## GLEANINGS FROM THE MUSE.

### THE EVENING TIME.

Together we walked in the evening time,
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear.
Oh! it was sweet in the evening time!

And our pathway went through fields of wheat,
Narrow that path and rough the way,
But he was near, and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.
O! it was sweet in the evening time!

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessed days to be;
Close to his arms and closer I prest—
The corn-field path was Eden to me.
O! it was sweet in the evening time!

Grayer the light grew and grayer still,
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade,
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.
O! it was sweet in the evening time!

And the latest gleams of daylight died;
My hand in his enfolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower, wound the way.
O! it was sweet in the evening time!

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the fields of life
Close as we walk through the fields of wheat."
—*Good Words.*

## OUR STORY TELLER.

### A LITTLE MISTAKE.

BY ANNIE S. FROST.

To say Harvey Frothingham was in a bad temper, was to put the mildest form to express the savage mood in which he found himself on one winter's evening as he shot through the main street of the town of L—— on his way homeward. Everything had gone contrary to his wishes all the week.

To commence with, he had fallen in love with Josephine Ormund, whose pretty face was her only fortune, and who worked for her daily bread in a paper box factory. Entirely ignoring the fact that Harvey Frothingham was a man of standing and wealth in L——, pretty Josie allowed the minor facts that he was insultingly free in his addresses to influence her so strongly, and then her dignified reserve taught him the lesson he needed, that when he sought her for his wife she refused the honor.

"As if, by Jove," the angry man meditated, "I was only a hod carrier."

To add to his discomfiture, the heiress, Miss Maude Chesterton, whom he had held in reserve that his ambition might win a wife, if his love would not, had coolly informed him that she was engaged to Fred Holman.

Now, if there was any man above another who was utterly detestable in the eyes of Harvey Frothingham, it was Fred Holman. They had been rivals at school, where both stood well in talent, application, and social position, and Fred was even a little in advance in every study, carrying away the contested prizes far more frequently than it suited Harvey he should.

In society, Fred's handsome face, ready wit, courteous manners, and frank, sunny temper kept him ever in higher favor than Harvey Frothingham's sullen cold disposition could ever gain. And now, when Maude had been ever gracious to the son of the wealthy banker, Silas Frothingham, she answered his love suit by the tidings that his life-long rival had her promise to be his bride.

"And the worst of it is, it will be just the match to suit his uncle," muttered Harvey, savagely. "No fear of his disinheriting Fred now."

For Harvey knew that Fred depended upon the good-will of his mother's brother, James Rutherford, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, for his income. He had been left an orphan when a mere boy and his uncle had adopted and educated him, and would probably make him his heir. But the bachelor having long ago put away sentiment, if he ever felt it, looked to Fred to make a match that would increase his fortune and social position. It was the wish of his heart to see Fred the husband of Maude Chesterton, and his wish was to be fulfilled. Harvey Frothingham, at odds with love, would have liked to see his rival refused, disinherited, humbled, as he felt himself humbled, since neither love nor money would accept him.

He strode over the pavement in a savage mood, and started suddenly to see Josephine Ormund coming out of the drug store a few steps ahead of him. In her hand were several packages, and her face was pale and anxious. In a moment Harvey was by her side.

"Let me carry some of your parcels," he said, lifting his hat as he spoke.

"Thank you, I have only a few steps to go," answered Josie, hurrying forward, nervously.

"You need not be afraid of me," Harvey said, noting the nervous manner. "I will not annoy you! Why will you not believe my respect for you is as great Amy love?"

And before he knew exactly where his words were leading him, the young man was renewing the offer he had made before.

Under the doorway of a small tenement house Josie stopped and faced him.

"You have spoken so before, Mr. Frothingham," she said, gently, "and because I think you are sincere I will tell you what I have kept a secret for six months, I am already married!"

"Josie, hurry. Why do you stand there?" cried a voice in the narrow hallway, and a man stepped into the bar of light thrown across the open door by the street lamp.

"Fred Holman!" muttered Harvey, starting forward. "Married! and to Fred Holman!"

It almost consoled him in his disappointment to think of the hold he had on his rival. Engaged to Maude Chesterton, and married to Josie Ormund! Fancy the proud face when she knew she had been deceived for a girl who worked in a factory. And sweeter still was it to Harvey Frothingham to think of the rage of James Rutherford when the news reached him.

But in his triumph Harvey Frothingham resolved to be very cautious, to have strong proof of his rival's marriage before venturing to accuse him to either his uncle or betrothed. He noticed the number of the house, in the glare of the street lamp: No. 28, Ralph Street. This was the entry he made in his notebook, in case his memory proved treacherous. It seemed to him that fortune favored his plans.

