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The Robin.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of Spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport, as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
My poor bad boy! of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor lost Jim! pudding! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said in the beautiful psalm,
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and loosen the fires of hell.

Heavens of love, like rain-drops fall!
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

How the Injun Caught the New Fashioned Buffalo.

There with fifteen hundred in an Injun!
"If there is it's deepish down,
And don't crop out at uncommon times,
As it does in a mull or prairie,
Or a Dutchman, or a Yankee,
Or any o' them crowd;
That always are gay of the gravest of times,
And never give heed to mishaps.
No, sir! them red-skinned pirates
Mean blood, and a good deal more;
And when you are least expecting the same
They're just outside o' your door,
With a torch, and a knife, and an arrow,
And a whoop of demoniac mirth—
And away they ride by the glaring light
Of your fiercely blazing hearth!

I hain't much luv for an Injun;
And when there's a joke worth while
Played off on the sneaking varmint,
I can't keep back a smile—
No more than I can a bullet,
When I see them prowlin' about
With a treacherous look, like a hungry wolf
That's watchin' along the route.

'Twas down in the "Chesnut Gulch"—
I'd been huntin' for luv a week;
And of all the luck I ever had,
That was about the poorest streak,
I was feelin' blue and tired
As I lay thar on the ground,
But mighty quick, you bet! I was roused
By a good unfortunate sound.

It's cause I soon diskivered;
Fur the great Pacific line
Run close along, and thar was the cars—
I tell you, the sight was fine!
On lookin' down at the track,
An Injun, with stout lasso,
Fastened around his waist, I saw,
Was watchin' the engine too.

I just laid low for music,
Fur I knew there'd be a tune,
With the engine's shriek, and the Injun's whoop,
Like a thunder storm in June.
On, on, like the wind it came!
Firm stood that cussed "Red;"
And when it got within fair range,
He lassoed and held the head!

"Sold! sold!" cried I, while the Injun
And the cars went out of sight;
But never shall I, till my dying day,
Forget his look of fright.
I hain't much love for an Injun,
But I almost pitied him
Fur bein' jerked to the Spirit Land
By a bullalo so grim.

WHAT CAME OF JEALOUSY.

It was a misty, yet sweet September night. I can see the sky as it is hung over Swan's Nest, our sea-side home, starry blue, with here and there a patch of white floating gossamer; and the harvest moon coming up and flooding all the world with golden splendor. I remember how the crimson roses hung about the door heavy with their own sweetness; and what suggestive colors floated up from the flower beds in the dim old garden. I can ever remember the dress I wore—pure white, because that was the dress in which my husband loved me best. Did he love me at all? Or was it my yellow gold that won him?

Immediately after our marriage we went on the Continent, where we rambled about for a year or two, wintering in Rome, and spending our summers amid the Alps. Then we returned home. But the romantic spirit was still upon us, and we took what our country afforded in the way of glossy life. In the midst of this wandering, in a country town amid the Lakes, my first trouble came. On the second day of our sojourn at the hotel in this place, to which we had come in accordance with my husband's wish, I missed him. He was fishing for trout; one of our party suggested, and in the afternoon we strolled down towards the stream. Passing a small cottage we heard voices, and something familiar made me glance that way. There they stood, side by side, my husband and a woman—a young woman with glossy raven hair. I passed on in silence; but that night, when my husband returned and sought me, I was reserved and cold. I refused to dance, and would not sing for him. He followed me from place to place, his eyes full of solicitude. The instant we were in our own room he caught my hand in his.

"My darling," he said, "what troubles you?"

For my life I could not tell him. I was afraid to let him know that I doubted his integrity.

"Horace," I questioned thinkly, "do you love me, if"

His fine eyes opened with astonishment. But he answered passionately. "Love you? Aye, better than you will ever know, Violet."

"Did you—have you ever loved any one else?" I faltered.

"Never, Violet, on my honor."

I was happy, yet not entirely satisfied. I was a woman. Even ate the forbidden fruit with Paradise all around her.

"Then who was it, I faltered, that woman—I saw with you—this afternoon?"

He started, and flushed very red for a moment, then he laughed.

"Oh," he said, "jealous, are you? Then I am sure you love me. But, seriously, dear, I ought to apologize for my long absence. That woman was a friend, an old friend of mine—she's in distress, and I had to help her. Are you satisfied?"

I nodded my head in assent; yet my heart was not quite at rest. After that we went down to the Swan's Nest, our sea-side home, and settled into sober married life; and for some months our bliss was perfect; and then that dreadful night came.

Horace has been gone all day. He had not come home to dinner as was his custom; so after having ordered tea, I dressed myself and sat down in the rose-shaded porch to await him. Sunset, dusk, evening; the moon soaring up above the sea! Still he did not come. Dinner and supper had both got spoiled; the flowers in my hair were fading, and I was sick and weary with waiting and suspense. Horace had never remained away so long since our marriage. What could detain him so? Very slowly the evening went by. Twelve o'clock came, the moon dropped out of sight, leaving me in darkness. An owl hooted from the top of the old willow, and the surf beat with a weary, sobbing sound.

