The Three Crosses.

[From Longfellow's new Poem.]

NAHAHEM, THE ESSENIAN.

Three crosses in this noonday night uplifted,
Three human figures, that in mortal pain
Gleam white against the supernatural darkness;
Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and between them
The Suffering Messiah, the Son of Joseph.
Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, Son of David!
A crown of thorns on that dishonored head!
Those hands that healed the sick, now pierced by nails,
Those feet that wandered homeless through the sand,
Now crossed and bleeding, and at rest forever.
And the three faithful Marys, overwhelmed
By this great sorrow, like the holy women
O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-Priest,
How wilt thou answer for this deed of blood?

SCRIBES AND ELDERS.

Thou that destroyest the Temple, and dost build it
In three days, save thyself; and if thou be
The Son of God, come down now from the cross.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Others he saved, himself he cannot save!
Let Christ the King of Israel descend,
That we may see and believe!

SCRIBES AND ELDERS.

In God he trusted;
Let him deliver him if he will have him;
And we will then believe.

CHRISTUS.

Father! forgive them;
They know not what they do.

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

If thou be Christ,
O save thyself and us.

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Remember me,
Lord, when thou comest into thine own kingdom.

CHRISTUS.

This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

MAHAHEM.

Golgotha! Golgotha! O the pain and darkness!
O the uplifted cross, that shall forever
Shine through the darkness, and shall conquer pain
By the triumphant memory of this hour!

SHOW SLOTS.

O Nazarene! I find thee here at last!
Thou art no more a phantom unto me!
This is the end of one who called himself
The Son of God! Such is the fate of those
Who promulgate new doctrines. It is not what he did,
But what he said, hath brought him unto this.
I will speak evil of no dignitaries.
This is my hour of triumph, Nazarene!

THE YOUNG RULER.

This is the end of him who said to me,
Sell that thou hast, and give unto the poor!
This is the treasure in Heaven he promised me!

CHARIOTS.

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?

A SOLDIER, *preparing the hyssop.*

He calleth for Elias!

ANOTHER.

Nay, let be!
See if Elias now will come to save him!

CHRISTUS.

I thirst.

A SOLDIER.

Give him the wormwood!

CHRISTUS *with a loud cry, bowing his head.*

It is finished!

Farm, Garden and Household.

SCALDING BED-BUGS.—Always destroy these vermin when the moon is new, and you will then destroy all their eggs.

PLASTER ON WET GROUND.—"Does plaster help orchard grass and other grasses on wet ground?" So asks a correspondent. We answer no. It is useless to sow plaster on wet lands.

DRESSING FOR A TURKEY.—The crumbs of one large loaf of bread, rubbed up fine, two eggs, half a teacup of butter, one teacupful of celery, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of ground pepper. This is delicious.

HOW TO SET COLORS.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of sugar of lead in a pail of water, in which you soak your colored cambric for fifteen minutes before washing. If more convenient, a little vinegar or a handful of salt thrown into a pail of water, and the dress soaked, will set the color.

SUGAR COOKIES WITHOUT EGGS.—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, and one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful soda; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, sifted in the flour; spice to suit the taste, and flour to make it thick enough to roll easy: rub butter and sugar in the dry flour, then wet and roll out, using no eggs.

TOOTHACHE.—Put a piece of quicklime, as big as a walnut, in a pint of water in a bottle. Clean the teeth with a little of it every morning, rinsing the mouth with clean water afterward. If the teeth are good it will preserve them and keep away toothache; if the teeth are gone, it will harden the gums so that they will masticate crusts and all.

RICH MINCE PIES.—Eight pounds of beef, one pound suet, two pounds currants, two pounds raisins, one-half peck apples, two ounces ground cloves, two ounces all-spice, one-half ounce mace, one ounce nutmeg, three-quarter pound citron, one-quarter pound cinnamon, eight pounds sugar, half a gallon sweet cider, eight lemons.

CHARCOAL OR EARTH FOR HOGS.—Hogs that are put up to fatten, as well as store hogs, should have some earth given them occasionally. We have found it a good plan to dig a few sods from the fence-corners for them, which they will consume with much relish. In a state of nature, the hog, which roots for its living, must, necessarily, take into its stomach a large quantity of earth. It is advisable to let him do this when penned up.

TO COOK AN OLD FOWL.—Dress and stuff as for roasting; then boil three hours in a covered pot, with one quart of water, to which add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; then take it from the water, rub it over with a little butter, sprinkle over some flour, and put the fowl into the bake pan and bake in a hot oven one hour. Use the liquor in the pot for gravy, and to baste with. The vinegar makes it very tender, but does not taste at all.

