Oh, Think of Me!

When on their golden ears the stars are keeping
Watch o'er the slumb'ring sea,
And in deep forest-bowers night dews are weeping,
Oh, think of me!

When over May-flowers sunbeams glint and glitter,
Chasing the bird and bee,
And mid the apple-blooms young nestlings twitter,
Oh, think of me!

When in thine ear love's dulcet tones are sounding,
Bidding all sorrow flee;
When with triumphant hopes thy heart is bounding,
Oh, think of me!

Where'er thou art, in sunshine or in shower,
In misery or glee;
Whate'er thy destiny, whate'er thy dower,
Oh, think of me!

Farm, Garden and Household.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of cream, six eggs beaten separately, teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, then beat in the eggs and add the other ingredients.

TO DRY PUMPKIN.—Peel and cut as for cooking, then slice very thin, spread on tin or other driers, and expose to a moderate heat in the stove oven. Thus dried, the pumpkin will retain its natural flavor. To prepare it for cooking, soak it in water a few hours.

LICE ON CHICKENS.—I am a farmer's wife, and am very fond of raising poultry. I have always found the following to be a sure cure for the above malady. When the chickens are two or three days old, take a little salt butter and rub the top of their heads with it; once will be sufficient. This will prove a preventive also.

WATER FOR FATTENING ANIMALS.—A German physiologist asserts that animals which are being fattened, particularly oxen, should not be encouraged to drink much water, for the reason that, as has been found by experiment, "the absorption of water generates carbonic acid to excess, and trammels the formation of fat."

BUTTER PIE.—Cover your pie tin with crust as for custard pie. Take a piece of fresh butter the size of an egg, two-thirds cup of sugar, one cup of sweet cream, one tablespoon of flour, stir butter, flour, and sugar together, then stir in the cream. Pour in the tin and lay strips of crust across. Bake till brown. This is a most excellent pie.

MILK designed for butter making, as a rule, should be agitated as little as possible until the cream has risen. We cannot say that such a moderate agitation of the milk as would arise simply from skimming as above described would lessen the quantity of cream; but any excessive agitation has a tendency to diminish the quantity of cream. This has been abundantly proved by experiments made on milk, a portion of which has been retained at the farm, and the rest sent by wagon and rail to the city. In numerous instances, where a careful test of such milk has been made, the milk which has been less disturbed threw up most cream.

THISTLES.—Samuel Donaldson, Nobles Mills, Pa, gave the folowing as his plan of "not only exterminating thistles, but of receiving some benefit from the nuisance:" When I salt my sheep, as I do once in five or six days, one part good wood ashes, three parts salt, I go over part of the field and put a hand-ful of the mixture on each thistle and mullen, and the sheep eat them to the root. I know they learn to relish them, for when I go again over another part of the field I find a great many of them eaten with fragments of leaves lying around, where no salt had been put on. The application should be made before the thistles and mullens grow too rank.

POULTRY.—During the year ending Oct. 1, 1871, I kept an accurate debit and credit account with my poultry stock, and found that they not only "paid" but yielded 100 per cent. dividends. I charged them with "stock in trade," with all their food except table refuse, expense of yard, (which was only $11.75, for I improvised a chicken house from a deserted pig pen,) for fancy eggs purchased, and for "medical attendance." On the other hand, I gave them credit for all eggs and flesh consumed or donated to our friends who did not have the luxury of chickens and fresh eggs, and at the end of the year I added to the account "stock on hand," and found that I had a large balance in favor of my poultry.

POTATOES.—An Indiana correspondent of *The Journal of the Farm* says he saved labor by dropping his potatoes in every third furrow and covering them by the next passage of the plow. Nothing more was done until the tops were about ready to appear above the surface, when the ground was thoroughly mellowed (and the weeds and grass all killed) by the use of a heavy two-horse harrow. There was a little subsequent cultivation and a little dosing of Paris green, and when harvest time came there was an excellant yield despite drought and Colorado bugs, and the fact that the potato crop in that neighborhood was generally a failure. The only drawback was a little extra trouble in digging, which was owing to the extra depth at which seeds were placed.

A COLD CEMENT for mending earthen ware, says a recent English work, reckoned a great secret among workmen, is made by grating a pound of old cheese, with a bread grater, into a quart of milk, in which it must be left for a period of fourteen hours. It should be stirred quite often. A pound of unslaked lime, finely pulverized in a mortar, is then added, and the whole is thoroughly mixed by beating. This done, the whites of 25 eggs are incorporated with the rest, and the whole is ready for use. There is another cement for the same purpose which is used hot. It is made of resin, beeswax, brick-dust, and chalk boiled together. The substances to be cemented must be heated, and when the surfaces are coated with cement, they must be rubbed hard upon each other, as in making a glue joint with wood.

