RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1872.

POETRY.

SERENADE.

- Still slumber on, nor let this song Disturb thy calm repore.

 May watchful angels round thee throng Till morning's eyes unclose.
- Yes, slumber on, but through thy dreams
- May music gently glide, Like sunlight into shaded streams Or starlight o'er the tide.
- Sweet be those dreams till morning break And sunrise floo I the plain. Then memory like a bird will wake, And sing my song again,

THE STORY-TELLER. THE DEATH PENALTY.

I had served twenty-five years on beard an East Indiaman, and for the last ten years had commanded the Belle, one of the finest crafts that ever floated. I was an old sea dog, and had dwelt so long on salt water that I felt almost a hatred for the land.

On the 20th of October, 1824, I received orders to put myself in readiness for Cayenne. I was to transport seventy-five soldiers and a convict. I had orders to treat this individual well, and the letter I had received from the directory enclosed another, with a huge red seal, which I was not to open until between 27 and 28 deg. west longitude, that is, just before we were about to cross the

The letter was a long packet, se well closed on every side that it was impossible to catch the slightest glimpse of its contents. I am not naturally superstitious, but there was something in the look of the letter that I did not altogether like, though I could get no reason why. However, I carried it into the cabin, and stuck it under the glass of a little shabby English clock which was little shabby English clock, which was fastened above my head. I was busy fixing the letter under the clock, when who should come into my cabin but the convict and his wife! This was the first time I had seen either of them, and I may say that a more preposessing couple I never met. The woman was scarcely more than fifteen, and as handsome as a picture; while the husband was an intelligent, magnificently formed man, on whose features nature had never written

His crime, to be plain, was the misfortune of being a hundred years ahead of his age. He and others had attempted something which our government called treason, and which it punished with death. It therefore occasioned me considerable wonder that he should be place under my charge; but more of this sfterward.

He had, as I said, his wife hanging on his arm. She was as merry as a bird; she looked like a turtle dove cooing and

nestling beneath his great wing.

Before a month had passed over our heads I looked upon them as my own children. Every morning I used to call them into my cabin. The young fellow would sit writing at my table, that is to a world was say at my chest, which was my bed. He ald often help me at reckoning, and soon learned to do better than I could. I was amazed at his ability. His young wife would sit upon one of the round stools in my cabin working at her needle. One day we were all three sitting in

this way when I said :

"Do you know, my young ones, as it seems to me we make a very pretty family picture? Mind, I don't mean to ask questions, but maybe you have not much money to spare, and you are, both of you, I think, too handsome to dig in the burning sun of Cayenne, like many a poor wretch before you. It's a bad country-a bad country, take my word for it. I, who have roughed it through tempest and sunshine till I've the skin of a rhinoceros, might get along there but you-I am afraid of you. So if you should chance to have a bit of foolish friendship for your poor old captain, I'll tell you what I will do. I'll get rid of this old brig; she's not much better than an old tub, after all; so I'll settle myself down there with you if you like. You see I have not a living soul in the world to care for, or that cares for me. I want relations, I want a home. I want a family. I should like to make my home with you, my pretty ones.

What say ye?" They said nothing at all, but sat looking, first, at each other and then at me, as if they doubted whether they understood what I said. At last the little bird threw her arms

around my neck and cried like a baby. "But," said she, suddenly pausing you haven't looked at the letter with

the big red seal."
"Hang it!" I exclaimed, " it had slip phd my mind entirely."

With a cold, dreadful sensation,

went to my chest to see where we were. effect." I found that we had several days remaining before we should reach the ward. I went on deck. There they proper longitude for opening the letter. were, she looking upon the ocean, and Well there we stood, all three of us, he gazing upon her with an expression looking up at the letter as if it could of unutterable fondness. Catching his have spoken to us. As it happened the eye I signed for him to come into the sun was shining full upon the face of cabin, and, bidding her good-by, he came the clock case, and fell upon the great down, his face all smiles. staring red seal of the letter. I could I was bathed in a cold not help fancying it looked something if deadly sick. I handed him the letter, like a big monster, an ogre's face, grin-ning from the middle of the fire; it

looked horrible. "Could not one fancy," said I, to make them laugh, "it's great big eyes were staring out of it's head?" "Ah, my love," said the wife, " it looks

like blood." Poob, pooh!" said the husband taking her arm under his, "it looks like a letter of invitation to a wedding. Come, come, leave the letter alone if it troubles you so. Let's go to our room and pre-pare for bed."

