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Something Hot.

The pavements are all hissing hot,
The sky above is brazen,
And every head as good as dead
The sun can set its rays on.

The lean, lank-looking skeletons
Go stalking pale and gloomy;
Fat men, like melting lumps of lead,
Send hotter fancies through me.

I wake from dreams of Polar ice,
And wish myself where Hall is,
Or any other frozen place
That on this red-hot ball is.

Peace.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget; for I say
That the true shall enjoy the derision
Of the false till the full of the day.

Ay, forgive as you would be forgiven;
Ay, forget, less the ill you have done
Be remembered against you in Heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?
And who shall have rest without price?
And who shall hold war with his neighbor
With promise of peace with the Christ?

The years may lay hand on fair Heaven;
May place and displace the red stars,
May stain them, as blood stains are driven
At sunset in beautiful bars:

May shroud them in black till they fret us
As clouds with their showers of tears;
May grind us to dust and forget us,
May the years, O, the pitiless years!

The precepts of Christ are beyond them;
The truths by the Nazarene taught,
With the tramp of the ages upon them,
They endure as though ages were naught;

The deserts may drink up the fountains,
The forest give place to the plain;
The main may give place to the mountains,
The mountains return to the main.

Mutations of worlds and mutations
Or suns may take place, but the reign
Of Time and the toils and vexations
Bequeath them, no, never a stain.

Go forth to the fields as one sowing,
Sing songs and be glad as you go,
There are seeds that take root without growing,
And bear some fruit whether or no.

And the sun shall shine sooner or later,
Though the midnight breaks ground on the morn,
Then appeal you to Christ, the Creator,
And to gray-bearded Time, His first-born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE MISTAKE ABOUT BARRATT.

One day in early winter, some years ago, I was walking up the main street of Stamton, a town with which I was entirely unacquainted, never having visited it before. I knew of but two persons living in the town, and of the personal appearance of one of these I had no recollection, not having seen him for twelve or fifteen years. The other I did not remember ever having met. My presence in the place was caused by peculiar circumstances.

My father, a country clergyman, dying when I was but eighteen, left me the village home in which I was born. I remained there with my mother and sisters, only leaving when it became necessary for me to attend medical lectures in a distant city. I was but twenty-two when I graduated, and with an extensive country acquaintance I hoped and expected to soon build up a thriving practice.

In less than a year after I had put up my little tin plate upon the front gate, I did a very foolish thing. I indorsed a note for an old schoolfellow, who was starting in the drygoods business, in our village. The note was for three thousand dollars, payable in nine months, and was held by a man who resided at a distant place, I knew not where.

This person, Samuel Bingham, had accepted my indorsement on the strength of a letter I had written and given to Claxton (my school-friend), in which I stated my property was worth five thousand dollars. Bingham stated that he had known my father when he was in the habit of visiting our village, and that he also knew me, and so was satisfied with the indorsement.

When Claxton returned from his successful negotiation, and told me that Bingham (who I supposed was a farmer) remembered me, I was surprised; but as my father used to have a great many visitors, it was no wonder that I did not recollect them all.

But three months after that Claxton had an opportunity of buying for cash some auction goods at extraordinary low rates. He borrowed one thousand dollars, on another note at three months, with my indorsement!

Before one month had elapsed, Claxton was entirely broken up by the rascality of a much older man, whom he had taken in as his partner; and when the thousand-dollar note fell due, I could not pay it, and my place was sold. It brought under the hammer fifteen hundred dollars! That beautiful old house, with its lawn, its gardens and meadow—worth, as I had often been assured, five thousand dollars, now sold for just enough to pay this wretched note, to take my poor mother and sister to the home of a maternal aunt in the city, and to enable me to take board in a distant village, and there to endeavor in an humble manner, to build up a practice. I might have staid among our friends, but subsequent occurrences made this unpleasant even to think of.

Bingham, hearing of the failure and the sale, came to our village, one day while I was in the city, and finding that, when his bill came due, there would be absolutely nothing for him, fell into a tremendous rage, which was visited principally upon me. I was a scoundrel and a cheat to indorse another note, and one, too, which cut out his; and to all the representations of my friends that I had thought my property fully equal to the payment of both notes, if it became necessary, he gave not the slightest credence.

When I returned, he had left; but I heard all this story, and soon found that many persons believed that I had treated Bingham very badly; and that, if he carried out his threat of making me pay for this at some future day, he would be but serving me exactly right. So I set up my sign in the village of S——, and I now had been practicing for nearly six years. My sister was married, and my mother was living with her, in the city.

