From the German of Heine.

Where shall yet the wanderer jaded
In the grave at last recline?
In the South, by palm-trees shaded?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I in some desert sterile
Be entombed by foreign hands?
Shall I sleep, beyond's life's peril,
By some seacoast in the sands?

Well! God's heaven will shine as brightly
There as here, around my bed,
And the stars for death-lamps nightly
Shall be hung above my head.

Farm, Garden and Household.

FOWLS.—Fowls to be fattened, should be shut up in flocks of twelve, in a light airy pen, five by six feet; feed them three times a day all they will eat (no more) on scalded horse feed. Mix with this plenty of powdered charcoal. At night throw them all the corn they will pick up. Furnish plenty of gravel and pure water, and in one week they will do for market. The yellow legged fowls will always look best when fat.

TO TAN SKINS AND LEAVE THE FUR ON.—Remove the legs and other useless parts; soak the skin soft; remove the flesh and soak the skin in warm water for an hour; take for each skin, of borax, saltpeter and glauber salts, each one-half ounce; dissolve with soft water sufficient to allow it to be spread on the flesh side of the skin; apply it with a brush, double the skin together and put in a cool place for twenty-four hours.

CEMENTS.—A receipt for cement to stop cracks in glass vessels, to resist moisture and heat, is thus given in the *Scientific American*: Dissolve caseine in cold saturated solution of borax, and with this solution paste strips of hog's or bullock's bladder (softened in water) on the cracks of glass, and dry at a gentle heat; if the vessel is to be heated, coat the bladder on the outside before it has become quite dry, with a paste of a rather concentrated solution silicate of soda and quick lime or plaster of Paris.

PITS FOR POTATOES.—Pits for potatoes should be made on dry soil and where there is no danger of water standing in the spring. Our own plan is to make a deep dead furrow with a plow, and then throw out the soil on each side so to make the bottom of the pit about three feet wide. Cover the potatoes with four or five inches of straw, and then throw a light coat of soil, about sufficient to cover the straw, leaving some ventilators at top. Just before winter sets in, put on another coat of straw and cover it with earth. This second coat of straw holds dead air between two layers of earth, and will keep out the severest frost.—*Agriculturist.*

PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.—Clean carefully; cut in thin strips; stew in water until the bitterness is extracted; drain off the water and stew again for half an hour in a strup of sugar and water, allowing half pint of water and a pound of sugar to each pound of peel. Put it aside in jars, and keep it in a cool place. If desired, a little cinnamon and ginger may be stewed with the peel, but it is more delicate cooked simply with sugar. Lemon peel may be prepared in the same manner, either alone or mixed with orange peel. These form pleasant "relishes" eaten with cake or bread, or if chopped finely when prepared they form excellent flavoring for puddings and pies.

WELL-FLAVORED BUTTER.—How can it be expected that butter of good flavor can be produced from pastures foul with every strong-flavored weed? From early spring, when garlic abounds, up to fall, when the golden-rod and ragweed cover the pastures and meadows, cows rarely get a bite of grass or glover free from admixture with weeds. And when it is known that these strong and often disagreeable flavors concentrate in the milk, and that every impurity in the milk seems to concentrate in the butter, how can it then be otherwise than the great bulk of butter coming to market should be poor in quality, and poorer still in profitable returns to the farmers? Here is the strongest argument for clean pastures and meadows, and sucharming *as will raise feed* and not weeds.—*Agricultural.*

A DELICACY.—Leaves of various kinds impart most pleasant and delicate flavor in the various dishes prepared for the table. Peach, almond and laurel leaves are richly charged with the essence of bitter almonds. They must, of course, be used with caution; but an infusion of these leaves may be readily made and used by the tea-spoonful. It is said that the leaves of the common syringa are useful for flavoring and that they taste like cucumbers, and may be used as a substitute for salads. The young leaves of cucumbers have a flavor like the fruit, and leaves of celery flavor soup as well as the stalks. The young leaves of the gooseberry are recommended as an excellent addition to bottled fruit. Current leaves flavor not unlike the fruit; so also the leaves of the orange, lemon, and citron.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—We find the following commended: If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, more efficient and applicable in a larger number of cases than any half a dozen medicines we can now think of, is a heaping teaspoon of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach, and least there be any remnant of a poison, however small, let the white of an egg, or a teacup of strong coffee, be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet; because these very common articles nullify a larger number of virulent poisons than any medicines in the shops.