deck and left me with that beast of a her back to France, to her family. I will ship commanded by an able and exat it as I smoked my pipe; it seemed to fix its great red eye upon mine, fascinating like the eye of a serpent. It was red, wide, raw, staring like the maw of a fierce wolf. I took my great coat and hung it over both clock and letter and went upon deck to finish my pipe.

were now in the vicinity of Cape de Verd Islands—the Belle was running before a fair wind at the rate of ten may leave her. I put her life, her honor miles an hour. It was a splendid tropical night the stars large and shining; the moon rising above the horizon, as the rate of ten may leave her. I put her life, her honor lies the may leave her. I put her life, her honor lies the moon rising above the horizon, as the rate of ten may leave her. I put her life, her honor lies the mose of the war and skirts on these shining panels. It is the closet where a Lucy Snowe might take down her dinner service of sprints!"

Dr. Blanch of the war and skirts on these shining panels. It is the close tweether and shining in your hands. She is "(and how fond-left the Guierrere was also built to-down her dinner service of sprints!"

The proposed in the war and skirts on these shining panels. It is the close tweether a Lucy Snowe might take down her dinner service of sprints!"

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like jewels. I sat upon the deck smoking go. My poor Laurette, how pretty she by pipe, and looking at them. by pipe, and looking at them.

All was still, except the footfall of the officer of the watch, as he paced the deck.

gazing, as I was, upon the shadow of the vessel, stealing over the silent water. I love silence and order-I hate noise and confusion. The lights should have all been extinguished by this time; but when I looked upon the deck I thought I saw a little red hue of light beneath

my feet. At another time and place this would have made me angry; but knowing that the light came from the cabin of my little deportes, I determined to see what they were about.

I had only to look down—I could see

into the cabin from the skylight.

The young girl was upon her knees she was saying her prayers. A lamp swinging from the ceiling lighted her room. She had on a long white night-dress, and her fair, golden hair floated over her shoulders, and almost touched two little bare feet which were peeping from under her white dress, so pretty. I turned away; but pshaw! said I, I am an old sailor! What matter it? So I

stayed stayed.

The husband was sitting upon a little trunk, his head resting upon his hands, looking at her as she prayed. She raised her face to heaven, and I then saw that her eyes were filled with tears, She looked like a Magdalene. As she rose he

" Ah, my sweet Laurette, as we approach America, I cannot help being anxious—I do not know why—but I feel that this voyage has been the happiest part of our lives."

"So it seems to me," she answered "I only wish it might last longer." Suddenly clasping his hands in a transport of love and affection, he said: "And yet, my little augel, I see you

cry when you say your prayers, and that I cannot stand, for I knew what causes t, and then I fear you must repent what

you have done."

"Repent," she said, in a sad, rebuking tone.

"Repent of having come with you. Do you think because I have been yours only such a very short time, that I should not love you? Was I not your wife? How can you be sorry that I should be with you, to live with you if you live, and to die with you if you are to die?

The young man began to sigh, striking the floor impatiently with his feet, while he kissed repeatedly the little hand and

arm which she was holding out.

"Ah, Laurette, Laurette! When I think if our marriage had been delayed only five days, that then I should have been arrested and transported alone, I cannot forgive myself."

At this the little one stretched out her

round white arms, clasped his head, pressed his forehead, his hair, his eyes, smiling tike a cherub, and murmuring all sorts of women's fond things. was quite affected, and considered it one of the prettiest scenes I had ever wit-

"And besides, we are so rich, too said he, bursting out laughing. "Look worldly wealth.'

She began to laugh too. "Yes, dear, I have spent my last crown. I gave it to the fellow who carried our

trunks on board." " Ah, poor!" cried she, "what matters Nobody so merry as those that have nothing at all; besides I have my two diamond rings that my mother gave me: they are good for something all the world over; we can sell them when you like; and besides, I am sure that the captain meant kindly by us, and I suspect he knows very well what is in the

letter. It is recommendation to the Gov-ernor of Cayenne." "Perhaps so; who knows?"

"To be sure it is," continued the charming little wife. "You are so good, am sure the government has banished you only for a short time. I know they we no feeling against you.'

