The Eaton Democrat.

EATON, : : : : OHIO.

"COLD!"

They say she is cold, but they say what they do not, cannot know,
The very flowers that hang from the girdle of Spring were growing under the snow.

Is the violet cold that it shrinks from the gaze and the touch of the herd?
Is the song of the thrush, though it is not permitted to fondle the bird?

They often love fondest, love surest, who never betray the emotion:
I could tell you of one whom she loves with a passion as deep as the ocean.

It is true that, in words, she has never confessed to the feeling;
Love chooses a daintier way for its choicest and sweetest revealing.

Never once has he touched her lips with his own, never once caressed her hand—
He might kiss and caress to his heart's content would he only understand!

"Cold! Cold!" Did he know all her heart, as they flippantly say it,
He would leap with his might at the falsehood to throttle and stifle and slay it.

Some time he will know what to-day he would barter his life to be knowing—
Not, perhaps, till the roses and daisies above her are budding and blowing.

She may die with the weight of her delicate secret upon her:
Then may God charge His angels to crown her with Heavenly blessing and honor!

So they who were made to be lovers, alas! they are nothing but friends;
He dare not, she will not—behold, for the want of a word how it ends!

Well, the case is, at least, no marvel, the story is common and old:
Mourn over it, sneer at it, which you will, but you *shall not* say she is cold!

—*Anna G. Chester, in Our Continent.*

ROCK CREEK CHURCH.

"It is the last girl I shall send to Europe," said Mr. Brancepeth.

"Very likely," returned his wife, "as it is the only girl you have."

"She has become thoroughly denationalized," continued the father. "She thinks American soil only fit to make mud on overshoes, and American men nothing but clod-hoppers. Her head is full of foreign notions, and she'll marry nothing but a title. She'll have none of my money to carry to a title, let me tell her," said Mr. Brancepeth, putting salt in his coffee. "Where she came by such folly *I* don't know. There has never been anything like it on my side of the house. Your head, to be sure, was a little turned when you first came to Washington, and went to an Executive dinner——"

"Mr. Brancepeth!"

"Well, I must find fault with somebody. To have your only daughter come home a changeling, and not be able to upbraid your wife about it, would be hard. This is the most shocking coffee!"

"Salt doesn't improve coffee."

"Give me a fresh cup. What did you send Thomas out of the room for?"

"Because I had something to say."

"Not fit for his ears. They are long enough."

"You don't feel so very badly if you can be making jests."

"Sorry jesting," said Mr. Brancepeth. "And when Jessie was such a fresh, sweet, innocent beauty."

"She is a fresh, sweet, innocent beauty now," said her indignant mother. "And she will come out all right if you only give her time. To go to Europe and spend a year in a foreign Minister's family, as she has none, receiving the attention belonging to such a position, and known to be an heiress——"

"Known to be an heiress. By heavens! who knows her to be an heiress? I don't. If she carries sail this way I won't leave her a penny."

"It's no use to talk so, father. Everybody knows you are a rich man, and she's your only child. And there's no danger of any one marrying her for money merely, when there's everything to love in her."

"What do these foreigners hanging round here care for love? They think of nothing but money, and let her break her heart afterward, for all they will do to hinder. It makes my blood boil to look at them—musicale here, and cotillon there, and morning calls, and strolls, and sending the coach back empty to walk home from church. Now, Louisa, I tell you plainly she must stop all this, or I'll take the whole kit away from town, and move out on the Colorado ranch, and stay there, and you may tell her so."

"Tell her yourself, father."

"I can't—you know I can't."

"As for your Colorado ranch, there are as many foreigners in Colorado as there are in Washington. And now do be sensible, and listen to reason a moment. You know Jessie will marry somebody——"

"I know Jessie will marry somebody?" roared her father. "How do I know it? I don't know it. I won't listen to it. No other man shall ever lord it over my child the way—the way"

"The way you have lorded it over me."

Then Mr. Brancepeth laughed. "Well, I have abused you sometimes, Louisa," he said.

"O, don't flatter yourself," replied his wife; "I have been a match for you. And so will Jessie be for as good a man, if you don't marry her to a foreigner by forbidding it."

"Do you mean to say, Louisa—"

"Yes, I mean to say. And now if you will listen to reason, as I spoke of your doing——"

Mr. Brancepeth threw himself back in his chair with an air of desperation. "How can I help listening," said he, "if you will talk? Although as for the reason——"

"And I will talk. Do you remember young Paul Despard, who came here for you to get his appointment in the Treasury?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? People don't forget their friends' children in a day. And I should never have been Senator of the United States if Paul Despard's father had not stood my friend. Besides, hasn't he been here repeatedly?"