I worked myself up into a perfect tremor of alarm and nervous excitement; and by degrees, the old doubt, or fear, or whatever it was, stole back to my mind. My husband was cruel to keep me in such suspense. He did not love me! It never occurred to me that he might be detained against his will. When at last, the clock was on the stroke of three, I caught the quick tramp of his horse's feet. But it did not greatly relieve me. I felt angry; and instead of running down to meet him, as my woman's nature prompted me, I yielded to my petted, wayward will, and kept my seat. When he reached the porch he sprang down flushed and eager.

"Violet," he cried, the moment he caught sight of me, "and are you up yet? I am so sorry."

He approached, both hands extended. But I turned from him and walked into the hall.

He stood for a moment, in silent astonishment, then followed and took my hand, though I kept my face persistently averted.

"Violet," he said, "what is it? Are you ill, tired? I was sorry to keep you waiting, but these circumstances—"

"Never mind the circumstances now!" I exclaimed, pettishly. "I am very tired, and now that you are safe, I will go to bed."

He loosened his hold on my hand, but looked after me, as I left him, with a glance I shall never forget. I can see him now as he stood in the moonlight, so handsome and noble; and I loved him so well! I wonder why I turned from him that night. Heaven knows how it pained me, but the spoiled, willful temper, that has been my ruin, urged me on.

Did you ever speak a harsh word to one you love, and feel something within you prompting you to speak another? Then you understand how it was that I left my husband standing there, weary and suppertless.

"Violet, dear," he said softly, as I paused involuntarily at the head of the stairs, "come back and let me explain; you know I have not kept you waiting willingly."

But I went on without a word; not to our chamber, but to a dressing room exclusively my own, and closed and locked the door. I am sure the Evil One must have had control of me that night. In a little while he came up stairs, and tried the lock of my door; and then he called my name softly; but I did not answer—and he went away.

A dozen times that night I lifted my throbbing head from my tear-wet pillow, to go out to him to implore his forgiveness; but pride kept me back. Thus I lay sleepless, till morning. It was a wild morning, too, with drifting rain and sobbing winds, and the sea thundering on the strand.

My husband was in the breakfast-room when I went down. He turned and said kindly, "Good morning, dear. Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you," I responded, crossing to a window on the opposite side of the room.

He rose, and I hoped he was coming to my side; but he only looked at his watch and said, "Be kind enough to let me have breakfast at once, Violet, if you can. I am in a hurry, for I have important matters to look after."

I rang the bell at once, and placed myself at the head of the table. When the cheerless repast was over, and my husband rose to go, I felt the hot tears blinding me. I could not let him leave me in anger. I had made a step towards him when he spoke, and his words roused all my old anger and discontent.

"Violet, he said, I may not be here to dinner. Don't wait for me; it is impossible—"

"Make no excuses, sir, I replied haughtily; none are needed."

Oh those sad reproachful eyes! But his lips uttered no retort. He only said, "Good-bye, dear," and went out.

I watched him from the window, hidden behind a curtain, as he rode away through the driving rain.

The memory of that day comes back to me like a terrible dream! Towards evening my agony became unendurable; and as the rain ceased, I determined to drive over to my father's house, in the neighboring village. About half way we met a close carriage, containing a lady and gentleman.

"Why, that's Mr. Reade!" exclaimed my coachman, as the vehicle dashed past our phaeton.

One glance confirmed his words. It was my husband; and by his side was the same woman that I had seen with him once before. My resolution was taken on the instant. I ordered my servant to drive back to Swan's Nest. I would not await my husband's return; and I said to myself I could not even charge him with his infidelity; I would go away at once, and never let him see my face again.

In a short time I was ready for my departure. I wrote a note for Horace, telling him that I believed our marriage had been an unwise one, and that I should be happier with my own friends. I begged him not to hunt me down as a fugitive; but to leave me to follow the bent of my own inclination. I put the note on the table, and went out from the house, where my life had been so happy. In less than a week, my father and I were on our way to Italy.

At the expiration of two wretched years we returned; and I learned from our lawyer that my husband had sailed for India, first, making over to me, in fee simple, all his real estate. He never, so the lawyer said, expected to return. I went back to Swan's Nest. Everything was unchanged. The rooms were just as I had left them. My husband wouldnot let them be touched the housekeeper said.

"Had she heard from him?" I asked.

"Only once," she replied, and then the letter contained another; and it was on my dressing table."

