"So the Story Goes."

'Twas ones upon a summer day—
So the story goes—
The Franklin's daughter chanced to stray
Where the mill-stream flows.

And as the rustic bridge she crossed—
So the story goes—
Over the rail she stopped, and lost
From her breast a rose.

The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong—
So the story goes—
And on its waters bore along
The cheerless maiden's rose,

The miller's son stood by the bank—
So the story goes—
He stopped the wheel; and, ere it sank,
Caught up the maiden's rose.

Then in his cap he placed the flower—
So the story goes—
And boldly to the maiden's bower
He hied at daylight's close.

"Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried—
So the story goes—
The maiden blushed, the maiden sighed,
"Oh! give me back my rose."

"Two flowers," he said, "so sweet and fair"—
So the story goes—
"Twas shame to part—one breast should bear
Thyself and this red rose."

What more the youth and maiden said,
That summer eve, who knows?
But he kept the flower and won the maid—
So the story goes.

Farm, Garden and Household.

One who knows makes it a point to select a cow with a yellow skin. One whose skin is pale or colorless, is not, he says, half so likely to produce good butter.

RELIABLE RECEIPTS.—For corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for goat, toast and water: for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

PORK.—A Willow Creek, Montana, correspondent asks if it will pay to produce pork in a country where wages are $50 a month, and grain from two to three cents a pound. Pork made on such a basis would have to sell for from 20 to 25 cents a pound to make it profitable.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING. — Choose large russet or sour apples that cook tender; peel and quarter them, take out the cores and use one apple to a dumpling. Pinch your pie-crust well, grease your pie-pan, set your dumplings right side up; do not let them touch each other; set them in your oven and bake a delicate brown. Eat hot, with any sauce you prefer.

Dissolve a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with the salt water slack a barrel of lime, which should be wet enough to form a kind of paste. For the purpose of a disenfectant this home made chloride of lime is nearly as good as that purchased at the shops and drug stores. Use it freely about sinks, cellars, gutters, and out-houses, and, in this way, prevent sickness, suffering and expense.

FILTERS AND FILTERING.—In every well-appointed kitchen, there are tin or procelain funnels. For filtering watery fluids it is only necessary to insert, in the choke of the funnel, a V-shaped piece of fine sponge. All the liquids, on being put into the funnel, will pass through the sponge and become quite clear. When this effect ceases the sponge must be removed and well cleaned.

GRAFTON MILK BISCUITS.—Boil and grate two whole potatoes; add two teaspoonfulls of brown sugar; pour boiling water over these enough to soften them. When tepid, add one small teacup of yeast; when light, warm three ounces of butter in one pint of milk, a little salt and flour enough to make a stiff sponge; when risen, work it on the board, put it back in the tray to rise again; when risen, roll it into cakes and let them stand half an hour. Bake in a quick oven. These biscuits are perfect.

CARE OF CISTERNS.—Water may be preserved pure and wholesome in rain-water cisterns by letting the supply-pipe connect at the bottom of the cistern. The fresh water being heavier than that already in the cistern, will force the stale water to the top so that it can be used before it becomes offensive. It is well known, however, that cistern water becomes impure from the organic matter it contains, and if this can be got rid of by destroying its vitality and precipitating it to the bottom, it will leave the water pure. It is claimed that there is nothing better to effect this than permanganate of potassa, used in the proportion of about an ounce to 50 gallons of water. This causes the inorganic matter to sink to the bottom an innoxious sediment. But the permanganate must be continued as long as the water has a purplish appearance, indicating that the offensive matter has not all been precipitated. Though this is not a poisonous drug, and is we believe in no way hurtful, still no more should be used than necessary. Every druggist has it for sale. Care must be taken to have the cistern thoroughly cleaned out at least twice a year, as well as the troughs upon the building supplying the water.

A HINT WORTH HEEDING.—I went into Swampscot's tool-house yesterday to get out of the rain. His grass is cut, and he will have no further use for his mower. The orthodox way of doing with a mower on many farms is to unhitch from it where the last hay cutting is done, and leave it in the field. Swampscot must be a heretic. I found his mower packed away in one corner of the tool-house as snugly as if it had been there when the tool-house was built, and had never cut any grass. I noticed it had been thoroughly cleaned and bearings oiled. I rather liked the idea. I said so. Swampscot said: "Why, that's the way I make money. I've used that mower six summers, and it's a better mower to-day than Joe Peet's, that he bought last year; his lay in the field until November, and was then put into an open shed, where the sheep ran and the hens roosted. It was a nice looking object this Spring, and I know he expended $15 upon it before he could make it run. Why, sir, he never took the sickle out of it from the time he quit using it until he wanted to use it again; nor did he oil it." I noticed the hoes, cultivators, harrows, plows, etc., etc., were all snugly put away by Swampscot. I mention these little things that you may know why he has the reputation of being a thrifty, thorough, liberal farmer.