As a matter of course, I had not lived so long as this without falling in love, and if you had seen Annie Tange, you would not have been surprised at the fact. Her father, the squire of the village, had long been my friend, but I proposed for her hand, eighteen months before the time at which I commence my story, he had told me plainly that, although I had a good practice, and had, what was for a physician of my age, a very fair balance in bank, he could never consent to his daughter's marriage to a man who did not own a house to which to take her. Accordingly, being very much in love, and not of the most patient disposition, I bought a house and lot in the village—a foolish piece of business; for, during the two months that I had owned it, I had been in continual fear that Bingham would hear of it, and make his threatened descent upon me.

Claxton, who was now in business in the west, and with whom I kept up a correspondence, had urged me not to think of paying Bingham, as he would be fully able to settle the debt himself in a reasonable time; and as this was entirely just, I had given myself no further thought about the matter, until I had bought my house, and then I thought a great deal more about it than was pleasant.

Now, however, it wanted but one month of being six years from the time the note had fallen due, and then, by the laws of my State, the debt would be outlawed, and I would be safe. In two months we were to be married, and in one month I was safe! And this safety meant a great deal; for, if Bingham should come down upon my real estate, and also bring all the obloquy upon me which such action would certainly occasion, my career at S—— was at an end, and my marriage would be very indefinitely postponed, to say the least.

Two days before this early winter day of which I write, I had received a letter from my father's brother, William. It had been directed to me at our old home, had been sent to my mother in the city, and been forwarded by her to me; for, as I corresponded with no one in the old place, and had been in the city some months before coming here, the postmaster did not know my address. The letter was consequently three weeks old. It was written from Stamton, and read as follows:

"DEAR GEORGE: For ten years I have not written to any of your family. I need not disguise the fact that when your father died I had no other tie to any of you. But I have heard lately that you have embraced my profession, and are practicing, I suppose, in the old village. Now, I am growing old, and shall soon give up work (either with or without my own free will,) and it might reasonably be supposed that I would surrender to you, the only other doctor in the family, and my brother's son, my practice. But I am much opposed to bringing strangers into a circle of patients, if it can be avoided, and I have a young assistant, who is better qualified than any one else to take my place. Besides, you are far better where you are. But it may, perhaps, be in my power to help you in some other way; and, at any rate, I would be very glad if you can get off for a few days, for you to pay me a visit. It is to invite you to do this that I now write to you. Your affectionate uncle,

"WILLIAM BARRATT."

When I got this letter, I determined to start off directly, and on my way I stopped in the city to see my mother. I had left my practice in charge of a brother physician, residing a few miles from the village, and consequently, feeling easy in regard to the matter, I thought of spending a day or two in the city before seeing my uncle. But my mother strongly opposed this.

"Your uncle William," said she, "is a strange person, and although I never liked him, and was probably the cause of his estranging himself so entirely from us, I must admit that he frequently behaved in a very kind manner to your dear father. And he never promised anything, either, but some trifling help—which often in the days when your father was struggling to get along, was of the greatest value. He paid the mortgage off the old house, as a Christmas gift, before you were born. You may depend that if he wishes to see you, he intends to do something handsome for you, and you should not lose another hour; especially as the letter is three weeks old now. I am very certain that you will remind him, as soon as he sees you, of his brother; but I hope you will not meet that Bingham."

Until this I had not known that Bingham lived in that town, but, nevertheless, I set off immediately for my uncle's home, and found myself, as I before stated, walking up the main street of Stamton, looking for the corner of Elm Avenue. As few of the streets had their names posted up, I was about to step into a store to ask for information, when a large man, with a heavy red beard, passed me, then stopped, and stepping back, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Your name is Barratt?"

I stopped, utterly astounded. Was this Bingham? Should I deny the birthright of my name, or admit it, and stand ruined from that moment? But suppose it was one of my uncle's family, a denial would be a pretty piece of business in that case? I must confess that, I was greatly tempted to tell a falsehood; but, apart from the meanness of such a thing, what good would it have done?

All this, which it takes so long to write, passed very quickly through my brain, but still it caused a hesitation, very perceptible.

"Why, it is Barrett," said the man.

"Of course it is," said I, for I could no longer refrain from acknowledging the fact; "but I must say, sir, that I am not acquainted with yours."