I went for it myself and read there in my old room:—

"Violet," it began "you must pardon this intrusion. It will be the last, for in all human probability, the disease that now consumes me will soon give me a grave in a foreign land. But there are a few things I wish to say before I die. I was wrong not to explain all to you from the first. But I desired to spare you what you might consider a disgrace. I thought you could and would trust me. It was my sister you saw. She was vain and frivolous, and eloped with a profligate. That marriage was illegal, and Ethel was disgraced. She came to me for help. I could not refuse her. I was taking her to a safe asylum when I was absent that night. You understand it all now. Don't be troubled, dear, but forget me, and be happy. My sister is dead now, and I have not, I fear, long to live. God bless you, dear! In heaven all these wrongs will be righted."

For two years I lived alone at Swan's Nest—two years of inexpressible agony; then the news came. A ship, homeward bound from Calcutta, was lost and Horace, Reade was one of the passengers. That was the death of hope!

Another year dragged by. One sweet May evening I strolled down to the seashore. The sun was setting in waves of gold and purple, and a full moon came up, flooding the great sea and the long stretch of glittering sand with misty splendor. The tide rolled in with a low, musical murmur. I sat down on a rock.

Far out upon the bar a stately vessel swung at anchor, and a little boat from it was coming in. I watched the tiny craft with a kind of fascination. Presently it grated on the sand, and a man sprang ashore.

A wild, nameless hope took shape in my heart. I arose and tottered forward, blind and half unconscious. The instant after a strong arm clasped me.

I looked up in the face above me. It was wan and worn, and changed by suffering, but I knew it in an instant.

"Oh, Horace! my husband!" I cried, "forgive me."

Then I felt his tears upon my cheek, his kisses on my lips, and I sank into his arms insensible.

It is all over—the remorse the loneliness and the aching heart! We live at Swan's Nest—my dear, forgiving husband and myself.

"I had engaged my passage," he said "in the steamer that was lost. But I fell ill and could not come then; and that sickness has restored me to you, thank God!"

I thank Him also, daily and hourly, for this undeserved, this perfect bliss.

AN OLD MAN'S AFFECTION.—A Pittsburg lady recently called upon an old man who had just lost his wife, with whom he had lived for forty years. She found him sitting, with folded hands, in his lonely room, and while engaged in conversation her eyes rested upon something bright and soft which lay upon his pillow. With a tremor in his voice he said: "Ah, madam, it is only my dear wife's old wrappers. You may think me childish, but at night I put the sleeves round my neck, and it comforts me." Could human love find a more affecting expression?

CHARLESTON, S. C., has had but three postmasters since the foundation of this Government.

A Pirate's Treasure.

A few weeks ago, says the New York *Sun*, a quiet, gentlemanly printer, came to this city from the South, and worked for a time on various morning papers as a "sub." He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and in addition to the practical knowledge gained in the composing-room, he had a good classical education. Mr. Newell had held several positions of trust, but his appetite for stimulants becoming stronger than his will to desist, he lost them through neglecting his duties. After a short stay in New York, he shook hands with his friends and bade them adieu, saying that he was going to start for New Orleans. His last words, delivered in a very confident tone, were:

"Boys, when I return, I shall be in a position to entertain you at Delmonico's."

The following remarkable story from the New Orleans *Picayune*, of the 9th, throws light on what was passing through Newell's mind when he bade his goodbye to his fellow-printers:

Andrew J. Newell, recently a compositor in this office, met his death by violence somewhere in Lake Pontchartrain about the first of the present month. His body was found between Salt Bay and Rigolets. In his right breast were two holes, resembling gun-shot wounds. His pockets contained papers that leave no room to doubt his identity. He was in search of the treasure of the pirate Lafitte. It is generally believed that an almost incalculable amount of wealth lies concealed on one of the islands. Specific information of the whereabouts of this treasure reached Mr. Newell in a sort of family tradition.

Many years ago, when a crusade was being made by the Southern States against Lafitte's crew, it is said that five of the gang were captured near Rigolets—three men and two boys. The men were executed at once, but owing to the extreme youth of the boys, and the statement that they were forced to join Lafitte's band, they were suffered to go in peace. Years afterward, when he had grown to man's estate, one of these boys obtained a shelter under the roof Mr. Newell's father, in St. Tammany parish, where his mother still resides. He was sick and toil-worn, and the family did all in their power to alleviate his suffering. But he gradually grew worse, from day to day, and finally died. In one of the islands of the Gulf they had secreted their treasure. He knew the place, and he would give her such specific directions that it certainly could be found. These directions were written down and preserved with scrupulous care by the family. Evidently they put implicit faith in the statements of the dying man—so much so, indeed, that upon three occasions the father of Mr. Newell started in search of the place.

But there appears to be a fatality about it. In the first expedition the boat was wrecked, and he and his companion barely escaped with their lives. The second time he was only two days out when the man he had with him was sunstricken, and returning home with him, he died the next day. The third time he himself was taken violently ill, and had to return. The old man at this became superstitious. He believed that some fatal impediment prevented the discovery and guarded the treasure. But he transmitted the secret to his son, and for years young Newell has been persistent in his desire to go in search of the wealth that lies hid in the Gulf.

