THE LOTUS PLANTER.

A Brahmin on a lotus pod
Once wrote the holy name of God.

Then, planting it, he asked in prayer
For some new fruit, unknown and fair.

A Slave near by, who bore a load
Fell fainting on the dusty road.

The Brahmin, pitying, straightway ran
And lifted up the fallen man.

The deed scarce done, he stood aghast
At touching one beneath his caste.

"Behold," he cried, "I am unclean;
My hands have clasped the vile and mean!"

God saw the shadow on his face,
And wrought a miracle of grace.

The buried seed arose from death
And bloomed and fruited at his breath.

The stalk bore up a leaf of green,
Whereon these mystic words were seen:

"First, count men all of equal caste—
Then count thyself the least and last."

The Brahmin, with bewildered brain,
Beheld the will of God writ plain.

Transfigured then in sudden light,
The Slave stood sacred in His sight!

Thereafter in the Brahmin's breast
Abode God's peace, and he was blest.

—THEODORE TILTON.

HER STORY.

BY WILLIAM H. MAKER.

"I almost wish I was dead."

"My dear!"

"I do, indeed. I know it is wicked, but if I am never to see my father I would rather be dead."

"Then Mr. Fox will give you no information?

"Not a word. He says his orders are positive, and he seems to think it his sole duty to obey those orders."

"I am very sorry for you, dear, but I cannot help being glad that you are not going away from us."

"I know how kind you have always been to me, Miss Malabone, and I love you dearly, but when I see other girls going to their homes and surrounded with their parent's love my life looks uninviting and miserable."

The speaker was about 20 years of age and her share of the conversation had been carried on between sobs and tears. This was Virginia Mason, the belle of Brightwood, the most envied girl of the school.

Miss Malabone, the principal, not the stern angular famale of novels, but a sweet, motherly woman who, not having children of her own, loved all these who were entrusted to her with a mother's love, was trying to comfort her.

Upon this morning of which we write Brightwood seminary was in a flutter of excitement. The young ladies ran from room to room chirping and twittering to each other much as sparrows gossip when they meet around the edge of the fountain. Miss Malabone had confessed to a feeling of nervousness, and Kitty, the cook, told the butcher even she was "not herself."

The study hour had come and gone but no bells had been rung, nor were any of the pupils prepared to recite. Each one had made an errand that compelled her to pass the reception room door, and had lingered there as long as she dared, but had to confess she could only hear voices, but was unable to distinguish a word. But when Miss Mason rushed out of the parlor with eyes swollen with tears, and went to her room without saying a word to any of those who threw themselves in her way, as if by the merest accident, the tongues ran faster than ever and the suspense became at once both painful and full of delight.

Virginia Mason had been a member of the seminary so long that she seemed to have been born there. She possessed an unusually kind disposition, a quick perception, money allowances equal to her most extravagant desires, and a face and figure that were almost perfect. I am aware I have given her a greater measure of attractions than usually falls to the lot of mortals. It is seldom, in real life, that "a quick perception" accompanies "a perfect face." Mother Nature is so impartial that she gives the peacock a handsome tail, but reserves the sweet voice for the nightingale; and when she is sending a human being into the world without the full measure of brains, she adds a touch here and there, to the face, if the child is to be a woman, or, if a man, allows the head to be so soft that the hair can be parted in the middle. But Virginia Mason was, as I have described her, something more than the average young lady. Above and aside from her personal attractions there was a fascinating air of romance about her history, as it was known at Brightwood, that made her welcome in all the school circles.