It was high time that the light should e stricken out, and now I rapped on the deck and called them to do so

They instantly obeyed, and I heard or not. them laughing and chattering like two innocent schoolfellows. One morning when I aweke I was surprised not to feel the slightest motion

of the vessel. Hurrying on deck I found that we were becalmed. Latitude, one degree north, longitude, between twenty-seven and twenty-eight degrees west. I waited until night, when I descended to my cabin and opened the letter, with a dull, awful feeling. I held my breath while I broke the big red seal, and

read " Captain Fontainbleau : The convict Antoine Hindsclear stands convicted of high treason against the Republic. The directory order that he be shot, in midocean, and you are hereby instructed to old Captain Fountainbleau is not such a see that these orders are carried into

I read the leiter backward and for-

I was bathed in a cold sweat; I felt as and he read it, together with the death warrant, which was drawn up in due form and attached. I gathered voice as

He colored slightly and bowed. "I ask nothing, captain," he said, in the same gentle voice that always characterized his speech, "no man can be expected to swerve from his duty. I only Liverpool. wish to speak a few words to Laurette, and to entreat you to take care of her if she survives me,-I hardly think she

will. "All that is fair, my good fellow," And off they went. They went upon cried. "If you request it, I will carry deck and left me with that beast of a her back to France, to her family. I will of me, but I do not think she will sur-

> He took my hand and pressed it. "Most kind captain, I see you suffer was a matter of praise to the country more in this business than I do—but To perpetuate the memory of the victory there is no help for it. I trust you will a fine forty four gun frigate, christened preserve what little property of mine is left, for her sake, and that you will take and lounched in 1814. The Albany was care she gets what her poor old mother built towards the close of the war and tle creature, her chest is often affected; flagship of the South Atlantic fleet in she must keep it warm; and if she could keep the two diamond rings her mother tion in 1870. Her last cruise was rather servant a holiday, without more change

I squeezed his hand, he looked wistfully at me, and I added: "Stay a momant, let me give you a word of advice. Don't say a word to her; be easy; that is my business. It shall be managed in the best manner."

"Ah!" said he, "I did not understand; yes, much better. Besides this leave-taking," this leave-taking."

taking! this leave-taking!"
"Yes," said I, "don't behave like a child—much better. No leave-taking if

you can help it, or you are lost."
I kept my seat. I saw them walking arm in arm upon the deck for about half an hour. I called the mate to me, and when he

had read the letter, I said:
"Garley, that is bad business—bad business. I put it in your hands. I obey the orders, but remain in the cabin until

it is over.

"How do you wish the thing done? he asked in a nonchalant manner. "Take him in a boat-out of sight: do it as quick as possible; don't say any-

Garley sat five minutes looking at me without saying a word. He was a very strange fellow. I didn't know what to make of him. He then went out of the cabin without saying a word.

Night came at last. "Mana boat; go

quarter of a mile; be quick." To obey a slip of paper, for it was but slip of paper after all. Something in the very air must have urged me on. I aw the young man kneel down before his Laurette, kiss her knees! her feet! her gown! I cried out like a mad-

Part them—curse the republic—curse the directory—the directors! I quit the service—curse the lawyers—you may tell them if you witl." She was dragged into her berth, and

the boat rowed slowly away in the dark-Some time afterward a dull volley came over the sea to the vessel. It was all over.

'Fool, madman ! how I paced the deck and cursed myself. All night long I paced back and forth, and all night long heard the mosning of the poor stricken

Often I halted and was tempted throw myself into the sea and so end this horrible torture of brain and heart. Days nothing of Laurette. I Often I halted and was tempted to passed; I saw nothing of Laurette. I was glad of it. I could not bear the

sight of the wee-stricken face.

The mate, Garley, how I hated him.
He was as cool and unconcerned as though he had no remembrance of shoot-

ing the poor wretch.

At Cayenne I resigned my ship. On going to the city I made all my arrangenents, and took the steamer for New York. I placed ample funds in the hands of a trusty friend and told him to send Laurette to me at the end of six months.

lost its edge. Weary, sick and careless of my life, I finally bought a little place where I hoped I should lie down and die. I sent for Laurette. Poor bird, I must see her.

I could wait no longer.