ECONOMY IN FATTENING ANIMALS.—It has been proved by experiment, says *Hearth and Home*, that the more rapidly an animal is fattened, the less quantity of food is necessary to sustain its mere vitality. Thus, an animal can be more cheaply fattened by consuming ten bushels of corn in two months than if four months were occupied in the process. Liberal and abundant feeding is the most economical, and a saving of time in producing the same result is a gain in the profit.

SPREADING MANURE.—We think it a wrong practice, which hauling out manure, in the fall or winter, to place it in heaps. It is better to spread it at once. In the first place, labor is saved. But most important of all is the fact that most of the manure is wasted when placed in heaps. To spread it once it is more equally divided than it can be afterwards. We once hauled out manure to a field, leaving it in heaps until the hauling was completed. During this time some showers fell. The land was sown to oats next spring, and on the spots where the heaps had been the grain lodged and was spoiled. The following crop was wheat, and on those spots the wheat rusted and yielded nothing; while the growth of straw was remarkable. We have never since repeated the practice.—*Rural and Home.*

PASTURING WINTER GRAIN.—It is much too common a custom to turn cattle on to the fields of winter grain at the present time. This is a very inadvisable practice. Feed is short, certainly, and the stock need all they can get. But what occurs to the grain? A considerable portion is pulled up by the roots and devoured. Another portion is destroyed by the poaching of the ground, and the filling of the holes made by the feet of the cattle, with water when the winter rains come. Then the needed protection the herbage affords to the roots is wanting, and the crop can not withstand the severe frosts from which it is no longer sheltered. The result is a short crop, for which the spring rains are blamed, or the heavy showers in May or June, which knock off the blossom, or the hot sun, which blasts it, or the midge which sucks its juices, and many other things; all of which are probably innocent, and the real blame attaches to the farmer, who allowed his cows to eat off the fall growth. It is very rarely indeed that grain needs to be eaten off; and if such should be the case, calves, sheep, or pigs well ringed, are better than cows or heavy stock.

How to be Hospitable.

Hospitality seems to be an extinct virtue. Grand parties we have in plenty of all kinds, where those who have vitality sufficient to attend them, and purses long enough to compete with the vulgar show attending them, may return such hollow civilities, and "have it over," as they express it.

"*Have it over?*" There's just the fly in the ointment. The old-fashioned, genuine hospitality never was "over." Nobody wanted it "over." A simple, elegant little tea, a well-cooked, well-served, plain family dinner, one's friend was always welcome to join, without a printed card of invitation weeks beforehand, accompanied with a whispered, "I hope to gracious they won't accept!" But that, alas! is all in the past. Fashion has decreed an elaborate show of food, dishes and dress. Families pinch themselves a whole year for one grand display of this kind, in the endeavor to complete with those whose means perhaps may justify this barren style of entertaining, and where stupefaction and a consequent lack of intelligent conversation are the only result, save a long bill of expense. The consequence is, that people whose time is valuable, and whose vitality is too precious to expend in this way, refuse all such invitations. But the unfortunate part of it is, that many of them do not revive the old simple hospitality; and when expostulate! with upon setting a better example, only reply, that the prevailing taste for show has so vitiated everything that there are few who care to go where it is not the order of the entertainment.

Now we don't believe this. We have too often heard sensible, cultivated, refined men and women deplore it, to credit this idea. But they are mel-strom; Mrs. So and So is a particular friend, and "she thinks she must go through with this vulgar parade," or, "her husband likes it," etc. Now it isn't that there are "few who don't like it;" but it is true that there are few who have the independence to inaugurate a different state of things—to be *truly* hospitable without excessive upholstery, or gastronomy, or fine millinery.

To my mind, there is something better than sitting hours to see servants dexterously place and take away dishes. One sees that at home in lesser degree, and with less waste of time. One can converse with one's hostess there, and she will not answer at random, because her mind is occupied with processions of birds and sugar and wines. Little children's faces, like flowers, are there, in place of a stiff bouquet of flowers and silver pyramids obscuring one's *vis-a-vis*. There is a home flavor which puts the most modest guest at ease, and permits him or her to bring forth something in the way of conversation that is not the inflamed product of half a dozen kinds of wine—something to remember and think of afterward with pleasure, instead of blushing next day to associate with the speaker.

I say there are people, and the best kind of people too, who *much* prefer this style of entertainment; but they should not rest there. They should inaugurate something better in their place, instead only of retiring in disgust under the shelter of their own roofs, and living only for their own family circles. They owe a duty also to society, and it should be paid by setting a sensible example of old-fashioned simplicity in hospitality, which in time may reform this matter. People who value their brains want them in decent condition for the next morning, and the next morning after that, and cannot afford to waste them in this manner. It is a matter of dollars and cents with them, I'd have you to know as well as a matter of taste; if, indeed I may be pardoned for putting forward an idea so practical. They wish to retire early, for one thing; they prefer out-door air for another, when they are off duty with the pen, instead that of a close, stifled room, and the spectacle of feeding and drinking till sense and wit give out. This is plain talking, but it won't hurt you, my friends, to have a little occasionally. FANNY FERN.