More than ten years before the date our story opens Miss Malabone received a long and wretchedly written letter signed "J. Fox," stating in the worst of English that his master would like to send his young "missus" to the Brightwood seminary for an indefinite time; that she was only 10 years old, but that special teachers were to be provided for her, and "eggspens wer no obgick." A few days after this, Mr. Fox introduced himself in person and delivered his charge. He informed Miss Malabone that Col. Mason was the last survivor of one of the oldest and wealthiest Mississippi families; that he had lost his wife when "Miss Ginny" was but a baby, and the loss was such a blow to him he had sold his estate and left the country. Fox, an old servant of the family, had carried out all orders in regard to the child, and any communication for the Colonel must be sent through him. His whereabouts appeared to be very uncertain, but a letter addressed to 13, Post place, St. Louis, would always reach him first or last. He was instructed by the Colonel to say that no expense should be spared in giving Miss Ginny a thorough as well as a polite education. He left a check for a goodly sum and said more would be sent as needed. He appeared to worship his young mistress and kissed her hands a score of times before leaving her. Regularly since that time a check had been received, and with every remittance an injunction to keep Miss Ginny well supplied with pocket money.

As year after year passed away and the young girl grew into womanhood, she began to sigh for some one who was nearer to her than the school people around her. She built air castles, in all of which she was to dwell with her father and repay him for his love for her mother's memory. In all her dreams she was going to her father, finding him a melancholic recluse, and brightening his life with her tenderest love and devotion. But the years brought her no nearer a realization of her dreams. Of the letters sent to her father, and their number was legion, no word had ever been returned.

She wrote to Fox for her father's address and months afterward received the following badly spelled and worse worded letter:

NEW ORLEANS, (no date.)

"Onord miss; Yure letter onley Just got me. Yu want yure fatherses direckshuns but it cant be dun, he ses dont giv it to no won and concekent I dont, respeks to yu onord miss and hops yu air wel. J. Fox."

In her disappointment at his refusal she wrote for him to come and see her or she would go to him, and now Fox was here, had been with her for several hours, but we have seen, from her tears, that she was no nearer the father she loved.

Miss Malabone did her best to comfort her, and finally, at Virginia's request, went down to Mr. Fox. He was not a particularly pleasant looking personage, and could not be easily forgotten. His speech is not what one would expect from his letters; it was the idiomatic talk of the Southwest—uncultivated but nothing more.

"What does Col. Mason want me to do with his daughter?" she asked, after the few commonplace remarks that had to be made. "She will graduate in a few months; what will she do then?"

"He says she'd better stay right here, ma'am, he don't want her near him, and allows you could board her and look after her if he'd pay you lib'r'ly for all et ceteras."

"Then he does not intend ever to take her to live with him?"

"That's just the point, ma'am; he don't want to see her."

"Did you tell her this?"

"Pooty much; not quite so sharp like, but gener'lly I held out them idees."

"Then Col. Mason wants me to keep her until she chooses a home of her own?"

"'Chooses'? Such as how?"

"Supposing she should marry, by and by?"

"If she was joined to a man as you could honestly chum with, her father would pan out liber'lly, and be mighty glad to see her settled down."

There was more talk to this effect and it was made plain to Miss Malabone that the girl's father was really educating her from a sense of duty, but had no intention of ever seeing her or caring for her personally. The picture she drew of him was of a man overwhelmingly selfish; so selfish that he nurtured his sorrows and disappointments, and occupied so much time in pitying himself, he had neither sympathy nor love for any other being.

Fox had another interview with Virginia, but this time in the presence of the preceptress. He reiterated his remark that her father would never let her come to him, and tried to make her understand that Brightwood was to be her home.

When he had gone, the school routine was resumed, all—both teachers and pupils—happy that their favorite was to stay with them. But it was soon noticed that Miss Malabone's evenings came much more frequently than had been the habit of old, and Brightwood came to look upon these entertainments as gala occasions. Of course the young men of the village were constant attendants, but Miss Malabone was careful to show those of the fast set that her "evenings" were not for their benefit. She had a duty to the children's parents, she observed to a friend, and must not admit any young men to her parlors whom she could not wholly endorse.

