Rulers of England.

First, William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John,
Next, Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three;
And again after Richard
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell,
Another Charles too.
Next Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then Good William and Mary
Together came on;
Then Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all passed,
And Victoria came—
The best though the last.

Farm, Garden and Household.

TO MOVE A BALKY HORSE.—A Texan once told us that he knew of no simpler and surer way to move a balky horse, than to place the hand over the nose of the animal and shut off his wind until he wants to go, then let him go.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE among cattle, sheep and swine in England does not abate, but from last accounts seems to be on the increase, both as to the number of animals attacked, and in respect to virulence. Pleuro-pneumonia has also appeared in localities, and seems to be spreading.

COLD SLAW.—Cut the cabbage rather fine into a basin or large bowl; sprinkle a little salt over; then with a potato masher thoroughly bruise the cabbage; then take three tablespoonfuls sugar; half pint best sweet cream; four tablespoonfuls vinegar; stir well together and mix through the cabbage. The cabbage must not be too green. Many persons do not know the value of cream in cooking; it is far preferable to butter in a great many things.

TO PRESERVE CITRON.—Take three pounds of sugar to fourteen pounds of citron; cut in as large pieces as convenient. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with a little water; boil and skim; add cloves, cinnamon, mace, and coriander seed. Put in as much of the citron as the sirup will cover, and cook until you can run a straw through; then place upon plates to dry. A little citron thus prepared is very nice for mince pies or cake.

HOW TO SAVE STRAWBERRY SEED.—Procure some good blotting paper, on which mash your berries; the juice will be absorbed, and the pulps and seeds will remain on the surface of the paper. Place the latter in a dry sunny place, and in ten or twelve days your seeds will be perfectly dry and ripe. Then sow them shallow in a nicely prepared bed, which must be kept moist. In from two to four weeks your plants will be up, when as soon as large enough they can be transplanted.

KEEPING FRUIT IN OUR ROOMS.—We should be chary of keeping ripe fruit in our sitting-rooms and especially beware of laying it about a sick chamber for any length of time. The complaint which some people make about a faint sensation in the presence of fruit is not fanciful—they may be really affected by it; for two continental chemists have shown that from the moment of plucking, apples, cherries, currants and other fruits are subject to incessant transformation. At first they absorb oxygen, thus robbing the surrounding air of its vital elements. Then they evolve carbonic acid, and this in far greater volume than the pure gas is absorbed, so that we have poison given us in the place of pure air, with compound interest. Temperature affects the rate of changes, warmth accelerating it.—*Good Health.*

HOW TO HOLD THE FISH YOU HOOK.—A friend of the Pitchard Brothers, the noted fly makers, sends to *Wilkes' Spirit* the following. He says: "I have actually taken twenty-five trout in one week, varying in weight from three and a-half pounds to eight pounds, each by the undermentioned method and never found it to fail. I have a long, stiff rod, accompanied by reel line and gut in comparison, and two or three dozen blue-bottle flies, such as you will find in a butcher shop. I used to pay a half-penny a dozen for them. Bait with a good sized perch hook. Place a couple of these flies back to back, lengthwise, with about three quarters of a yard of gut from the rod; put your bait in a hole in the leaf of a tree and let it sail down to the spot where you have the trout feeding, or where you have seen or heard one rise. At the same time you must be careful not to disturb the fish, as, like the hare in her form, once disturbed they will not return. Again, if fishing in a boat, gather a pocketfull of leaves of the alder-tree, perforate them, and drop one or two from the top of the rod, and then put the flies in the hole of the leaf, making them appear to be alive by shaking the rod. When hooked, play with confidence, but not with force, or else you will lose your tackle, etc."

THE DIET OF FOWLS.—The diet of gallinaceous birds, when they are in a wild state, contains a large proportion of highly-seasoned or aromatic substances. The buds and berries plucked in the forest are generally spicy, or well flavored with *bouquet*, or are peppery or pungent. Hence the peculiar game flavor possessed, as every epicure knows, by the flesh of wild animals. Our cultivated grains have a delicious aroma, as proved by newly-popped corn, or the fragrance of a loaf fresh from the oven. The flavor of wheat belongs more especially to the portion of the kernel nearest the hull, one reason for the popularity of graham flour. The flavoring principle in articles of food such as fruits, nuts, grains, or other seeds, consists in a peculiar volatile oil. Now, aroma, *bouquet*, flavor, or whatever we choose to call it, in food, possesses almost universally a tonic of stimulating propriety. It gives zeal to the appetite, and aids digestion. To apply these remarks to the diet of fowls; though grain is aromatic, it is but slightly so when compared with the intensely seasoned forest-fare of the partridge, wild turkey, or the parent of our domestic fowl, the wild jungle-hen of India. To restore the lost balance, therefore, between the nutritive and stimulating properties of the food of our poultry, a little cayenne pepper, ground mustard, or ginger may be added to their dough, meal, or mashed potatoes, with decided benefit to their health and prolificness.

