Poetry.

"IF."

If, sitting with this little, worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates, that lie 'twixt Heaven and me,

I could be reconciled and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper Sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and saw only his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And, with a heart full of sweet yearnings, say:
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in the golden sands;
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way.

But, O! to know the feet, once sure and white,
The kiss of vice had boldly ventured in!
The hands that should have battled for the right,
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night,
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

Selected Miscellany.

THE BREAKFAST SHAWL.

BY HANNAH THURSTIN.

"Lilla! isn't it a beauty?" cried Harry, catching from his little sister her "break'a't shawl" and waving it in the air. "A break-'a't shawl, and it's jolly now!" and Harry laughed decisively. Mingled with his shouts came Lilla's distressed voice.

"Mamma! mamma! my break'a't shawl!" in apprehending that her brother was about to tear it in pieces. But of course Harry had no idea of venturing such a piece of rudeness.

To be sure it was only a faded square of cambric, and the pattern wasn't the most graceful, and there was just the faintest suspicion of fringe in the dozen short bits of sewing silk that dangled from the edges. But it was soft and fine and smelt of lavender, and it had pretty, silken stripes.

Harry grew quiet as mamma folded the little shawl and took Lilla on her lap, with a thoughtful smile, and a far-away look in her eyes.

"Once," she said, "there came a time when the papa went away, and the carriage and horses were sold, and the servants were dismissed. The mamma was a brave woman whom such troubles couldn't crush and so she was cheerful over staying alone all summer, with only the children, in the big house where there had been so much bustle and company, and bravely helped to get papa ready to go off to the west, to buy a farm, and prepare a new home.

"I was eight years old, and that was *such* a long summer! I tended the baby, and picked up chips, and helped mamma keep the weeds out of the garden, and wiped the dishes three times a day. Of course mamma couldn't spare me to go to school. She never complained of being weary herself, though she must often have been so; as she took the baby and told me to run and play a little while.

"A buggy was still in the barn, unsold. One day a gentleman took it away, and kept it two or three days. When he came back, he took a bill out of his pocket book and offered it to mamma. She refused it, but he laid it on the table and went away. Mamma looked sober and thoughtful that afternoon sitting in her low chair by the window, with her eyes out on the grass plat where we were at play. But when we watched her delicate blue-veined fingers crumbling the bread into our bowls of milk at supper time, she was the same cheerful mamma we had always known.

"Two or three days after that, the milliner's boy brought a bandbox. Mamma opened it, and there were our last year's leghorn hats—Nellie's and mine—as white as leghorn could be with ties of mottled pink and white ribbon so fresh and pretty! Our delight was only surpassed that afternoon—it was Saturday—when mamma brought home two little shawls. The wreaths in the border were lilac then, and the silvery stripes were dotted with sprigs of soft green.

"I must have been a little vain the next morning, as I stood with mamma and my little three year old brother, on the garden walk, just starting for church. Alas! if I had only remembered that pride must have a fall! Mamma's foot hesitated a moment before she reached the gate.

"Go and get a cookie," she said, "for Charlie. He didn't eat much breakfast. You will find them in a pan in the west end of the lower shelf in the cellar.

"My curls and my new ribbons, and my shawl floated back on the morning breeze, as I ran to obey her. In the cellar I reached absently for the cookie pan. I had forgotten which one it was, and the shelf was higher than my head. I tipped a pan just a little and put my fingers over the edge. O, dear! a soft, creamy deluge poured instantly from the milk pan I had disturbed, over hat, curls, ribbons and shawl. "Mamma!" was all I had breath to exclaim, as I stood in another instant, blinded and dripping before her. But further statement was unnecessary. I think mamma's serenity was disturbed for a moment. but I could not see, and she led me quietly to the kitchen.

"Poor little girl," lisped Lilla,

"Did you ever go to church again?" asked Harry.

"Yes, with you yesterday," said mamma.

"But when you were a little girl—that summer, I mean," said Harry.

"Yes, the hat was re-dressed, and the shawl was washed. It was never quite so pretty as it had been, but it was not spoiled And I never wanted to complain because Nelly's was brighter."

"In spite of all her cheeriness, mamma grew thinner and paler as the summer wore on. One beautiful Sabbath afternoon early in September, mamma and I were out in the garden behind the house, picking 'shell beans,' for our late dinner. Someway I do not think there was much to make a meal of in the house, but mamma only said 'We'll have some nice succotash for dinner children,' I was trying to separate an unripe bean pod from its stalk without pulling up the roots, when a kind of mist came over my eyes, and I do not remember any more till I found myself sobbing and clambering right up, to my papa's shoulder, in the dining room, and he was kissing and hugging all the children at once, and telling mamma at the same time in his strong cheerful voice about the accident to the boat which had prevented his getting home the night before, and about the farm in Wisconsin, without a tree, or fence, or a house on it, when he went, but which was now nicely ready for our new home, when we should go to it next spring.

"Crops had been good he said, and he had been kept longer than he expected. in order to secure them.

"Mamma grew stronger after that, and there was a servant in the kitchen, and I went to school. But after we had moved to the new country and the farm was paid for, and comfort and plenty smiled all around, the mamma faded away from our sight.

"One day after she was gone, I found the little shawl in an old chest of drawers. When I came to live in a home of my own I brought it with me. It has a fragrance for me now, besides the lavender. To-day I laid it out for Lilla's shoulders, when it is a cold morning, in the breakfast room."

Harry laid the little folded shawl across the back of a chair and went quietly away. In another moment. Lilla had it grotesquely wrapped about her shoulders, and said.

"Tell me 'nother story, mamma."

A True Bear Story.

A way up among the highlands of New Hampshire, snuggled away amid the great hills lies in a sunny little valley beside the softly flowing Ammoroosuc the little town of Bath, so named from the great town of Bath, England, when New Hampshire was a province of the mother-country. One fine morning early in October 1868, when the first snow lay white and glistening on roof, tree, and rock, Mrs. Bear came snuffing round a man's cottage, trying to find food for herself, and perhaps, for some cubs. When the good man of the cottage came forth, there he saw her. Not for thirty or forty years, had such a sight been seen in Bath. But it was unmistakably a bear—a huge black bear! The man called his dog, who chased Mrs. Bear till she climbed a tree hard by. It needed a large tree to hold her, for she was enormously fat and heavy.

She weighed, before her skin was removed, two hundred and thirty four pounds and she was as large as a calf a year old. Then the man roused up his neighbors, and ran to the village, only a short distance—for all this happened within one hundred and fifty rods of the depot—and roused the village crying out "A bear! A bear!" Every man who owned a gun shouldered it and started for the scene of action. They shot and shot at her until she fell a bleeding mass to the ground, and then they shot again, intending to be sure of her death before they approached too near. Poor Mrs. Bruin learned too late to do her any good that villages are not desirable places for bears to visit, and, could she have spoken, would have warned all her kindred never to frequent places where bear visitors were received in such a very inhospitable and noisy manner. When she was really dead, then they mounted her upon a hand-cart and triumphantly bore her to the village. First they weighed her on the hay scales, then they rode her about to exhibit her to all who desired to see a *real* dead bear. I went out to see her, and tried to lift one of her huge black paws, but it was too heavy for my strength. All the children flocked to see her, and one dear little boy, only three years old said:

"See the good bear, she's going to ride."

I very much fear the bear could not appreciate the attention. At length she was skinned. and her skin was splendid—such long, soft, black fur to be rarely seen. Under this thick, warm skin lay great lumps of fat, four inches thick in some places. God has given the bear this heavy skin with its undergarment of fat, to enable it to endure the severe cold of the winter, and to live all the winter months without food. Rolled away in some hollow tree, or under the shelter of huge logs. the bears pass their winters in unconscious sleep. Once or twice, it is said they wake up for a few hours, but soon return to their wintry beds. Mrs. Bear had amply provided her wintry store, but the huntsman took possession of her, Bear's meat tastes like good beefsteak. I ate of it several times, and procured some of the far famed oil for the hair. If it would only make mine as soft and thick as Mrs. Bear's was, I should greatly rejoice

Now, this is a true story of a bear. It is supposed that the terrific and far-spread fires which have devastated the forests of Canada the past summer sent this visitor down to us. Rumors of other bears seen in the neighborhood are frequent, and one woman has even seen a white bear. Now as this species of bear only frequents the polar region, we think this woman must have had *telescopic eyes*. One man has seen three feeding in a pasture, and many will be the stories that will arise from the murder of this poor (fat rather) Mrs. Bear.

