NO. 30.

### Harvest.

Spring hath the morning gladness, The hope of budding leaves : And Summer in her queenly lap The wealth of noon receives ; But Autumn hath the twilight's crown, . The joy of garnered sheaves.

Where late in stately phalanx The ribboned corn was seen, Where the golden wheat was waving, And the oats in silver sheen, And where the buckwheat snow was white, Hath the reaper's sickle been.

In clouds the purple aster Infolds the hill-sides bare ; The sumach lifts its vivid plumes Like flame; the misty air Hath bints of rainbow splendors Estray and captive there. The hidden seed that slumbered.

So safe beneath the snow, When the bridegroom sun with kisses Made earth's wan cheek to glow, With thrills of life was quickened, And could not help but grow.

By softest love-caressing, By sweatest drops of dew, 'Mid sudden storms of passion And heats of wrath, it grew, Till the fields were ripe to harvest, And the year's long work was through.

The mother-earth is tired-No child on mother breast Lies soft till after birth throes; Toil giveth right to rest ; And all the joy of harvest With the peace of God is blessed.

### ROMANCE OF AN OLD BUREAU.

In the summer of 1867, after a prolonged course of Russian steppes, Crimean bill-sides, Moscow churches, St. Petersburg boulevards, Finnish lakes, and Swedish forests, I found myself at Berlin, and during the first week of my stay was busy from dawn to dusk in exhausting, with the systematic industry of the genuine British tourist, the "sights" of that methodical city, which Mr. Murray's "Koran," in red binding, politely defines as "an oasis of brick amid a Sahara of dust," and in studying all the minutize of that pipeclayed civilization which appears to advance, like the national army, in time to the music of the "Pas de Charge."

ning to abate, a slight service, rendered in a pouring wet day in the park, brought me into closer relations with a pleasant-looking elderly German, who had frequently crossed my rambles, and more than once halted to exchange a few words with me in the frank, openhearted fashion of the hospitable Teutonic race. Our acquaintance, how-ever, was still in embryo, when, on the day of which I am speaking, the old man, having taken shelter under a thinly foliaged tree, was in a fair way to be thoroughly drenched, I came to the rescue with my umbrella. Observing that he had got wet through before gaining his impromptu refuge, I insisted upon taking him to my lodgings (which were close at hand), and drying him thoroughly before I let him go; his own residence, as I found on inquiry, being at a considerable distance. old man's gratitude knew no bounds, and next morning he reappeared with hospitable smile upon his broad face announcing that he had told "his folk" of my kindness to him, that his "Hausand his "kleine Gretchen wished to thank me themselves; that, in short, I must come and eat tea-cakes with them that very evening, and smoke a German pipe afterwards, which Herr Holzmann, in common with the majority of his countrymen, regarded as the acme of human felicity. In order to secure himself against any evasion, he added, with a resolute air, that, as I might possibly lose my way, he would come and fetch me himself.

Punctual as death or a collector of water rates, Herr Heinrich Holzman presented himself at the time appointed, and marched me off in triumph to a neat, comfortable-looking little house on the southern side of the town, with a small old man, warming with the presence of garden in front of it. The garden was a new listener, launched into countless of the invariable German type; the same trim little flower-beds, accurate as regiments on parade; the same broad gravel walk, laid out with mathematical regularity; the same trellis-work summer-house festooned with creepers at the further end, and the same small table in the centre of it, are mounted by a corpulent teapot of truly domestic proportions, presided over in this case by two female figures, who, on our approach, came forward to greet us, and are introduced to me by my host as his wife and daughter.