Only the next day, happening to go into a large fruit and flower store, he saw Fred Holman selecting the contents of a large fancy basket of choicest fruits and rarest blossoms. Nodding carelessly to Harvey, he wrote the address upon a card, and attached it to the pretty basket.

Harvey, taking the place Fred had just vacated, read the card:

"Mrs. F. Holman, No 28, Ralph Street."

What proof was needed now? It was not in the nature of Harvey Frothingham to work openly in any scheme. A blow in the dark suited him better. Feeling sure of his position now, he hurried homeward to write two anonymous letters, that would, he fondly hoped, disinherit and utterly confound his so long successful rival.

One of these venomous missives found Maude Chesterton in her pretty boudoir, trifling with some embroidery, and dreaming sweet dreams of her love and Fred Holman's devotion.

She was a handsome, dignified girl of nineteen, full of womanly sweetness, unspoiled by her great wealth. She loved him with the whole strength of her young heart, and she was sure that her love was returned. With the divine intuition of true love, she knew that were she beggared or deformed Fred would love her still the same. Not for the money had he sought her for his wife, not even to please his uncle. He loved her.

The dainty work under the slender fingers progressed but slowly, as Maude lay back in her deep arm-chair, looking into the glowing grate-fire, and building castles of future happiness. From this tender revery she was aroused by the servant who handed her a squarely folded letter, awkwardly addressed, and fastened with a wafer.

Wondering who her unknown correspondent could be, she opened the paper. The same straggling handwriting met her eye. Only a few lines were written.

"If you would have proof of the falsehood of one you believe true, go at eight o'clock, this evening, to the second floor of No. 28 Ralph Street, and you will find Mr. Frederick Holman and his wife."

"Anonymous!" the proud girl said, her lips curling and her eyes flashing. "The liar!"

She threw the note upon the coals as she spoke, and watched the flames curl and blacken the paper, till it flashed out of sight up the chimney. Then with the color stricken from her face, she took up her embroidery.

Had Harvey watched her then he would have thought that the poisoned arrow had missed its aim. But it was not so. The work was thrown aside the piano rang out under the restless fingers, a novel was opened, a room was put in order, but while the calm face betrayed no secret suffering, the girl was tortured all day by the words of the anonymous note: "Frederick Holman and his wife!"

Could it be? Had the frank, brown eyes that had looked so lovingly into hers mirrored only a false heart? Was she, indeed, so far deceived?

Long before eight o'clock Maude Chesterton had resolved to prove or falsify the words that seemed burned upon her brain. Surely of all the world she had the best right to test the truth of such a monstrous charge against her betrothed husband. And while she was striving to hide from her eyes the torture she endured, James Rutherford was storming up and down his library, holding the second of Harvey Frothingham's communications in his hand. In the same awkward handwriting the same facts were stated, the same hour and place appointed to verify the writer's words.

But the peppery old bachelor made no secret of his wrath. To have listened to him one would have supposed that making mincemeat of the disobedient nephew was the least he intended. He called him all the pet names suggested by a furious rage; he used up all the abusive adjectives in the dictionary to describe Mr. Frederick Holman. He exhausted every threat that fury could devise, and long before eight o'clock he had wrought himself to a rage that was frightful to witness.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction that Harvey Frothingham, secretly hid in a courtway, watched a tall, stately figure leave a carriage at the head of Ralph Street and walk to the door of 28. In the quiet of the street he heard a clear voice ask the servent who opened the door,—

"Does Mr. Holman live here?"

"Yes, ma'am; second floor.

"Is her husband at home?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; you'll find them both there."

Then Maude Chesterton entered the house just as a short, panting man dashed up the steps, and not pausing to make inquiry, also entered.

In the hallway Maude Chesterton, turning, as rapid footsteps followed her, faced James Rutherford.

"You here!" he said. "You have heard, too, then of the trick this ungrateful hound has played upon us?"

"I have heard," she answered, in a cold voice, "that your nephew's wife lives in this house. I wish to ascertain if it is true."

"We will soon see! We will soon see! Second floor. Here we are. Now then."

The old gentleman's raps proved the excitement under which he was laboring. A very pale, sweet woman opened the door, her eyes showing that she had been weeping very recently.

"Does Mrs. Holman live here?" the old gentleman asked.

"That is my name, sir."

"Can I see your husband?"

The soft eyes, full of deep trouble, were lifted.

"Is it on business, sir?'

"Very important business," was the rather dry response.

"Because the doctor said to-day, he must not have any mental excitement. He is very much worse to-day. I—I am afraid he is dying."

The sobs broke out again.

"Dying!"

Maude Chesterton reeled into the room and sank dizzily upon a chair. James Rutherford, with a face as white as death, said, huskily,—

"Dying! An accident?"