KEEPING CABBAGES.—We make a deep and wide "dead furrow" with a plow, in dry, sandy soil; and then lay the cabbages in it, packed close together, with the stalks up. Then throw the earth back on to the cabbages. The cabbages should be dry and the weather cold, and care should be taken that the furrow left on the side of the row of cabbages should be cleaned out, so as to carry off the water. If no water gets to the cabbages, and the heads are sound, large, and hard when put in, we have never experienced any difficulty in keeping them perfectly until spring. And there is nothing that our sheep relish so much. The only trouble about raising cabbages for stock is that they usually command so much more in market than they are worth to feed out, that it is difficult to resist the temptation to sell them.—*Agriculturist.*

SUCCESS IN FARMING.—Much of the success we observe among the best class of farmers, says *Coleman's Rural World*, results from calculation skill and energy. A man to fully succeed on the farm must be an intelligent investigator. He should at least understand the character of his soils, and how to handle them, and the best time to do it. He should understand the principles of the laws of nature fully and clearly. He must know the effect of each manure upon each particular soil. In fact the successful farmer must be a scholar and a teacher. It is not enough that he knows mechanically how to plow and resp. He should understand when to do it, and the relation of the elements, one to the other. The benefit of a rotation of crops should be a part of his farm knowledge; subsoiling, the application of manures, and their effects upon each particular cereal should be clearly understood. Any man can be a botch on a farm if he wills it; but to have success in farming there is much to learn. To be a complete farmer, there is more study, research and experience necessary than to fit a man to be a physician, merchant or lawyer.

Some Scotch miners at Wishaw recently did a remarkable thing. They voluntarily refused an advance of a shilling a day in their wages, on the ground that the coal masters had raised the price of coal seven shillings per ton. The men were unwilling to lie under the imputation of having occasioned this rise, and so, in a public meeting, requested the masters to "take the last advance off the price, and take back the shilling."

The Siege of Leyden.

The siege of Leyden, Holland, which was commenced late in May, 1574, is a noteworthy fact in the history of that country. This city one of the most beautiful in the Netherlands, stood in the midst of broad pastures and green meadows that had been reclaimed from the sea. Over these fertile fields many an eager eye was soon to be cast, in the hope that the waters might be seen again rolling over the land once their bed. From the first, preparations were made for a long siege All the food was put into the hands of the authorities and doled out by weight, half a pound of meat, and as much bread daily to a man, and a due proportion to women and children. The Prince of Orange implored the citizens to hold out for three months, assuring them that within that time he would devise some means for their deliverance. He had no force with which to raise the siege, but he held a position which would enable him to cut through the dykes and allow the ocean to reclaim the land which had been wrested from it. "Better a drowned land than a lost land," exclaimed the patriots as they calmly devoted their fertile fields to desolation. The waters that should flood the Spanish camp would also bear supplies to the town. We need not dwell upon the mere fighting during this siege. It was a repetition of the scenes of Harlem and Alkmaar. Early in August the sluices were opened and the waters began slowly to rise. The bread in the city was gone, the only food left was malt cake. On the 21st a letter reached the Prince from the city, stating that they had fulfilled their promise. They had held out three months—Two with food and one without. Their malt cake would last but four days longer. The Prince lay ill of a fever; but from the sick bed he directed all the operations. Five miles from Leyden was the great dyke, called the Land-Scheiding. The piercing of the outer dykes had already laid the ten miles between this and the ocean under water. The besieging forces lay between this Land-Scheiding and the city. If this dyke were cut through, the Spanish intrenchments would be flooded, and it was supposed that the waters would float the boats of the deliverers, laden with provisions to the very walls of the beleaguered city. It was now the 11th of September and still the starving town held out. On that night the Land-Scheiding was pierced, and the boats passed through the gaps. But it was found that another dyke three buarters of a mile beyond, intervened. This had been left unguarded by the Spaniards and was also breached. Yet now the waters diffused over so large a space rose but slowly. A strong east wind also was driving them back toward the sea. So passed a week from the time of the opening of the Land-Scheiding, and the boats lay aground three miles from the city. But on the 18th the wind veered and blew a gale from the northwest. The waters rose; the armada was again afloat, and came within a mile and three-fourths of the city. Again the wind veered, the waters fell, leaving the boats fast aground. In the narrow space between the town and the fleet lay now the beleaguering forces. They knew that the town was at its last gasp, and tauntingly called the defenders cat eaters and dog eaters. "It is true" they replied, and so long as you hear a cat mew or a dog bark, ye may know that we hold out, and when all has perished but ourselves, we will devour our own left arms and fight you with the right. When the last hour has come we will set fire to the city and perish in the flames." Still the fleet lay stranded, and the city vanes pointed ever eastward. Until the wind changed the waters would not rise. At last on the second of October, a violent equinoctial storm arose from the west, dashing the waters in upon the land, over the ruined dykes. The vessels were again afloat for the city walls. Two strong forts lay in their way which might have disputed their advance. But the Spaniards were panic stricken at being thus invaded by the ocean, and poured tumultuously overthe narrow dyke which formed the only path to the firm land. The wild Zealand sailors, almost amphibious leaped from their vessels upon the retreating masses, and drove them from the crumbling dyke into the sea. So, on the morning of the third of October, Leyden was relieved. On the very next day the wind again shifted and drove the waters back. In a few days the land was again bare; and the work of reconstructing the dykes was begun.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.—In Bohem'a the sixtieth anniversary of the wedding is termed the "Diamond Wedding." Formerly it was kept on the seventy-fifth anniversary. It may be imagined few couples live to see their seventy-fifth wedding day come round, and probably that is the reason why fifteen years have been taken off. In the last week of carnival this year an aged couple celebrated their Diamond Wedding in the Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Ghost in Prague. The husband is eighty-five years old and the wife eighty-three. The old man—a cooper by trade—has lived and carried on business in the same house for sixty years. The church was crowded, for, in addition to the interest attached to the wedding, Cannon Stultz, a much beloved and popular clergyman, gave an address, after which a mass was read. The old couple were led to the altar, as a mark of respect, by masters of the trade of coopers, Kneeling down they repeated the promise made to each other sixty years ago, and then they received the priest's blessing. Many presents in money and other useful articles. A banker in Prague presented them with six ducats. These coins appeared to please the pair exceedingly, particularly the old lady—perhaps they brought to her mind the wedding present which in some parts of Bohemia the bridegroom is bound to provide for his bride, and these coins threaded upon a ribbon, she wears upon her forehead. There is a couple in Prague of higher rank in life, who have been married seventy-four years and, should they live to see next carnival, it is said they will celebrate the veritable diamond wedding of olden times. There seems to be every possibility that they will be able to carry out their intention.