STAGGERS IN PIGS.—"D. W. M.," Yorkville, Pa, had some pigs affected with stagers; they ran round and dropped in convulsions. F. D. Curtis of the club said it was worms which caused this; if farmers would learn to treat their pigs just as they treat their babies, all this trouble would cease. Little pigs need as much care as little children and should be given the same kind of physic, only in double doses the same food and should be put in their little beds with equal care. Pigs are wonderfully like folks, more so than any other animals. Prof. Berthollet said, how did Mr. Curtis know it was worms? it was more likely to be the same complaint which made those pigs we read of run down into the sea and be choked. Mr. Curtis—well, physic it out out of them, that is all there is about it.

OVERGROWN HOGS.—There is not one single advantage to be claimed in favor of big hogs. There never was a monster hog which did not make the man who raised him pay for every pound he weighed. They do not furnish an ounce of meat gratis, but charge full price for every atom of their carcass. When slaughtered, it takes a long time to get one cool to the marrow in the bone, and then when the hams are put in salt, it is troublesome to finish them to the centre. Four hundred pounds live weight is as large as hogs should be in order to make good bacon. Beyond this size there is a loss, somewhere. Either the feeder, butcher or consumer is cheated, and as a general thing every one who has anything to do with the big hog will find, if he observes closely, that they are not so profitable as the smooth, nice hogs of only 350 pounds weight. A small head, with little, upright ears, and legs and ears delicate to perfection, are marks which indicate the greatest amount of food consumed; and it will always draw more readily the attention of every butcher.

HELPING CHICKENS OUT OF THE SHELL.—The Illustrated Book of Poultry says: "We formerly made many attempts at such assistance in vain, and, like many others, rushed to the conclusion that chicks could not be thus saved; but an accidental discovery put another face on the matter. *Keep the egg in warm water* (about 100°) while the assistance is being rendered, and success may be hoped for. The shell must be cracked very gently, and the inner membrane very tenderly peeled off till the chick be at liberty, keeping all but the beak under water until nearly clear. The operation must be performed in a warm place, and tenderly as if touching raw flesh; and it will be found that the water greatly facilitates matters, liberating the membrane if glued to the chick, and enabling it to be separated without loss of blood. The latter occurrence, nine times out of ten, is fatal, but if the operation be completed without blood flowing, success may be anticipated, and the nearly dead chick may be put by the fire in flannel, or under the hen, if a quiet, good mother—under her at night, in any case—and next day may probably be as well as the others."

Items of Interest.

GOLDSMITH MAID trotted a mile in Boston in 2.16¾.

THE crops in Northern and Western Texas are very fine.

IT is said that one person in ten of the entire population of Virginia is a Baptist.

THE Texas democratic Convention passed resolutions in favor of the Cincinnati platform.

GOOD relations between President Thiers and the Right in the French Assembly have ceased.

WM. J. MCCRACKEN, one of the oldest pioneers of Western New York, died in Milwaukee, aged eighty-eight.

THE White Mountain Apaches, in Arizona, are again on the war path, notwithstanding the late peace palaver.

THE U. S. Secretary of the Treasury received the sum of $75 from York, Pa., as a contribution to the conscience fund.

THE seaport of Hamida, in the Japanese island Sikokf, was visited by an earthquake, and 500 persons lost their lives.

AT least nine-tenths of all the roofs in New York are nearly flat, and hence are capable of being used as private pleasure-grounds.

IT is reported from Geneva that negotiations are pending for the settlement of the Alabama controversy upon a totally new basis.

A TERRIBLE wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, near the new freight house at Rahway. By the disaster two men lost their lives.

THE cholera has broken out in Southern Russia, so despatches from Constantinople say. All vessels arriving at this port from Russia are quarantined immediately.

THE latest news from Havana is to the effect that several engagements have recently taken place in the Eastern Department between the regular troops and the insurgents.

OF the furniture workers in New York city, 6,588 in all—4,624 are working ten hours—624 eight hours—1,248 are on a strike—and 175 have been discharged by their employers.

GROSBECK, of Ohio, and Olmsted, of New York, were nominated for President and Vice-President of the United States by Liberal Democrats and Republicans, at a meeting in New York.

THE divorced wife of Mr. A. M. Holbrook, of New Orleans, attempted to murder "Pearl Rivers," his young bride. The fo0lsd woman wreaked her rage on the furniture, and smashed things generally.

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS has expressed to a reporter his willingness to accept the Baltimore nomination "if the platform is good and the offer spontaneous;" but he will never be "wire-pulled" into place.