His first attempt resulted in failure. He afterward communicated his secret to a friend now connected with this office, first putting him under the obligation of an oath not to reveal it, and never to attempt the discovery unless by his direction and consent. So probable did the tradition appear to this friend, that, accompanied by Mr. Newell, he went in search of the pirate's wealth. But a storm came on. Their boat was dismasted and the rigging torn and lost. After beating about the lake and gulf for ten days they returned disheartened. They did not reach the island they were in search of.

Since then Mr. Newell has been persistent in his determination to go again. He tried to persuade his friend to accompany him, but the sad experience of his first expedition had disabused it of its novelty, and induced him to abstain from prosecuting his search again.

Mr. Newell went away in his own boat, recently purchased and fitted up for the purpose. How he met his fate no one can tell; but his sudden and untimely death gives room for speculation on the remarkable fatality that has attended any search for the treasures of Lafitte.

A Brutal Fellow.

The have returned a verdict of manslaughter against Oliver Whittle, a pupil at the Mottram Grammer School, Cheshire, England, for causing the death of John Goodall, another pupil, by forcing him into a bath of scalding water. The circumstances as described at the inquest were most painful. The boys boarded with Mr. Henry Briggs, the master of the school, and early one evening both were in the bath room; Whittle, who is in his seventeenth year, apparently having the superintendence—Mr. Briggs himself was spending the evening in Manchester. The servant-maid supplied Whittle with a bucketful of boiling water, which he carried upstairs to the bathroom. There was cold water in this room, but nobody seems to have noticed whether any was put into the small hip bath which the deceased was made to enter. Whittle was seen to hold the little fellow in the water, who screamed loudly, as if in great pain, and, though he was allowed to get out of the bath for a short time, Whittle forced him in again, first making him hold out his hand, and then striking the palm with a stick two or three times. He also sent for a strap to tie the deceased's hands. The little fellow's skin began to peel off in the bath, and in fact, he was fearfully scalded. He was put to bed shortly afterwards, but nobody mentioned the circumstances to Mr. Briggs—who returned about half-past ten the same night—until Sunday morning. A surgeon was then summoned, and he found the boy sinking, death ensuing about three o'clock on Monday morning.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—The *Republican and Standard*, of Montgomery, announces the consolidation of the *Walkill Valley Times* with that paper under the head of marriage notices, in the following terms:

"REPUBLICAN—TIMES.—In Montgomery, on April 24th, by Editors Winfield and Schultz, The *Republican and Standard*, to Miss *Walkill Valley Times*, second daughter of Stephen H. Saver, Esq. The happy groom is now in his seventh year and the bride in her third. No skimmington."

We hope this cross will improve the breed.—*Warwick Adv.*

GOOD RULES.—The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Jacob Abbott's books, are said to have been of great service to many successful teachers:

When you consent, consent cordially.
When you refuse, refuse finally.
When you punish, punish good naturedly.
Commend often. Never scold.

THE German Parliament has agreed to the additional clauses to the postal treaties of 1867 and 1870 between Germany and the United States.

Notes on the Fashions.

Water-proof suits are now made of gray, blue, stone colored imported English cloth. They are cut in the form of a long, loose sacque, closely buttoned in front, with a deep cape in the back, which is fastened deftly on each side, forming the sleeves. Side pleatings of the material or wide galloon is used as a trimming, but many of them are plainly hemmed, with no other attempt at garniture.

Elegant Leghorns for more elderly ladies are trimmed with black gros grain piped with palest ecru, and ostrich tips of the two colors.

A novelty from Virot's is of black grenadine, with square meshes laid plainly on the frame and piped with black gros grain. Moss-rosebuds, form the face trimming, and a deep mantilla veil completes the bonnet.

The lovliest round hat is a round crown and narrow rolled brim covered with two shades of China crape in the violet tints; price $50.

Colored Guipure Lace, so extensively used this season for trimming linen suits, varies in price from $1 to $3 for the hand-made, and 50c. to $1 for that made by machine.

Collarettes of silk, trimmed with one or more rows of Valenciennes, and fastened in front by a silk cord and two buttons of the material, are quite the rage. Pink, blue, green, lavender, red, all colors are shown for these collarettes, which can be made at home very easily by any one possessing a particle of ingenuity. The price ready made is $3.50.

French Breakfast sets, consisting of collarette and cuffs, of muslin edged with a crimped ruffle and narrow lace, are very fashionable and cheap at $2.50 per set.

