Farm, Garden and Household.

Stray Farm Notes.

First-class farmers are gathering first-class crops this spring, that is, crops of manure.

A member of the Elmira Farmers' Club, declares that the discussions of that live body have been worth to him hundreds of dollars.

A paper gives the following advice: "Take good care of the hired men and horses. Let them have plenty to eat and sufficient time to rest, but while at work keep them lively."

An English farm item is to the effect that a tenant was fined $2.50 and costs for endeavoring to catch a rabbit that had taken refuge on adjoining property, aid rabbit having destroyed 2,000 cabbage plants.

An English writer, speaking from experience, recommends the protection of trees from teeth of rabbits, sheep, or larger stock, by tacking loosely around the stems galvanized wire netting, say of 1½ or 2-inch mesh.

There are 10,000,000 cows in the United States, or, one to four persons. These cows do not yield on an average more than 50 pounds of butter each, and therefore, the quantity per individual is only 12½ pounds a year, or about two-thirds of an ounce a day.

The Practical Farmer gives the following average for last season of the number of pounds of milk required at the Worth Factory in Pennsylvania to make one pound of cheese in each month: April, 9.47; May, 8.93; June, 8.85; July, 9.09; August, 8.97; September, 8.49; October, 7.61; November, 7.03.

There is no cure for any such cannibal propensity among hens as eating eggs or each others feathers but summary execution. In most cases, however, it may be prevented by feeding fresh meat or offal from the butchers, and leaving no frozen eggs in the nest, and feeding no egg shells. As soon as a hen is discovered breaking eggs let her be made a swift example of before she teaches the trick to others.

Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., writes to *The Practical Farmer* that as the result of much experience and observation in the matter, he would never think of constructing a stable without putting a manure cellar under it, unless in a case where the lay of the land might make the plan impracticable. "It saves labor; it saves manure; and it does *not* make a bad odor in the stable. All that is needed is to ventilate the cellar in some other way than through the stable—and this it is very easy to do."

The expense of building a cheese factory sufficient for the milk of 300 cows would be $3,000 to $4,000, according to the style of architecture. The internal fittings would cost from $1,000 to $1,200, or within a trifle as much as for a factory suitable for twice as many cows. It is a question if a factory for 300 cows would pay expenses for the reason that the building, fitting, and superintendence would require an outlay nearly as great as one able to turn out twice or thrice the product.

The question as to whether sheep should be washed before shearing is again to the front. Various opinions are given; some think they ought to keep up the standard of honesty, others that it is best to half wash, others favor no washing, but it is agreed by all it would be wise for farmers to unite and either wash or not wash. As things stand at present he who does not wash, or who washes poorly makes most profit, because, as is alleged, buyers seldom can tell the washed from the unwashed, being instructed to pay a certain price, or not beyond it, and they are not particular. If they would actually pay for washed wool what it is really worth the case would be different.

The cause of a cow giving bloody milk may be the result of inflammation of the udder, the formation of a tumor upon some of the lacteal or milk vessels in consequence of inflammation arising from various causes; or it may result from rapid driving or chasing by dogs when the udder is filled with milk, or from a blow or bruise. If from the first mentioned causes it might possibly be remedied by giving one pound of Epsom salts with one ounce of ginger, and bathing the udder where hard spots may be found with warm water, accompanied with gentle rubbing, and drawing the milk three times a day. If it arises from the last-mentioned causes, their immediate suspension will probably work an early cure.

Ringing Hogs.

R. N. Pendleton writes: I see in the report of the proceedings of the Farmers' Club, that you recommend ringing hogs to prevent their rooting. Please tell me the method you would adopt. About five weeks ago I turned seven shoats and pigs on a good piece of sod. I procured from a tinner about a yard of wire about the size of a knitting-needle, and cut it into pieces about four inches long; then I took an awl and made a hole through the snout, ran the wire through, bent it round a small iron rod so as to make a ring about an inch in diameter; twisted the ends and filed them off. They have all gotten the rings out but one. They managed to work them through the gristle, in several cases tearing them out, and now are rooting as much as ever. What kind of rings do you use? Are there rings made especially for this purpose, and if so, where can they be gotten?