One summer night I sat on the porch of my house smoking my pipe, and gazing down the road. Soon the rumble of wheels was heard, and the stage halted

at the gate. The next moment a pair of soft arms was round my neck, and the head of my sobbing Laurette was on my besom.

"Oh, you dear excellent captain-" "Heavens! who is that person behind vou ?'

There stood the manly form of Antoine Hindsclear, the convict.

"What does this mean," I demanded, hardly knowing whether I was dreaming

"Are you glad to see me?" "Thank God, thank God," was all could ejaculate.

I understood it all. The mate Garley had read my heart better than I did myself. After leaving the brig in the boat he arranged the whole affair. The volley was fired but no bullet touched Antoine Hindsclear; he was smuggled into his berth again and took care to avoid my sight. The whole crew were in the plot, and, thank God, I was duped.

I sent Garley a thousand dollars as I am now an old man, but I am hap-

py. My children and my grandchildren (I call them nothing else) seem to think wretch after all.

Sale of United States Vessels.

By an order from the United States Navy Department, a number of vessels of war have been disposed of by auction. Among these are the Guierrere and Albany, both of which have histories. The first important battle of the war of 1812 Guierrere, Captain Dacres, forty-nine guns, and the United States ship Constitution, Comodore Hull, forty-four guns, in which the latter, after an action of thirty minutes, compelled his antagonist to strike his flag. The engagement took place off the American coast August 20, 1812, on the route how taken by steamers running between New York and Liverpool. The vessels fought at halfpistol shot distance. A prize crew was placed on board the captured ship, and next day it was found that the Guierrere had six feet of water in her hold. She was set on fire and abandoned. Commo-Hull, in his report, says that "so fine a masted and otherwise cut to pieces so as to make her not worth towing into port in the short space of thirty minutes,' was a matter of praise to the country. parting it, and long streams of bare, keep the two diamond rings her mother tion in 1870. Her last cruise was rather shimmering light falling upon the gave her, I should be glad; but, of unfortunate, having gone ashore several waves, which, as they broke, sparkled course, if money is needed, they must times in the Mediterranean.

A Horrible Execution.

1t was getting too much fer me, and I began to knit my brows.

"One word is as good as a thousand," I said. "We understand each other. Go to her."

I squeezed his hand, he looked wistwaymen and murderers. By the laws of the country the death penalty is in-flicted for the smallest offences, and it is on the statute books that for serious offences the following penalty shell be

"The bones of their legs and their knee-joints shall be broken by the public executioner with an iro club, and upon their foreheads shall b imprinted, with a red-hot iron, the word 'baro,' meaning 'felou.'"
Five highwaymen were captured and

sentenced to the above penalty.

Close to the granite blocks stood an iron pan filled with live coal, and in it lay the instruments, red-hot and hissing, that were to leave their imprints upon

the foreheads of the criminals. There was a breathless and anxious silence in the vast crowd when the executioner drew from the pan one of the branding irons, and slowly approached Paolo Peruzzi, one of the criminals, with it. The latter watched him steadtastly, and, upon perceiving the red-hot iron, thick pearls of perspiration gathered on his brow. His hair seemed to stand on end, and there was in his eyes an indescribable expression of terror. The executioner now put the iron on Peruzzi's brow, and in the next moment the criminal burst into loud lamentations. He writhed and struggled to remove his head from the instrument of torture, but the executioner held it firmly to his fore-native speech; all the attendants withhead for upward of a minute. There was a sickening smell of burned flesh when he withdrew it, and Peruzzi's face presented a ghastly sight. The other fastened criminals writhed uneasily during the eperation, and, when their turns at least, he cautiously lifted up his head, came, they all howled with pain, Neri gazed steadily all round him, scrutinized and Daviso screaming in heart-rending tones for mercy. But their shrieks elicited only the derisive sneers of the nu-

merous spectators. And then followed the still more horrible part of the tragedy. The execu-tioner drew from a curiously shaped which now ensued was sickening in the extreme. The tortured wretches cried entered and plainly told nim that the extreme. The tortured wretches cried preparations were fully completed for his taking off.

Then, half draga jelly. Streams of perspiration ran down would not see her. She avoided me, and the cheeks of the executioner when he stopped, at last, and motioned to his

from the blocks. The last two were then treated similarly, Daviso howling in the most desperate manner while he underwent the torture. Then the wretches were freed of their fetters and carried back to the jail, moaning in agonizing tones, and Montenegrin justice was satisfied.