"No sir; it is a fever from overwork."

"Fever! Overwork!"

"Josie, Josie!"

If ever Fred Holman spoke, he spoke then from an inner room, and the little wife seeming to forget her strange visitors, answered, quickly,—

"I'm coming, Fred."

She went at once to the room from which the voice came, and again the two, listening intently, heard Fred's voice:

"Bring the last cordial, Josie. Ten drops! I am sure he knew me, but he is faint."

A moment later the same cheery voice spoke once more.

"Drink this old, fellow. So! See, here is Josie. Don't you know Josie?"

Then another voice—oh, so very faint—said,—

"Josie! Little wife."

A moment of utter silence followed, and then Josie said:

"There is a gentleman and lady in the other room, Fred, who want to see Frank: will you see them, please?"

Fred, appearing in compliance with this request, found his uncle vigorously fanning Maude Chesterton with a newspaper to bring her out of a fainting fit. Before he could frame a question, his uncle said:

"Bring me some water!"

He obeyed. Then, as Maude's blue eyes opened with a bewildered stare, the old gentleman continued,—

"We were sent here to see your domestic felicity, and we seem to have been misinformed.

"My domestic felicity!" cried Fred.

"Read that!" said his uncle, handing him the anonymous note.

Fred complied.

"H'm, yes," he said. "So you came to see Mrs. Frederick Holman. Well, that lady has made me a happy man," and his eyes flashed merrily upon Maude. "But I will introduce you to my cousin's wife, Mrs. Frank Holman. Maude," he continued, with gentle gravity, "since you have come here, it will be an act of Christian charity to remain, for," and his voice sank very low, "we are afraid the poor little woman will be a widow before morning."

"Poor fellow!" said James Rutherford. "What is the trouble?"

"Overwork! He thought he could increase a small salary by toiling over fine engravings in the evening, and he broke down. I never knew of his marriage till last week, when he wrote me a painful note begging me to care for his wife if he died. I came here at once and was fortunate enough to win poor little Josie's sisterly confidence and affection. Maude, if the great trouble we fear comes—"

"I will be hre true sister, Fred!" -interrupted Maude.

There was a deep silence of several minutes; then Josie, very pale and still, crept softly into the room.

"He is asleep!" she whispered; "the doctor said if he slept he would live!"

And when she broke into hysterical weeping, Maude held her close in her loving arms, whispering that she must let her stay and comfort her for Fred's sake.

Nearly eleven o'clock came, and still Harvey Frothingham waited, half frozen, in the dark courtway, to see the discomfiture of his rival. Then his patience was rewarded by seeing Fred and his uncle come out of 28, arm-in-arm, evidently the best of friends, and enter Miss Chesterton's carriage and drive away.

Not until the evening of the wedding, when he saw Josie an honored guest, and was introduced to Mr. Frank Holman, did Harvey Frothingham understand the little mistake he had made.

### The Lightning Tamer.

[Philadelphia Record.]

"That man Edison is a curiosity in the electric world," observed an old telegraphic newspaper agent a few days ago as he was engaged in a discussion of the new telephone described in the *Record*. "Invention to him is like music to 'Blind Tom'—an inspiration. There is no new idea that can be given him but he can suggest an improvement, which will perfect it. He is the inventor of the celebrated duplex and quadruplex system of telegraphy by which one wire may be made to serve the purpose of two or four wires, the greatest practical economical project that has yet been devised. He is an exemplification of how a man's apparent ill-luck may turn out to his actual benefit.

"I first met him in New York over ten years ago, and if I'd had the gumption to invest five hundred dollars in him I might have been a rich man, a 'blarsted bondholder,' rolling in wealth. He was introduced to me at the National Hotel, on Cortlandt Street, which the operators then generally made their headquarters, as a telegrapher who had just been discharged by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Imagine a tall, lanky, shabbily-dressed, light-haired young man, with broken shoes and a dilapidated soft hat—for all the world a specimen of Horace Greeley in his early days—and you have a pen picture of the man who was destined to create such a revolution in the scientific world.

"'They turned me out because they said I was lazy,' he remarked; 'they said I didn't earn my salt at the key, when all the time General Lefferts was keeping me in the experimental room getting up inventions and improvements, which they were appropriating without credit or reward. I guess some day they'll be sorry for it.' And then he sat down and explained to me a few points of his improvements.

"Some observations I dropped about the telegraph being still in its infancy led him on gradually to expatiate on its future developments, which sounded like the dream of a visionary. To him there was no boundary to its vastness. At the same time there was such an undercurrent of sound common sense to everything he said that he impressed me greatly, and if I had not had my means engaged in developing a telegraphic news agency I would have been disposed to go in with him to aid in carrying out his projects.