In all these gatherings one girl was pre-eminently the most beautiful, the most accomplished, and the most accessible. Miss Malabone was trying to fill a mother's place to Virginia Mason, and was determined she should have an opportunity of seeing the world, or at least that much of it that was to be seen at Brightwood. Special efforts were made to gain the interest of the best people for her, and to have her place in society assured. Of course her story was well known, and consequently society received her with open arms. I often wonder how the Lady Tippinses of society can continue to gush as they do, but it is a fact that they can call up any amount of latent enthusiasm whenever anything in the line of sentiment is whispered in their ears. They "dote on sentiment" long after the time that they should be telling their beads.

And Miss Malabone was destined to be successful much sooner than she hoped. She was gratified when, a year later, Morton Lowe, only son of Judge Lowe, came to her with his story of love, which was reciprocated by Virginia, and asked her to communicate with Colonel Mason upon the subject.

She wrote to Fox, and that gentleman answered that he had orders to settle fifty thousand dollars on Virginia whenever she made a marriage which Miss Malabone approved, and consequently there was no need, as there would be no good, in writing to him.

But Virginia could not let the matter drop thus. Her own happiness but made her father's life seem more miserable. She could not think of giving her life into the hands of another without at least one word from her father. He was in her thoughts morning and evening, and at last her lover set out to find him.

It was a vague search to start off upon. The only clew he had was Fox's St. Louis address, but when he called at 13 Post place, he was confronted with the information that the family who lived there refused point blank to tell where Mr. Fox was to be found, or to give any information regarding him.

None of the neighbors had ever seen a man coming to the house who would answer to the description of Fox, so it was evident the letters came there and were then forwarded. He might be in another part of the city, and he might be a thousand miles away.

Lowe finally wrote a letter to Fox, giving him his address and asking him to come and see him. It was three weeks before an answer reached him. The letter was without date or address and the post-mark was so badly blurred it was impossible to make it out. The letter read:

Dear Sir: Ther is no yuse of yure trying to fin out wher col mason is for no won nos it but me an I wont tel to no won. he nos about yu an is satusfyd. i will pay the money when miss ginny is marryd. yurs J. Fox.

Lowe spent a month in fruitless efforts to get at Fox but was compelled to go home without accomplishing anything. Virginia was not discouraged by his failure but determined she would attempt to unravel the mystery herself. Her lover attempted to dissuade her, but neither his nor Miss Malabone's entreaties were of any avail. She completed her preparations and set out alone.

Her inquiries at 13 Post Place were as unavailing as her lover's. From there she went to New Orleans and made inquiries at the bank from which Miss Malabone's drafts came. She there learned that the drafts were brought by a man named Lamar, but they could tell her nothing more. A letter was written Fox at St. Louis and in a few days he called upon her. But he was obstinate as a mountain; he would not tell her a word of her father's or mother's history more than she already knew. She entreated him and commanded him by turns, but he sat as immovable as a stone. She realized, at last, the utter hopelessness of getting any information from him and gave up her questioning. She arranged to return home and Fox agreed to go up the river to St. Louis with her. When they went on the boat she was so tired with anxiety and disappointment that she went to her state-room at once, but it was well along in the night before she fell asleep. She had hardly, as she thought, closed her eyes when she was aroused by hurrying feet and loud cries. She sprang from the room, supposing the boat was on fire or sinking, but had gone only a few steps when she met others returning to their berths and was informed "it was nothing, only a man shot."

In the morning she waited for Fox, but he did not come near her. A promenade up and down the boat failed to discover him, and when at last, she inquired of one of the officers about him, she learned it was he who had been shot. He was still conscious and the surgeon thought he might recover, but there was already a pallor in his face that spoke of the tomb. She heard nothing as to the quarrel; merely that Fox had some words with a gentleman and was shot. He was still alive when they reached St. Louis and she conveyed him to Post Place in accordance with his wishes.

In a few days it was evident to them all that his life was ebbing away. Virginia had renewed her attempts to persuade him to reveal her father's address, but he remained sullenly silent. When the physicians told him his hours were numbered, Virginia determined to make one more effort. He heard her through and then, after a moment's silence, said:

"I will put the information in writing on one condition: that you will not read it until after your marriage."

She promised accordingly.

