the chapel door, walk up the aisle, come to the very door of the pew itself, as if to take his seat among them. At this moment others of the family, sitting so that he was only then within their sight, saw him also, but at that same moment he vanished.

This strange occurrence naturally raised sad forebodings, but in course of time a letter arrived from the subject of them of later date than that of the vision, and it appeared that he was still alive and well. He was then written to, and asked if anything peculiar had happened to him on that particular Sunday? He replied that it was odd he should remember anything about a Sunday then so long passed, but that certainly something peculiar had happened to him that day. He had come in, overpowered with heat, and had thrown himself upon his bed, had fallen into a sound sleep, and had a strange dream. He found himself among the trees before the country chapel; service was going on; he saw them all, the door being open, sitting in their pew; he walked up the aisle, he put his hand on the pew door to open it, when he suddenly, and to his great chagrin awoke.

It would be interesting to know whether such a story is known to any one else. If authentic, the question arises,—Can sleep release the soul like death?

Christmas Trees by the Thousand.

From the Portland (Me.) Argus.

Ten thousand small evergreen trees were landed in New York on Sunday from the Portland steamer. They were taken there by two brothers named Chapman, who have made it their business to scour the state of Maine for them. Between now and Christmas they will take about 4,000 bundles, or 20,000 trees to supply the holiday trade. Every year a new wooded district is resorted to, and the Chapmans buy the right to cut the trees at two or three cents a tree. Men are hired to go over the ground and chop down the trees. Only the shapely and well rounded trees are felled. Then the butts are sawed off and trimmed of their smaller branches, and from two to ten trees, according to size, are tied to each bundle. This season's supply comes from within eighty miles of Portland. The trees, which cost three cents apiece in the woods of Maine, sell for from seventy-five cents to $1,25 a bundle to the grocers and retail dealers in New York.

General Sam Houston's son, Andrew J. Houston, is clerk of the federal court at Dallas.

The library of Mr. D. O. Mills' new house in New York is said to be the finest room of the kind in the world, and cost $80,000.