Poetry.

"ONLY A BRAID OF HAIR."

Only a braid of hair,
Its shadowings purple and gold,
Ah yes; but it shadowed a brow more fair
Than are the lilies—a hundred fold.

Only a braid of hair,
Its shadowings of purple and golden hue,
Ah yes; but it kissed cheeks red and fair,
And shaded eyes of glorious blue.

Only a braid of hair,
But it tells of hearts that were sadly torn;
One of them gone to a land more fair,
The other left here to mourn.

And I wear it near to my heart,
For each hair is a memory dear to me,
When hand upon heart we vowed never to part
Down by the sea.

The autumn has come with its gold,
Shortly the leaves will be yellow and sere,
But what care I for the gloom and the cold,
Whenday darling is not here. *Ca.*
—Evening Wisconsin.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. M. E. OLMSTED.

MORNING.

Across the vales, across the meads,
My happy darlings go
Stringing buttercups for heads—
Their golden hearts aglow.

NIGHT.

Across the vales, across the meads,
My weary children come,
Leaning on their broken reeds,
Glad to rest at home.

Selected Miscellany.

SILK CULTURE.

How it is Carried on in California.

Correspondence New York Tribune.

Three miles from Sacramento is the residence of Capt. W. M. Haynie—a low dark frame house, hidden in luxuriant foliage which is fragrant with fine roses and oily amber blossoms. Hitherto silk worm eggs have come from the East. Italy alone is said to buy $5,000,000 worth annually from Japan. Last year California began to export eggs to Italy and France. They were sold at $1 per ounce for the sake of introducing them into foreign markets; but so many people are going into the business that before the season was over they commanded $10 at home.

It is claimed that the eggs of California are the healthiest and best in the world and that no other climate is so favorable to their production, except that of some of the interior districts of India, where the worms hatch and make silk without man's supervision. Haynie's young mulberry trees cover thirteen acres. Every winter he crops the stems until they are only three or four feet high, then the spreading branches may be reached in the feeding season without a ladder. The leaves are ready for the worms by the middle of April and continue good until late in November. Capital in California has demanded such quick and large returns, and the memory of the disastrous morus multicaulis fever which swept the Union thirty years ago has been so fresh, that few have undertaken silk culture until within the last two years. Now, Haynie estimates that before the season was over they commanded $10 at home.

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According to the authorities, it takes nearly 700,000 newly hatched worms to weigh a pound avoirdupois. Those here, only one or two days old, are brown, and about one-twentieth of an inch long. For them the tenderest leaves are cut up to present as many edges as possible, and they do not eat the stems or fibres. The largest worms—thirty days old and nearly white—are more than three inches long. They devour fibre and all with rapacity. On a shelf completely covered with them, Haynie laid a large bunch of fresh leaves. In a minute they were swarming over the leaves, and in five minutes they had consumed everything except the tough main stems. Under the microscope they look like antediluvian reptiles, with formidable horns and frightful claws. The workmen handle them freely, and lay them upon the open palm to exhibit them. They will not leave the shelves unless they grow hungry; and all, young and old, are fed about eight times in twenty-four hours. At the venerable age of one month they are mature. Then, after a day or two of voluntary fasting, they suspend themselves among branches of willow rods, and from their mouts, just below the mouth, two little threads of silk as fine as gossamer begin to protrude. At first these are liquid, but on striking the air they turn to fibre. The worm spins the two threads into one, and doubling his body into coil, begins to weave around him the silken-prison which is to inclose him during his strange transfiguration. In three days the cocoon is complete, as large as a thimble, and rounded at both ends. It may be white, straw-colored, buff, orange, amber, canary, or of almost any other cheerful hue. A fourteen hundred and 400 yards of silk fibre, so fine that the eye can hardly detect it. If the object be to produce spool-silk, the cocoon is now kept in the sun for one day, and that kills the worm within. But if only eggs are coveted, the cocoon is left untouched, and in eight days the worm is a chrysalis, incased in a little shell inside his prison. In three or four weeks he is ready to "tunnel" out of his cell—a favorite method of escape for captives. With the only old feature he retains—his sharp snout—he digs out, cutting the fibre so that it will no longer make thread, but only floss silk. He emerges in full glory, a snow white moth or miller. Two cocoons, which Haynie gave me as curiosities, I happened to place on my table at the Sacramento Hotel. The next day the ghostly moths had come out, and were laying eggs on my letters and newspapers.

A male and female miller are left together for two or three days. Next the female fastens herself upon a piece of paper and deposits some 250 eggs, white, as large as pin-heads, and lying upon the paper as close together as paving stones. Then the moths both die.

