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THE SCHOOLMASTER'S GUESTS.

A Farm Legend.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I.

The district schoolmaster was sitting behind his
great book-laden desk,
Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic
and gay and grotesque.

As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's
brisk breezes have come,
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a
half-smothered hum;

Like the frequent sharp bang of a wagon, when
treading a forest path o'er,
Resounded the feet of his pupils, whenever their
heels struck the floor.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat,
whose face was withstanding a drouth,
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy
new moon for a mouth;

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if
they bore names that could bloom,
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest
young knave in the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his
honest eyes fixed on a pin,
Queer-bent on a deeply-laid project to tunnel Joe
Hawkins' skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their
spelling-books into the brain,
Loud-puffing each half-whispered letter, like an
engine just starting its train;

There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled
at the same on his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of un-
speakable hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his
thin lips a short twist,
As to say, "I could whip you, confound you! could
such things be done with the fist!"

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each
one with some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the
young master likes best;

A class in the front, with their readers, were telling,
with difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding
at all of his veins;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of
idleness stood,
Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the
scene all he could.

II.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every
old school-sanctum hath,
With many a break on their surface, where grinned
a wood-grating of lath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the school-
master's rickety chair,
Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like
Damocles' sword, by a hair.

There were tracks on the desks where the knife-
blades had wandered in search of their prey;
Their tops were as duskily spattered as if they
drank ink every day.

The square stove it puffed and it crackled, and
broke out in red-flaming sores,
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog
fierce to rush out-o'-doors,

While snow-flakes looked in at the windows; the gale
pressed its lips to the cracks;
And the children's hot faces were streaming, the
while they were freezing their backs.

III.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his
suff'rings were o'er,
And the class to their seats were retreating, when
footsteps were heard at the door;

And five of the good district fathers marched into
the room in a row,
And stood themselves up by the hot fire, and shook
off their white cloaks of snow;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with
countenance solemnly sad,
Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all
of the ears that they had:

"We've come here, schoolmaster, intendin' to cast
an inquirin' eye 'round,
Concernin' complaints that's been entered, an' fault
that has lately been found;
To pass off the width of your doin's, an' witness
what you've been about,
An' see if it's paying to keep you, or whether we'd
best turn ye out.

"The first thing I'm bid for to mention is, when the
class gets up to read;
You give 'em too tight of a reinin', an' touch 'em up
more than they need;
You're nicer than wise in the matter of holdin' the
book in one han',
An' you turn a stray *g* in their doin's, an' tack an
odd *l* on their an';
There ain't no great good comes of speakin' the
words so *polite*, as *I see*,
Providin' you know what the facts is, an' tell 'em off
just as they be.
An' then there's that readin' in concert, is censured
from first unto last;
It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a-trav-
elin' past.
Whatever is done as to readin', providin' things go
to say say,
Sha'n't hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in
the old-fashioned way."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick
the consent that was due,
And nodded obliquely, and muttered, "*Them 'ere is
my sentiments too.*"

"Then, as to your spellin': I've heern tell, by them
as has looked into this,
That you turn the's out o' your labour, an' make the
word shorter than 'tis,
An' clip the *k* off o' your music, which makes my
son Ephraim perplexed,
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the
word on to the next.
They say there's some new-grafted books here that
don't take these letters along;
But if it is so, just depend on't, them new-grafted
books is made wrong.
You might just as well say that Jackson didn't know
all there was about war,
As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster didn't know
what them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick
the consent that was due,
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said,
"*Them's my sentiments too.*"

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are re-
ported to me,
Is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, an' also the
old Rule of Three;
An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-
steppin' scholars to please,
With saw-bucks an' crosses an' pot-hooks, an' w's, *x*,
y, an' *z*'s.
We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no
great good to be reached
By tiptoin' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers
was teached."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick
the consent that was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said,
"*Them's my sentiments too.*"

"Another thing, I must here mention, comes into
the question to-day,
Concernin' some things in the grammar you're
teachin' our gals for to say.
My gals is as steady as clock-work, and never give
cause for much fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin
a-talkin' such stuff as this here:
'*I love*,' an' '*Thou lovest*,' an' '*He loves*,' an' '*Ye
love*,' an' '*You love*,' an' '*They*—'
An' they answered my questions, 'It's grammar'—
'twas all I could get 'em to say.
Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin'
matters on so
As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just
all that *I* want to know;—"

IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the
dusk of the evening before,
Had well nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it
come down on the floor;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a
close for to what he had said,
A joint of the pipe fell upon him and larruped him
square on the head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted
with black all the place,
And the squire and the other four fathers were
peppered with black in the face.