DR. FRANKLIN'S OFFER.—Dr. Franklin made the following offer to a young man: "Make," said he, "a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe; if you cannot collect, renew your note every year and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently; be very economical in all things; discard all pride, be industrious, waste no idle moments; be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer, morning and evening; attend to church and meeting regularly every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else may be in your power for them cheerfully, but if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts!" Young people, try it.

HER GIFT.—Not long ago there was an appeal made in St. John's Church, Ithaca, New York, in behalf of "The Society for the Increase of the Ministry." Facts had been presented showing that the supply of young men for the pulpit was too small, and money was asked to aid young men to study for the ministry. Envelopes were placed in the slips to be filled out as promises for future gifts by those lacking present means. A lady wrote, "Name and amount, $1000; address, Ithaca; time when *women are admitted to the ministry.*" This voucher she placed on the collection plate as it was passed.

Tom Hartley got His Wish.

Everybody in the town of S——seemed to be astir. All the boys in the town were, I'm sure. For several days, large printed bills, with pictures of lions and tigers, had covered the fences here and there, all around; and these were to tell that a grand circus was coming. Beside the wild animals, which were in great cages, there were three elephants; then there were ponies, with monkeys to ride them, and trained horses, and the funniest looking fellow of a clown. Altogether, there was a great deal to see, and it's no wonder the boys were half crazy over it; I'm sure I should have been myself.

Well, very soon the music was heard, and how delightfully it sounded that bright, sunshiny morning! "There! there! they're coming," cried ever so many of the boys at once, and in a moment they saw the cloud of dust away down the road.

"I wonder if the lions ever get out?" said little Bob Emmett, as they all stood watching.

"I guess we'd all run if they should," said Dick Upton.

"Pooh! run! I wouldn't," said Tom Hartley. "I'd just like to see them running around loose—wouldn't it be jolly!"

"I guess you'd be scared if the elephant should step on you," said Bob.

"Scared!—now what do you think I'd do? I'd just push his foot away, and I'd give him a great kick; and I guess he wouldn't step on me again."

Now, Tom always talked in this grand way, and the boys thought he must be very brave. It's true he fluttered a red shirt among the geese, and when the old gander flew at him Tom ran screeching like a loon. Then another time he roared lustily because he thought a cow chased him.

Well, pretty soon the circus came, and while the performance was going on a monkey was brought and put on the pony "Hector's" back. "Oh! don't I wish I could ride him," said Tom Hartley.

"Wouldn't you be scared?" said Jack Wilson.

"Scared—pooh! I shouldn't be scared if he jumped as high as the top of the tent. The higher he jumped the better I'd like it."

Just at that minute "Hector" kicked up his hind legs and threw the monkey across the tent. But the monkey picked himself up and ran after "Hector" caught him by the tail. Then he commenced striking him with a stick. It didn't hurt the horse at all, but he pretended that it did, and so he ran around the ring as fast as he could go.

But it happened that he stopped just under the platform where the boys were, and as the clown came up, Bob Upton threw a piece of melon rind at his head, and Jack Wilson reached down with a long stick he had, and poked the cap off his head. Then the boys all shouted and stamped their feet, and screamed out all manner of rude things again.

The clown looked very angry; he picked up his cap, but no sooner had he put it on his head again, than Tom Hartley reached down with his stick to poke it off. But Tom's stick was not long enough, and in reaching down, over Tom went. He fell to the ground and hurt himself a good deal, but he hadn't time to think of that, for quick as a wink, the clown picked him up and put him on "Hector's" back.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" roared Tom, as the clown cracked his whip, and "Hector" commenced running around the ring at an awful gallop. Tom thought he should die; he tried to hold on, but he screamed so loud "Hector" was frightened, and ran a great deal faster than ever he did with the monkey. The clown put up the bars, and "Hector" gave a great jump and went over them. It almost took the breath out of Tom. I really think then the clown might have taken him off. But he didn't; he clapped his hands and "Hector" understood what he was to do; so he kicked up his hind legs, and Tom went—not exactly sky high, but over the horse's head and almost across the tent.

Of course it hurt Tom a great deal more than ever it did the monkey, for the monkey was such a little fellow, and then he always knew when "Hector" was going to throw him, and could give a jump. But there lay poor Tom on the ground, screaming louder than ever he did in his life before.

Then the clown took up a long iron rod that had a hook on the end of it, and went up to Tom. "Oh, see," cried the boys, he's going to lick him."

