[illegible] THANKSGIVING.

[illegible] the great barn door:
[illegible] harvest-time is o'er!

[illegible] has given her treasures meet
[illegible] corn and hardened wheat.

[illegible] and your neighbors well have
[illegible]
[illegible] of the summer's bounty caught;

[illegible] her smiles and from her tears
[illegible], perhaps, for many years

[illegible] a tribute now to pay—
[illegible] proclaim Thanksgiving Day.

[illegible] have you sown, well have you
[illegible],
[illegible] of the riches you have heaped.

[illegible] think, perhaps, that you will give
[illegible] part, that others, too, may live.

[illegible] if such argument you use,
[illegible] niggard bounty I refuse.

[illegible] gifts you on the altar lay
[illegible] sense are given away.

[illegible] flings from Heaven a voice abroad:
"Who helps God's poor doth lend the
Lord."

[illegible] is your wealth? H'd have to know
[illegible] have it, you must let it go.

[illegible] you the hand by Heaven struck
[illegible] cold
Will yet have power to clutch its gold?

[illegible] shrouds have no pockets, do they say?
Behold, I show you then the way:

Wait not till death shall shut the door,
Nor send your cargoes on before.

Let he that giveth of his hoard
To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

To-day, my brethren—do not wait;
Yonder stands Dame Kelly's gate

And would you build a mansion fair
In Heaven, send your lumber there.

Each stick that on her wood-pile lies
May raise a dome beyond the skies;

You stop the rents within her walls,
And yonder rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind
There shineth one with jasper lined.

Your wealth is gone, your form lies cold.
But in the city paved with gold.

Your hoard is held in hands Divine;
It bears a name that marks it thine.

Behold the bargain ye have made;
With usury the debt is paid.

No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal,
No suffering heart doth envy feel.

Ring out the words: Who of his hoard
Doth help God's poor doth lend the Lord!

Go get your cargoes under way;
The bells ring out Thanksgiving Day!

A Memorable Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving week was always a busy [illegible] Grey homestead, but it [illegible] it was busier this [illegible] than ever. She couldn't quite [illegible] it, either, for as they were [illegible] home from church on Sunday [illegible] heard her mother say to Aunt Mar[illegible], with a little break in her voice, [illegible] she had "no heart for Thanksgiv[illegible] this year." Dear knew why, and she [illegible] they would have a sorrowful Thanksgiving, or, perhaps, no Thanksgiving at all.

[illegible] Tuesday morning there could be [illegible] that they were to have Thanks[illegible] this year, for there was what [illegible] called a "bonfire" made in the [illegible] brick oven in the kitchen, which [illegible] Dear's remembrance, was opened [illegible] heated only during Thanksgiving week. Tiptop mounted a chair so that he could see into the oven, and shouted "Fire!" and danced in ecstasy till, forgetting that he had only a chair-bottom for a floor, he danced off, and bruised his nose, and had to be comforted by Dear lest when she was so busy seeding [illegible] and Somaretop counted it a [illegible] privilege to bring in the long sticks [illegible] hickory wood to heat the oven, each holding an end, tugging it along with great gravity, and an occasional fall on their toes, and if they were allowed to thrust a small stick into the oven, their satisfaction was complete. Dear paused, in her hurried trips through the kitchen, to look into the blazing depths and think of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

Then they all stood around to see the pans drawn out and the oven swept; and when their mother, holding her hand for in to test the temperature, solemnly declared it was "just right," they watched breathlessly while the loaf-cake and spice-cake and cookies were carefully put in, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when the oven door closed upon the good things committed to its keeping.

Wednesday morning the oven was heated again, and filled with mince pies, which came out so delightfully brown and so deliciously fragrant that the [illegible] children grew desperately hungry, and thought Thanksgiving would never come. And then such pumpkin pies, and apple pies, and tarts, and at [illegible] as the evening drew on, great batches of brown bread and rye bread and [illegible] bread filled the oven to the door.

When the chicken-pie and turkey were ready for the next day, the tired mother dropped into the low rocking chair, and taking Tiptop on her lap looked wearily into the fire.

"Let me hold Tiptop, mamma," said Dear, thinking how tired her mother was; but her mother made answer only by holding Tiptop with a closer arm. The children gathered around as the twilight came on, and sitting there waited for their father to come. Gradually silence fell upon them all, broken only by the subdued roaring of the fire in the stove, and the loud ticking of the clock on the mantel-shelf.

As Dear listened, how vividly came back that sorrowful night when she stood and heard the clock ticking louder and louder, as Tiny gently breathed her life away; and it seemed to Dear that she would never again hear the clock ticking in the night without thinking of that scene. She glanced at her mother, and did not wonder that she had no heart for Thanksgiving this year. Indeed, she thought they all had more cause for complaint than Thanksgiving.