Fat Takes.—The Great Eclipse,

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

Cincinnati Times.

The sun, which, perhaps, is our greatest luminary, unless we except Nesmith, takes a benefit on Saturday next, which will, no doubt, draw a big crowd. He is certainly entitled to it once in a while, for the earth is continually receiving the benefit of the sun. The "Great Solar Eclipse," as it is called on the bills, because the sun can get it up, solely, can be seen for a moderate price of admission, at a variety of places on the American continent, but we regret to say Cincinnati is not on the list. Other cities much inferior in size and importance to our own are going to have it, but Cincinnati, the Queen City of the West, with a population af nearly three hundred and fifty thousand, is left out in the cold; or more properly speaking, out in the sun. Louisville is in high glee because the eclipse is coming there, and they are working day and night to get their bridge done so that it can come in over the bridge. It is estimated that at least a hundred thousand people, dead heads and all, will be there to see it come in.

We wrote to a friend in Louisville, the other day, to secure us a front seat at the eclipse, but he replied that the front seats had all been taken weeks in advance, and we must take our chances with the rest. Not liking the idea of trking any chances in Louisville we probably shall not go. He said, too, there was some talk of postponing the event, as many of the country people are out of town. Country people don't care about seeing things unless they can see them in the city.

All the women and children in Louisville are engaged in smoking glasses to be used on the occasion (not being fond of smoking cigars), saloon-keepers are getting their glasses ready. A lager-beer mug is said to be an excellent medium through which to view an eclipse. It should be properly loaded, then elevated in a careful manner (the right hand firmly clutching the handle) until the edge of the glass touches the lips, when you partially close your eyes and gradually raise the bottom of the mug toward the sun. A dozen glasses or so elevated in this manner, in rapid succession, will introduce a man to an eclipse independent of any almanac predictions.

It is singular to us no efforts were made to have the eclipse come to Cincinnati. It would be very little out of its course and not interfere materially with other engagements. But it is the old story—lack of enterprise and an almost criminal apathy regarding the city's progress. A small appropriation by the City Council, say a couple of million, would doubtless have fetched it. But there was no one to move in the matter, and the Great Eclipse, like most other shows now a days, will give us the go-by. But if the Mayor and the City Council won't do anything in the matter, something might be accomplished by individual effort outside of municipal patronage or direction. There are enough people going about in Cincinnati who are under an eclipse to get up quite a respectable affair for this city alone, would they only unite and organize. We simply throw out the suggestion.

Our old friend Blobbs is at our elbow while we write, and wants us to take on a squib or two of his that he has just invented. We don't like to add squibs to our serious articles, but must humor Blobbs this once. We will say beforehand that we can make much better squibs than Blobbs can, but we don't think it's right.

What is the difference between the solar eclipse and your news editor?

Ans.—one is eclipse *of* the sun, and the other *'e clips from the Sun*.

[We will explain that the Sun is a newspaper published in New York. A good many readers can't see the point in Blobbs' jokes, but that isn't their fault, of course—it's the fault of Blobbs.]

Blobbs again (this is worse than the other)—"The assessor of our district would rather have an eclipse of the moon come into the district than an eclipse of the sun."

"State why."

"Because it would be easier to collect the government tax on exhibitions from the 'man in the moon' than from the editor of the *Sun*."

"Git out!"

Population of the World.

There are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 of souls of which 360,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 are of the Mongol race; 190,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race; 175,000,000 are of the Malay race; 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race.

There are 3642 languages spoken and 1000 different religions.

The yearly mortality of the globe is 333,333,333 persons. That is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3730 per hour, 60 per minute. To each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature.

The average of human life is 33 years.

One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of 7 years.

One-half at or before 17 years.

Among 10,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to the age of 60.

Married men live longer than single ones. In 1000 persons, 65 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months of the years.

One-eighth of the whole population is military.

Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators or public speakers, 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 32 soldiers or military employees, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of others, die the soonest.

There are 335,000,000 Christians.
There are 5,000,000 Isarelites.
There are 60,000,000 Asiatic religions.
There are 160,000,000 Mohammedans.
There are 200,000,000 Pagans.

In the Christian churches, 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic.

75,000,000 profess the Greek faith.

80,000,000 profess the Protestant.—*Leisure Hours.*

What Ailed the Telegraph

During the fortnight which ended last Saturday night, the telegraph line between here and Chicago was so mysteriously interfered with—so that no message could be sent, and all dispatches were sent by way of Racine and Savanna. At first the trouble was laid to high water somewhere, but after the various streams subsided, the trouble continued the same as before. In the day time, however, the line worked as well as could be desired. After a week of search for the cause of the break, it was discovered last Friday evening, in the shape of a long iron rod, which a miner at La Salle placed against the wires upon quitting his work. The rod was knocked down, and the wire worked well enough. The miner was warned that a repetition of such a disposal of his working tools would result in trouble to himself as well as to the telegraph company. He was utterly amazed at the power of his rod over the wires, and thought the telegraph was a "mighty quare thing to be sthopped by the likes o' that rod."—*Davenport (Iowa) Gazette, 2d.*

HALLET, DAVIS & CO., Piano Forte Makers, 272 Washington street, Boston. Thirty-five premiums awarded. Every instrument warranted for five years. Price less than and other first-class make in the United States.

PARTICULAR attention is directed to the advertisement of Book for the Million—MARRIAGE GUIDE—in another column. It should be read by all.

General Intelligence.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE WEST.

Bridging the Missouri—Kansas City and Leavenworth—Farming—"Joy's Road—Kansas Pacific—Public Lands—Prosperity of Kansas.

Correspondence New York Tribune.

The first bridge across the Missouri has just been completed, opposite Kansas City. It cost over $1,000,000, and was built under the supervision of O Chanute, chief engineer. Seven lines already center at Kansas city, making it the most important point west of Chicago. They converge on the low bottom lands above the town, and property in that neighborhood already commands $5,000 per acre. In the city, the best business lots, 125 feet deep, bring from $200 to $300 per front foot. A few months ago a census was taken by order of the municipal authorities. Under the State laws, if the town had more than 30,000 people, it could make a fresh issue of bonds to aid a much coveted railroad. By a remarkable coincidence, the population proved to be 31,000, and the bonds were issued! I supposed the inhabitants actually number 25,000.—The great hills still need a vast amount of grading; and strong jets of water from hose are now cutting them away just as the hills of California are disemboweled by hydraulic mining.

What shall be the metropolis of the Missouri Valley? Leavenworth, 30 miles above Kansas City, by no means gives up the old contest. Its site is much better than that of its rival. and its population nearly as large. Within the next twelve months too it will have a bridge across the Missouri, at a cost of $700,000, under a contract just made with Boomer, of Chicago. By the time this work is finished, Leavenworth. with six radiating railways, will have its loins girded anew for the race. Kansas can boast of the best retail trade and the most wealth, but is retarded by the old, slow Missouri element. Leavenworth does the largest wholesale business, and its people are Yankees. At present Kansas takes the lead, but the final result remains doubtful.

I went 30 miles south to Spring Hill, in Johnson county. Where, ten years ago, one saw only "claim cabins" eight or ten miles apart, he now finds pleasant houses, farms which command from $30 to $50 per acre in cash, and thriving villages which echo the brakeman's cry of "twenty minutes for breakfast." It is one of the richest regions in the Union. Last fall new oats in the field sold at 40 cents a bushel, and corn at 50. Now oats bring from 50 to 60 cents, and corn $1. I saw cottonwood trees only 10 years old 30 feet high, with trunks 12 inches in diameter, and black walnuts and maples of the same age half as large. Farms of a thousand acres are not uncommon. Indeed a corn or wheat field of a hundred acres does not excite the least attention anywhere in Kansas. Between Wyandotte and Lawrence the other day I think our train ran for five miles through one unbroken corn track.

"Joy's Railroad"—ambitiously named the "Missouri Valley, Fort Scott, and Gulf of Mexico"—passes through Johnson Co. It is completed for 40 miles south of Kansas City, and within the next year it will be far down toward the Indian Territory. The people on the "Neutral Lands,"led by demagogues, present the unprecedented spectacle of a new community fighting a railroad which is coming toward it. They receive no sympathy in Central Kansas. They had no shadow of legal right to settle there, and the policy of the Government, in permitting them to retain their lands at from $2.50 to $5 per acre was very liberal.