TO FIND THE WEIGHT OF LIVE CATTLE.—First, see that the animal stands square, then with a string take his circumference just behind the shoulder blade, and measure the feet and inches—this is the *girth*. Then measure from the bone of the tail which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock, and direct the string along the back to fore part of the shoulder blade, and this will be the *length*.—Then work the figures thus: Suppose girth of bullock 6 feet 4 inches, length 6 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together make 23 square superficial feet, and these multiplied by 23—the number of pounds allowed for each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than seven and more than five feet in girth—make 759 pounds. When the animal measures less than and more than seven feet in girth, 31, is the number of pounds to be estimated to each superficial foot. And suppose a small animal to measure two feet in girth and 2 feet in length, these multiplied together make four feet, which, multiplied by 11—the number of pounds allowed for each square foot when the cattle measure less than three feet in girth—make 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf or sheep etc., measure 4 feet 6 inches in girth, and 3 feet 8 inches in length; that multiplied together makes 16 square feet, and these multiplied by 16—the number of pounds allowed for cattle measuring less than 5 and more than 3 feet in girth—make 356 pounds. The dimensions in girth and length of the back of cattle, sheep calves, and hogs, taken this way, are as exact as is at all necessary for common computation or valuation of stock, and will answer to the four quarters of the animal, sinking the offal. A deduction must be made for animals half fat, of one pound in twenty from those that are fat; and for a cow that has had calves, one pound must be allowed in addition to the one for not being fat, upon every twenty.—*Peddler's Land Measurer.*

New York Dry Goods Market.

We have had a dull and unsatisfactory week in the dry goods market with but few exceptions. The flannel houses made a revision of prices on Thursday, of an average decline of 7½ per cent., which on low and medium grades, made a marked difference with buyers, and their business for the balance of the week was quite active and very satisfactory. Other woolens have not been changed in quotations, and the traffic in cloths, coatings and cassimeres has been very limited. Doeskins were in better request and some favorite makes keep well sold up.

The market for domestic cotton fabrics has been weak. There have been no marked indications of a break of prices, but there are murmurings, and at any moment the market is prepared to hear of some immense transactions at very much reduced quotations.

Brown Sheetings and Shirtings of standard weights have been held with more firmness than other cottons, as the supply is not thought to be equal to the demand that must sooner or later come forward. But up to the present time the market is considerably in surplus of requirements.

Bleached Goods have been very inactive during the whole week.

Ticks, Stripes and checks, as with all colored cottons, have remained dull, without much injury, but as these goods are not expected to partake of a lively market during the season, holders manifest but little regarding them.

Brown Sheetings and Shirtings have been in fair demand, especially for sheetings to fill immediate orders for current wants.

Cotton Flannels.—The demand for these goods has been and is yet very limited.

Cotton bags are still without any special movement.

Cotton Yarns did not rally from the weakness noticed last week, and a slight reduction of 1c. per pound was made, and fine numbers to which value the coarser numbers will equalize.

Rolled Jaconets and Cambrics.—Holders of jaconets have been greatly disappointed in the business for the week. They had been led from a revision of their prices and other indications to anticipate an active week, but from some unexplained cause, the amount of business will not aggregate in sales with the previous week.

Printing Cloths.—This Market still tends to lower prices. Some few sales were made during the week, but printers are as susceptible to a weak market as buyers of prints, and if printed goods are liable to a sudden decline, no large operations in gray cloths will probably be effected on a basis of 7 7-8a8c. for 64 squares. We therefore continue to report the market dull and inactive.

Prints.—More business has been done in these goods, than would naturally be supposed from the general tone of the market during the week. Some houses report a fair business nearly up to their productions, but we find it generally limited amongone or two popular brands, that some portion of the trade considers cheaper than other standard goods when quotations are the same. The general market has been comparatively dull, but probably more business has been transacted in this branch than any of the others in the cotton goods line. Prices have been reduced to 11jc. by the Pacific Company, the American Print Works and the Hartels; others remain firm at former quotations, but mostly under protection.

Ginghams.—The market for these goods can hardly be said to be opened. The demand is not yet commenced, and in the meantime holders are quiet and firm.