"Well, then, you remember that when he had been here six months, and seen what life in office was, and what it led to——"

"Rusts a man's soul out!"

"—He went through the law shool, threw up his office without any ado, and went west to practice law?"

"Well, well, I don't know that I've the time or interest to follow that young man's career along this morning. What of it?"

"This of it. He came back a month or two since to try a case before the Supreme Court, and is likely to be here for some time still, I suppose."

"And you want to ask him here to stay? That is all right. Insist upon it. But to return to Jessie."

"Dear! dear! dear! was there ever anything so stupid as a man? Now, as I was going to say, Paul Despard is a rising man; he has become a leading lawyer, the soul of honor, noble, generous, tender and true. I've seen a good deal of him,"

"So I should judge," said her husband, dryly. "O, go on! Heap it up, and don't mind me. A Senator of the United States, with three committees and sub-committees waiting, has nothing else to do than to hear his wife paint the excellences of the first young man——"

"My dear, are you losing your mind?" said Mrs. Brancepeth, with dignity. "If you have no respect for yourself, have some for my gray hairs."

"To resume," said he. "This perfect young man——"

"Is here. And is as much in love with Jessie——"

"In love with Jessie!" cried Mr. Brancepeth, starting to his feet. "Paul Despard in love with Jessie! The impudent——"

"For Heaven's sake, Louisa, what is the end of all this?"

"I am urging you to oppose Paul Despard's suit for Jessie's hand, which he has half confided to me. As for me, I encourage Jessie in no such nonsense. I am bound that she shall marry Prince Vinca, of the Aretine Legation."

"Hang the Aretine Legation! What do we want of foreign legations at all? Commercial agents would do all the business America has with foreign countries, and rid us of this pest of lounging rascals preying on our daughters."

"Very absurd in you, Mr. Brancepeth. Prince Vinca is a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. You might know that by the way he followed Helen Manser home and into the very vestibule, the other twilight, when he had never seen her before, or by the way he lay down along the floor at Mrs. Boteler's ball, when he thought every one worth while had gone down to the supper-room. It is a noble pleasantry which adds spice to society. As for the affair with Miss Long, I don't know how he could be expected to marry Miss Long when she hadn't a penny and he hadn't either. Miss Long needn't have sat round the parks under the same umbrella with him if she hadn't chosen. Because his people at home live on black bread and garlic in the ruined arch of an old castle, it doesn't follow that Jessie will. She will bring the revenue and he will bring the rank. And just imagine, my dear, our Jessie a Princess of the old Roman Empire!"

"Is it possible," gasped Mr. Brancepeth—"is it possible that my wife is talking this way?"

"Why? Don't you think it a nice way to talk?"

Mr. Brancepeth looked at his wife with a gleam of intelligence at last. "A pretty daughter you have, if that is the way you have brought up your daughter!" And then he banged from the room like an angry hornet, leaving on the table Prince Vinca's note asking for an interview that evening, just as Miss Jessie came dancing in like a joyous butterfly, and of course found her mother wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"O, what is it, mamma?" she cried.

"Your father," said Mrs. Brancepeth, burying her face again in the cambric—"your father—he—he is so indignant to think of Paul Despard's presumption, he threatens to bury us alive on the Colorado ranch. He—he says I have brought you up in a pretty way, and he is—as mad as a March hare!"

"Or a hatter," said Miss Jessie. "But that means midsummer madness, not papa's tempers. I declare I think papa might be satisfied with having arranged his own marriage and let mine alone."

"O, Jessie!"

"Well, this is a free country, mamma, and I am a grown woman, and I shall marry where I wish to, and shall not marry where I don't wish to, papa to the contrary notwithstanding." And the naughty-tempered Miss Jessie picked out her lace ruffles and smoothed out her pink bows, and looked at her mother and laughed. "Would you, mamma?" said she.

"I don't know, Jessie," said Mrs. Brancepeth, wiping her eyes so vigorously that they looked as if tears *had* been there. "You know I am old-fashioned. I have beliefs, superstitions—I don't know what. I shouldn't dare disobey a parent in such a serious matter, and expect anything but disaster to overtake me. And here—I can't say—perhaps your father is right. He knows Paul Despard is only making his way, and Prince Vinca——"

"Well, what of Prince Vinca?" said the impatient beauty.

"Well, he's a Prince, to begin with."