The clown came up to where Tom lay sprawling on the ground, and he stooped down and looked at him, as though he saw some very curious thing that he never had seen before. He looked in such a funny way, that it made everybody in the circus laugh. Then the clown put the hook right through the waistband of Tom's trowsers and held him up.

All the people shouted and laughed again, for Tom looked just like a crab stuck on the end of a poker. And so the clown carried him over, and lifted him up to the platform.

Poor Tom! For my own part, I felt very sorry for him; but after that, he never was heard to say that he should like to ride on a circus horse, and he never again was known to teaze the clown.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A FISH WITH FOUR HANDS.—Mr. Foord, member of the Australian Eclipse Expedition, recently described before the Royal Society a most extraordinary crea ure, which was dredged up from the bottom of the sea near the northern shores of Australia. Mr. Foord says: "The body was that of a fish, but, wonderful to relate, it had in the place of fins four legs, terminated by what you might call hands, by means of which it made its way rapidly over the coral reef. When placed on the skylight of a steamer, the fish stood up on its four legs, a sight to behold! It was small, and something like a lizard, but with the body of the fish!" The land animals of Australia are notorious for their peculiar forms and structure, but according to the above they are even less nondescript than those inhabiting the Australian seas. Mr. White member of the same expedition, tells strange tales about rats. "The little island upon which we pitched our tents," he says, "was overrun with them, and what was most extraordinary, they were from every color from black to yellow, and some tortoise-shell."

MUSSELS.—Mussels are found as natives, all over the world, their favorite haunts being estuaries, in which the fresh and salt waters are mixed to their rather epicurean taste; but cultivation has done much for the improvement of their flavor, particularly in France, where a great deal of attention has been paid to the matter. Stakes are placed near the mouth of an estuary, so that the ebbing and flowing of the tide shall alternately submerge and expose the greater part of their length. On these the young mussels fasten themselves, and here they are allowed to remain for about twelve months. At the expiration of this time they are removed and thrown on wicker shelves, so placed that they will again be alternately submerged and exposed. Here they remain for a like length of time after which they are thrown on other wicker shelves placed entirely above the water. After a year's residence here they are deemed ready for use and are taken directly to the market.

COPPER AND CHOLERA.—During the cholera epidemic which prevailed in Europe several years ago, it was observed in Paris and elsewhere that workers in copper appeared to enjoy an almost absolute immunity from the disease, and a similar experience has been met with in Bagdad, where the disease was very prevalent the past year, indeed, to such an extent that between the end of April and the end of October about 800 persons died in a population of 80,000 persons. Out of this latter number about 500 were engaged in making or selling copper articles, and it is asserted that among them there was not a single victim to the cholera.

A Court-martial sitting at Versailles for the trial of Communists has passed sentence of death upon Lefrancais and Cluseret by reason of their contumacy in refusing to appear and answer the grave charges against them.

A Story of the Wreck.

Geo. W. Howard, of Rome N. Y., will be remembered as the gentleman who was married at Sharon Springs a few days since, and was on his way to visit a brother in Pawtucket, R. I., when he lost his bride of a day by the late Metis disaster. The next morning what was supposed to be his wife's body was found, and it was reported that her funeral would take place at Sharon Springs yesterday. The initials, "N. A.' were the same as on his wife's rings, though it was of a different pattern, yet he did not feel positive that it was his wife. Being nearly exhausted himself, and not in a condition to think much about it, he concluded it must be her. Accordingly a coffin was procured, at Stonington, and he started for the home of his loved one. He arrived there Saturday evening with what he supposed was the remains of his wife, but, on opening the coffin at the residence of his wife's parents, they discovered at once that it was not their daughter. The scene that followed can be better imagined than described. The afflicted husband at once returned to Stonington, and forwarded the corpse by express. When he arrived he found another man searching for the body he had supposed was his wife. In the meantime, his friends in Pawtucket had heard of the lady who was picked up by the schooner A. B. Belden and brought to Newport, and had telegraphed to the undertaker for a description, which he gave, and at the same time had a photograph taken and sent also. This convinced them that the body which had been in this city since Friday night was no other than the wife of Mr. Howard. He, in company with his brother, arrived here this morning, and at once identified her. The scene that follows beggars description. As the husband gazed upon the remains of his beloved, he was deeply affected, as were all present. The body was taken away on the boat, via Wickford, to Rome, N. Y. She was twenty eight years of age, and bears a striking resemblance to the woman the husband had supposed was his wife. Mr. Howard states that the coat found upon her was placed there by himself to keep her warm, and that a moment after they were washed from the Metis, and all his exertions to save her were fruitless. It is a sad story, probably the most heartrendering one that can be told of the terrible disaster.