Mormon Sunday Schools.

The Mormon Sunday schools are unique of their kind. The text book embodies sanitary as well as religious teaching. Here is a shot direct, for instance, at all spiritious liquors, and all smokers or chewers of tobacco:—

"Q. Why are not hot drinks good for man?

"A. Because they relax and weaken the stomach and indeed the whole body.

"Q. Why is it not good to smoke or chew tobacco?

"A. Because these habits are very filthy, and tobacco is of a poisonous nature, and the use of it debases men."

Some of the Mormon hymns also are queer productions. Not all of them, however, as some of the best hymns of Watts, Cowper and the Wesleys are in their collections. What, however, would we think of our Sabbath schools singing, in halting verses, the hope

"That the children may live long,
And be beautiful and strong—
Tea and coffee, and
Tobacco they despise;
Drink no liquor, and they eat
But a very little meat,
They are seeking to be
Great and good, and wise."

Here is another jingle, the verses of which run smoother:—

"The Mormon father loves to see,
Their Mormon families all agree;
The prattling infant on his knee
Cries, 'Daddy, I'm a Mormon.'"

That will probably satisfy our readers.

THE CANADIAN HORSE DISTEMPER.—The Toronto *Globe* says the disease that has been so widely spread among horses in this district appears to have run its course, and now shows considerable abatement. Dr. Smith informs us that this is the case in the principal stables in the city. The disease now appears to be extending eastward. There have been very few fatal cases, and of these it may be said they were the result of a want of ordinary care of the animal, or, what is less excusable, a resort to quack nostrums and practice. These are entirely useless in a disorder like the present, which must run its course, and requires simply attention and ordinary treatment during the continuance of the fever.

How They Save in Germany.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up, and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn plot, his plot for mangel-wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, etc. He is his own master, and he therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and his economy.

In Germany, nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and of the cows are carrried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples, lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows by the roadside, and river, and brook, is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home, on the heads of women and children, in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose grass which covers waste places, is cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little chidren standing in the streets of the villages, in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh-grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in England—of the vast quantities of grass on banks, by roadsides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church yards, where grass from year to year springs and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy. The vory cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuge of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the heads have been gaintered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers familiar with Germany will remember to have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn, the falling leaves are gathered and stocked for the same purpose. The fir-cones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected, and sold for lighting fires.

No Horses for Funerals.