In two or three days the eggs turn to a bluish color, and then they are ripe for hatching when the proper season comes. Rain and lightning are the great enemies of silk worms. Rain, soaking the mulberry leaf, makes it poisonous for them, and a single thunder shower may paralyze and kill every worm in a large cocoonery in ten minutes. But in California summer is rainless, and thunder and lightning are unknown except among the mountains.

The new industry is so nice and delicate but it may take several years to master its details; but it bids fair to expand into vast proportions. Beside supplying the European market with eggs, I see no reason why California should not ultimately manufacture silk for the entire country. The duty on imported silks is 50 per cent, affording room for a fascinating profit. Here the machinery can easily be made, the worm and the mulberry thrive, and skilled Oriental labor is obtainable in limitless quantities. Even if we import the raw silk (upon which there is no duty), cheap labor and nearness to China and Japan will give the factories of California great advantages over those of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Drunkenness.

At the Trades Union Convention held recently in London, the following facts in regard to drunkenness were brought out:

"Every year upwards of £228,000,000 are spent by the British nation on intoxicating drinks. 'Spent,' we say—how much of it is wasted? How little there is of it that is not wasted! And this in the land of established churches! It consists of money spent in drink; of waste of land, capital and labor, in producing drink; loss of labor and time by destruction and theft, by pauperism, destitution, sickness, insanity, premature death, police, prosecutions, the courts of justice, support of criminals, etc. This expenditure would pay off the national debt in less than five years, and lessen taxation forever. Mark this further. This £228,000,000 yearly is not productive. Expenditure ought to be for the wealth of society and 'wealth' ought to mean 'weal,' or well-being. It ought to be creative. It comes, even, to this, that the mighty army established at the yearly cost of £228,000,000, and laboring and fighting for the disestablishment and disorganization of labor, is really an army of paupers, thieves, or useless persons, maintained at the cost of the nation."

—A man was run over and killed by a fast horse in Chicago the other day.

AN ACCOMPLISHED THIEF.

Wooster, the Pigeon Hole Swindler, and His Career—He is safely Jugged in California.

From the San Francisco Alta.

The skeleton of a first class novel exists in the annexed narrative, as given from the lips of a veteran detective. A year ago a robbery of bonds to the amount of $5,000 was committed upon Messrs. Whelan & Co. bankers, doing business on Third street, square up along the margin of the Barbary coast. A man named Christopher Wooster in the opinion of the veteran detectives, was the guilty party. Wooster is not only one of the most daring, but one of the meanest thieves now extant. He has served out two terms of imprisonment, in the Eastern Penitentiary. Above a year ago he opened an office on Gold street, above Second, ostensibly for the purpose of selling patented cork soles, to be used in shoeing horses. The office was fitted up with exquisite taste; the furniture was of the handsomest description. There was a row of pigeon holes back of the counter, which contained numerous papers. One of these apartments could be opened from the outside by the moving of a slide in the partition which divided the office into two parts.

During business hours on one morning Wooster called at the banking house of Whelan & Bros. and purchased $5,000 worth of bonds, which he ordered to be sent to his office, where they would be paid for in gold. He, with a confederate, was in his office when the bonds arrived. He took them, and, after examination, placed them in the pigeon-hole already described, remarking, "All right." Stepping to a desk, he wrote something on a paper blank, purporting to be an order for gold. This he gave to his confederate to present somewhere or other, with instructions to make as much haste as possible, as he had other important business to transact. An unusual length of time elapsed; Wooster became impatient, and wondered at the delay. The gentleman from the banking house thought everything was right; the bonds he had given to Wooster were still in sight in the aforesaid pigeon-hole. Finally, Wooster asked the gentleman to take charge of the office while he (Wooster) would go to ascertain the cause of the delay.

This was readily assented to, and Wooster started from the office. He did not return. His confederate, instead of going after gold, as indicated, simply got in to the apartment in the rear of the pigeon holes, and dexterously removed the bonds by sliding back the panel, while Wooster engaged the attention of the representative of the Third street banking house. In order to avert any suspicion, the bonds were replaced by other papers similar in appearance. Finally the gentleman, becoming impatient, thought he would take the bonds back to the banking house, as he could wait no longer. He took the documents from the pigeon hole, and it was not long before he realized the astounding fact that he had been duped.

Wooster, since that period, has operated in a number of places. He obtained by the same method from Alfred Wilkins, of Detroit, Michigan, $6,000; from a banking house in Kansas City, $5,000; from a house in Boston, $2,500; and similar sums from several parties in Canada.

About ten years ago he concorted with a remarkably shrewd and very pretty, lady-like woman, in Green's court, now called Griscom street. She led an unsuspecting man, who had lots of money in his pockets, to her house, and by what is known as the "panel game" he was robbed. This woman was arrested, so was Wooster; both were convicted and sentenced to prison, he for a term of five years, and she for three years. Both served their time out, but since that period the woman has died.