"Pull out a green box from under the bed," he said.

She drew the box out.

"In that box you will find the information you want. You have promised me not to open it until after your marriage."

"But what has my marriage to do with it?"

"Nothing, only it is my fancy to have it so."

A few hours later and his spirit had fled. his last words being, "I leave your promise."

When he was buried she started back to Brightwood with her treasure—the green box. Her lover laughed at her for promising not to open the box, saying, lightly, "Who knows but there is some reason there why we should not be married; and think how you would feel when it was too late!"

She knew that he put no meaning whatever in his words, and yet they remained with her long after he had gone. Who could say what might not be hidden in the green box? If there was not some horrible mystery connected with her name, why had she been kept in such ignorance of her father? And only that day she had found that the servant's name was not Fox but Lamar. The New Orleans banker wrote her he had information of the death of George Lamar in St. Louis on the 23d inst., and he held fifty thousand dollars which by Mr. Lamar's orders were to be paid to her upon proper proof, etc., etc.

Why was his name "Fox" to her and "Lamar" to the public? It did not require a long course of reasoning to convince her that it was her duty to open the box then and there, and not wait until there were others compromised. A promise to the dead was a very holy thing, but duty to the living was still more sacred.

Another moment and the box was open. Within it were two packages of papers; one marked, "To be sent to Miss Malabone, Brightwood, N. Y., for Virginia Mason, when she is married," the other, "To be burned unread." She took the package addressed to Miss Malabone, and, among records of deposit and certificates of stocks, she found the following letter to herself. It was written, like the writing on the other papers, in a clear round hand. Do not blame her if her lips grew white and her heart cold as she read it. Do not condemn her if she fell on her knees and cursed her life, and prayed God to end it there. Judge her as tenderly as if she were your own sister; and thank God that you and yours are spared from such a revelation.

"I am writing this," the paper read, "intending to send it to you after you are well settled in life. If I should die before that time, my brother at 13 Post Place, St. Louis, will hold it until the proper time. I am your father; you are my child. The story I have always told was simply to help you into a place in society, where I hope you are when you read this. Your mother was an angel; for her sake I have tried to do all this for you. She was of a good family; I a nobody, though not the ignorant man I have pretended to be. You were born the day your mother died. Do not try to learn more about me; if you are happy, burn this and think of me no more."

It was signed "George Lamar."

This was all he had ever intended she should know about him, but the papers marked "to be burned" gave a clew to his history; and such a history! One of the papers was a pardon from the Governor of Missouri, and the offense mentioned as counterfeiting! Another, the record of a term in the penitentiary for arson; another—but why detail them? They showed her that her father was an outlaw, a desperate criminal.

There was but one path open to her; she would escape from all who had ever known her. Her resolve was taken. She packed a few necessary articles of clothing, and then sat down to write a few words to her who had been a mother to her these many years.

When Miss Malabone came into her room the following morning, she was still sitting at the table. She made no answer to the question: "Where are you going so early, Virginia?" The scarcely begun letter lay before her:

"Dear, dear Miss Malabone: When you see this I shall be far away from here——"

She touched her shoulder to arouse her, but there was blood on her breast and lips. Yes, she was "far away," somewhere, nestling in the arms of Death.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD

Cleanliness With Milk.

Harris Lewis expresses himself as follows with regard to the proper care of milk: He says milk comes to us loaded with germs prepared for its own destruction. These putrefactive germs can be retarded or hastened in their growth, and they can be killed by heating to 212 degrees. Freshly-drawn milk emits an animal odor. This is worse in unhealthy than in healthy cows. Few people relish new milk when just drawn. This animal odor has caused us a great deal of trouble. We used to think it was a gas, but have had to give up that idea. The best deodorizer of milk is pure air. We use a pail with small holes in the bottom, through which the milk is poured into the milk pans. The milk falls through the air in very small streams, and, in this way, is thoroughly deodorized. It is first strained through cloth, before it enters the perforated pail. Never are the milk in the stable or where the air is impure, for it may be made worse. The pure air of heaven is what is wanted. He had made many experiments to test this question. He took several lots of milk that were exactly alike.