F. D. Curtis—The rings of our correspondent were too large in diameter, and the wire too small. The ring should be just large enough to clear the edge of the hog's snout, and no larger, or they will catch fast and tear out as his did. Small wire will cut through the gristle much sooner and easier than larger. Another thing, the twist of the ring must not be long, or it will catch fast and hinder the pig from eating. A better material than wire is to have a blacksmith make the rings out of railroad iron, with a hole punched in one end and the other pointed to pass through it and fasten with a twist. The iron should be flattened and put through the snout with the flat side crosswise. This sort of ring will not tear out easily. Insert the rings at the bottom or base of the rim around the snout, and they will hold much longer. Heat the wire before using, and it will bend and twist much better.

Triple Team.

For using three horses abreast we have an ordinary double-tree, but as long as two singletrees; to each end of this attach a singletree by a small clevis or otherwise; now make an iron bar about 1¼ by ½ inch, and 8 inches long; punch three holes, one at each end, and one two inches from the first, and one four inches from the second; weld links in the first and second holes; this bar stands upright behind the doubletree; now attach the doubletree by clevis to link in first hole, attach the plow to link in second hole, and attach the middle singletree to the third or upper hole by a piece of chain or rod, so that the middle singletree will be as far forward as the others; now hitch each horse to his own singletree. In answer to Mr. Parmalee, I would say throw the plow toward the furrow by means of the clevis, or by shifting the beam on the standard, or both otherwise.

Wood Ashes.

A correspondent of the *Iowa Homestead* finds wood ashes, after fifteen years' use, to be worth a dollar per bushel for dressing fruit trees. Some years ago a nurseryman of Ontario county, New York, informed us that a good dressing of ashes had doubled the growth of his young pear-trees, as compared with the growth of trees without the ashes. Others have made as favorable reports. Yet the results vary in different localities and soils. We have applied ashes to young pear-trees in the same way precisely as the nurseryman just stated, with no visible result. While, therefore, they are generally more or less useful, the benefit must be determined by trial in each locality.

There never was a more touching story than that of the little Birmingham girl who, hearing that the cemetery was flooded, crept out of her bed early in the morning and was soon found, waist deep in water, weeping over her mother's grave. The little thing feared that the grave would be washed away.

The Laces of a Princess.

What it Costs to Supply a Russian Noblewoman's Wardrobe—Laces Two Hundred Years of Age.

The suit of Madame Olga de Maluta Fraloff against the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, which was first begun in February, 1870, in the United States Circuit Court in the Southern District of New York, is again on the calendar for trial. This case presents some points of singular and romantic interest. It may be remembered that the plaintiff's attorneys sued the railroad company for $75,000 damages for the loss of certain laces or lace dresses taken from the trunks or baggage of the Baroness de Fraloff while on a journey from Albany to Niagara in November, 1869. The case was tried but was not decided in February, 1870, the jury disagreeing as to the amount of damages which should be paid by the company, six deciding in favor of the full amount claimed by the plaintiff, and six varying in their opinion from $1,000 to $5,000.

In her deposition the lady said: "My name is Olga de Maluta de Fraloff. My maiden name is Manzireff. I am a resident of Russia and have estates in different countries. My husband is in the active army of Russia, a colonel of dragoons, of the Cavalry of the Grand Duchess Catherine. I think he has been made a general lately.

"I am of the highest and oldest aristocracy of Russia, of the Princes of Tartary. I am the adopted daughter of the Princess Manzireff, my aunt, now dead."

She said the lost laces were inherited from her grandmother and four aunts. They were all antiques. None were of a mesh or pattern now made. They were all from two to two and a half centuries old.

"I left six of my trunks in London, and brought six with me. I had many valuables besides my jewels, such as cashmere shawls, fur cloaks, Siberian sables, a toilet of ermine furs, and one of astrakan, a white cashmere opera cloak embroidered with gold, and twelve or fourteen hats from Paris, dresses of velvet, of silk, and of muslin. Several handsome silk dresses, made in Paris, ready for the laces to be sewed on them when worn. My dresses were always made in that manner. I also had six dozen pairs of dress kid gloves and four dozen pairs of riding and traveling gloves.

"I valued the laces at $200,000. I had the laces complete for five different dresses. Each set peculiar, and all its laces complete for the skirt, corsage, hair, and mantilla, and for some tunics, and for others, points or scarfs.

The lady described the six dresses she wore as follows:—

"My bridal dress had three flounces. Each flounce was two feet in width. It was of Mechlin lace; sometimes through mistake called regency lace. I do not mean it was made in Mechlin, not by any means. It was of the Mechlin mesh, antique Malines it is sometimes called. There was in this set all the laces for the corsage, the hair, and mantilla.