The school, over sharp for amusement, laid down
all their cumbersome books,
And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud
at their visitor's looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore
oaths of a violet hue;
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed
to say, "*Them's my sentiments too.*"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE SETTLER'S TRAGEDY.

"Yes; that's a queer-lookin' place, now, ain't it? It's the best piece of land you've seen anywhere in this day's drive, and that's a good deal to say, and likewise, it was once the prettiest farm along this road. Why, sir, I mind the time when that porch was all a glory with roses, like a 'ouse in a hopera bouffe for all the world. An' right hin the front there, where you see all them docks an' mullen a-growin', that was chock full o' beds of Lunnun pride, an' chinay asters, an' roses, an' stocks, an' marigolds, an' sweet mignonette; you could smell the place a mile off of a summer's night. Ah! she was a fine girl, she was, that lived up there; an' a terrible story that 'ouse tells. It ain't just pleasant to be on the next lot to it."

Mr. Wellbeloved, for I had stumbled in my Canada ramble on a person of that name, thus spoke of a log-house and lot which had attracted my curiosity. On one of the best stretches of arable land, lying well up the gentle swell of the valley, with a good exposure, backed by fine woodland, was—a singular sight in that raw, yet thriving settlement—a "concession" which seemed to have been swept by some spirit of ruin and decay. The log-house stood, but its roof was rotten; its slight porch had been shattered or displaced by snow; its windows remained unbroken, but one could see from the draggling paper blinds which had once made them gay with color, that there was no housewife within to mend or change things; and all over the eight or ten acres of land which had been cleared about the house, there grew as high as the unremoved stumps a wealth of weed, such as is only the crop of absolute desertion and death. By this place, on one side, my friend Wellbeloved, at whose house I had drawn up for many a mid-day meal, tilled a thriving farm; the evidence was visible in the roll of ripening wheat dotted with the disks of the blackened stumps, and in the cattle that loitered from the sun's heat under the circle of young maples he had left in a corner of one of his fields where a spring welled up from among some boulders, and by the grunt of well-fed pigs which wandered down the road and cooled their heated sides in the marshy bottom, where I found the road like a floating stage of logs. Moreover there was Mrs. Wellbeloved, a little weary-looking perhaps, for number nine in the cradle was "*the* most bothersome child; that it was, God bless it, she had ever knew;" and two or three fine, strapping boys that came home to the noontide meal from some hoeing work at the back of the concession with an appetite for the pork and corn that made me envious.

Wellbeloved was a Londoner, and had been in Canada exactly six years. He was "just turned forty," having married at twenty, and now possessed a graduated scale of voracious infantry which must in the metropolis have severely worn his energies and Mrs. Wellbeloved's patience, but which, out here, was his most promising source of wealth. The elder boy, nearly nineteen, had added a hundred acres to the original government concession, and as the others grew up more would follow. Already Mr. Wellbeloved's house and barns began to take on an air, if not of wealth or even comfort, of sufficiency, which, as one looked into his bronzed face and clear eyes, and listened to his cherry voice, gave promise that the time might come when the patriarch should bless his sons and daughters, and his sons-in-law, and daughters-in-law looking out upon a scene of civilized beauty and fertility, and dividing among them no mean inheritance. Such scenes have been witnessed in earlier settlements, and in the antecedent district of Lake Simcoe, along whose cultivated shores I had traveled to Muskoka; and such scenes will be remembered over and over again as the tide of population laps on and into the forest wilds of Ontario.

"Well," I said "what's the story of that place? It seems odd that it should be deserted like this. Why don't *you* take it up?"

"Me, sir! No, thankee. I'd not own a rod o' that soil for its pavin' in gold. No, no! There's blood on that land, and let some stranger come an' wipe it hout."

He wiped the beads from his forehead (the day was hot) and began:

"The man that took hup that concession was a gentleman, leastways, sir, you know, a gentleman by birth. 'Is father were a Lunnun lawyer, you've 'eard of 'im, old Bytheway that used to 'ave the big cases at the hold Bailey. The hold man, he made money an' spent it, an' this 'ere boy he made none, an' spent what 'is father made. 'E were sent to Heton, then to Hoxford, an' afterward 'e went where 'e weren't sent—leastways not by direction—to the Devil. The young 'ooman that lived an' died in that 'ouse were acquainted with me. Lucy Burridge, that were her real name, though she were called 'Lucinda Burrinda, the helegant *danseuse*'—she were in the *corpus de balley* at the Varieties Theayter in the Strand, I dessay you know hit? * * * Yes? Well, sir, I were scene-shifter in that theayter for seven years, an' five years afore that at Drury Lane. I could tell you some quaer stories! If you want to know somethin' of life, you get up in the wings night after night, and watch the stage, you'll see somethin' of the bad *han'* the good o' 'uman nature. Why, sir, I've seen cruelty, an' wickedness, an' jealousy, an' revenge, an' kindness, an' forgiveness, an' charity, played far more real behind the canvas scenes I were a-shiftin' than it were on the stage or before it. One night I see a young girl, which her name was Sairey Podge, from a dirty little street in the Borough she was but a pretty one to look at, an' danced like a sylph, an' she 'ad a partikler rival, a 'alf Hitalian girl, as had a little shrew for temper as hever you saw. Well, one night hin the Christmas pantomime—twere last Christmas ten year—this girl, La Rosa, she broke behind one of the scenes where Sairey was waitin' to jump out like a fairy, as she was, an' I says to my mate, 'Look out for squalls there, Lorry—them two'll fight,' for I've seen girls fight behind the scenes before now. Well, sir, the Hitalian almost bounced into the other's arms. Sairey drew back a minute, an' looked straight hat 'er. The other was glowin' with passion an' spite, an' *my* fear was that Sairey's face was agoin' to be spoiled, when I see Sairey 'old hout both 'er 'ands, an' I 'eard 'er distinct-like, cry hout, 'Oh! Miss Rosa, I'm so sorry!' an', will you believe it, sir? the poor Hitalian laid 'er 'ead on the hother's shoulder, an' cried like a child! In a minute the stage-master called out, sharp, for 'Miss Podge,'' an' she dried 'er tears an' went hout an' danced so beautifully, the pit nearly went mad with 'er. Oh, yes, sir, there's 'uman natur' behind as well as before the scenes, an' the great Scene-shifter above He watches it.

"Well sir, Miss Lucy, afterward Missis Bytheway, wer' a clever dancer, an' likewise, sometimes took a small part, for she were as pretty a girl as I ever seen hon the stage, an' I've seen hall the swells you know. They're very partikler hat the Varieties, you know; hit's only the royal family, an' two or three wéry speshul parties as gets the *hentree* there. I dunno 'ow that young Bytheway got in; but p'raps, 'is father 'ad done the govner a good turn sometime. 'Owsomever 'e were hon the stage pretty hoften, an' took a wiolent fancy to Miss Lucy. Ah, sir, my 'art used to bleed sometimes for those poor girls—to see 'ow bold and brazen some on 'em were, an' 'ow gentle others was, an' 'ow many of 'em came to grief? No matter. Lucy, she took to young Bytheway, an' 'e tried hon a hold game with 'er, but she were too good or too knowin' to be deceived. I believe she really liked the man. 'E were a terrible temper. No one 'ad ever controlled it. 'E'd grown up just like that stalk of mullen you see there, as straight and as long as he liked, an' breakin' out at every stage. * * * *

"Now you want to know 'ow they come hout to this place? *I* can't tell you. All I know is, that hafter spoonin' about the girl for a precious long time, and she playin' hoff an' hon with 'im, one day she didn't come to rehearsal, an' then hit were rumored among the young ladies she 'ad run away with Mr. Bytheway. The hold gent an' the young un 'ad 'ad a row, han' the young un said that 'rather than kill the old fool, he'd leave him.' Well, a year after, I come across a hemigration hagent. 'E told me about Canada an' the free grants, an', lookin' round on all those hungry children, I said, 'We'll try it—it's worth the venture.' I'd saved a little money, an' when I got to Toronto I applied for land at the government office, an' they gave me this concession free. We got 'ere about 1st of June, han' lived in the woods for some weeks; I tell you the mosquitoes were awful. But you'll fancy 'ow I started when the first thing I see on the next lot, where that 'ouse 'ad lately been built, was young Bytheway in a torn shirt an' trowsers, hoein' round among the stumps just has if 'e'd been at it all 'is life. Then hout come Miss Lucy—then Mrs. Bytheway, for they'd got married before they left England—lookin' pale like, has I've seen Mrs. Wellbeloved look oftener than I cared for. We was very good friends, an' the young gentleman, who was 'smart,' as they say 'ere, 'e put me hup to a good many things, an' showed me 'ow to build my 'ouse, an' all the naybours was kind an' 'elpful enough, has all the people are hout 'ere to strangers. Well, young Bytheway was kind enough to Lucy, an', for all I saw, she were fond enough of '*im*; but once or twice I noticed he went off to Orillia an' stayed away some days, it might be three or four, an' when he came back again he wasn't 'imself for a long time. I knew what it was; it was the hold enemy—*drink*—an' for the time hit made 'im another man.

