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Janette.

I was but the village weaver's girl,
He only the hireling of a churl;
But into our lives there dropped a pearl.

He drove the kine by meadow and dale,
And searched the hollows in every vale,
For a flower of love, to tell the tale.

A spring-time daisy, waxen white,
Lay on my breast when fell the night,
And the stars shone down with a tender light,

He to the plow, and I to the loom—
Tilling and toiling;—yet love may bloom,
And fill our hearts with its sweet perfume.

Heart of mine, I have waited long;
Life and love are a poet's song;
Life is fleeting, but love is strong.

'Twas lonely waiting, but God knew best;
Lay me now by my love to rest,
A spring-time daisy upon my breast.

Why?

Earth, thou art perfect and fair;
Life, thou art earnest and sweet;
Soul, thou art rightfully heir;
Is not thy rapture complete?
Why, from the manifold joys
That lie to the morning of day,
From sorrows that strengthen and save,
Turn'st thou, expectant, away?

I stand in the fresh morning lands;
Dew-stars in the grass at my feet;
Buds and white bloom in my hands;
About me sweet song-pulses beat.
From the far depths of the sky
A glory is rising for me,
A royal and roseate dawn
Painting the hills and the sea.

Youth with its gladness is here,
Time with its treasures untold,
Toil with its promise and cheer,
Love that will never grow cold.
Yet out of this sweetness and warmth
I fade, and I follow afar
A voice that is vague as a dream,
A light that is faint as a star.

Mystery waveth her wand
Over the knowledge I crave,
And the shadow that stayeth her hand
Hovereth over a grave.

The Old Couple.

They sat in the sun together,
Till the day was almost done,
And then, at its close, an angel
Stepped over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together,
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated upward
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the Beautiful City,
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give her lost youth back,
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time
Shall bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught of the living waters
Shall restore his manhood's prime,
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlives time.

But the shapes they left behind them—
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made sacred to us by the kisses
The angel imprinted there—

We'll hide away in the meadow,
When the sun is low in the West,
Where the moonbeams cannot find them,
Nor the wind disturb their rest.

But we'll let no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date, arise
O'er the two who are old no longer—
In their Father's House in the skies.

ONLY A FARMER'S WIFE.

Two women sat together at sunset in the porch door of a white cottage that stood under its "ancestral tree," among its fields of wheat and corn, like a poet's vision of a quiet resting place for some weary suffering human soul.

And one of these two women had eyes to see, ears to hear, and a heart to feel and appreciate it all. She was a tall and stately lady, apparently some thirty years of age—not exactly hand-some, but with a grace of air and manner peculiarly her own. The careful toilet, the nameless air of elegance and luxury, the pale cheek, the soft white hands betrayed the city dame. While the weary glance in her dark blue eyes, which even the quiet of that sunset hour could not drive away, showed that time had not dealt gently with her and her hearts's idol but had thrown them, scattered and ruined, at her feet.

Her companion was some five years her junior, and many times prettier—a little round faced, apple cheeked woman, with dark blue eyes and dark brown hair, and a rounded figure that was set off to the best advantage by the afternoon dress of tinted muslin that she wore.

At present the pretty face was almost spoiled by a querulous discontented expression. She was contrasting her own hand, plump and small, but certainly rather brown, with the slender white fingers of her city friend, all glittering with rings. "Just look at the two!" she exclaimed. "That comes of making butter and cheese, and sweeping, and dusting, and washing dishes, and making beds all the time. That man told the truth that said that woman's work was never done. I know mine never is. Oh dear, dear! To think that you, Margaret, should have married a city merchant, and be as rich as a princess in a fairy tale; and here I am planted for life, plain Mrs. Hiram Parke, and nothing in the world to compare with you. I am sick of being only a farmer's wife."

Margaret Von Howth looked down at her grumbling little friend with a sad smile.

"Jenny, it seems to me, as we sit here in this quiet place and look out over all these pleasant fields that are your own—it seems to me that you are almost wicked to talk like that."

"I dare say, you would never like it, Margaret. You would never wish to change places with me."

"Perhaps not. Would you not like to change with me?"

"Yes."

"And be Mrs. Von Howth instead of Mrs. Hiram Parke?"

Jennie hesitated. She dearly loved her handsome husband.

"Well, I don't mean that I want to give up Hiram. I only mean that I wish he was a city merchant instead of a farmer, and as rich as your husband is; that is all."

"And that is a great deal, Jenny, if your wish could be granted, do you know what your life would be?" said Mrs. Von Howth, coldly.

"What yours is, I suppose. What any lady's is in your position."

"But what is that life? Do you know?"

"How should I?"

"It is a weary one, Jenny, with more genuine hard work in it than all your making of butter and cheese."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"And oh, Jenny! believe me, my dear there are no people on earth who work harder than the fashionables who only have their own amusements to provide for. A long, long life of mere amusements is a dog's life, Jenny, at the be t."