THE miners' strike in Westphalia is spreading. The workmen of forty-two mines in the neighborhood of Essen and Bockheim have quit work and joined the movement commenced by their fellow-workmen at Dortmond.

THE east end of Louisville, Ky., was thrown into a terrible state of excitement by a mad dog, which ran through three streets, biting ten or twelve persons, including several little children. Some persons were badly torn by the beast.

AN old inmate of the Schenectady County Poorhouse was bitten by an insane man on the left hand about three months ago, and has been compelled to suffer amputation in consequence. The effect was very like that produced by poison.

REPORTS from all parts of East Tennessee, the *Knoxville Herald* says, agree in representing the present harvest of wheat to be one of the largest that has been gathered in that section of the state, and the quality as fine as was ever grown on the soil.

A TERRIBLE boiler explosion occurred at the Ohio Penitentiary, by which a large number of convicts were injured, but, remarkable to state, none killed outright, although it is thought some half dozen will not recover. The building was considerably damaged.

IN Berlin the labor movement has entered an ugly phase, and serious troubles are anticipated. On a threatened strike of the engineers, the masters have resolved to forestall the strikers by closing their shops and factories, thus throwing out of work both strikers and non-strikers.

A GLASS bottle, tightly corked and sealed, was recently picked up on the western shore of Block Island, and found to contain a piece of paper, on which was written: "Struck an iceberg at 12 M. to-day. Ship sinking fast. No hope. John Handerville. Ship Alice, Liverpool, April 7, 1872."

CAPT. COLVOCORESSES, who was murdered recently at Bridgeport, Conn., has in his will made one most considerate bequest. He gives $1,000 to the Selectmen of Litchfield, the income of which is to be expended by them in furnishing the paupers at the almhouse with secular and religious newspapers.

AN official despatch from Port-au-Prince reports that the German men-of-war Venetia and Gazelle took forcible possession of two Haytien corvetts, and held them until the Haytiens paid the indemnity demanded by the German merchants. There was no bloodshed.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred at Marseilles. While the Spanish steamship Guadayes was lying in the port, crowded with passengers, her boilers exploded, and fifty-five persons were blown to atoms. The steamer immediately took fire and the flames communicating to the dock, a large quantity of cotton was consumed.

THE *Knoxville Herald* says that accounts from all parts of Knox County Tennessee, agree that the wheat crop will exceed in quality and quantity that of any year for a quarter of a century past—even the famous yield of 1857 not excepted. And what is true of Knox County seems to be generally true of East Tennessee. The quality of the wheat is excellent.

AT the Maine Democratic State Conlvention, at Bangor, Charles P. Kimbalwas unanimously renominated for Governor and resolutions adopted indorsing the Cincinnati platform and nominees. Mr. Kimball, in accepting his nomination, and also I. C. Madigan, who presided over the convention, made speeches in favor of Greeley.

THE new bounty law of the United States Congress extends the time of the second enlistment of the three months service men, who were transferred to the three years service, to the date of entry into the former service, and gives them the $100 bounty promised by President Lincoln, May 3, 1861. The number of claims of this character on file is about 20,000.

THE mother of Laura D. Fair is reported to be dangerously ill with fever in San Francisco. Since sentence of death was passed upon Mrs. Fair, Elisha Cook, one of her counsel, Harry Byrne, who prosecuted the case, Judge Sprague, of the Supreme Court, who was instrumental in granting her a new trial, and a son of A. P. Crittenden, her victim, have died.

A Volunteer Crop.

After the Summer fallowing is done, says a correspondent, writing from California, the teams have a rest. The horses and mules are turned out to grass for some weeks, and about the 4th of July the harvest begins. It is then the rainless season; and the farmer gets his teams, his headers, his grain wagons, his thresher and his sacks and his men, into the field, and on the light soil cuts, threshes, and puts into sacks the grain at the rate often of 150 acres per day. Three "headers," which cut off only the heads of the wheat stalks, leaving the straw standing, and nine wagons to take the heads from the headers to the thresher, require to work them 23 men and 83 horses. With this force they get in 150 acres per day. The grain put into sacks is left on the fields until time and teams can be got to haul it to the railroad; or often until it is sold. It does not sweat, nor mold, and there is no fear of rain. As soon as the crop is harvested, the teams are hitched to a brush—six horses to a twenty-foot brush, which goes over the field at the rate of 40 acres a day. This brush scatters the grain which has been dropped in the fields; and sometimes a little more seed is added. When it has been brushed it is plowed—two or three inches deep—to cover the seed; and from this comes, without further care, what is called a "volunteer" crop, which is often better than the first, and is as certainly counted on. Now the horses and men have another interval of rest until the rains begin and plowing recommences. Thus, as one farmer pointed out to me, they have work for their teams almost the whole year, and have no horses eating their heads off in idleness. In the heavier soils, the volunteer crop is put in with the harrow instead of the brush; and this followed by a "chisel cultivator," having from seven to thirteen teeth, four inches deep. If these leave the ground rough, it is again harrowed.