Frau Holzmann (or, as her husband calls her, Lieschen\*) is a buxom, motherly, active-looking woman, apparently about fifty years of age, with that snug fireside expression (suggestive of hot tea-cakes and well-aired sheets) characteristic of the well-to-do German matron; but a close observer may detect on the broad, smooth forehead, in those round, rosy cheeks, the faint but indelible impress of former trials and sufferings and through the ring of her voice, full and cheery though it is, runs an undertone of melancholy that would seem to tell of a time in the far distant past when such sadness was only too habitual. The daughter, Margarethe-or Gretchen, as her parents call her-who may be about eighteen, is one of those plump, melting damsels, with chinablue eyes and treacle-colored hair, who never appear without a miniature of Schiller on their neck, and a paper of prunes in their pocket, and who, after flowing on for a whole evening in a slow, steady, canal-like current of sentiment will sup upon sucking pig and apricot jam with an appetite of which Dando, the oyster eater, might have been justly proud. Both welcome me with true German cordiality, and overwhelm me with thanks for my courtesy to the they have completed their preparations, and made everything comfortable for me; to give time for which little operation, Herr Heinrich marches me into a trim little dining-room opening upon the garden, and thrusts me into an easy chair and a pair of easy slippers, while I take a hasty survey of the chamber

ington Irving in his description of the Dutch settlements in North America. The floor is polished like a mirror; the tasteful green and white paper (which looks delightfully fresh this sultry weather) seems as fresh as the day it was put on; while the broad, well-stuffed sofa, which takes up nearly one whole side of the room, seems just made

"You must know, then, mein Herr, that in the year of '52 business began to rather fall off with me (I was a cabinet-maker, you remember,) and from bad it came to worse, until I thought something should really be done to put matters to rights. Now just about this time all manners of stories were beginning to go about of the high wages paid. for the brawny beam-ends of some port-

ly German burgher, or the restless rolly-pooly limbs of his half-dozen big ba-bies. Above the chimney-piece, along which stands the usual china shep-herdesses, "Presents from Dres-den," and busts of Goethe and Schiller, hangs a staring, highly colored medley of fire, smoke, blue and white uniforms, rearing horses, and overturned cannon, which some crabbed Teutonic letters beneath it proclaim to be "Die Schlacht chubby, fair-haired lad, in an infantry

But the object which especially attracts my attention is a tall, grim bureau of dark oak, in the further corner beyond the fire-place, decorated with those quaint old German carvings which carry one back to the streets of Nuremberg and the house of Albrecht Durer. There stand Adam and Eve, in all their untrammelled freedom, shoulder to shoulder, like officers in the centre of a hollow square, with all the beasts of the earth formed in close order around them, and the tree of knowledge standing up like a sign-post in the rear. There the huge frame of Goliath, smitten by the fatal stone, reels over like a falling tower, threatening to crush into powder the swarm of diminutive Philistines who hop about in the background. There appear the chosen twelve, with faces curiously individualized, in spite of all the roughness of the carving, and passing through every gradation, from the soft, womanly fea-tures of the beloved disciples to the bearded, low-bred, ruffianly visage of him "which also was the traitor." there the persecutor Saul, not yet transformed into Paul the Apostle (sheathed in steel from top to toe, armed with a sabre that might have Just as my lionizing fever was beginsuited Bluebeard himself, and attended

> "The bureau must be a very old one," remarked I, tentatively.
> "It is, indeed; but that's not why we value it," answers the old man, with kindling eyes. "That bureau is the most precious thing we have; and there's good wages for the state of the sta I'll tell you the story any sad recollections. And here,

struction.

good time, comes Lieschen to tell us that tea's ready. I will not tantalize my readers with a atalogue of the good cheer which heaped the table; suffice it to say, the

meal was one that would have tempted the most "notorious evil liver" ever returned incurable from Calcutta, and seasoned with a heartiness of welcome which would have made far poorer fare acceptable. Fresh from reminiscences of "Hermann and Dorothea," I could almost have imagined myself in the midst of that finest domestic group of the great German artist. The hearty old landlord of the Golden Lion, and his "kluge ver stindige Hausfrau," were before me to the life; the blue eyed Madchen, who loaded my plate with tea-cakes, might, with the addition of a little dignity, have made a very passable Dorothea; while "brother Wil helm," had he been there, would have represented my ideal Hermann quite fairly. Nor was the "friendly chat" wanting to complete the picture. The old man, warming with the presence of stories of his soldier son, who, young as he was, had already smelt powder on more than one hard fought field, during the first short fever of the seven weeks war. Frau Lisbeth, who was an actual mine of those quaint old legends which are nowhere more perfect than in Germany, poured forth a series of tales which would have made the fortune of any "Christmas Number" in Britain; while the young lady, though rather shy at first, shook off her bashfulness by degrees, and asked a thousand quesions respecting the strange regions which I had recently quitted; the sandy wastes of the Volga and the voiceless solitudes of the Don-relics of former glory which still cling around ancient azan-wicker-work shanties inhabited by brawling Cossacks and Crimean cav erns tenanted by Tartar peasants—bat-tered Kerteh and ruined Sebastopol— Odessa, with her sea-fronting boule-vard, and sacked Kiev, with her dim catacombs and diadem of gilded towers -the barbaric splendor of ancient Mosow, and the imperial beauty of queenly Stockholm. It was late in the evening before I departed, which I was not al lowed to do without promising onceand again not to be long of returning.