James F. Joy of Detroit, President of the Michigan Central, is a large owner in the Boston and Albany, New York Central, Great Western of Canada, Michigan Central, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and Hannibal and St. Joseph, as well as this new Kansas road. His aim is to secure one unbroken line, of uniform gauge, from Boston to Galveston, Texas—a work second only to the Pacific Railway in magnitude and importance.

The Kansas Pacific Company is building its line to Denver, and laying the foundation for a heavier local traffic than any of our Pacific roads. Already between Kansas City and Junction City, 139 miles, four north and south lines are building across it: 1. "Joy's Road," already completed, 40 miles to Paola. 2. The Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Galveston, now running from Lawrence 22 miles south to Ottawa. 3. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe, finished from Topeka southward, 18 miles to Carbondale, where it reaches the richest coal beds in Kansas. 4. The South Branch of the Union Pacific, starting from Junction City southeast toward Emporia and Fort Scott. All open exceedingly rich regions, and will prove invaluable feeders.

These are only a few of the new Kansas lines. Everywhere throughout the State railroads are beginning, and all the counties are issuing bonds to aid them. An enormous immigration is flowing in from the Middle States, New England, Canada, Germany, and Sweden. As the new settlers are well supplied with money times are flush. Kansas already contains 400,000 people. No other State in the Union is growing so fast, and none has a fairer future. The old attempts to fasten slavery upon her through violence will tell upon her political character for all coming time. Not even Massachusetts is more intense in its republicanism. At the last Presidential election many townships and one entire populous southern county cast their every vote for Grant and Colfax.

I spent a night among old friends at the beautiful city of Topeka, which now has a population of 5,000. One wing of the new State House—of Junction City sandstone—will be ready for the Legislature next winter. It costs only $300,000, and the rest of the building is not to be completed until the state grows richer.

A good deal of Kansas land is still held in large tracts. Among other heavy proprietors, Thaddeus H. Walker, of New York, owns 100,000; —. King, of Cleveland, 40,000; Col. G. W. Veale, of Topeka, 17,000, and J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, Mass., some 10,000. A million of acres, belonging to the Kansas Pacific Railway, are also in market. They are sold through the National Land Company, an organization subsidiary to the railroad corporation and under the general management of William E. Webb, of Topeka. In his office a huge, shaggy buffalo head on the wall frowns down vpon the visitor.—Along this road, in summer, one may ride for a hundred miles, hardly ever losing sight of the buffaloes; and trains are often compelled to stop for them.—The buffalo who tries to butt a locomotive off the track may not be a prudent brute, but the locomotive that don't halt for him is equally rash. For my own part I am a new and therefore a zealous convert to the doctrine of fencing railroads—against buffaloes in Kansas, against elephants in India, and against cattle everywhere. Since our experience at Laramie I never hear the whistle for "cattle ahead" without a strong desire to be allowed to get out and walk.

Strange Disturbance in Ireland.

The London Daily Telegraph gives the following account of a disturbance in the County Wexford: The young Marquis of Ely, a minor, has estates in this county, which he lately visited, accompanied by his mother, the Marchioness. Their presence was, as usual, the occasion of local *fetes*; their tenants received them with enthusiasm, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." At one of the *fetes* the people, toward the close of the day, gathered around their young landlord, and cheered him lustily. The Marquis' agent, a Mr. Hare, stood by his side; and the Marquis—wishing, no doubt, to express his own feelings, and to elicit those of his tenants—proposed "three cheers for Mr. Hare." Instantly the scene changed. The people became furious, groans and curses were heard instead of the expected applause, while a priest stepped up to the unpopular agent and attacked him to his face in the most violent language. He said: "Sir, I tell you to your beard, you shall get no cheer. Your conduct as agent for this estate deserves reprobation, not applause. The curses and the blood of the poor people evicted from their dwellings at Killesk lie upon your guilty soul." During this strange scene "the Marchioness, the young Marquis, and their friends were motionless with astonishment;" while the people, excited to frenzy by the words of the priest, tossed and swayed around the temporary platform as if they were bent upon tearing the agent in pieces. A gentleman named Powell—indignant, no doubt, at the interference of the priest—made some angry remarks; the crowd caught the word "Popery;" instantly Mr. Powell was knocked down, but fortunately he struggled to his feet, and ran for his life into a neighboring farm house, where he escaped the infuriated mob. The priest harrangued the people again, denouncing Mr. Hare, but counseling them not to strike; a counsel they obeyed. But, unhappily, two soldiers were understood to have "insulted" the priest; the mob immediately fell upon them, and beat them severely; and one of them, it is said, died the next day from the injuries he received.

—Wm. M. Haynie, of Sacramento, who has a large number of silkworms, lost 500,000 in one night. He attempted to hatch them by artificial heat, and to economize the heat by running steam pipes through the building. In the night creosote was produced by condensation, and the worms were poisoned.

A NEW SENSATION.

The Erie Railway to be Brilliantly Illuminated—A Plan to Effectually Prevent Railroad Accidents at Night

From the New York World, Aug. 1.

The last sensation made by the enterprising Mr. James Fisk, Jr., comptroller of the Erie Railway, is the undertaking of a plan by which it is proposed to make the line of the Erie Railway, from the foot of Chambers street and Twenty-third street to Buffalo and Dunkirk, an unbroken belt of light all through the dark nights, both in summer and winter. The Bergen tunnel is to be so brilliantly illuminated that upon a lowering day the eyes of the passengers will be almost blinded as the train emerges from the mouth of the tunnel, owing to the difference between the bright light of the tunnel and the dull rays of the sun. The means to be adopted to carry out this great plan, and thus precluding the possibility of any further accidents on the road on account of darkness, is in the application of the electric light to every locomotive on the line, and stationary lights at the ferries, in the funnel, and at dangerous curves along the route. The attention of the Erie company was first called to consider this scheme, by Mr. E. C. Morse, and Mr. Fisk at once authorized him to go to work and see what could be done. Mr. Morse thereupon commenced to make arrangements for the manufacture of a large number of a large number of the electric lamps at Jersey City, and he is quite confident that within three months he will have Erie all ablaze.

Mr. Morse claims to have made several valuable discoveries and improvements in connection with the electric light. One invention claimed by him is a self-sustaining battery, and another is a device for making the carbon points, used to give the electric light, burn for months without wasting away. This electric light, it is said by those who have experimented with it, will cast a shadow behind an opaque body at a distance of ten miles. But when jarred by the motion of the locomotive, the intensity of the light is diminished. The light will illumine the track for three miles ahead, however, so that, where the road is straight, the engineer can discern any object at that distance. By another ingenious device, the electricity used to run the lamps will be collected by the friction of the wheels as the trains are in motion. Two lights will be used for lighting Bergen tunnel, with one in the middle, as the tunnel is not straight, but curves. Other lamps will then be stationed at each end of the Pavonia ferry, which will throw a broad belt of light across the North river every night, to guide the traveler safely to his home in the metropolis. These lights will, it is said, be so intense that on the darkest foggy night there will be no danger of collision on the water, any more than in the daytime. Still more, it is proposed to fill Twenty-third street every night with a flood of white light, from the North river to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, so that travelers at the heart of the metropolis may at all times be reminded of the broad and happy way.

Thieves and Pickpockets at Saratoga

A recent letter from Saratoga, contains the following remarkable statement:

The Springs have been honored by the presence of a number of amateur and professional thieves of both sexes, who, fortunately, have achieved, thus far, but little additional reputation for shrewdness, agility, skill, and cunning, the cardinal virtue of the pickpocket. As a rule they have, experienced, but slight difficulty in securing good quarters at the best hotels, for they are well dressed, behave modestly, and are fully as respectable in appearance as Mr. Shoddy or Mrs. Petroleum, whose families and kinfolk now throng the caravansaries, but sometimes, notwithstanding their display of diamond studs and gold bracelets, and three-story trunks of the Saratoga pattern, they meet with unwelcome repulse when applying for rooms, and are forced to wander from place to place in quest of shelter. Many of these industrious people are well known to the hotel clerks, who are singularly prejudiced against them, and evince that prejudice occasionally in a manner more remarkable for force of speech and action than for that old-school suavity which distinguishes the judiciary of Gotham, and which would sit so gracefully upon the clerks aforementioned in their intercourse with less suspicious strangers, could they once adopt it. I don't mean to say that Saratoga hotel clerks are uncivil, for as a general thing I have found them unusually polite and accommodating.—Most of the known pickpockets occupy rooms at private houses, where their character is not known, and a few of the less noted ones are snugly esconced at the smaller hotels. On Saturday Mr. McCaffrey, of the American, discovered that the occupant of one of his best suits was a *chevalier d'industrie*, whom he had frequently seen on the railroad between New York and Troy. Mr. Lightfinger was sent for and requested to pack up and move. "But, Mr. McCaffrey, my dear sir," said he, in a piteous tone, "my wife will join me to-day. I am not pursuing my vocation here, Sir, and your boarders don't know me, and I pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman, Sir, that not a dollar's loss shall be sustained by anybody in your house during my stay, and I hope you will reconsider your imperative request, Sir, and allow me to retain my rooms, for which I will pay double price, rather than be subjected to the mortification of leaving at so short a notice." Denials sore long time he bore—remonstrance was in vain. The professional pickpocket, who, perhaps, has many a time and oft led squadrons of Tammany's retainers to victory at the polls, was an exile. His steps were turned toward the suburbs, whither his trunks followed him. When he was pointed out to me yesterday on the porch of the Congress by a New York detective I was thoroughly taken aback, for he was certainly the best looking man at the Springs, and his dress was faultless. "O, look at that splendid man, Oleaginia," said one of old Petroleum's two lovely daughters—"Isn't he splendid?" "Gracious! what a figger!" said Oleaginia; "He's a perfect Venus Adonis." "You bet!" replied her impulsive sister.

A Young Girl Persecuted for Repudiation of Catholicism.

From the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, Aug. 2.

Some two years ago a young girl of 12 years of age, named Mary Brogan, whose Catholic parents reside in Baldwin Street, was employed by a Protestant clergyman in this city as an errand girl, and to perform other light duties about his residence. After she had resided for some time with her new employer, she commenced attending Sabbath-school at the Mission Chapel, in Mulberry Street, near Camp Street, where she seems to have conceived a preference for Protestantism. Some few months ago her parents discovered her predelections for what they termed "the faith of heretics," and not only peremptorily forbade her further attendance at the Protestant school, but caused her to be summoned before a priest, who reprimanded her for deserting the faith of her parents, and directed her to return to her former religious associations. Her parents, finding that she was still unwilling to attend the Catholic church, threatened to take her home and punish her unless she at once consented to abide by their wishes. Thus threatened, the girl decided to be confirmed at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and accede in all respects to the wishes of her parents. To this decision the family of the clergyman with whom she lived interposed no objections, but, on the contrary, took considerable pains to prepare her fitting garments for the occasion.

In due time the confirmation took place, and for a few weeks the girl continued to attend the cathedral; eventually she renewed her attendance at the mission school and when a second time appealed to by her parents she frankly told them she preferred Protestantism, and openly rebelled against the coercion with which they threatened her. They accordingly compelled her to return home, and, it is alleged, not only locked her in a room by herself, but punished her corporeally in a cruel manner.

Being unusually bright and intelligent for one of her years and limited opportunities, she soon managed to elude the vigilance of her parents, and escaped from home. She proceeded to the home of a Protestant friend at Auburn, N. Y., where she was given employment and kindly treated. A few weeks ago her parents discovered her whereabouts, and at once proceeded to Auburn and compelled her to return again to her house. Here she remained until Friday last, when she once more disappeared and from that time nothing is known of her. Some say that she has been removed by her parents to the "House of the Good Shepherd," in New York, while others aver that she is under the protection of Protestant friends. The affair is creating considerable comment in religious circles, and we give the above details as we learned them from the family of the clergyman in whose service she continued two years, and who speak of her as a person of pure character, and sincere religious convictions. We shall probably hear more of the matter hereafter.

—A man in New York has invented an apparatus for distillation, which he claims will revolutionize the immense whisky interests of the country. The fusel oil is removed by the simple process of giving the spirits a vapor bath. The complete disintegration of this oil has hitherto been considered an impossibility.

A TEXAS ASSASSIN.

His Arrest in New York City—A Long Pursuit—Experience of a Detective.

From the New York Times, 7th.

Late on Thursday evening Deputy Marshal Crowley succeeded in arresting an ex-Major of the Confederate service, named John H. Pratt, who is charged with being implicated in a riot and murder in Jeffersonville, Texas, in October, 1868. The arrest was made in Fourth street, near Washington square, the prisoner having just come out of a private residence at the time. He was subsequently taken to Ludlow Street Jail, and placed in confinement. His capture was brought about by a United State detective, who was specially detailed to find the whereabouts of Pratt by Gen. Reynolds, commanding in Texas, and it is said to have cost the government $10,000. The detective called on Mr. A. H. Purdy, United States Assistant District Attorney, on Saturday last for the purpose of procuring a warrant for Pratt. He presented credentials from General Rawlins, Secretary of War, and stated to Mr. Purdy that he had been engaged in a long and laborious search for Pratt, and had finally tracked him to this city. He mentioned that the prisoner was accused of having been one of the ring-leaders of a large party of Texans who participated in an attack on the jail at Jeffersonville, Texas, in which they killed Captain George W. Smith and several negroes. He said that Pratt and his party belonged to a secret southern organization known as the Knights of the Rising Star, who were bitterly opposed to Captain Smith because he had been an officer in the Union army, but more particularly because he was a radical candidate for office at that time. They had the most extreme hatred for Captain Smith, who frequently spoke in strong terms in the course of his public addresses. They first endeavored to assassinate him at a house in Jeffersonville, in which he had taken refuge, together with negro friends, hoping to escape the pursuit of the Knights. The latter surrounded the house, but, before they entered, he succeeded in passing out of a rear door and escaping on his horse. During his flight he shot and wounded four of his enemies, who strove to intercept him. He was subsequently arrested by the military authorities on false charges preferred against him by the Knights of the Rising Star, but was given over to the civil authorities in Jeffersonville, who guaranteed that they would protect him and secure him a fair trial. He was then imprisoned in jail in company with his four negro friends. A military patrol was placed in and around the jail to keep it from the sudden invasion of the southerners, who had made menacing threats against the prisoner. Despite these precautions the Knights of the Rising Star proceeded to lay their plans for encompassing the life of Captain Smith and the lives of his four companions. They appointed a certain night as the time to execute their intentions. and the ringing of a bell was the signal for them to assemble in front of the jail. About 500 men answered the summons. They made a united attack on the jail, overpowering General Reynold's soldiers and compelling them to succumb to superior numbers. The rioters then commenced to shoot the negroes, killing three outright and wounding one whom they allowed to escape. Afterward they sought Capt. Smith's cell, but being unable to force an entrance they lighted a number of faggots, which were subsequently thrown into his cell. This gave them light enough by which to see Captain Smith, and they immediately riddled him with bullets. About thirty of the brutal assassins were caught shortly after the occurrence, and are now awaiting a trial by court-martial. Search was made for Pratt, but for a long time no clue could be had as to his whereabouts. It was suggested by a detective that he might be found in this city, but the suggestion was not acted upon for some time. The detective was recently sent on here, however, and began a most extensive search for the object of his pursuit. On Thursday last he had almost despaired of finding him, and was getting ready to proceed to Canada on another "lay." At the time mentioned, however, he suddenly came across Pratt in Nassau street. The detective was not sure that it was he—the description he had of him having been obtained in Texas. To make certain, he watched him very carefully, and saw him stop before a newspaper office, when he (the detective) came close to him and discovered that he had the appearance of being disguised. His beard was cut off, and his hair looked as if it had been dyed. While Pratt was reading the bulletin, he took off his hat, displaying a bald head, which was a means of identification to the detective. Previous to being arrested Pratt called on a gentleman named Adams, at the Astor House, and had a conversation with him about the manufacture of iron. The gentleman was subsequently greatly surprised to learn from the detective that he had received a call from an alleged murderer.—Pratt was brought before Commissioner Osborn yesterday, and his examination fixed for Monday. In the meantime he will be held in Ludlow-street Jail.

DR. DUVAL.

Search at St. Louis for Evidence Against the Janesville Wife Poisoner.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Many persons will remember that last year one Dr. William Duvall, who proclaimed himself able to cure persons afflicted with any of the diseases known to suffering humanity by the "laying on of hands," appeared in the city and set himself up as a rival of the regular practitioners. Whether those who draw their fees from the poorer classes found him a formidable rival we cannot tell, and do not care to inquire.