A USEFUL DRUG.—Ammonia, or as it is generally called, spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with great ease. It has lately been recommended very highly for domestic purposes. For washing paint, put a tablespoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth and then wipe off the woodwork; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure, then lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron it lightly. In washing lace put about twelve drops in a pint of warm suds. To clean silver, mix two tablespoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot suds. Put in your silverware and wash, using an old nail or tooth brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair brushes, &c., simply shake the brushes up and down in a tablespoonful of ammonia, to one pint of the water; when they are cleansed, rinse them in cold water and stand them in the wind or in a hot place to dry. For washing fingermarks from looking-glasses or windows put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag and make quick work of it. If you wish your house plants to flourish put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of the water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to the refreshing effects of the bath. Nothing is better than ammonia water for cleansing the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clear water. To which we would only add, that, for removing grease spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol alone; and for taking out the red stains produced by the strong acids in blue and black clothes, there is nothing better than ammonia. — *Providence Journal.*

A GRAND SIGHT.—The solemnities and festivities of Holy Week at Rome are ordinarily terminated by what most visitors regard as the grandest spectacle of all, and by what certainly is, as a pyrotechnic display, without a parallel in the world. The American Fourth of July fades into insignificance when compared with the illumination of St. Peter's. All the lines of the vast facade of the church—the roof, the ribs of the stupendous dome, the form of the lantern, and the cross surmounting all—are traced out with rows of lamps or lanterns; and as the golden light of an Italian sunset fades away, and the purple shadows of evening settle over the city, these are lighted, coming out like stars in heaven, until the whole structure blazes like a constellation. Every architectural line, every column, cornice, capital, every arch and entablature, are pricked out in fire against the sky. Fireworks of the most brilliant description are set off also from the neighboring castle of St. Angelo on Easter Monday night. It is difficult for any description to suggest the magnificence of the spectacle of the illumination of St. Peter's, because words cannot depict to the imagination the vastness of the edifice that is thus etherealized in light, and which seen from a distance, seems to stand, or rather to hang over the city above which it towers, "shining and glittering in the calm night like a jewel."

AN EASY LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.—Supposing your age be 15 years, or thereabouts. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs 25 pounds, your heart is five inches in length, and three inches in diameter, it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 36,722,200 times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches. Each square contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost 40 miles long.

INGENUITY OF ANIMALS.—One of the largest of ferocious animals in South America is the jaguar—a native tiger—*felis onca*. Besides being large and immensely strong, it practices extraordinary strategic schemes in procuring food, which indicate something above mere instinct, because circumstances are constantly requiring some variations in their foraging expeditions for prey. Humboldt says when they find a turtle they adroitly turn it over on its back. It is, then, helpless, and totally unable to offer resistance in that condition. With the most cruel manifestation of feline character, the jagnar then leisurely gnaws out the quivering flesh from between the shell and carapace. Another of the jaguar's reasoning manœuverings is to quietly follow the margin of streams. At the sight of a fish near enough to be approached, with a quick dash of its paw the game is thrown high and dry above the bank. Fortunately for the country, the jaguar has a match in the great serpents that infest tropical America. In the twinkling of an eye one of those monsters winds himself round his body, and crushes out life and cracks the bones into fragments at the same moment.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Dolly Varden, the locksmith's daughter in "Barnaby Rudge" —whose name is now applied to a style of dress—is described by Dickens as having the "face of a pretty, laughing girl; dimpled and fresh and healthful—the very impersonation of good-humor and blooming beauty." Again she is spoken of as having her "charms increased a hundred-fold by a most becoming dress, by a thousand little coquettish ways." She is represented as having been attired on a certain occasion" in a smart little cherry colored mantle, with a hood of the same drawn over her head, and upon the top of that hood a little straw hat, tied with cherry colored ribbons."

THE Boston Jubilee building accommodates 100,000 people.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

DEATH IN THE BAKE-OVEN.