UNGOVERNABLE TEMPER.—How true it is that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." A failure in these respects recently occasioned a series of terrible tragedies in Gloucester county, Ill. A farmer named White who was not slow to anger, shot a couple of hounds belonging to a neighbor named Holt because they were running across his farm. Holt wanted White to pay for the dogs. White refused to pay for them, and threatened to shoot Holt. A short time afterward as Holt was passing White's place, a neighbor who was there asked him to stop and see a new thrashing machine work. Holt climbed over the fence and went near the thrashing machine; when White immediately assailed him with a pitchfork. Holt twisted the fork out of his hands, and then White mounted a horse, and rode off to a brother's house to get a gun with which to shoot Holt, who meanwhile left the field and started on his way home. White soon rode back, with a gun loaded with six buckshot, and shot Holt dead in the road. Mrs. Holt, who was ill, on hearing the terrible news, gave a groan of horror and died, and her new-born twins also died. On hearing of the fate of Mrs. Holt and her infants, the neighbors became wild with rage and vengeance at White, who gave himself up to the sheriff of the county and begged his protection. The sheriff tried to protect him but in vain. That same night more than two hundred citizens assailed the jail, broke in the door with a log, took White into the yard, and hung him to the limb of a tree. Thus five lives were sacrificed because men were not slow to anger, and did not rule their spirits.

DIAMOND DIGGERS.—The diamond diggers in the South African fields employ Kafirs to do the hardest part of the work, some of the miners having large gangs in their service. These natives receive wages, and are expected to turn over all the diamonds they find to their masters; but although the most careful precautions are taken to prevent thefts, which if discovered are severely punished, the blacks succeed in concealing many gems. A late number of the *Diamond News* gives an account of a Kafir who was killed by falling into a claim, upon whose body was found, secreted in the seams of his clothing, no less than forty-five diamonds, one of them weighing fifty carats. A Boer working close by heard of this, and as a servant of his had died shortly before he had the body exhumed. His trouble was rewarded by finding about thirty diamonds. These discoveries open a new field for explorers which will probably be industriously worked. At the New Rush fields a diamond weighing 166 carats was found in June, and was deemed so great a curiosity, even there, that it was placed on exhibition, the owner giving the receipts to the hospital fund. It is described as beautifully shaped, off-colored, with an unfortunate flaw in it.

SAVAGE SNAKE.—The other day as a Mr. W. L. Dunbar was at work in his field he suddenly came upon a huge black snake, fully ten feet long, and before he could step back the snake darted forward and viciously attacked him; rapidly coiling about his right leg, mouth wide open. Mr. Dunbar, after a hard struggle, succeeded in kicking it from his leg with the left foot, when it instantly coiled about that foot and leg, and tenaciously clung to it for some time, when Mr. Dunbar at length freed himself from his uncomfortable customer. The snake thus foiled, erected its head and struck a bee line for the woods, making a humming or blowing noise which could be heard for a long distance. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Mr. Dunbar was perfectly paralyzed and unable to move for some time after the snake left. He says his hair arose on end, and the cold sweat stood out all over him.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.—A French paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which the curious fact appears that the average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saloon of great magnificence; his servant has but one eye, and the effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is conveniently tried in this servant's head, so that the customer can judge very readily as to the appearance it will produce in his own head. The charge is about $10 per eye. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn for a time, and exchanged for new ones; they are sold at reduced prices, and quantities are sent off to India and the Sandwich Islands.

HEARSAY.—An old French officer was relating a story of a battle with the Prussians in the late war, when he was greatly annoyed by the repeated interruptions of a forward young lieutenant who had his knowledge of that battle only by "hearsay," yet continually chimed in with, "Yes, yes—that's right." The exasperated narrator had just reached the critical moment when there was a general action along the whole line. His regiment was ordered to the front. It charged. "Monsieur," politely continued the superior, turning to his troublesome hearer, "it was there that I was killed. Please continue the story."

An incipient riot has been prevented in Havana by the energetic action of Captain-General Ceballos. The coachmen of Havana, discontented with the new law opposed to their extortions, met in dangerous numbers in various parts of the city, preventing peaceable coachmen from working and bringing matters to the verge of a riot. Ceballos, accompanied by only a few police officers, appeared in person among the mob and so cowed them by his presence as to put a speedy end to the disturbance. Several of the ringleaders were arrested, and everything is again quiet, the coaches running as usual.

Building Houses for Others.

"I declare! I'm almost discouraged!" groaned Philikins to his friend Smith. "It's nothing but dig, dig, from morning till night, week in and week out, and nothing gained by it."

"You don't mean to say, with your wages, that you don't lay by anything?"

"Yes, I do. I think myself lucky when the year is up, if I'm clear of debt."

"Why you've been working on good pay for more than fifteen years! You ought to have a snug little homestead by this time."