SPANISH PRISONS.—The details depicting the horrors of Spanish prisons, says the letter of a correspondent, would occupy much more space than is allotted me in your columns, were they not, indeed, too revolting to be narrated. Imagine low, long, dark, narrow halls, crowded past excess with living, restless masses of humanity, personating crime, sorrow, remorse, revenge, despair and doubt, without any one redeeming element of redemption, reform, or regeneration. Imagine that each one of these half-naked, hungry human beings is in a state of filthiness inconceivable, infested with every possible variety of vermin, since baths are unknown in such regions and wash-basins as well. Imagine that the only admonitions ever addressed to the criminals are the orders of the overseers, accompanied by threats, oath, insults and blows, security from retaliation, being made sure by the revolvers with which the jailors are aided, and the constant presence of a detachment of military force. Imagine the fetid emanations from such a place, the constant brawls of the prisoners, the shouts of the overseers, and the deafening clanking of the immense chains with which many are loaded, and some faint idea will be formed of the interior of a Spanish prison.

A STORY OF BEECHER.—The following story is told of Henry Ward Beecher by one of his sisters. He was about eleven years old, and was attending school. The teacher was drilling her pupil in the rudiments of grammar, but he seemed fonder of fun than study. "Now, Henry," said she, "it is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?" "Yes, I can say 'amen,' too," was the rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayers." "Come, Henry, don't be joking; decline 'he.'" "Nominative he, possessive his, objective him." "You see, 'his' is possessive. Now you can say 'his book,' but you cannot say 'him book.'" "Yes, I do say 'hymn book,' too," said the impracticable pupil, with a quizzical twinkle. Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted. "But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike' is active you see, because if you strike you do something. But, 'I am struck is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?" "Yes, I do; I strike back again."

LOOK TO YOUR INSURANCE.—This is always good advice; but it is particularly so at this season. Many farmers have a good deal of property, in the form of wool, hay, and grain, exposed to fire, that is not covered by insurance, because they expect to keep it only a short time. If they can afford to be their "own insurers," all very well. But if a fire would cripple them, it is the part of wisdom to be at least partially insured. We fear that many farmers have property that they think is insured which their policies do not cover. Your wool or grain may be insured in one barn but not in another, and you may have overlooked and forgotten the fact. If you are going to thrash with a steam-engine, see if it does not invalidate your policy. There is little or no risk from a properly constructed engine, but it is a very unpleasant thing when you think you are insured to burn up and find that there is a clause in the policy that forfeits your claim.

HOW ARE YOU?—The Paducah *News* tells this story, for the truth of which it vouches: A professional gentleman well known in this city, had not seen his son for a long period of time, owing to the fact that the latter retired to bed ere the former returned home, and in the morning the father always left before the son got out of bed. One morning the lady of the house managed to get the father and son together at the break fast table, and by way of a joke remarked, "Son, let me introduce you to your father." "How do you do, father?" said the hopeful; "I don't rememember ever having met you before but I have heard ma speak of you,"

A four-year-old female went into a drug store the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half-whisper: "If a little girl hain't got any money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothing?"

Iron shingles have been recently patented and are said to be less expensive than slate. They are made about six inches by thirteen inches in size, and fastened with headless nails.

Clerical Anecdotes

The following anecdotes have never been in print, at least the first three have not. The last one I heard in Scotland, and cannot vouch for. The others came under my own personal knowledge:

In the south of New Jersey, some years ago, there travelled over some of the hardest counties a good, faithful, hard-working brother, named James Moore, or Jimmy Moore, as he was familiarly called. He was devoted to the itinerancy. A true, loyal Methodist, plain, pointed and sharp in all his preaching and exortations.

He had been laboring a year on one of his circuits, and, before leaving for his new field, he gave his people, who dearly loved him, his farewell sermon.

At the close he said: "My dear brethren, this is my last address to you. I am going from you, and you may never hear the voice of James Moore again."

"Amen!" came loudly from the seat behind him.

He looked at the man with a little surprise, but, thinking it was a mistake, went on.

"My days on earth will soon be numbered. I am an old man, and you may not only never hear the voice of James Moore but never see his face again.

"Amen!" was shouted from the same seat more vigorously than before.

There was no mistaking the design now. The preacher looked at the man; he knew him to be a hard, grinding man—stingy and merciless to the poor.

He continued his address: "May the Lord bless all those of you who have done your duty, who have honored him with your substance, who have been kind to the poor, and—"

Pausing and looking the intruder straight in the eye, and pointing to him with his finger:

"May his curse rest on those who have cheated the Lord and ground the poor under their heels. Say amen to that, brother!"

The shot told. He was not interrupted again.

I once went with Rev. Mark Trafton, the celebrated New England preacher, to hear Albert Barnes deliver a discourse in behalf of the American Sunday School Union. The evening was hot, the services were long and tiresome, and when the sermon commenced it was time to go home.

Mr. Barnes was annoyed at this, and in commencing his sermon said: "My discourse is divided into three parts." He then stated them. "For want of time I shall omit the first; for the same reason I shall be compelled to omit the second."