No. 1. He aired and cooled down to 51 degrees.

No. 2 was shut up in a can at 98°, or the natural temperature of fresh milk, and exposed to the heat of the sun, as milk is exposed when carted to the factory or the village market in open wagons.

No. 3 was exposed to bad odors, and in forty minutes it had putrified and in seventy was rotten.

No. 2 in seven hours was in the same condition as No. 3—spoiled.

No. 1, after standing 120 hours was perfectly sweet, showing how milk varies under different circumstances.

The are other taints from unclean pails and pans. These taints may be killed by boiling water. Water at a low temperature may destroy, but nothing less than 202 deg. is safe. And now, to all who use wooden milk pails, he would say, use them no longer for milk pails, but buy tin pails for milk. Hogs are said to need sour swill, and wooden pails are just the things for them, but they are never fit for milk pails. The neater your wife is the sooner they will be spoiled, for, if she is neat, she will very soon scour off the coat of paint, and then, after each scalding, the pail will be put out on a post or laid on a shelf to dry and get aired in the sun. The effect that follows is the drying and shrinking of the wood, by which a hundred little seams will be opened on every square inch of surface, each of which is large enough to take in the particles or atoms of milk. When the farmer comes to milk into these pails at night, the water of the milk acts on the pail as it does on all dry wood, by swelling it up and shutting all the seams with the milk in them. The next day the particles of milk are there, out of the reach of the neatest housekeeper, and the pails are again put in the sun to dry. The shrinking process is repeated, and the milk is exposed to the same condition of the sample just spoken of, which, in seven hours, was rotten. The next time it is used it imparts a taint, a ferment like yeast, which will, under favorable circumstances, destroy the whole mess. Use tin for all milk vessels, and have as few seams and sharp angles in them as possible.

There are other kinds of taints. Cowstable taints are the most inexcusable of all. He had been called in to see some cheese at a store in his village. The grocer said he had bought some cheese of one of Mr. D's neighbors which did not quite suit his customers, and he wanted to know what was the matter with them. "I looked at the cheeses," said Mr. D., "rubbed a little between my fingers, smelt of it, tasted it, and told the grocer to let me go—I did not want to say anything about it." "But," said the man, "we want you to tell us what ails this cheese. It cuts well and feels well, but there is something peculiar about it." "Well," said I, "if I must tell you, Mr. ——did not put in quite enough milk with his cow manure to make good cheese of it."

A CHEAP REFRIGERATOR.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says: Ice boxes, with their various compartments, are gotten up quite expensively; but one can be made with little cost. The cheapest kind I know of is about the size of and resembles on the outside an ordinary tool chest; within, there are pieces of wood fastened on for supports, and a lining of zinc put in, the space between the zinc and the wood being filled with pounded charcoal. This filling must be all around, in the cover as well as the bottom and sides. In the ends of the box, cleats of zinc are soldered on, and shelves of perforated zinc or wire, or of wooden slats, are slipped in. For a rack to put the ice on, take four slats about four inches long, and nail them firmly to a little block of plank; set this block down (like an inverted kitchen table) in a basin, and put it in the middle space in the box, between the rows of shelves. To make a piece of ice do the greatest amount of service and last the longest possible time, wrap it closely in several thicknesses of flannel and lay it on the rack; it will not melt nearly so fast as if laid on the bottom, and the basin receives its drippings.

A square tank, holding a pail or two of water, can be made of tin or zinc, and fitted close up to the inside, with a pipe leading through the box, near the bottom, and a faucet attached. If this is kept filled with cold spring or well water, and a lump of ice thrown in occasionally, it will be found a convenience in hot weather. On the shelves may be kept constantly on hand, balls of butter, cold and hard, ready for the table; the cream jug, custards, lemon pies, blanc mange, jellies; any such delicacy or luxury may be brought from the shelves, icy cold. An ice box, so arranged, is not only a great convenience, but is a matter of economy. One-fifth the usual amount of ice will be of more benefit to a family than the usual amount used in the ordinary way; and no housekeeper who has once tested this convienence would ever be willing to do without it through the hot season.