"Soon Edison burst out as a star of the first magnitude. He invented the duplex system about which there is such a deadly contest in the courts now between the rival telegraph companies. It involved the fate of one of them, and it gave him an opportunity to give his first blow of revenge at the company who so summarily dismissed him. It was placed on the Franklin line between Boston and New York; and when it was first announced that messages could be sent and received over one wire even the best electricians scouted the idea, but it soon became too practical not to be acknowledged.

"Then the opposition telegraph company, being poor, tried to get ahead of Edison on a share in the benefits they received from it. 'If they try that game I'll invent something better that'll beat that,' coolly remarked Edison; 'and, if I get beaten on my quadruplex, I'll beat them if I have to run a hundred instruments on one wire. And I actually believe he could, if he was forced to do it. Possibly he has the wherewith already stored away in some portion of his brain, where he has inconceivable ideas of inventions pigeon-holed.

"The success of his inventions soon made his name famous all over the world, and he started an experimental establishment in Newark. Here he conceives and develops ideas. There is no invention in electricity that he can't improve on and change its crude condition into practical use. The automatic telegraph system wouldn't work to any satisfaction until Edison put the finishing touch upon it. It took the inventor years to accomplish what he alone could make practical in a few weeks. And when this telephone was announced, I knew it would never be complete until Edison took a hand in it.

"The public owe the present cheapness of telegraphy all to this young man, and if his life and genius are spared electricity, guided by his inspirations, is likely to serve many greater uses yet. Edison is its tamer."

### Strange Railway Accident.

Not long since an accident occurred to an express train on the South-eastern Line, England. A passenger in the second carriage from the engine states that all went well until they arrived within a few miles of Minster, when, the train traveling steadily at express speed of about forty miles an hour, the faintest shock was felt by those in the foremost carriages, a slight crash heard, and stones and dust began to fly up around the carriage. On looking out of the window, he saw that a horse was being dragged along by the engine; its hind-quarters were on the ground, the hind legs on either side of the front left wheel, and the rest of the body was being held up by the engine, and being thrust forward in some strange way. The train was gradually brought to a stand-still, and upon going to the engine he found the body of a large, powerful black cart-horse, with the left buffer of the engine driven right into the body, and holding it up apparently at the junction of the lower ribe of the spine. In this attitude the body had been carried by the engine for about a quarter of a mile. It seems that a man was passing over a level field, crossing with a wagon and two horses, when suddenly round a sharp and closely adjacent curve the express train swept upon them; he escaped, but the left buffer of the engine struck the shaft-horse, impaled it, and carried it off in the manner described; the right buffer caught the other horse on the flank, killing it instantly, and threw it off the line; the corner of the wagon came in contact with the first carriage of the train, broke one of the panels, and was hurled off the line. It was the opinion of the engine-driver that if the horse, being hit so full by the engine, had not been impaled and carried forward in the way described, or if it had dropped from the buffer on to the line before the train had stopped, the engine would, in all probability, have been thrown off the track.

THE President sent the following letter to Mr. Conrad Ellery, of Newport, R. I., at whose request he rested under a satin bedquilt during his visit to that State: "I write to thank you for the honor of sleeping under the beautiful historic quilt once used by Washington in Newport many years ago. The quilt, the cordial welcome of the good people of Rhode Island, the many pleasant surroundings, all combined to secure sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. Accept my thanks, and believe me your friend sincerely."

GREEN fruit is in the market, and a smile goes round the undertaker's mouth.

## TOPICS FOR FARMERS.

**Wheat Cultivation.**—If wheat shall ever again take a prominent position in our native husbandry, we are convinced it must be through its treatment as a cultivated crop. When planted in drills, and thoroughly worked between with a horse implement in the spring, we would anticipate an increased yield, brought about through the influence of space and root-pruning. We but mention this matter in this place on account of its importance.

**Broken Bones and Bone Dust.**—It so happened, says the Ontario *Herald*, that there was a quantity of "broken or half-inch bones," as we termed them in the Old Country, sold in Guelph last summer for bone dust. Those who purchased did not know that half-inch bones would have to lie in the ground at least a twelve-month or more before any direct benefit would accrue therefrom to a crop; and one farmer in particular, in my presence, was furious, denouncing the whole thing as a humbug, and the seller thereof too; because when he used the bone dust, as he supposed, his turnips were not as large as those that had no aid from the supposed bone dust. Said he: "I could na' sae ony deference a'tween 'em, and its a' foolen." Now this trouble arose from the ignorance of both seller and buyer. The one thought he was selling bone dust, the other thought he was buying it. Had the several growers of turnips used the real dust instead of broken bone (the one being ground, the other not) they would, provided they applied a proper quantity with good quality, as an auxiliary to the manure, have found without doubt a large increase in the turnip crops, as the dust is profitable to any crop the first year it is applied—especially so to the turnips; and nothing that I know of, with the exception of superphosphates of lime, will stimulate and hurry the young plants out of the way of the fly so fast.