"By and by the autumn came, an' we got in our root-crops an' a little corn an' wheat, an' Bytheway laid in a decent lot. Then came the frost, and the fallin' of the leaves, an' the snow. Such snow! I've seen snow ten or fifteen feet deep down in that gulley, an' all as crisp an' shiny as the finest sugar, an' the air as pure an' the sky as bright as I ever see painted in a Hitalian scene at the theayter. * * * * Healthy? I should think so. There ain't no doctor nearer than Gravenhurst, an' I never 'eard of 'im comin' up here except to Joseph Jobson's grandmother; they say she's nigh upon eighty, an' took the rhumatiz so bad that they thought she were dyin', an sent for 'm to 'clp 'er on. Well, it was the second year, and then in the snow-time came Christmas, an' the new tavern-keeper down at Bracebridge, he gave out a turkey-shootin', an Mr. Bytheway on the day before Christmas left 'is wife in our charge—she were very near her confinement—and went to try 'is luck. She come over here a Christmas heve, an' though she never said nothin', she weren't in no spirits we all noticed. My wife of course see the most of 'er an' tried 'er best to coax 'er to be more lively-like. She would go 'ome that night, and the next mornin' my wife went hup to 'er for a hour or so. She left 'er dressed an comfortable, waitin' for Bytheway's return. She expected 'im to reach 'ome about three or four in the afternoon. I went in after mid-day an' then she were a layin' the cloth for a Christmas dinner. The room was very clean, an' she'd stuck some green about an' ornamented the tab'le an' made all look very nice; far better than we poor people can do out here, for Bytheway kept some of 'is hold habits, an' she loved to make the 'ouse as swell-like as possible. I thought she looked very pretty though she was so pale, and she 'ad one of 'er old theayter flowers in 'er brown 'air—it were a pleasure to me to see 'er.

"'Why, Mrs. Bytheway,' I says, 'Merry Christmas.'

"'Merry Christmas, Wellbeloved,' says she. An' then turnin' roun' sharp, she says, 'How soon do you think Reynold can get home? He was to leave Bracebridge early this morning and walk out. I have a plum-pudding for him. He knows nothing about it. I wish he was home.'

"She went an' looked out of the door but the wind blew sharp from the north an' she come in with a shiver. I stayed with 'er more than a hour, 'avin' nothin' pertikler to do, an' left 'er at very near three o'clock. I 'ad to come right down from the door, you see, to that gate, an' then along the road for half a mile to my own path. I'd got very close to the turnin' into my own land when I see Bytheway strugglin' up the road through the snow. I waited for 'im.

"'Allo, Mr. Bytheway,' I says, 'so 'ere you are at last. Any luck a shootin'?'

"I see in a moment 'e were hout o' sorts. 'Is face were swollen an' red, an' he scowled at me very angry like.

"'Not a d—d thing,' says 'e.

"Then 'e come on straight at me, an' seeing 'e were not safe to speak to, I got hout of the way an' went 'ome.

"'Poor Lucy!' says I to my wife. 'She ain't in for a Merry Christmas, I'm afraid.'

"I watched him staggerin' along and cursin' and swearin' as 'e went, till 'e reached the door. Then I see 'er run out, as well as she could, poor thing, for 'twas very near, an' I see 'im brush 'er hout of 'is way with 'is arm. 'E didn't knock 'er down.

"'Poor Lucy!' says I. 'She ain't in for a Merry Christmas, I'm afraid.'

"Just then we 'eard the report of a gun an' both rushed to the door. There was nothin' to be seen at first, but presently Bytheway ran out with 'is 'and hover 'is face. 'E threw himself into the snow an' lay there a long time; then 'e got up an' ran down to the road, and so off beyond Stony Janssen the Swede's there.

"'Well,' says I to my wife, 'you an' I 'ad best go up an' see what's become of Lucy. This don't seem all right.'