After the box is finished it should be painted and set where the cover, when lifted up, can rest back on a brace or frame, as it is heavy, and would easily break from the hinges. A cellar is a good place for the ice box, but it may be kept in the pantry, store room, or wood shed, as it is most convenient.

Bathing the Baby.

It seems strange and unaccountable that so many of the really intelligent class act as if in ignorance of the necessity and benefit of bathing. It seems almost incredible, but there are many ladies most particular as to dress and fashion, who almost wholly neglect this matter. Some mothers think when their children get beyond two or three years of age the frequent entire bath can be dispensed with. If some of the facts of physiology were well known and understood, every one would perceive that cleanliness of the skin is one of the conditions of good health. We learn that the skin has innumerable minute prespiration tubes, opening on the cuticle, and these openings are called pores. These tubes are hollow, like a pipe-stem, lined with wonderfully minute capillaries, which are constantly exhaling the noxious and decayed particles of the body, just as the lungs pour them out through the mouth and nose. It seems clear that injury, more or less, must ensue if this drainage for the body becomes obstructed. It happens when bathing is disregarded that the lungs, kidneys, or bowels have more than their apportionment of work. If these are strong and healthy they may bear the tax with little apparent injury, but in most cases a lowering of the vitality and tone of the system ensues. Large bath tubs are pleasant and convenient, but not indispensable to the proper cleansing of the skin. A speedy sponging of the body in pure water, followed by friction in pure air, is all that is necessary. When disinclined to use water, a thorough application of the flesh-brush to the whole person is an admirable substitute; especially on retiring; it relieves nervousness, equalizes the circulation, and induces quiet sleep. Mothers, above all, should see that their children are well bathed. If their skins are kept active and healthy there will not be half the danger from fever, colds, and eruptive diseases. If your little one is cross or troublesome, and finds no occupation that pleases him, try the effect of a bath. Sometimes it is magical, and if tired he will go to sleep, and awaken bright, cheerful and happy. Do not, though, as we have seen some parents do, plunge a child into cold water when he screams and shrinks from it, thinking you are doing a good deed. Nature must be the guide. If your child has a nervous constitution, a shock of this kind is only exhausting and injurious.

The Reason Why.

The editor of *Arthur's Home Magazine* gives the following questions and answers, which are pertinent to this season of the year.

Why is fruit most unwholesome when eaten on an empty stomach?

Because it contains a large amount of fixed air, which requires great power to disengage and expel it before it begins to digest.

Why is boiled or roast fruit more wholesome than raw?

Because, in the process of boiling or roasting, fruit parts with its fixed air, and is thus rendered easy of digestion.

Why are cherries recommended in cases of scurvy, putrid fever and similar diseases?

On account of their cooling and antiseptic properties, and because they correct the condition of the blood and other fluids of the body when there is any tendency to putrescence; at the same time, like all fresh fruits, they possess a mild aperient property, very peneficial to persons of a bilious habit.

What effect have vegetable acids upon the blood?

They cool and dilute the blood, and generally refresh the system. All fruits contain acids and salt which exercise a cooling and invigorating influence. Apricots, peaches, apples, pears, gooseberries, and currants contain malic acid. Lemons, raspberries, grapes, and pine apples contain citric acid. The skins of grapes, plums, sloes, etc., contain tannic acid, which has a bitter taste.

Why should salt be applied to vegetables intended for pickling, previously to putting them in the vinegar?

Because all vegetables abound in watery juices, which, if mixed with the vinegar, would dilute it so much as to destroy its preservative property. Salt absorbs a portion of this water, and indirectly contributes to the strength of the vinegar.

Why is bread made from wheat flour more strengthening than that made from barley or oats?