**Cultivation of Corn.**—A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, in writing of the cultivation of corn, says: June is the month for cultivating our crops, and on this process, very much depends. Whether the hand-hoe or the horse implement is used, depends on the habits of the individual, and his facilities; but the work to be accomplished rests on other circumstances than those of the individual. Thus the nature of the corn crop requires that the cultivation should be deep as possible and close to the plants as may be, before the bloom. After the bloom, the ground wants to be disturbed as little as possible, so that the growth of the plant may not be interfered with unnecessarily through the cutting or breaking of the roots. Hence a horse-hoe is capable of more efficient work than the hand-hoe, at the first stages of the crop, or up to the time of bloom, and its use means increase of crop. Let us investigate the reasons which underlie this advice.

If a stalk of corn be taken, just before the appearance of the tassel or flowing stalk, and a cross cut made at each joint, a small ear of corn will be seen at each cut, and if carefully dissected, it will be seen to be perfect in all its parts. If now, another stalk be taken, a little further advanced, so that the tassel may be readily seen, and the same cuts now made, we shall find no appearance of an embryo at the lower joints, but shall find some at the upper. A third stalk taken when the tassel is in readiness to bloom, will show the ears which are to be developed into the crop, but no others.

This observation, which was repeatedly verified last year in various fields of corn, and explained and demonstrated to many individuals, can receive only the following interpretation: Nature has made provision for an ear of corn at each joint of the stalk; but as the stalk develops, from some unknown reason, the major number of these embryo ears are absorbed into the plant, and but one, or occasionally more, are developed.

Now, if through human interference, these embryo ears are to be developed into crop, the requisite action must take place before the absorption takes place, in which these ears are present in the plant to be developed. Theory indicates that a check to the vegetative luxuriance of this period, would have an influence in promoting the prolificacy. Experiment has shown that root-pruning the plant does check the growth for a short season, does prevent in a measure the absorption of these ears, and does therefore increase the crop. Hence deep and close cultivation which root-prunes, and which is applied before the absorption of these ears in embryo has taken place, must be beneficial.

This root-pruning idea, originating with ourselves, is receiving development in the articles entitled, "A New Theory of Tillage," and we shall not, therefore, develop it more fully here; but will only say that last year we obtained twenty-three ears of corn from one kernel of corn planted, and also a large increase from a small area of a field treated comparatively. Unfortunately, the excessive drought of last season prevented us from experimenting on a large scale, and in an excessive and exclusive manner, as we desired. Yet our garden experiments, and house results, were of sufficient promise to carry with them a conviction that we were working on an untried and important subject of the most promising character for practical application.

## DOMESTIC HINTS.

**Fan's Cake.**—Two cupfuls flour, one and one-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful cream, salt, four eggs, cream tartar, soda.

**For Rheumatism.**—Take one or two strong doses of rhubarb. A single dose of from one to two fluid ounces of the best tincture has been found to be quite efficacious.

**Cold in the Head.**—This can be cured at once, if taken care of at the very beginning. Dissolve a tablespoonful of borax in a pint of hot water; let it stand until it becomes tepid; snuff some up the nostrils two or three times during the day, or use the dry powdered borax like snuff, taking a pinch as often as required. At night have handkerchief saturated with spirits of camphor, place it near the nostrils, so as to inhale the fumes while sleeping.

**Baked Sweetbreads.**—Choose large, white sweetbreads; put them into warm water to draw out the blood and improve their color; let them remain for rather more than one hour; then put them into boiling water and allow them to simmer about ten minutes, which renders them firm; take them up, drain them, brush them over with egg, and sprinkle with breadcrumbs; dip in the egg again, then in breadcrumbs; drop on them a little oiled butter, and put the sweetbreads into it moderately, and let them bake nearly three-fourths of an hour; make three pieces of toast, place the sweetbreads on them, and pour over and around them a good brown gravy.

## HOME AND FARM BREVITIES.

**A nice,** soft dishcloth can be made of candle-wicking loosely knit or crocheted on large afghan needles.

**If** white straw matting is washed twice during the summer in salt water—a pint of salt to half a pailful of warm, soft water—and dried quickly with a soft cloth, it will be long before it will turn yellow.

**Millions** of millions of grasshoppers are said to be hatching out in the Black Hills. They may soon take to their wings and visit the farmers of Nebraska and Minnesota. Killing the home-hatched crop is, in no wise, a safeguard against visits from other localities, and therein lies the danger to which Western farmers will ever be exposed.

