

THREE LOVES.
I have known various loves of women: one
Gave all her soul, (she said), but kept intact
Her noble lips, and ever around them
Love's blanchings, as if his lightest set
Were fatal to his life. Another gave
Whatever smiles and kisses could impart
To please me, with no thought of love,
What she, alas! had not a loving heart!
Poor, dead dead flowers!—one with no root in earth,
And one in love's heaven's sustaining air,
My marvel briefly they survived their kind,
And then my true-love came—O passing fair!
Beyond the twin—whose soul and sense unite
In perfect bloom for love's supreme delight!
—JOHN G. Saxe.

A New York Horror.

New York city and Brooklyn are just now so full of horrors, that they would furnish material enough to fill up any paper. Among the latest is the utter murder of a girl in a brothel under strange and startling circumstances. A man who claimed to be the uncle of the girl, visited her, and upon leaving told the woman of the house that he had shot his niece. Upon going to the room it was found that the girl was dead, having been shot.

The murderer went to Brooklyn and gave himself up to the police. The murderer tells a disjointed story, and by many it is believed that he is insane.

The history of the deceased is one of peculiar sadness. She was born in Cork, Ireland, of parents who became dissipated during the later years of her childhood. Having received a tolerable good education at home, she came to New York about two years ago as a ward of her uncle, who is her self-proclaiming slayer.

Being then of winning and decorous address, as well as beautiful and attractive in personal appearance, she soon afterwards became the wife of a reputable and industrious business man. A few months of domestic happiness, however, were terminated by the husband's discovery that his young wife had proved recent to her marriage vows. Attempts to reclaim his once cherished wife having proved futile, he abandoned her about a year ago, and away went to Texas.

Soon after his departure, the young wife openly and in defiance of the entreaties of her uncle, adopted a life of shame.

In her resorts she was occasionally visited by her younger sister, whose reputation appears to be spotless, and also by her uncle, both of whom besought her to relinquish her life of degradation, and endeavor to retrieve the past. Her sister was regarded with warm affection, but frequently expressed her disapproval of her conduct, and she would resort to violence.

Among the papers found in her apartment, was a copy of *The Irish American*, in which was published the following account of a tragedy in which her father and mother were the principal actors, and which resulted in the self-destruction of her mother:

"On the 1st inst. an inquest was held in Cork upon the body of Charlotte Smith, the wife of Richard Smith, a hairdresser of Gillaboy street, who committed suicide the preceding day. The deceased was seized with acute mania, and she opened a vein in her arm with a razor and bled herself to death. The jury found the stereotyped verdict of 'temporary insanity.' Deceased had been only a week out of prison, where she had been confined for a month for stabbing her husband and attempting to take his life."

"This reveals so much of domestic infelicity, was seen supplemented by the statement that the alleged previous ill-treatment of the mother by her husband drove her into intemperance. The father seems to have been given to the deceased, at the house in Nelson-place, a few days ago, by her sister, and the terrible end of her mother seems to have caused her intense grief. The name of the girl was Mary Ann Smith alias Maud Merrill. She was 20 years of age and very pretty. Her uncle acknowledged the murder, but gives no reason for it."

An Old Time Gathering.

Once on a time, many years ago, says Forney, I saw Webster, Benton, John M. Clayton, James Buchanan, Judge Douglas, and William R. King at dinner. I was a sort of David Copperfield among them—a minnow among Tritons. But I never shall forget their conversation and their humor. Buchanan was a capital host. He did not tell a good story, but he enjoyed one; and when Webster was roused he kept a table in a roar. Clayton was full of fun, and "Col. King," as they used to call the bachelor Senator from Alabama, was amusing in his dry way. Douglas was almost unrivaled. His repartee was a thing and his wit as knifely as if he had been born in the best society. But none of them could surpass Sam Ward either in giving a good dinner or in seasoning it with Attia wit and Chesterfieldian politeness.