And I kept my word; for the quiet happiness of this little circle, so simple and so open-hearted, was a real treat to restless gad-about like myself. Before the month was at an end I had strolled around the town with Herr Holzmann a dozen times; I had partaken fully as often of Frau Lisbeth's inexhaustible tea-cakes; I had presented Fraulein Margarethe, on the morning of her eighteenth birthday, with a pair of Russian ear-drops, accompanying my gift (as any one in my place might well have done ) by a resounding kiss on both cheeks, which the plump head of the family, reproaching him at little Madchen received as frankly as it the same time for bringing mein before was given. But the relentless divinity of the scythe and scalp-lock, who proverbially waits for no man, at length put a period to my stay in Berlin : and one evening, a few days before my deinto which I have been thus suddenly

whole side of the room, seems just made ning to go about of the high wages paid to foreign workmen in Russia, and the heaps of money that sundry Germans who had gone there from Breslau and Konigsberg and elsewhere were making Konigsberg and eisewhere were having in St. Petersburg and Moscow. And so I pondered and pondered over all these tales, and the plight I was in, till at last I began to think of going and trying my luck as well as the rest. My trying my luck as well as the rest. My wife and I talked it over, and settled that it should be done; and we were just getting ready to start, when one bei Konniggartz, 3 Juli, 1866;" while facing it from above the sofa is a rather neatly done water-color likeness of a Strasse (who had taken offence at my marriage, and never looked near me

the same night.

most precious thing we have; and there's good wages for those who could work; a story attached to it which will never be forgotten in our family, I'll answer get on well enough. But after a time one of | in came a lot of French fellows, with these days, but not to-night, for we new-fangled tricks of carving that

had forgotten you," The old hero's voice quivered with emotion, and an unwonted tremor disturbed the placid countenance of his wife, while even the sunny face of the rapidly through the forests where the little Fraulein looked strangely sad.

"Well, mein Herr, we struggled on in this way for two years longer, hoping always that our luck would turn, and putting the best face we could on it: though many a time when the children came to ask me why I never brought them pretty things now, as I used to do at home, I could almost have sat lown and cried. At last the time came when be could stand against it no longer. There was a money-lender close by us, from which we had borrowed at higher interest than we could afford. who was harder upon us than any one, (may it not be laid to his charge after!), and he, when he saw that we were getting behind in our payments, right." seized our furniture, and announced a sale of it by auction. I remember the night before the sale as if it was yesterwould live or die; and when my wife and I sat by his bed that night, and looked at each other and thought of heart would have broken. Ah! my Lisbeth, we have indeed been in trouble

together. As he uttered the last words the old man clasped fervently the broad, brown hand of his wife, who returned the pressure with interest, and, after a

slight pause, he resumed thus: "On the morning of the sale a good n perfect good faith, meaning to give

the best price for what he bought. "Well, in he came, and the first thing that caught his eye was the old bureau, which stood in a corner of the room. It seemed to take his fancy, and he went across to have a nearer view of it. He began trying the grain of the wooddrawing his nail across one part, rapping another with his knuckles—till all at once I saw him stop short, bend his head down as if listening, and give another rap against the back of the bureau. His face lighted up suddenly, as if had just found out something he wanted to know; and he beckoned me to him. Do you know whether this bureau has a secret spring anywhere about?' asked he; 'for the back seems to be hollow.' we found that the drawers were empty, we looked no further. Now, however, he and I began to search in good earnhe and I began to search in good earnparture, I reminded Herr Heinrich of
his promise to tell me the history of the
old bureau which had attracted my
attention. The old man, nothing loath,
settled himself snugly in the ample
corner of the sofa, fixed his eyes upon