**Tobacco** stalks, from the amount of potash they contain, form one of the best manures for potatoes. They can be laid long in your furrows, or can be cut up if you like to take the trouble. They are also excellent to spread over grass land in the fall, but they will have to be raked off in the spring, leaving, however, visible proof of their usefulness. They are often composted with the manure heap. Tobacco stalks must be kept under cover or the valuable parts will be leached out.

**It** is argued that it is unnecessary to kill broken-legged horses, and a case in point is stated: Twelve weeks ago the nigh hind leg of Mr. Williams's valuable and favorite mare was broken in Utica by a kick from another horse. The fracture was half way between the fetlock and the gambrel joints, and was complete. A veterinary surgeon undertook to set his leg. A canvas sling was arranged, and the mare suspended in it in such a way that she could occasionally rest her uninjured limbs. The fractured leg was then set, bound with hickory and leather splits, with a heavy leather boot outside all. The mare did well and never missed a meal. After three weeks a plaster of Paris bandage was substituted, and in seven weeks "Nellie" was walking around the stable. There was no sign of the fracture, and it is thought that she will keep her 2:40 gait.

### Not Down in the Bills.

[Virginia City Chronicle.]

At the theater last evening, in order to give general eclat to the scene in which Buffalo Bill scalps Yellow Hand, it was determined to enact it on horseback. Accordingly in the afternoon two very gentle horses were brought on to the stage from Mooney's livery stable and trained to familiarize themselves with the explosion of firearms. In an hour they became so accustomed to it that pistol shots could be fired in rapid succession under their very noses without giving them the slightest concern. When the curtain rose for the grand equestrian scene, Buffalo Bill, mounted on a snow-white charger, galloped across the stage. A moment later Captain Jack (as Yellow Hand) trotted out from the wing, and then the trouble was begun. Bill raised his Henry rifle and began firing, while Jack pulled his revolver, firing one shot in doing so. He fell heavily to the stage, with his foot clinging for a moment to the stirrup. The horse relieved of its rider, rushed about wildly, confused by the sudden fall and continued firing, and at one time ran toward the footlights and seemed about to jump into the auditorium. Captain Jack rose to his feet and limped off the stage, but a moment after made his appearance again in a hand-to-hand encounter with Buffalo Bill. He stood upon one leg with blood streaming down the other, and seemed to be in great pain, all of which was considered by most of the audience to be only a part of the performance. At the sight of the blood, Miss Granville, who was in the box on the right, fainted. The curtain fell abruptly, and all the actors rushed on the stage to see what was the matter. They found Jack hardly able to rise and bleeding from the groin. He was taken to the dressing-room, and physicians were immediately summoned. When his leggings were removed, an ugly wound was found in the left groin, from which the blood was flowing so copiously that the physicians were apprehensive that an artery was severed. The wound was caused by the premature explosion of Jack's revolver, the weapon having been discharged as he was pulling it from the sheath.

### A Remedy for Burns and Scalds.

[Boston Transcript.]

At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Dental Society in Salem, Dr. G. W. Waters, of this city, gave a detailed account of a discovery which he has recently made of a remedy for burns and scalds. It was claimed that the application of bicarbonate of soda, which is the simple cooking soda to be found in all households, or other alkalis in a neutral form, would afford instantaneous cessation of pain from the severest burns or scalds, and that in all cases of mere superficial burning the treatment would effect a cure in the course of a few hours.

At the meeting referred to the practical value of the remedy was demonstrated by a test requiring considerable nerve to put into operation, and still more faith in the efficacy of the novel treatment which was to be illustrated. The doctor dipped the sponge into boiling water and squeezed it over his right wrist, the water flowing almost completly around the arm, and nearly encircling it with a severe scald something like two inches in width. Not content with this, he dipped the sponge a second time, and pressed it closely on the under side of his wrist for thirty seconds. He then applied bicarbonate of soda to the scalded surface, and laid over it a wet cloth, and the intense pain was banished as if by magic. On the next day after this severe test, the scald, with the exception of the part purposely made most severe, was practically healed, only a slight discoloration of the skin showing where the scalding water had flowed—this, too, without a second application of the soda. The flesh on the under side of the wrist had been cooked down to the sweat-glands, and the scald was one which ordinarily would have caused an open and painful wound of long duration. The only treatment of this, however, after the first application of the soda, was to keep the part moist with a wet cloth, and no pain was experienced, and it was but a few days before this severe wound was seen rapidly healing.

### Boss Tweed Still a Wealthy Man.

[A Leading Lawyer in New York Herald.]