"The second dress was of old point d'Angleterre. Two flounces, a cape or fichu, and some smaller laces. It was of the Elizabethan period. The Queen of England is the only person in the world who has any lace like it.

"The third dress was of Flemish lace, also very old, two flounces two and a half feet wide, also laces for the corsage, mantilla and hair. The small laces of this set were very valuable.

"The next dress had five flounces of point d'Alencon, not modern point, nor the point which was revived by Napoleon I., but the antique lace made two hundred years ago, first in Alencon.

"The fourth dress was of some Russian lace, like that made in the lace schools of Russia established by Peter the Great.

"The fifth dress was of Flemish lace, and the laces of the sixth dress were similar, but I am not sure they were of the Flemish stitch."

New York lace experts who had seen and examined the dresses confirm her statements as to the quality and value of the laces, and the loss is heavy even to a Russian princess.

Unaired Chambers.

The following sensible advice is given us by a correspondent in the *Country Gentleman*:

"I pass some houses in every town whose windows might as well be sealed in with the walls for any purpose they have but to let in the light. They are never opened, summer or winter. In winter it is too cold; in the summer the flies stray in, or, if they are netted, the dust sifts through the nets. Now, I can tell a person who inhabits such chambers when I pass him in the street—there is such a smell about his clothing. I always wish for a sniff of cologne, or hartshorn, or burnt feathers, or something of the sort, to take the taste out. A house that is never aired has every nook and corner filled with stale odors of cooked meats, boiled vegetables, especially cabbage and onions, which, as the weeks go by, literally reek in their hiding places.

"Who has not wished sometimes to hang a new servant's clothing out of doors some frosty night until it should be thoroughly aired? But I have seen the fine ladies come sweeping into church with their velvets and silks, when said velvets and silks gave unmistakable evidence of having been housed in just such shut-up chambers. Oh, what a tale that odor of pork and cabbage tells about the lady's style of housekeeping! The very garments of the children tell the same story of uncleanliness. It is bad to have unwashed clothes, but there may be an excuse for it. But what excuse can there be for unaired ones, when air is so cheap and free? There is death in such unaired chambers. Better a swarm of flies or a cloud of dust, better frost and snow in a room, than these intolerable smells. Dear girls, the first thing in the morning, when you are ready to go down stairs, throw open your windows, take apart the clothing of your beds, and let the air blow through it as hard as it will. There is health and wealth in such a policy. It helps to keep away the doctors with long bills. It helps to make your eyes sparkle and to make your cheeks glow, and to make others love your presence. Girls who live in those close, shut-up rooms, can only be tolerated at the best in any circle."

Wholesale Executions in China.

The *Temps*, in its Indo-Chinese correspondence, reports a horrible fact which marked the surrender to the imperial troops of a city occupied by the rebels. Sin-Cheff, which had long been in the hands of the insurgents, has fallen into the power of the army. Though but little blood was shed during the siege, after the capitulation all the defenders, to the number of six hundred, were beheaded, although they had surrendered voluntarily. An English adventurer in the service of the Chinese army, and and at the same time correspondent for the Shangai *Courier*, was present at the execution. All the victims died courageously, exclaiming to their butchers that their death would be avenged by their children. Some of them were unwilling to wait for that period, and threw themselves upon the soldiers, of whom they succeeded in killing four and wounding several with poignards they had concealed in their sleeves.

Debts of Nations.

It is a moderate estimate in Europe that the world is in debt nationally to the extent of 20,925,000,000 of our dollars. The average rate of interest is four and a half per cent., and hence these nations pay nearly $942,000. As a general rule, the nation which owes most money is the best treated. Great Britain owes, in pounds sterling, 790,000,000; France 748,000,000; United States 440,000,000; Italy 360,000,000; Russia 355,000,000; Austria 306,000,000; Spain 261,000,000; and Turkey 124,000,000. The greatest borrower of all these—viz: Great Britain, is certainly the best trusted, and only has to pay at the rate of three or four per cent. interest, while the two of the borrowers who borrow least are the least to be depended upon, and have to pay their eight or nine per cent.

Under the Falls of Niagara.

A Thrilling Description of the Great Wonder of Nature.