At this moment Trafton arose, his tall form looming up in all its stateliness, and turning to me he said: "For the same reason I shall omit the third," and walked out of the church.

In a Pennsylvania town there was an excellent but eccentric clergyman named Ross. He was about taking a collection for some especial object, and had pleaded warmly in its behalf.

"My brethren," he said, "I want you all to give liberally to-night; none of your pennies or five-cent pieces, but let every one give a quarter; and, to set you a good example, I will give the first myself," dropping a twenty-five cent piece in the basket.

After the collection was taken he lifted up the baskets, looked them over carefully, and then remarked: "I see that my quarter is the only one here, so I shall take it back again," which he did, and put it in his pocket with evident disgust at their meanness.

A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggerating in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its ill effects on the congregation. He replied that he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk, the next time he did it, to give him a cough by way of a hint.

Soon after he was describing Sampson's tying the foxes' tails together. He said, "The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty fut long."

"Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk.

"That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but of ours they were fifteen fut long."

"Ahem!" louder than before.

"But, as you may think this is extravagant, we'll just say they were ten fut."

"Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorously. The person leaned over the pulpit, and, shaking his finger at the clerk, said: "You may cough there all the night long mon; I'll na tak' off a fut more. Would ye hae the foxes wid nae tails at a' ?"—*Christian Weekly.*

A FALSE ALARM.—During the siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentry whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walked, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming and bloodshed! By the side of his box stood a deep, narrow-necked earthern jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas.

A large monkey, encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and in endeavoring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant the soldier turning round, came whistling toward his box; the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug sticking on his head.

This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine, blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous high cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, signal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms.

The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture the tranquillity of the garrison was restored without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

INSANITY.—Two business men of St. Charles, Minn., Mr. H. W. Hempsted and Mr. Franz Schores, have become deranged from exposure to the hot sun last week. They visited New-Ulm to look up lands in that vicinity, and rode some distance in an open buggy, exposed to the burning heat which prevailed throughout the State at that time. Soon after returning to their homes they showed signs of suffering with mental derangement, and both appeared to be affected in a similar manner. They seemed to know their friends, but were infatuated with great schemes of amassing great fortunes. Mr. Hempsted has been taken to St. Peter, and it is believed that with proper medical treatment he will soon recover. Mr. Schores was subsequently taken in charge by Deputy Sheriff Crippen, and placed in jail, as it was not considered safe for him to be at large. Soon after dinner he made a violent attack to break out, and with all the fury of a madman, assaulted the door with an empty keg, which was used as a seat in the corridor by the prisoners. The officers, with assistance, secured him in a cell.

WHAT A LITTLE CARELESSNESS DID.—To show how serious a conflagration may spring from a small cause, the great oil fire on Hunter's Point is given. A river barge received two thousand barrels of refined oil, and was preparing to leave. The Captain's wife was arranging the beds in the cabin aft, when some of the clothes came in contact with the stove and ignited. The woman with her two children rushed on deck and got ashore. Before the alarm had been properly given the boat with the oil was in flames. A German boat near by with 1,600 bbls. on board caught fire, and from this the flames spread to barges, sheds, and to the oil works themselves, making a complete wreck of them, destroying an immense amount of property, and throwing hundreds of men out of employment.

Children ask curiously pertinent questions sometimes, without knowing it. Some youngsters were watching the process of hatching chickens by steam. One says to another, "Wonder if their mother knows they're out?"

A California Colony.

A newspaper correspondent gives us an interesting history of a California Colony, and its results. In 1837—15 years ago—several Germans proposed, in San Francisco, to some of their countrymen, to purchase, by a general effort, a piece of land, lay it out into individual farms, plant these with grapes for wine, and to do all this by one general head or manager, and in the cheapest and best manner possible. After some discussion 50 men joined to buy a tract of 1,165 acres of land southwest of Los Angelos. They paid for this $2 per acre, and took care to get for this price also a sufficient water-right for irrigation. The land was selected and bought by the leader in the enterprise, Mr. Hansen of Los Angeles, a German who had long lived in California. The Anaheim Company consisted, you must understand, of mechanics, in the main. There are several carpenters, a gunsmith, an engraver, three watchmakers, four blacksmiths, a hewer, a teacher, a shoemaker, a miller, several merchants, a bookbinder, a poet (of course), four or five musicians, a hatter, some teamsters, a hotel-keeper, and others; not a farmer among them all, pray notice. Moreover—and this I say with a certain degree of hesitation—there is some reason to believe that the members of the company were not even eminently successful in their callings. They were not getting rich in San Francisco, where most of them lived. Several of them had money ahead, but most of them, I judge from what I hear, were men ready enough to better their fortunes, but to whom it would have been impossible to buy a ready-made farm of even twenty acres.