Previous to this time, Wooster had served three years in prison for robbing a hardware store in the Avenue of Chestnut street. He was also arrested on one occasion charged with stealing a pair of horses from a livery stable. The matter was compromised. He never was tried for the offense. During a part of his career he was the "pal" of Eph. Pharo, a celebrated "horse sneak." The latter fellow died a few years ago in the prison at Hartford, Conn.

Wooster assumed many names. In his transactions with Whelan & Bro. he represented the business title of Bernard & Co. After his release from prison for the second time, he found the country embarrassed by the rebellion. He went to New York, assumed the title of Colonel, and started in the substitute business. He advertised liberally, and it is said that he made a large amount of money at the expense of the substitutes. Since the war he has traveled all over the north and west parts of America, and whenever an opportunity offered he applied his pigeon-hole thieving arrangement with success, as above stated. His arrest was effected by Edward Schlemm, a private detective of the First National Bank of this city, whose plans were submitted to Mickle & Co., old detectives, and when the proper time arrived the arrest was made. The accused has been committed. As a general thing, thieves such as Wooster is are liberally inclined, and scorn to rob the poor. Wooster is an exception. He boards with a widow who had four children to support, in the northern part of Philadelphia. He never paid her a cent. In order to pay her house rent she was compelled to sell her sewing machine, and since that time has labored with her needle to keep starvation from the door. When he enters it, the penitentiary will receive an honored guest.

Joe Jefferson's Villa.

From the New York Evening Mail.

Joe Jefferson's villa at Hoboken, N. J., is to other villas what old Rip is to Little Rip. It is a combination, if not a patent, at least peculiar. First, an old time Jersey brown stone mansion was metamorphosed by the well-known architect, V. H. Ranlet, under whose hands and possessorship the house, outbuildings, and grounds assumed most picturesque forms and faces. But now the place is all Jefferson's. A few modern novelties, which prove him not only a man of exquisite taste, but one who values money only for what it brings. The grounds, buildings and shrubbery have all been re-dressed; while the beautiful Meadow-mere lake, fronting the lawns, is being rendered more transparent and lively. The Beatitudes are to be of thereon, if nature don't tell a fib, and the fairy-like boats don't leak! It is Mr. Jefferson's purpose to make this place his permanent home, from which to dispense a splendid hospitality, and wherein, surrounded by his charming family he can enjoy the fruits of his labors. There he will gather all his books, pictures, pet animals and birds, his splendid stud of horses, and his souvenirs of play and travel in all parts of the theatrical globe. It is a home worthy of its occupant, and the lovely Saddle River valley country, may be happy in its ownership.

Jefferson is a benefactor. He has ordered from a well-known fish-breeder, 20,000 bass to be placed in restock Saddle river and his meadow-mere-lake. This stock, under the protection of the stringent state game laws, will more render the stream a great piscatorial conserve. It is now full of trout; and bass, along its banks, on the country places of Charles Newton, N. Orr, O. J. Victor, and others, a number of conserves, where the real brook trout will soon be produced in great numbers.

Doings of a Two Cent Dog.

From a San Francisco Paper.

Not long since a two cent dog sprang from an alley, followed by a two cent brick. Rounding the corner at right angles, he came in contact with the feet of a woman who was carrying a jug of molasses and a bucket of eggs. The sudden collision of the dog with her lower extremities, threw her from her feet, and she sat down on the bucket of eggs, at the same time breaking the jug of molasses on the pavement. A young man, carpet-bag in hand, anxious to catch the train, was running close behind, and stepping upon the fragments of the jug and the contents, fell down on the chest of the Dutch woman, who said "Mine Cot." The young man said something about mad dog, but in a moment said it backward. In the meantime the dog had run against the feet of a team of horses attached to a wagon loaded with potatoes, and they taking fright, started home. The end board being out, they unloaded the potatoes as they went. Crossing the railroad track, the wagon caught in a rail and tore it from its place. A freight train coming along a few moments later was thrown from the track, smashing up a dozen cars and killing thirty or forty hogs. The horses, on reaching home, ran through a barn-yard and overturned a milk-pail, the contents of which another two-cent dog licked up. One of the horses, having broken his leg, was killed, and the other was crippled for life. It is now a mooted question whether the man who threw the brick at the two-cent dog, or the man who owns it, is responsible for the chapter of accidents which followed.

CHAPPED HANDS, FACE, ROUGH SKIN, PIMPLES, salt rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the Juniper Tar Soap made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is more convenient and easily applied than other remedies, avoiding the trouble of the greasy compounds now in use. Sold by all druggists.

IF you don't want to disgust everybody with your offensive breath, cure your Catarrh upon which it depends. $500 reward is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. It is sold by druggists. Can get it for Sixty Cents by mail from Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

THE GREAT GOOSE RACE.