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE IN DIPHTHERIA.—The Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says: Dr. Hill has in his possession a diphtheria membrane removed from the throat of a girl of fifteen, who was attacked with the severest type of this terrible disease. The false membrane is about three inches in length, completely preserved, and is a perfect cast of the air passage from which it came. The film is a thick, white, tough, leathery substance, presenting the well-known characteristics observed in attacks of this disease. The girl and her sister came to this city from the Eastern part of the State to work in the mills, and was unwell on her arrival. She went to work one day, however, when she was taken ill with diphtheria. The usual treatment in such cases was resorted to, but the patient grew worse, and breathed with great difficulty. On Sunday she had a violent fit of coughing, and seemed to be strangling. The nurse, who had charge of her had the presence of mind to put her finger down the girls throat, and seized the end of something which appeared loose there, and pulled out what proved to be the false membrane of which we have spoken. The presence of mind of the nurse saved the girl, who is recovering.

THE HOUSE A-FIRE.—A gentleman once offered to bet that he would empty the whole of a good winter fire in a drawing-room out of the grate, and place it upon the carpet in the center of the room, all the company to be seated around it in a circle, and that the room should not take fire. Mr. Braidwood, formerly Captain of the London Fire Brigade, said that he would have backed such a bet; and that the fire in such a case would probably have died out of itself. It is not very easy to set fire to a house without first lighting curtains or other articles that produce a lively flame. This fact, however, should not make us less careful respecting the causes of fires. Nearly all fires can be managed at the outset by the inmates of the house. By shutting the doors and windows, so as to prevent the supply of air to the fire, and by resolutely attacking the flames with water, rugs or blankets, door-mats, etc., the larger part of fires in dwelling-houses may be smothered.

THE GAIN OF SUNDAY REST.—Says Lord Macaulay: We are not poorer, but richer, because we have, through many ages, rested from our labor one day in seven. That day is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plow lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines—the machine compared with which all the contrivances of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless—is repairing winding up, so that he returns to his labors on the Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigor.

THE NEW YORK TANNERIES.—The tanneries in the State of New York are receding farther and farther northward into the wilderness, as the supply of tan-bark is gradually becoming exhausted. Not very long ago Fort Edward and Conklingville, on the Sacandaga, were the extreme Northern limits of the tan-pits, and now the nighborhood of Chestertown in the very heart of the Adirondacks, are filled with tanning manufactories, and the owners are contemplating their removal higher up, as the hemlock bark is consumed. An immense amount of standing timber is used up every year to furnish bark for the tanneries.

RETURNING CALLS.—Much variety of opinion seems to prevail in New York, says a writer, about the time to elapse before returning a call. Some ladies tell me a month, and the shortest period I have heard is fifteen days. In Paris, you must return the first call of a new acquaintance within three days, or be guilty of great rudeness. Royalty is even more exacting, as a visit from one sovereign to another must be returned within a few hours.

CORNS.—A skilled farrier once told us that he never saw a horse called "knee sprung" that was not found to have corns; and when they were removed the trouble was gone.

How he was Hit.

There was a mixed company, on a certain occasion, on board a steamer which was passing the port of Monterey in California. One of the passengers exhibited his geography and history—or rather the place where they ought to have been—by observing:

"That's what General Taylor gin the Mexicans fits."

Monterey suggested Buena Vista, on which another person incautiously said:

"That's whar the Indianians run away."

This was of course at once contradicted by an Indianian, who averred, "They only fell back to get better fighting ground." That in return was controverted. A hot discussion sprang up, which was growing personal, and likely to be a rehearsal of the great fight, when a friend interfered as pacificator, by saying he did not want to be held responsible for what he was about to say, and he thought it would settle the whole difficulty.

That looked encouraging; but when he commenced by saying that "he heard they were liars as well as cowards," it did not look that way; it looked very much like a Free State free fight.

"Now just hold on till I tell you what I heard," expostulated the rash friend. "When the Indianians were running away, or falling back, as may be, a fellow was making back track as fast as his horse could carry him. Another fellow lying on the ground, and making as much noise as his lungs would allow, called to the horseman, 'For God's sake, take me and save me from massacre.'"

"'Where are you hit?'

"'Only in the leg.'

"He was benevolently taken up behind the horseman, and on they went, until they reached a surgeon's quarters. Pulling up, the rider told that functionary:

"'Here doctor, here's a case for you.'

"Scalpel looked up from his bloody work, but inquired with evident indignation:

"'What did you bring him here for?'

"'For you to attend to him of course!'