"I should like to be convinced of i by actual experience," said Jenny, do ibtingly.

"So I said and thought once. I have been so convinced. And it is all vanity and vexation of spirit, my dear."

"But how?" persisted Jenny.

"How? Indeed, ten thousand ways. If you live in the fashionable world you must do as the fashionable world does. You must rise and dress, and hop and lunch, and dress again and drive, and dress again and appear at certain balls, parties, concerts, exactly as your friends do, or be voted *bizarre*, and out of the world altogether. You, my poor Jenny, who are by no means fond of dress, what would you do at a fashionable watering place in the hottest days of August, with five changes of toilet between morning and night, and a French lady's maid to tyrannize over you all the time into the bargain?

"Horrors!" ejaculated Jenny.

"Balls that you must go to in spite of fatigue, parties that you must go to in spite of the heat, calls that you must make on people that you detest. Oh, Jenny, I would far rather be at home with the butter and cheese if I were you."

Jenny was silent. Here was the side of the bright picture which she had never seen or dreamed of before.

"You love your husband, Jenny?" said her friend after a time.

Jenny opened her eyes wide.

"Love him! Why isn't he my husband?" was her reply.

Mrs Von Howth laughed.

"Some women in society might think that a reason why you shouldn't love him!" she said dryly. "And he loves you also?"

"I should die to-morrow if I thought he did not."

"Tut, child! People leave this world when God wills it, not before. I dare say you would survive his infidelity. Many women before you have lived through such things."

"Don't talk of it, Margaret; I could not bear it. Why, he is all the world to me! How could I bear to lose it?"

"Then don't wish him to be a city merchant, my dear. I dare say there are many good men in the city—men who love their wive—but, on the other hand there are so many temptations, especially in society, that I sometimes wonder, not that so many go astray, but that so many remain true to themselves and their duty."

She spoke absently, and her eyes had a far away glance as if they dwelt on other things.

Jenny ventured a question.

"Margaret, is yours a happy marriage? Do you love your husband? And does he love you?"

Mrs. Von Howth started and turned pale.

"Jenny, I would have loved him, I would have been a good wife to him, but he never loved me. He brought me to place at the head of his house because he thought me ladylike and interesting, that was all. He told me once, though not so plainly as this. And since then we have each taken our own way, independent of the other. I seldom see him at our house in town. I have my carriage, my diamonds and my opera box. In the season I go to Saratoga or Newport, while he favors Long Branch with his presance. We are perfect strangers to each other; we never quarrel, and I suppose if I were to die to-morrow he'd be an inconsolable widower for a week. Jenny, you will not wish to change places with me again. Your husband might change as mine has done, exposed to the same temptation. Thank Heaven, you have him as he is, a good true man, who loves you and never mind the butter and cheese, Jenny so long as your happiness and his is made up with them."

She rose from her seat and strolled up the garden path.

Jenny did not follow. She sat on the step lost in thought. The riddle of her friend's life was at last made clear to her. She had often wondered why Margaret, in the midst of all her wealth and luxury, should seem so sad, she wondered no longer now.

To be the wife of a man who had no love for you. What "lower deep" can there be than this for a proud and sensitive woman?

Jenny turned with tears in her eyes to meet the stalwart husband as he came from the field.

"Well, little woman," he cried and then she got the hearty kiss for which she was looking.

Yes Margaret was right. The butter and cheese were of little consequence while love like this made her task easy to endure.

And the rosy cheeked little woman bent fondly down over her "Hiram" as he flung himself down on the porch seat and fanned him, brought him lemonade, and made him thoroughly happy and at rest.

Poor Margaret! Happy Jennie! Never again would she wish to be more—only a farmer's wife.

A Singular Monarch.

The cruelty of Neda Karu, King of Cor a, towards his female subjects was notable. A strict supervision was kept over all the women of historical, and his cruelty to them was ultimately the cause of his death. It seems they were forbidden to appear at the windows of their own homes or to walk out even in their own gardens after sunset. The sandelmakers were forbidden to make coverings for their feet, in order that they might not be able to travel about.

Toward the last of his terrible reign when his carriage was to pass through a seaport town a female effigy was posted in one of the principal streets.

The royal carriage neared it and his majesty, feeling no supposed a woman standing in his very presence, in great fury ordered his guards to advance and sever her head from her body. Upon approaching to execute this order the imposition was discovered, and the guards conveyed this fact to the occupant of the royal carriage. This so enraged Neda Karu that he ordered the town to be leveled and its inhabitants put to the sword.

It was fired in several places, but the frantic inhabitants, goaded to despair, defended their homes with all the fury of lunatics, and thus the battle lasted for nearly a week, when having gained but slight advantage, the king (a coward at heart) withdrew from the contest with the loss of nearly half his force. He even sent word to the besieged that he had not ordered pillage to commence and endeavored to convince them of the truth of his assertion by slaying the commander of his guards: but in reality doing it from chagrin at being defeated in his murderous attack.