Ten Thousand Spectators—Congenial Sporting for Chicagoans.

From the Chicago Tribune.

If the immense number of people who lined the basin bank Thursday afternoon may be taken as a criterion, then the goose race which took place then and there must be conceded to be the great sporting event of the season. It was funny, and, better still, it was free. Consequently a crowd numbering at least ten thousand people were on hand to witness the novel affair. For two or three blocks along the east side of Michigan avenue—from Putnam to Mortlake, as it were—men, women, boys and girls were densely packed, with a plentiful sprinkling of carriages further back; while the breakwater opposite served the purpose of Hammersmith Bridge, and afforded an eligible outlook for at least a thousand more. It was a particularly respectable gathering, too. No inconsiderable element of the crowd was made up of merchants and business men, while nearly a hundred stylish equipages were halted in order that the fair occupants might see the fun.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The race was originally made between those famous disciples of minstrelsy, Billy Emerson and Bob Hart—the latter having been engaged in a great many similar affairs. Then George Morris, the well-known billiardist, took a hand in, and, after a purse of $200 or thereabouts had been made up, the race was definitely fixed for yesterday. On the day previous eighteen full-grown geese were "rented" of an old lady at the Stock Yards, who required a deposit of $3 on each solitary gander, and a similar amount for the service of the whole number. They had no training whatever, further than that conferred by nature—to stick together and go straight ahead. True to their proverbial unreliability, some of them went back on this, even. The terms of the match required each of the drivers to sit in an ordinary wash tub, and be drawn by three pairs of geese. Let no one infer from this that one's self in a wash tub in the water, one's equilibrium, are easily rendered compatible. It is not the case. A man's weight will not sink the tub, to be sure, but let him vary so much as the thousandth part of an inch from the absolutely perfect perpendicularity, and he gets spilled to a certainty. To obviate this difficulty the goose drivers resorted to an ingenious contrivance, which consisted of a platform of inch pine boards, about three and half feet wide and five feet long, in which was made a circular hole large enough to slip through a tub. To this floor was attached a pole with cross bars at the extreme end, from which were stretched laterally two stout cords on either side, between which the geese were tied by the wings, and as firmly secured as a horse between the shafts of a wagon. When ready to start the driver got in the tub which was then tightly wedged in the floor, and there was no tipping over, the float sinking a few inches below the surface and out of sight. Considerable delay ensued in properly harnessing the geese and arranging the tubs. Bob Hart was the first to get his six-in-hand hitched up, and so, while the other two—George Morris and Jim Mass, of the Winter Garden, who took Emerson's place—were getting ready he turned about to exercise the team. He got along first-rate, barring a good deal of flutter and flopping at first, and would have showed off to excellent advantage but for the embarrassment occasioned by the several hundred boats which had been hired by spectators, and which literally covered the surface of the basin. In dodging about among them Bob's tub worked loose from its float, and he was obliged to swim back to the shore and make fast again, which he did in short order, and soon after three o'clock everything was in readiness for the race.

Each of the drivers was in light costume—hat, shirt, pants and stockings—ready to swim, if necessary. Their forethought was amply justified anon. A long carriage whip, with which to urge on or alter the course of the geese, and a paddle to steer the craft, comprised their accoutrements. Morris drew the pole, Mass the middle, and Hart the outside. An entirely even send-off was effected at once, and away they started, accompanied by the boat of the umpires, referee and reporters, who were sufficiently close to enforce fair play. Morris and Mass at once pushed for the front, and their urging resulted in a series of bad breaks. Mass' off-wheel goose lost his feet wholly, turning a somersault and coming up facing the driver. She couldn't be brought to work again, but swam backwards for a long distance, to the serious impediment of the rest of the sextette. Bob, like an experienced jockey, took the matter coolly, simply administering an occasional punch to a refractory goose, and soon had gained a strong lead over both the others. But Morris was not idle. His team had a weakness for the shore, and his assiduous efforts with the paddle, necessary to keep them in the water, helped him to that extent that he was enabled to overhaul Bob, and go to the front. Bob saw his disadvantage, and changed the aggressive paddling to be "foul," but by no means "fowl." "George is no goose," said Bob, "and I bar his paddle." But there was no choice; George must either paddle or be ignominiously towed ashore against his will, and so Bob's protest was unavailing. Mass, whose perverted wheel goo se had placed him badly in the rear, having somehow contrived to change ends with the recalcitrant bird, now showed an extraordinary burst of speed, and was fast closing the gap. Had the remaining distance been greater, he would have seriously endangered the success of the others. As it was, the contest rested between Morris and Hart, the former having a slight lead. Both addressed upon his well thoroughbreds for an extra effort and it was intensely ludicrous to see the earnestness with which they seemed to respond. They actually "took turns." First, the middle pair would vigorously ply their web feet for a minute, perhaps; then the leaders would dig in for dear life, to be in turn "spelled" by the wheelers. But all would not do. Morris' gray team were good stayers, and he steered to excellent advantage, it must be confessed. He reached the end of the three hundred yards about four feet ahead of Bob, Mass being about two lengths in the rear. Time, seven minutes and thirty seconds. A hearty cheer went up from the crowd, and the goose race was a quiet beauty of its own.