"Yes, I know that," said Jessie, more quietly. "And I don't pretend to say, mamma, that the thought of being a Princess hasn't attractions. But that man—that man, mamma—*he* hasn't any attractions."

"Prince Vinca!" said her mother. "Why, I am astonished, Jessie. He looks like a Roman Emperor."

"Yes, just like one of those old beasts that exhausted the empire for their pleasures. And I should be one of the things led captive in his triumph."

"Or he in yours."

"I really believe, mamma, you want me to sell myself for a title."

"I want you to be happy, Jessie," said Mrs. Brancepeth, with dignity.

"Well, I've no doubt I should be happy enough if I married him. I should lead a life that has its own charms. I've no reason to suppose that he will be other than he is to-day," she said, reflectively——"gentlemanly enough, and kind. And don't you suppose, after a year or two, it amounts to the same thing?"

"If Paul Despard was only a Prince in the Aretine Legation——"

"Dear me, Jessie, why will you mention Paul Despard's name, when you know your father would cut you off with a shilling——"

"Paul Despard would be glad of me without a penny to my name," said Jessie.

"Wouldn't Prince Vinca?"

"Really, mamma, I don't—believe—he would. With all his gasconade about adoration, I don't believe he would."

"Are you certain, Jessie?" said the diplomatic lady, who was gradually working things into the direction she wished. "You don't mean that you think he is trying to marry you for your money? I should hate to have people say you had bought him."

"People will say that anyway. It isn't in human nature not to say spiteful things. That is the claw of the original wild beast in us. Do you suppose if I saw Laura Joy——"

"O, haven't you heard about Laura Joy? The news came yesterday. I must say I gave her credit for more ambition; and yet I am glad she is happy. She has gone and married that clergyman, and when young Van Westenhausen, with his old patroon wealth, was at her feet! But girls are queer. Now I should have said that Laura Joy was one with whom the love of a lover and husband and his children, companionship, fireside and all that would not have weighed a feather beside. But there, it is true, her father could give her jewels finer than any royal lady's in Europe, if she wanted them. And if he can't, her mother can. So could yours, for the matter of that."

"By the way, Jessie," said her mother, "I have an appointment with Mrs. Lespinards at one, and I wish you would order your phaeton and drive down to the greenhouse. Durkee has gone to market, and Mrs. Bunce says we haven't half enough flowers for dinner." And her mother sat thinking of the lovely picture it would be when the child should come driving back in all her snowy laces and muslins, her hat wreathed with its apple blossoms, and the carriage heaped with the hot-house flowers.

But Miss Jessie did not come home that way. I might, indeed, say that Miss Jessie never came home at all, but that would hardly be the exact statement.

As she drove down the avenue, taking back the flowers, and making all the beautiful picture her mother's fancy had drawn, and more, Miss Jessie descried, some way before her, a tall figure with a book under the left arm. She was not ready for any definite parley, and shook her reins loose and took the detour of a square to come upon him face to face on the other and narrower street. "Are there two of you?" she cried, before she thought; and then she had unavoidably drawn up to the sidewalk. "Isn't this royal summer?" she said. "There is something delicious about this heat."

"When you are not on foot," said Paul Despard, with the full look of a pair of brilliant hazel eyes at the lovely object half buried in flowers.

"To be sure. And the place is so full I can not ask you to drive. Could you find a spot under all this bloom?"

"Could I find a spot in paradise?" And the bold young man had presently found it, and had taken the reins, and turned the horses' heads about.

"Why, what are you doing? where are you going?" she exclaimed.

"Back to the greenhouse to send all this fragrant truck up by messenger. And then into the air. I have won my case, and must get out upon the open country somewhere."

"You have won your case!"

"Yes, one of them. The other I shall know about before long."

"I didn't know you had two of them. In the Supreme Court?"

"One of them. And one in the Supremest Court of all."

"There is no understanding legal lore. Some States have Judges and Justices, and others have Chancellors and Surrogates. And there are Courts of Equity and Admiralty, and Superior Courts and Supreme Courts, but I never heard of this one——"

"Yet you are the Jury who will bring in the verdict, the Judge who may perhaps draw on the Black Cap——"

"Why don't you say executioner and all? I can't have you talking so absurdly."

"It makes a man talk absurdly——"

"To be driving down Fourteenth Street and out on the Rock Creek Road on a summer morning? Do you know, I think Washington is more delightful in summer than in the height of the gay season. I am always rather glad when papa is kept here by the long session. Hot, to be sure—New Orleans is a good deal cooler—but one feels alive in such heat. I like it, and fancy I might grow a soul in it, as a flower expands——"

"And you are not talking absurdly now?"