"But I haven't; and what's more I never expect to have. I hear that Jones has bought the widow Carleton's place?"

"Yes, and he's got it at a bargain, too. With what improvements he can make, at odd hours, it will be worth double what he paid."

"For my part, I don't see how he did it; he earns no more than I, and he has a larger family."

"Ah, my friend, but it isn't by what he earns, but by what he saves!"

"Well, I wouldn't be so mean and close fisted as he is, to own a dozen houses. Only last week, I asked him to join our excursion—which would only cost him a dollar—and he said he couldn't afford it. For a man that can buy a fifteen hundred dollar house, that is putting it rather strong, I should say."

"That's just the way he does it."

What! by saving the expense of the excursion?"

"By saving that one dollar—and a good many more, that, with you go the same way."

"A man must have some pleasure."

"Yes, but was it such? By your own account, you were tired to death; more so than if you had been working. You not only lost that day, but was not fit for much the day following. As for Jones being mean and close I can't agree with you. His wife and children are always well dressed and cared for; and I have noticed that his house is well supplied with books and newspapers. And when Lawrence was burned out, and a subscription was got up for his benefit, he put down five dollars. But where are you going now?"

"Only in Blatherem's a moment, just to get a glass of ale. You walk along; I'll overtake you."

In a few minutes, Pilikins rejoined Smith, and they walked along together

The latter noticed the ends of two cigars that Philikins had thrust into his vest pocket, but said nothing.

Soon they came in front of a fine looking building, evidently just completed.

Pilikins surveyed it with an envious look.

"That's Blatherem's new house;" he said, biting off the end of his cigar.

"Yes; and you've helped to build it."

Pilikins stared at his friend for a moment, without speaking.

"!! How do you make that out?"

"Why, you patronize him, don't you?"

"Oh, my patronage don't amount to much."

"Don't it. How many glasses of ale do you buy of him a day?"

"Not more than three on the average."

"We'll call it three, then, at ten cents a glass. It amounts to just thirty cents. You get your cigars there, I believe. How many a day?"

"Not more than a couple, and ten cent ones at that."

"That makes fifty cents. Fifty cents a day amounts to three dollars a week, and three dollars a week to one hundred and fifty-six dollars a year.

"Well, I declare! I didn't suppose it would amount to half that!" said Pilikins, a little soberly.

"You forget that it is the dimes that make the dollars. By your own showing, what you have spent for the last ten years, for ale and cigars, if put at interest, would not only have enabled you to buy the Carleton place, but left you quite a surplus besides. Now, do you suppose what you have drank and smoked has done you any good?"

"I don't think it has done me any harm."

"Now, don't you feel that spending an amount of money like that, on what you *think* does you no harm, and what you *know* has done you no good, is paying rather dear for your whistle?"

"Why, man," retorted Pilikins, petulantly, flinging the stump of his cigar across the road, "wouldn't you have a body have some pleasures?"

"Most certainly; but I would have them of the rational and enduring kind, and such as your wife and family can participate in. Now, you were telling me the other day that you couldn't afford to take one good family paper. Why, the amount you spend every week, for what does you more harm than good, would pay for the subscription a whole year."

"True enough. Mary has been teasing me to subscribe for the village paper for the last six months."

"Then why don't you do it? By what right do you deny her such an innocent and rational pleasure, while you expend a hundred fold what it would cost for your own selfish gratification? Now, Pilikins, take my advice, and subscribe for it the first thing you do, and hereafter let Blatherem build his own houses. Let the next house you build be for yourself."

There is a useful lesson to be drawn from the foregoing conversation, and which is of actual occurrence.

I am speaking to *you*, sir—not to your next door neighbor, though perhaps it may apply equally as well to him.

Don't deny your families the simple and innocent pleasures that make home such an attractive and happy place, or pull down the roof over your own head to build houses for other people.

HOW TO TREAT A HORSE.—Some English grooms at Saratoga are teaching the "Yankees" how to take care of a horse. To-day I asked one of these grooms, who has spent twenty years in the stables of royalty, what he had to say about the American way of taking care of a horse. "Why, sir," said he, "you don't take good care of your horses; you think you do, but you don't." "Why?" I asked. "Because, when a horse comes in all wet with perspiration, you let him stand in the stable and dry with all the dirt on. In England, we take the horse as he comes in from a drive and sprinkle blood-warm water all over him, *from his head to his feet.* Then we scrape him down and blanket him, rubbing his legs and face dry. Thus, in an hour he is clean and dry and ready to take a good feed, while with your way he will stand and swelter for hours, and finally dry, sticky and dirty. Our horses never founder and never take cold. We never use a currycomb. You scratch your horses too hard. The only care necessary is to have the water not very cold, then bathe them quick and blanket them instantly, while you are rubbing their legs." I think the groom is sound, and I've noticed the same practice myself in England.