Prof. Youman's gives us a description of a visit under the Niagara Falls. He says:—

We descended the stair; the handle of a pitchfork doing in my case the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom my guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most. I decided to get the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying. The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge bowlders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among these, but seeks for itself channels through which it pours torrentially. We passed some of these with wetted feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said, "This is our greatest difficulty; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady him. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen bowlders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, "Now come on."

I entered the water. Even where it was not more than knee-deep its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp the loins, twist me fairly round, and bring its impetus to bear upon the back. Further struggle was impossible; and, feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank I had just quitted, and was instantly swept into shallow water.

The oil cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a much stouter man, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the centers of two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Prudence was at my elbow, whispering dissuasion; but, taking everything into account, it appeared more immoral to retreat than to proceed. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock been of iron it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I, however, clung to it by habit. Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. The first victory was gained, and he enjoyed it. "No traveler," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterward, by trusting to a piece of drift-wood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the bowlders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep, resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shield my eyes with my hands, and look upward; but the defense was useless. My guide continued to move on, but at a certain place he halted, and desired me to take shelter in his lee and observe the cataract. The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray-gusts. We were right under the tower. A little further on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered. We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands and pushed, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the bowlders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here my guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see, as before, the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared. An eminent friend of mine often speaks to me of the mistake of those physicians who regard man's ailments as purely chemical, to be met by chemical remedies only. He contends for the psychological element of cure. By agreeable emotions, he says, nervous currents are liberated which stimulate blood, brain, and viscera. The influence from ladies' eyes enables my friend to thrive on dishes which would kill him if eaten alone. A sanative effect of the same order I experienced amid the spray and thunder of Niagara. Quickened by the emotions there aroused, the blood sped exultingly through the arteries, abolishing introspection, clearing the heart of all bitterness, and enabling one to think with tolerance, if not with tenderness, on the most relentless and unreasonable foe. Apart from its scientific value, and purely as a moral agent, the play, I submit, is worth the candle. My companion knew no more of me than I enjoyed the wildness; but, as I bent in the shelter of his large frame, he said, "I should like to see you attempting to describe all this." He rightly thought it indescribable. The name of this gallant fellow was Thomas Conroy.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks. At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. My guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveler had ever thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope. He waded in. The struggle to keep himself erect was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself flat in the water toward the bank, and was swept into the shallows. Standing in the stream near its edge he stretched his arms toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the bowlders. By wading some way in, the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it. "If you are sure," he replied, "that, in case of giving way, you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you." I waded in, and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. Thus helped, though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here. We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and bowlders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the bowlders, and then along a narrow ledge to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot; but, when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us. On the evening of the same day, I went behind the water on the Canada side, which, I confess, struck me, after the experience of the morning, as an imposture.

The Richmond Duel.

What it was About—The Parties Seriously Wounded.

The particulars of the duel near the city of Richmond, Va., between John B. Mordecai and Page McCarthy, in which both were seriously if not fatally wounded, are now given. Both men occupied good positions in society and belonged to the same club. A German was given by the club, and in dancing McCarthy was placed in a set *vis a vis* with a young lady with whom he had been friends in their youth, but they had since been estranged, and up to the time of the German did not speak to or recognize each other. The lady had either to give McCarthy the cut direct or dance with him. She chose the latter alternative, and former kind relations were to all appearances once more established.

Shortly after this a Richmond paper contained the following:—

THE FIRST FIGURE IN "THE GERMAN."

An Epigram.

We have received for publication the following from a loving swain, who doubtless has been kicked by his sweetheart:

When Mary's queenly form I press
In Strauss's latest waltz,
I would as well her lips caress,
Although those lips be false.

For still with fire Love tips his dart,
And kindles up anew
The flames which once consumed my heart
When those dear lips were true.

Of form so fair, of faith so faint,
If truth were only in her,
Though she'd be then the sweetest saint,
I'd still feel like a sinner.

The lines were discussed in the club, and Mordecai inquired who was their author, and added that if the intent was to ridicule the young lady, whom some deemed to be alluded to, the writer was a scoundrel, a poltroon, and a coward. McCarthy, who was present, avowed himself the author, and an altercation then and there was only prevented by the suggestion that a duel was the more satisfactory way of settling the difficulty.

The duel was arranged, after a fisticuff fight in which McCarthy was knocked down, and McCarthy was the challenging party. The scene of the meeting was a secluded spot on the line of the York River Railroad, and about half a mile from Blakey's Mill. Both parties had their friends with them, and physicians were near at hand in case of need.