Stock-gambling has not been a diswandered off into New York State, and tinetly recognized career for as long a ening preparations from the eyes of the period as thieving; so, naturally, the faint and shuddering criminal, is disterms of art are fewer. Besides this, the pensed with, and everything is in perfect words, having come into use recently, are readiness. not generally used as yet in remote senses. There are no such bewildering terms as "kinchin lay," "ben cove," or "fly," or "pad the hoof," "stowing the lush," "shoving the queer," and "fogling a "shoving the queer," and "fogling a wine." We gave a description of the bout to vanish into the earth and hide that the word conveys merely a highly wrenches the poor savage from their up-picturesque and speaking description of bearing shoulders into pitiless mid-air, having less stock than you ought for mistakable death. some reason to have; so, the sale of a "put" is the sale of the right to "put" (deliver) stock, while a "call" means the opposite-the right to demand the deivery of stock. The explanation of such terms as "bulls" and "bears" is not so speculate for the depression of the price) meant originally to bear down on the stock, or something of that sort, or whether it came from a supposed resem-blance between the disposition of the bear who roams Wall Street and the animal of the same name, it would be difficult to find out. Whether a "bull" (a person who speculates for a rise of prices) re-ceives the name on account of a resemblance between his habits and those of the animal, or whether he is so called on a rough principle of classification—for the made no noise about it at the time, the sake of distinction only—we cannot Stickney was a man well-to-do and pretend to say. But the lingo is worth studying, as all dialects and argots are. Like the Chinook, the scientific examination of it may serve to throw some light on other fields of linguistic or philological study .- The Nation.

A French Kitchen.

Such a kitchen! We fell in love with it immediately, and were disposed to Keene's sheep were again turned out. was fought between the English frigate eavy its future tenant; for when a housewife understands her business, cookery, in a kitchen like that, becomes an artistic pleasure—not mere drudgery. This wonderful room is so small that it seems like a toy menage, and yet every convenience is found there in nicest order without the least crowding. The small range and boiler is set into one side, with two stationary square tubs in soapstone or black-walnut filling up the row, a two-foot sink and a drop-table under the large window, a shaft for ashes and refuse, well closed when not in use, an elevator for sending up supplies, and a glass cupboard on the remaining side so compact that there is all the room one "I suppose I must pay; but," he added, can possibly need without wasting steps emphatically, "we'll close that account in a large apartment. This cabinet kitchen, with its sparkling glasses, and burnished oven, and shining brass stopcocks, seemed an ideal place which no it."-Pittsburg Chronicle. mortal hands were able to keep up to its primitive excellence. To give so spotess a nook to the savage rule of a Bridget would be pitiful. She could hardly turn around with her distended crinoline without rubbing the grease off her servant a holiday, without more change than covering her robe gris with a white

A Very Bad Indian.

On a reservation says the Overland Monthly, there once lived an Indian who was so thoroughly bad in every respect that he was generally known by the soubriquet of the "Yuka Devil." He committed all the seven deadly sins and a good many more, if not every day of his life, at least as often as he could.

One day he wandered off a considera-ble way from the reserve, accompanied by two of his tribal brethren, and they ell upon and wantonly murdered three squaws without provocation whatever. They were pursued by a detachment of the garrison, overtaken, captured, carried back manacled hand and foot, and consigded to the guard-house. In some in-explicable manner the Devil contrived to break his fetters asunder, and then he tied them on again with twine, in such along on a tour of inspection, he per-ceived nothing amiss.

Being taken out for some purpose or other soon afterward, he seized the op-portunity to wrench off his manacies and escape. But he was speedily overtaken again and brought down with a bullet, which wounded him slightly, taken back to the guard-house, heavily ironed, and cast into a dungeon. Here he feigned death. For four days he never swallowed a crumb of nourishment, tasted no water, breathed no breath that could be discovered, and lay with every muscle relaxed like a corpse. To all human perception he was dead, except that his body did not become rigid and cold.

At last a vessel of water was placed on a table hard by; information of that drew, the dungeon relapsed into silence, and he was secretly watched.

After a long time, when profound still-ness prevailed, and when the watchman had begun to believe he was in a trance every cranny and crevice of light, then while, took down the pitcher, and drank

deep and long.