AN atrocious case of supposed poisoning is now undergoing an investigation by chemical test, while the party suspected is anxiously awaiting, in durance vile, the result, meanwhile earnestly protesting his innocence. The facts are these: A baker who was accustomed, on his daily round, to leave hot rolls at a grocery store, came round the morning in question with the usual number of rolls for two young men employed therein, placed on the lid of the bread-box, all nicely powdered over, apparently, with white sugar, but the little "unpleasantness" in this case arises from the strong indications that as "all is not gold that glitters," neither is all white sugar that glistens on the top of hot rolls. The two young men, who were brothers, ate the rolls for breakfast, as usual, but with far different results from former occasions, for they were immediately taken sick, with all indications of poisoning, one very severely while the other, who ate only two rolls, recovered sufficiently to enter complaint against the baker and cause his arrest, while at the same time the remaining rolls were placed in the hands of a chemist, who thinks, from tests made, that arsenic was contained in the powdering on the rolls, while the baker, in his protest, declared that it was cream tartar, sprinkled on them by mistake of his journeyman; but the journeyman cannot be found, and as the brothers say the baker once threatened to dose them, he stands a fair chance of being held responsible for results. Poison has lately been woman's cowardly weapon, but if this proves a case I must conclude that man is following the criminal example of the weaker sex. But as the gliding, venomous serpent is weaker than the lion, so woman, if weaker, is often as deadly, and it become deplorable if to the prowess of the lion we unite the subtle venom of the slimy, sneaking snake.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

As I was crossing Fulton Ferry a few days since, while seated in the ladies' cabin, I saw a tall, angular female, apparently of the strong minded persuasion, walking down the length of the cabin, looking anxiously for a seat. But none was to be had; many that might otherwise have been available for the lady's accommodation being occupied by men, who either read their paper, unconscious of her presence, or looked at her in a very unconcerned way. This ungallant inaction upon the part of the male element aroused her Amazonian spirit, and the gray eyes grew grayer in their indignant sparkle, the sharp profile grew sharper, and the thin lips grew significantly thin and compressed, and from my proficiency in reading such faces, having come in contact with several of them, I saw that she was dreadfully in earnest, and shrinking myself into as unconspicuous an object as possible, I awaited the result. She passed me, but stopped before a waggish looking man seated next to me, whose face revealed a half smile that led her on to the attack.

"Sir," said she, "is this the ladies' cabin?"

He saw what was coming but dare not say yes, but with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he put his hand to his ear, and leaning forward to indicate that he was hard of hearing, replied:

"Ma'am?"

"I say," she repeated in a louder tone, which attracted attention all around, "is this the ladies' cabin?"

"Oh," said the man, "they won't let you *chew tobacco* in here! You must do your chewing and smoking in the other cabin."

This, and the explosion that followed, completely annihilated "blue stockings," and she disappeared in the smoke of the battle, probably to "chew the quid of meditation, fancy free."

IDOLATRY IN NEW YORK.

Your readers know that the "Heathen Chinee," "Ah Sin," who played that little game with "Bill Nye," possesses in this country the privileges and benefits of his religious worship, and has his native temple and Joss house to go to and his idols to bow down before, but perhaps it is not known to any of them that in New York city there is a heathen temple of a stranger idolatry than even that of the Chinese. This temple is dedicated to the Egyptian worship of crocodiles, cats, dogs and other deities of the land of the pyramids and sphynx. The gods worshiped under these animal and reptile forms are Osiris, Isis, Horus, Typhon, Seraphis, Anubis and Harpocrates, and on account of the entire exclusion of unbelievers from a presence at these heathen ceremonies, your readers must draw upon their imagination and knowledge of Egyptian antiquities for their ideas of how the worship is conducted. Perhaps they have a sacred font filled with crocodile tears for baptismal purposes, as these tears are supposed to be quite common now a days, and many persons in the hollow, fashionable world receive the baptism of the marble heart in them. At any rate, the ceremonies would present a strange contrast to the divine worship of our churches, and not only strange but sad, and in the words of Tom Hood

"Oh, it is pitiful,
Of Christians a city full,"

that the darkness of heathenism should establish its ways in our midst. And yet, while our own civilization has its heathenish free loveism and kindred fanaticisms, we'd better not judge the poor worshiper of Osiris too harshly.

ECCENTRICITY OFTEN A MANIA.—That eccentricity often becomes absolute mania, is now conceded by all students of mental disease, and is pretty well understood by the people at large.—The only objection is, how great a degree of eccentricity may be allowed to co-exist with a perfectly healthy brain. The true and philosophical answer to this query is, in general, that any desire, passion, emotion, or special aptitude may become a disease when indulged in too long, or two exclusively, or under any unfavorable conditions. It is, of course, oftentimes very difficult to decide, in any given case, whether any marked peculiarity is the result of a very active and one sided development of the brain, or of actual disease. The general principal on which our decisions must be based is, that when any feeling, passion, emotion, or even a special aptitude becomes absolutely ungovernable, so as to make its subject regardless of his own interests, or of the well-being of his friends, when, as it were, it absorbs the whole being, so as to destroy what we call common sense, blunts the reason and conscience, and urges on to a manner of life and to special deeds that are repugnant to the average intuition of mankind, then we have reason to suspect the existence of disease of the brain.