Mordecai and McCarthy were both perfectly cool and collected, says a Richmond paper: neither showed the least sign of agitation or slightest mark of excitement, and when placed in position faced each other in a manner that indicated their determination to make a desperate fight. There was absolutely no advantage in position, though the choice had fallen to Mr. McCarthy. Thew stood on a line running north and south, and the sun, just sinking in the west, fell aslant of each of them.

The words were to be, "Are you ready?" "Fire"—"one," "two," "three." The words "Are you ready?" were slowly and distinctly uttered by Mr. Tabb, and responses came promptly and clearly from Mordecai and McCarthy, "Ready." Then, as Tabb said, "Fire!" the two pistols were raised, and steady aim taken. At the word "two" both fired, and so nearly together in point of time that it seemed as if only one weapon had been discharged. As the smoke cleared away both parties were observed standing quietly in place.

It being apparent that his adversary was unhurt, Mr. McCarthy demanded another fire. Mr. Mordecai readily acceded, and the same instructions as to firing as before were given the principals. They fired this time between "two" and "three," and both fell simultaneously, Mordecia turned to the right, as if about to raise his foot from the ground, then half fell and toppled over upon his side. McCarthy fell forward like a statue pushed down from behind. His feet scarcely moved from their tracks, and he went to the earth face foremost. Surgeons were immediately sent for, and Drs. Hunter McGuire and J. Dorsey Cullen in a few seconds appeared upon the scene. It was at first thought that Mordecai was dying, and the seconds, without the exchange of any special formalities, came to the conclusion that the matter had gone far enough. Mordecai, however, offered to give McCarthy another shot, but the seconds would not permit it.

Society and Fashion.

The hair is worn pretty snarly about the face.

Short sleeves are extinct "even in full dress!"

Some New York belles are wearing suits of Turkish toweling.

Mousseline ribbon wears better than gros grain, females say.

Powdered hair is again in fashion. Blonde and white are the favorite styles.

Fancy jewelry is much worn on the street again, which is in very bad taste.

Wide and very long sashes of colored grenadine will be worn this summer.

Bonnets and jockeys are suspended at some distance over the weaver's head.

The custom of displaying wedding presents has gone completely out of fashion.

Materials formed of alternate stripes of satin and velvet are very fashionable for skirts.

Colored ribbons about the neck, with a bow in front with diamonds thereon, are much worn in full dress.

The ladies are wearing what is known as the snow-ball veil. It is of black lace, dotted with white, and very becoming.

Young married ladies captivate their husbands by wearing coquettish morning caps when presiding at the "dove-cote mututinals."

The "swellest" thing in the way of acceptances and regrets are engraved after the fashion of wedding cards, with blanks left for name and dates.

Young ladies who have grandmothers ransack their ancestral treasures for high tortoise shell combs, and if they find them stick them in their back hair, and srtaightway rejoice exceedingly.

Curious Story About a Hawk.

A curious incident occurred a few days since a short distance from Baltimore, a local paper says: One of our well-known merchants had gone out on a visit to a friend, at whose house there was a bright little boy, and one day, to please the child, he manufactured a very large kite, and as the wind was strong enough, the kite was raised at once. After it had gone up nearly half a mile, a large crowd of country people collected to admire it, as such a magnificent toy had never been seen in that section before. While the spectators were admiring it, a very large hawk was seen to fly slowly out of a neighboring grove and go directly toward the kite. The hawk approached within a few feet of the strange looking object, and then circled about under it for perhaps five minutes, when he flew just above it and again circled around several times. Suddenly he hovered directly over the kite, and after looking at it intently for a short time, darted downward, and striking the paper, passed directly through the kite, coming out on the other side. After this strange experience, which no doubt puzzled the hawk vastly, he flew off a short distance for reflection, but still keeping the kite in view. Not being disposed to give it up so, he quickly returned to the charge, and this time fastened on the long string of rags that were used as a tail to the kite, which he tore and scattered in the air in a savage manner. Finding, however, no resistance on the part of the kite, he became disgusted or scared, and flew away toward the woods whence he came. The gentleman says that whenever the hawk made an attack he would retreat a little, as if he expected the strange bird was coming to the assault.

The widow of the late Gen. John E. Wood, died lately at the age of eighty-six.