"'Go and get his head, then!'

"The rider turned, and saw a bleeding headless trunk. His astonishment was only equaled by his indignation.

"'The lying son of a gun!' he bawled out; "he told me he was only hit in the leg!'"

The friend's explanation proved satisfactory, as all hands laughed.

Fabrics for Dresses.

Ponson and Bonnet gros-grain silks (poult de soie), sell at from $3.50 to $10 per yard, a New York fashion paper tells us. American—gros-grain—from $2 to 3.50; taffetas at about the same rates. The latest colors are the *marron cameo*, in three shades; turtle-dove, in three shades; olive brown, olive green, and sage green, in three shades; invisible green, vert antique, cypress green, London smoke, marine blue, peacock blue; claret, and currant. For dinner and evening dresses, peach-blossom pink, and peach-blossom (which are entirely different shades of color), turquoise blue, ciel, Nile-green, and coral, with rose, lilac, lavender, and ashes-of-rose in many shades. They vary in price from $3.50 to $10 per yard.

Irish poplins, in all colors and shades, sell at from $1.50 to $2.25; French poplins, from 95c. to $2.25; velours, from $1 to $1.75; cashmeres, in all colors and shades, from $1.75 to $3; colored Thibets, one and three-eight yards in width at 2; empress cloths, from 42c. to $1.25; satins, from 75c. to $1.25; imperial all wool serges, from $1.50 to $2; beaver, mohair and buffalo alpaca, from 62c. to $1.25; merinoes, from 75c. to $2; drap d'ete, forty-eight inches wide from $1.50 to $3; and Irish satinets, in all the new shades, at $3 per yard.

HARD ON BUBBY.—A charming actress who plays light parts in a theatre, who is also an excellent wife and mother, had been annoyed by the overwhelming attentions of a young down-town jeweller. At last, his notes and bouquets becoming too frequent, she mentioned the fact to her husband, who immediately fired up and threatened to punish the infatuated youth. A powerful athlete, he armed himself with a cane of the "genus" bludgeon and left his hotel the next morning with the avowed intention of giving his rival a few blows and teaching him to mind his own business. Entering the shop where he was employed, he strode hastily through and inquired if there was a young man there named H——. "There is," said the owner of the establishment: "he is at the window tinkering watches. Mr. H——, you are wanted." As the little male flirt arose and confronted the large man, he trembled and turned pale. "Did you send my wife these notes?" said he, producing some of the epistles in question. "I—I—yes—I did," stammered the culprit, trembling in every limb. He saw the weapon, and he thought his time had come. "Well, well," said the broad-shouldered, big-hearted actor, reaching over the counter and patting the poor, frightened fellow gently on the top of the head, "look here, bubby, you must not do so any more." And he left poor H——, to the tender mercies of his fellow clerks.—*N. Y. Paper.*

READ THE PAPER.—How much more intelligent and fascinating the majority of young ladies would be were they to give a little more attention to newspaper reading. We do not mean the flash papers of the day which are filled with matter which, if it does no harm, can certainly do no good, but to newspapers—those which make us familiar with present character and improvements of the age. It is well enough to know something of the world's history, but it is with the present we have mainly to deal, and we know of no more engaging trait in a lady's character than a fair acquaintance with passing events. Every young lady should have an intelligent opinion on the moral, political and religious subjects of the times, and the best, and the only way to find this, is to read good newspapers diligently.

BROUGHT TO TIME.—A lady, whose husband wouldn't get her a patent clothes-dryer, took the pole out from her old-fashioned line the other evening, and crouching down near the fence yelled "murder." In an instant her startled lord came flying out of the house, and was immediately caught across the throat by the obstructing line, and before he could recover himself it had nearly sawed his head off. The next morning a sedate-looking chap was putting up a patent clothes-dryer in that yard.

A SIZZLER.—A little girl was much in the habit of reproving her dolls for misbehaviour, and sometimes after a most alarming fashion. Her mother overheard her one day, while she was taking the prettiest to task for being so naughty. "O you naughty sinful child," said she, shaking the poor little waxen image. "You will go to the lake of fire and brimstone, you will! and you wont burn up like other babies—you'll only just *sizzle!*"

MORMON WIVES.—It is reported at Salt Lake that many of the well-to-do polygamists of that city are preparing to send away their plural wives in the event of an adverse verdict in the forthcoming trials for lascivious cohabitation. These gentlemen believe that polygamy is a Godly doctrine, but entertain grave doubts as to the expediency of continuing its practice in violation of the law.

FOR EUROPE.—The U. S. Steamer Wabash, with General Sherman and Lieutenant Fred. Grant on board, has sailed from New York for Europe. Gen. Sherman goes out in a private capacity, and will visit the most notable cities of the old country, being absent some six months.