The following article from a Buffalo, N. Y., paper, shows how serious the horse distemper is in that district:—Nearly all the livery-stable keepers in town have closed their barns temporarily, and it is almost a matter of impossibility to obtain a carriage or conveyance of any kind from the livery men. It does not follow that all the livery horses in town are suffering from the disease, but it is a fact that the great majority are, and the owners are acting on the wise principle that "prevention is better than cure," and are taking extra care of their horses, whether sick or well. It has become a matter of difficulty to obtain horses even for funerals, and those which have turned out have been more or less affected with the disease. The horses belonging to the street railroad company are almost all affected, but at last accounts only two were dangerously sick, the others suffering but slightly, although kept in the barns and tended very carefully. The company have taken five cars off the line, and made the time seven and a half minutes instead of six, as formerly. The prospect is not cheering, and the company will probably have to make still further reductions. The Buffalo Omnibus Company have ceased using their horses altogether for a few days, but intend to resume as soon as fresh horses can be obtained. The animals belonging to the Company are either sick at their barns on Green street, or at the farm of Mr. Tyler. The disease appears to be particularly prevalent among the horses of public hackmen. There are something like ninety licensed hackmen in the city, and we were told on Saturday evening that out of this large number there were but three hacks running. The stands are deserted, and passengers are mostly obliged to walk to and from the depots.

NORTHWESTERN WOLVES.—Most ferocious is the Northwestern wolf, an animal of wonderful strength and sagacity, found in Northern Oregon and the British possessions. As a general rule the bear and buffalo will not attack man; but in spring the wolf flies at every living thing he sees. Horses are his usual prey, and them he pursues with almost human cunning.

When a band of wolves discover a horse, they encamp at some little distance, all the troop squatting on their hams except two old fellows, who sally forth toward the horse. He is frightened at first by his visitors; but they gambol so pleasantly in the field, and look so innocent and friendly, that by degrees his terror subsides, and he continues to graze. Then the wolves slowly seperate, one going to the front of the horse, the other to his rear, and both frisking about as amiably, and apparently as unconcerned as before. Slowly and cautiously they approach the doomed steed with equal steps; when they are within springing distance—they can cover over twenty feet at a bound—both dash at him together, one at his head the other at his hamstrings. Horses are proverbially helpless under some circumstances; this is one of them. The most the poor creature does is to turn round and round uttering cries of pain. In a few seconds the wolf who attacked him from behind—this being the main attack—has cut the sinews of his legs, and he falls helplessly to the ground. Then the whole pack come rushing down, howling, and each eager to tear a morsel from the living carcass. There is little left for the vultures.

POOR CURATES.—Rev. Robert Collyer relates the following anecdote in illustration of the poverty and struggles often encountered and borne by the poor curates of London: "I had, in the summer of 1871, a talk with a clergyman in the church of England, who was then rector of a church which gave him a very fair living; but before this he had been a curate in London with a very large family, as ministers generally have, and an income of less than a hundred pounds a year—not more than eighty if my memory serves me. It was desperate work, he said, to make ends meet—so desperate that there came a time when there was not a penny or a crust left in the house or a pint of milk for the bairns. 'Then,' he said, 'I sat down to think what I should do; and when I made up my mind about the course I must take, I went up to my wife (as noble and true a woman as ever this world heard of) and said, 'My dear, we have done our very best and this is the end, Now, I will tell you what we must do. We are citizens of London, have paid our rates and taxes right along, and are entitled to all the help there is. We will go to the poorhouse to-morrow morning and ask them to take us in. We have a perfect right to go there, and we will go." She said, "That is right," and began at once to get ready for the poorhouse, but that day I got a letter from some one, inclosing five pounds. There was no signature; I don't know to this day who sent it, but that five pounds saved us from taking that step, and tided us over to quarter day."

POOR CHILD.—A lame girl, who had not, for fourteen years, once left the third-story back room in which she lived, was among those who participated in the late children's excursion in Philadelphia. When carried to the park she asked what the grass and trees were, and had to be told the names of the most common objects. She lay on the grass all day, drinking in the air and sunshine, and was seen to weep softly every little while from pure joy.

The Exodus from Alsace.