They rushed in upon him, but upon
They rushed in upon him, but upon scabbard a heavy iron club, resembling a druggist's pestel, and, running toward the stones on which the first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first three criminals were stretched out, began to strike furiously upon their less my first m furiously upon their legs. The scene purposes, and as soon as the gallows which now ensued was sickening in the extreme. The tortured wretches cried entered and plainly told him that the

He made no sign. Then, half dragging, half carrying the miserable wretch, they conducted him forth to the scaffold. assistants to remove the crippled men All limp and flaccid and nerveless, as he s, they lift him upon the platform; but still he makes not the least motion, and exhibits no consciousness of these stern and grim preparations.

He is supported in an upright position between two soldiers, hanging a lifeless burden on their shoulders; his head is lifted up from his breast, where it droops in heavy helplessness; the new-bought rope, cold and hard and prickly, is coiled about his neck, and the huge knot properly adjusted at the side; the merciful cap, which shuts off these heart sick-

The solemn stillnesz befitting the awwipe." We gave a description of the about to vanish into the earth and hide which are always going to those who term "corner" in the last number of the their eyes from the tragedy. With a have as eye to see them. There are three Nation, and it is not difficult to perceive dead, dull thud the tightening rope kinds of writing, judged psychologicalthe attitude of those who are "short" of and the Yuka Devil, hanging there with- reflective writing, or the fruit of the reastock to those who are "long" of it. Be- out a twitch or shiver, quickly passes sening power; and emotional writings, ing "short" of stock means obviously from simulated to unequivocal and un- or those which give expression to the

Foo Much Credit.

Mr. Keene, a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Allenborough, owned a large or the emotional, is attempted. simple. Whether to "bear" stock (to it came housing time, he was greatly anflock of sheep, and one Autumn, when noyed upon missing a number of his flection comes much later than percepfinest muttons, among them three or tion. But in order to descriptive writ four wethers which he had raised and ing must be the habit of accurate obfattened for his own table. He was sure servation-sharp, discriminating, minute. it was not the work of dogs, and the One must not write what he has read in most he could do was to await further the books about nature, but what he has

On the following Spring, when sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch, and ere long he poetry, would be absurd in a land where tected Tom Stickney, a neighboring far- men do the milking, and where women mer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but almost never sing out of doors, being ac-Stickney was a man well-to-do, and Keene did not like to expose him. Autumn came again, and upon count-

eight sheep, and presented it. Stickney choked and stammered, but did not back down. Like a prudent man he paid the one begin by learning how to observe; bill and pocketed the receipt. Another Spring time came, and Mr. Another Autumn came, and the farmer again took an account of his stock, and this time fifteen sheep were missing. As before he made out the bill to Thomas

Stickney for the whole number missing; but this time Tom objected. "It is too much of a good thing," said "Fifteen sheep! Why, bless your soul, I havn't had a fifth part of 'em.'

Mr. Keene was inexorable "There is the bill," said he, "and I have made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been missing, because I deemed your credit in it, at his best, the sights and good and sufficient."

Well," groaned Tom, with a big gulp, from this time. You have given me too errand; how a tree looked at sunset much credit altogether—some other rasagainst the blazing west; the way the cal has been stealing on the strength of doves whirled in the air going north,

to consult you about my poor wife."

Dr. Bland—"What's the matter with

Mr. Kiljoye-"Such fearful depression

of spirits!

Dr. Bland—"Depression of spirits!

Why, she's the life of the party!"

Mr. Kiljoye—"Ah! she always bears up in company, poor thing! But you should short meter, but should only see her when we are together alone!" to remain on the metal.

The Christmas-Tree.

In Germany, many years ago, when the houses were decorated with evergreens for the Christmas-tide, it was the custom to select a large bough for a conspicuous place, and on it were hung the presents for the children. After a time the bough became a tree, dressed with a symbolical ornaments, and adorned with the gifts for the household, of which the children had much the largest share. The custom was imparted into Eng-land and this country, and has become almost universal, and each year adds

fresh marvels and delights to the magical fruits of this tree.

The mystery of its preparation is half of the charm. The bright eyes of the little ones turn wistfully towards the

locked doors of the room that contains the wondrous tree; they long to take a peep, and yet they would not "for the world."

Not they.