"The door was open when we got there, an' the first thing we saw was Lucy Bytheway, holdin' in her bosom, an' groanin', an' a great spot of blood over the white cloth she 'ad laid; an' there, thrown down on the table, crashin' an' breakin' the crockery an' the glass, was Mr. Bytheway's gun with its muzzle within two feet of her breast. I knew then she'd been shot. We laid 'er hon the bed. She soon swooned away. Then we gave 'er brandy, an' then came a time I needn't describe to you. I went away an' got such baby-clothes as we 'ad, an' my poor wife she stayed there and 'elped that poor young creature to fight with death for the life she 'ad so long hoped for. It was no use. The mother never 'eard 'er own child's voice. It never 'ad none. Do you think, though it had no voice here, it may have one in 'eaven. When she knew it wasn't living, she said:

"Well, I'm goin' too. Mrs. Wellbeloved, remember this. *He* didn't shoot me. * * * * He was so vexed and angry that he missed every shot at Bracebridge. I asked him what made him so angry. He had pushed me coming in and took away my breath, you know, and I sat down on the chair on the other side of the table. When I asked him that question he looked at me, and you know it was very foolish and unkind of me to ask such a question. He looked all fire, aid then, with a terrible oath, he dashed the gun down on the table—and you know he never meant it, but it went off—and, oh! Mrs. Wellbeloved, good-bye, good-bye, dear—say I forgive him!"

* * * * * * * * *

"That's the story of that 'ouse, sir. You see why it ain't a cheerful place for me to look hat. * * * * What became of Bytheway? He was found, when the spring came, ten miles off in the woods, where he had frozen to death and hif you go up there to our Orange 'all you'll see one tomb beside it, the only tomb about 'ere, an' there the three lies. Dinner's ready, sir."—*Edward Jenks, M. P.*

An Extraordinary Obituary.

That the Philadelphia *Ledger* has not a monopoly of extraordinary obituary announcements is proved by the following resolution recently adopted by the members of the Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church of Penningtonville, Penn.:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise Providence, to remove by death from our midst Brother Lewis A. Clarkson, a trustee, a steward and superintendent of Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church and Sunday school, in the 45th year of his age. On Sunday afternoon, May 9, 1875, after he had closed the school and started for home, John Miller ran out of his house with a double-barreled gun in his hand, crossed the graveyard, and when Brother Clarkson was about fifty yards from the church, he (Miller) shot Clarkson in his legs, from the effects of which he fell to sleep in Christ, May 12, about 9:30 o'clock. And in whose demise we greatly deplore, but submit to the disposition of Providence, who doeth all things well.

HON. TAPPAN WENTWORTH, who died at Lowell, Mass., recently, defeated Henry Wilson for Congress in 1853.

STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.

A Merrible Fight Between a Clerk and a Burglar.

Divine, Dubois & Co. do an extensive business as general country agents in Morsston, in Sullivan county, on the line of the Midland railway. They have in their employ as clerk a young man named J. W. Denham. The nearest bank to Morsston is at Ellenville. It often happens in their business transactions that Divine, Dubois & Co. have charge of large sums of money which they are unable to bank at once, and are obliged to keep it in the safe at their store. The fact is well known, and has probably led to the murder of young Denham.

Denham has always slept in a room over the store. On Saturday night, about midnight, he was aroused by a noise in the store. Knowing that there were several thousand dollars in the safe, Denham at once sprang out of bed, and, taking his revolver and a dirk knife, started down stairs. As he opened the door at the foot of the stairs he saw a man making his exit through a panel which had been taken out of the front door of the store. Young Denham took aim at the man and fired. The man was undoubtedly hit, for he uttered a loud cry as he disappeared. The clerk took a step forward, with the intention of following the man, when he received a blow on the back of the head, which would have felled him to the floor if he had not grasped the counter. It was now evident that there were two burglars, and Denham, although somewhat confused by the blow he had received, determined to capture the one remaining in the store if possible. For some time not a sound was heard. Everything was wrapped in darkness, a patch of moonlight that came through the broken door and shone on the floor being all the light that could be seen. Presently the clerk heard a man stealing from near the stair door toward the front door. He had gone but a few steps when he ran against a stove that stood between the counter and the door. By this time Denham had recovered from the effects of the blow, and when the burglar fell against the stove the clerk sprang upon him. He seized him by the throat, and struck him with all his strength a blow with his revolver in the face. The burglar at once grappled with him, and in such a manner that he could not use his weapon.

After a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, lasting a minute or so, Denham succeeded in tripping the burglar, and throwing him heavily to the floor. The clerk found, however, that he had not only a desperate but a powerful man to contend with. He had scarcely been thrown before he turned with Denham, and, getting astride of him, pinned him to the floor. He then rained blows with a billy upon the clerk's face and head. The latter placed his revolver at the burglar's side and fired. The man uttered a cry and threw up his hands. The billy dropped to the floor, and Denham believed he had inflicted a death wound on his antagonist.