IRON VERSUS BRICK.—In considering the proposition to build a church in New York for the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, a committee reports that an iron building capable of seating two thousand people on the ground floor, can be built for $75,000, while a brick building of like dimensions would cost $100,000; the iron building could be completed by Christmas; but the brick building would consume eighteen months in its erection. The superiority of iron here chronicled over brick is a fact which we believe is not generally known. When it becomes so we may reasonably expect to see a decided change in the appearance of the newer portions of our cities, but whether for the better is a matter of doubt.

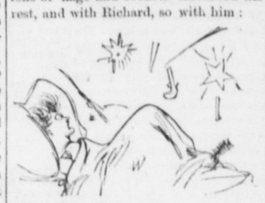
DREW'S SPECULATION.—When Daniel Drew, on March 27 last, made his great bet upon the price of Erie stock by selling to Duncan, Sherman & Co. 50,000 shares at 55, the market value of the stock was 65. A few days since it was down to 52, so that Uncle Daniel could have taken it in and cleared the handsome profit of $150,000 by delivering it to the purchasers. He prefers to wait, hoping to make still more.

We perceive in a daily paper an advertisement which informs the public that boarding for the Summer can be obtained at "a large and shady brick gentleman's residence in the country."

How Our Augustus Spent His "Fourth of July."

[ILLUSTRATED BY D. SCATTERGOOD.]

Augustus was so excited over the anticipated pleasure of the morrow that visions of flags and rockets disturbed his rest, and with Richard, so with him:

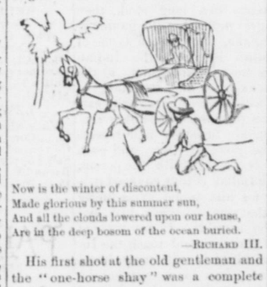


'Tis now the dead of night,
Yet I, so coy a dame is sleep to me,
Can't win her to my bed.—RICHARD III.

The morning of the "Glorious Fourth" breaks, but it breaks with a heavy rain, by which Augustus' spirits and powder are very much dampened, and in the language of Macbeth he thinks:

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
But break it to our hope,
Some must go off; and yet by these I see,
So great day as this is cheaply bought.
—MACBETH.

The clouds clear off, the rain ceases, and the sun begins to shine forth. The day promises some sport yet. Augustus, with a small cannon, sallies out in quest of game. He exclaims with Richard:



Now is the winter of discontent,
Made glorious by this summer sun,
And all the clouds lowered upon our house,
Are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
—RICHARD III.

His first shot at the old gentleman and the "one-horse shay" was a complete success. The old gentleman was thrown higher than a kite, and the party generally completely demoralized. Augustus cries out in joy:

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse;"
"Withdraw my Lord, and I'll help you to a horse,"
"Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."
—RICHARD III.

His tattered garments, blackened face and evil reports precede him to his home, and prepare his father's mind to give him a warm reception—warmer, in fact, Augustus thinks, than is necessary, considering the natural state of the thermometer at the time. Seeing his fond parent at the gate, he exclaims:

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it,
Though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace.
My father's spirit is in arms; all is not well;
I doubt some foul play;
Would the night were come.—HAMLET.

New York Market—Weekly Review.

Coffee—has been quiet but firm.

Flour and meal—the dealings in state and western flour continue limited, with prices weak and irregular. Sales have been made in choice superfine state and western at 5 50@6 20; inferior to very good Extra State at 6 50@7; very good to fancy at $7@8; poor to good shipping extra western at 6 45@6 85; poor to good shipping brands round hoop Ohio at 6 85@7 35.

Southern Flour continues in light request at drooping prices. Sales have been reported since our last at $6@8 85 for ordinary to very good, and 8 85@13 50 for very good to very choice extra, per bbl. Rye flour has been inactive and heavy at from 4 15@$5 per bbl., sales 185 bbls. Corn meal has been quite moderately sought after from 3 45@3 75 for white and yellow western; 3 45@3 35 for Jersey; and 3 90@3 95 for Brandywine; sales, 250 bbls.

Molasses—Trade has been dull in excess of urgent requirements. We quote: new crop Porto Rico at 55c.@60c.; Cuba, 29c.@38c.; English Islands 30c.@40c.; and New Orleans, 40c.@90c. per gallon.

Petroleum—Crude has been offered less freely and quoted firmer. Refined has been in limited request at 21-4c.