A Murderer's Confession.

"Well, Luigi, what statement would you like given to the world?" asked a reporter of the New Jersey murderer, just before his execution.

"I'll tell you all. I'm going to die, and I shall die content. I hope that God will forgive every one who has conspired against me, as I forgive them. I had not the least intention of killing my wife, for I loved her from my heart. I wanted her to come back and live with me again, and, when I assured her of my love, she told me she didn't love me, and would never live with me again. I took my friend Mazzaloni with me, who had known her from childhood, thinking he would have more influence than I. He talked to Bariolti, and Bariolti said he would send her back in a few days, and I said I was satisfied. Then I went to talk with her again, and my love became so strong that I wanted her to go with me at once. Then she began to abuse me, and struck at me with a knife, which cut through my vest and shirts and into my flesh. At this I became crazed, and seized the knife and gave her one blow—only one blow. I don't know anything about the other cut she had. I became dizzy, and my head spun round like a top, and Bariotto struck me with a shoe-hammer. I didn't see her run out of the house. Bariotto is a bad man—he is a thief and a perjured villian. He came to see me lately and I forgave him, for I want to die at peace with every one. I have no hard feeling against him. He was alone with me, and I could have had vengeance—vengeance!

Here Luigi's eyes glistened, and taking up a fork he showed how he could have disposed of Bariotto.

"I have braved death for six months in Garibaldi's army, and I am not afraid of it now, but I do not like the manner of my death, as it will injure my friends in Italy, and they will be pointed as relations of the Italian who was hung in America. I am not afraid to die, but I would die more happily if I thought my sentence was just and right. Though I knew my wife had a bad character, I loved her, and had her day and night in my mind. The jury said, 'Hang him!' 'hang him!' but I forgive them, and hope, if they are ever jurors in another case, they'll be more conscientious."

The Circus.

I once heard a bright child declare that if circuses were prohibited in heaven she did not wish to go there. She had been baptized, was under Christian influences, and previous to this heterodoxy, had never given her good parents a moment's anxiety. Her naive utterance touched a responsive chord within my own breast, for well did I remember gow gloriously the circus shone by the light of other days; how the ring master, in a wrinkled dress coat seemed the most enviable of mortals, being on speaking terms with all the celestial creatures who jumped over flags and through balloons; how the clown was the dearest, funniest of men; how the athletes, in tights and spangles, were my beau ideals of masculinity; and how La Bella Rose, with one foot upon her native heath, otherwise a well-padded saddle, and the other pointed in the direction of the sweet little cherubs that sat up aloft, was the most fascinating of her sex. I am persuaded that circuses fill an aching void in the universe. What children did before their invention I shudder to think, for circuses are to childhood what butter is to bread; and what the world did before the birth of the showman is an almost equally frightful problem. Some are born to shows, others attain shows, and yet again others have shows thrust upon them. Barnum is a born showman. With the majority of men and women life is a failure. Not until one leg dangles in the grave is their *raison d'etre* disclosed. The round people always find themselves in the square holes, and *vice versa;* but with Barnum we need not deplore a *vie manquee*. We can smile at his reverses, for even the phœnix has cause to blush in his presence. Though pursued by tongues of fire, Barnum remains invincible when iron, stone and mortar crumble around him, and while yet the smoke is telling volumes of destruction the cheery voice of the showman exclaims, "Here you are, gentlemen; admission fifty cents, children half price."—*Kate Field.*

A Mysterious Noise.

W. A. M. reports that he recently heard a succession of strange crackling noises out of doors at night; and had great difficulty in finding the cause. The sounds came from some fallen walnut tree leaves, and he naturally expected to find that some species of insect caused the leaves to rustle. At the next spot where I examined, I closely watched the *modus operandi* and saw the dry, brown leaves gradually curling open, moving like little automata; one, opening, would touch another, and that in turn rolled open, with the peculiar rustling sound that had at first attracted my attention. But there was no worm there. What then was the power that carried on this general movement? Upon meditating a little, the truth flashed upon me; it was simply that the day had been remarkably warm for an April day, and the heat of the sun had warped the leaves, curling them up like a voluta; but as the sun set, the northeast wind had blown the clouds and moisture from the Atlantic, and, coming in contact with the dry leaves, had caused them to uncurl. Thinking that some motion would accelerate their movement, I stamped upon the ground, and immediately the whole garden seemed alive with motion. The occurrence seemes of small account, but it illustrates in a perfectly natural way the force and effects of variations in temperature."