It is sufficient for our purpose to say that, after boarding at the St. Nicholas Hotel a time, he moved to No. 513 Walnut street, where his wife, Catherine King Duvall, died suddenly on the 11th day of July, 1868. Catherine was his third wife. Two former consorts of the Doctor had died before, how or where is not known. When the third one lay stretched a corpse, Dr. Duvall himself signed a certificate that she had died of apoplexy, on the strength of which a certificate for interment was granted at the Board of Health Office, and and undertaker Smithers buried the deceased in Bellefontaine Cemetery. Whether Duvall was too much shocked by the death of his third wife to stay in a city where he would be constantly reminded by the surroundings, of his bereavement, or found the dimes and dollars coming in too slowly, we do not know; but he left town, it is said somewhat suddenly, and in a manner which would cause Mr. Smithers and the proprietor of the St. Nicholas to desire to be kindly remembered to him when he next appeared upon the medical boards.

It may here be stated that Catherine, before she was married to the doctor, had been living with him during the lifetime of his second wife, as governess to his children. When Mrs. Duvall No. 2 stepped off the stage she appeared upon it as Mrs. Duvall No 3.

So the doctor, in the depth of his bereavement and with ten children left motherless, made his exit, and the next we hear of him is that he is confined in the jail of Janesville, Wisconsin, on the charge of having poisoned his fourth wife with strychnine. When and where he got married the fourth time, and to whom he devoted his affectionate attentions, is again a question that we cannot answer. It must, however, be evident that he did not venture very deep regrets for any length of time for the unfortunate demise of his poor third wife. We have not information as to who the lady was who became Mrs. Duvall No. 4, but have to lament that she followed Mrs. Catherine King Duvall so quickly.

Dr. Brewster, a well known physician of Janesville, is now in town, having come here to make some inquiries in regard to the death of Catherine, and, if possible, to have her remains, now lying in Bellefontaine cemetery, disinterred, and a chemical analysis of some parts of them made.

Dr. Speigelhalter will, we have no doubt, do all in his power to aid Dr. Brewster, and clear up any mystery respecting the death of Mrs. Duvall, if there is any.

We understand that one of Dr. Duvall's sons visited him in jail at Janesville, and the Sheriff observed that he slipped a piece of paper in his hand. The Sheriff acted as if he had not seen anything, but, as soon as the boy left the cell, searched him and got the paper. This, we are told, instructed the boy as to what he should testify in regard to the death of his mother in St. Louis. He was to say that she died of sunstroke, and had to read the paper over twelve times every day, so that he would get it fixed in his mind before he might be called upon the witness stand.

There is certainly a mystery here, and further developments or explanations will be eagerly looked for.

CAN IT BE possible that over Five Million Bottles of Plantation Bitters have been sold during the past year? It is almost incredible, nevertheless it is absolutely true, and is most convincing proof of their wonderful medicinal and health-restoring qualities. Every family should be supplied with these Bitters, at whatever cost or trouble it may be to obtain them. Be careful that you get the genuine, and that you are not imposed upon by a spurious article.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

INHUMAN TRAFFIC.

How Chinese Females are Induced to Emigrate.

The Hong Kong Press of June 1, says: "Young girls kidnapped up the country form a large proportion among the women who are sent over to San Francisco to be consigned to a life of prostitution.—Such a power of coercion is brought to bear upon them, that in a majority of cases they fear to take steps to free themselves from their miserable lot; though often while awaiting their departure in Hong Kong, they resolved to escape from a life of degradation by a self-inflicted and early death. These luckless girls are enticed away from the country by the wiles of wretched hags, who contrive to smuggle them off. The favorite plan appears to get them away from the temples, to which, for the most part, they go protected only by one of the servants in the house to which they belong. This individual is bribed, and the heartless capture is effected. Arrived at Hong Kong, the unlucky girls discover, after a short time, how they have been entrapped; but they have not any idea of how to free themselves. They are intimidated from complaining to their neighbors, and do not know that they can obtain protection by complaining to the police or to the magistrates. Thus, after a short time, they are shipped off, and it seems that no one is able to prevent the perpetration, in a British colony, of one of the most awful crimes that it is possible to conceive. It is surely time that some steps were taken to investigate this matter to the bottom. So far as it is known, it appears that the emigrants on board the Pacific steamers always say that they leave of their own free will. But it is beyond a doubt, that in many instances this is not the case. It is clear, therefore, that this statement can only be made under much coercion, and that there must be some kind of organized system at work among the Chinese, which assists in the intimidation of the victims.

An Honest Negro wants a Divorce from a Stealing Wife.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Among the recent visitors at the Central Police Station to his Honor Justice Kerr, was a stalwart colored man accompanied by a couple of female Americans of African descent. The male was as solemn in manner and as dark in the cuticle as a prize hearse. The trio arranged themselves in front of the Justice's desk, and the man asked an official audience. The genial and gentle Justice took a fresh dip of ink, and opened a conversation thus:

"What is your name?"

"Gracchus Johnson, sah."

"Crackers Johnson, did you say?"

"No, sah; my fader, sah, was not a baker, sah. My name is Gracchus, sah; my mudder, sah, called me her 'jewel,' sah. De reason dat my fader called me Gracchus was 'causo Mrs. Gracchus called her children *her* jewels," (with dignity).

"Ah! yes," said the Justice, blandly," black diamonds, I suppose. Are you from the Lehigh or Schuylkill region, Mr. Johnson?"

"Needer, sah; I was raised in one of de very fastest families in Wirginyah" (a little indignant).

"And what do you want with me, sir?"

"Why," was the reply of the very respectable looking African, "de case is jes' dis: Dis yer gal Cynthia says I'se her husband. I says (looking fondly over the top of what nose he had) did I belongs to Rose, de odder gal dar. We 'greed to come to you to decide de question."

"This is a singular proceeding, Crackers."

"Gracchus, sah—not Crackers. I told yer that afore," interrupted the postulant.

"Of course, certainly; go on, Mr. Gracchus."

At this point the woman Cynthia, losing all patience, thrust a crumpled marriage certificate under the face of the Justice, with a request for its immediate and critical examinction. It was a certificate of the marriage of Gracchus Johnson to Cynthia Brown. Gracchus admitted that the certificate was genuine, but claimed—and proved—that Cynthia was a thief, that he had married her in good faith, and that she had just come from a two years' incarceration in the county prison. In the meantime he had wedded Rose. After listening to the facts of the case, Justice Kerr looked very grave.

"This is a serious business, Crackers."

"Not Crackers, sir, Gracchus," was the impatient remark of the puzzled object of so much female attention.

"Well, Gracchus, your case is certainly a hard one, but you know what the Good Book says: 'Whom the Lord hath joined let no man put asunder.'"

"Well, sir, den why didn't de woman behabe civil? Whar's de use o' stealin'—whar's de use?"

"Certainly, there's no use in stealing, Mr. Gracchus," replied the Alderman. "It is violatory of one of the cardinal points of the decalogue. But you know that the obligations of matrimony are very sacred.—Don't you remember the charge made to you in the course of the ceremony, by the magistrate who performed it?"

"I do, sah; it was jes' free dollars."

"I don't mean that, sir; I mean the counsel that he gave you."

"He didn't give me any counsel, sah."

"That's strange."

"Yes, sah; de only counsel I got was from der constable."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, I only had two dollars and a half, and he tole me if I didn't bring the other half dollar in de mornin' he'd burst my head."

"You're dismissed on your own recognizance," said the magistrate, "until Thursday next, at three o'clock. At that time a decision will be rendered."

The trio then departed as they came.

HOMEOPATHY.—Among the inventions and improvements with which the day is so rife, that made by Prof. Humphreys is not among the least. With all the superiority of the Homeopathic System of Medicine over that of the old school in its freedom from danger and the case and pleasantness with its medicines may be taken or given to children, it still remained an intricate system for the people to use.—From the fact that a single medicine is given at a dose, and each applicable to only certain symptoms, a large number of medicines and a large book of directions became necessary in order to their use.—And what is worse, these directions are of the most nice and discriminating character, so that often the longer one looked and studied, the more puzzled he became, nor could any amount of learned lumber, in the way of Domestic Manuals, explain the matter.

At this precise point the discovery of Prof. Humphreys comes in. He ascertained, from repeated experiments, what had been before denied, that certain medicines in this system might be harmoniously combined in a single remedy which possessed, in good part, the advantages of each of its ingredients, and upon this principle forms a series of Specific Remedies for each of the more common diseases or ailments. With these all uncertainty and embarrassment in giving the remedies is avoided, and they may be properly administered by any person of ordinary intelligence. His improvement is certainly valuable, and one which throws the benefits of this beautiful and efficient system into the hands of the people, and must prove a blessing to thousands. His Specifics are spoken of in high terms by those who use them, and we can readily conceive must prove a valuable addition to the comforts of a family.