Provisions—Pork has been quiet for early delivery, at about former prices. Sales have been reported, at 13 30@13 50 for New Western mess; 12 50@12 75 for New Western Prime; 10 50@10 75 for extra Prime per bbl. For forward delivery the demand has been more active at variable prices, Western Mess, at 13 20@13 25. City dressed hogs have been in fair demand at 5 3-4c@6 1-4c. per lb. Cut meats continue in moderate request at from 10c.@13 1-4c. for hams.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.—The orange and lemon are, and will probably continue to be, the more profitable orchard trees in Southern California. Sixty trees are planted to the acre. They come into bearing slowly, but at ten years from the seed, or eight years from planting out the nursery trees, the lemon will bring 600 and the orange 1000 to the tree; and I have seen 2000 lemons—or 2800 oranges—on a single tree, at fifteen years of age. Now lemons sell in San Francisco at $30, and oranges at from $15 to $35 per thousand; and from the tenth year of a tree's age, with good culture, irrigation, and in a fit climate—that is to say, almost anywhere in California south of Stockton—these trees are found in practice to yield, at the very least, $10 clear profit per tree or $600 per acre. This is a very low statement—far below the present actual yield of orange orchards in Los Angelos and San Bernandino. I know an orange orchard of nine acres, near Los Angelos, which has brought its owner $8000 per annum, clear profit for several years past.

A CIRCULAR signed by Senator Schurz, ex-secretary Cox, Messrs. Bryant, Ottendorfer, Wells, and Brinkerhoff has been sent to about two hundred gentlemen who originally favored the Cincinnati movement. The design of the circular is to have a conference called of the different branches of the opposition to President Grant and his administration, to take such action as the "situation of things may require," says the document.

THE Delaware peach-growers estimate the crop to be shipped by sail from the Peninsula this season, at 1,370,000 baskets. The actual shipments last year were over 2,650,000 baskets.

The Plot Against Hawley.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED.

Near noon, the 5th of September, 1852, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his glances wild and restless, his whole mien indicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the right into Bleeker street, he soon reached a plain three story and basement brick house, to which he gave himself admittance.

"Are you there, Ruth?" he called from the hall.

A step was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of a dress, and a young lady descended the front stairs. Despite several points of marked contrast, there was a family likeness about the couple that proclaimed them to be brother and sister.

"Why, what's the matter, Luke?" cried the latter, starting at sight of the disturbed countenance that met her view. "Are you ill?"

"I've just received bad news," replied the brother, leading the way into the parlor—"news which has given me a terrible shock."

"Shocked? You! What has happened?"

"In a word, Clara Aymar is married!"

"Married!" echoed the sister, recoiling. "Clara Aymar married! Is it possible?"

"Yes, married! the girl I've been laying siege to for years past—the only girl I ever cared a pin for. Imagine the shock this event gives me. I'm nearly crazy."

"Then you really loved her?"

"*Loved* her! I must have *worshipped* her, or else this thing would not have so completely upset me."

"Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing always gives us an exaggerated notion of its value, said the sister philosophically, as she sank languidly into an easy chair, and smoothed out a fold in her showy morning robe. "You are simply shocked, as you say. But by to-morrow you will laugh at the whole matter."

"Don't Ruth!" implored the brother, sinking heavily into the nearest chair. "Clara Aymar is more to me than my life! My love for her is a delirium! It's no such passing fancy as you suppose, but an everlasting passion—a rage—a flood of molten lava! And I've counted all along upon marrying her. True, she has rejected me twice, but I thought she'd change her mind—"

"She was in no way committed to you?"

"No, of course not. She has never given me any encouragement. But I am none the less surprised. I supposed that everything was favorable enough to my wishes. I knew that she was still young to marry—an orphan—without money and without friends—presumably without suitors; and I flattered myself that she couldn't always remain inscensible to my attentions."

"You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke; but reason never decides these matters," declared the sister, with a sort of contemptuous compassion. "A whim—a chance meeting—a smile or a word—a moment's weakness—any trifle—these are the things by which marriages are brought about. But who is the bridegroom."

"Ah! that's a point that will touch you a little, I think. Can't you guess who he is?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Well, then, he's Will. Hawley."

The sister sprang abruptly to her feet, clasping both hands to her heart. The changing colors of her brother, his agitation, his anguish, all passed to her own features.

"Will. Hawley?" she gasped. "Oh, you don't mean it, Luke!"

"But I do though. It's God's truth. Clara Aymar and Will. Hawley are husband and wife."

A heavy fall succeeded. The sister had fainted. She lay upon the floor as one dead.

"Did she think that much of Hawley?" muttered the brother, astonished. "I didn't suppose—"

He hastened to bring a pitcher of water and bathe the white features, and then set himself to chafing the clenched hands.