Half blinded by tears, she started up, and, going to the window, looked out. It was a frosty starlight night. There was no snow on the ground, but here and there patches of ice were forming over the pools of still water left by the heavy fall rains.

"Why don't papa come?" said Tiptop, fretfully

"He will come soon," said the mother, soothingly, and in obedience to an old habit, began absent-mindedly humming Greenville, the one tune she knew, and by whose aid she had year after year hummed the Gates babies to sleep.

"Is papa at the shop!" asked Dear, in the first lull in the humming.

"No; he went down to the cotton-mill with a load of bobbins, and he ought to be here by this time."

"May I go a little way and meet him?" asked Dear.

"Yes," remembering that Dear had been in the house all day—"only first light a candle and make the tea, and put more wood in the stove, and bring me Tiptop's night-dress, and untie the boys' shoes, and wear your hood and don't be gone long."

Dear had closed the outside door, ready to start on a run, when she heard Fan's whinny in the direction of the barn. "Papa has come, and is unharnessing Fan," thought she, feeling a little disappointed that she could not meet him and ride home. Instead she went to the barn.

The stable door stood old Fan, [illegible] as if she were having a vapor[illegible] had a load home," thought [illegible] stopped to pat Fan. But [illegible] on? A chill [illegible] feeling very tender over their es[illegible]

the yard. The wagon was not there, and now she saw that only a part of the harness was on the horse, and that was trailing on the ground.

Before this feeling in her heart had time to take shape, Dear opened the stable door and let Fan in, and, carefully closing the door, ran for the street. The road over the hill lay, like three narrow footpaths, with straight ridges of turf between, and along these narrow paths Dear sped with flying feet, straining her eyes to see she dared not think what.

At the brew of the hill she paused and looked down. The road wound like a brook down the long hill-side, turning to the right and to the left, with here and there steep pitches and many bars, till it was lost in the darkness far down toward the valley. As far as her eyes could reach there was nothing unusual to be seen; but at her feet lay a broken harness strap. Up that road Fan had come, and down that road Dear must go.

On and on, over bars and pitches, scarcely touching the ground, loose stones hit by her feet flying before her, till, suddenly, halfway down the steep pitch, she came to a place in the road where the stones and the gravel had been plowed up as if by the plunging of a horse.

Here lay the wagon-seat. A little farther on lay two or three planks across the road, and at the foot of the steep pitch lay, on its side, a wrecked lumber wagon, which had run backward till it capsized; and across the steep gutter by the roadside lay a load of plank which had slipped from the wagon as it went over. Here was a part of the broken reins, belonging to the harness with the ends under the load of plank.

The wagon was her father's. Dear knew that; but where was her father? She stood and looked on either side, up the hill and down into the valley. Nothing moved; there was not even wind enough to bend the tall dead grasses by the roadside, and no sound was to be heard in all the still night but the gurgling and babbling of the little brooks that had gullied deep channels in the water-ways on either side of the road. Dear could bear this silence no longer.

"Papa, papa, where are you?" and the wild cry went up the hill-side and down into the valley bringing no answer.

"O papa, papa! what shall I do?" she called again, and as she listened with straining ears, she heard, or thought she heard, a low moan near her. She dropped on her knees. "Papa, papa, are you there?" It was a prayer now! Surely she heard a sound as if in answer and it seemed to come from the plank that had slid over the gutter.

In an instant Dear was over there, peering among the planks. She could see nothing but she could hear a sound plainly now. She tried with frantic haste to raise the planks, but there was not strength enough in her small arms for that, and almost without thought she darted, not up the hill to her mother, but down into the black valley at the foot of the hill, where a cart-path leading from the woods intersected the road. Along this dark path, overgrown with alders, she went till she came to a low shanty built between two trees, and, bursting open the door, she cried:

"O Biddy McCoy! come quick something dreadful has happened on the hill."

"What is't yer sayin'?" said the startled Biddy, starting from her seat, but as Dear was already out of doors, she added, suiting the action to the words; "Here, Bridget, take the baby, and you Mike," to a stupid boy by the fire, "get yer lanthern and come along;" and without waiting to put anything on her head she followed Dear.

The child was already out of sight, but Biddy went on at a sounding gallop till she came to the foot of the hill. There she saw the small figure waiting before her and beckoning her on.

"Shure, ah' something dreadful has happened," said the breathless Biddy, crossing herself as she came up to the wrecked wagon. "Is any one hurted?" as Dear called her to help.

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid there's some one under the planks," gasped Dear, trying single-handed to lift the load.