Bretelles are to be extensively worn with muslin and silk dresses this season. Plain ones are of Swiss muslin, trimmed with one row of fluting. More elegant ones are of Valenciennes insertion and muslin embroidery, edged with Valenciennes lace. These, when of real lace, cost about $10. The imitation can be had for $3. Lace capes will also be held in high vogue. These are made of alternate rows of muslin, puffing, and Valenciennes insertion, finished with Valenciennes lace.

Black silks at $1.25 a yard are commended by merchants as good enough for wearing under grenadine. These light silks answer very well for underskirts beneath grenadine; but experience teaches that they are not substantial enough for waist linings. A thick gros grain for $2 or $2.50 is really better economy.

Crape veils for widows have appeared very long and wide.

Appropos of trains, the pointed variety have nearly disappeared, and the square shape, sharply set on, is altogether the favorite. The remedy is easily suggested to those who have pointed trains to dresses, if so be they are willing to be "curtailed of their fair proportions."

A wide latitude is permitted to sleeves; the pagoda, the simple semi-flowing, the slashed sleeve, and the still prettier one, showing a very little of a fine linen undersleeve at the back, are all permissible.

Points and boddices, of the old-fashioned sharp kind, are appearing with frequency.

The rage for bows as a part of dress-trimming, is returning. In addition to flounces, frills, and lace, a dressy suit has a number of bows added, as garniture to the already well-adorned costume.

Lyons poplins are almost as expensive this season as handsome Irish poplins. The cord is not as large and as even as in Pym's best, but the fabric is the same, and the light quality more pleasant for summer wear, while the cost is only $1 or $1.25 a yard. The colors are as perfect as in rich silks, the tea and Fron Fron shades being especially desirable for suits.

Three dollars a yard is asked for the best summer silks—white grounds with pencilled stripes of black or a color. The qualities sold for $2 are warranted not to spot, and very pretty silks alike on both sides, are shown for $1.25. The silks of still lower price so largely displayed in the early part of last season are not to be had now.

Small-meshed grenadines are used this year in preference to the large square meshes so long in vogue. Iron grenadine, well-twisted, strong, and three-fourths of a yard wide—the most convenient width—is sold for 75 cents a yard. This makes a pretty show, and retains its color almost as well as finer goods. Glossy silk grenadines in amure figures cost from $1 to $2.

What Came of a Joke.

John Hillen, a hog and cattle-drover, was in a porter-house in New York, reading a newspaper, to which some one set fire as a practical joke. He was, naturally, angry when the flame reached his hand, and left the place somewhat excited. The next evening he returned, and meeting one Robert Simpson there, charged him with having set fire to the paper, which the latter denied, and angry words ensued between the two, finally ending in Simpson striking Hillen on the head with a bung-starter, inflicting what at the time was considered a trivial wound, as Hillen went unaided to the Fifth Precinct Station-house to have it dressed, and, having refused to give either his own name or that of his assailant, went away. The next day Hillen was found lying in an insensible condition in the street, and being taken to the hospital shortly after died. Simpson was arrested and locked up on the charge of murder.

IN SELF DEFENCE.—At the Jersey (England) Assizes, Alfred Bridges surrendered to take his trial on the charge of shooting, with intent to kill, Lieutenant Charles Frederick Campbell, of the Sixty-ninth regiment, on February 15th last. Lieutenant Campbell, in company with Ensign Le Breton, of the Enniskillens, was in pursuit of Bridges for the purpose of chastising him for having written insulting letters to some of the female members of Lieutenant Campbell's family. Mr. Le Breton was armed with a riding-whip and Mr. Campbell with a small walking-cane. When Mr. Campbell was within three paces of the prisoner, the latter drew a revolver and fired two shots, the first of which missed, the second taking effect in Mr. Campbell's left wrist, passing through the bone and out of the other side. Mr. Campbell appeared in court with his arm in a sling. The jury acquitted the prisoner on the ground that he fired the shot in self-defense. The decision was received with applause.

AN OPINION.—A Western paper evidently does not believe in prize-fighting. Of the late affair it says: "The mistake made by the Sheriff in Canada was in not firing first and reading the Riot act afterward. In that way he might have saved his own watch and money, and at the same time performed an act of international courtesy, which would have been deeply appreciated on this side."

IMPORTS.—The imports of foreign goods at the port of Boston, since the 1st of January, have been about four millions of dollars larger than for a corresponding period last year. The increase is more than 20 per cent. over the imports of last year.

A New York Millionaire.

Henry Hart a noted New Yorker is said to be worth $5,000,000. He came to New York from Germany about forty years ago. Having some money, he became a pawnbroker at 31 Chatham street, and there, early and late, he has exercised his remarkable acuteness until he has amassed a colossal fortune. He is believed to own two thirds of all the stock in the Third Avenue Railroad. He owns real estate in West Twenty-seventh street, five houses in Thirty-ninth street, property in Perry street and in Nineteenth street, the block of buildings in Chatham street where he lives, and much property elsewhere.