Retiring to his capital after the most inglorious struggle, he fiercely upraided his own wife, alleging that she with all her sex were to blame because the affair was first brought about by a female effigy. Well indeed did the queen understand this conduct of her brutal consort; well did she know that from that time forth her own life was in danger, and she determined to avert the impending blow by being herself the first to strike.

To this end she consulted with an officer of inferior grade, attached to the body guard, who had recently fallen under the king's displeasure, representing to him the danger both were in, and promising if he would aid in sending the monster by "quick transit" to the other world, he should be placed high in power for the balance of his life.

The offer was accepted, and the services of two trusty servants were procured by the use of a large sum of ready money, and further encouraged by the promise of future reward. Each was armed with a pair of daggers of the keenest edge. The queen herself directed them to a little valley at the rear of the palace, to which the king often resorted, accompanied only by a single attendant, for the purpose of bathing. While here he was set upon, the attendant put to flight, and Neda Karu killed while in the act of disrobing. And thus perished, at the early age of 42, one of the most infamous monarchs that ever sat upon a barbarian throne. Meanime, the soldiery, the sole support of all despots, had either been effectually weaned or bought over, and the young prince, then scarcely 12 years of age, ascended the blood-stained throne of his father.

It is an interesting fact, not generally known, that the "sign language" of all Indians is the same, or nearly the same; so that if a man meets another, belonging to a different tribe, he is able to converse with him by means of signs, much in the same manner that deaf and dumb people converse with one another.

A Woman in a Turkish Bath

M. H. B., the sprightly lady correspondent of the *Missouri Republican*, has been taking a Turkish bath in New York, and don't like it. Here's what she says of it: We were divested of every stitch of our clothing, our rings and bracelets locked up, our back hair taken off, our own special possession of seventy-five or a hundred hairs made into a little hirsute pill and impaled with a hairpin. That was the only token of civilization we boasted. The procession formed. At the door we were handed a miniature sheet and a little bit of sponge wet with cold water. Through a passage we went to a room, where we dropped our sheets and entered a vaper that clothed us decently. I wonder the *Police Gazette* or the *Day's Doings* haven't hit on this business for illustration. Well, in this steam I thought I would suffocate. It poured up and down through holes till it was dreadful. The use of the wet sponge, I here ascertained, was to put on the top of your head to prevent *coup de steam*, or some such dire complaint. They wouldn't let me out, and the temperature got worse and worse, and I began to think of my mother and an obituary notice in the *Republican*, when we were pronounced cooked enough, and let out into a room in which was a mighty tank of cold water, through which you must wade or swim as you could. Cæsar's ghost! I flew through it. My anatomy and physiology were heated to a boiling point. The water seemed like ice. It seat the blood rushing to my hollow head (I'm convinced I have no brains), and my heart came kerflop up and went kerchunk down. I made up my mind this was the worst of it, and tried to be resigned. I had been soaped and scrubbed in the vapor room till I was scarified. I stood on the brink and watched my companions splashing through the inviting tank. One of 'em, to expedite her own release, caught at my ankle; away went my soapy, slippery feet from under me, and in I went for a second time. How very near an end was the happy connection between M. H. B. and the St. Louis *Republican*? At the next stage of this truly awful experience we received the "shower." I had now become convinced that I should never see some or friends again. In a calm despair I walked under a solid column of water, that nearly broke my back, and just here I got mad. That fat attendant hasn't yet recovered sufficiently to make a complaint, and when the than woman went before Judge Dowling, that gentleman said it was a conspiracy; that no woman of my size, unaided could do such damage. He told the woman to go home and say nothing about it; for she had evidently been dreadfully drunk, and undertaken to walk through a carpet cleaning machine. And that's the first and last Russian bath I take.

Manners of the Day.

A writer in the Chicago *Times* deplores the lack of courtesy in these days and illustrates as follows:

You step into a justice's office. A young man sits near enough a desk to make a foot rack of it, reading a paper. You are after the justice, and you ask, in a tone, greatly modulated by experience of former rebuffs, if he is in. You stand in waiting until the young man has finished his paragraph, when he kindly gives you the benefit of a casual inspection, and resumes his paper, incidentally remarking that he thinks not.

Put upon, but not discouraged, you resume:

"When is he likely to be in?"

Feebly, "Can't say," devouring another paragraph about a boy being chawed up by a dog in Iowa. In doubt whether you may safely ask another question, you still muster up courage enough to enquire,

"Where would I be likely to find him,"

Without looking up,

"In Milwaukee."

Irritated at this cool trifling with your time and patience, you demand,

"Could you not have said as much at first?"

Imperturbably, "If I'd been asked I could, old boy."