"Here gurl, that's no way to warruk, tak' the top one first. Mike, ye lazy sowl, get along wid yer lanthern!" and her voice went down the hillside like the blast of a trumpet, starting even the slow Mike into a run.

"There, hould that," said she, handing the lantern to Dear, and with Biddy's stout arms at one end and Mike's at the other, the planks were flung over into the road. Dear held her breath, and before the planks were all off they could see that a man lay there stretched in the bed of the gutter. The planks were over him like a roof, or the cover of a box, and, when the last one was off, Dear saw her father's face, still and white, but she could not utter a sound.

"Howly Mother, help us," ejaculated Biddy. "Take his feet, Mike, and help get him out of the wather. He'll be drowned intirely if he's no kit already." For as he lay damming up the narrow channel, the choked water had risen and spread around him in an ever-rising pool.

As they took him up and laid him down in the road, the motion seemed to rouse him to life, for Biddy, stooping over him with the lantern, saw his eyes suddenly open. He looked about him in a bewildered way, and then clutched at the reins that were still in his hands, shouting: "Whoa, Fan, whoa!" Then he slowly raised himself on his elbow, and seeing the planks scattered about him muttered: "Why! she's got away."

"Are ye much hurted, sur?" asked Biddy, concernedly, taking his arm as if she would help him to his feet

"I don't know, I'm cold," said he slowly.

"An' well ye might be lyin' in all that wather," and she told them how they found him lying in the gutter, with the planks over him, but not on him, and the water around him.

"Is that you, Dear? and has the horse gone home?" asked he after a moment, seeing the little, shaking figure beside him.

"Yes, papa," and all at once the convulsive sobs leaped beyond her control, and she fell on her knees, quite unable to say or do anything but sob.

The sight and the sound of her sobs did more than anything else to restore her father to himself. With Biddy's help he slowly rose from the ground, and, after standing a moment, he said, steadily: "I believe I am all right, only cold and a little confused. The fall must have stunned me, but for your help, my good woman, I should have been a dead man soon."

"It was yer little girl tould us. We shouldn't have known."

He held his hand to Dear, and she caught it and held it under her chin, still unable to speak.

"Do ye think ye could, walk sur? Ye've no right to be standin' here wid yer wet clothes."

Thus admonished they began to move. Biddy and Mike and the "lanthern" went with them to the top of the hill. By that time Harvey Gates had obtained full possession of himself, and he bade Biddy good-night, telling her he would see her on the morrow.

"Now, Dear," said he, "run home and tell your mother quietly, that the wagon broke down, but that I am all right and will be in directly."

It was not until near noon the next day, when Dear broke into an irrepressible fit of sobbing, that her mother knew how near death had been to them that night. She turned very white and after a moment said: "Children, we have great reason to be thankful to-day."

A little later Harvey Gates came in. He had been down with Luke to get the planks out of the road and to see Biddy McCoy. He told a pitiful story of the proverty in the little shanty. "There will be no Thanksgiving supper there to-day," he said. Mrs. Gates winced a little. She was a thrifty woman, and it was not easy for her to understand the blessedness of giving. 'And such a baby, such a little mite of a baby!" continued Harvey Gates, as if speaking to himself.

"A baby?" repeated Mrs. Gates, pausing on her way to the oven; "did you say Biddy had a baby?"

"Yes, and the poor little things looks half starved."

"Mamma," said Dear, eagerly, "why can't we have them all up here to Thanksgiving supper? we've got enough for them."

Harvay Gates glanced at his wife. After a moment's hesitation she said.

"Yes, they can come, I suppose, if there aint more'n forty or fifty of 'em;" and she opened the oven door, and basted the turkey with energy. "Harvey," she called, as she heard him going toward the door, "tell Biddy to bring the baby; and here, you take that thick shawl in the entry to wrap it up warm."

And so the McCoys had the grandest Thanksgiving supper of their lives; and no more thankful company gathered in New England that day, the Gates family feeling very tender over their es[illegible]

TAKE HEART.

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and briny sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow tree.

This is the summer's burial time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And cold upon her rosy prime
Fell down the autumn's frosty rime—
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know on sunny eves
The blue-bird wails for sunny skies;
And at the root of forest trees
The mayflowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Besides some golden summer's heir,—
Take heart!—thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year.

RICH OR POOR.

"So you've come back again, Jerome?" said old Mr. Sewell. "Well, we heard you was thinkin' of returnin' to Elm Mountain. Bad pennies always come back—ha! ha! ha! And you did not make such a big fortune as you calculated, eh?"