A despatch from Yreka says that C. Burgess has seen Bogus Charlie on the Upper Klamath, who said he knew nothing about the contemplated massacre of the Commissioners, and that there were thirty Modocs left, who would fight until the last man was killed.

PAIN! PAIN!! PAIN!!!

WHERE IS THY RELIEVER?

Readers, you will find it in that favorite Home Remedy.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

It has been tested in every variety of climate, and in almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and traveler, on sea and land, and no one should travel *on our lakes or rivers without it.*

ITS MERITS ARE UNSURPASSED.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, *Twenty to Thirty Drops in a Little Water* will almost instantly cure you. *There is nothing equal to it.* In a few moments it cures

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burn, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

Cures CHOLERA, when all other Remedies Fail.

It gives Instant Relief from Aching Teeth.

In sections of the country where FEVER AND AGUE prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem.

FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Take three tablespoonfuls of the *Pain-Killer* in about half a pint of hot water, well sweetened with molasses as the attack is coming on. Bathing freely the chest, back and bowels with the *Pain-Killer* at the same time. Repeat the dose every twenty minutes if the first does not stop the chill. Should it produce vomiting (and it probably will, if the stomach is very foul), take a little *Pain-Killer* in cold water sweetened with sugar after each spasm. Perseverance in the above treatment has cured many severe and obstinate cases of this disease.

GREAT "CHOLERA" REMEDY

PAIN-KILLER.

It is an External and Internal Remedy. For Summer Complaint, or any other form of bowel disease in children or adults, it is an almost certain cure, and has without doubt, been more successful in curing the various kinds of CHOLERA than any other known remedy; the most skillful physician. In India, Africa and China, where this dreadful disease is more or less prevalent, the *Pain-Killer* is considered by the natives as well as by European residents in those climates. A SURE REMEDY and while it is a most efficient remedy for pain, it is a perfectly safe medicine to the most unskillful hands. It has become a household remedy, from the fact that it gives immediate and permanent relief. It is a purely vegetable preparation, made from the best and purest materials, safe to keep and use in every family. It is recommended by physicians and persons of all classes, and to-day, after a public trial of thirty years—the average life of many of similar preparations—it is still spreading its usefulness over the wide world.

Directions accompany each Bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1 per Bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors,
Providence, R. I.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Cincinnati, O.,
Proprietors for the Western and South Western States.

For sale by all Medicine Dealers.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

JOHN F. HENRY, New York.
EO. C. GOODWIN, Boston.
JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia.

SCROFULA, the dreaded, yet wide-spread Scourge of the Human Race, can be cured by Dr. Jayne's Alterative; it overcomes the disease thoroughly by driving it from the system.

The Execution of Nixon.

He Expiates his Crime on the Gallows.

Michael Nixon, who was executed in the New York Tombs for murder, was a bill-poster, and was driving a wagon down the Bowery into Chatham-square. On reaching the square his progress was impeded by the man he murdered, an inoffensive truckman named Charles S. Phyfer, residing in Williamsburgh. Phyfer was riding a gray horse which had a whiffletree fastened across its hames. Nixon ordered Phyfer to clear the way, and the latter refused to quit the line in which he had a right. Nixon stood up in his wagon, and drawing a revolver, deliberately aimed and fired at Phyfer, who, shot through the head, fell from his horse, dead. Nixon rapidly drove away, but was arrested an hour afterwards in his residence. He was tried before Judge Brady, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and convicted. His counsel used every effort in his behalf, but without avail. Nixon has not been unprepared for the final result of these legal efforts to defeat the law. His spiritual adviser, Father Duranquet, who for many years has visited condemned criminals in the City Prison, spared no effort to reconcile him to his ultimate fate, and Nixon was perfectly resigned, as far as a man can be resigned, to yield up his life.

On the night before the execution Nixon's family visited him in prison. The sheriffs and keepers instinctively withdrew, and the condemned man and his wife sat together by the stove in the main corridor of the prison. Nixon pressed his wife's right hand for a minute or two but did not say anything. Then Mrs Nixon began crying bitterly, and Nixon, as if to soothe away her grief, smoothed away her hair, which had fallen over her face. "Oh, Mike, it is so hard to leave you," said the wife. "It can't be helped," said Nixon, and then they kissed each other, and talked in a low tone about their family. Then Mrs. Nixon said: "I cannot stay any longer, Mike; good-by." And Nixon, standing up, kissed his wife for the last time, and she passed out of the prison into the yard in which the gallows had been erected. Nixon was executed in the morning, in the presence of the officers and a few visitors, and died with very little struggle.