Mr. Hart lives and transacts his business without assistance. Even his pawnbroker shop is always closed, and not only the door but the window blinds or fastenings are bolted summer and winter. The aspect of the whole building is that of a desolation. The same dreary fact is true of all his property. When property passes into his hands the work of decay begins. He was never known to rent to any one any portion of his immense estate. His magnificent brown-stone mansion—it was a palace when he bought it years ago—is rapidly going to ruin. The woodwork all through the building is affected with the dry rot. Not a single soul has occupied it since it fell into his possession. Put in order, it would probably rent for $3,000 a year. But Mr. Hart will not rent his property to any one.

Some years ago excitement was created by a ghost in this very piece of property. The story of the "Twenty-seventh street ghost" was published throughout the country. The house which his ghostship haunted belonged to Henry Hart. It turned out that the ghost was a white billy goat belonging to a neighbor which had by some means effected an entrance into the building.

Mr. Hart has amassed his fortune by penuriously husbanding the enormous profits of pawnbroking. How he contrives to pay the taxes on his vast untenanted estates is best known by those who retain the secrets of the finances of the city.—*Sun.*

The "Weissbier" Story.

There is one tradition in the German army which has doubtless survived to this day, and has been often gaily repeated around the camp fires before Paris. It was told to Dr. Lieber by General Pfuhl, of the allied army of occupation in 1815. After entering Paris, General Pfuhl was Military Governor of one of the divisions of the city, and a Prussian soldier, native of Pomerania, was one day brought before him for having beaten his host, a French citizen, because he did not instantly produce the white beer—weissbier of Berlin—when the soldier demanded it. The demand was so extraordinary that the curious General sent for the offending soldier, and investigated the case. The soldier confessed everything. He had asked for weissbier in Paris, and, against the most positive orders, had beaten his French host who did not produce it.

"But, my boy," said the general, "I cannot understand you. What do you mean by asking for weissbier in Paris.

"I will tell you, General, what I mean. When the French were in Pomerania, in 1806, I returned one day from school and found that the French soldiers were savagely beating my old father because they insisted upon having claret wine, and there was none, perhaps, in all Pomerania. It was a terrible sight; and I took a solemn oath, General, boy as I was, that should I ever get to Paris as a soldier, I would demand weissbier, and if the Frenchman did not instantly bring it I'd flog him well. I'm only keeping my oath, General."

General Pfuhl said to him. "You will have your punishment of course; but my boy," he added, kindly, "when you come out I want to see you."

A RAP AT CORNER LOAFERS.—An exchange goes for corner loafers as follows: "That young squirt on the corner, with his hat a little on one side, the stump of a cheap cigar in his mouth, and a stare for every young lady that passes—is a loafer. Do you know where he gets his money? His mother earns it for him taking in washing. Poor soul! She thinks her boy will get work soon. He could find work enough to keep him busy fifteen hours a day, if he wanted it. But he is a lazy loafer, and don't want to work. If he gets a place he shirks or does his work so poorly that he is soon discharged. He never works for the same man twice. Or perhaps he is particular what kind of work he does. He is willing that his mother or sister should sew or wash to earn money for him to spend, but he is a little particular, he is, what work he does with his hands. He looks down on that sweaty carpenter who hurries by him and nods condescendingly at his friend, the shoemaker, and sends a whiff of smoke into the eyes of the bedaubed painter, with both hands full of pots and brushes. He couldn't borrow ten cents of any of them. They know he would never pay them. They earn their money. He begs his of his mother. Stylish boy, isn't he?"—*Ex.*

EXPERIMENTS.—Let every farmer try some experiment on his farm this season, and carefully report its results to some agricultural publication for the benefit of his brother farmers. If each one will thus add what he can to the general stock of information, great good must result. One carefully conducted experiment, though not conclusive, is of more value than even a large amount of theorizing. If you are in doubt of the value of subsoiling, try it on small portions of several different fields, and note the results.

If hauling muck on to your sandy lands, or sand into your clay looks like too much work for the gain likely to be made, try it on a small scale this year and see. If you have not saved your liquid manure, get out a good pile of muck or loam, use it in your stables, and try its value on your land or meadows.

If you have not been in the habit of raising roots for your stock, try a quarter of an acre this year and satisfy yourself whether your course is the best or no. If you have had no fodder heretofore to carry your milch cows through the dry season, by all means try it this year.

It seems to us that every farmer should attempt to make some improvement in his farming every season, and we know no way so satisfactory as that of trying experiments, one at a time.—*Homestead.*

MEXICO.—It is believed that there will be no Presidential election by the people, and that the choice of President will devolve upon Congress, which, it is expected, will be largely composed of partisans of Lerdo. Juarez, it is alleged, is using the public funds, while Lerdo is also spending money liberally, to promote their respective interests in the Presidential campaign. Whoever may be elected, it is expected that his opponent will inaugurate a revolution, and attempt to assume the office of President by force of arms. The friends of Porfirio Diaz are powerless. Zamasona is their leader, and he is directing the party so as to favor Lerdo. A rupture of the Lerdo and Porfirio parties is imminent.