Jerome Clay leaned over the old zigzag rail fence and rubbed his eyes. Had time stood still all these years while he had been in the South? For here was Farmer Sewell in the same old blue-checked overalls, with the same battered straw hat, the same wrinkles between his brows, driving the same old red cows home through the twilight lane, where the scent of trampled spearmint came up, and the melancholy notes of a whippoorwill sounded faintly on the purple silence.

And yet—and yet it was twenty odd years since he had left Elm Mountain, with all his worldly goods balanced in a bundle on his back. He had been a dashing lad of twenty-one, then; there were silver hairs in his black locks, now, and he left a dead past buried under the sweet magnolia groves. And here was Moses Sewell, just the same as ever, only a trifle yellower and more dried up.

"Yes," Clay said; quietly, "I've come back. And you are right when you say that fortunes don't grow on every bush."

"Goin' to your uncle's house?" said Mr. Sewell, leaning over the bars. "He's dead and buried, poor fellow. Always had a weak chest you know. And the gals ain't no younger. The three old maids we call 'em—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And again the old farmer chuckled himself into a state of semi-suffocation.

"Come in and see us" said he. "My daughter Aurilla," she's come back a widow and does tailorin' and plain sewin.' The old woman's stone deaf but she's dreadful quick at catchin' a person's meaning!"

And off he trudged over the patches of sweet smiling spearmint, his broad figure vanishing into the gloom like a shadow.

"Three old maids, eh?" repeated Jerome Clay to himself. "Clara and Bess, and little Kate, the golden-haired beauty, the soft eyed poetess, the wild little sprite who was a mixture of Undine and Queen Mab. Then, surely, Father Time has not stood still!"

The light shone out, as of old, from the red-curtained casement, the great fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and the three cousins greeted the returned wanderer with unaffected warmth.

They were changed, of course. What else could have been expected? The beauty had grown sharp and freckled, and her lovely hair had lost its burnish, and she was not quite as tidy as she used to be in the old days about her ribbons and frills. Soft-eyed Bessie's sweet voice had degenerated into a whine; she had grown round-shouldered and lost one of her front teeth; and little Kate was a stout, middle-aged woman, who reminded one of Undine no more.

But they were cousins still—the girls who had played and romped and flirted with him in due arithmetical progression. And there still existed a bond of steadfast friendship, and he told them the story of the Southern wife who had been buried for years years under the magnolias, and they all sympathized and beauty even cried a little.

"I have brought my three children to the North," he said. "I left them in New York, and if I can get some genuine, whole-souled woman to take charge of my home, I'm thinking of settling here in Elm Mountain. Clara, don't you used to be fond of me in the old times! What do you say to undertaking the charge?"

The beauty seemed to grow smaller, sharper, more business-like, in a second; if cousin Jerome had come home a millionaire, she would have jumped into his arms.

But Clara Neely was not romantically inclined. To her, love in a cottage possessed no charms.

"I couldn't Jerome,' she answered, quickly. "I'm not very strong, and I couldn't assume any responsibility of this arduous nature. Besides, I'm not fond of children. I'm greatly obliged to you, I'm sure, but I'd rather not."

Jerome Clay bit his lip.

"Of course," he said, "it is for you to decide. But if Jessie—"

The poetess shrugged her shoulders, and laughed a light, shrill-sounding cachination.

"Cousin Jerome," said she, "it's just as well to be frank about these matters. I wouldn't marry a poor man—not if I loved him like Romeo and Juliet. It's bad enough to scrape along as we do here, with only half what one requires to live on decently. But to plunge into poverty, with two or three children belonging to another woman no, I thank you."

For time, as may easily be perceived, had eliminated a great deal of poetical element from Bessie Neely's soul.

The gamdam Undine did not wait for the question, as far as she was concerned but added, promptly, that she quite agreed with her sister in all these matters.

"It's such a pity you didn't stay here, where you were well off, Jerome," said she, in the pitying, patronizing manner which your genuine man most abhors. "Dear pa, you know, always disapproved of your going south. And you might have got the situation of agent to the White Castle Place, at eight hundred a year, and a cottage found, if you'd only been here on the spot. Pa used to know the old agent, and could have recommended you!"

Jerome smiled.

"White Castle?" said he. "That's the big house on the hill, where we children used to peep at the roses and white grapes through the glass sides of the great greenhouse. A grand place, as I remember it."

"And the position of agent is most responsible, and highly considered," broke in Bessie.

Jerome Clay went away feeling rather depressed.

It is not the lot of every man to be thrice rejected in one evening.

"They think I am a failure in life," said he, half smiling, half sighing. "Well perhaps they are not wrong. People's ideas differ."

Aurilla Haven, the old farmer's daughter, had been a wild hoyden of a schoolgirl when Jerome Clay went south. She was a silent pale woman of three and thirty now, who did the "tailoress" work of the neighborhood, and had hard work to get along.