Some still retain the Christmas-tree in its old form—that is, after the orna-ments are on, space is left for children's presents; others place all the family gifts on or under the tree, and, after those of the children are distributed, the little ones discover and present the gifts of the older members of the family, and others again make of their Christ- a trees mere show-pieces, on which to arrange artistically the glittering baubles, the stars, angels, etc., and these are often accompanied by such costly ornaments that such a tree, without a gift on it. will cost hundreds of dollars. magnificence must, of course, be on ex-hibition, for it is entirely too artistic and costly an affair to be thrown away on the children alone, so it is advertised privately, and all the acquaintances of the family visit it between Christmas and New Year's. It is, in truth, a tribute to family vanity rather than to family

The second plan seems to be the more desirable. The Christmas-tree is what it should be—the Home Center—sacred to the family, around which gather old and young, linked to each other by lov-ing remembrances. It is understood that the tree belongs especially to the children, but it is well that they should feel that this festival is not entirely their own, and should be led to take an interest and pleasure in the gifts and the Merry Christmas of the grown-up folks, and, in some sort, share their Christmastree with them.

But the greatest perversion of the use and beauty of a Christmas-tree is to have it appropriated exclusively by adults. Last year we knew of a family where the young people were all grown, but they had their Christmas-tree as if they were still children; and we know of another case, not much more preposterous, where a married couple had a handsome Christmas-tree for a poodle! If these two families had no nephews, nieces, cousins, or little friends to help out in Christmes-trees, they surely could have found little children whose Christmas perhaps had not so much as a broken toy to make it glad, to whom the whole year to come (possibly many years) would have been changed by a warm Christmas, made bright with a glittering Christmas-

Learning to Write. Says Henry Ward Beecher: The very best beginning which a child can make is by letter writing. He will naturally speak of things familiar to him. He ly: descriptive writing, the fruit of observation, or the perceptive faculties; feelings. Of course, the best composition is that which mingles all of these. But in learning to write, it makes a great difference which of these modes of composition, the perceptive, the reflective,

seen and made sure of. For example, to speak of the milkmaid's song, which is customed to only indoor work.

The "whistling plowman" has quite died out in America. Thatched cottages, and woodbines in the hedge, and ng up his flock, Mr. Keene found eight crimson-tipped daises, and the larks that sheep missing. He made out a bill in sing at heaven's gate, are all foreign. due form to Thomas Stickney for the Men do not see such things in America. Men do not see such things in America. We do not "dance on the green," nor hold revels under the vast old oaks. Let let him put down in writing nothing that he has not perceived; if he is in doubt about an epithet, or a fact, let him go out and ascertain-stick to your own eyes. Let what you write reflect truly your ewn sensations, observations and reflections. This may be rude. But be rude and crude while learning to tell just how nature looks to you, and not to thick tree or the vault of a cavern prosomebody else very differently constitu-

> The habit once formed of honest truthful description, will gradually open into all the other kinds of writing.

It would be well for one to have a composition book, and every day write tarily surrendered upon rather easy of the day-not a long history of insignificant nothings, but some going and them several rings and a little money, coming, some curious story heard; a which they begged the authorities to reludicrous scene, if one has happened; an store to Mancusi. The latest newspaper breaking up suddenly and rising high up, whirling eastward, and after miles invented to ridicule the weakness of the of sweep come back to the roof of the barn, as if that was what they meant to A SAD CASE.—Mr. Kiljoye—"I'm so barn, as if that was what they meant to glad you've come, Dr. Bland! I want do at the start. Begin to write. Keep on writing. Write about things of which you See to it that your composition know. is sharply true. Observe and think

This searching stuff does the work in short meter, but should not be allowed to remain on the metal.

Europe, after two years' absence; and Miss Bartley, daughter of Judge Bartley and niece of General Sherman.

Facts and Figures.

Where 'he mouth is sweet and the eyes

ntelligent, there is always the look of seauty, with a right heart. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, a regular con-tributress to the public journals, is a can-didate before the people for School Visi-tor in the Eighth Ward of Memphis,

Tenn., with fair prospects of election A Banbury resident, about to depart West, desires to sell a sitting in one of the most eligible groceries in town. The stove is one of the most powerful in mar-ket, and the cracker and sugar barrels

are within easy distance. Mr. Bonner has at present in his New York stable, Dexter, Startle, Jo. Elliott, Pocahentas, Mambrino Bertie, Bruno, Peerless, Lantern, and a few of Edward Everett's colts, a galaxy of speed une-qualled in any stable in the world.