"Don't you remember Jim Coleman?" said he, taking my hand and shaking it heartily.

Jim Coleman, indeed!

Jim had been a schoolmate of mine (much older, however, than me), with whom I had always been a favorite, and who had got me out of many a scrape.

The revulsion of feeling was so great, that for a moment I could not speak; but, then, I gave him a much heartier greeting than I fear he would have received under any other circumstances.

"Trying to find Dr. Barrat, eh?—your uncle. Well, I never knew that. I'll show you; but you must stop in at my place first. It's all on the way. Turn right around this way."

And, taking my arm, he led me off in the opposite direction to which I had been going. On the way he informed me that he had been settled in this place for about three years as Conveyancer and real estate agent, and that he was doing very well, and had a large and useful acquaintance in the town.

When we were seated in his back office, talking over old times, I happened to think that this large acquaintance of his might be of no use to me if Bingham was included among them, and he thus learned my location and condition. I therefore told Coleman, as an old friend, my whole story, and the fears I had had in coming to this dangerous town.

"You never saw Bingham, then?" said he; "never were in his office?"

"No," said I; "I never saw him to know him, and certainly was never in his office."

"Well," said Coleman, "you're in it now."

I fairly jumped as he said this, and Jim laughed immoderately.

"Why," he asked, "didn't you see the sign as you came in?—'J. R. Coleman, late Samuel Bingham & Co.'"

"Late?" I cried.

"Yes; he's been dead this three years and I bought out his business. As to Claxton's note, I paid the heirs twenty-five dollars for that, among a lot of other bad papers. You can have it for what it cost me, and if Claxton can pay to the old man's folks the whole amount, with interest, he ought to do it."

I bought the note instantly, and was of the opinion that Claxton should take my friend's advice. I was also of the opinion that the sky was very blue, the air fine and invigorating, the naked trees truly beautiful, and all Nature (and Art, too, for that matter) perfectly charming. When I left Coleman (a splendid fellow, always coming in just when I wanted him,) he still had the remains of the laughing tears in his eyes; and my uncle must have thought I was a fine, lively, and thoroughly good-humored fellow, for he used his pen and paper so handsomely, after my departure, that I now visit my patients behind a three-minute horse, and Annie is the leader of the fashions in our village.

Over 200 New England spinsters went to Utah last month in search of fractional matrimony

The Walworth Tragedy.

Mr. Charles O'Conor's Plea for Acquittal.

Dr. Gray was the closing witness for the defence, advancing the theory that epilepsy is a fruitful source of homicidal frenzy, and supporting Mr. O'Conor's hypothesis that the prisoner was, under the circumstances, irresponsible by an affirmative answer to the hypothetical question. Several witnesses were then called by the District-Attorney in rebuttal, including the murdered man's publisher and several physicians, who drew widely different inferences from young Walworth's conduct from those of Dr. Gray. Mr. O'Conor then summed up for the defence, speaking very rapidly for several hours, and making an earnest plea for the parricide's life. The unpleasant weather prevented the usual large attendance of spectators when the Court opened; but toward the middle of the day the number increased until every seat was occupied. The interest that has centered in the fate of the youthful prisoner since the first day of the trial has not abated in the least.

Mr. O'Conor in summing up for the defence contended that the killing was neither a gross, vulgar murder nor a parricide; that if any offence was committed it was not marked with circumstances of premeditation and malice. It was not the first time that a child had slain his parent, but he trusted they would not find he had wickedly killed his father. He invited their attention to the Thursday previous to the shooting, when told that his uncle wished him to go abroad. Considering himself the sole protector of his mother, he said he would think about it. The belief was no doubt present in his mind that he would in some way arrange the matter. Was there anything in his acts tending to show that he meant to get his father in his small room, shoot him and go on a trip to Europe? He went to New York, called at his father's and, not finding him in, left a note for him.