It is one of those snug, cozey little rooms, spotless in cleanliness and faultless in comfort, immortalized by Washington Irving in his description of the "You must know, then, mein Herr,"

"Well, you may think how we felt, saved as we were in the uttermost strait by a kind of miracle; and how we blessed the name of my old uncle, when we saw how truly he had spoken. The inspector (God bless him!) refused to touch a pfennig of the windfall, saying that he was sufficiently rewarded by seeing so many good people made hap-py; so we paid our debts, packed up-all that we had, and came back to our own folk and our own fatherland, never to leave it again."

#### A Romantic Will Case.

An extraordinary will case is now at-

but the doctor and the pastor, who lived close by.
"So I sat down to wait till he awoke; four children and a young babe. For and sure enough, in about half an hour, his eyes opened and fell full upon me. He raised himself in bed—I think I see disappearance. Then came the news him now, with the lamp-light falling on his old, withered face, making it look the deserted wife received a newspaper just like one of the carvings on the old from Canada containing an obituary bureau, which stood at the foot of the bed—and said, in a hoarse whisper, 'Heinrich, my lad, I've not forgotten thee, although the black cat has been brought them up well, and now when between us a bit lately. When I'm she is old and her middle-aged children dead thoul't have that bureau yonder; are married and settled about her, the there's more in it than thou think'st; story of his wanderings is revealed to and he sank back with a sort of choking them in a most startling and dramatic laugh that twisted his face horribly. manner. Schryver appears to have settled in Port Huron, Mich. He was rehe fell into a kind of stupor and died cently on his death-bed, and his housekeeper allowed no one to watch over "When his property came o be divided, every one was surprised, for they had all thought him much richer. I got the bureau, just as he said; and, it is bulk of his large property to his remembering his words about it, we rausacked all the drawers from end to end, but found nothing except two or three old letters and a roll of tobacco; and knowing that the testator had not so we made up our minds that he must been exactly in his right mind, she by a squadron of troopers armed cap-a-pie), rides at full gallop past the gate of Damascus on his errand of de-wanted to play us one more trick before he died. In a few weeks more all was gated the affair, and will contest the ready for our going, and away we went will on the ground that the father was to St. Petersburg.

# The Nettle Tree of Australia.

The most remarkable nettle of this country is the Urtica gigas, or rough mustn't spoil our pleasant evening by pleased the Russian gentry more than nettle tree. This tree has a large leaf, our plain German fashions; and trade something like a sunflower leaf, hirsute began to get slack and money to run beneath, and every bristle has a most short. Ah! mein Herr, may you never painful sting. Some gentlemen who feel what it is to find yourself sinking had been in Illawara, collecting speci-Some gentlemen who lower and lower, work as hard as you mens of trees for the Paris exhibition, like, and one trouble coming on you told me that they had measured one of after another, till it seems as if God these wonderful trees, which was thirtytwo feet round, and, I think, one hundred and forty feet high.

Such is the potency of the virus of this tree, that horses which are driven abound, if they come in contact with their leaves, die in convulsions. I have seen a statement of the actual death in convulsions of his horse by a traveler through these parts; and one of the gentlemen of the exhibition committee told me that, as they were riding in the Illawara forest, a young man who had lately arrived, and was ignorant of the nature of the tree, breaking off a twig as he rode along, had his hand instantly paralyzed by it. His fingers were pressed firmly together, and were as rigid as stone,

Fortunately, a stockman who was near, observing it, came up and said," I

He gathered a species of arum, which grew near, for nature has planted the bane and the antidote together in the day. My boy Wilhelm was very ill just low grounds, and rubbing the hand then, and no one knew whether he with it, it very soon relaxed and resumed its natural pliancy.