An English paper says the roads in Alsace especially from Metz to Nancy, these last few days have been such as to recall the great popular emigrations of olden times. Conveyances of all sorts loaded with furniture and intermingled with pedestrians followed each other without interruption. The greater portion, pressed by the fatal date, and lacking the means of transport, have only taken part of their belongings with them, while not a few have been only able to bear away as much as the wheelbarrow could contain which they trundled before them. A still larger number have left their hearths and homes with some clothes hung on the end of a stick, the wife carrying the youngest of the children and the rest trudging on behind. In Metz there are only seventeen recruits remaining all unfit for service; and at Obernai, in Alsace, a town of 6,000 inhabitants, there are only three, of whom one alone is qualified for service. A letter from Mulhouse in the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* says: "The work of option went on till a late hour last night, and to-morrow there will probably be still more seeking to make up for lost time at the last hour." The town of Metz, if the statistics published are at all trustworthy, must be absolutely depopulated. No fewer than 18,000 are alleged to have left during the last fortnight reducing the population of the town to 10,000, exclusive of the 25,000 German troops who keep watch and ward over them. Even in Havre, which does not seem a very likely place to have any large number of Alsatians and Lorrainers, the number who have chosen the French nationality reaches 1,400. These facts are evidently making an impression upon the Germans by revealing to them the difficulties of the task they have undertaken. The North German *Gazette*, putting the best face on the matter, says: "The condition of the Elsass Lothringen now will be the foundation of its further development, the seed of its future prosperity." But when it adds that "Germany sees without regret those long trains of exiles who in the last days have turned their backs on the Empire and set their faces towards France, whither their interests and sympathies lead them," the assertion is belied by its own words. It consoles itself with a glimpse of the far off future, when "the grand-children of those who to-day still contemplate with sorrow the change in their national life will sometime gratefully bless the day of the Verseilles preliminaries and this very 1st of October on which they have been delivered from foreign rule and from foreign agitation." In the meantime, we are told Germany does not expect sympathy with the new relations from the inhabitants; but the Government may claim their confidence, which will increase from year to year until at last "from generation to generation love and trust will grow more and more." All this, however, is only visible to the eye of faith and not to that of sight. Another German paper the Strasbourg *Gazette* professes that it never expected the assimilation of Elsass-Lothringen with the German mother country would be instantaneous, that a population of 1,500,000 should in a year or two lay aside the characteristics that have been stamped on it by education and training, by thousand fold personal associations, and by living historical memories." It relies, however, upon a section of the population that has never lost its German sentiments, which forms the nucleus of a German party, not numerous, indeed, but exemplifying the best elements of our national party. Nevertheless, the Strasbourg *Gazette* acknowledges that the majority still remains in a passive or even hostile attitude to Germany, a fact which neither causes it surprise nor alarm, since from the outset it looked for nothing else. The Germans, it is evident, are not, at all events, deceiving themselves—as in like circumstances the French would probably do—regarding the immense difficulties of the task lying before them.

A GENTLE REBUKE.—"The Rev. Mr. Martin of Bellington, Maine, a man of decided talent and worth, was also somewhat noted for his eccentricity and humor, which occasionally showed themselves in his public ministrations. In the time of the great land speculations in Maine, several of his parishioners and church-members were carried away with the mania of buying lumber tracts. Mr. Martin resisted this speculating spirit, and more than once rebuked it in his prayer-meeting, he noticed that several of his prominent men were absent, and he knew at once they were going to Bangor to attend a great land sale. After a hymn had been sung, he said: 'Brother Allen, will you lead us in prayer?' "Some one spoke up and said, 'He is gone to Bangor.' 'Mr. Martin, not disconcerted in the least, called out, 'Deacon Barber, will you lead us in prayer?' 'He has gone to Bangor," another answered. "Again the pastor asked, "'Squire Clark, will you pray?' 'The 'Squire has gone to Bangor," said some one; and Mr. Martin being now satisfied, looked around upon the little assembly as if the same reply would probably be given to every similar request, and very quietly said, 'The choir will sing BANGOR, and then we will dismiss the meeting!'"

PERILS OF INFANCY.—It is not hard to destroy the life of a child. The vanity, or imprudence of a fond mother often causes the calamity she would have given her life to avert. For instance, what an army of children have been destroyed by the absurd custom of exposing their necks and arms! And yet this fashion is tolerated because it is "so pretty." To illustrate the danger to which a child is thus exposed, it is only necessary to say that many children have been cured of habitual cough and hoarseness by keeping their arms and hands warm. Another fruitful source of danger to the young, is found in the foolish indulgence which will not withhold from them colored candies. An English chemist recently made an examination into the quality of these sweetmeats, and found that out of thirty-five different kinds, obtained from twenty different dealers, twenty-eight were colored with poisonous material. The poison most commonly used is some preparation of lead. The diseases caused by lead poison are among the most terrible which are produced by anything. This experiment will serve as a warning to parents to practice greater care in providing sweetmeats for their children. If they are to be used at all, it is safer to make them at home. Then you know what they contain.

HIS WATCH.—It came to the knowledge of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that a corporal of his body-regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch-chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential. Frederick, wishing to be convinced of the matter, accosted the corporal one day on the parade. "Corporal," said he, "you must have been a prudent fellow to have saved a watch out of your pay." "I flatter myself that I am brave, sir," replied the man; "the watch is of little consequence." The King taking out a watch set with diamonds, said, My watch points at five. How much is yours?" Shame and confusion first appeared in the corporal's face: at length, he drew out his bullet, and answered with a firm voice: "My watch, sir, shows me neither five nor six, but it tells me that I ought to be ready, at every hour, to die for your Majesty." the King replied: "In order that you may daily see one of those hours at which you are to die for me, take this watch."