And you, who had thought yourself able to stand before kings, retired from the presence of this bold, brassy boy, discomfited.

A gentleman of my acquaintance of the very finest sensibilities, and one to whom a word is severer than a blow, went with a lady friend to a great depot in this city to help her off on a journey. He went first to have her baggage checked. Pointing out her trunk to the man in charge, the only reply made was the word—

"Ticket?"

Not comprehending exactly what was meant, he stood a moment, as one will who is in doubt, expecting an explanation. It came:

"Go and get your ticket if you want to get your baggage checked!" roared the man, in the coarse, hard tone of a ruffian.

My friend got the ticket and returned. The trunk was put on the scales and proved to be over-weight.

"Dollar!" ejaculated the man.

My friend, you know, innocently supposed that baggage went with the passenger without extra charge, and therefore thought he was being defrauded. So he said:

"I think I'll not pay the dollar, I'll take the trunk back and send it by express."

"No you won't," said the baggageman, "you'll pay the dollar."

And he did.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—What a strange thing is fame! Few persons know the names of the great men and crowned heads of Europe in 1704. Yet every child has heard of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor, who was wrecked on the island of San Juan in that year, returned to England in 1709, and told his story to Defoe. Out of these tales of a traveler grew the marvelous romance of "Robinson Crusoe." On the 1st of May of this year Prof. Agassiz visited the island. He found twelve persons, including several children, living there. They are bountifully supplied with meat, vegetables and fish of all kinds. Yet they must at times feel themselves prisoners in their little continent of ten miles by four.

SCHOOLS.—The total number of schools in the United States and Territories of the year 1870, according to the returns in the last census, was 141,629, and the total number of pupils 7,209,938. The income of all these schools, for the year ending June 1, 1870, aggregated $95,402,726. The schools in New York State the same year numbered 13,020, with 28,918 teachers and 862,022 pupils. The income of the New York schools for 1870 is reported at $15,936,788, of which $674,732 was derived from endowment, $2,351,023 from taxation and public funds, and $6,111,028 from other sources, including tuition.

A new plan of dealing is being introduced into the retail grocery trade of England to induce cash payments for groceries, and also to make new customers, which is said to be a decided success. It is styled the "bonus system for cash payment for groceries," and consists in allowing a bonus of two and a half per cent., payable at the end of six months, on all cash purchases made during that time. Here is a hint to some of our own enterprising merchants.

The Cost of Yachts.

It is estimated by yachtsmen of prominence and experience, says a writer, that the pleasure yachts of the New York Club alone must have cost nearly $2,000,000, while the fleets of the whole country cost about $5,000,000. The yachts of the Brooklyn Club cost $350,000; Atlantic, $400,000; and all others in New York Bay about $300,000. The Eastern Club of Boston Harbor, is very wealthy, owning yachts valued at $400,000. The best class of these vessels cannot be built and equipped for less than $150 a ton, or about $5,000 for a sloop of 35 tons, the smallest craft which can be constructed with due regard to comfort and convenience in a cruise. Yacht-builders declare that a roomy cabin, large enough to accommodate the average grown person, cannot be attained in vessels of smaller tonnage. A crew of five men is necessary to man such a yacht, and these cost, during the Summer cruise of four months, at least $150 a month. It is necessary to employ one of the crew as steward during the whole year, in order that the yacht may be taken care of. The expenses for food are to be added to all this, so that the amusement is dearly bought.

These figures give only an indistinct idea of the cost of larger yachts. The famous Henrietta was sold, after her triumph in 1866, when quite an old vessel, having seen rough service in the civil war, for $15,000. Her former owner, James Gorden Bennett, Jr., immediately bought the Fleetwing, one of the vessels which he had beaten in the famous dead-of-winter ocean race, for $65,000 and rechristened her the Dauntless. It was this magnificent vessel which was beaten in the ocean race of 1870 by the English-built Cambria, which was sold the same year for $30,000. The Resolute of Mr. A. S. Hatch, the smallest and one of the most elegant of the schooner-yachts of the New York Club, being 110 tons burden, cost $32,000—but she was built in war times. The largest schooner yacht in the country, the Sappho of Mr. Douglass, cost much less than this proportionally. Yachts built in the excellent staunch style of these endure for many years. They may grow out of fashion, or may be excelled by new models, for the art of yacht-building improves with each year, but they never rot if cared for.