THE remains of the wife and child of Buckskin, alias Pyburn, the desperado who was shot near San Rafael, Lower California, by the Sheriff of Los Angeles, some months since, have been found near Guadaloupe Ranche. It is supposed the woman became insane, and wandered away and died.

A mistress who had sent her servant to chapel, had reason to fear that instead of going all the way there, she had stopped with the *chap.*

Items of Interest.

THE American ship Yang-tsze has been wrecked in the China Sea, the captain and four seamen being drowned.

THE commission for the arbitration of the Alabama claims assemble at Geneva on the 12th of December. About five hundred cases have to be investigated.

THE Grand Jury of Los Angeles County, Cal., have found a number of indictments against persons charged with participation in the butchery of Chinese in the late riot in the town of Los Angeles. Most of the accused have fled from the county.

MOST of the finest diamonds recently put up at Debenham's, the great jewelry auctioneer in Garrick street, London, were bought up for America. Hunt & Roskill, the first jewellers in London, say that they can't get the price for them there.

THE report of the sinking of two vessels in the Mersey, with all on board, is confirmed. The vessels have been identified as the bark Mary Baker of Boston, bound from Liverpool for Bermuda, and the British ship Arrow, from Sierra Leone for Liverpool. The Mary Baker was built at Yarmouth, N. S., in 1859 and was 287 tons burden.

THE accounts of ex-Paymaster Hodge have been settled by the Second Auditor, and make the following exhibit: Total amount of disbursements, $14,950,371 80; balance due the United States as per accounts, $450,893 15; amount on deposit, $5,773 11; deficit, $445,120 05; amount of suspensions, $1,129 42; actual amount of defalcation, $446,249 47.

THE Delhi Gazette says: A woman murdered her husband the other day in the suburbs of Agra. She was arrested and, condemned. The rumors spread through the city and station that the authorities, viewing the crime with extraordinary abhorrence, had resolved upon a signal example. They had determined that the criminal should be torn and devoured by foxhounds upon the parade-ground. A crowd of natives actually assembled in gala attire to witness the tamasha.

The Avondale Horror.

Since the loss of the Avondale coal breaker by fire, and the additional terrible loss of a hundred lives from the effect upon the ventilation of the mine, there has been endless and fruitless speculation as to its cause, and the profound mystery which shrouded it at the time has since enveloped it, and while the story which reaches us comes from no authoritative source, it is still so generally circulated that we feel justified in giving it for what it may be worth.

A man who lived somewhere near Grand Tunnel died from the effects of small-pox last Friday night. In his last moments he said to those about him that there was something on his mind which troubled him, and he could not die at rest with himself until he told it. He went on to say that the Steuben (Avondale) breaker was never fired by accident, but that he was one of a party of six who fired it.

Then giving his own name he undertook to give others, but could only articulate what was understood to be "Michael," when a fainting fit attacked him from which he did not rally, dying shortly after.

It will of course never be known what he intended to divulge, but he has certainly left enough behind him to confirm the belief of some who have held that the burning of the breaker was through foul means, and it may open the way to find out whether there really any foundation for the belief. And should investigation show that there was foul play, we hope that not a stone may be left unturned to bring the wretches, who could plan and carry out so dastardly and awful a scheme, to summary and effective retribution.—*Scranton Republican.*

Cruelty to Sailors.

If the charges alleged against Captain Semmes of the United States Navy are true, and a court-martial at the Brooklyn Navy Yard has been investigating them, that officer deserves the severest punishment that it is possible to inflict. Referring to the time when he was in command of the sloop-of-war Portsmouth, it is said that the situation upon the vessel had become so unbearable that while the vessel lay in the harbor of Rio Janeiro there were one hundred decorations; guards rowed around the ship in the night-time, armed with revolvers, and ordered to shoot any one attempting to leave the vessel. Men were punished for the most trivial offences by being hoisted into boats alongside the ship, tied hand and feet, were left exposed to the blazing sun until they were burned so that their skin peeled off in huge flakes. The grossest indignities were offered to the seamen of all grades, under the name of punishment. Sometimes the Commander ordered a man crammed into a box three feet long and about eighteen inches deep; then heavy planks were hammered down upon the unfortunate victim, and in one case a sailor was kept thus crushed and almost dying for one hundred and twenty hours. Men were sometimes chained together by twos so that they could hardly move, and laid out on deck to endure the terrible fervor of tropical nights, until their nervous systems gave way under the intolerable torture, and they were transformed into little less than maniacs. It does not seem possible that such crimes can have been sanctioned by any officer of our navy; and only one side of the story has been made known.