A sort of fatality attended the father's course. Had he reached home reasonably early he would have got the letter and seen his son in the evening. But he gets up before sunrise and goes to the hotel. His son did not expect him for he was sound asleep. Mr. O'Conor reviewed the testimony of the killing, and then came to the prisoner's declaration to Coroner Young. The zeal of policemen and others was apt to lead them, not intentionally, but none the less injuriously, to warp the truth. The prisoner only meant that he came "to settle the family difficulty," and the Coroner understood that that was all that was meant. The father's violence was discussed. Frank never knew him as a parent, had never received the recognition or care which builds up in children those feelings whose violation by such a deed makes us shudder. Could he possibly honor such a father? Mansfield Tracy Walworth was the exact opposite of all the other members of the Chancellor's family. From him Frank inherited a predisposition to insanity; and his father's conduct, along with certain physical injuries he had received, drove him into epilepsy. Mr. O'Conor quoted various authorities to show that no man could be guilty of a crime without willing and intending to do it. If there was a doubt in the case, in view of the good character of the prisoner, the doubt belonged to him. The District Attorney was bound to prove that death occurred by the act of the prisoner, knowingly and intentionally done. Under the Roman law Mansfield Tracy Walworth was a parricide at heart when he longed for the death of his wife and children.

There was no need of any reasoning to children to prevent their slaying their fathers. There was not a single case on record where a child had wickedly killed its father. He could only recall the stories of Œdipus, Orestes, and Beatrice Cenci, besides a case in Scotland some hundreds of years ago, where a son was convicted on the evidence of his father's blood flowing when he drew near, and where a poor woman was convicted on merely circumstantial evidence, and died protesting her innocence. He appealed to them, in view of the purity of this boy's life, his love for his mother, his high and noble character, not to stain the annals of the State by a declaration that this boy had wickedly and designedly committed this fearful crime of parricide.

Riches and Pleasures.

These truths are well illustrated in the anecdote told some years ago of two men who were conversing about John Jacob Astor's property. Some one asked if he would be willing to take care of the millionaire's property—ten or fifteen millions of dollars—merely for his board and clothing? "No!" was the indignant answer. "Do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoined the other, "that's all Mr. Astor himself gets for for taking care of it; he's *found*, and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundreds, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others." "But then he has the income, the rents of all his large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes; but he can do nothing with this income but build *more* houses and warehouses and ships, or loan money on mortgages, for the convenience of others. He's *found*, and you can make nothing else out of it."

If a rich man wishes to be healthy, says Sir William Temple, he must live like poor one. Isaak Walton tell us that there are as many troubles on the other side of riches as on this, and that the cares which are the keys of riches hang heavily at the rich man's girdle. How many men, on reaching the pinnacle of wealth, find, as they look down on their money-bags, that they have only purchased one set of enjoyments by the loss of another equally desirable? "Do you remember, Bridget," writes Charles Lamb, with a tender retrospect to his poverty, "when you and I laughed at the play from the shilling gallery? There are no good plays to laugh at now from the boxes." Many Sir Epicure Mammon, as he sits down with jaded appetite to his lobster salad and champagne, thinks with keen regret of the simple repasts which titilated his palate when he was poor. The great railway king, Hudson, feasted with dukes and duchesses in their big house at Albert Gate, looked back with many a sigh to the days when they ate sausages for supper in the little back parlor behind their paltry shop in the city of York.

Nothing in the abstract seems easier than to get pleasure out of money; yet to many persons nothing is apparently more difficult. It seems delightful to be able to buy every thing you wish, without a thought of the cost; yet who does not see that the pleasure must pall in the degree that there is no difficulty?

Dr. Holmes, being asked by a young physician what sign to put on his door, replied, "The smallest fevers gratefully received."

An exhibition is announced in Paris of specimens of the art of "paddling," and of other methods whereby artificial beauty and unreal charms are successfully imposed upon credulous and devoted men.

Utah and the Mormons.

What Bishop Sharpe has to say About Both.

Bishop Sharpe, of Salt Lake city, U. T., one of the leading lights of the Mormon community, now in New York city, talked with a reporter of the *World* about the present condition of the Mormon Church and the present condition of Salt Lake city and the adjoining territory. Bishop Sharpe said that everything was progressing very rapidly and satisfactorily throughout the country, their Church was steadily increasing, and the country was becoming fully developed. Every day brought some new discovery of larger or smaller mines of silver, gold, and lead, and capitalists and workmen were taking up their residence in various parts of the country. In answer to the report that Brigham Young was about to resign the presidency of the Mormon Church, the Bishop said there was no truth whatever in the rumor, but that it sprung from the following action of Young: Several months ago Mr. Young, being overtaxed with work and having attained the age of seventy-two years on the 1st of last June, determined to give up the offices of President of the Utah Central Railroad, the Utah Southern Bank, the Mercantile Institution, and other offices to which he had been elected. He had no idea of giving up the head of his Church; but would remain in that position until he died. All the above institutions parted with Mr. Young reluctantly and allowed him to nominate his own successor to each of the offices.