Well, it was agreed to divide the 1,165 acres into 50 20 acre lots, and 50 house-lots in the village, leaving some lots for school-houses and other public buildings, 14 in number. The first contribution or payment toward the common stock bought the land. Thereupon Mr. Hansen was, very wisely, chosen Resident Manager, and the shareholders quietly went on with their pursuits in San Francisco, taking care only to pay up the calls on their stock as they became due. It was the manager's duty, meantime, to go on with the improvement of the lots. This he did with hired labor—Indians and Californians. He dug a main ditch seven miles long, to lead the irrigating water over the whole area, and 450 miles of subsidiary ditches, and 25 miles of feeders to these. He planted on each 20-acre lot 8 acres in vines (8,000 vines) and some fruit trees. He fenced each lot with willows, making 5½ miles of outside and 35 miles of inside fencing. These willows are now topped for firewood, and as they grow rapidly they give a very fresh and lovely green to the aspect of Anaheim. This done, he continued to cultivate, prune and keep up the whole place. At the end of three years, in 1860, all the assessments were paid; each stockholder had paid $1,200, and a division of the lots was made. This was done by a kind of lottery. All the lots were viewed, and assessed at their relative value, from $1,400 to $600, according to situation, &c. When a lot was drawn, if it was valued over $1,200 the drawer paid the difference; if less, he received the difference. Thus he who drew a $1,400 lot would pay $2,00: he who drew a $6,00 lot would receive $6,00 additional in cash. When all were drawn, there was a sale of the effects of the company—tools, horses, &c.; and on balancing the books it was found that a sum remained on hand which sufficed for a dividend of over $100 to each shareholder. I believe the actual cost of the lots was but $1,080. For this each had 20 acres and a town lot 150x200 feet, with 8,000 bearing grape vines and some fruit trees.

Then the owners broke up at San Francisco and came down to take possession. Lumber for building was bought at wholesale; for 50 families a school-house was quickly erected; shopkeepers flocked in and bought the town lots; a newspaper was begun; mechanics of different kinds were attracted to the colony; and the colonists themselves had at once about them all the conveniences for which, had they settled singly, they would have had to wait many years. Now, it must be remembered that these colonists were not even farmers or gardeners by trade. Only one had ever made wine. They began as green hands; some of them borrowed money to make the improvement, and had to pay heavy interest. They had to build their houses, and make their gardens, and support their families. I want to give you briefly the results of the experiment: 1st. There was a struggle for some years, but in this early time, everybody tells me, they all had enough to eat, a good school for their children, music and pleasant social amusements, and they were their own masters. 2. Only one of the original settlers has moved away; and the Sheriff has never issued an execution in Anaheim. 3. The property which cost $1,080, is now worth from $5000, to $10,000, and I do not believe more than one in ten of the colonists would have been worth to-day, had they remained at their trades in San Francisco, any money at all. 4. There are no poor in Anaheim. 5. It is the general testimony that the making of wine and brandy has not caused drunkenness among the colonists. "When you see a drunken man in our town it will be an Indian or an Irishman," said several people to me. 6. I have not a doubt that the moral standard of the people has been greatly improved. Their children are well trained; the men are masters of their own lives; they have achieved independence, and what to an average New York mechanic would seem the ideal of a fortunate existence. The average clear income from their vineyards, which now contain mostly sixteen acres, is about $1,000 per annum. Some few fall below this, but most of them go above. They have besides this, of course, their gardens, which here yield vegetables all the year round; their chickens—in short the greater part of their living. They live well; it is a land of plenty; and to me, who remembered how painful and unpleasant is the life of a mechanic or artisan in New York, it was a delight to see here men and women who had redeemed themselves, by their own efforts, from this drudgery and slavery.