MONTANA.—A private letter from an army officer stationed in Montana about sixty miles west of Fort Benton, gives a glowing description of the soil and climate of that territory. The writer says: "This is a magnificent country. Plains very extensive and scenery in the mountains. Climate splendid—never very hot in summer, and the cold in winter not severe. Cattle and stock keep fat all winter on the ranches; no one pretends to put up hay to feed stock. Cattle that are worked from April to December are turned out for the winter, and taken up in the early spring in fine condition for work the next summer. Have scarcely been in a perspiration this summer. Always cool in the shade, and sleep under sheets and blankets all the time." All this may be true, but it reminds one very much of the old story about the fox with his tail cut off, and his eloquent attempt to induce other members of his species to be similarly shorn.

ROUND THE WORLD.—"Through tickets" to go round the World are now issued, the price being $1,145 in gold, and the running time eighty-one days. The line of route, going westward, is from New York to San Francisco, say 3,300 miles, San Francisco to Yokohama, 4,700 thence to Hong Kong, 1,600 miles, thence to Calcutta, 3,500 miles, Bombay to Suez, 3,600 miles, from Suez, via Alexandria and Brindisi to London, say 2,300 miles, and from London to New York 3,200 miles.

DISASTROUS.—The review of the year's fishing business at Gloucester, Mass., reveals a mournful phase of this much-afflicted branch of industry. During the year, by the loss of one hundred and thirty-six lives, forty-five women are widowed, and ninety children left fatherless, and this tale of sorrow makes no account of the wider circle of sorrow and bereavement which the death of sons and brothers has spread in one small region of the sterile coast of New-England.

RED SNOW.—Prof. Frankland conjectures that the so-called red snow of Arctic altitudes, which is well known to be due to an exceedingly minute organic growth, may furnish food for the little black insects called ice fleas. These creatures are abundant upon the Morteratsch Glacier, in the Alps. They are about a twelfth of an inch long, and are found in great numbers under stones half imbedded in the ice, thus existing in a temperature never higher than the freezing point.

A rural paper remarks: "Cold nights have put a stop to gate-sparking. If she doesn't ask you to come in now, you had better quit."

The same dispatch was sent to the Empress of Russia, Crimea.

A Cunning Expedient.

There is a mine among the Hindoos that a thief having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit upon an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his goaler, and told him he had a secret of great importance which he desired to impart to the king, and when he had done that he was prepared to die. Upon receiving this piece of intelligence, the king at once ordered the culprit to be conducted into his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The chief replied that he knew the secret of causing trees to grow that would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity; so, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers and his chief priest, he went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the thief performed a series of solemn incantations. This done the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted, it would produce a tree every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by any dishonest act. My hand is not clean, therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said, "I remember in my younger days that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare say my hand is clean. I pass it, therefore to my prime minister."

The latter, after a brief consideration answered, "It was a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be sure that I have remained perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of our citadel."

"No sir!" cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Let the high priest plant it."

And the priest said, "You forget; I have the collecting of tithes, and the disbursements for sacrifice."

At length the thief exclaimed: "Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient, that he granted him a pardon.

A Strange Death.

A sad and extraordinary case of death by hydrophobia, consequent on poison communicated by a rabid dog, took place in New York, it being peculiarly interesting from the mode of its occurrence. It appears that Frederick W. Beetson, aged 41 years, a native of England, about four weeks ago was playing with a favorite spaniel, when the animal, in return for the fondling and caresses of his master, leaped up and licked his lips. Beetson put him gently away, and thought no more of the occurrence until evening, when the dog began to show signs of great disturbance, giving rise to the suspicion that he was mad. Beetson then remembered that he had a crack on the lip, and becoming anxious, watched the dog carefully. Two or three days after his fears were too fully confirmed, and though he tried to laugh off the anxiety of his wife, she insisted on having the dog destroyed by poison. A few days more elasped and the man experienced severe headache, followed by unmistakable symptoms of rabies. His horror of water was extreme, and liquids of any kind could only be administered by covering his eyes. Several physicians were called in, who administered opium, hydrate of chloral, and other remedies, but their efforts proved unavailing, and the unfortunate man died in great agony.

The Grand Duke Alexis.

The flag ship of the Russian fleet, with the Grand Duke Alexis arrived at New York very early Sunday morning. After the Svetlana parted company with the Bogatire, they were forced by a lack of coal to continue the voyage under sail. Baffling and strong head winds were encountered, and on the 10th, 11th and 12th of October the ship was met by terrible gales, which, first setting in from the south-west, changed to the north-west, blowing very hard. The wind then varied to the north-east, and the ship had to beat about, gaining very little headway. The gale of the 14th of November delayed the frigate for six days; no observations could be taken, and nautical calculations had to be made from star observations. The officers by this means discovered that they were between Cape May and Cape Hatteras. About 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon a pilot was taken from Barnegat Lighthouse. Notwithstanding the rain of Monday the Grand Duke met with a fine reception at the hands of the naval military and civic authorities of New York.