I regard Mr. Tweed as one of the richest men in New York. Let him be released and the people will soon find out how they have been deceived in regard to this "poor, broken down old man." He is worth anywhere from six to twelve millions this minute—that is, he can control that amount under various names. His real estate is chiefly in the names of his sons, Richard and William M. Tweed, Jr., or has been by them passed to other parties who "hold" it for them. His personal property in bonds and stocks in this country will foot up over $1,000,000. His investments in foreign stocks will exceed that amount, probably. That scheme for a railway in Spain is not a mere figment of fancy, as has been recently stated in certain newspapers; it is a fact now in active progress of inception. It will be an accomplished reality within six months of Mr. Tweed's release if ever that release takes place. "Even if Mr. Tweed was willing to surrender all his property," said the lawyer, "the persons who now control it temporarily for him would not suffer him to do so. You may rest assured that neither during his life nor after his death will ever a tithe of the money he has taken from the public be returned to it."

A large portion of Mr. Tweed's gains has found its way into the possession of an accomplished lady closely identified with Mr. Tweed's career. This lady is still one of his staunchest friends and most skillful and trusted advisers, and Mr. Tweed never takes any important step without consulting the lady, who is really one of his shrewdest guides. This lady is said to be bitterly opposed to any such thing as a genuine "statement" emanating from Mr. Tweed.

LONDON is, on the whole, the healthiest Capital in the world, its average annual mortality not exceeding twenty-four per one thousand, but in some districts the mortality varies from forty to sixty per one thousand, the increase being the result of filth, foul air and crowding. The population increases at the rate of 40,000 a year.

### The Butter Way.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"And this is the way it was, and it wasn't any other way, and I'm telling the truth or I hope to die, sir," said Sarah O'Shay as she came out. "I had been to the grocery for two pounds of butter, sir, two full pounds of as good butter as ever stepped into the house. I paid the cash for it, sir, and walked out, and as I was hurrying home for fear the butter might get sunstroke, sir, who should I meet but my husband, sir, who hadn't been home for a month, sir. He was very loving, till he found he couldn't get any money from me, and then he said he'd have me arrested for the murder of Queen Victoria, which the same I am as innocent of as that ink-bottle before you, sir."

"Please stop until you get your breath," intetrupted the Court.

"Oh, I know when to stop as well as you can tell me, sir," she rattled on. "I told my husband to clear out from me and never come back till he could put on the red ribbon, and what did he do but grab them two pounds of beautiful butter and jump over the fence, sir? I knew he was going to sell them second-handed or put them in pawn, and I suppose I called out and fainted away and disturbed the peace and the like o' that, sir."

After a brief consultation with the officer in the case, his Honor remarked:

Mrs. Shay, you have made a careful and truthful statement, as I find, and I feel inclined to suspend sentence. However, be careful after this how you carry home two pounds of butter and meet your husband. It is better to go home without butter than to let it be the means of bringing you to some bad end."

"Can I have the pawn-shops searched for them two rolls, sir!" she anxiously asked.

"Yes, and all other shops, but don't speak above a whisper, don't create a riot, and don't faint away."

### The Flight of a Pigeon.

Experiments made by M. M. Laussedat and Gaston Tissandier have shown that a pigeon liberated from a balloon at a height of 7,000, 6,000 or 5,000 metres is paralyzed in flight and falls like an inert mass: if let off successively at heights of 1,000, 800, and 300 metres, it is precipitated toward the earth, describing long spirals. How then (asks M. de Roo in *Science pour Tous*) can it be maintained that the pigeon is guided through space by the sight? for, by a simple calculation, it appears that a pigeon will have to rise—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 785 | metres to see a distance of | | 100 | kilom. |
| 3,143 | " | " | 200 | " |
| 7,076 | " | " | 300 | " |
| 12,586 | " | " | 400 | " |
| 19,688 | " | " | 500 | " |

Now the pigeon which M. Cassiers transported from Chatelherault to Agen would have had to rise 7,000 metres to see Chatelherault from Agen, and we know that in these high regions the pigeon has its faculties paralyzed. Sight will not explain the pigeon's strange faculty of orientation; and we must either credit it with some sense of which we have no idea, or seek the cause in certain atmospheric currents—perhaps in head-currents—which pilot it toward its cote. The birds have probably an excessive atmospheric impressibility of which we have little idea; they can probably distinguish that from the north comes cold, from the south heat, from the east dryness, from the west moisture. Birdcatchers say that their work is in vain when the wind blows from the north, for the birds then conceal themselves in the crops or in the woods.

ERNEST HUTCHENSON is the name of a new musical prodigy who has been astonshing people at Melbourne. He is only five and a half years old, and has to kneel on a high chair in order to reach the keyboard of the piano.