The present population of Salt Lake city is 25,000, and throughout the Territory the increase of population has been immense during the past twelve months. In reference to mining operations, Bishop Sharpe observed that a large number of miners, both American and English, had gone there, and also gentlemen who held large fortunes and who wished to work some of the later discoveries. A new mine, very rich, he understood, had just been discovered in Mono, and a number of Californian capitalists had purchased it on speculation for $450,000 gold. Manufactories of all descriptions were being built by New Yorkers and other merchants; refineries were being constantly erected, the largest one being that of Messrs. Billings, of New York, who sent silver to this city at 99 proof. Churches—Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Methodist—were also established throughout the Territory; but the best of feeling existed between the Mormon people and those who had come to reside with them. Indeed, according to the Bishop, scarcely anything desirable is lacking at Salt Lake city.

Gen. Cass and John Guy.

Guy bore a striking resemblance to Gen. Lewis Cass, and while he was proprietor of the National Hotel in Washington, the Michigan Senator was among his favored guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered Gen. Cass who was quitely standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am; the last time I hung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room."

The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by the startling salute, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, Gen. Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said: "Here you are at last. I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered Statesman.—*From Anecdotes of Public Men by John Forney.*

Novel Way to Raise the Wind.

A prominent citizen of Detroit is the father of two mischievous lads, aged about twelve and six years. The boys had embarked in some speculation or frolic, and to complete their arrangements an expenditure of about fifty cents was necessary. They made application to *pater familias*, in proper form, but were not successful in raising the requisite currency in that quarter. They set their wits to work. The fractional currency they must have, and to raise it this novel expedient was hit upon: A sack was procured and the street anxiously watched for the "rag-man." In due time the accumulator of defunct apparrel made his appearance. The younger hopeful was speedily disposed in the sack, the mouth tied, and this bundle of animated rags being duly weighed was disposed of for the sum of sixty cents. But here one of those accidents that always will happen at the wrong time, marred the whole clever scheme of the lads. The bundle was roughly pitched into the junk dealer's wagon. In its fall it came in contact with a piece of old iron. Suddenly there was a scramble, and a squall issued from the interior of the sack. A lively panic ensued. The elder lad scampered off with his ill-gotten gain, with the rag-man in hot pursuit. The money was recovered, the lad in the sack issued forth whimpering about his bruises, the man who so nearly escaped being the victim drove off; the boys retired, no doubt meditating on the poet's proverb: "The best laid schemes of mice and men (and boys) gang aft aglee."

A Fatal Prescription.

The evil often produced by the injudicious prescription of intoxicating liquors for patients has recently been forcibly illustrated in Springfield, Mass., as the *Republican* of that city says: "A man who three years ago was a confirmed drunkard, owing to a strong influence which was brought to bear upon him, abandoned his old habits, became a sober and industrious man, and was given the position of floor-walker and general superintendent in one of the largest dry goods houses in that city. Three months ago he left to visit his friends in Scotland, and (as he expressed it) to show them what a man he had made of himself. So eloquently did he urge the temperance cause at his old home in Scotland that his family abandoned the habit of placing wines on the dining table. This gentleman started a few weeks ago to return to this city, and was taken sick on the home voyage. His physician prescribed some kind of liquor, the taste brought back the old appetite, and he has been beastly drunk much of the time since. He is now at home, but entirely unfit for business, and his friends in their despair talk of taking him to an inebriate asylum.

Hog cholera has appeared in Illinois, and the people are becoming alarmed.

Russian Policy in Asia.

How Central Asia is being Gradually Eaten Up by the Russians—Why Russia so Easily Conquers this Territory.

Thos. Knox in a magazine article on the encroachment of the Russians into Central Asia, says: It is the fate of the Asiatics to be in perpetual quarrels, and that greatly favored the Russian schemes. Now the Emir of Bokhara was at war with Khokan, next there would be trouble between Khiva and Bokhara, and again Khokan and Khiva would be at each other's ears. Unruly sons made unpleasant family jars, and subordinate heads of tribes were constantly in revolt. Not a year passed without expeditions of some sort, and frequently there might be a dozen of them in as many months. The ruler might go out to chastise a refractory neighbor, leaving his son or brother as regent during his absence. Every thing would be serene at his departure, but on his return, especially if he came back defeated, he would very likely find the gates of his city closed against him, and the regent converted into an actual ruler. Sometimes a commander would go over to the enemy, and sometimes the enemy would go over to him. Assassination was not uncommon, and occasionally an ambitious son, tired of waiting for his father to die, would administer poison to the old gentleman, or insert a knife into his jugular vein. Every occupant of or heir to a throne was anxious to achieve the fame of Gengis-Khan or Timour, and become a "World Conqueror," and was rarely fastidious about the means of achieving it. And so it went on year after year, and the wily Muscovite watched his opportunities, and never neglected to embrace them too.