This is precisely the process used by the children in England. When what was to come, I really thought my nettled, they rub the place with a bruised dock-leaf, saying all the while "Nettle go out, dock go in.

# A Regular Pest.

Like the locust swarms of Egypt have the so-called "Croton bugs" taken possession of nearly every dwelling house, office, warehouse, and other buildings nany people assembled, and among the in the various parts of the city of New rest came the district inspector of police. He was a kind man in his way, and had given me several little jobs to do when I first came over; but he was the various parts of the carry of the various parts of the various parts of the carry of the various parts not very rich himself, and nobody could rel is a special hive for them, resting blame him for not helping us when he and breeding there by the million un-had his own family to think of. How- der the hoops, headings and wherever ever, I've no doubt he came to our sale a crevice can be found. Even the sanctity of beds and bedding is not exempt from their visitations, and, no matter how careful and tidy a housewife may be, she cannot overcome the myriads of these pests as they swarm rom wainscotings, mantels, surbases, dining tables, window sills, floorings under carpets, from cupboards, and elsewhere and everywhere. They revel in the "dead shot" powders that are represented to be their "sure exterminaors," and dance-it may be the "dance of death,"-in the dough trough and bread basket, if they are dosed with Paris green, a poison so fatal to human life, and which they can track with them wherever they travel. They are said to be as harmless as crickets, but unlike the cricket, which is seldom visible, I said I had never noticed anything of they are to be seen with the naked eye the sort—nor, indeed, had I; for, when almost everywhere. The cricket is almost everywhere. The cricket is heard, but not seen; the Croton bug is seen, but not heard. It does not bite but pinches and scratches, and is de-

#### The Commercial Press.

(From the Shoe and Tin Trade Journal)

Mr. James C. Bayles, in his remarks before the Stove Manufacturers' Con-vention at Nisgara, gave voice to truths which are well known to those who conduct the newspaper press, but which are forgotten or ignored by those who should derive most benefit from the press which represents their business, A newspaper that seeks worthily to represent any class should have full and abundant information; it should be fresh, up to the period, and not only represent the latest theories, but give information concerning the latest facts. As one of the veterans of the profession remarked to us years ago, the editor must keep assimilating knowledge in order to pour it forth. Mr. Bayles ut-tered this idea in other language, but there is a substantial agreement as to facts. And in this respect the public do not as yet second our efforts. Great improvements may be introduced in manufacturing; the editor is left to hear fit is larger to the manufacturing; the editor is left to hear the same that the manufacturing is the editor is left to hear the same that of it by chance. There may be important changes in foreign markets with uniform, whom I rightly guess to be since), was dying, and wanted to see my host's soldier son William (a household word in his father's mouth), now on garrison duty at Spandau.

But the object which especially attracts my attention is a tall, grim a kind of a dose, and nobody with him burean of dark car, in the further cor.

But the object which especially attracts my attention is a tall, grim a kind of a dose, and nobody with him decamped with the proceeds, amounting to nearly a million dollars, leaving his circumstances is now attracting attention in Michigan. For twenty-five or thirty years everybody about Troy, N. Y., had supposed Abraham Schryver dead. When his wife's father died he settled up the estate and decamped with the proceeds, amounting to nearly a million dollars, leaving his circumstances is year much like gold. circumstances is very much like gold prospecting. You may possibly stumble across something by accident.

Our brethren of the political press

have many advantages over us. Intel-King of Italy, the unification of Germany, and the Vienna Exposition, are a few among the many topics afforded by Europe alone. None of these except the Exposition can be touched by newspapers which are founded to represent a special trade or class. The editor may feel the warmest interest in metaphysical and psychological studies, yet Herbert Spencer, Kant, Mill, or Comte cannot be spoken of in its col-umns. Di Cesnola and his collection of antiquites are just as completely barred from his pages as Mommsen's researches in early Roman history, although there may be the strongest attractions in his mind for these speculations. He has but one path, and must keep to it.

It is not too much, therefore, to ask that those who are interested in the questions he considers shall sometimes contribute of their knowledge. Knotty points may be unravelled, and obscure

ones made plain.