"No, indeed. Three months ago I hadn't any soul; three weeks ago I was just beginning to be conscious of one; to-day——"

"Well, to-day?"

"O, what magnificent woods!. To think of such forest glades so near a great city! Just look down that dell—it is dark and dewy still. See the rich green gloom of the depths. And do you hear the ripple of the creek? It is pure music. Listen! That can not be a mocking-bird; but what is it? Last night, at midnight, do you know, all the mocking-birds in all the cages hung outside all the windows in the city began their warbling, this flute answering the other, and all at once, and one alone, and the scent of the great grandiflora magnolias in the parks came floating through the still air, till one felt the song itself was white and sweet as that flower. O, see the checkered sunshine on the turf! Why are you stopping here? But is too lovely to go on."

"I am stopping here for you to get through talking against time," said her companion. "Do you suppose I came out here to exclaim over the beauties of nature? I know the place is beautiful; I feel it in the core of my being. No one can take the sense of it away from me. But"—as the flush mounted his dark cheek—"I have something infinitely more beautiful and precious beside me, and it is perhaps in the power of some one I despise to take that away from me irrevocably. No; it is my turn now, and you must listen to me. Just now I have the advantage of all the world; I am beside you, I hear your voice, I feel your presence, and I hesitate to break the spell. Yet I must; for to-morrow, perhaps, Prince Vinca may ask you to be his wife; to-day, I demand that you shall become mine."

Then there was silence. There was the sunshine checkering the turf, the stream warbling below, the leaves murmuring above, the birds replying to one another in broken phrases of song. And there was a whirl of broken thoughts sweeping through the young girl's brain and taking possession of her. The diadem of a Princess, the plain black silk of a lawyer's wife, the cheerless palace, the cottage with its wild-rose hedges, and love, love, love. Should Laura Joy, with her clergyman and love, have a life worth living, and she have only what the balance of the *jeunesse equiesse* of Prince Vinca might give her, with the contact, too, of the disdainful noble connections, and the implication of having sold herself for a price? Why should papa want her to leave him for that fortune-hunter attache? That, if she understood her mother—and of course she did—was all that his opposition to Paul Despard meant. And mamma trying to uphold him, thinking more of a title won by some old robber, centuries since, than of happiness to-day? She would let them know she was not to be driven like kitte, cattle. She should think, at any rate, that one's mother would sympathize with youth, and hope, and—she turned and looked calmly and gravely at Despard, waiting and surveying her, and the color flashed all over her face, and the tears were ready to sparkle on the tips of her long lashes, as she finished the sentence in her mind—and love.

"Are you going to stay here all day?" she asked presently, without looking up.

"Till I have an answer to——"

"Your demand. Don't you think that is rather an autocratical beginning?"

"'Low suing
May bring wooing
Into its own undoing.'"

said Despard.

"Did I understand?" she said, demurely, then, "that you demand I should become your wife to-day? Won't to-morrow do?"

"I was not bold enough to dream of such a rapturous possibility," he said. "But I was unwise. To-morrow will not do. You remember the little brown chapel, Rock Creek Church, out here a mile or two? You shall give me your answer there."

"Do you really think it will be best?" she said. "Are you willing to take a wife who, if Prince Vinca had positively asked her first, might have been his wife instead of yours?"

As for the remainder of the drive that morning, from this delicious resting-spot to the little brown chapel, where the minister happened to be at the door, with a throng of pickaninnies at his heels, it may be best for us to remember that there are times and places where "two are company, and three are none."

So you see, after all, it was not Miss Jessie that returned to the Brancepeth mansion that evening, where guests were assembled, dinner waiting her arrival, and her mother as vainly endeavoring to conceal her anxiety as a bird that twitters on the stem when her nestlings are threatened. Mrs. Brancepeth felt, and by no means vaguely, that something was on hand, but what she knew not, although her keen woman's wit gave her suspicions and hopes; Jessie not yet returned, but gone all day; Paul Despard not yet arrived, but invited to dinner; Mr. Brancepeth still detained in his private room down-stairs by a caller, Prince Vinca, as Durkee whispered to her; dinner spoiling, and Mrs. Brancepeth hot with rage in the background; and possibly the Prince persuading her husband to his wishes, as expressed in that morning's note! It was while she was in the worst of her worrying, smiling now at the secretary's jests, and trying not to smile at a foreign Minister's English, that the daughter of the house was letting herself in, and with Paul Despard beside her, was tapping at her father's door. He opened it himself, looking flushed and angry.