STANDING TREAT.—One who has suffered much says: "Now, boys, if you wish to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose, as you go by the post-office, you say, 'I say, fellows, come in and take some stamps.' These stamps will cost you no more than drinks all round. Or, go to the haberdasher's and say, 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say, 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or, take your comrades to the cuttler's, and say, 'I'll stand a jack-knife all round.'"

Jones and his wife were always quarreling about their comparative talent for keeping a fire. She insisted that just so surely as he attempted to rearrange the sticks with the tongs, he put the fire out. One night the church bell sounded an alarm, and Jones sprang for his fire bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife as he reached the door, "Mr. Jones, take the tongs!"

The Working Man.

The neblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral groves,
Hew down the wood and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er the task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They bear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

Turned His Brain.

A middle-aged man, late of El Dorado county, called at the law office of Quint & Hardy, in Montgomery Block, a few days since, and anxiously inquired for Judge Quint. The Judge was not in, and the stranger was told to take a seat. He did so, but seemed uneasy and restless, glancing furtively around, jumping up and pacing the floor, and ever and anon eagerly examining something which was wrapped up in an old red handkerchief. The visitor's conduct attracted the attention of those in the office, and one of the clerks inquired what was the matter. Taking the latter by the arm the excited stranger led him to a corner of the room, and then with trembling hands unwrapped the old handkerchief and exclaimed, "I've got the biggest diamond in the world!" Exhibiting at the same time to the astonished gaze of the clerk, a clean white piece of quartz about the size of a hen's egg. Just then Judge Quint came in, and the man seized upon him, exhibited his prize, and announced that it was worth five millions of dollars. He then said that numerous parties were following him around offering enormous sums for the diamond. He had concluded to sell it for five millions of dollars, and wanted Judge Quint to draw up the contract of sale and see that everything was all right. The lawyer evidently suspected that everything was not all right, at least in the mind of his visitor, and after examining the imaginary prize, told him to call again next day. A *Post* reporter, hearing of the affair, interviewed the Judge immediately, and learned from him that the haggard-looking stranger was an old miner of El Dorado county; that he had come to this city on a visit, and had been seized with the diamond fever. His five million-dollar diamond was nothing more than a piece of California quartz, but it had turned the poor fellow's head and threatened to lead him to a lunatic asylum. Since then we have been informed that the man has returned home, still clutching his imaginary treasure and laboring under the delusion that he is a five-fold millionaire.—*San Francisco Post.*

The Nathan Murder.

Billy Forrester, alias Billy Marshall, alias Billy or Frank Campbell, alias Frank Harding, alias Frank Howard, the supposed murderer of Nathan, the New York banker, was arrested in Washington, D. C. He acknowledges himself to be Forrester but denies all knowledge of the murder. The rewards offered for this man amount to about $16,000, outside of the Nathan murder, of which he is suspected, but which remains to be proven. After his arrest he telegraphed to New Orleans for his baggage to be sent to Barney Aaron, New York, and says he is lately from the South. Billy Forrester, whose name forms one of his many aliases, was born in Scotland in 1835, and at an early age removed with his parents, who were hard-working, honest people, to New York. Penniless, he was, like many another honest young fellow, led into mischief of one kind and another, until he gradually bloomed forth as a full-blown thief, one that would do almost any thing for the sake of money. Most of his crimes have been committed in the West and South, but not a few date from New York City. He has been in many State prisons and is an instance of his daring, and the risks he will run to do friends a service, it is related of him that, a few months since a number of his friends were confined in one of the stoutest jails in New York State. The crime they were in for was certain to give each a long sentence; and their friends used every endeavor to get them out without avail, until Forrester took the matter in hand. One dark night he went to the jail, and, climbing over a twelve-foot outer wall, got to the outside door, and picking the lock of it with a tool used for that purpose, he passed into another room, where he found the turnkey lying on a cot asleep. Going up to him, Forrester very adroitly abstracted the keys from his belt, and proceeding directly to the cells, unlocked the doors and liberated his friends, three in number—all making their escape without being seen. After getting his friends out, Forrester locked the cell doors, and going back to where the jailor was lying, very coolly replaced the keys in his belt, and going out through the same door, locked it with the same instrument with which he had effected an entrance. Many instances of his daring are related, but this will give an idea of the kind of a man he is—one who takes desperate chances and generally comes through successful.