Because, as gluten, albumen, and caseine are the only substance in the bread capable of forming blood, and consequently of sustaining the strength and vigor of the body, they have been appropriately called the food of nutrition, as a distinction from those which merely support respiration. Wheat contains 825 parts of starch, 315 of gluten, albumen and caseine, and sixty of sugar and gum; while barley contains 1,200 of starch, 120 of gluten, albumen and caseine, and 160 of sugar and gum; hence wheat is much richer than barley in the food of nutrition.

Household Hints.

Small round freckles can be removed by the application of chlorine water every night and morning, allowing it to dry in. For the more dense ones, chloride of lime, one to ten, fifteen or twenty parts of water, according to the sensitiveness of the skin. When using the stronger solutions, merely touch the spots with a moistened camel's hair brush.

One of the London journals contains a statement by Dr. Berry of his successful treatment of uncomplicated whooping cough with dilute nitric acid, in doses of from five to fifteen minims, according to age, with simple syrup, given every three or four hours, alleviating the cough and spasm, and apparently cutting short the disease. During an epidemic of the disorder he prescribed this frequently, and with very satisfactory results. He offers no suggestion as to the operation of the remedy, but he believes its action to be that of a tonic though its refrigerating properties are not to be lost sight of. In all the cases treated, he has, of course, paid attention to the state of the digestive organs and in such cases as have required it, he has given an aperient combined with an alterative.

—'Tis very hard to be a good Christian when one has a weak digestion, and I sometimes fancy that a change of stomach would benefit the morbid sinner almost as much as a change of heart.—*John Paul.*

—The Empress of Russia is expected to arrive in England on October 15th, on a visit to her daughter, the Duchess of Edinburgh.

Wife Auctions in Virginia.

The history of this commonwealth commences with an auction sale—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where probably the most anxious and interested crowd of auction *habitues* ever known in the history of the world were congregated. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying:

"We send you a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There hath been especial care in the selection of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upoon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives until they can be provided with husbands."

But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens faire" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction, and sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridegrooms think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness; no storms ahead, no uneasiness for the future, no inquisitive clerk to stand and say: "Here's the license, fork over that one dollar." Nothing of that sort. From some of these couples the first families of Virginia are descended, and well may auctions be popular here.—*Richmond (Va.) Whig.*

A Monkey in Trouble.

Sam. Wilcoxen has a small menagerie of monkeys, badgers, foxes, and the like. He also has a large Newfoundland dog, on whose back he sometimes places one of his pet monkeys when he is going for a walk about the town—the monkey fastened to the collar of the dog by a string. As a general thing the monkey enjoys his ride; but we saw him a day or two ago when he would willingly have traded himself off for some less privileged specimen of his species. His canine steed, being allowed to roam the streets at will, saw another dog that he thought he could whip, and forthwith went for him like a hairy hurricane. In a moment both dogs were on their hind legs, and going for each other like two sausage-machines. This made times very lively for the monkey, as the stranger dog evidently considered him as part and parcel of his antagonist. Such wails of despair as that monkey uttered, and such hideous faces as he made, we never heard or saw. He would climb down the side of the dog he bestrode opposite to where the war was going on, and thence peep over occasionally—his jaws quivering, his visage distorted, and his eyes starting from their sockets with terror. As the dogs were constantly changing sides, it made times awfully lively with the monkey! When he jumped to the ground the string held him, and he found himself trampled under the feet of both friend and foe—and he was glad to get again upon the back of the steed and face the battle. The poor monkey was in a worse fix than the boy who stood on the burning deck, and, had not the dogs been separated, he must soon have been rendered a fit subject for the insane asylum. As it was, he did not get over examining the end of his tail for wounds for four hours after the battle. Perhaps he had fears of hydrophobia!

—It is about agreed to put the cotton mills of Massachusetts on short time for the remainder of the year to reduce production one-third to one-half.

—Russia is said to be greatly irritated over the attempt of Bismarck to incorporate Denmark in the German empire. The Emperor declares Germany shall not hold the key of the Baltic.