There are 90,000 shoemakers in Pennsylvania.

Five Years' Growth of a State.

The complete census of the State of New York suggests some curious comparisons and conclusions, especially in regard to the conditions of growth that have prevailed for the past five years. One fact is evident from the most cursory examination of the figures—namely, that the tendency to the centralization of population in our cities is rapidly increasing, while the purely rural districts show either an actual decrease or a very slow and almost inappreciable growth. Following this point, through comparisons of the State census of 1865 with the Federal census of 1870, we find that the total population of the State amounted to 4,402,788 in 1870, and that in 1865 it was 3,831,777—allowing an aggregate increase of 571,011 in five years. But of this whole increase, the growth of two cities—New York and Brooklyn—accounted for more than one-half, or 315,678. New York gained 215,951 in five years, and Brooklyn gained 99,727. If to this we add the increase of Westchester County (23,792) for the same period, which is really a part of the growth of this City, the increase consisting chiefly of the overflow of our own population, the total to be deducted from the State aggregate is 339,470. This leaves only 231,541 as the total increase of the State outside the cities of New York and Brooklyn and the County of Westchester—or an annual average of about 46,000.

Taking this balance of 231,541 as a new point of departure, we find that no less an amount than 73,764 must be deducted from the total to account for the increase in the population of ten other cities—leaving only the small remainder of 157,777 to represent the increase of all the rural districts in the State for half a decade. This result may be regarded as due to three causes—the departure of young farmers from the old homesteads to seek their fortunes in the cities and large towns, the gradual increase in the quantity of land held by single owners, and the tendency to emigrate to new homes in the West. The cities are growing rapidly at the expense of the country, and in these centres of population, trades and industries of all kinds are flourishing more and more.—*N. Y. Paper.*

Americans in Brazil.

It is known that a few years since quite a number of Americans went to Brazil to live, and it is also known that most of those who could not get away have suffered terribly. The following story is told by a correspondent:

The writer of this sketch was walking down the Rua Dericta, the great boulevard of Rio Janeiro, one evening last January, when he was accosted by a miserable, ragged and squalid-looking object, who implored him, "for God's sake, give me only a *vinte*" (less than a quarter of a cent) "to get something to eat." The wretched man said he had been in Brazil four years. He had left a young wife and child in Baltimore, and had emigrated with many others, whom he said were then as destitute as he, hoping to repair his fortunes, but instead, he had been going rapidly down hill ever since he first landed in Brazil. The gentleman—for, despite his haggard look and ragged appearance, the man bore the semblance of respectability—said he was a graduate of the Jefferson College Medical School, in Philadelphia, and had at one time a large and lucrative practice in Richmond, Va. When reaching Brazil he at first endeavored to practice medicine among the American colonists of the San Paulo province, but the colonists were as poor as he, and he was finally compelled to return to Rio Janeiro sick at heart and much more sick in body. Wandering about the dingy streets of the vast city for days upon days without a place to lay his head or scarcely a morsel to eat, he at last applied to the city authorities for employment, and though greatly debilitated by long suffering and exposure, he accepted employment on the public highways. Under the scorching rays of a torrid sun this gentleman trundled his barrow through the streets of Rio Janeiro, filled with sand or stone for the pavers at work on the boulevards. Finally the doctor was taken ill, and was consequently obliged to relinquish even that laborious means of subsistence, and a few days after the rencontre on the Rua Dereita, spoken of above, he was found dead in a filthy hovel in an obscure section of the city. Being a Protestant, he was denied a Christian burial by the ecclesiastical authorities, when fortunately a few generous-hearted American sea-captains and the officers of the United States Flag-ship "Lancaster" had the poor fellow decently interred.

Singular Story from New Orleans.

The New Orleans *Picayune* publishes the following story in a department of the paper where, as one of its local contemporaries says, reliable statements are usually found:

"We heard this morning in the Mayor's office of a deplorable circumstance connected with the execution of the two Spaniards on last Saturday. The rope with which the miscreants were hung had been purchased from a merchant doing business down town, who, it appears, had, at the time the purchase was made, been induced to witness the execution. He was present when the murderers were made to pay the penalty of their crime, and the scene, revolting as it was, made a deep impression upon his mind. An hour or so after he returned to his house, the evening papers appeared. While reclining in his armchair, his wife read to him the detailed account from one of the papers. Suddenly he interrupted her by exclaiming in a frightened tone, "O, I see them! I see them!" and scarcely had these words escaped him when he dropped dead. We may mention that the deceased gentleman had for some time been afflicted with heart disease, and the impression which the scene at the scaffold made upon him had evidently hastened his death.