—The Advance says: "There is something wrong about the architecture of our churches, when they are so planned as to make the 'dim religious light' so dim that one has to read by faith rather than by sight. Windows are getting to be but mere narrow lines between ornamental buttresses, and the light comes through them robbed of its cheerfulness by having to pass through glass altogether too deeply stained. When churches have to burn gas if the day be a little cloudy, a reform is needed, and they deserve, in that respect, at least, the term of 'gilded and upholstered caverns.' Why we should shut light out of them more than out of our dwellings is a mystery.

HIGH COMPLIMENT.—NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE ASSOCIATION, Boston May 31, 1869.—*Dear Sirs*: I take great pleasure in advising you officially that at a meeting of the Executive Committee of this Association, holden on Saturday evening, it was, on motion of Mr. E. D. Jordan, unanimously voted,

That, if any pianos are to be used in the performance at the Coliseum, they shall be the grand orchestral pianos of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co.

I remain, gentlemen,
Respectfully your ob't servant,
HENRY G. PARKER, Sec'y.
Messrs. HALLET, DAVIS & CO., Boston.

SHORT AND USEFUL RULE to find how many bushels in a box:—Multiply its length, breadth and depth in feet, together and you have the number of solid feet, which being multiplied by 45, and the product divided by 46, gives the number of bushels. Because one solid foot is just 45-56 of a bushel.

Example—How many bushels in a box four feet wide, two feet deep and ten feet long? 4, 2 and 10, multiplied together, give 80 solid feet, which, multiplied by 45-56 gives 64¼ bushels. If it is ears of corn, deduct what you wish for space occupied by cobs.

PRIVATE medical aid. Read Dr. Whittier's advertisement.

NEWS ITEMS.

Miscellaneous.

—The Taylor House in Omaha was burned on the 3d. Loss, $18,000.

—Chicago has contracted for the construction of 23 miles of sewerage within a month.

—Boston has expended $216,000 during the past three months in paving and repairing streets.

—Troy has the largest water-wheel in the world. It is an overshot, and sixty feet in diameter.

—The Red Stockings who have been so often paragraphed, have at last been photographed.

—An enterprising Yankee advertises for the lucrative position of undertaker on the Erie Railroad.

—A handsome blonde at Saratoga wore twenty-one new dresses last week, with half her trunks still unpacked.

—The town of Horseheads, New York, has a man, so called, who offers to eat a bushel of cut hay on a wager.

—The Detroit Tribune says the mother of W. H. Campbell, a journeyman printer, is anxious to hear from him.

—T. Tilton isn't orthodox enough for his patrons, and $250,000 is to start a rival concern which will give the pure doctrine.

—The Chicago Board of Health have prohibited the carrying of offal through the streets except in closely covered carts.

—Twenty divorce cases were heard before the Recorders Court in Chicago on the 4th, and it was a poor day for divorces at that.

—Throwing Cayenne pepper in the eyes of Chinese, is said to be a popular sport in California. The agony of the sufferers gives intense delight.

—Handkerchiefs are now made in New Orleans from the Rampine plant. The texture is finer than silk, and the handkerchiefs are quite pretty.

—Vice President Colfax writes for the Hearth and Home. He communicates a sketch of the Yo Semite Valley as the first paper. Where is Bonner?

—Wine in the wine-growing regions of California is cheaper than milk. In Anaheim and Los Angeles common wine is but 30c a gallon; milk costs 50c.

—The receipts of internal revenue in Chicago for July were $618,553, of which $265,000 were collected on whisky and beer, and $70,800 on tobacco.

—A young man named Lehn is digging in the lower part of Lawrence county, Pa., for a fortune of $100,000, which a fortune-teller told him had been buried there.

—A Chicago paper gives the following useful hints: Temperance and regularity of habits, combined with a good conscience, are conducive to health during the sickly season.

—More than a dozen Philadelphia clergymen have united in the determination to attend no more Sunday funerals unless the necessity is certified to by a physician.

—An old gentleman of seventy, living in an inland town of Massachusetts, who had been deaf for many years, awoke the other morning, with his hearing completely restored.

—A deficiency of $1,550.43 has been found in the accounts of the City Treasurer of Dubuque, and he has asked for time—which has been granted—to straighten up his books. The treasurer is a democrat.

—The fashion reporter of a New York daily paper announces that "Ida Lewis' wedding has been postponed, and her sister has just *effected an engagement* with Ida's *fiance's* brother." The terms are not mentioned.

—The Sheriff has levied upon certain real estate in Chicago, belonging to Elisha Sprague, to satisfy an execution issued in the late breach of promise case. The property is to be sold at auction on the 27th.

—A writer in the Washington Herald proposes the introduction to the Southern States of the date palm, the sugar palm, and the cocoanut palm—these palms furnishing fruit, sugar, oil, fibre, &c.

—A. P. Messenger, of New York, challenges the world in a velocipede race. He says he has run 100 miles in seven hours and twenty minutes, and 500 miles in 12 minutes less than 50 hours.

—Stetson, of Long Branch, can pick you out the Boston man by the manner in which he holds his knife, the Baltimorean by the way he peels his potatoes, and the Washingtonian from his eating the whole of the potato, skin and all.

—The principle of woman's rights achieved a partial triumph in the New York Teachers' Association, this week, by the selection of Mrs. A. T. Randall, of Oswego, to be vice president of the association.

—The Yankton Dakotian says: "Accounts come in from all around us of big—gloriously big—crops. One instance of forty bushel wheat to the acre. All we want now is a big corn crop. We can beat Illinois on everything else."

—A farmer of Terre Coupee, Ind., writes to the South Bend Register that a field of forty-eight acres of wheat, raised by D. E. Phillips, on the farm of Wm. Ruckman, Terre Coupee Prairie, will yield thirty-five bushels per acre, or 1,000 bushels from the whole field.

—The amount of business transacted in the Postoffice in New York may be judged by the fact that two windows are open for the sale of stamps in sums less than one dollar. The receipts at each of these windows average $1,000 per day. The daily consumption of stamps at the office must be in all about $50,000.

—An atom of water sometimes makes a most extraordinary difference in the properties of bodies. Thus, to give some more familiar illustration, the addition of an atom of water to starch converts it into sugar; the subtraction of an atom of water from alcohol converts it into ether.

—Buffalo boasts of a *carillon* second to but one other in the world. It numbers 43 bells, and cost about $100,000. The only other *carillon* in America is in the Church of Notre Dame du Lac at Montreal, and numbers only 24 bells. There is no other in the United States.

Personal.

—The Empress Eugenie visits Constantinople in September.

—Mr. Roye has been appointed as U. S. Consul at Prague.

—Mr. Toucey left $20,000 to Trinity College, Hartford.

—Dan Rice is building a barn at Girard, Penn., which will cost $20,000.

—Hon. John Bigelow, the editor of the New York Times, is a Swedenborgian.

—It is stated that Henry Keep left to his wife and daughter $2,000,000 worth of stock of the Northwestern Railroad.

—Jas. Griffin, the Erie R. R. engineer charged with causing the Mount Hope disaster, has been discharged on bail.

—The tallest Yale graduate for 1869 is C. D. McNaughton, a Michigander who stands six feet five inches in his shoes.

—Major Powell, of Colorado exploring fame, is a native Badger, having been born in Walworth county in this State.

—Among recently chronicled arrivals at San Francisco is those of Isaac V. Fowler, the defaulting New York postmaster.

—The Hon. John Morrissey is said to be the holder of certain shares of Central railroad which are now worth half a million more than he paid.

—Mrs. Senator Ramsey, of Minn., who is a very beautiful woman, drew the critical gaze of no less than Dore himself, in Paris, recently.

—Francis Maguire, formerly a clown attached to Dan Rice's circus under the name of Frank Vaughan, died in the Essex county, N. J., recently of delirium tremens.

—Hon. Mr. Washburne, our Minister to France, is taking the baths at Wildbad, in the Black Forest, for the improvement of his health.

—Henry Ward Beecher is at his summer retreat near Peekskill, on the Hudson, engaged on the second volume of his "life of Christ."

—Joseph Robinson, a well-known journalist, on the staff of the Pittsburgh Evening Mail, died Sunday morning from consumption.