A CARELESS DISTRIBUTION.—The Treasurer of the Hall and Elton Manufacturing Company, of Wallingford, Conn., often brings packages of money from New York to New Haven to the firm, and when he has business North goes through on the express train without stopping throwing the package out to an employe stationed near the track to receive it. The treasurer came up on the noon express train, and finding his colleague in waiting, threw out a package containing $6,000. He didn't throw it quite far enough, and it was struck by the train and ripped open, the greenbacks being distributed with great looseness. The money was gathered up as far as possible, but at last accounts $600 was missing.

Sights in Algiers.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* chats pleasantly about what he saw in Algiers:

Any of the streets ascending the hill from the Place de Chartres—which may almost be considered as the extreme limit of the European town—will lead immediately to the Mahomedan quarter. Here will be found obscure and frequently vaulted narrow thoroughfares, resembling alleys, bordered by houses, where the monotony of the bare plaster walls is only broken at wide intervals by small casements crossed with iron bars, and low arched doorways. There are no gardens or vendure, and hardly a foot of even sickly looking vine or fig tree dying amidst the rubbish of its crossways; there are mosques so surrounded by buildings that they can hardly be seen, vapor baths whither people go mysteriously, the men at night, the women in the day time. In a word, the Mahomedan quarter of Algiers is a compact and confused mass of masonry, where almost every vestige of life is hidden, and where it seems as if it were forbidden that gayety should be heard. The doors of the houses are never opened but half way, and they then close again by their own weight. Everything looks suspicious about these curious buildings, which are admirably adapted for their masters' love of secresy. The small casements looking on to the street are barred, and every kind of precaution is taken against cutiosity from without and indiscretion from within. Inside these bare, dismal-looking walls and massive doors, resembling the gates of citadels, are the two great mysteries of the country—namely, the personal fortune of its juhabitants, and its women, of neither of which much is known. Money hardly circulates. It is only seen passing from the hand of an Arab to an Arab hand, and is only used to purchase the ordinery daily necessities of life, and jewelry. The women go out but seldom. In public they are invariably closely veiled, and the baths, which are their usual places of resort, are inviolable. Passing along these lonely alleys, beside these silent dwellings, one hears noises which are almost imperceptible to the human ear, and whispers which might be mistaken for sighs. At times it is the sound of a voice coming through an aperture in the wall, or decending from the terrace on the roof of the house; at others it is the whimpering of a child complaining in a strange tongue, whose lisp mingled with sobs has no signification for a foreign ear; at others again it is the strain of an instrument, whose unique note, slowly marking the measure of an unheard song, seems to accompany a dream. It is thus that the captive comforts herself, dreaming of a liberty which she has never had, and which she cannot understand. There is an Arab proverb which says: "When a woman has seen the guest, she cares no more for her husband," and upon this precept the whole system of conjugal life among Mahomedans is based. Their houses, whether they be agreeable or not to those by whom they are inhabited, whether their interiors be luxurious or poor, are prisons. They are like iron safes, of which the avaricious masters have the keys, and within which they lock up all their secrets, so that no one may know what they possess.

DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER.—"She sits by the fire—dear old lady!—with nicely crimped and plaited cap-border, and the old-fashioned spectacles; as pleasant a picture of the Home Grandmother as any living heart could wish to see. She is the oracle of the family; the record of births, deaths, and marriages; the narrator of old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening log falls to ashes. What should we do *without* the Home Grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful 'special pleader' she is, when the switch trembles over the little erring favorite's head! 'Are you punished often?' inquired a flaxen-haired youngster of his curly-headed playmate. 'No!' was the prompt and half-indignant answer: '*no!* I've got a grandmother!' Love that good woman. Sit at her feet, and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Although she knows no grammar—perhaps can not tell the boundaries of distant states, or the history of nations—she has that, perhaps, which excels all learned lore. She has *life's wisdom*. She has fought life's battle, and has conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears, and sorrow, and suffering! Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you all the dangers of life's journey, and tell you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting, like her, in a blissful hereafter." Every reader, who is so fortunate as to count among his *children's* "household gods" a *good grandmother*, will see, in this graphic little sketch a reflection of an influence which is only second to that of the mother of his offspring.

HOW AN INDIAN COMMITS SUICIDE.—Some time since an Indian, by the name of Solomon Sau-ba, was found lying in the road, near the Coldwater bridge, in the vicinity of Mount Pleasant, Mich., with a fatal wound in the throat. He was brought to the village, and a post-mortem examination held. It appears from the testimony that he left home about daylight, to go to a camp of hunters on the Pine river, near Millbrook. He had gone about four miles from home, on the direct route to his destination. When found, his body was yet warm, but life was extinct. It seems that he unsheathdd his knife, which is a bowie, with a blade about eight inches long and one-and-a-half wide, and with one heavy stroke thrust it into his neck, just above the breast-bone, the knife passing downward and a trifle to the left, to the depth of about five inches, and inflicting a wound in the aorta, about one-half an inch wide. The blood in the road indicated that he had walked about six rods after the fatal stab before he fell. He had sheathed the knife and held it in his right hand, his hand resting on his breast. There were no signs of a scuffle, and no traces of foul play.