"Papa," she said, "I can't waste any time, you know, because I'm afraid dinner's waiting, and you ought to be upstairs, too, you neglectful man! Now, papa, dear, I knew you never would give your consent, and so I have taken it without asking, and you must forgive me and welcome me back, and him too," said the breathless young woman, "for I don't see why you shouldn't love me just as much as ever, just because he loves me, too."

"Jessie! What in the world are you talking about? Why should I forgive you? What have you done?" cried her bewildered father.

"O, I have married Paul Despard this morning!"

Her father surveyed her one wild moment as she stood there with her white muslin and laces and apple blossoms and blushes and coming tears, while he rubbed his hands through his hair till it stood on end.

"Well!" he said. Then suddenly, with a total change of expression: "You have saved me a great deal of trouble. Here are dinner and a dozen guests waiting, and I have been writhing my way like a bookworm through the history and genealogy of the Vinca family since the days of the Pelasgi, and afraid of an Aretine dagger if I refused their alliance. Prince," he said, turning on his guest behind the screen, "whatever my own wishes might have been in the matter of which we have been speaking, circumstances have given you your answer. Permit me to present Mr. Paul Despard, my son-in-law. I trust this turn of affairs may not deprive us of the pleasure of your friendship. Good evening—good evening."

"He has ordered the man to drive to G Street," cried Jessie, in a moment after the door slammed. "I knew he would. That Palmer girl's—— Well, she's welcome, and I dare say he will be when he arrives."

"Mrs. Despard," said her father, "you must go to dinner as you are. I don't know what your mother will say. As well as I could make out this morning she was so bent on your marrying this princeling that for my part I am glad to be let off with Despard It's all highly improper, though, Jessie," he said, trying to subdue too broad a smile—"improper and unfilial and—and expensive; for if I only had another daughter I should——"

"Cut me off with a shilling? You know better, papa. You know I am your only darling, and 'all of mine is thine,'" she sang. "And besides, if you did, I shouldn't mind, provided you loved me just the same, for my husband is a rising lawyer, who has just won his second case. And now you must come up and hide me from the day of mamma's wrath. I guess you had better tell her before all the people, and then she *can't* scold."

But I fancy that when Mrs. Despard caught the glance of intelligence that flashed between her mother's eyes and her husband's, a little anger intruded on her joy, to think she had fulfilled, without intending it, the command, "Children, obey your parents."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Wesley's Tact.

The following anecdote of the founder of Methodism has, we believe, never been published. It reaches us from a trustworthy source, and it illustrates in a remarkable manner the mingled tact and piety of that eminent man:

Although Wesley, like the Apostles, found that his preaching did not greatly affect the mighty or the noble, still he numbered some families of good position among his followers. It was at the house of one of these that the incident here recorded took place. Wesley had been preaching, and a daughter of a neighboring gentleman, a girl remarkable for her beauty, had been profoundly impressed by his exhortations. After the sermon Wesley was invited to this gentleman's house to luncheon, and with himself one of his preachers was entertained. The preacher, like many of the class at that time, was a man of plain manners, and not conscious of the restraint of good society. The fair young Methodist sat beside him at the table, and he noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal the preacher took hold of the young lady's hand, and raising it in the air, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling jewels. "What do you think of this, sir," he said, "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For Wesley, with his known and expressed aversion to finery, the question was a peculiarly awkward one. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have envied. He looked up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and simply said: "*The hand* is very beautiful."

The blushing beauty had expected something far different from a reproof wrapped up with such felicity in a compliment. She had the good sense to say nothing; but when, a few hours later, she again appeared in Wesley's presence the beautiful hand was stripped of every ornament except those which nature had given.—*London Society.*

A Child Victim of Hydrophobia.

The victim was Ernest, the five-year-old son of August Rosenthal, an expressman living at No. 60 Fisk Street. Something like two months ago the little fellow was accidentally run over and had his leg broken, and for a long time was confined to his house. About four weeks ago the injured limb was so much better that he was able to sit up, and, as he seemed to delight in sunshine and fresh air, he was allowed to sit outside the door on every pleasant day. It was on an occasion like this that he was enjoying the balmy air and sunshine one afternoon, when a strange cur came down the street, and, stopping in front of Rosenthal's house, began sniffling at some baskets of meat that had been left standing on the sidewalk. Little Ernest, fearful that the dog might carry off some of the meat, tried to drive him away, and, crawling to the gate, he rose to his feet and kicked at it. The brute was an ugly one, and instead of running away turned on him, flew at him and bit him on the left side of the face. His screams attracted the attention of the child's mother, and, learning the facts in the matter, she carried him to a neighboring physician and had the wound cauterized. There seemed to be nothing to apprehend from so insignicant a wound, and the matter soon dropped out of sight.