A SHAM FORTRESS AND A SHAM BATTLE.—A correspondent says that the following fraud was practiced upon the Czar Alexander, while yet Crown Prince. There was a certain fortress placed on the military map of the Caucasus. The Crown Prince, on visiting the latter country, expressed to Prince Woronzoff, the commanding general, his desire to visit said fortress. The general himself, who had never seen the fortress, addressed himself to the chief engineer, who informed him that the fortress existed only on the map. How to dissuade the Crown Prince from his notion to visit the mythical fort was not an easy task. The general resorted first to the strategy of frightening back the Crown Prince by the story of the fort being in the centre of a very dangerous band of marauding Circassians; but, when this did not have the desired effect, he at last improvised a sham attack by a division of his Russian soldiers turned into Circassians, and stationed on the imaginary route to the fort. The sham fight lasted for an hour or so, at the end of which the Prince was congratulated by the commanding general for his great bravery in the terrible fight. There were a great many sham deaths on both the Russian and Circassian side, and many were the decorations which the Emperor Nicholas, father of the Imperial Prince, distributed, at the latter's recommendation, among officers and soldiers who took part in this expedition. Only some years afterward was the deception exposed through an officer who had fallen out with General Woronzoff. The millions that had been drawn from the imperial treasury for the erection of a fortress in the conquered country went into the pockets of the topographical chief engineer and his assistants. I have the above from a Russian and not Polish source, and from a gentleman who was himself an officer in the party. Of course it never has been published, for the vigilant eye of the censor would never have permitted it.

The metallic compound which bears the somewhat fanciful name of Abyssinian or talmi gold has lately been manufactured in large quantities in Germany for the purpose of fabricating imitation gold jewelry and other objects. It is a brass compound of about 92 parts of copper and 8 of zinc. The appearance of gold is obtained by causing a very thin sheet of gold to adhere by passing it through rollers.

A lady correspondent suggests this plan for cooling a room: "Stretch a rope across the room at an elevation of six feet or more; then saturate a blanket with water; wring just so it will not drop, and suspend it across the line. The evaporation of the water will absorb sufficient caloric to lower the temperature fifteen or twenty degrees."

Cholera is making havoc among the hogs of Iowa.

The Weekly Review of New York Market.

PROVISIONS—Pork—The market for mess on the spot is very quiet.

Dressed Hogs—The market is a shade firmer. We quote city at 6 7-8@7 1-8c.

Cut Meats—There is no change to note. We quote hams in pickle at 13@14c., in salt at 11@12c.; shoulders at 7c.

Smoked Meats—There is a good business and strong prices prevail. We quote hams at 13@16c.; shoulders at 6½c., and clear rib at 10½@11c.

Beef remains quiet. We quote plain western mess at $5@$7, and extra mess at $7@$10, sales 100 bbls.

Beef Hams—There is very little doing. We quote old western at $22@$28, and and new at $30@$32.

Tierce Beef—The poorer grades remain inactive. We quote prime mess at $11@$11, and India mess at $16@$19; 75 trcs. prime mess sold at quoted rates.

Lard—The market for old western is dull. We quote October at 9 3-16@9 1-4c. New lard is scarce and firm; 25 trcs. of a choice brand sold at 9 3-8c. City lard is quiet.

Butter remains without change. We quote State, in Welsh tubs, at 22@25c.; in firkins and half tubs at 24@28c.; western at 10@16c. for common to good, and 18@22c. for fine and fancy.

Cheese—There is a very fair call from exporters for fair and good stock. The home trade is quite good, and is nearly all in the better grades. We quote State factories at 10@11½c. for common to fair; 12@12½c. for good serviceable stock, and 13 1-4@13½c. for fine and fancy.

Southern Flour—The sales are $7.50@$9.75 for extras, and $9.80@$11.25 for good to choice.

Rye Flour is steady. The sales are at $4.30@$5.20 for common to fine.

Wheat—The market opened a shade firmer. The foreign advices are quite favorable. We quote No. 2 spring in store at $1.58@$1.66; No. 1 in store at $1.67@$1.69; winter red western at $1.48@$1.62 for new; amber western and southern at $1.63@$1.70 for new; white do. at $1.75@$2.

Rye—The market is quiet at 75 cts. for western.

Oats—There is a moderate business. Sales at 45@46½c. for western, 46@52c. for Ohio, and 36@44c. for new.

Barley and Malt are quiet.

Sugars—There is a good inquiry for raw stock. The market closes quite firmly on the basis of 8¾c. for fair; 9 1-8c. for good, and 9 1-4c. for prime refining, and 9 3-4c. for No. 11 box. Refined sugars are fairly active, the demand running largely on A's, which are firm. We quote soft yellow at 10c 11c.; soft white at 11 1-4@11 3-4c.; granulated at 12 1-8@12 1-4c.; crushed and powdered at 12 3-8c., and cut loaf at 13 3-8@13 1-2c.

Coffee—The market for Brazils is quiet. There are very few buyers. East and West India coffees are selling only in a jobbing way.