FEAR.—It is not the fact that, because some men are more constantly exposed to danger than others, they are consequently freer from fear than the generality of their kind. Warriors are not so uncommonly brave as the world gives them credit for. Let it be remembered that in battle they are penetrated with a prodigious fury, elated by prospects of a glorious victory, hurried on from scene to scene, till in their fury and excitement they become utterly forgetful of the great slaughter that is going on around them and the imminent danger that momentarily threatens them. The strong passions and the excitement they experience supersede and suspend fear. But when their passions are at rest, and their ardor is not aroused—when they become calm, inactive spectators of the horrid massacres of war—we do not see, or, at least, do not hear of their stifling the passion of fear to such a very great degree. The effects of fear are sometimes so fatal that, as we have already said, men have been known to die under the influence of it. A couple of French merchants once fought a duel in the neighborhood of Bordeaux. On the first fire one of the parties fell, and the seconds immediately approached supposing that he was mortally wounded. After a close inspection they found that he had not sustained any injury, his antagonist's ball having glanced aside and lodged in the trunk of a tree: but he was, nevertheless, dead, having it is conjectured, anticipated by his terror, that fate which he might have otherwise escaped.

A CHINESE KITCHEN.—A Chinese kitchen, from which such good things are turned out for the table, is a wonder in its way. There is nothing in it but a cooking stove or two, not longer than our American water pail, with a few stewpans, and many chopsticks, from which few things come the many courses for the table, all well cooked and furnished—nay, even the best beefsteaks, so difficult to have cooked well at home. The more I go over the world, the more I am convinced that Americans and Englishmen are far behind the rest of creation in preparing their food to be eaten. Our "civilization" in this is over a hundred years behind the age; and in this respect the Chinese are far our superiors. That devil's invention of ours, the kitchen range, ought to be kicked down where it came from, the lower regions—an invention which, in summer, roasts us out of our houses, and in winter consumes as much coal in one day, as a Chinaman would need in a month, or a Frenchman in a week. Some rich man in America, some coming Peter Cooper, in lieu of teaching us how to draw, would do well to teach us how to boil potatoes, cook beefsteaks, roast mutton, and bake bread, for such a Peter Cooper would be the very grandest of American human benefactors.

PARRHASIUS.—Zeuxis, the ancient painter produced a cluster of grapes upon the canvas with such perfect skill that the birds came and pecked at them. This success greatly elated the artist, whose fame went abroad thereat, reaching the ears of one Parrhasius, a rival artist, who seeking an opportunity painted a curtain before a portion of the picture. Soon after Zeuxis approaching the painting to exhibit it to Parrhasius, desired him to remove the curtain! But he was compelled to acknowledge himself defeated, since he had only deceived birds, but his rival had deceived a fellow artist.

Another story is related of Zeuxis, or rather a novel character, and which is well authenticated. He painted a boy with a basket of grapes, to which the birds as before resorted. But this gave the artist great dissatisfaction and very properly so, leading him to declare the painting a failure, since had the similitude been in both cases equal, the birds would most certainly have been deterred by natural fear of the boy, from approaching the picture!

SAD ACCIDENT.—A sad and peculiar accident happened to a child at Wachita, Wis., recently. The mother stepped into a store to make a purchase, leaving the baby in its carriage on the sidewalk. A gust of wind struck the carriage and passed it down the street against a team of horses. The horses, becoming frightened, kicked over the carriage and injured the baby so seriously that there is no hope of its recovery.

The latest railroad miracle was performed by a negro, who happened to be standing in the way of a flying train near Philadelphia. The engine threw him 20 feet in the air and tore his clothing all to shreds. The train was stopped, and the horrified spectators went back to find him on his feet again resuming his old mode of march upon the track. The locomotive probably struck him on the head.

An Albany minister, referring to his record of 40 years, finds fewest marriages in summer.

A French-American Story.

A French paper, the *Figaro*, gives the following horrible story from the United States. It is pleasant reading for hot weather:

It is known that the railroad from San Francisco to New York passes through the reservation of several tribes of Indians, who invariably regard the locomotives as terrible monsters created by the Manitou to exterminate the red men.

Several times already the Indians have attempted to throw the trains on the track. In these enterprises they were led by one of the fiercest of their chiefs, a Cherokee named Nuha, and surnamed Mocking Bird. All their attempts having failed, Nuha resolved to change his tactics.

Accordingly on the 24 of June last, he concealed himself near the rails, and with extraordinary activity bounded upon the footboard of train No. 67, from San Francisco to New York. He then slipped along the train until he reached the locomotive, where he killed the fireman with a blow of his tomahawk, stabbed the engineer with a blow of his knife, and after scalping them, jumped on the tender, brandishing the scalps and howling out a war song.

The settlers along the line became terrified as they saw the train, which now dashed along at a fearful speed, driven by the ferocious engineer. The passengers all cried out for help. Their situation was extremely perilous; in fact they were running right into the jaws of death.

Finally an officer of the navy, Mr. Henry Pierce, determined to sacrifice himself to save his fellow passengers. Armed with a long dirk knife he ran along the footboard of the train and jumped upon the engine. The chief uttered a war cry and brandished his tomahawk, and a hand-to-hand struggle was commenced over the bodies of the engineer and fireman.