A Pet Chicken.

The Twenty-third Regiment of artillery in the French army has a white Cochin-China rooster upon which a great value is placed on account of his meritorious services in the field of battle. This cock passed through the whole of the campaign of the Rhine, and was carried to Augsburg as a prisoner of war. At Metz during the siege the soldiers, although obliged to eat their horses, held the life of this truly Gallic cock as sacred. At the battle of Gravelotte he was perched on the shoulders of his master, who was in the Fourth Battery, and was so used to the cannon's roar that he did not pay the slightest attention to it. After his master was killed another artillerist adopted him, and he still remains in the military service.

Another Triumph for the Wilson Sewing Machine Co.

At the SEVENTH GRAND STATE FAIR of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Louisiana, held April 23d, 1873, at New Orleans, the world-renowned celebrated Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machines were awarded a GOLD MEDAL for the best Sewing Machines, and *five separate premiums* for the best work done on Sewing Machines, thus making *Forty-one Premiums, Nine Medals and Three Diplomas* that have been awarded to the Wilson Machines within a year. It is a notorious fact that, without a single exception, the Wilson Sewing Machine Co. has sent its machines to every State Fair and Exposition in this country and Europe, where awards were offered to the best Sewing Machines, in order to show the great people of the world that the "Wilson" is not only better than all others, but that it has the ability, capital and pluck to defeat and humiliate the combined force of nineteen competitors, all of whom have fought the Wilson Machine, inch by inch, to prevent it from getting a foothold in the American market, and to compel the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., by their formidable competition, to raise the price of the Wilson Machines to that at which theirs are sold for, or else go out of the market entirely. But the people of America are with the Wilson Machine, and are too intelligent to be imposed upon by misrepresentation regarding the merits of a machine which, without exception, has excelled all competitors in every contest, and been so decided by an intelligent board of arbitrators. There are, we hope, but very few people so ignorant as to be imposed upon by misrepresentation, and then pay the imposter at least fifteen dollars for his success. The Wilson Sewing Machine Co. have warehouses in every city in the civilized globe. Go and see their wonderful Machines. Salesroom in New York at 707 Broadway.—*Com.*

"G. M. D."

Don't stand aghast with awe and fear, eyes wide open, hair on end, and fingers tightly clinched with the idea that these mysterious symbols are cabalistic signs and represent some secret organization of masked demons, who carry terror and dismay with their midnight prowlings and disperse on the dawn of morning. No! They are only the initials of Dr. Graefenberg's Golden Medical Discovery, a pleasant medicine which has acquired a National reputation and proven so efficacious in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption and kindred diseases. For these complaints it has no equal. Sold by all Druggists. 631

For loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, FERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXIR OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by all druggist, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients, recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers.—*Com.*

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE is the most sure and complete preparation of its kind in the world; its effects are magical, its character harmless, its tints natural, its qualities enduring.—*Com.*

FLAGG'S INSTANT RELIEF has stood twenty years' test. Is warranted to give *immediate relief* to all Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Head Ear, and Back aches or money refunded.—*Com*

Quaint sayings and queer doings are often heard and seen, but men are doing nothing queer that wear the Elmwood Collar. Try it and see how much you like it.—*Com.*

IT is often remarked by strangers visiting our State, that we show a larger proportion of good horses than any other State in the Union. This we tell them, is owing to two principal reasons: in the first place, we breed from the very best stock; and in the second place, our people use *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, which in our judgment are of incalculable advantage.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS will find "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking or singing, and relieving the throat after any exertion of the vocal organs. For Coughs and Colds the *Troches* are affectual.—*Com.*

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will give more relief in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, no matter how severe, than any other article known to medical men.

IMPORTANT TO HORSEMEN.—Prof. "ANDERSON'S DERMADOR" is the best Liniment in use for Horses. This fact is shown by numerous letters from all parts of the country. A late one reads as follows:

We have been experimenting with your Dermador on horse flesh, and find it a very superior remedy—much superior to any other liniment we ever used in our livery stable. Please send us two dozen