FEMALE FARM LABORERS.—Start a story about a brawny woman running a farm—building the fences, plowing the fields, driving the reaper, picking the stones, and all that—an some fellow did concerning a female landowner, near Canandaigua Lake, last year—and it goes the rounds of the whole American press half an editor applauding the Amazon for her independence, industry and thrift. Hardly one stops to ask if it is womanly, or proper or civilized even. One would also conclude that *mankind* would prefer to have the female portion of the population do all the hewing of wood and drawing of water. But it should be remembered that such performances on the part of the females are only croppings out of barbarism that only a portion of the world has even yet emerged from. England has plenty of it left in the agricultural districts, and it is not unknown in the manufacturing counties. A late writer in the London Telegraph describes a trip to Staffordshire, where the women work at the blacksmith's forge as long and as hard as the men. He says it is not uncommon to find a mother and her three lusty daughters fully of marriageable age, stripped to their stays, and, with a kerchief over their shoulders, wielding the hammer and tugging at the bellows, making twelve hundred nails for twelve pence, and working from eight in the morning till twelve at night. At Lye Waste whole streets are made up of these smithies, in which these women and their children toil, year in and year out, beside their husbands and brothers. They have about as much refinement and intelligence as a "Digger" Indian. Let our women take to the plow and hoe, and we shall soon have districts in which they would rival these muscular females of the Straffordshire smithies. We are disgusted with this talk about women farmers. Let our girls take all the prizes at our universities; drive all the men from the rostrum, run our banking and brokerage, keep our shops, become governors and presidents, vote and be happy according to their capabilities; but deliver us from female blacksmiths and farm laborers. If man is not fitted for this work, we don,t know what his particular sphere can be.

A New York Pawn Broker.

Among the rich men of New York says the *Sun*, few were richer than was Mitchell Hart, the old Chatham street pawn-broker, who has just been carried to his grave. Many there are who live in finely frescoed houses in Fifth avenue, furnished with all that taste can select and wealth procure, who when Azrael summons them will leave far less behind than did Mitchell Hart, who hardly slept a night out of the dingy garret above his office, and during war times lived on 30 cents a day, and who for thirty years has not left the limits of the City and County of New York. Many years ago the father of Mitchell and Henry Hart hung out the significant money-broker's sign of the golden balls on the Sixth Ward side of Chatham street, nearly opposite the station, afterwards occupied by his sons. For many a long year he did not live in vain as far as current coin of the realm was concerned, and when he was gathered to his fathers he left an immense fortune to his sons. In their hands, and by a prosecution of an even brisker trade than the senior Hart, the father's fortune increased and multiplied until their combined assets were estimated at the almost fabulous sum of $12,000,000. In the little two-story house No. 31 Chatham street, for nearly half a century the brothers eighteen hours in the twenty-four received pledges and filled out duplicates, and the remaining six hours sought their sleep in the garret overhead. The deceased was the youngest of the two, the style of the firm being "H. & M. Hart," and perhaps for that reason was always the one to take down the shutters every morning and hang the most tempting of the unredeemed pledges to attract the wearers of second-hand clothing, while Henry dignifiedly sat behind the dingy counter and kept the books. They both remained bachelors. The Harts were always adepts at real estate speculations, and everything they bought seemed to acquire an immense value. For them no philosopher's stone was needed. Like the King of Crete of ancient story, everything they touched became gold. Ten years ago they resolved to give up the business which slowly but surely had made them possessors of millions, and they invested their superfluous money in the Third Avenue Railroad which was then being started, and the shares of which had fallen in value and were going for a song. But from the moment the Hart brothers became (as they did) the principal stockholders, all New York took to patronizing the new road, and notwithstanding the original stock was repeatedly "watered," the shares ever after commanded a premium. Notwithstanding their vast interest the Harts never aspired to the control of the road in a conspicuous capacity. Although they took down the sign of the three balls a decade ago the old shop which they still continued to use as a homestead, and in which they transacted a brokerage and real estate business which was second to but a few in a street more famous than Chatham, even now has the aspect of their former calling. The old wooden railing, built high and strong, peculiar to pawnbrokers' establishments, still protects portions of the greasy counter, while behind on the shelves are ranged bundles of the cast-off clothing of a former generation. In them can be found the brass-buttoned and deeply, darkly, beautifully blue swallow-tails of a score of years ago; and the silk and satin ball-room costume which would cut a pretty figure at the "Charity" now. Shawls, too, from India; queer cut trowsers, and many a faded frock, which would be called a Dolly Varden now, still remain, with their tickets containing the date and amount pledged pinned to them, and the dust of years thick upon them. On the top shelf is a row of bandboxes, containing bonnets of coal-scuttle pattern; and on the wall beyond hang a tamborine and old-fashioned cornets and French horns, relics of some Rip Van Winkle Ninth Regiment band. In this room and in the one behind are several massive safes, suggestive only in appearance, for they contain nothing but papers, valuable only to their owner, for, unlike the miser of romance, the Hart brothers did not hide their hoard where at the dead of night they could rouse from their sleep to count the glittering gold and shining silver, but like business men kept a bank account, and several well known banks were proud to have them as depositors. Mr. Mitchell Hart had done but little business for the past year and about twelve months ago gave up his lodgings at the old shop, and although he owned houses in all parts of the city rented No. 227 East Nineteenth street, where he has since resided. During that time he has hardly been near the place where for nearly fifty years he spent his days and nights. His brother did not accompany him in his begira. Chatham street still contented him. Mr. Hart died from softening of the brain. For the forty-eight hours previous to his death his brother was with him, and No. 31 Chatham street missed his presence for the first time in many a year. The funeral was attended by the members of the various Hebrew societies to which Mr. Hart belonged. He at the time of his death was fifty-nine years old.