The passengers put their heads out of the windows and with an anxiety which may easily be imagined tried to see the fight. In about a minute Mr. Pierce fell mortally wounded under Mocking Bird, who in the twinkling of an eye scalped him. But while he was triumphantly waving the scalp of the victim in the air Mr. Pierce, who was still living, had sufficient strength to jump up and hurl his knife in the Indian's breast, killing him instantly. He then crawled to the valve handle, shut off the steam, and the train stopped.

The passengers ran to the assistance of this brave officer, but it was too late; he died two hours afterward.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A new story of Joaquin Miller is told by the Portland, Oregon, *Bulletin*, and it has all the ferocious features incident to life in the far West. Two brothers, twins, Sam and Henry Lockhart, were owners of a ferry across the Pitt River in 1852. The winter following while Sam was absent in Shasta, the Indians made a raid and killed Henry and all the white settlers in the vicinity of the ferry. The shock to the surviving brother served to transform him into a fiend. He became a hard drinker, and vowed to devote his life to the discovery and slaughter of every Indian that he had any reason to believe had anything to do with the slaughter of his brother. And he carried out that purpose till his very name was a terror to all the Indians within hundreds of miles. He was a wanderer, and could not be restrained by law or the entreaties of the whites. On one of his expeditions he met Joaquin Miller, whom he suspected of complicity in his brother's murder. He had not yet proof enough, however, to justify the shooting of him on sight. Whether Miller resisted is not stated; but certainly Sam made him a prisoner, and marched him to Yreka, where a serious consultation was had with Judge Rosborough in whose judgement the avenger had great confidence. "It was with great difficulty," says the *Bulletin*, "that the judge then only a practising lawyer in Yreka, could persuade Sam that he was mistaken in his suspicions, his only remark being, 'If he is guilty, I shall kill him sure.' After questioning and cross examining that would have done credit to a member of the bar—Miller having been directed by the judge to be perfectly frank and truthful—Sam was at last satisfied with his innocence and permitted him to go unmolested. The lovers and admirers of Joaquin Miller's poetry may thank Judge Rosborough that their favorite did not receive his death from Sam Lockhart's unerring rifle nearly twenty years ago. Poor Sam continued his lawless course until he met a bloody death in Idaho, while engaged in one of those mining disputes which were decided by the law of the knife and pistol."

FASHION NOTES.—Among the many pretty novelties of the season are the floralsets of jewelry, consisting of brooch and earrings of artificial flowers handsomely mounted. Striped grass cloth is a favorite and cool material for traveling costumes. Small sleveless jackets of bright colored silks have again been revived, and are extremely pretty worn with light summer dresses. Parasols are made larger this season than ever. Those of black silk finished with fringe, and lined with some pretty bright color, are fashionable, and suitable for any dress. They are mounted on ebony sticks. Fancy combs for the hair are much worn this summer in tortoise shell, rubber &c. They lighten the effect of the heavy bands, and help greatly to sustain the weight of the hair. Blonde tulle of striped "tasso" cloth forms one of the prettiest costumes of the season. Leno cloth is cheap and serviceable, barege is pretty and challie light, soft serviceable. The first two can be obtained for fifty cents a yard; the last at sixty five cents. Fichus and bows of colored crape de chine trimmed with lace, are a dainty finish to a summer toilet. The Alsatian bow for the hair is still very fashionable.

NEW TEETH IN AGED PERSONS.—In an article on longevity, Professor Owen has explained how it is that aged persons are said to have cut new teeth late in life. Many readers will remember to have heard or read of such occurrences, which are regarded as extraordinary. The facts are these: it often happens that fresh break or decay, and leave a stump in the gum. The gum closes over the place, and the incident is forgotten. As years go by, the jaw and the gums shrink; the long buried stump is in consequence laid bare, and is hailed as a new tooth, and is sometimes mentioned in the newspapers as a kind of wonder. Thus a "fact" is shown by competent authority to be an error; and it is always well for public opinion to get rid of an error.

LONGFELLOW.—A visit to the stables of the noted hero Longfellow, by a reporter, shows that he was badly hurt. He was lying in a well-traved box, with his ankle very badly swollen, so much so that it is yet a disputed question if the tendons are broken or not, or whether the ankle is only swollen from the effects of a severe sprain. Cooling lotions are being constantly applied, and the old man, Captain Moore, and other horsemen hope that Longfellow will be able to run again.

A Georgia gentleman died from the effects of a dog scratch.

The Story of a Hero.

A party of excursionists had gone out from Philadelphia to the hills near Norristown, says a New York paper, and just before dusk gathered about a station called Spring Mill, in order to return home. The track at this point slopes sharply about the hill with a bank on one side and a declivity on the other. Five of the women were on this track, when the whistle of the approaching express was heard sweeping round the curve not twenty yards from them. They mistook it for the train on the other side of the river, which was just passing, and did not move. The next instant the express flashes into sight; the crowd, terrified, shrink back with a cry of terror; all except one man, who throws himself in the very front of the engine, thrusts one after the other of the five down the embankment into safety, and is caught up and dashed to the ground at their feet—dead.