Molasses—Stocks are offered moderately, and at about previous figures. Porto Rico 42 1-2c.; Cuba muscovado 27c.

Rice—There is the usual jobbing trade, and sales good at 7@7 1-4c.; Patna at 8c., and Carolina at 8 3-4@9 3-8c.

Petroleum—There is very little business. For crude in bulk 12c. is bid and 12 1-8c. asked. Refined at 24 1-4c., Cases at 29@29 1-4c. We quote refined at 23 3-8@23 1-2c. for spot delivery, and 23 5-8c. for last half of the month.

RETURN OF TWO CAPTIVE GIRLS.—The nature of Indian outrages, which are of constant occurrance, is illustrated by a correspondent in a case of two young girls brought into a station by the Kiowas. I withhold their names for obvious reasons. In June last they were part of a happy family in Texas. One night their house was suddenly surrounded by the Kiowas, and a dreadful massacre ensued. The father and mother of the family were shot and hacked to pieces. The elder girl of the two to whom I refer had a pistol snapped in her face, but was spared for a worse fate. Her sister, twelve years old, and a little brother of six years were set aside while the fiends outraged the person of the eldest girl in presence of the mangled and streaming bodies of their dead parents. The house was then put to the flames and the fiends danced about the ashes of its owners. The two girls and the boy were carried off to the Kiowa nation (not far from the post,) the girls condemned to infamous treatment, and the boy to afford the brutes amusement in their leisure hours. Mrs. Tatum, the excellent wife of Friend Tatum, has the girls now in charge. The youngest is, I am informed, very ill; which, though horrifying to reflect on, is not to be wondered at. The little boy is still with the savages, and it is hard to tell whether they will surrender him or not. Lone Wolf, who sent the girls in, expected a large ransom; but did not get a cent. He is, therefore, likely to keep the child. The present commissioners have, however, determined not to issue to him or his tribe any more rations until the little captive is brought in, and this may bring him to terms. Why this course was not taken long since is to me perfectly inexplicable.

New York Dry Goods Market.

The week has been a most active one in dry goods, especially among the jobbers in all lines. The market continues irregular and feverish and prices are hardly firm.

Brown Sheetings and Shirtings—are irregular and somewhat weak.

Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings.—The reduced prices of N. Y. Mills, Wamsutta and other large grades, has caused sales.

Cotton Drills.—The stock on hand is reported as unusually light, and prices are strong.

Cotton Flannels are in demand

In Stripes, Checks and Ticks much activity in previous rates.

Prints—Are in request for all dark styles, at low current prices.

Cloths and Overcoatings are in demand for fancy cassimeres.

Shawls are in request.

In Hosiery a good trade is doing in shirts and drawers.

FOREIGN DRY GOODS.

Dress goods have been largely sold. In Empress cloths plaids in high colors are in request. Merinos are active at last year's rate. Alpacas, mohairs, &c., are firm. The demand for Italian cloths is increasing. Silks and velvets have been active, at old prices. Ribbons have been freely sold. Kid gloves are selling at low rates. White goods, and embroideries move slowly. Woolens are in request for fine clothes and beavers.

CURIOUS RAIN.—A letter from Bucharest reports a curious atmospheric phenomenon which occurred there at a quarter past nine in the evening. During the day the heat was stifling. The sky was cloudless. In the evening everybody went out walking and the gardens were crowded. The ladies were mostly dressed in white, low-necked robes. Towards nine o'clock, a small cloud appeared on the horizon and a quarter of an hour afterwards rain began to fall, when, to the horror of everybody, it was found to consist of black worms of the size of an ordinary fly. All the streets were strewn with many of these curious animals. We trust there was some one in the town sufficiently interested in natural history to preserve some specimens, and that we shall hear something further respecting this phenomenon.

Some years ago a charcoal peddler, not far from Hartford, had a Newfoundland dog which he learned to jump into his basket and lie low while he filled in the charcoal. When the peddler carried the basket very full into the cellar, the purchaser, looking out of the window and checking the basket, was quite satisfied. The dog, well trained walked out with his master as if nothing had happened. The daughter of this old charcoal peddler spent several Summers at Saratoga during the war with two large "solitaires on her person.

Dr. Jewett, a well-educated and eccentric old gentleman, of North Haven, Me., committed suicide by severing both his thighs, and then setting fire to a canful of kerosene oil which he had poured over the floor of the room. He was found undressed, weltering in his blood in the midst of the fire, and died immediately.

The *Fruit Recorder and Cottage Gardener* is *exclusively* devoted to fruit growing and home's adornments. Edited by a lifelong fruit grower. Specimens *free*, or from Sept. to Dec., four months, 25 cts. A. M. Purdy, Palmyra, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO DIAMOND MINERS.—Towards the close of the late session of Congress