But her dark brown eyes lighted up when Mr. Clay spoke of his far-off home and her cheek glowed scarlet when Mr. Sewell chuckled out:

"So the three old maids wouldn't have nothing to say to you? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you blame them?" said Jerome.

"Well, no," confessed the old man. "Gals naturally want to better themselves nowadays. If you'd come back with your pockets full of gold, they'd sing a different song, you'd see."

Aurilla looked pitying at Jerome Clay. She, too, had found life a failure, and in her quiet way did all that she could to comfort the tall, quiet man, who had hired the spare chamber in her father's house for a few weeks, since his cousins had altogether omitted to invite him as their guest at the old place.

She was not pretty—never had been—but she had a sweet, oval face, with fringed eyes, and a mild, wistful expression, which Jerome Clay liked.

And one day she spoke out what was in her heart.

"Mr. Clay," she said, "I can't help thinking of those poor, little, motherless children of yours. If you bring them here, I'll take care of them. I always liked children, and it shall cost you nothing. Fa[illegible]

and their board won't signify. They can go to the public school, and I'll make their clothes, if you'll buy the material."

"Aurilla, you are a genuine woman!" said Mr. Clay, earnestly. "None of my cousins have spoken to me like this."

"Perhaps—perhaps they didn't think of it!" faltered Aurilla.

"Possibly," dryly remarked Mr. Clay. "But, Aurilla," gently retaining her hand, "is it of my children only that you think? Have you no tender, pitying feeling—the sweet sensation that is akin to love, you know—for me? Aurilla will you be my wife?"

And Aurilla did not refuse.

"Now that you have promised to marry me," said Jerome Clay, "I will tell you all my plans, Aurilla. I have bought a house here"—

"Here, Jerome?"

"Yes, here. Will you come with me to look at it?"

"I will go wherever you wish, Jerome," said the bride-elect, in a sort of innocent bewilderment.

Mr. Clay put her into a little carriage at the door, and drove her up the mountain-side, through the huge, stone gateway of White Castle, to the velvet lawns in front of the colonnaded portico, where statues of Ceres and Proserpine stood in dazzling marble on either side, and an antique sun-dial marked the golden footsteps of the God of Day.

"It's a beautiful place!" said Aurilla," he answered quietly, "it is our home."

"You mean to tell me, dear," cried the delighted widow, "that you've been fortunate enough to receive the agency? I thought Mr. Wright—"

"Mr. Wright is the agent still," said Clay.

"What I mean is that I have bought White Castle and its ground. This fine old house is to be your home henceforward, Aurilla."

"But, Jerome, I thought you were a poor man?"

"Did I ever tell you so?" he laughingly retorted. "Did I ever tell anyone so? If the good people in Elm Mountain choose to believe me a pauper, is it fair to hold me responsible for their rash consciousness? No, Aurilla! In money, I am rich—rich beyond my wildest aspirations. But when first I came to Elm Mountain, I believed myself bankrupt, indeed, in the sweet coin of love and human kindness. Sweetheart, it is so with me now. It was your hand that unlocked the gate of happiness to me; it shall be your hand that is to reap the rich reward."

He bent, and kissed her forehead tenderly.

"But the children?" she cried.

"The children are with their maternal aunt, at the Windsor hotel in New York," he answered. "The boy is soon to enter college, and the girls are both engaged to be married to southern gentlemen, and after a brief visit there will return to New Orleans with their aunt. So, my darling, your tender solicitude was not required after all!"

Aurilla sighed softly. She had somehow longed for the touch of little children's hands in her own, the sound of small, child voices in her ear. But she looked into Jerome's loving eyes, and was satisfied. He loved her—was not that enough?

And the Three Old Maids are sharper, more untidy and shrill-voiced than ever, since they have realized the fatal mistake they made in refusing the overtures of their cousin Jerome.

And a maneuvering, managing creature is the tenderest appellation they apply to Mrs. Jerome Clay. Things would have been so widely different if they had known.

Butler in New Orleans.