The burglar did not relax a muscle, however, but cocked a pistol and exclaimed: "If that's the game we'll end this damned quick!" Denham threw up his hand and struck the barrel of the pistol just as the weapon was discharged. The ball missed its mark, but the ball entered Denham's hand at the middle finger, and tore a passage through to the middle part of the wrist. The burglar's pistol was only a single-barreled one, and he flung it away. He then attempted to wrench Denham's revolver away from him. The clerk, after discharging it once more without effect, threw it from him, and it fell on the opposite side of the store. Denham, seeing that he was now entirely at the mercy of the burglar, began to shout for help. He felt himself growing weak from loss of blood and exhaustion.

His antagonist then drew a knife and buried it to the hilt in the fleshy part of the young man's shoulder, and twice in his breast. Not satisfied with his work, he then deliberately plunged the knife into Denham's side. It entered only a quarter of an inch below the heart, and struck a rib, which turned it from its deadly course. The burglar thought, no doubt, that he had accomplished his purpose, for he kicked Denham several times in the ribs. From that time until daylight Denham was unconscious. When he recovered his senses he was so weak that he could scarcely move. After a time he managed to drag himself to the Morsston Hotel, and succeeded in arousing the landlord, who summoned a physician at once. Denham told the above story, and soon afterward became delirious, in which condition he was at last accounts, and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*New York Sun.*

Preserving Meat.

As warm weather has come at last, the following, by a writer in the New York *Times*, will prove both seasonable and serviceable:

There is no good reason why farmers and their families should eat so much salt pork, leaving all the fresh meat to the inhabitants of cities and villages, when the following method will keep meat fresh for weeks even in the warmest weather. I have tried it for several years. As soon as the animal heat is out of the meat, slice it up ready for cooking. Prepare a large jar by scalding it well with hot salt and water. Mix salt and pulverized saltpeter. Cover the bottom of the jar with a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Put down a layer of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper the same as if it was just going to the table, and continue in this manner until the jar is full. Fold a cloth or towel and wet it in strong salt and water in which a little of the saltpeter is dissolved. Press the cloth closely over the meat and set it in a cool place. Be sure and press the cloth tightly as each layer is removed, and your meat will keep for months. It is a good plan to let the meat remain over night, after it is sliced, before packing. Then drain off all the blood that oozes from it. It will be necessary to change the cloth occasionally, or take it off and wash it first in cold water, then scald in salt and water as at first. In this way farmers can have fresh meat all the year round. I have kept beef that was killed the 12th of February till the 21st of June. Then I packed a large jar of veal in the same way during the dog days, and it kept six weeks. This recipe alone is worth the price of any newspaper in the land.

The Charlie Ross Mystery.

The case of little Charlie Ross is dying out of men's memories and the detectives of New York and Philadelphia are a miserable set of incompetents, if not worse. At one time, without a doubt, the New York men had the clue in their hands, but their intense greed to pocket the lions' share of the reward and cheat the abductors, procured the murder of the child by one of the villains afterwards shot at Bay Ridge. That Walling had the clue among others, is established by the known fact that Douglass, shot by Van Brunts, testified in his dying moments, "Walling knows about it." But Walling was too late. The chief villain had not trusted the policemen and had—as the *Republican* predicted on the day after those men were killed—sunk the body in the waters of Long Island. Walling declared he would have the child in the father's arms in twenty-four hours. He depended on Mosher's wife "squealing," but she did not, and indeed it is very doubtful if she was in the full confidence of her cut-throat husband at any time. Possibly Douglass, being a minor scoundrel, was not in Mosher's confidence either, and when Mosher's life poured out that night the secret went to hell with him.—*St. Louis Republican.*

FINANCE AND TRADE.

Weekly Review of the Chicago Market.

FINANCIAL.

The money market was more active but there was no change worthy of note, the supply of loanable funds being ample. Rate 7@10 per cent. Bonds firm and steady.

	Buying.	*Selling.*
U. S. 6's of '81	126	126¼
U. S. 5-20's of '62 (ex. int.)	117¾	118
U. S. 5-20's of '64 (ex. int.)	118¾	118¾
U. S. 5-20's of '65 (ex. int.)	122	122¼
U. S. 5-20's of '65 January and July	123¾	123¾
U. S. 5-20's of '67 January and July	125¼	125¾
U. S. 5-20's of '68 January and July	124¾	125
U. S. 10-40's	119	119¼
U. S. new 5's of '81 (ex. int.)	117¾	118
U. S. currency 6's	122½	122¾
Gold (full weight)	116¾	117¼
Gold exchange	116⅞	117¾

BREADSTUFFS.