In 1826 there died at Bokhara (city) Emir Said, and immediately after his death his son Husein ascended the throne, and became Khan. His younger brother Nasrullah was ambitious of honor, and so he caused Husein to be poisoned, after a reign of less than three months. Another brother, Omar, came into the field as a claimant, naturally thinking that he had as good a right to steal a throne as any body else. Nasrullah captured Samarcand, and then marched upon Bokhara, which he besieged and took. Omar fled to Khokan, where he died of cholera soon after. Nasrullah was determined to have peace, and so he executed in cold blood three of his younger brothers and a great number of the adherents of his former rival. This was sufficient to secure the quiet which he so much desired, and he announced that he was determined to follow in the footsteps of his father—whom, by-the-way, he was suspected of having poisoned—and make the happiness of his subjects and the strict supervision of religious observances the great object of his life. He was a pious old scoundrel, and while indulging in the greatest atrocities he always prated about his love of Islamism and his reverence for the Prophet of God. He made his ministers faithful to him by helping them to amass fortunes, but as soon as they had gained a sufficient amount of this world's goods he ordered them to be beheaded, and appropriated the property to himself. He was a model family man, as he had a facetious practice of murdering his wives whenever he tired of them, and consequently was not regarded as a "good catch" in the matrimonial line. He kept a secret police so numerous and so watchful that nobody dared say any thing against him to his most intimate friend, and it is said that at one time a man dared not even think any thing except good of the emir. He had all the vices that were ever possessed by any ruler since the days of Adam in any country on the face of the globe, and the story of his indulgences would hardly be suited to the pages of any modern publication. Those who offended him were burned in ovens, flayed alive, flung from towers, or otherwise disposed of. One of his favorite entertainments was to bind a victim hand and foot, and then throw him into a cell or box which contained many thousands of sheep-ticks. The sufferings of the poor wretch would be horrible beyond description.

It was while Nasrullah occupied the throne that Russia, having absorbed the wide region between Bokhara and the valleys of the Obi and Yenisei, made her appearance on the borders of his territory. While occupied in the most disgraceful profligacy and tyranny, Nasrullah had been constantly at war—now with Khiva, now with Khokan, and now with various tribes and divisions of his own subjects. Though no man in his reach dared breathe a word against him, his power had been greatly weakened, and his subjects were discontented with his rule. He had sent several expeditions against Khokan, and though some of them were successful, the majority were defeated or given up through treachery.

While one of the expeditions was returning defeated from Khokan, and another from Khiva, Nasrullah heard that the Russian outposts were on the right bank of the Jaxartes, a river forming the northern boundary of Bokhara, and flowing into the Aral Sea. Russia had several times attempted to negotiate with him, and had sent embassadors with valuable presents, but in every case he treated the embassadors with disrespect, and sometimes threw them into prison. Two English embassadors, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly, went to Bokhara, and were murdered by the emir, the former after four years' imprisonment, during which he was frequently tortured, and the latter, more fortunate, after an imprisonment of about a year. Stoddart was at one time promised his freedom if he would accept Islamism, and to save his life he consented. But the treacherous emir continued to torture him, and on the 17th of June, 1842, according to the account given by M. Arminius Vambery, the two victims were ordered out for execution in the open square of Bokhara.

First the head of Stoddart was struck off. Then the executioner paused before Connolly, and the emir told him his life would be spared if he would embrace the faith of Islam. "No," said Connolly; "I prefer to die. Stoddart became a Mohammedan, and still you have executed him. Complete your work."

As Nasrullah advanced in years he seems to have become more bloodthirsty than in his youth, if such a thing were possible. He fancied that conspiracies were going on around him, and consequently he doomed hundreds to death. While in his last illness news reached him that his brother-in-law, who had long been in open revolt, had captured one of his fortresses. Hardly able to speak, he commanded that his wife should be brought to his bedside. She begged for mercy, but the dying tyrant could not be moved. With his last words he ordered that she should be beheaded, and he drew his final breath while gazing on the blood which flowed from her headless trunk. He died in 1860, after a reign of thirty-four years.