Rough John C. Rives, of the *Globe*, gave a different character. His anecdotes always had a special point, and never a sting. One day, when Douglas was well as few of us were standing in "The Hole in the Wall," a celebrated resort for Senators and members, Rives came in and joined us. It was in 1854, just after Douglas had introduced his bill to repeal the Missouri compromise line. Rives, like his partner, Francis P. Blair, was opposed to it, and made a strong statement in saying so. Douglas twitted him about getting out of the party lines, and tried to convince him that his measure was right. "I don't like it, Douglas, and never can like it," he is recalled for. It reminds me of the fellow who, having gone pretty far through all the follies of life, took it into his head to hire a bully to do his fighting. He made a contract with the stoutest bruiser he could find, and they started on their journey down the Mississippi. At every landing the quarrel was picked by the one and the battle fought by the other. It was tough work sometimes, but rather enjoyable. At last they reached New Orleans. On the levee they found a stout, brawny stevedore, and after some chaffing a row was started, and the two began to pummel each other. They were well matched, but, aided by his experience, the bully beat the stevedore.

"I say, boss," said his fighting man, "I give up this job; you is too much for me. I don't see any reason in that last fight." "Of course not," said the stevedore, "but you is a good fighter."

THE LAKES.—An idea of the perils attending navigation upon the great lakes can be gained from the fact that during the present year there have been 863 disasters of a serious character to vessels sailing upon them, and of this number 209 were of vessels driven ashore, so becoming total wrecks. Nearly all of these catastrophes have occurred since August, as up to that time the weather was unusually propitious, and bad as is the case of the year, it is better than that of either of the two previous seasons. It is evident from these figures that there is more than an abundance of foul weather or poor seamanship upon the lakes.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

ROLLING OF A HORSE'S TONGUE.—Rivet a section of a knife from a mowing-machine on his bit; dull the edges and make everything smooth. The knife running up in his mouth prevents him from drawing his tongue far enough back to get it over the bit. Carelessness in breaking colts is the cause of it. He has just finished breaking a colt that had this habit. He broke him by taking a strong rubber tape, sewing a buckle on one end, and running it through the rings in the bit and over his nose, tight enough to hold the bit up against the roof of his mouth. He thinks the rubber would not cure an old horse of the habit, though he never tried it; but the knife will prevent it as long as it is used.

AN EASY WAY TO HANG A HOG.—A Western farmer says: Take the hind quarters of the hog, and run a rope through the ears; take a ladder about ten feet long; let one end extend about two feet out beyond the wheels; tie with a rope to the axle-tree and reach; hook the wheels up to the butchering platform, draw the hog on to the ladder head foremost, let the hind part of the hog reach as far back as the ladder, and let the hind feet hang on the back; then wheel him to the hanging-place, lower the end of the reach, letting his legs go each side of the hanging-pole, putting the other end of the gambrel in its proper place; raise up the forward end of the ladder, and let the hog slide down the ladder; remove the wheels and you will find that the thing is done with very little lifting.

RAT PROOF CORN CRIB.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following directions for making a rat proof corn crib. Let the four corner posts be eight inches square from the sills which are to support the floor of the crib into the posts at a distance of two feet from the lower end. Before putting the frame together, taper the lower ends of the posts for the distance of two feet so that at the very base the posts shall be only four inches square. Now, when the frame is set up let these posts also stand on tapered rods. If the crib is more than these four posts to bear upon, that will be the best plan. To make legs like the lower portions of these posts, and set these legs under the sills, and put on the floor, making the latter tight, and which will be about three feet from the ground. Have the door made tight, and keep it shut, and no rats will get into your crib.

MINE MEAT.—Boil six pounds of lean beef until tender, let it get cold, and then chop it very fine with your cleaver. Chop two pounds of beef suet and chop that fine. Stone four pounds of raisins, and cut them up. Wash two pounds of currants and dry them. Cut in bits one pound of citron, and chop one peck of peeled apples. Have two teaspoonfuls of fine cinnamon, one of allspice, one dozen cloves, one large nutmeg, one teaspoonful of black pepper, and a large amount of salt in coarse papers, all nicely powdered, three pounds of nice brown sugar, and the syrup from the peel of two oranges, preserved; chop the peel up fine. Put in your tray a layer of the beef, then suet, then salt and pepper, next sugar, apples, and the other fruit, then your spices and chopped orange peel. When all are in, pour the syrup of peel over it with one quart of French (or some other good) brandy. Work it all up with the hands until well mixed. This will keep in stone jars until the spring, and cannot be surpassed. When the winter comes they are turned over and remain from three to four hours, when they are turned again, and in three or four hours turned for the third and last time in this part of the process.