The umpires and referee then repaired to Morris' billiard hall, where, after canvassing the various features of the race, they in due time rendered their decision as follows:

LAKE FRONT BASIN, Chicago, Sept. 22, 1869.—Race for sweepstakes of $200, between sextuple goose teams; dash of 300 yards, to wash tubs:

George Morris enters gray goose Anna Dickinson and mates; sired by their respective progenitors and dammed by the neighbors in the vicinity of their birthplace. 1

Bob Hart enters white goose Formosa and mates; pedigree unknown, but believed to be disreputable. 2

Jim Mass enters blue goose Queen Isabella and mates; pedigree forgotten. 3

Death of the Wife of the "Wickedest Man."

From the New York Tribune, Sept. 21.

Mrs. Mary Allen, wife of John Allen, known as "the Wickedest Man in New York," died of dropsy, at her home in Roosevelt street, on Saturday last. Her health had been declining for some time, owing to her habits of dissipation. The property where her family resided is valued at about $60,000, and is the fruit of John's nineteen years of labor in the dance-house business in Water street. The funeral took place at the residence yesterday at 2½ p. m.

A goodly number of people were present, for most of Mrs. Allen's old dance-house friends had come to take the last farewell of their old companion. Only five or six men were to be seen; all the rest were girls or women. Three Catholic priests had been in attendance up to the time of her death. The Rev. J. C. Arnold, formerly Superintendent of the Howard Mission, and an old friend of the Allen family was present. A large proportion of the mourners did not appear to manifest much grief for the loss of an old friend. Some of the men and women swore strange oaths while others talked and laughed as they had done so often on other occasions. The Wickedest Man took things coolly, and just before the corpse was removed he went out and got a drink. Many of the women walked up to the coffin, gazed a moment, then bent over and kissed the face of the dead three times. Little Chester, a boy of about eight years, seemed deeply affected, and he could scarcely believe that he was never to see his mother again in this life. The husband kissed his dead wife for the last time, and then said: "There is the best friend I ever had, and that is all I can do for her." As the coffin was being taken down stairs he remarked, "She is going to the grave feet first." The burial took place at Calvary Cemetery.

A well known English working-man, Mr. T. Connolly, is coming to this country as a "special commissioner" to inquire into the state of the working classes here and the relations between labor and capital. Several members of Parliament have subscribed to a fund to defray his expenses, and have given him letters of introduction to prominent men here. The immediate object of this mission is to compare the position of labor in the states with what it holds in England, to ascertain its hours and wages in every branch of trade, the way in which workmen live, and whether, to use his own words, the American dollar goes further than the English shilling. He is also expected to particularly investigate the free school system of the United States and its influence upon the character of the working class.

THE GOLD EXCITEMENT.

Culmination of the Great Bull Movement—The Rise and Fall of Thirty Per Cents.—The Scenes and Incidents in and Around Wall Street.

From the New York Times, 25th.

The tremendous struggle of the bulls and bears in gold culminated before noon yesterday amid scenes of frantic excitement, which, it is not too much to say, were never paralleled even in the Gold Room.

Neither the opening of the Board, the room was packed with members and spectators, while the passage-ways and stairs were crowded with men trying to press in, and New street was blocked up with masses which spread round Wall and Broad streets,—all eagerly excited over the events and prospects of a day which everybody felt to be big with wrecks as well as fortunes.

The skirmishing and manouvering before the regular opening showed that the strength was still on the side of the bull party; and though the bidding was irregular and tentative, it indicated a decided advance above the highest figures of the day before. By the time of the opening the bears were struck with terror by the movements of the bulls, who bid 1.50—or an advance of 6 per cent. above the highest quotations of the previous day—with a reckless defiance which the adversary that showed they had the game in their own hands.