The field of this special journalism is to be in the future very great. The prices of the raw material throughout the world and the state of the principal markets will be described, improvements in the art will be reported, and soned upon, while nothing of importance will be omitted. Correspondents will be sent to examine and report upon every new process, and scientific men of the highest capacity will be called in to review this work. Class journalism has but just begun. May not the day of good and praiseworthy work in this line be hastened if the subscribers co-operate with the managers, and impart that intelligence they are so willing to receive?

The following statistics of the iron production of the United States will be particularly interesting at this time, when the growth of this business in this country and the decay of it in England are attracting so much attention. figures are furnished by the American Iron and Steel Association, and convey the latest information on the subject. First, for some deductions from the tables :

tons of metal, equal to 16 pounds per

Union, is estimated by this office at 2,100,000 gross tons, equal to about 110 pounds per head of the population. In 1854 the total production of anth-

which Pennsylvania made 267,747 tons, gin the task of paying that debt, by or 77 per cent. In 1871 the total pro-writing and publishing books. or 77 per cent. In 1871 the total production of anthracite was 956,607 tons. an increase of nearly 300 per cent. over the production of 1854, of which Pennsylvania produced 714,700 tons, or about 75 per cent.

In 1849 there were manufactured in rails. In 1872 there were manufactured 941,992 net tons of which Pennsylvania made 419,529 tons, or more than 44 per

cent. Bessemer rails were first made in the United States in 1867 to fill contracts. In 1871 this branch of the iron industry had been so well developed that 60,042 net tons of steel and steel-headed rails were made in that year. In 1876, 94,-070 net tons of Bessemer rails alone were made—an increase in one year of 56 2-3 per cent,

The blast-furnaces in the United States now number about 600, of which about 100 were built in 1872 and 1873. A Fiendish Murder.

The death of Miss Maggie Hammill, a wealthy young New York lady, at the residence of James and Sarah Merrigan, Williamsburgh, no longer remains a mystery. A confession has been made woman, from which it appears that Miss Hammill visited the Merrigan family and that Mrs. Merrigan and she quarreled. After the quarrel Mrs. Merrigan made up her mind to kill her, and succeeded in doing so by strangling her with a piece of clothesline. that Miss Hammill was dead, Mrs. Mer. rigan, fearing that her husband would return, hid her between the bedtick and the slats. Then, not knowing what to do with the body, she concluded to keep her husband out of the room, and suc ceeded in doing so until the third night, at half-past nine o'clock, when she set fire to the place, with the hope of destroying all traces of the murder. The was found badly burned, and the husband and wife are under arrest for the murder.

#### An Old, Old Story.

The following tale of terror, which has been told at different times of every country on the globe, now finds its American adaptation in the Opelousas (La.) Journal, in these terms: "Down in the parish of St. Martin an old widow lady, whose children had all married off and left her alone, had been persuaded to sell her little place and live with them. She sold her land, buildings, and improvements one day for \$2,000, and received the money in cash on the spot, in her own house, where the act of sale was passed before two witnesses, the number required by law, and who witnessed also the paying of the money. In a short time she was to give posses-sion, but she remained in the house the night following the sale, all alone, or with no masculine adult inmates, as was her custom. That night two negro burglars broke into the house and de-

amount, and wanted to pay the debt, when she would be satisfied. They finally consented to let her keep the hundred dollars. They then ordered her to make some coffee for them to drink. In doing so, she bethought herself of some strychnine she had in the house, and quietly dropped it in the pot of steam-ing coffee, and placed it on the table with cups, spoons, and sugar for them to pour out and sweeten to their taste. This they did, and drank in a jolly mood, each one having nine hundred have many advantages over us. Interligence comes promptly to them, and they have the whole range of the news of the world to comment upon. The of the world to comment upon. The lignificance of the visit of the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the ghost where he sat at the comment upon the com of the world to comment upon. The political significance of the visit of the Shah of Persia to the Occidental nations, the probable solution of the struggle between the Pope and the bled into eternity. The good old lady bled into eternity. The good old lady represent the property of the probable and the probable solution of the struggle between the Pope and the property of the probable and the probable solution of the struggle between the Pope and the probable are property and on every property and on the political significance of the visit of the Shah of Persia to the Occidental nations, the probable solution of the struggle between the Pope and the property recovered her money, and on examining the persons of the black, burglarious robbers, they turned out to be the two witnesses to the act of sale, both white men blackened for the occasion—both her neighbors, and one was her cousin.