Hints to Advertisers.

In writing to the publisher of a paper to make arrangements for advertising make all your communications as short as possible, and always to the point.

When writing to learn the cost of any advertisement be careful to observe the following instructions:

Send a copy of the advertisement. Publishers always insist on knowing the name and business of the advertiser.

State the space it is to occupy (this should be given in lines or inches).

If you cannot tell the space you will the advertisement to occupy, be particular to state whether it is to be set close, or displayed moderately or handsomely. Give as good an idea as you can. This is often best done by cutting from some paper a sample advertisement, which will illustrate your wants.

State how long your advertisement is to be inserted, and what position in the paper you wish it to occupy.

A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.—A man by the name of John G. Clinton, of Lynn, Mass., was heard by some neighbors to be ill-treating his wife, these people being attracted to the cottage by the screams of a woman. Subsequently the house was observed to be on fire, and three men who were living in the neighborhood broke into the house and found the corpse of Mrs. Clinton horribly charred and emaciated, the flesh falling from the arms and legs of the body as it was being conveyed to the police station. A little boy, one of the family, returning from an evening school, discovered the house was on fire and immediately rushed up stairs to rescue a younger brother, when he was encountered by his father, to whom he stated the fact and showed him the dead body of his mother. The man is believed to have thrown a kerosene lamp at his wife, the oil saturating her clothing, and after badly beating her set her on fire.

A Sad Disaster.

The steamer City of New London, Capt. Brown, of the Norwich and New York line, took fire on the river Thames, and in a short time was a complete wreck. The loss of life by the disaster is as follows. There were only seven passengers, but of these the following are known to be lost: William Norton, C. B. Rogers, Harrison R. Aldrich. Of the officers and deck-hands known to be lost are: William R. Ely of Hamburgh, Conn., second mate, M. W. Baker of Norwich, engineer, Henry Dagan, New London, steward, Webster Cooper, second cook, Frank Flowers, residence unknown, waiter, Warren Mitchell, oiler, Driscoll Sullivan, patrick Mahony, and Thomas Roarke, deck hands.

SUCH A CORN DOCTOR. A curious fact is related of the Maine wood-choppers, who in the Winter months, while felling trees amid snow and ice, cannot wear close-fitting boots, but very large sizes, that allow their feet to slip to and fro, thus causing friction and warmth. But from this they have their feet completely ingrusted with corns. In the Spring when they raft down their logs they do not change their clothing or boots for weeks, until their arrival at the saw-mills. All the while their feet have been saturated in water, and when the boots are removed the corns fall off like nutshells from the kernel.

Furs for Winter Wear.

Boas of fur are the fashionable choice this season, says a New York fashion journal, notwithstanding collars are far more comfortable. These boas vary in length from a mere neck-tie to those two yards long; a yard and a half or three-quarters is the favorite length. When made of fur having long fleece the Boa is round; the shorter furs, such as mink and seal-skin, are usually flat boas. Muffs are small and round, and the handsomest are furnished with thick faille ribbon, in preference to tassels of passementerie or fur.

The novelty this winter is sets of silver or black fox. These are very rare, and are as costly as Russian sable. The long fur is light gray, with occasionally a longer hair tipped, with silver. It is as soft and downy as marabout feathers, and almost as perishable. A small muff of it costs $250. This fur is now prized above any other for trimming velvet cloaks. A border of fox for half an inch wide on the leather side, making a trimming nearly three inches wide, as the fleece is long, costs from $10 to $12 a yard.

The black marten fur, sometimes called Alaska sable, is still considered exceedingly stylish. A set of it of excellent quality, consisting of long round boa and small muff, may be had for $25; some handsome specimens cost $30 or $40. This is the popular and inexpensive fur trimming for cloth, cashmere, silk and velvet. In selecting this trimming readers are advised to buy that costing $3 or $4 a yard, instead of lower-priced qualities, made worthless by dyes, or so badly dressed that the odor of the animal is discovered when the fur is worn in a warm room. A single narrow fur border, showing only two or three inches on the right side, is more stylish than a broader one or a double row of fur.

There is nothing new to relate of sables. Mink, though not so universally worn as formerly, is still a most desirable fur. Medium sets of dark mink of good quality cost from $60 to $80, according to length of boa; choicest dark mink sets are $125. Coarse light mink is sold very low.

Evening sets of ermine are small round muffs and very long boas, often more than two yards in length, wound around the neck. Fine sets cost from $45 to $85, according to the length of the boa. Very fine chinchilla sets are also worn on dressy occasions: price $50.

A boa and muff of fur seal make an inexpensive and serviceable set that will be worn by young ladies and misses. The boa costs from $5 to $25, the muff from $12 to 20.