BENTON AND HIS FAMILY.—In a speech of Tom Benton, delivered some time ago, we find the following extract:—"What is a seat in Congress to me? I have sat thirty years in the highest branch in Congress; have made a name to which I can add nothing, and I should only be anxious to save what has been gained. I have domestic relations sorely lacerated in these times; a wife whom I never neglected, and who needs my attention now more than ever; children, some separated from me by expanse of oceans and continents, and others, by the slender bounds which separate time from eternity. I touch the age which the Psalmist assigns as the limit of manly life, and must be thoughtless indeed if I do not think of something beyond the flitting and shadowy pursuits of this life, of all of which I have seen the vanity. "What of my occupation? Ask the undertaker, that good Mr. Lynch, whose face, present on so many mournful occasions, has become pleasant to me. *He* knows what occupies my thoughts and my cares: gathering the bones of the dead—a mother, a sister, two sons, a grandchild; planting the cypress over assembled graves, and marking the spot where I and those who are most dear to me are soon to be laid!"

BADLY TREATED.—Some of the Commune prisoners in the citadel of Port Louis lately wrote a letter to the *Corsaire* giving some account of the way in which they are treated there. Their food consists entirely of dry vegetables, and, combined with sea air and want of tobacco, has given rise to diseases of the gums; scurvy is prevalent in its worst forms, and the whole medical treatment prisoners receive consists of pills of bismuth and aloes. In the infirmary the beds are without sheets, and are, in fact, nothing but pieces of tent canvas. The suffering is naturally great, and no measures have been taken to lessen it although the Secretary of the Interior has been memorialized about the matter.

Jane Howard of Dubuque, wants $4,000 because John Collins said she would carry off a stove if it wasn't too hot and too heavy. People should be careful how they converse about stoves.

The Laura Fair Affair.

That Laura Fair business in San Francisco is not settled yet it seems. Laura shot and killed Crittenden, and after a lengthy trial was turned loose to make a havoc in the well. Her first move was to commence suit against her mother for $16,000 loaned her; the second was to dodge the late Crittenden's son who was following her with a pistol, evidently intending to serve her as she had served his father. Laura's mother lost her case and had to pay over the money, and there in open court, Mrs. Lane, the mother, took laudanum, creating a sensation. Physicians and stomach pumps were sent for and in a short time the mother was out of danger. When Laura came to the court-room and found her mother recovering from the effects of the poison, the following very pleasant conversation took place:

"Well! mother," Laura exclaimed in a passionate tone. "What's this? Good gracious! do you want to bring more disgrace on us! Haven't we made sensation enough that you should go and do this?"

"Hush! child," exclaimed the mother in a low, feeble voice, "I've nothing to live—for!—I—wanted—to—die!" and with this she fell into a violent fit of weeping.

"Well," said Mrs. Fair—her anger now rising to the highest pitch—"then why didn't you take enough of the stuff to finish you, and make one job of it?"

At this speech the ladies in the room were horror-stricken, and one or two of them hastily left the room.

"Oh, Laura, don't be angry," murmured the woman, "but why did you drag me into the court, and why did you put that dear little child on the stand to swear against its grandmother? Oh, Laura you are killing me—you are killing me. I want to die! (turning to the attendants), why didn't you let me die?"

"Look here," replied MRS. Fair, in her wild, passionate way; "if you are going to die here before all these people, I want you to swear that my child spoke the truth on that stand. You know she did, and yet you and your lawyers tried to make her out a liar!"

"Well, she's out of danger, ain't she?" asked Mrs. Fair of the doctor. The doctor said he hoped so. "Well, I don't see that I can do any good; so I'll go," she said. And after a few more pleasant little passages between mother and daughter, the latter vanished and did not again appear on the scene. Once during the evening she sent down to the hotel to see how her mother was, but that was all. Mrs. Lane kept on improving, and soon she was out of all danger. There were some doubts expressed by many as to whether Mrs. Lane had really taken poison. It was thought she had merely got up the scene as a means of getting her daughter to her in the hope of effecting a reconciliation. In the way of sensation Laura Fair and family are hard to beat.

Jackson and Miller.