—Avery Lester, of Ledyard, Conn., 78 years of age, and infirm, has read the Bible through 71 times since his confinement to the house.

—It is alleged that Ik Marvel lately had to pay the American Hotel, at Bingham, N. Y., $500 and costs, and apologize, for writing, in one of Harper's publications, a slanderous account of the inn.

—There is a jolly veteran soldier in the asylum at Augusta, Maine, who has thirteen wounds, received in the Mexican and Union wars. Ten of them were occasioned by bullets or shells, and three are saber cuts.

—A country girl after making some purchases at a store in New Albany, Indiana, was asked by the clerk if he could do anything more for her. Innocently replied the maiden:—"Oh, no, sir; unless you will be kind enough to go out and milk the old mare, for I rode her from home without the colt."

Foreign.

—Marshal Neill of France, is quite ill.

—Eugenie will spend three months in her trip through Turkey and Egypt.

—A portion of the London Metropolitan Fire Brigade propose to visit New York.

—The ship Pauline David, from Liverpool, was burned at New Orleans on the 2d inst.

—The British government is considering the desirability of purchasing the Irish railway.

—Three hundred and twenty-one persons were killed by the explosion in the mine at Dresden.

—Mrs. Vivian has gained her suit, in London, for a divorce against the Marquis of Waterford, with costs.

—It is reported that Queen Isabella proposes to abdicate the throne of Spain in favor of the Prince of Asturias.

—Mr. Purdon, a conservative, has been elected Mayor of Dublin, but the liberals have a majority in the Council.

—Hon. Samuel Shellabarger, the American Minister to Portugal, arrived at Southampton on the 3d, from Lisbon.

—Paravia Corvallea has been appointed Portuguese Minister of Finance, and Mendema, Minister of Justice.

—Skirmishes are reported at Santo Espiritu, Villa Clara and Trinidad, in which the Spanish troops were successful.

—The Irish bishops met in private conference in Dublin on the 4th instant, to consider the reorganization of the Irish Church.

—The report that Spain had opened negotiations with the United States, looking to the independence of Cuba, is positively denied at Madrid.

—Capt. Kendrick and crew, of the bark Ontario, from New York for Melbourne, abandoned her at sea, May 30. The crew were saved and landed at Mauritius.

—The difficulties between the Sultan and Khedive, of Egypt, are in a fair way of settlement. Nearly all the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople urged the Sublime Porte to a course of conciliation and moderation.

—The town of Gefle, Sweden, was almost destroyed by fire on the 10th of July. Seven hundred tenements were completely consumed, and about 8,000 persons rendered houseless, and a loss of $2,500,000 sustained.

—A letter from St. Petersburg states that Lamaskiro, the peasant who saved the life of the Czar, did not commit suicide, but was murdered by being hanged in his own house, and that several persons have been arrested as accomplices in the crime.

Crime.

—The show case of G. A. Enos' silver ware establishment in Philadelphia, was broken open on the 4th, and a large quantity of jewelry abstracted.

—One of the rooms at a Long Branch hotel was robbed of $8,000 worth of diamonds on the 31st ult., The thieves were arrested and the property recovered.

—A Jew merchant of Newark, N. J., named Moses Maybaum, has absconded, leaving liabilities to the amount of $40,000. He is supposed to have taken refuge in Chicago.

—John Roberts, charged with having robbed a United States Express car, near Quincy, Ill., about six months ago, was arrested in St. Louis, on the 6th, and taken to Springfield.

—Patrick McCann tried to drown a young lady named Ethie Wade, while bathing at Coney Island, on Sunday, because she repulsed an attempt at indecent liberties. He has been arrested.

—Five persons, named McCartney, Carroll, Harrison, Byrnes and Holtze, have been arrested in New York by U. S. revenue detectives, charged with defrauding the government by the revamping of canceled stamps and selling the same for new ones at less than government rates.

—A Chicago burglar named C. K. Johnson was shot by Dr. Hanley, at Lockport, Ill., on the night of the 21st inst., while he was attempting to break into the doctor's store. Johnson ran some distance after being shot, but finally fell and expired in a few minutes. The ball passed through his lungs.

—On Friday, the 29th, $50,000, the proceeds of a government sale, was deposited in the safe in the treasurer's office at the arsenal, in Philadelphia. Saturday morning, on opening the safe, it was discovered that $25,000 had been stolen. There were no marks of violence on the safe, and the building was well guarded by private watchmen. Several employes of the arsenal have been arrested on suspicion.

—Clement Wood, *alias* Charles Hope Chalmers, was arrested upon the arrival of the steamer Russia, on the 3d, as the author of a forgery in England to the amount of several thousand pounds sterling. Some $50,000 in French and English notes and specie were found on his person. Mr. and Mrs. Hatcker, who accompanied Harwood, were also taken into custody. All the parties are under thirty years of age. They were arrested under instructions received by cable.

—Col. Whitley, of the Secret Service, has made another important arrest of counterfeiters. Suspicion has for a long time been directed against two Frenchmen, Antonio Amtoel and Charles Encibe, of manufacturing counterfeit five-dollar gold pieces and twenty-five cent. currency notes. The officers took the men into custody. A box containing several thousand dollars of counterfeit money was found in their possession, and was taken charge of by the officers.

An Immense Land Slide.

The town of Stockport, Columbia Co., N. Y., was the scene of considerable excitement last week, on account of a gigantic land slide, and thousands have visited the spot. The place where the phenomenon occurred is located on the old post road, near the confluence of the Kinderhook and Clovernook, about five miles north of Hudson. It comprises nearly five acres, and was on an elevation above a dry ravine. A hill intervenes between the ravine and the creek on the east and north of a little less than the altitude of that which caved in. The crash took place about half past six o'clock P. M. last Monday. The movement was gradual, and the surface of the earth undulated like waves of the ocean. No noise was heard until the moving mass struck the base of the intervening hill, when there was a dull rumbling sound resembling distant thunder, and a quivering sensation like a slight shock of an earthquake. The earth caved in to a distance of over eighty feet, and the surface as indicated by fences and trees moved a distance of over six hundred feet. So gradual was the movement that it occupied about half an hour, and the sight is described as sublime in the extreme. Among the most marked incidents of the phenomenon is the fact that an oak tree which stood by the roadside was moved, with a section of the fence, to the bottom of the ravine, a distance of six hundred feet, and the tree and fence now stand as firm and upright as ever. The weaker trees, such as pine and hemlock, were snapped off as though they were pipestems; and some trees of this nature two feet or more in diameter are twisted like a wisp of straw. The land is clay, founded on quick-sand, with a soil surface of not more than two feet in thickness. It is understood that that the quick-sand has been gradually washing away from beneath, and passed off into the streams. The copious showers of last spring left the surface a mere shell, and the dry weather which followed caused the shell to crack and finally fall into the vacuum below. A crevasse several inches in width, fifty feet in length, and deep beyond sounding, has appeared on the land adjoining the sunken portion on the south, and fears are entertained that this tract will soon fall.

A Wild Man in the Woods—Truth Stranger than Fiction.

From the Lansing (Iowa) Chronicle.

Wild Jim, the only name by which this mysterious individual is known, came to this vicinity about sixteen years ago, since which time he has avoided all intercourse with his fellow men. Rumor has it that he came from the State of New York, and lived for a long time near the town without attracting attention. He is a blacksmith by trade; is about five feet eleven inches, of sandy complexion; sandy hair and whiskers, both of which he allows to grow to an unusual length. He is well built, muscular and must weigh at least 200 pounds. Everything connected with his life is shrouded in the darkest mystery, and, in fact, very little is known of his singular habits, since his arrival here. He observes a most perpetual silence, only speaking when he comes to town to procure tobacco and groceries.

Mr. Martin, the gentleman with whom he trades, informs us that he never comes in the day time, selecting the gloomy mantle of night to conceal him from the gaze of his fellows. He will answer no questions, never allows the eye of mortal to rest upon his face and always asks for what he wants with his back toward the person whom he addresses. Parties who have observed his habits says that he is averse to work; he has been known, however, to chop and sell wood on this island, in the winter, when necessity obliged him. He recently built himself a new log cabin, which he uses rather as an asylum from human view, than as a place of abode.

There must have been something dark and dismal connected with this unfortunate creature's life before he severed all the ties that bound him to companionship with his fellows. Perhaps some deed of blood, a fortune lost or squandered or more probably, some false but fair one's cruel conduct drove this modern anchorite to the woods, and still compels him to loathe and shun his species.