About ten days ago the little fellow began to complain to his mother of pains about his head and neck, and she noticed that he seemed more restless and feverish than usual. This was at first looked upon simply as one of the results of the shock he received when the leg was broken, and no particular attention was paid to his trouble. Sunday, however, while the family were sitting about the house, the boy was attacked by a terrible spasm that lasted some time, and was accompanied by a copious frothing at the mouth. Suspecting now the truth of the matter, physicians were hastily summoned, but they could do nothing beyond making his terrible suffering less apparent. During the next few days the convulsions grew more and more frequent, and it was found necessary to lash the unfortunate little sufferer to a sofa. He uttered strange cries and yelp-like barks during these paroxysms, and the sight of water would simply throw him into the most awful convulsions. These acute convulsions lasted over a period of three days, death bringing a welcome release to the racked body at three o'clock Wednesday morning. There were half a dozen physicians in attendance upon the boy, who watched the case with the greatest interest.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—William Ritter murdered a girl at Henderson, Ky., and buried the body. Nobody suspected him, and, indeed, it was not thought that she had been killed, her disappearance not causing much stir. Actuated by some singular motive, he produced her hat, saying that he had found it in a field near his house. Then a search revealed the deed and circumstantial evidence fixed it upon him.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Slave Trade in Turkey.

The other day, as was telegraphed at the time, a girl about twelve years old was publicly sold in the court-yard of a mosque situated in the heart of Galata, and through which hundreds of persons hourly pass. It has since transpired that two female children—one already a slave, the other an incorrigible gadabout, whose description answers to that of the little maiden in question—are missing from their homes, having probably been kidnapped by dealers in human flesh. But though this case is particularly notable from the audacious openness with which the crime—for such it is even in Turkey—was committed, the law is frequently and flagrantly violated, as the columns of the local press bear witness. A short while back, a wretched girl escaped from the harem in which she was confined, and carried her scarified and bleeding shoulders to the nearest police station, where it was clearly proved that she had been stolen by a Circassian during the refugee panic and traded away for a few pounds to an exceptionally brutal mistress; and the authorities at Salonica quite recently rescued four young negresses from a caique, just in the point of landing them. These unhappy beings, who were lying in the bottom of the boat, declared they had belonged to a party of ten, that after a year's captivity at a port of the Nile had been brought by the dealers on board a coasting schooner, and crammed, half-naked, into a small stifling cabin, in which they had to be packed so close together that they were half piled on top of each other. After enduring the horrors of that passage they were smuggled at night into the bark as described, but they could give no information relative to their six companions in misery, who are doubtless, therefore, by now in hopeless bondage. It does not appear that their master was arrested. If these examples are accidentally dragged to light how many girls are disposed of without the cognizance of the lax officials?

When I was in Damascus, some three years back, I was led by a native into several of the slave dens, but always found them empty. On inquiry, it turned out that Midhat Pasha had sternly put down the bazar traffic. But what was the result? The slaves were distributed amongst private houses, chiefly of Christian Syrians. There they passed for servants, but were in reality as freely exposed to the genuine purchaser as those who in ancient days had to suffer the bitter shame of the public market. At Aleppo I could not completely satisfy myself on the subject, but have excellent reason for believing that a like system was pursued there.