For sacques, the most comfortable of all cloaks, are short this year, measuring from twenty-four to twenty-six inches, and are made quite loose below, or else slashed to give room for a bouffant tournure. The newest have bell-shaped sleeves (half flowing), but the close coat sleeve is generally preferred. The sacque most in favor is of velvet-like fur seal, not in its natural wood brown color, but that dyed a dark maroon shade. These are often bordered with other furs; but plain, untrimmed sacques, handsomely fitted, are in best taste. $75 is the lowest price for a sacque of good sound seal-skin, and this will not be of finest quality; handsomer qualities cost from $100 to $150. The various curly furs called Astrakhan are still worn in sacques. The reader is warned against buying these at very low prices, as those sold for $25 or $30 are apt to be of unsound leather that will not last a single winter. It is better economy to pay a reliable furrier $40 for an Astrakhan sacque that he will warrant to be of good, sound skins, though not of fine quality. $75 buys a handsome curled fur sacque, and many cost as high as $150 or $200. Sets of these black furs are usually preferred for deep mourning.

For children there are sets of squirrel lock, made of the sides of the Siberian squirrel. The tiny muff and boa cost from $5 to $8. Sacques of white conny are shown for children of from three to twelve years, and are also made for infants: these cost from $13 to $20.

Fur turbans for gentlemen have higher round crowns than those formerly worn. Made of seal, the fashionable fur for gentlemen, they cost from $12 to $15; Astrakhan turbans are $6. The seal-skin facing on the collar and cuffs of a gentleman's overcoat cost from $30 to $40.

Carriage robes of white arctic fox fur are still the choice for ladies' use; they cost from $100 to $125.

The Russian Prince.

The young Duke Alexis, who received so cordial a reception in New York and Washington, is thus described: His blonde hair was combed back and lay in soft silken waves, leaving the high intellectual forehead entirely exposed. A light well-trimmed mustache overhung a pair of lips as soft and rosy and as delicately cut as any that ever graced a maiden's face. A pair of whiskers, not bushy nor yet meagre, adorned the sides of his face, at the same time adding much to his manly beauty. His well-defined chin, his high, arched brow, the classical cut of his general features, and the uncommon softness of the skin, were all indications of his royal parentage, thorough education, and princely culture. Altogether his face was such a one as every person could look upon and admire, aside from being "marvellously handsome." It has the true light of intellect, and its whole expression is that of a noble, ambitious, gentle, commanding, brave officer. Having studied his face, one could not help regarding his muscular form. While standing erect in the presence of the committee, the well-formed head towered above them all, and even Gen. McDowell, the giant commander of the Eastern Division, was obliged to look up whenever he addressed any remarks to the Grand Duke. His broad shoulders, deep chest, muscular arms and well-made limbs, showed how thoroughly every sinew of his body had been developed. The Duke was in the full uniform of a lieutenant, consisting of blue cloth tunic, and pants, cocked hat, and sword. His shoulders carried the epaulettes customary to his rank, and a massive epaulette extended from his shoulder to his right breast. He wore a sash of blue watered silk, which represents the Order of Saint Andreas, an honor conferred on all Russian princes of the blood at their birth. His left breast was decorated with two badges, one worn by the imperial family, the other the order of his regiment.

The militia, which took part in the reception, numbered about 9,000 men, and the reception they gave the Duke was a grand affair. As the last of the procession passed, the crowd, breaking through every effort of the Police to restrain them, closed in around the hotel: cheer after cheer for Alexis arose, and after he had entered the house, the yells of a thousand throats called him back three times. The Police charged in vain; the crowd was in the ascendant, and the Police were powerless. Again and again they called for the Duke, and when at last it was understood that he was about to leave the hotel, a rush was made for the Eighteenth-street entrance. Then only the Police began to gather sufficient strength to control them, and in a short time they were dispersed.

Soon after the arrival of the Grand Duke at his apartments in the Clarendon Hotel, he dispatched the following message to his father by cable:

Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg:

Entree et reception cordiale magnifique. Parade de la milice. Tout la ville en fete. ALEXIS.

TRANSLATION.

Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg:

Entry, cordial, and magnificent reception. Parade of the militia. General holiday in the city. ALEXIS.

THE HOUSES WE LIVE IN—in other words, our bodies—are held on repairing leases. We must prop and sustain them when they exhibit signs of weakness and decay, or they will inevitably break down. In DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, a matchless compound of newly discovered medicinal herbs, peculiar to the Pacific region, the debilitated, the bilious, the rheumatic, the consumptive, will find the most genial tonic and restorative ever offered to the suffering invalid. It contains no alcohol, and consequently leaves no sting behind.

☞For Coughs, Bronchitis and Consumption, in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. 573.

FRUIT growers and flower fanciers should not fail to read the