Correspondence.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

The Weather—Building—Money—Amusements—The Lamb Family Knitting Machine—The Woman's Right Movement—What a Woman Can Do—Another Suffrage Convention—Bishop Whitehouse.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3, 1869.

Another week of fair weather and improved prospects for an abundant harvest. People are more hopeful than two weeks ago, and anticipate a good business season this fall. Notwithstanding the general complaint of dullness the streets are full of people.

BUILDING.

And the cost of the buildings already finished this year and in process of construction foot up to the round sum of *ten millions of dollars*. And a larger proportion of the buildings erected this year are of brick and stone than ever before.

MONEY

accumulates in the banks, and all can be accommodated with loans who can obtain the proper endorsement, or put up the needful collaterals. Gold is lower, and Government bonds are higher, and the reduction of the national debt seven and a quarter millions, and $13,896,523 since March 1st, shows that we are on the road to solvency and specie payments.

AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals are dull. Aiken is going back to Wood's Museum. The menagerie and circus are the chief attractions here just now. St. George's pic-nic, at Haas' Park, was a monster gathering, highly enjoyed by many thousands. People are making off to summer resorts by every train and boat.

Among the inventions to lighten the toils of the household and minister to the health and comfort of its members, next to the sewing machine ranks the knitting machine, by which the work of twenty or thirty days can be performed in one. There are a great variety of these machines, some knitting only a flat web, and others a circular tube of uniform size throughout. Attachments to the circular machines have been devised to partially form a toe, or make a bridge for a heel, but the objections to these improvements are that they are complicated and require too much time and care to complete their work, from ten to twenty revolutions being required to knit once around the fabric. All these difficulties are obviated by

THE LAMB FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE,

which knits once around at every revolution of the crank, and is the only machine that sets up its own work, narrows and widens without removing needles, narrows off the toe complete; knits a regular heel, or a stocking of any size, or the double, ribbed, or fancy flat web. It knits the same stitch made by hand, and all kinds of staple and fancy knit goods, such as shawls, hoods, jackets, undershirts, drawers, cradle blankets, comforts, leggins, tidies, gloves, mittens, &c. It is so simple a child ten years old can work it, is durable, and not liable to get out of order. It is the only perfect knitting machine in use, and will complete ten pairs of stockings a day. Eight thousand have been sold. Branson & Hulbert, 92 Washington street, Chicago, are general agents for the Northwest, who send circulars and samples of the work on application personally or by mail. They have been a long time in the business, and are thoroughly reliable and trustworthy.'

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT

has assumed a prominence in the public mind, unexpected to both friends and foes. The journals and special advocates devoted to woman suffrage are earnest and belligerent, and with conventions, lectures, petitions, &c., keep up quite a lively agitation. Of course the eccentricities and imprudencies of some of its advocates are charged to the cause itself, as proof that women are not fit to be entrusted with the ballot. But reasonable and thinking men will judge of a cause by its merits and not by the demerits of its advocates. It is not always the noisiest and most officious champions that do a good cause most efficient service. It is not those who proclaim upon the housetops, what should be done, but those who quietly go and *do it*, who are the truest workers for woman's cause, and win the most friends for it.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

There is a striking example of this efficiency, in the history of a quiet, lady-like, well known woman of this city. Those who attended the Sanitary Fair here, in 1865, will remember Mrs. Myra Bradwell, wife of Judge Bradwell, superintendent of the department of Arms, Trophies and Curiosities, in Bryan Hall. The great success of that department of the Fair, was chiefly due to their exertions. Mrs. Bradwell being absent from the Hall but one day out of thirty, and never leaving it for fourteen successive days.—When an appropriation from the Legislature was needed for the Soldiers' Home, in 1867, Mrs. Bradwell, at the instance of some of our leading citizens, was sent to Springfield to secure it, and succeeded in getting $24,000—$12,000 a year, for two years, for that institution. Having a good legal mind, improved by a thorough apprenticeship in her husband's office, and seeing an unoccupied field which she felt able to cultivate, she quietly took possession, and last October, began the publication of the Chicago *Legal News*, which—as its name imports—gives the decisions of the courts, especially of the U. S. Courts and of the States' Supreme Courts, in all important cases, as soon as they are delivered, and a long time in advance of the ordinary publication. So that it has become almost indispensable to every good lawyer. And the Legislature of Illinois looked with so much favor upon the enterprise, and deemed her so well qualified to conduct it, that, by special acts, they gave her full powers of incorporation—a favor, I believe never before shown to a woman in this country—declared the Legal News a newspaper within the meaning of the statute, authorized the publication in it the laws of the State, and directed the Secretary of State to furnish Mrs. Bradwell with certified copies of the laws as fast as they were enacted, and made the laws and legal decisions, published in the Legal News prima facie evidence in all the courts of the State. The paper is admirably conducted, has the confidence of both the bench and the bar, and, with such an official and professional endorsement it has already attained a wide circulation and the best assurance of a long and prosperous life.

I mention these facts, not to commend Mrs. Bradwell or her paper—for they do not need my encomium—but, to illustrate the truth, that the best way for women to enlarge their opportunities for usefulness is to improve those they already have. One striking example such as I have here narrated, is worth to the cause of woman a whole year of suffrage conventions, lectures and denunciations of "the tyrant, man."

ANOTHER SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

is to be held here the first part of September.

BISHOP WHITEHOUSE ENJOINED.

Judge Jameson to-day, refused the motion to dissolve the injunction against the Bishop's packed court proceeding with the trial of Rev. Charles E. Cheney. The Judge closed his decision by declaring that not a similar tribunal has existed or been guilty of such injustice since the days of Scroggs and Jeffreys.

The Bishop's party have appealed the case to the Supreme Court, before which it will come in September. There is to be an illustrated caricature of the trial issued, I understand, soon.

S. M. B.

THE WISCONSIN EXCURSIONISTS.—The San Francisco Alta, of July 30, says: "The Wisconsin party, consisting of state officers and prominent men of that state, reached Colfax yesterday morning, on their way to Sacramento, simultaneously with the Chicago commercial party, bound east. As soon as the trains stopped, the gentlemen composing the Wisconsin party marched down in line toward the commissary car of the Chicago party, bearing at their front a large blue silk banner, on which was inscribed the state arms, and serenaded their eastward-bound friends in handsome style, singing together, to the tune of "Rosin the Bow," an original song, improvised that morning by their traveling poet, Ross.—They were in good voice, and sung with much spirit; and at the close the Chicago party answered with an appropriate song, and (as is the case in all well regulated serenades) then extended a cordial invitation to their visitors to inspect their cars and discuss the qualities of their iced beverages, etc., all of which was done in a becoming manner."

HOW LONG A LOCOMOTIVE WILL LAST.—It is estimated that a locomotive boiler will last until the engine has traveled over 350,000 miles. On some lines, however, the boiler under favorable circumstances, particularly when pure water is used, may travel 400,000 or 500,000 miles before becoming unserviceable. Assuming that the life of the engine is determined by the endurance of the boiler, and that if, under favorable circumstances, it will last the 500,000 miles, then during that time it is estimated that the fire-box will probably require to be renewed at least three times, the tires of the wheels five or perhaps six times, the crank-axles three or four times, and the tubes from seven to ten times.

—The Berlin Courant tells the following: We hear of a curious trade that was recently effected in the quiet village of Eureka. A citizen of that village who had one more wife than he wanted (a wife in fact, though not in law), sold the surplus goods to an Oshkosh party, for the sum of $150, and agrees to take his pay in Fanning Mills. We are unable to give the names of the high contracting parties.

NO. 28.

Nervous Debility with its gloomy attendants, low spirits, depression, involuntary emissions, loss of semen, spermatorrhœa, loss of power, dizzy head, loss of memory, and threatened impotence and imbecility, find a sovereign cure in Humphrey's Homeopathic Specific, No. twenty-eight. Composed of the most valuable mild and potent Curatives, they strike at once at the root of the matter, tone up the system, arrest the discharges, and impart vigor and energy, life and vitality to the entire man. They have cured thousands of cases. Price $5.00 per package of six boxes and vial, which is very important in obstinate and old cases, or $1 per single box. Sold by all druggists, and sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Humphrey's Specific Homeopathic Medicine Co., 562 Broadway, New York.

—A Woman's Suffrage Convention is to be held in Chicago on the 5th and 6th of September.