A gentleman who was in New Orleans at the time writes to the Chicago Herald: A correspondent of the Herald yesterday asked to be informed who it was that Gen Butler hanged in New Orleans for treason. The man was Wm. B. Mumford, a prominent New Orleans sporting man, and the circumstances were these: After Farragut's fleet had passed the forts below the city and anchored off the levee Captain Morris, of the Pensacola, was directed by Farragut to land a boat's crew, take possession of the United States Custom House and Mint and hoist the Union flag on both buildings. The rebel troops under Mansfield Lovell had fled the city but Butler's forces had not yet arrived. The flag was hoisted on the mint on April 27, and within two hours Mumford had collected a posse of followers as reckless as himself and proceeded to tear it down. The flag was cut into strips and distributed among the drunken crowd as trophies. The next day Butler landed with his troops. The rebel papers of the morning were filled with glowing accounts of Mumford's deed, and he was applauded as a patriot. The "enemy" were defiantly assured that the act was the act of the city, and that the whole people would stand by Mumford and defend him with "their heart's blood." This and other twaddle in the Picayune forced Butler to take greater notice of Mumford's act than he might otherwise have done. He arrested Mumford and brought him before the provost guard. His object was to punish him for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. The next morning the Picayune and True Delta fairly screamed their defiance, "Mumford must be rescued!" "The Yankees must be driven out!" they yelled. That was too much for Ben. He sent a guard and took possession of both newspaper offices put their proprietors in the guard house called for volunteer printers and editors from the ranks of the army, and next morning both papers appeared as bang-up Union sheets, and crammed with local news such as New Orleans papers had never printed before.

"What are you going to do with Mr. Mumford?" defiantly asked the rebel mayor, as he strode into old Ben's presence.

"I am going to hang Mr. Mumford," said Butler, sarcastically, "and if you're not mighty careful I'll hang you. As it is I am going to send you over to Ship Island for your health. Captain—" to an aid, "tell General Strong to come here." When the general came, Ben said with a pleasant smile, "His Honor, the Mayor, thinks that after the turmoil and excitement of the past few days he would like a brief period of rest at Ship Island. You will have a boat ready to sail at 2 o'clock and see that his Honor takes passage in her. I have given him permission to take his family," and with that the General leered at the Mayor in his peculiar way. Expostulation was in vain, and the Mayor went.

Two days after Mumford was arraigned before a military commission on a charge of treason, and was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The most strenuous efforts were made to save him; even Farragut counselled caution, but old Ben only said, "I mean to convince these people that this is war, and no child's play." And he did. Mumford dangled from the gallows in less than ten days after the commission of his reckless act.

Romance in Real Life.

From the London Echo.

The beautiful and highly-cultivated daughter of one of the proud old Roman nobles, the Duke of Gallese, was introduced to the Italian poet, Signor d'Annunzio. Her kinsfolk never dreamed that a lady of such great expectations and high birth could run any risk by an intimate acquaintance with a man risen from the lower ranks. The two walked and chatted together, but while the young lady's friends supposed that she was talking intellectual matters it turned out that the conversation of the interesting couple turned in a very different direction. The duke learned, to his horror and anger, that his daughter had dared to bethroth herself to the poet. As a matter of course, he refused to give his sanction to their marriage, whereupon the lovers took the train to Florence, where they were made man and wife. The last step made the duke so indignant that he had a legal document drawn up, to which he disinherited his daughter; but the father and the man afterwards so far overcame the aristocrat in him that he settled upon her for life a yearly income of 6,000 lire. The story has since obtained an almost tragical completeness by the separation of the duke from his own wife. He accused her of having secretly favored the cause of D'Annunzio, and of allowing the lovers to hold interviews after the father had prohibited all further intercourse between the two. He has consequently broken up his household in Rome, made a settlement upon his duchess, and declared that he will have nothing to do with her and die as if he had neither wife nor child.

Col. Albert Pitt Bennett, associate editor of the state newspaper of Richmond, Va., died recently, aged fifty-five, of pneumonia. He was a native of Venango county, Pa. On [illegible] here, [illegible]

FARM AND HOUSE.

For the Cook.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup of raisins, (chopped,) one cup of currants, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one and one-half cups of water, one-half cup of vinegar, four crackers, (powdered), and all kinds of spice. Bake between crusts.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, five cups of flour, and the yolks of six and whites of three eggs. Bake six layers on jelly tins. The whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth with one cup of sugar, the grated peel of one orange and the juice of two, if large. Spread the thin mixture on to five layers, then add sugar for the top sufficient to make a frosting. This is very nice.

EGGLESS SQUASH PIE.—Stew the squash till very dry; press through a collander; to each pint of squash allow one tablespoonful each butter and cinnamon, one cup sugar, one teaspoonful ginger, a little salt, and a few crackers rolled very fine. Add milk according to judgment.

MUSH AND CHEESE.—Swiss guides and porters who have to bear extreme cold, which is always supposed to require much animal food, and whose labors are severe, are said to live entirely on a diet of polenta (mush) and cheese, and to be fine, hardy specimens of manhood, carrying great weight with ease. The East India coolie lives on a little butter with his rice and pulse, but his climate is very different from the bracing air of the Alps, frosty air that anywhere else would be supposed to create a demand for the heaviest animal food. There is considerable (vegetables) oil in mush, and cheese furnishes albumen; so that in this simple diet are combined the carbons and nitrogens of food.