#### Those Emptyings.

You have probably noticed, says the Danbury News, what a thoughtful woman your wife is. She never forgets anything, and when she goes down cellar after an article she is sure to bring up something beside that she may need. She calls that "making her head save her heels," Once in a while she may neglect something, but that is because calls that "making her head save she has so much on her mind she can't think of everything at once, and if some people had as much to do and keep track of as she has, there would be nothing done at all. After she says this, it is time you either left or busied yourself with something else. We never knew a man who continued the conversation to appear satisfied afterwards. She exhibits this thoughtfulness in many ways, but more particularly some night when you have just got to bed, and neglected to leave a match near the lamp. Then she starts up with the exclamation: "I declare, I forgot to set emptings to-night, and there isn't only bread enough for breakfast." So you get up, and skim around for a match, and after securing a light accompany her to the kitchen, where you hold the light while she goes through with the operations required in "setting emptyings." And after you have stood around in your bare legs for ten minutes, holding the lamp in one hand and frequently slapping yourself with the other, you go back to bed oppressed by the consciousness that in some way you are responsible for the whole trouble.

# An Industrious Preacher.

Father Taylor, the great pioneer Methodist preacher of California, is a notable personage. Coming here in 1849, says a California letter, he served seven years as a missionary in churches, prisons, mining camps and hospitals, According to Henry C. Carey, the meeting the strangest experiences ever whole number of blast furnaces in the encountered by any herald of the Gos-Union in 1810 was 153, yielding 54,000 pel. In 1855 he was burdened with a church debt of over \$50,000, occasioned by fire and depreciation of property, head of the population.

The estimated production of pigmetal in 1872, by all the furnaces in the

by fire and depreciation of property,
for which he was personally responsible.

He gave up every dollar of his own estate, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company presented him tickets for a passage for himself and family to the Eastern States. He reached New York racite pig-iron was 339,435 net tons, of with less than \$100 in his pocket, to be-

In 1869 he paid the uttermost dollar of it, through his agents, of San Francisco. During that period of thirteen years, he wrote nearly a dozen books, gave an occasional lecture, preached twelve or fourteen sermons a week, supthe United States 24,318 tons ( net ) of ported his family, and traveled constantly, in our own and foreign lands ! No collections are ever taken up for him, or donations made-a rule he rigidly enforces; hence the debt was paid, and all his own and his family's expenses met, from the proceeds of the books and lectures alone. To-day, and for several years, many

men in California have been asking, "Where is Father Taylor?" He is now in India, doing missionary work.

# A Lotion for the Ladies.

A Southern lady sends the following receipe for glycerine lotion, to those who persist in using dangerous cos-The pain occasioned by sunburned and freckled skin, often so troublesome, can be relieved, and the shining morning face of youth restored, by the application of glycerine lotion, made thus; Take one ounce of sweet almonds, or of pistachio-nuts, half a pint of elder or rose water, and one ounce of pure glycerine; grate the nuts, put the powder in a little bag of linen, and squeeze it for several minutes in the rose-water; then add the glycerine and a little perfume. The lotion may be used by wetting the face with it two or three times a day. This must be a grateful appliance of the toilette-table for a parched, rough skin. It should be allowed to dry thoroughly into the skin, when, if, it feels sticky or pasty, it may be washed off with warm water.

"Small thanks to you, sir," said a what you said in this cause." said the conscientious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

### Facts and Fancies.

Many of the newspapers are calling upon delinquent subscribers for their back pay.

It is now believed the farmers granges will secure the next United States Sena-

tor in Kansas. Three Socialists have been sentenced

to death by the Tribunal of Justice of

Valencia, Spain. Bad temper bites at both ends; it makes one's self nearly as miserable as

it does other people. In Richmond they take note even of the fall of a sparrow, and fined the

New Yorker who did it \$3. The scalp of a "Modoc warrior, killed in the lava beds," recently came through the mail to a man at Brattleboro, Vt.