T. H. COOLEY, of Pataskala, Ohio, lost fifty head of sheep by a stroke of lightning.


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### The Markets.

CINCINNATI.—Flour—Patent, $9 50@10; fancy, $7@8 50; family, $6 50@6 63; spring, $7 75@8 25; extra, 6@6 25; superfine, $5@5; low grades, $3 25@$4 25. Rye Flour, $4@4 50. Grain—Wheat, $1 20@1 45. Corn, 48@49c., rye, 47½@49c.; oats, 30@41c. Hay, prime to choice timothy, $8@13. Mess pork, $13 50@14. Lard, 8½@10½c. Cotton, 10½@12½c.

LOUISVILLE.—Flour—Extra, $4 50@4 75; extra family, $5 50@6; A No. 1, $6 50@6 75; fancy, $7@7 75. Grain—Wheat, $1 45@1 50. Corn, 44@48c.; rye, 70c.; oats, 42@44c. Hay, $11@12. Mess pork, $14@14 50. Lard, 10½@10½c.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Flour—New process, $10 25@10 75; fancy, $9@9 50; family, $8@8 50; extra, $7@7 50; low grades, $3 50@5. Grain—Wheat, No. 2, $1 30; oats, new, 27@30c.; rye, 50@55c.; corn, 46@48c. Clear rib sides, 7c.; shoulders, 5c. Sugar-cured Hams, 9½@10c. Lard, prime steam, 9@9½c.; prime kettle, 9½@10c. Hogs, $4 70@4 85.

NEW YORK.—Flour—No. 2 and No. 3, $3@4 75; superfine State and Western State, $5 50@5 85; common to good Western and State, $6 25@6 65; good to choice Western State, $6 30@6 50; common to choice white wheat Western, $6 55@6 75; fancy white wheat Western extra, $6 80@8 25; common to good extra Ohio, $6@8 25; common to choice St. Louis, $6@10 25; Minnesota patent process, extra good to prime, and choice to double extra, $5 25@10 75. Rye Flour, $4 75@5 25. Grain—Wheat, $1 10@1 43; rye, 74@78c.; corn, 57@62c.; oats, 42@55c. Mess pork, new, $14 40@14 50. Lard, prime steam, old, 9½c.; new, 9¼@9½c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Flour—Western superfine, $6; Western extras; $7; Minnesota extra, family, $7 75@9; Pennsylvania extra family, $8 25@9; high grades, $9@10 50. Grain—Wheat, Pennsylvania red, $1 95@2 05; Pennsylvania amber, $2 05@2 10; white Western, $2 10@2 15; Rye, 70@80c. Corn, yellow Western, 63@63½c.; mixed, 62c. Oats, white Western, 39@40c.; mixed Western, 36@38c.; Pennsylvania white, 39c. Petroleum, refined, 13½c.; crude, in barrels, 10c.

MEMPHIS.—Flour—Choice family, $9@9 50. Grain—Corn is quiet at 62@65c. in store. Oats are weak at 33@36c. in store. Mess pork is quiet at $15. Lard, tierce, 9¼@10c.; kegs, 10¼@11c. Bacon, shoulders, 6¼c.; clear rib sides, 8c., and clear sides, 8¼c.

STOCK MARKETS.

CINCINNATI.—Cattle—Common to medium, $2 25@4 25; good to choice butchers' grades, $4 50@5 25; fair to good shippers, $5 25@6. Sheep and Lambs—Common to choice sheep, $2 50@4 25; fair to extra lambs, $4@5. Hogs—Common, $4 40@4 75; fair to good light, $4 85@5 05; fair to good packing grades, $4 80@4 95; selected butchers', $5@5 10.

BUFFALO.—Hogs—Good heavy, $5 40. The market for other stock is dull, beef cattle being generally consigned through.

NEW YORK.—Beef Cattle—Sales made of a few selected extra native cattle at 12½c. per lb.; some of the worst at 9½@10c.; the range for ordinary to prime natives was 10½@12½c.; ten car loads of fair Texas cattle, 9¼@9½c. Sheep—Dressed, firm at 6½@7½c. per lb.

EAST LIBERTY, PA.—Beef Cattle—Best Cattle, $6 25@6 50 per 100 lbs.; medium to good, $5 25@6; common to fair, $4 75@5. Hogs—Yorkers, $5 30@5 40 per 100 lbs.; Philadelphia hogs, $5 20@5 50. Sheep were selling at from $4 75@5 40 per 100 lbs.

WOOL.—We give late Boston quotations, the market active. Ohio, medium and extra, 46@48c.; double extra and triple extra, 50@52½c. Michigan and Wisconsin, 43@48c.; combing and delaine fleeces were in demand at 52@55c. for washed and 35@42c. for unwashed, and extra pulled in