—S. A. Briggs, of Chicago, said to be a defaulter in $100,000 from the bank of which he was Vice-President and cashier, has been arrested at New York and will be brought back to Chicago.

T. BOWER, corner of Seventh and Cedar, has $20,000 of Italian Marble and Scotch Granite Monuments and beautiful Mantles, which he is closing out at greatly reduced prices. Parties desiring to purchase should call soon.

THE School Desks manufactured by Stone, Parker & Co., of Minneapolis, deservedly won the first premium at the State Fair.

The Buckeye Challenges the World.

The improved Buckeye Table Rake and Mower combined, exhibited at the State Fair, as usual, took the First Premium. The manufacturers of this celebrated machine, C. Aultman & Co., not satsified with the high degree of excellence they have already attained, which, in every trial, has rendered them victorious over all competitors—are still striving to render the Buckeye as perfect as possible. They are out with other improvements for 1875, consisting of an ingenous tilting lever, under the complete control of the driver, to raise and lower the guards on rough ground. This improvement will at once recommend itself to the farmers, as it enables them to cut lodged and matted grass, and gives them the utmost confidence in the ability of these machines to cut any grain or grass that grows. The second improvement consists of a *new frame, very light and strong*, all the boxes being so covered and protected as to exclude the grit and dirt. In all trials on soft, rough grounds, in wet and heavy grain, which will test the capabilities of any machine, the Buckeye comes out with fresh laurels as the champion machine of the age—a machine without competitors. It is of light draft, can be easily worked with two horses, and need only be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. R. H. Jones of Minneapolis, Agent for Minnesota, represented the machine at the State Fair, and knowing as he does of its great merits, confidently recommends it as being the best machine in the world.

EXCELLENCY of work, durability of material, and beauty of finish, characterize the School and Office Furniture of the Minnesota Desk Company, Minneapolis.

Union Fall Meeting Under the Auspices of the State Agricultural Association (of St. Paul) and the State Agricultural Society of Minnesota, to be Held at the St. Paul Driving Park, Minnesota, October 13th, 14th and 15th, 1874—Purses $2,300.

PROGRAMME.

First Day, October 13th.

I. Purse of $200. Class, green horses owned and bred in the State, $100, $50, $30, $20.

II. Purse of $300; 2.35 class; $150, $75, $50, $25.

III. Purse of $200; running race. 3 in 5, mile heats; $100, $60, $40.

Second Day.

IV. Purse of $200. 3 minute class, $100, $50, $30, $20.

V. Purse of $300. Four year old class, $150, $75, $50, $25.

VI. Purse of $300. 2:40 class, $150, $75, $50, $25.

Third Day.

VII. Purse of $250. 2:50 class, $125, $60, $40, $25.

VIII Purse of $300. Class free to all, $150, $75, $50, $25.

IX. Purse of $200. Running race, two miles and repeat, $100, $60, $40.

C. D. SHERWOOD,
Supt. Div. A. State Fair.
J. C. BURBANK,
President.
J. J. HILL,
Sec'y Agricultural Ass'n.

CONDITIONS.

Entrance 10 per cent of the purse, and all entries to close at 9 p. m., Oct. 10th, 1874, at Metropolitan Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.

National rules to govern trotting, and American Jockey Club Rules to govern running.

Horses distancing the field, or any part thereof, will be entitled to first money only.

In every race the money must accompany the entry, in order to secure its acceptance.

Trotting races to be mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

Heats may be trotted each day alternate.

The first race each day will be called at two o'clock sharp.

Four to enter, three to start, in all cases, pedigree when known, should accompany the entry, as required by the national rules.

Entries by mail may be addressed to Geo. Culver, Treasurer, St. Paul.

If the weather should prove unfavorable the meeting will be continued from day to day until the races are completed.

AMONG the articles exhibited at the late State Fair, none attracted more attention or gave greater satisfaction than the School and Office Furniture of Stone, Parker & Co., of Minneapolis. This firm is rapidly extending its business in this and adjoining States.

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