During the war we crowned with our laurel and our praise those gallant young fellows who flung life away for some greater good—the safety of their country—the freedom of a race. Because the same cry touched our own convictions and burned in our own blood we thought it was that which had strengthened them for the sacrifice. But better than any cause is the inbegent bravery of blood that meets death as a companion, the quiet, just contempt of life when weighed against the simple duty of manhood. Philip Gould lived un known and unnoticed; he had received, most probably, neither gifts of intellect nor culture to claim any special regard; only a plain, blunt man, who—at this we state—loved his friends. The women were mere acquaintances; there was no call for sacrifice on him more than on any other of the crowd who stood about them. There was no reason why he should fling away his young life, as full of promise, as strong and sweet to him as that of any man. Beyond the fact that there are certain men among us of royal blood who live obscurely until some circumstance bids them prove their birth.

We hope the story of this man who died so manfully will be told, simply because it is a wholesome and ennobling story to us all. Praise cannot benefit him now, nor give comfort to whoever is left behind to love or care for him. The quiet life of such men is worth more to those who know them than any act of sacrifice; "dying was not all they had the skill to do." We believe, too, that the most cheering part of the story is the fact that such men are common about us. There is not a railroad accident nor emergency of any kind which does not bring to light deeds of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of unselfishness, that stir the pulse and bring the water to the eyes. We thank God for such men as this gallant lad, and thank Him the more that we find so many of them on every side of us in black skins and in white. We do not mourn Earl Percy dead the less because we know that we have a "hundred living still as gallant knights as he."

HABITS OF THE SEAL.—The habits of the seal are very peculiar, and form an interesting study. In the spring of the year, in either northern or southern hemisphere, they leave the water and resort to the land in countless thousands remaining some months; then, on the approach of winter all depart for unknown localities. It is believed, however, that they spend the intervening time at sea in a milder latitude than their island homes would be in at winter. Where do they go? has often been asked but never satisfactorily answered. Perhaps it is well that it has not, for if pursued in the water as well as on the land, total annihilation would ensue. Being fitted by nature to inhabit equally well the shore and ocean, it is probable that after their visit to the land their voyage to sea is one of rest and recuperation. They are known to sleep on the surface of the water, and their active and playful habits when in this element have often been observed by seamen. While at sea they become quite fat, and when first landing on the beach in the spring their size often renders them unwieldy, but their strength is proportionately increased. In their habits of life these animals are completely gregarious, but in visiting the land they separate themselves into classes of different ages and sexes. Seals are particularly attached to their chosen resort, and if undisturbed return to it with unfailing regularity; they seem to love to congregate together. Often, when many islands are contiguous, they select one or two, crowding upon them to the neglect of others apparently as good. Woe to the seal if his rookery is accessibly and is not guarded by laws and penalties against the rapacity of man. The lust of greed, the desire to make the most money in the shortest time, has caused the utter destruction of these valuable animals in many localities. No rookery of large size is now known in the Southern ocean. The cupidity of man has caused their destruction in almost all of their haunts South of the equator.

ECCENTRICITY.—The following singular instance of eccentricity, illustrating the close connection of this condition of the mind with insanity, is related by Professor Hammond in his work on diseases of the nervous system. A lady had since her childhood shown a singularity of conduct as regarded her table furniture which she would have of no other material than copper. She carried this fancy to such an extent that even the knives were made of copper. People laughed at her and tried to reason her out of her whim, but in vain. In no other respect was there any evidence of mental aberration. She was intelligent, by no means excitable, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. An uncle had, however, died insane. A trifling circumstance started her in a new train of thought, and excited emotions which she could not control. She read in the morning paper that a Mr. Kopperman had arrived at one of the hotels, and she announced her determination to call on him. Her friends endeavored to dissuade her but without avail. She went to the hotel and was told he had just left for Chicago. Without returning to her home she bought a ticket for Chicago, and started on the next train for that city. The telegraph, however, overtook her, and she was brought back from Rochester raving of her love for a man whom she had never seen, and whose name alone had been associated in her mind with her fancy for copper table furniture. She died of acute mania within a month.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—In speaking of the flood which was so disastrous in several sections of Virginia, the Lynchburg papers give the following sad event: A mother and several little children were making their escape from a narrow neck of land, which lies between the river and the canal, when they were amazed to find that the bridge was already gone, and that their only hope was to cling on to the abutment of the bridge until the angry waves should subside. But as they stood there clinging to the abutment, the waters continued to rise higher and higher, while in the deep dark night they could hear the crashing of trees amid the thunders of bridge timbers that were wildly dashing all around them. They had been in this desperate condition for some time, when the little girl felt that her strength was gone, and with a wild shriek of terror she exclaimed, "Kiss me, mother, for I can't hold any longer!" And with the warm pressure of that mother's lips upon her cheeks, she was swept away and was seen no more.