Within half an hour the dismay of the Bears was increased by the rapid and determined pushing up of the price to 155. They repeatedly attempted to make a fight and a stand that would save them from ruin, but their operations were carried on at such a disadvantage, not only as regards forces and resources, but also tactics and position in the field, that they could only try to save themselves from the demoralization which follows disaster. Before 11 o'clock the price again sprang up five per cent. further at a single leap, and, in less than half an hour, amid the hottest excitement of the masses that surged to and fro, inside and outside of the Gold Room, it leaped up to 160, and then, for a few seconds, touched 164. The shouts and cries of the hundreds of active operators seemed here like the outpouring of maniacs, and for a short time a pallor seemed to overspread the faces, and a tremor to overcome the persons of the mass, which had been wrought up to a point beyond human endurance. The majority felt the ground breaking under them, and as they saw their margins gone, their fortunes broken and their hopes blasted, they stood bewildered and perspiring spectators, in a room which is ordinarily the scene of frolicsome and humorous interchanges. During this hour or two of uproar and panic, brokers and operators had been constantly rushing out of the Gold Room and back again, attending to their margins, consulting with their partners, and trying to effect settlements. The bull party, or clique, had, of course, compelled the other side to increase their margins indefinitely, and had forced many of those whose means were limited, or whose capacity of losing was exhausted, or whose timidity had got control of them, to come to their terms, with immensely profitable results to the ring.

But at last the struggle, brief but intense, culminated. It was nearly 12 o'clock, and the price was at or about 160-64, when suddenly it was reported that the Treasury had sent orders for the sale of government gold. The order was only for a sale of four millions on Saturday, but the rumor immediately put it at fifteen, to which was added the report that the government was about to sell at the market as a seller at that moment. Quicker than the price had gone up during the previous two hours—far quicker than it had risen at any time during the previous two days,—it tumbled, five, ten, twenty, thirty per cent.; and by midday the premium on gold, which a short time before was 164, had rushed down to 132; and frantic operators were heard there shouting that they would sell for 130,—just as a short while before an equally frantic operator had been offering to buy at 160 what he could get for 140. With this appalling crash—with this utter defeat of the reckless and desperate bull clique which had been playing havoc with fortunes and damaging the position of the country of late, but especially during the last three days, and still more particularly within the few hours of their final supremacy, the great gold conspiracy culminated, and the conspirators lay prone beside their victims, shattered and demoralized. It was a spectacle for gods and men—a fitting spectacle for the gods and disgraceful one for human nature. The crowds around breathed freer. Hundreds rushed from the Gold Room and from the street,—eager to get away from the heated atmosphere and the hot excitement, and anxious to find out what to do next regarding their losses, their settlements and their salvation. You can have little idea, said a keen and apparently imperturbable operator, "how a broker feels in that room under such circumstances, and how the whole body of operators in there felt today. When you consider that a change of one per cent. means a fortune to him,—an amount of money of which it is hard to get an idea,—when considering that this change of this fact—and then when you multiply one broker by a hundred or a thousand (the present reporter is not responsible for the present phraseology) and consider that this state of feeling pervades them all and continues all day, you may form some sort of fancy of the passionate excitement that filled the place during the great rise and fall, and amid the shouting and struggling of such hours as these."

As we have said, the bull clique were able to force many of the bear party to a settlement during the rise. Of the heavy losses of the clique during the sudden fall, hardly anybody believed that there would ever be full payment made. One experienced broker remarked that "half the street have failed to-day, and the other half will fail tomorrow, not," continued he, "that they will be announced as bankrupts, or that their cases will prove total failures, but they will be forced to make compromises of some sort, or adjust their losses as best they can with the other side." "I made $50,000 on the fall," said a grizzly-faced operator, and would take a quarter of it to-day rather than run the risks of to-morrow." "Yes," said a very young but very heavy operator, "I made $100,000 in a jiffy, but I would like to take ten per cent of it for my chance of the whole. I don't suppose I will ever get a copper of it, the parties will turn round to be all broke." "My profits were over $75,000" said another, as he regaled himself with oysters, after the turmoil, "but I have been excited with fears about it the last half hour, and have just found out that my fears are certain to be justified." On the other side, there are parties on the bull side who allege that the leading clique operators will meet their losses, and that their difficulties yesterday would disappear, after the adjustment at the Gold Clearing House. There will undoubtedly be thousands of anxious brokers and customers in Wall street to day awaiting the determination and the result of the gigantic operations of yesterday. If Smith, Gould & Marten, Fisk & Belden, and other of the bull concerns settle their accounts, according to their face, the other side will escape losses which they have had reason to fear.

After the break, which occurred about noon, the price was comparatively steady for the rest of the day—the range being 133-34, with but few operators in the room, the great body of them having become collapsed and exhausted, if not satisfied, with the operations of the earlier part of the day.