A Pretty Bedroom.

A room recently fitted up for a clergyman's little daughter by the ladies of the congregation as an expression of their regard, is thus described in the Decorator and Furnisher:

The walls were covered with paper in a pretty design of daisies and bluets (ragged sailors) upon a creamy, latticed ground. The ceiling was painted sky blue, with dome effect given by deepening the colors toward the edges. Two or three feathery clouds heightened the illusion, and a flight of three or four swallows swept across the skyey surface toward the windows. The carpet was only remarkable for its harmony with the situation, being simply an ordinary Brussels, with a ground matching the wall-paper tint, and so closely covered with small spring flowers that the effect was almost chene. A dark blue border and one or two rugs relieved the eye and prevented a garish appearance. The doors and window frames were fortunately of ash, and so in thorough accord with the predominent tint of the room, which was blue. The window curtains were models of dainty simplicity. They were made of cottage drapery, a figured Swiss muslin rather thicker than the dress material of that name, and woven with a border on one selvedge, which repeated the center pattern; in this case the figure was a daisy the size of a dime, with a line of the same flowers twice the size between two strips of a border. The novelty about the curtains an addition made by cutting two horizontal slits two inches long across the border between the stripes, at intervals of six inches apart, and buttonholing the edges loosely, making a succession of bias, in and out of which was slipped a blue ribbon two inches broad. Bands and bows of the same ribbon were used for looping the curtains back.

The furniture was of bamboo, and all of the pieces were of smaller size than the same articles in ordinary rooms, yet not sufficiently dwarfed to be useless. A miniature lounge and two easy chairs were covered with buff and blue cretone, and blue ribbon bows were tied upon the upper corners of the graceful little cane seat chairs. The small bed was low, with an airy extension of bamboo rods at the head springing to hold up a large ring, through which a portion of Swiss muslin, like those at the windows, was drawn. A folding bamboo screen in front of the mantel and two panels of cream and two of blue sateen. The former were decorated with snow balls and bluets in arrasene embroidery, the latter with daisies in ribbon work. The armoire and chiffonier were a third smaller than full sized furniture and the dressing bureau was of similar dimensions. All the dainty toilet appointments of the latter were decorated with blue and the frame of the long dressing glass was covered with a full ruche of blue silk.

Some choice engravings and colored photographs representing phases of childhood and girlhood were hung upon the walls by blue cords and tassels, and the small book shelves were filled with such books as young people enjoy.

In deference to the newly awakened fears of even the best plumbing in sleeping rooms, there was no stationary basin, but a washstand, en rapport with the other furniture, held a daintily modeled antique toilet set with a dado design of water plants upon cream color, with swallows above on a sky blue ground.

Replacing the door of a large closet was a portiere of Swiss muslin, which, being drawn, revealed a play-house on a scale so expensive and complete that it might be questioned whether dolls or their owners were most charmingly lodged. The happy little proprietor of this room and annex, on returning from the country, where she had been sent while the surprise was prepared for her, says that half of the first night she spent in her pretty new bed was passed in congratulating herself on her new possessions and the rest in gazing entranced into the fairy-like precincts of the playhouse, which was illuminated by a tiny chandelier fed by real gas.

The Pork Barrel.

A tub largest at the bottom and tapering toward the top, of sufficient size to contain a year's supply, is the best vessel in which to store pork; when packed as it should be the meat will not rise to the top, the slant of the tub holding it down. It should be placed edgewise, in regular layers as solid as possible. After putting a layer of salt in the bottom of the tub (and if pounded down with a maul the better) fill the interstices with salt; then layers of salt between layers of meat, and so on till the tub is filled; then fill up with pure water. If the barrel is sweet, salt pure and pork sound, there never will be any damaged pork; nor will skimming or scalding the brine be necessary in order to have sweet pork the year round.

The old salt left in the bottom of the barrel is, so far as it goes, just as good as new for continued use. Never have but one piece of pork loose at a time while using, and keep a stone on that between meals, for pork that comes to the air will rust after a little. I have packed and kept pork in this way annually for thirty years, and never had a pound of it injured. The injury of which such frequent complaint is made is due to some neglect or carlessness, and it would seem that people of common prudence would not be so often caught with damaged pork.—Charles Mason, Lake Co., Ohio.

Influence of Food on Milk.