In the capital itself the trade has of late encountered no further checks than such as the increasing scarcity of Circassians, Russia having to a great extent shut off the sources of supply, and general poverty of the Turks afford. The merchants, however, manage to find victims, and, provided your money is ready, you can easily gratify your tastes as to color, age, beauty, etc. An English lady of my acquaintance was taken by a black driver, who had learnt that she was curious in the matter, to a place at Stamboul, into which she walked without the slightest difficulty, cabby, with his smattering of French, acting as interpreter through a grating in the door. When she entered the sale-room—a large, barely furnished, and very light apartment—the mistress of the establishment conducted her to a divan, and slaves instantly fetched sweets and coffee. No astonishment was betrayed at the intrusion of a Giaour women on such a scene. A number of white girls, of ages varying from twelve to eighteen, were then led up to her one after the other, each in her turn standing motionless before the sofa till signed to yield her position to her next fellow. They are described as for the most part coarse, clumsy and heavy, with cowed, sullen faces, and muddy, yellow complexions. Their dress consisted of a gauze cap and a loose frock, short sleeves, and reaching to the ankles, which was fastened down the front with studs. Declaring that her husband desired to present an *odalik* to a Pasha, the visitor asked to see some prettier maidens, but was told there were none on hand, though a selection would shortly arrive, when she certainly could be suited. Two Turkish women were during this time choosing slaves. No sort of consideration was paid to the feelings of the poor girls Under examination they untied their single garment, according to the requirement of purchaser or threw it off entirely if so wished. Their teeth were looked at and hair let down, their persons punched and pulled about. The buyers, wanting sound, useful articles, tested their strength and searched for blemishes in the same unconcerned manner as is done at a horse fair. No doubt they did not intend to be cruel, but objected to getting worthless slaves, and probably did not waste a thought on the pain their unceremonious proceedings must have inflicted. As for the girls, their attitude was invariably that of absolute, uncomplaining submission. They stood with downcast eyes and drooping limbs, simply doing what they were ordered, and never loosing for a moment their look of stupid, hopeless indifference. It was their fate to be enslaved, weeping and struggling would have been in vain, and they had apparently grown so hardened to the chain that my friend did not detect a tear, a sigh or even a blush.

But enough of these details, and with the treatment of the damsels in the harems I shall not at present meddle. What I have said is sufficient to prove that the trade in slave girls still flourishes in Constantinople. But it will continue to flourish till England insists on a strict observance of the treaties which forbid it. Our squadrons and Consuls may render it difficult and costly shortly to obtain victims, but the real root of the evil lies in the big towns of the Ottoman empire, and there it should be attacked. Close the private markets, and you take a mighty stride toward the total abolition of slavery. If once it become dangerous to traffic in girls and eunchs (the latter all come from Egypt) on account of the punishment which should strike both buyer and seller, people would soon discover that they can do without them, and we should be able to withdraw many of our gallant seamen from the deadly climates where they are risking their lives. We and Russian have failed to cut off the supply while the demand exists. Let us change our tactics and endeavor to stop the demand for negresses and Circassians; for, if we succeed, the supply must, as a natural and inevitable consequence, cease.—*Constantinople Cor. London News.*

—An eye witness of the lynching of McManus, in Minnesota, says that the mob was composed of the "most reputable and orderly citizens." McManus was accused of a cruel assault upon a child. The law would probably have been allowed to take its course in this case, had it not failed to do justice, a short time previously, to a brutal wife murderer, who ought to have been hanged, but got off with seven years in prison. This alarmed and exasperated the "orderly citizens," and they determined to make an example of McManus. The child assaulted being of a poor family, its father a laboring man with nothing to spare, the mob got up a subscription of $1,000 for it.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A New York Jenkins rises to remark: "The Princess Brancaccio, the daughter of Mr. Hickson J. Field, of New York, and niece of Mrs. John Jay, is living in a fairy palace at Rome, with gardens so large that fountains, lakes and even the ruins of the baths of Titus and the golden house of Nero all have place within them. Her mother, Mrs. Field, lives with her."

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Colts are frequently taught the trick of nipping with their teeth by their owners injudiciously playing with or teasing them. Once learned the habit is cured with difficulty. Treat the horse very carefully, avoiding all playing with it, and whenever it attempts to bite, whip it across the nose with a switch.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Nice ginger wafers are made of one cup of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of molasses, half a cup of cold coffee left from breakfast, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, and flour enough to make a stiff dough; knead it hard and roll very thin, and bake in a quick oven.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Horses in pasture are often extremely annoyed by flies. If they can stand when not in use in dark, sweet stables, by all means turn them into the pasture only at night. Gnats and mosquitoes are of little annoyance to horses, but the larger day-flies and the Bot-fly set them almost crazy.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—When washing lisle thread gloves for your husband or son do not use soap; instead of that put a teaspoonful of ammonia in one quart of water. If washed in this way there is no danger of there being spots and streaks in the gloves, as there would almost certainly be if washed in the usual way.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Peas and oats for fodder: When cut in blossom and well cured this mixed crop is worth more than clover hay. Cut with the reaper if they have not lodged. Otherwise the best plan is to cut them with a scythe, not as grass is mown, but by drawing them toward the mower in bunches with the blade of the scythe, when the loose bunches may be left to dry until ready to haul to the barn.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Pure and good milk is a necessity in almost every family. It may come into the house in a wholesome condition, yet there is ever the danger that it will become tainted with the sewer-gas from closets, or even with the dust carried by drafts through sleeping or living rooms. There can be no doubt that while milk is one of the best and most palatable of foods in summer, it must be carefully guarded from the farm to the table or it will prove a potent vehicle of disease.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—Cakes which are particularly nice for picnics, as they can be carried in a basket without much danger of crumbling, are made of one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a half a tablespoonful of soda (or two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder.) Mix with flour enough to make the dough as stiff as for sugar cookies. Roll out, or cut in strips, twist these strips like old-fashioned doughnuts, bake till they are a light brown. They may be flavored with lemon, or with cinnamon, or they may be dipped in cocoanut and sugar while hot.—*N. Y. Post.*