Another reporter says:

In the latter part of the afternoon—at the hour when Wall street is usually given up to the tender mercies of janitors and office-sweepers—the street was crowded, and the air filled with rumors the like of which have not been heard for years past. "So and so is gone up." "Did you hear of —'s failure?" and other expressions of similar import greeted the ear on every side. The door of Messrs. Smith, Gould, Martin & Co. was besieged by a large crowd, quiet and orderly, but yet ripe for almost anything. Murmurs of discontent were loud and deep. Owing to some difficulty with the Gold Exchange Bank, where the firm was represented to have some $15,000,000, it was said it would be unable to meet the demands upon it, but this idea was scouted by many, who plainly intimated that the firm would never pay. A gentleman prominent as a banker here called out loudly, "I'll bet $1,000 to $500 that the firm is sound." His bet met no takers, but some one most caustically observed, "That's cheap whitewash!" While the crowd was thickest, Herman A. Cruger attempted to enter the office, but was met by Benjamin F. Armstrong, a clerk, who resisted his passage. A blow followed, and an officer escorted both parties to the New street station house, where they shook hands and were discharged.

In the morning a messenger from Wm. P. Belden, of No. 78 Broadway, called at the First Precinct Station-house, and asked that a detail of policemen be sent to Mr. Belden's office to guard against theft and prevent disorder. The messenger alleged that Mr. Belden proposed to pay out an immense amount of gold. Five officers were sent to Mr. Belden's, and details were also made for other points, among them the Gold Exchange Bank, the Gold Room and the office of Smith, Gould, Martin & Co. Failures were not so frequent as was to have been expected. The only one officially announced was that of P. H. Williams & Co., a small firm, which took place early in the day. But the reported failures were legion. Each group that formed on the street had its own special "failure" to talk about, so that one could scarcely fail to gain an immense fund of useful and entertaining knowledge, simply for the trouble of listening. Such an one went "long" and so he heard that one was "short" of gold—and so he broke. This firm had always been shaky; that was expected by the group to have failed the day before, and so on and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is said that during the tremendous excitement of the day Mr. Albert Speyer lost control of himself, and certainly his actions would seem to bear out the assertion. At the regular Stock Board he rose in his place and said, "I understand threats have been made of shooting me. I am ready to be shot." This was at a time of considerable excitement in stocks, and the old gentleman was hissed until he retired from the Board. During the morning he entered the Gold Room, and at once commenced to bid wildly for large amounts at rates greatly in advance of the market. Finally, when the downward course of the market was assured, he interposed his feeble weight to stem the tide, bidding 160 for gold when it could have been had for 155. Later in the day he announced that he would not be able to keep his contracts, as his customers, for whom he had bought without a margin, trusting that they would make him good—had refused to cover their losses, and he was therefore forced to repudiate his bargains. These customers, he said, were James Fisk, Jr., and William P. Belden. This announcement created much surprise and no little indignation.

Taken altogether, the day was one of wild excitement in the Gold Room, and the wonder is that more failures were not reported.

It is said that the Adjutant-General of the State ordered that two Brooklyn regiments be kept in readiness to move on Wall street in case of a riot.

The Origin of Words.

Words have a natural, and a derived or secondary meaning and often several meanings, each further from the natural meaning than the preceding, until, finally, the true literal meaning of the word is entirely lost.

One of the most amusing and instructive recreations may be found in tracing words to their origin, and learning how they came to mean what they do. Of course these is scarcely any limit to the number of examples that might be given. But, in order that the pursuit shall be permanently interesting, the reader must have some idea of a few fundamental principles of the language. No great amount of linguistic knowledge is necessary for this.

Nearly all the words have a natural meaning, derived from the meaning of the letters that compose it. Those few that have entirely lost their literal meaning may be treated as curiosities. Such are the following:

MEANDER—From the river Meander, in Phrygia, which is noted from its winding course.

MILLINERY—Articles so called because first imported from Milan.

MESMERISM—From Mesmer, a German physicial, who originated the theory of animal magnetism.

TANTALIZE—From Tantalus, a king of ancient Lydia, punished, according to Roman mythology, by perpetual hunger and thirst, though boughs laden with delicious fruit over his head, and he stood in water up to his chin. Both the fruit and water receding from his lips when he attempted to taste them.

BAYONET—From Bayonne, the name of the city where they were made.

ACADEMY—From Academus, a public grove where Plato taught. The grove is said to have been named after a man of that name, who gave it to the people of Athens as a place for gymnastic exercises.

HURRA—This word is said to have originated among the Eastern nations, where it was used a war-cry. They believed that every man who died in battle for his country went to heaven. It is derived from the Sclavonic word "Hurrah," which means "To Paradise."

Other words have a proper signification derived from some foreign language, as

MAXIM—From the Latin word "maximum," signifying the "greatest." A maxim is something of the greatest importance—worth remembering.

NAP—(A measure.) The distance from the second joint of the finger to the end of the nail.

NAILS—(Six-penny, eight-penny, ten-penny, etc.) At Sheffield, England, where immense quantities of nails were made, it was formerly the custom to sell 100 of one kind for fourpence, another for sixpence, etc.