Capt. Luke Pedder was twenty-seven years of age, with an original light complexion, which had reddened with generous living and bronzed with exposure to wind and sun. His form was of the average size and height, and his features of the most ordinary type. He was singularly selfish and unscrupulous, but of gentlemanly manners, being well educated and used to good society. His ability as a navigator was fair for a man of his age and experience, but he owed his position as commander of a fine Australian clipper, more to respect for his late father and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

Miss Ruth Pedder was two years younger than her brother and consequently twenty-five years of age, although she could by no possibility have was tall, thin, and a little inclined in her outlines, as in her temper, to angularity. She was not particularly bright, but she was bold and unpulsive and possessed a fierce energy which was capable of compensating in any emergency for lack of genius.

The father of the couple had been a prominent ship-owner and merchant. But in his latter days the scorn of fortune had been unfortunate, and had finally been broken up completely—a result hastened, it was whispered, by the wild ways and financial irregularities of his son. The old man's failure had soon been followed by his death, and already—for such is fame!—he was generally forgotten.

"How odd it is!" ejaculated Capt. Pedder, as he rubbed his sister's cold hands. "She madly in love with Will. Hawley, and I crazy after Clara Aymar! And now Will. and Clara are married, and Ruth and I are left out in the cold."

Under the vigorous treatment he had adopted, Miss Pedder soon recovered her senses.

"Are you sure they're married?" she demanded.

"Perfectly. I learned the fact half an hour since from Hawley's commander—Captain Grogue, you know. Captain Grogue was at the wedding. It took place last Friday evening—the very evening after Hawley's return from his last voyage to Rio. It was a quiet affair. Only a few friends were invited. But let me put a question. Did Hawley ever propose to you?"

"No. But I expected that he would soon do so. He has been here often enough—"

"Yes, he came several times to ask me for a berth in my clipper. I proposed to think of him at the first opening, and I really meant to help him, for I knew in a general way that you liked him."

"I thought he'd realize that you could be of service to him," explained Miss Pedder. "I thought he'd remember that mother left me this house and a few thousand dollars to do as I pleased with. I was conscious, too, that I possessed a fair share of personal attractions. And as I supposed him to be entirely heart-free, I took it for granted that I should get him. His attentions seemed marked enough—"

"He treated you politely, of course," interrupted Pedder, "and he couldn't have well done less, after asking me to befriend him. But he never made any formal declaration?"

"No, he didn't. As mate of a Rio ship, he was away seven-eighths of the time, and I didn't get a regular courtship. But I took it for granted—"

Pedder made an impatient gesture.

"We've deceived ourselves," he muttered. "We've been carried away by our feelings. The girl's rejection of me was really intended to be final, and Hawley's visits here were mere love visits of business and friendship. But why Clara should prefer Hawley to me I can't imagine," added Pedder, drawing himself up haughtily. "Hawley has neither name, nor money, nor position!"

"Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara Aymar to me!" she half-muttered, as she glanced at her reflection in one of the long mirrors near her. "She's a hired attendant, or something of that kind—the creature."

"I'd no idea that you thought so much of Hawley," observed the brother, as he strove to calm his painful emotions.

Miss Pedder moaned. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I thought all the world of him," she murmured.

A long silence fell between the couple.

"Well, well, they're husband and wife," at length muttered Pedder heavily. "And this, I suppose, is all there is to be said."

Miss Pedder compressed her lips until they bled, staring at her brother with a fixedness amounting to ferocity.

"No! no!" she breathed fiercely. "The matter shall not end here. That marriage—that abominable marriage—"

She clutched at her heart again, as if suffocating.

Pedder opened his eyes widely.

"Why, what can we do?" he queried. "You wouldn't have me murder Hawley, I suppose? *That* wouldn't make him your husband. And, on the other hand, it wouldn't do *me* any good if you were to kill Clara Aymar."

"But there is a way, Luke, of undoing that marriage."

Pedder started toward his sister, as if electrified.

"Do you mean it?" he demanded.

"I mean it, and I swear it! I'll never consent to that girl's having Hawley! I'd dig a gulf between them as broad as the ocean! I'll undo that marriage, or *die!*"

"Softly! Where is Kate?"

He referred to their single servant.

"She's out for the day," answered Miss Pedder, arising and planting herself in a chair. "There was little to do, you know, as I did not expect you home until dinner."

"Then no one will hear us."

He drew a chair nearer to that of his sister and sat down beside her.

"What's your idea?" he asked, in a whisper.

"My idea is to separate them; to turn their love to hate; to dig a pit beneath their feet that will remain open forever!"

"But how?"

"Will. Hawley is poor, isn't he?"

"Certainly; there is no mistake about that. His mother was a helpless invalid for the last ten years of her life, and Will. insisted on her using for her comfort every penny he earned. It hasn't been six months since he was relieved of that burden. He's poor, therefore, as you say, poor as a Job's turkey!