FOOLED HIM.—Most boys of ten years and upward have, in their circus experience, become tolerably familiar with Peter Jenkins, who generally comes tumbling into the ring in a state of beastly intoxication, to the never-ending astonishment and delight of the spectators, and, after a terribly funny dispute with his old friend, the clown, turns out to be a first-rate rider. In Waterbury, Conn., lately, the unsophisticated policemen who were on duty in the tent, took this vagrant tumbler for a genuine drunken interloper, and displayed their zeal by insisting upon putting him out for disturbing the show, of which he was, in fact, *magna pars*. It was with some difficulty that they could be made to see the joke, and allow Jenkins to continue his jovial intoxication, and pass through his regular metamorphosis.

NOW GERMAN.—A Strasbourg paper states that an order was issued on the 14th ult. that German is to supersede the French as the language in which instruction is to be given in all the schools of those parts of Alsace and Lorriane now ceded to Germany, French only being taught as a foreign language. An exception, however, is made with respect to the districts in which French is really the language spoken by the people.

An English Romance.

The Tichborne case in England is attracting much attention. The family as first introduced was composed of Sir James Tichborne, gruff and violent and dissipated, always drinking, and often drunk; his flighty, sentimental, half-French wife, (she had an English father and a French mother, and had been born, bred and spent most of her life in France;) the eldest son, who has all his father's boorishness and his mother's waywardness, and who, between the two parents, finds his home, as he calls it, "a hell upon earth." Lady Tichborne, completely under the influence of the priests, handed the boy over to them for education. He began life under the Jesuits at St. Omer, passed next to the military college at Sandhurst, got a commission in a dragoon regiment, the Carabineers, served with his corps at Dublin and elsewhere, but soon took a disgust both at the profession and the company among which he was thrown. He liked to booze and smoke with his inferiors. His brother officers laughed at the young fellow's half-French, half-English jargon, for French was then his more familiar tongue, and reprobated his low tastes and loose companions. He sold his commission and started to see life and seek adventures in South America. From Havre he sailed in March, 1853, to Valparaiso, pushed inland to Santiago, where his body servant, a man named Moore, was taken ill; then set off alone on a purposeless ramble hither and thither, turned up at Rio, and in April, 1854, embarked dead drunk in the Blanche, bound for New York. From that day to this the Blanche has never been heard of. One of her boats was found bottom uppermost, but no passenger or sailor who was on board (except it be Sir Roger, the present claimant,) has ever reappeared on earth. It was assumed that the vessel had gone down at sea, the underwriters paid the insurance, Rodger's will (for before leaving Europe he had made a will) was proved, and the old baronet, Sir James dying soon after, Sir Alfred, the second son, succeeded to the title and estates.

Sir Alfred did not long enjoy his inheritance. He died in 1866, and shortly after, in the same year, an heir was born, who is the actual possessor of the property and rank. Meanwhile old Lady Tichborne, refusing to believe that her eldest son was dead, had been advertising in all kinds of English, colonial and foreign papers, and on the death of her second son redoubled the activity of her search. In the beginning of 1866, a man appeared who declared himself the long-lost Roger, and was accepted as such by the lady whom he claimed as mother. Lady Tichborne did not herself long survive, but to the hour of her death she maintained her faith in the identity of her returned prodigal, allowed him £1,000 a year and supported, by advice and advances, the legal steps he proceeded to take to assert his rights. The rest of the family for the most part remudiated the new comer and pronounced him an impostor. The claimant's accounts of himself since he was last seen reeling-drunk on board the ill-fated Blanche, at Rio, is that the vessel sank, but not until after the passengers and crew had got into a couple of boats; that the boats soon parted company, but the one in which he was fell in with an American vessel, which took the party to Melbourne. Roger was three days and two nights at sea in the small boat, and nearly three months on board the ship which landed him at Melbourne. There, he says, he got employment on a sheep farm, adopted the name of Thomas Castro, and after a while married.

In 1866 he heard for the first time of his father's death, and hurried back to England. On behalf of the child of four years old, who has hitherto been recognized as the baronet, it is contended that the claimant is no other than Arthur Orton, a Wapping butcher, who had worked his way out to Valparaiso before the mast, knew the South American ground over which "Sir Roger" professes to have traveled, and faffing in with some old servants of the Tichborne family in Australia, picked up from them sufficient information to pass himself off as the missing baronet. Since his return to England he has also won over Moore, the man who accompanied the real Sir Roger from Havre, to Valparaiso. It is certainly remarkable that of all those who sailed with him from Rio in the Blanche, the claimant should be the only one who has ever reappeared; that he should have married and settled in Australia without communicating in any way with his family; and that he should so long have delayed his return to claim the title and estate. But the most staggering part of the case is the personal differences between the claimant and the Roger who went away in 1853. It is admitted by his own coun