HOUSING FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Let us see," says a writer in the *American Bee-Hive*, "how much it costs not to furnish shelter for farm tools. The woodwork seldom wears out; timber of a plough or harrow or roller or harvester, if it were wasted only by the ordinary wear in doing its work, would last on an average probably a dozen years. If exposed to the weather all the time for years would be the longest time it is liable to last. In such circumstances, then, will make them last three times as long as if unprotected. Now, farms of one hundred acres require tools to the amount of \$500 at least; and most of our farmers have that much capital thus invested. If carefully housed and painted so they receive no damage from the weather, the whole outfit will be one set of implements, costing \$500, will last as long as three sets unhoused, and costing \$1,500. Now the difference between these sums at simple interest amounts to about \$1,400, a great deal of money to be paid even in twelve years, by a farmer, for totally neglecting to house his tools, and his implements as knightly as if he had been born in the best society. But none of them could surpass Sam Ward either in giving a good dinner or in seasoning it with Attia wit and Chesterfieldian politeness.

Let us Have Light.

The *American Builder* says: "Do not arrange your house so as to violate God's first command. Give it many windows, and then, O housewife, keep your blinds open during the day, and your curtains drawn aside. If you let the sun in freely it may fade your carpets, but if you do not it will be sure to cause ill-health to the children and children. The sun is a good physician. He never had a credit for his curative qualities—for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks that come from his healing bath. Do you know how puny is the growth of the potato vine along the darkened cellar wall? Such is the health of human beings living where the sun is intercepted by the window's drapery. So dark wall paper is not only gloomy, but it is physically unwholesome. Let in the sun, for with it come cheerfulness and strength! A dark room is an enemy of good health, good temper and good morals."

Edwin Forrest's Will.

A caveat has been filed by Mr. Dougherty, attorney for Mr. Forrest, in the office of Register of Wills, notifying and restraining him from taking any action relative to the estate of the late Edwin Forrest. The object of this, so it is said, is merely to prevent any action until the regularly-attested will of the deceased is presented for probate. It is understood that the divorced wife of the deceased tragedian has a claim to her dower, and will, no doubt, present the same and press it strongly. When divorced there was an alimony allowed of \$6,000 per year, which she will now cease to obtain. It is stated that in all real estate transactions, in way of sales made by Mr. Forrest, a reservation of ways had to be made relative to the wife's interest. The value of the estate is variously estimated, but no definite figures can be given at present.

Making Limburger Cheese.

The famous Limburger cheese, which our German fellow citizens so much admire, but which Americans say has a rank taste, is now manufactured to a great extent in Northern New York. A reporter of the *Rural New Yorker* has visited a factory in Jefferson County, where this cheese is made, and describes the operation as follows: We visited one of the factories of Mr. Baltz situated in the town of Pamela, Jefferson Co., N. Y., a few miles from the city of Watertown. This is perhaps one of the most complete establishments of the kind in this country. The cellar alone cost over \$6,000, and is excavated out of the lime rock, the top being arched with stone. The arch is eighteen feet from the solid limestone bottom. The dimensions are 100 feet by 25 feet. Here the cheese are packed and stored until ready for shipment. The whole cost of the operation is smaller in size. The milk of about two hundred cows comes to the factory, and cheese is made twice a day—morning and evening. As soon as the milk is delivered it is strained in the vat and raised to a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit, which is done in an office to coagulate the mass in about 30 minutes. The coagulated milk is then cut crosswise of the vat with a gang of steel curd knives, and in about five minutes after it is cut lengthwise of the vat. It then stands a few minutes, when it is worked with two tin shovels, made slightly concave. They are about 13 inches long, 9 inches broad, with rounded corners. The shovels are worked, one in each hand, and the curds gently turned out for the space of three minutes, when it is left at rest for about five minutes, and the shovels again used for three minutes, and so alternate for an hour. After the mass is left at rest for ten to fifteen minutes for the whey to settle, and if the curd is of the proper texture and consistency, which is determined by its appearance and feeling, the whey is begun to be removed. For this purpose a deep, panlike vessel, lined with holes, is used. It is pushed down into the whey, and the whey flowing through the holes fills the vessel and is then dipped off. About two-thirds of the whey is thus removed, when that which remains is left to be mingled with the curds, which are now ready for the molds. They are about 4 inches long, 4 inches wide by 7 inches deep (measured on the outside and including the thickness of the boards of which they are made), and are divided up with partitions so as to make five cheeses, each five inches square. The molds are pierced with holes 1/2 inches apart for the whey to escape, and the whey has passed off and the curds settled together the cheese will be about 3 inches thick.

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