The grain markets attracted considerable attention from speculators and operators generally, and quite an extensive business was transacted. The movement has been mainly on local speculative account, and the governing influences were therefore mainly of a local speculative character. The short interest generally looked for a decline in values, and were therefore indifferent about buying, while holders were generally anxious to realize, and there was a pressure to sell. Wheat closed higher for cash and June, under the influence of some demand for shipment, but the July option closed lower. Corn declined fully 4c per bu, with fine weather for the growing crop, and a rapid increase in the stock in store. The market, however, closed a shade firmer. Oats were decidedly weak and easy, declining about 6@7c for June and July delivery; receipts increasing and crop reports favorable. Rye was 3c lower, and barley 15@20c per bu off.

The following table shows the prices current at the opening and close of the past week:

	Opening.	*Closing.*
No. 2, sp'g wheat, cash	$ .97¾@ .98¼	@$ .99
No. 2, seller June	.97½@ .98	.99
No. 2, seller July	.99½@1.00	.99½
No. 2 seller August	.99¾@1.01	1.00½
No. 3 corn, cash	.69¾@ .69¾	.67 @ .67½
No. 2 corn, seller June	.69¾@ .69¾	.67 @ .67¼
No. 2 corn, seller July	.70¼@ .70½	.67¾@ .67¾
No. 2 corn, s. August	.71¾@ .72¼	.69¾
No. 2 oats, cash	.57 @ .58	.51¼@ .51½
No. 2 oats, seller June	.57 @ .58	.51¼@ .51¾
No. 2 oats, seller July	.54 @ .55	.49¾
No. 2 oats, s. August	.40½@ .41	.39
No. 2 rye, cash	.93	.90
No. 2 barley, cash	1.35 @1.40	1.20
No. 2 barley, s. Sept	1.05 @1.07	.98

PROVISIONS.

There was a moderate speculative demand in this market during the past week, and this, coupled with more encouraging advices from Eastern and European markets, caused a steadier feeling to prevail, and although no particular advance was established, prices ruled very firm. The shipping inquiry was also fair, and the movement for the week shows a fair distribution of the various articles—a good portion of which was winter product. Cash mess pork closed quiet but firm at $19.25, seller July closed firm at $19.10@19.25, and seller August at $19.40@19.42½. Cash lard quiet but firm at $13.25; seller July in moderate request, and closed at $13.30; seller August closed steady at $13.42½@13.45.

PRODUCE.

There was no particular change exhibited in the price of butter, but a less active movement was noticeable and rather an unsettled feeling prevailed. The receipts were only fair and the quality of butter received was quite good. Quotable at 20@22c for extra, 17@20c for firsts, 14@17c for seconds, 13@15c for thirds, and 11@12c for inferior stocks. Beans were quiet, but former prices were maintained and the market ruled quite quiet. Eastern mediums sold at $1.90 for prime, and Western were quotable at $1.90@1.85, according to quality. There was more doing in broom corn and prices ruled firm. Quotable at 11½@14c for No. 1 to extra hurl, 11@13c for good to choice stalk braid. Beeswax dull at 28@30c per lb for good to prime yellow. Cheese was active and firmer. Sold at 9@10c for prime new in lots, and 10@11c in a retail way. There was nothing of consequence done in cider, and prices were nominal at $4.75@5.00 per bbl. Dried fruits were dull, and prices for apples were easier, while the other kinds remain unchanged. Quotable at 7@8c for Michigan and New York apples; $1½@8½c for halves peaches, and 15@16c for blackberries. Dried peas nominal at $2@2.15 for choice green. Feathers were slow at 48@52c for prime live geese, and 20@35c for turkey tail feathers. Hay was quiet and easy; closed at $16@19.00 for No. 2 to prime timothy; $12@16.00 for No. 2 to prime prairie. Hides were dull at 8c for green salted, and about 14@15c for calf. There was no sale for honey, and prices were weak at 18@22c per lb for comb, according to quality. Hops were also very quiet; quotable at 20@30c per lb from first hands for fair to choice. Eggs were weak and easier; the market closed at 14@15c, the outside being for warranted fresh in carriers. Maple sugar was slow sale, and prices were about nominal at 7½@8c per lb for pure new. There was a fair local trade in old potatoes at 90c@$1 for Eastern peachblows from store, and about 85c in lots; Western sold at 80@90c, according to quality. New potatoes were in larger supply, and prices were lower. The market closed at $4.00@4.50 for choice, and some common sold at $3.00@3.50. Tomatoes were in fair supply, and prices ruled steady at $1.25 for ¾-bu boxes, and $3.00 for 1-bu boxes. Vegetables were in good supply, but nearly all of the Southern arrivals were in poor order, and sales were slow at irregular prices. Veal was a trifle firmer, which was due mainly to lighter receipts. The arrivals of strawberries during the week were the largest of the season, and prices ruled considerably lower. The market closed at about 90c@$1.25 for fair to choice Michigan in 16-quart cases, but some extra were held above these figures. There was a moderate demand for light fleeces of wool, but heavy was dull and slow sale. Quotable at 38@43c for coarse to fine good conditioned washed, 25@32c for the same unwashed, and 40@48c for poor to prime tub washed.