Why Tillage Promotes Growth.

It is often claimed that to a very great extent tillage may be made to take the place of fertilizers. While this may be considered an extreme view of the case, there is no doubt that tillage is highly beneficial. It would not be well to use less manure; but if connection with the use of manures more thorough tillage were practised, the yield of the hoed crops would unquestionably be largely increased.

This subject is now of special interest. The character of the seed to be used was determined long ago, and the fertilizers have already been applied. All that remains to be done is to cultivate and harvest the crop. If now by tillage a considerable increase in the yield can be secured, it will add largely to the profit of the cultivator.

That tillage *does* increase the yield of crops there can be no question. The fact has been proved by a great number of practical tests. But for the benefit of our younger readers it may be well to point out *how* it is possible for cultivation to make plants more productive.

Plants are formed from substances obtained from the air and the soil. The materials which enter into the structure of plants are of two kinds, commonly called organic and inorganic. The organic matter is obtained largely from the air, though a portion of it is taken from the land. The inorganic materials are obtained from the soil. Either of these classes of material may be applied to the land and made useful to crops, in the form of manures or fertilizers. No excess in the supply of one class of materials can compensate for a deficiency in the quantity of the other class.

Not only must there be an abundant quantity of these materials within reach of the plants, but they must be in a condition to be readily utilized. They must be made very fine, so as to be readily soluble in water, in order that the moisture from dews and showers may dissolve them, and thus fit them for the immediate use of plants.

In average soils, plants are more likely to suffer from the want of the inorganic than from a deficiency of the organic materials. All soils of anything like ordinary fertility contain large quantities of the inorganic elements of plants—sufficient to supply the wants of crops for an indefinite period. But these elements are closely locked in the soil, and only a very small quantity becomes available at any one time. The forces of nature, by means of the frost and sunshine and storm are constantly at work setting these elements free; but on land which has long been cultivated, and from which the accumulations of the past have been removed, their action is far too slow to supply the growing crops. But tillage hastens the liberation of fertilizing elements which are locked in soil, and also enables the land to absorb large quantities of fertilizing gases from the air. Hence it hastens the growth of plants and renders them more productive than they otherwise would be.

During the next few weeks farmers will have abundant opportunity to test the efficiency of tillage in promoting the growth and increasing the yield of their crops. That an increased yield, if obtained by the inexpensive method of cultivation, will greatly increase the profits of the crop, is evident. Frequent and thorough culture is what the growing plants now require. Nothing else can atone for lack of this, and in no other way can the crop be so cheaply, quickly and certainly improved.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Washing Laces and Muslins.

Scrape fine a tablespoonful of white soda bar soap, and stir it into a pint of boiling water and add a piece of borax of the size of a walnut. Let it stand until soap and borax are dissolved. Then pour it into a quart glass fruit can and put into it soiled laces and muslins. If the laces are in narrow strips, sew them into quarter of a yard lengths by turning one piece back upon the other, until the lace is used up. Run the thread close to the upper edges of the lace, so as to define the points or scollops of the lower edges. By so doing when the lace is cleansed you can pull out the points better, and then iron it under a thin bit of linen cloth. Fill up the jar and place it in a sunny window, or out-of-doors in the sun, and two or three times a day shake it up and turn it round. In one sunny day fine laces can be thoroughly cleaned by this method, but it will take longer to wash embroideries. If the water looks much soiled, turn it out and add more until it is perfectly clear. Rinse the laces and muslins in two or three clear waters when taken out, and if you wish them to be yellow, dip them into a cup of clear coffee and let them become nearly dry before ironing them.—*Country Gentleman.*

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SHELBYVILLE, IND., May 25, 1881.

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