The influence of food upon the quality of milk has called forth, first and last, much discussion and in this country it is generally conceded that food has very much to do with it. The contrary opinion, however, has some advocates who base their conclusions mostly upon the experiments made by Dr. Kuhn at the Moeckern Agricultural Station in Saxony. It is claimed that he demonstrated that the feeding of a cow has nothing to do with the quality of milk, and the necessary consequence is that we can not increase the ratio or proportion of cream or butter in a cow's milk by any change of food, however rich it may be. This is so much at variance with the experience of dairymen on this side of the ocean that most dairy people are skeptical about these experiments. Curiosity led to an investigation of the methods employed in these experiments and the revelations were not a little surprising. The milk of Saxon cows, if the agricultural reports are to be credited, is of remarkable richness, four and five quarts yielding a pound of butter. We venture to say that such cows are not to be found anywhere outside of Saxony. The conclusion is irresistible that the statement in these reports, as well as that of the Doctor himself, must be taken with [illegible]

Poultry Management.

The careful poultry-keeper is often surprised by finding, early on some cold, frosty October morning, a brood of chicks fresh from the shell. The surprise can hardly gladden the sight of the owner, for there can be no hope of raising them in the inclement weather. If a few survive they are of small value, always dwarfed and imperfect. This is the result of direct negligence. If the fowls had been kept in confinement, or every hen made to give an account of herself at the morning feed, this trouble might have been avoided. These are the persons who say that fowls do not pay for their keep, and they are only kept around to please the women folk.

Fowls should not be allowed to steal their nests. They are never so profitable as when kept in confinement—in summer in ample yards, and in winter in roomy, comfortable buildings. The eggs can always be found where they are laid, and there are no late broods coming off at the beginning of winter. I have frequently heard the indifferent poultry-keeper remark that it is better for a hen to steal her nest and come off in late summer. Her brood is then no trouble, and the chicks are all pretty sure to live and grow up. I know better. Experience has taught me that one early-hatched chick, well fed and raised; is worth two of these late, neglected ones. I do not leave it to the fowls what kind or sort of chicks I shall raise; I like to control this matter myself. I have a choice, and I know which my best fowls are. From them only do I make my increase of stock. Of course fowls kept in confinement are more trouble, but there is no branch of farming that pays better for the outlay than the keeping of fowls. The stock must be right, and then there will be found little difficulty, with a steady application to the business. All the fowls' wants must be supplied. A hen should never be set after the 10th of June, and not then unless it be on eggs of some small and early-matured breed. This gives an opportunity for every feather to get full growth in warm weather, after which the fowl takes on fat rapidly. Lean poorly-kept hens will not lay, and lean, poor poultry is not fit for market. The rule should be to give good keeping at all times and seasons.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

Speak Right Up.

You ask a thoroughbred, full-blooded humbug what he thinks of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL and he will invariably tell you that it is the worst thing he ever saw.

You ask an honest man (who has used it) for his estimate of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL and he will reply that there may be a better internal and external medicine, but he doesn't know of it.

I do think there is nothing like THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. For a cold or hoarseness it works like a charm.—Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph County, Mich.

Of rheumatism nothing gave me relief quicker than THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale County, Mich.

Worth five times its price. S. B. Durfey, second mate steamer Arizona, on the great lakes, cured of bad jam on foot.

As a remedy for catarrh it stands at the top. Edward S. Rowley, 222 W. Twelfth street, Davenport, Iowa.

Is the best article in the world for asthmatic bronchitis. E. L. Meader, Delaware, Iowa.

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DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL is sold by every druggist.

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Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour of New Orleans, La., writes:—I have a son who has been sick for two or three years; he has been attended by our leading physicians but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly relieved.

Electric light wires in St. Paul will probably have to go underground.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS."—15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions

John Debrich of Humboldt raised 400 barrels of potatoes on one acre of ground.

From Major Downs, Military Instructor, Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing, Sing, N. Y.: During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarrh. My head and throat ached so severely that I was obliged to keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour from the first application I felt relieved, the pain began to subside. In a few days I was entirely cured. W. A. Downs. (Price 50 cents.)

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IRRITATION, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

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In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Perry, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, Brown's Bronchial Troches are thus referred to: "Having brought your 'Bronchial Troches' with me when I came to reside here, I found that after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few." For Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have no equal. Sold only in boxes.

Hell-to-Pay is the name of a station on the Northern Pacific.

SKINNY MEN.—Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence. $1.

Otter Tail county has 181 school districts, 6,471 scholars and receives $6,361.83 from the state school fund.

DON'T die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

A Fact Worth Remembering.

A severe cold or cough can be soonest cured by taking, according to directions, Allen's Lung Balsam. It can be procured at any drug store. It is harmless to the most delicate person, and can be given to children without fear of injury. Try it if you have a cold or cough.

The Menomonee iron ore output is 50,000 tons, where it was 71,000 last year.

Cured Clergymen.

Rev. L. S. Caultan, of Circleville, Kansas, says: Dr. War