A Factory Girl's Experience.

Writing from Boston, a correspondent relates the story of such mutations in life as may be considered characteristic of American experience. In 1865 there came to the metropolis of New England, from Penobscot, in Maine, a young orphan girl, who, after vainly striving to maintain herself comfortably at home by school-teaching, had decided to essay the fortunes of a factory girl in a larger city. Entering the hoop-skirt manufactory of a private firm in Boston, she devoted all her energies to a mastery of the business, that her confinement to mere drudgery might not be long protracted, and this to such effect that in a year's time she was promoted to the position of saleswoman.

In two years her superior mental capacity and practical tact made her the chief saleswoman of the establishment, and through this last position she was brought to the acquaintance of a certain rich, California merchant, buying goods for his store in San Francisco. The acquaintance matured into a mutual regard of a graver nature. The girl, well as she was doing, had a woman's natural yearning for woman's domestic kingdom, and when the Californian closed his business account for the time by asking the saleswoman to go back to San Francisco with him as his wife she yielded a graceful assent. After a quiet wedding the two departed together for the Pacific coast, where the ensuing four years were passed in all the harmony and prosperity requisite for the smoothest progress of married life.

The wife now of a rich man, and the possessor of abilities and personal comeliness to grace a high social station, the former factory girl assumed a commanding position in the society of her new home and became a leader in matters of aristocratic taste and fashion. After four years the Americanism of her destiny found tragic demonstration. Some months ago her husband was tempted into one of those extravagant mining speculations which are the bane of California, and entered too deep to be able to withdraw before the collapse and crush.

In a few hours of sinking values he was dragged down from wealth to poverty, and revenged himself upon fortune by committing suicide. The sound of the fatal pistol shot awoke the bereaved wife from her four years' dream of happiness and plenty to the old reality of her girlish homeliness and want. The expenses of the self destroyer's burial left her with barely enough remaining from recent wealth to secure her return to Boston, where she is once more working for a livelihood as though the California episode had never blighted her existence.

ONE WAY TO BUILD A BRIDGE.—The Grand Duke of Florence, it is said, once proclaimed that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one, according to promise, a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggar's Bridge!

Baby Wants a Lullaby.

"Baby wants a lullaby;
Where should mother find it?
In a bird's nest rocked on high;
Birdie, birdie lined it;
Find it under birdie's wing.—
Soft birdie's feather,—
O the downy, downy thing!
O the summer weather!

"Baby wants a lullaby;
Where shall sister find it?
In a soft cloud of the sky,
With white wool behind it:
Watch you may, but cannot guess
If the cloud has motion,
Such a perfect calm there is
In the airy ocean.

"O the Land of Lullabies!
Where shall father find it?
Safe in mother's breast it lies,
With her arms to bind it;
O a soft and sleepy song!
Sleep, baby blossom!
Sleep is short, sleep is long,
Sweet is mother's bosom!"

The New Homestead Law.

The following instructions from the Department of the Interior of the United States, with regard to the provisions of the new law relating to soldiers' and sailors' homesteads have been promulgated:

1. Every soldier and officer of the army, and every seaman, marine and officer of the navy, who served for not less than ninety days in the army and navy of the United States during the recent rebellion, and who was honorably discharged, and who has remained loyal to the Government, to enter undethe provisions of the homestead law, one hundred and sixty acres of the public lands including the double minimumlands.

2. That the time of service, or the whole term of enlistment when discharged on account of wounds or disability, shall be deducted from the time heretofore required to perfect title; provided, however, that the person shall reside upon, improve and cultivate his homestead for a period of at least one year after he shall commence his improvements. It is required that the period, whether one year or more, of actual residence, improvement and cultivation that may be found necessary to perfect each case of entry under this act shall follow immediately upon the date of entry.

3. That any person entitled to the benefit of this act, and who has heretofore made a homestead entry of less than one hundred and sixty acres, may enter under this act an additional quantity of land contigious to the first entry, which shall make in the aggregate one hundred and sixty acres.

5. That the widow, if unmarried, or in case of her death or marriage, then the minor orphan children of a person who would be entitled to the benefits of this act may enter lands made under its provisions, with the additional privileges accorded, that if the person died during his term of enlistement, the widow or minor children shall have the benefit of the whole term of enlistement.