SEEDS AND HIGHWINES.

Seeds were neglected and the business transacted was exceedingly light. For small lots of timothy there was no demand and prices weak, while for round lots full former prices were paid. Quotable at $2.35@2.45 for common to good, and $2.50@2.60 for prime. Clover was in demand, and $6.50 was bid for prime, but holders generally asked $6.75, and the market was inactive. Flax sold at $1.60 for good crushing. Receivers found it very difficult to make sales of Hungarian, while dealers reported a fair trade at unchanged prices. Quotable at $1.60@1.65. Light sales of millet were made at $1.75@3.00 for prime. Buckwheat was very dull, and by the close of the week holders found it impossible to dispose of small lots; closed at about $1.00 for prime. Highwines, although very quiet, were steady and firm, the market closing at about $1.16.

COOPERAGE, LUMBER AND WOOD.

There was but little business transacted in the cooperage market during the week, but as there was only a moderate amount offered on sale former prices were maintained. Quotable at $1.12@1.15 for pork barrels, $1.35@1.45 for lard tierces, $1.90@2.10 for whisky barrels and 45@55c for flour barrels. In lumber the movement was rather light until towards the close of the week, when under an increased demand, trade was quite brisk and prices ruled steady, and firm. Quotable at $7.75@8.00 for joist and scantling, $8.25@14.00 for strips and boards, $2.25@2.65 for shingles and 8@14c for cedar posts. Wood remains inactive and nominal at $8.00 per cord for hickory, $7.00 for maple, $6.00 for beech and $4.00 for slabs in the yards.

Telegraphic Market Reports.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	9 @	11
HOGS—Dressed	9 @	10
COTTON	15½@	16¼
FLOUR—Superfine Western	4 50 @	4 80
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 13 @	1 14
No. 1 Spring	1 19 @	1 21
CORN	78 @	80
OATS	62 @	64
RYE	90 @	94
PORK—New Mess	20 25 @	20 50
LARD—Steam	13½@	13¾
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 30 @	1 32
CORN—No. 2 New	63 @	65
OATS—No. 2	53 @	54
RYE—No. 2	93 @	96
PORK—Mess	20 00 @	20 25
LARD	11 @	12
HOGS	6 25 @	6 50
CATTLE	4 25 @	6 25
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 04 @	1 06
No. 2	1 01 @	1 03
CORN—No. 2	65 @	67
OATS—No. 2	.. @	52
RYE	93 @	95
BARLEY—No. 2	1 02 @	1 04
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT—Red	1 18 @	1 23
CORN—New	66 @	69
OATS	55 @	58
RYE	1 02 @	1 04
PORK—Mess	19 75 @	20 00
LARD	13 @	14
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Extra	1 29 @	1 31
Amber	1 25 @	1 27
CORN—New	72 @	74
OATS	56 @	58
DETROIT.		
WHEAT—Extra	.. @	1 27
Amber	.. @	1 23
CORN	64 @	68
OATS	51 @	53
CLEVELAND.		
WHEAT—No. 1 Red	1 22 @	1 24
No. 2 Red	1 17 @	1 19
CORN	69 @	71
OATS	55 @	57

A COMPROMISE.—A fellow in Kentucky ran away with a farmer's daughter and horse, and was hotly pursued. The farmer got within close range, and flourished a revolver. "Don't shoot, for Heaven's sake!" shouted the lover. "I won't," was the reply, "'cause I'm afeared I'll hit ther hoss. Just leave ther hoss and take ther gall." That compromise was accepted by the young folks who walked on to a preacher's house, and the father rode home on his horse.

How to make money go as far as possible—Give it to foreign missions.

IT was an ancient custom of the Spartans, in order to inculcate among their youth an abhorrence of intemperance and its kindred vices, to make their slaves drunk with wine in the public market-places, so that the rising generation, upon whom would some day devolve the honor and safety of the Lacedemonian Republic, might see before them all the ghastly details of the drunkard's disgrace, his loss of reason, and of physical strength. 'Twere well, perhaps, to-day, could some of our young men contemplate a similar instructive lesson drawn from the life,