Another class, like the last example, were recently expressive in our own language, but have become less so by change of custom:

MOLD BOARD—The part of the plow which turns the mold of earth was formerly made of a board.

INK-HORN, POWDER-HORN, SHOEING-HORN, ETC.—So called from the fact that these articles were formerly made of horn.

LANDSCAPE—Land-shape.

But the word NEWS does not appear to come under any law of language. Some suppose this to be composed of the initial letters of North, East, West and South. We find the following lines in "Witt's Recreation," first published in 1640:

"When News doth come, if any would discuss
The Letter of the word, resolve it thus:
News is conveyed by letter, word, or mouth,
And comes from North, East, West or South."

The Corn Land of Northern Germany.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Mail says:

At Bromberg the road branches off to Danzig, due north and to Warsaw on the south, but our way lay on the left of the Vistula, though at quite a distance from it, and through a most beautiful country. One who looked for hills and vales, winding streams and romantic water-falls, bold cliffs and dark ravines, would look in vain; he would be utterly disappointed, but the landscape race was not a quiet beauty of its own. There were immense fields, acre upon acre of ploughed ground, regularly furrowed, as far as the eye could reach, as if the ocean waves had been stayed in their never-ending motion, and were headed up in ridges. This extended several miles, and is a part of the great corn land of Northern Germany. But, oh! how cold it must be sweeping across these vast plains, unchecked by hill or tree. However, as soon as we fairly entered the valley of the Vistula the country was much better wooded, and thrifty farm-houses appeared at intervals, and pretty little lakes, covered with white water-lilies, by the road side—we should call them ponds at home, but here in Europe, any sheet of water larger than a pocket handkerchief is dubbed a lake. At about 9 o'clock the sun began to sink through bars of crimson, gold, and pearly clouds over the dark pine woods of the West, but it was a long time in going down, and it seemed to us, unaccustomed to these very long twilights, which have none of the greyness of ours, as if it never went down at all. At ten the haymakers and reapers were still at work in the fields, the women wearing a three cornered white kerchief on their head, tied under their chins, and the men in wide-brimmed straw hats; while standing in the barns were huge wagons heaped with hay, and near were pensive looking oxen slowly chewing their cud.

State Elections.

This fall state elections will take place as follows:

Indiana	Oct. 12	Kansas	Nov. 2
Iowa	" 12	Maryland	" 2
Nebraska	" 12	Massachusetts	" 2
Ohio	" 12	Michigan	" 2
Pennsylvania	" 12	Minnesota	" 2
West Virginia	" 23	Missouri	" 2
Arkansas	Nov. 1	Nevada	" 2
Louisiana	" 2	New Jersey	" 2
Alabama	" 2	New York	" 2
Florida	" 2	Wisconsin	" 2
Illinois	" 2	South Carolina	" 22

MISSIONS AND THE EDUCATED CLASSES IN CHINA.—Rev. J. Edkins, of the London Missionary Society, writes from Pekin, June 22, that the version of the Scriptures completed in 1853 is itself a passport to the literary class of China. The Governor of the Province, Tseng-Kwo-Sun, has published an edition of Euclid, translated by a missionary, and his son has mastered Loomis's Integral Differential Calculus, translated by Mr. Wylie. Of nearly seven hundred treatises published by missionaries, there were fourteen on history, three on law and government, thirteen on geography, eight on mathematics, six on astronomy, two on botany, four on physics, *&c.* It is true that none of the great and powerful have yet joined the missionaries, and the social obstacles to such a step are very great. But it is not true that the higher classes are not aimed at by the missionaries, nor that they are uninfluenced by missions. The position assigned to Dr. Martin, an American Presbyterian, as a professor in the Imperial College at Pekin, is a pregnant fact to show that missionaries are recognized for their talents and learning.

—A prominent saloon keeper and liquor merchant now in business in Chicago, a year or two ago had no less than fifty-five saloons running at one time in that city. He has now about half that number.

Desperate Fight with Robbers.

From the Missouri Democrat.

Mr. Albert H. Cook, who for several years was a sergeant in the police force of this city, is now on a business visit to Salt Lake, where he has been cultivating the Saints and studying Brigham Young. His health is much improved, and he weighs 180 pounds. Two heavy express robberies were committed soon after Mr. Cook's arrival in Mormondom, and a large reward being offered for the capture of the robbers, he employed several men and went in pursuit. In a letter to his brother, dated September 15th, Mr. Cook gives the following account of his pursuit and capture of the robbers:

"I am in the land of Mormonism, and shall stay here this week, to settle with Wells, Fargo & Co. I will tell you how I came to be here. The coach of Wells, Fargo & Co., was stopped and robbed by highwaymen near Malad City,