5. That where a person may heretofore have made an entry under the homestead laws while in the United States military or naval service, or before entering such service, the time of service shall be equivalent for a residence for the same length of time upon the tract so entered: Provided, that the party shall show at least one year's continued residence upon, and improvement and cultivation of the tract. The law also reinstates such entries as may have been cancelled because of the parties absence from the land while in the military or naval service, provided the land has not been disposed of; the statute authorizes another entry and the applic tion for the second entry of the proofs touching his residence and improvements on the first tract.

6. That any person entitled to the benefit of this act may file his claim for a tract of land through an agent, and shall have six months thereafter within which to make his entry and commence his settlement and improvement upon the land.

A FRENCH QUARTER IN LONDON.—There is a certain part of Soho which is almost as much a French colony as Algiers itself. There the hungry man has to satisfy himself with strange ragouts of horse-flesh and beans, and the exhausted to recruit his energies with absinthe, though within a stone's throw of roast beef and pale ale. The geography of this colony is a little arbitrary; for sometimes it has taken complete possession of one side of a street, without encroaching in the least upon the other; but to those who know the district it is well marked enough. It is here that lodge by night those who by day are the *habitues* of Coventry street and the Quadrant. It is here that they hatch conspiracies as addled as the eggs whereof too often they have to make their omelettes *aux fines herbes;* and it is here that they get washed to a quickly evanescent whiteness the scanty linen which has so much the air of having been born with the jaundice.

A HEROIC BOOT BLACK.—Boston has a somewhat remarkable boot black, who is said to be dying of consumption. He has been familiar about Court Square for thirteen years, always civil and prompt, and always to be found at his post. Day after day he has worked at his honorable and useful profession, and picked up his thousands of dimes, and now it comes out that all his time he has not only supported his mother and two younger brothers, but has kept the brothers in school, and, finally, a short time ago, set them both up in business, buying for one a horse and express wagon. It is a pity that some one could not have recognized the value of this boy, and put him in a line of business where his fidelity would have found larger rewards; and possibly have saved him from a disease brought on by exposure to all kinds of weather.

CUSTOM STILL HONORED.—In many parts of the North of England (says a magazine writer) the old Danish superstition still prevails of the village girls going out on the mid-summer morning, when the cuckoo changes the note which it had maintained since April, to question the bird as to their future marriage. According to this ancient custom, the simple maidens kiss their hands in salutation to the mysterious little soothsayer of the meadows, and say each in turn:

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!
How d'you do? How d'you do?
How long must I tarry
Before I marry."

The bird replying, sings out "Cuckoo" as many times as moutns (not years, it is to be hoped) will elapse before the wished-for event is to come off.

CAN YOU.—In a jolly company each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himselt, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave up, Pat said, "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "that's the question—can you answers it yourself?"

THE MODEL AUCTIONEER.—The "Club Room" has this hit: The late George Robins was famous for his genius in the direction of puffing his auction wares. On one occasion he had made the beauties of an estate so enchanting that he found it necessary to blur it by a fault of two, least it should prove too bright and good for human nature's daily food. "But there are two drawbacks to this property," sighed out this apostle of the mart, "the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales."

THE MOSQUITO.—The male mosquito lives a short, idle life, doing little harm, and subsisting upon the sweets gathered from flowers, having a dainty preference to lilies, in whose creamy petalled bells he pensively swings. The female is the noisy, aggressive sex, and makes life a burden to those unfortunate mortals encountering her. She stings them and "boasts" about it, and not content with her own evil career every month deposits one hundred eggs in some cool damp place, thus multiplying and perpetuating her kind.

RAPID GROWTH OF CORALS.—An interesting fact has recently been discovered respecting the growth of corals. Somewhat less than two years ago, Capt. McGregor, of the steamer Kilanea, moored a buoy in Kealakekua Bay. Recently he was ordered to hoist the anchor and examine the condition of the chain. The latter, which is a heavy two-inch cable, was found covered with corals and oyster-shells, some of which are as large as a man's hand. The larger corals measure four and a half inches in length, which represents their growth during the period of two years that the anchor and cable have been submerged. The specimen that we have seen shows the nature of its formation by the little coral insects more distinctly than any we have before examined. When taken out of the water, it had small crabs on it. A query arises, whether these crabs live on the coral insects, or whether they simply seek the branches of the coral for protection. The popular supposition is that corals are of extremely slow growth. Here we have a formation of two and one-eighth inches, equal to over seventeen feet in a century. These facts, which are reliable, will be valuable to naturalists.—*Sandwich Islands Paper.*

A LIBEL SUIT.—A wine merchant of London recently brought a strange action of libel against the publisher of the *Figaro*. The plaintiff had inserted in sundry newspapers the following advertisement: "To the younger