The Making of an Orangeman.

The Orange institutions says an exchange, received their name from John Giffard, of Dublin, though they existed before he named them. The annals of the period from 1795 up to 1820 show that citizens were uniformed then. The Catholic wore green in his cap, green in his shoe-ties, or, if all failed, a green ribbon in his button-hole; while the Protestant, in memory of the famous victories of King William III., wore "orange" as conspicuously as possible.

Some of the ceremonies of the initiation of Orangemen were borrowed from the Freemasons. The applicant for admission was required to deny that he had ever been a Catholic or should ever become one, and that he should always do all in his power to maintain the Protestant ascendency. The ritual was adopted from the sixty-eight Psalm. According to Sir Jonah Barrington the Orangeman's toast was copied after that of the "Aldermen of Skinner's Alley"—individuals famous in their time for defying King James and deifying King William. The toast was drunk on the bate knees, after their possessors had dined on sheep's trotters in delicate allusion to Jame's feat of running away from Dublin. This "unparalled sentiment" was as follows:

"The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William; not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a William to kick a Jacobite, and a ——— for the bishop of Cork. And he that won't drink this whether he be a priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of the clergy, may a north wind blow him to south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm and a leaky vessel, to carry him over the river Styx. May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his head, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a clean carcass to hell. Amen."

EXILED PRIESTS IN CALIFORNIA.—Among the passengers that arrived on the steamship Sacramento at San Francisco, were thirty-nine Dominican and Franciscan friars of the Capuchin order, who were banished from Guatemala by the Granados revolutionary government of that country. For entertaining supposed designs against the existing order of affairs they were, without a moment's notice, hurried away from their houses and placed on board the Sacramento. The singular appearance of this body of men in their religious garb attracted marked attention in San Francisco, where they were hospitably received by Archbishop Alemany and the priests of their orders established in the metropolis of the Pacific. Among them is one clergyman who was the original founder of the missions in Guatemala, and who is now seventy-two years old. Six of them were very sick and had to be removed to the hospital. It appears that on the evening of the 7th of June last the convents in which they were quartered were entered by a body of soldiers, while the friars were engaged at their usual vocations, and they were taken into custody. The troops were commanded by General Rufino Barrios, Commander-in-Chief of the army. The friars were not permitted to make any preparations for their departure, with the exception of a few blankets, hastily gathered up by some of them. They were then conveyed into the street, just as they were found, and then placed in line between files of soldiers, who had orders to fire upon any one attempting to leave, or upon any citizen attempting to succor them. Thus situated they were marched to Champerico amid the tears and lamentations of the people. The picture drawn by the exiled priests of the consternation of the citizens upon being thus ruthlessly deprived of their spiritual advisers, and the outcries against their banishment, is one of deep interest. But despite these protests they were placed on board the steamer, and in one hour from the time of their arrest were being carried away from their homes and their people.

GALLOPING CURATES.—Mr. Anthony Trollope is greatest in depicting clerical characters. But we do not remember, in all his novels, any mention of "galloping curates." Forty years ago, says a reviewer, in lately discussing the disestablishment question, there was a staff of "galloping curates" in almost every county town. The smallest parishes had no resident incumbent; and the Sunday "duty" was done, in a most perfunctory manner, by these clerical perambulators, who took two, three, or even four services in as many parishes, but never dreamed of bestowing a single hour of week-day labor on any of them. This is worth following up by an illustration from the same source. In some parishes there was no service for weeks together. It once happened that a nonresident incumbent came into the neighborhood and expressed a wish—perhaps not altogether unreasonably—to perform service in the church of one of his parishes. Word was sent over to the principal farmer, who was also churchwarden. But here a most embarrassing circumstance presented itself. It was the beginning of harvest; the weather had been showery and uncertain, and the churchwarden was obliged to reply that they would have had much pleasure in seeing their clergyman among them, but unfortunately there had been a deficiency of barn accommodation, and the church was *full of peas.—Once a Week.*

KILLED BY A BROTHER.—The town of Belmont, Portage County, Wis., was the scene of one of the most horrible murders that has come to our knowledge for many a day. Two brothers named Thomas and Richard Dolling, living neighbors to each other, had had a difficulty about some cattle belonging to Thomas which had broken into Richard's fields several times. One Sunday, Richard went to his fields and found his brother's cattle in his crops. He had a gun with him, and started for Thomas' house, it is thought with the intention of killing him. He met Thomas on the road. Hot words followed, and Thomas threatened to thrash Richard, and started toward him with a club in his hand, when Richard drew up his gun and fired killing him instantly. It is reported that a young man came along the road soon after and found Thomas lying dead in the road and Richard standing near by. Rich