The man who was recently lynched in Missouri had thoroughly trained his eleven children in the burglar busi-

A Detroit man brought his cooking stove to town last week and sold it to get money enough to take his family to

Persons who are liable to be sea sick are recommended, on the eve of a sea voyage, to take mucilage with-their

food, to keep it down. More than half the acreage in Illinois is in corn. The Chicago Tribune indi-cates from one-half to two-thirds an average crop this year.

Interesting Invalid-"Doctor, I want my husband to take me to Paris. do tell me, what complaint ought I to have?" And that's what the bill was

A Colorado justice of the peace sentenced a man to be hung for horsestealing, and the gallows was ready be-fore the official found out he had no jurisdiction. "Good morning, gentlemen," says a

book peddler, entering a railroad car. No one responded. "Beg pardon, if I have said too much; I withdraw the last expression. "What should I talk about this evening?" asked a prosy speaker of one of his expectant auditors. "About

a quarter of an hour would be just the thing," was the reply. Two young ladies of La Crosse were standing by the side of a ditch thirteen feet wide which they didn't know how to cross, when their escort said "snakes,"

and they cleared it at a bound. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman has discovered that, as a law of nature, every spotted dog has at the end of his tail white, and every spotted

cat at the end of the tail black. The Montgomery (Ala.) Journal says: Some of the two-cent politicians are trying to make a point for the next election, on the fact that the city is working the women vagrants in the burying-

ground." A smart man of Sandusky put arsenie in a bottle of wine, hoping that burglar would drink it, and his wife placed it among 100 other bottles. The smart man is now wondering which is

the bottle. A young lady in Gloucester is charged with keeping a light burning in the parlor until very late on Sunday night, in order to harrow the sensitive feelings of an envious neighbor into the belief that she has really got a beau.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that Col. J. H. Devereux, the new President of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad received \$100,000 as a bonus far taking that office, and an annual salary of \$20,000 besides.

Two gentlemen are prospecting Wasco County, Oregon, with a view to engaging in the sheep business. They are from Australia, and, should they be favorably impressed, will bring a large flock of sheep from that country.

A Wisconsin newspaper says:- "Our farmers have now secured all their rye, barley, wheat and oats in good condi-tion, and it is not only the largest yield they have had for years, but the wheat especially is of a better quality than we

The New London (Ohio) Record gives an account of the falling of a meteoric stone near that place. I. was heard passing through the air by a Mr. Hotchkiss, and struck close to where he was standing. It came from a southeasterly direction, and when taken from the ground was quite hot.

Recent experiments have shown very conclusively that cold-blooded animals behave like plants with regard to freezing temperatures. Thus, they die at different freezing temperatures; the honey-bee at 1 degree; the spider at 3 legrees; the flesh-fly survives at a temperature of 6 degrees; the silk-worm egg at one of 21 degrees.

The way the shoes fly is shown by a secemaker at Lynn, who makes two pairs in forty-eight minutes. He receives for his work forty-five cents a pair. How they fly in other ways is discovered by the unlucky folks who buy them, and who, to save their soles, can not make them last much longer than it takes this man to make them.

A dissipated but wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, while too full of spirits, saw a flag hanging out of an enlistment office, and went in to see what day was celebrated. Seeing a number of men in uniform sitting around, he was con-vinced that the liberty of his country was in danger, and at once enrolled his name among the recruits. When he became sober he discovered that he could not make a joke of the affair, and his father, mother, and wife, who are greatly alarmed at his prospects, will use every exertion to get him discharged.

# The Nathan Murder.

We publish, says the New York Herald, an account of an interview with the man Irving, who puts in a claim as being the murderer of the late Benjamin Nathan. Sifted thoroughly, it is evident that his story is a sheer fabrication from beginning to end, and that the fellow himself is a fraud of the first water. Per contra, several of the New York papers believe and assert that Irvplaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for ing is interested in the murder, and what you said in this cause." "Ab, that the late Chief-of-Police Jourdan knew it. The present chief, Matsell, does not believe in Irving.