An analysis of cows milk tainted with contagious typhus is given by M. Husson in Comptes Rendus, with the conclusion, among others, that such milk cannot transmit the typhus to man, but that it should to be used as food for young child en.

The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession;

A correspondent of the Country Gen-tleman writes: The most profitable feed for cows giving milk during the winter, and that used in nearly all the best dairies producing milk for the New York market, is a good quality of wheat bran and corn meal, mixed as follows: Eight pounds of bran and two of corn meal for each cow daily. If the above can be thoroughly cooked with cut hay, it increases its value about one-fifth by actual experiment. I produced from fifty cows 500 quarts of milk daily on ten pounds of feed mixed as above and thoroughly cooked.

The Italian Brigands.

A correspondent, writing from Italy,

says: What is most talked of at present,

here in Naples, is the daring and success of Manzi and his band of brigands. Your readers, perhaps, remember that, a Your readers, perhaps, remember that, a year or more ago, this desperado, having been captured by the troops, was tried, convicted of innumerable robberies, brought under grave suspicion of several murders, though not proved guilty of them, and in consequence was sentenced to confinement for a long term. As is not uncommon in Italy, his bribes proved. not uncommon in Italy, his bribes prov-ing stronger than the bolts and bars of justice, he soon broke prison and betook himself to his old calling among the mountains around Salerno, thirty miles from Naples. Shortly after, partly to wreak vengeance on one whose evidence in court had helped to convict him, and partly to refurnish his empty purse, he descended to Salerno in bread daylight, seized upon Signor Mancusi, a rich property owner of that place, and earhim off, almost from his own door step, to the mountains. The next day a note was sent to his family demanding an immense sum for his ramson. This demand was refused and the protection of the authorities invoked, but after these had prosecuted for many weeks an unsuccessful search for the victim and his captors, the family, in despair, agreed to pay the brigand the equivalent of \$24,000 for the safe return of Mancusi. The affair, made public in the newspapers, led to such an outcry against the inefficiency of the Government that the latter, in self-justification, resolved to do its best to capture the bold brigand chief. A reward of \$4,000 was put on his head, the payment of the ramson forbidden, company after company of regular troops and militia was sent into the mountains, and the whole of the district in which Manzi's band was known to be was so completely surrounded and guarded night and day that their escape seemed impossible. Manzi meanwhile found means to communicate with Mancusi's family, and threatened the immediate death of his captive if the ramson was not paid. They, anxious to save his life, raised the money as fast as they could, and sent it in small sums whenever they could manage to clude the vigilance of the troops. Manzi, hearing from a traveller of the reward offered for his head, laughingly said that it was too littlethat he spent that much every day in bribing the peasants to protect him and so pleasing an element of old English give him information. Once the troops discovered that the brigands lay concealed in a certain cave in the mountains of Prato, and had almost cut off all retreat, when some well-paid spy gave the signal of danger, and Manzi and his men were soon out of reach. A few days later they were placarding a neighboring village with "Down with Victor Emmanuel the usurper! Viva Francesco,

il nostro re !" The efforts of the Government gradually grew feebler, and finally, the other night, the ransom having been paid to the last farthing, Signor Maucusi was conducted by the brigands to a place called Acqua Albeta, near Eboli, and, after six months captivity, was set at liberty. During all this time the unhappy man had been given only the coarsest of food and had slept on the bare ground, thinking himself only too fortunate if a tected him from the open sky.

Despite its success, however, and its apparent immunity from punishment, this robber band has been much diminished of late by desertion. Four of the men have within a day or two volunterms. Two of them were not over twenty years old, and brought with which they begged the authorities to rereport is that the Minister of the Interior is treating with Manzi, trying to induce him to accept a free passage to America; but I suspect this is a canard

WASHINGTON SOCIETY .- Among the fair debutantes in Washington society the coming Winter will be Miss Nellie Grant, Miss Madge Dent, daughter of General Dent; Miss Fish, daughter of Plows —A correspondent informs the Secretary Fish; Miss Sophie Radford, Practical Farmer that he cleans and daughter of Admiral Radford; Miss polishes his plows with muriatic acid. Kilbourne, who has just returned from This searching stuff does the work in Europe, after two years' absence; and