The brave Colonel Miller was asked at the bloody battle near Niagara Falls, if he could take a certain battery. "I'll try," was his answer, and the exploit was soon accomplished. He was collector of the port of Salem, Massachusetts, when Andrew Jackson became President. Some politicians in whom the General reposed confidence, wished him removed and one of their men appointed in his place. He was represented to Jackson as incompetent and a political opponent. There seemed cause for his removal, and the name of the other man was sent to the Senate. Colonel Benton asked to have the nomination laid over, for he was certain that the President had been misled. He called upon Jackson, and asked, "Do you know who is the collector of the port of Salem, sir, whom you are about to remove?" "No," replied the President; "I can't think of his name; but I know he is an incompetent man, and a New England Hartford Convention Federalist, for G—— and H—— told me so." "Sir," said Benton, "the incumbent is General Miller a brave soldier on the Niagara frontier." The President, excited with emotion, said, "Not the General Miller who said 'I'll try,' when asked if he could take that battery at Bridgewater!" "The same," responded Benton. Jackson pulled a bell violently and when the servant appeared, he said, "Tell Colonel Donelson I want him, quick. Donelson," said the President, as soon as he entered, "I want the name of the fellow nominated for collector at Salem withdrawn instantly. These politicians are the most remorseless scoundrels alive. Write a letter to General Miller, and tell him he shall hold the office as long as Andrew Jackson lives. Stay—I'll write it myself; the assurance will be mere gratifying from a brother soldier." That promise was faithfully kept.

A NATION OF LIARS.—The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, the scenery lovely, and the soil productive in spices and many kinds of fruit; indeed, it is said that it alone might produce sufficient coffee for the consumption of the entire world. The natives, however, are far from pleasing. They are generally of short stature, very effeminate-looking, apathetic, and such liars that it is impossible to depend upon their word. If they may but repose for hour after hour under a tree, with a piece of bread-fruit beside them, they seem to care for little else. The men wear their hair turned up behind with a comb, the height of the comb denoting the rank of the wearer. This, and the small features, gives them altogether such an effeminate appearance that it is difficult for Europeans to distinguish them from females. A visitor lately entered one of the schools, and, seeing a row of boys sitting with their backs towards him, and each with a comb in his head, unconsciously asked if boys and girls were educated together. One of the natives of high rank was lately called on to give evidence at a trial, and swore such complete falsehoods that he was imprisoned for perjury. He applied to the English government and, with surprise, asked why he should be punished for what his people did. "My father," he said, "was a liar, and my grandfather was a liar, and we are all liars. It is the custom of my country. Why should I be punished?"

M. ABOUT AND HIS "LITTLE ONES."—M. About, in one of his letters, written during his captivity in Strasburg, after the recent fall of the city, describes the occasional visits of his friends and relatives, of his children's visit, he writes: "Our two eldest daughters came one day with their mother, and God knows with what impatience I awaited their arrival. But their presence, after all, only saddened us. These two children, ordinarily so lively, seemed quite stupefied at the sight of the prison bars. The youngest sat herself on my knee, hid her head in my bosom, and remained thus for nearly an hour without prattling, only replying in monsyllables to questions put to her, and solely occupied in keeping back her tears. The elder, who is seven years old, kept going and coming between the parlor and the entrance, looking alternately at the keeper in his chamber, the sentinel in the court, and the bolt of a neighboring cell, and pulling mechanically at the strings of her little hat. I was almost ashamed to cause such pretty birds to be imprisoned in so shameful a cage, and I abridged their visit as much as possible, feeling quite a relief when I was alone again."

GOOD SEED.—We have met farmers, says *Rural New Yorker*, who have a local reputation for producing the best wheat, rye, oats, corn and potatoes, who have gained and maintained it by a careful selection and use of the best seed these respective crops produced from year to year. Some of them have secured what are regarded distinct varieties, by watching their fields and selecting such stalks of grain as showed remarkable growth and perfectness of development. Any farmer with care, can do the same thing.

A prudent match-making mamma gave the following candid advice to her daughter: "Oh, marry the man you love girl, if hels as rich as Croesus.

For any information about *Railroad Bonds*, you should write to CHARLES W. HASSLER, No. 7 Wall St. N. Y.

CROPS.—The cereal crops of the United States for 1871 aggregated 1,650,000,000 bushels valued at $1,000,000,000. About 125,000,000 reached the seaboard. Of the latter quantity New York received about 80 per cent. and Boston, Philadelphia and other ports the remainder. These crops are mainly transported by canal, but the tendency is toward more extensive transportation by rail. It is estimated that, during the present year, 18,000,000 bushels will be moved entirely and 35,000,000 bushels partly by rail, leaving on the basis of last year's crops about 82,000,000 bushels to be moved wholly by water.

The Investment of Savings.

A prominent New England banker having sold to his customers a consider