Dr. F. W. Lacey, of Connecticut, reported the loss of a package containing something over $40,000 in money and several valuable papers, at the Sherman House, Chicago, recently. Much search was made, and one morning the head night watchman found it in the reading room, where it had lain undisturbed.

The Clerkship Mania.

A few days since a gentleman in a Western city had inserted in the *Morning News* an advertisement for "A clerk, salary moderate," and the same day received thirty-six applications for the position, which number was greatly increased the two following days. These applications were from youths, young men, and even middle-aged men, many of whom were willing to work for a salary just sufficient to pay their board. This is only an isolated case; during the past six months many such have occurred, but one is sufficient for our illustration. We regret to say that these are bad omens, showing the tendency of the young men of the times. All are after "clerkships," no matter what the compensation, the advantages of promotion—anything to get behind a counter. Now, under the most favorable circumstances, in five cases out of six, what does a clerkship mean? To be brief, it means always a clerk, and never a principal. The best way is to start right in your career with the world—to commence by acquiring a knowledge of some business in which you can rise to a position of honor and independence. Enter into it with an ambition and the determination to make a success, and with average talents, industry, energy, and self-reliance, you will not fail. To whom are we indebted for our greatest and most useful inventions? The intelligent, industrious mechanic.

A brief sketch will aptly illustrate the general fate of seekers of clerkships.

A young man enters a store, or an office, at a salary of four or five hundred dollars a year; in a few years, by close attention to the business of his employer, he may be able to command a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year. Whether he receives five hundred or a thousand dollars a year makes no difference, as a general rule, in the amount he saves. He must "keep up appearances," and as he advances in his position, he finds that his personal expenses are also increasing. Finally, after years of hard labor and oftentimes of faithful, honest services, he is without warning thrown out of employment. "Business is dull, and we can't afford to keep you any longer," is the only satisfaction he gets, as he goes out into the world without a dollar, to look for another clerkship, for each of which there are hundreds of applicants. This is the time that the young man realizes the mistake he has made and wishes he had "learned a trade." He sees, now, that any expert workman, among the trades, receives more money than he has ever received as a clerk, and besides is independent. If he is honest and industrious, he is never "out of work." His expenses are only half as much as those of a clerk, and he saves money to begin for himself in a few years, in a business which he understands perfectly. Such a man is on the high road to prosperity.

Young men who have not capital to invest in a line of business in which it is necessary to serve as a clerk to obtain knowledge of the business to fit them for the position of proprietor, should avoid clerkships as a delusion and a snare. Learn a trade—avoid temptation, and be independent.

Effect of a Cat's Bite.

A lady in San Francisco has recently suffered greatly from a wound inflicted in her thumb by a favorite cat. The animal, which is nearly ten years old, had been ill, and its mistress determined to administer a dose of castor oil. Pussy, however, struggling violently under the infliction, and, seizing the lady's thumb in her mouth, bit directly through the nail, and held on with such a fierce grip, that it was with much difficulty that the thumb was extracted. The *Alta* says: "At first it appeared that the wound was of little consequence. It did not bleed much, and little pain was experienced. Soon, however, a red stripe was noticed slowly moving up her arm, until finally it passed the elbow, when a swelling commenced to form. The catastrophe had occurred at about 8 o'clock in the morning. At 4 in the afternoon the swelling had become of alarming magnitude, so that she called in a physician. This resulted in a consultation of several physicians, who agreed that they had a case to treat that was full of danger to the patient. It was decided to administer one of the most powerful antidotes known, which was given three times in a teaspoon. She soon became so much affected by the pain she suffered that her reason left her for awhile, but after the third teaspoonful of medicine had been given, she was declared out of danger. When water was offered to her she drank it freely, thereby relieving the anxiety of friends and attendants, who feared that hydrophobia had set in. She is now slowly recovering from the effects of the bite and the severe remedies applied. She will not trust her pussy any more."

Effect of a Dream.

After quoting the account of a dream which is said to have influenced Hiram Powers to become a sculptor, the Fridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* relates another incident of the kind, where the question as to the life-profession of the dreamer was decided. It says: "An aged member of the Episcopal Church who was well acquainted with Rev. Dr. Berhanns, of Newtown, said that when a youth, and before he had ever seen any minister of that denomination attired in his clerical robes, he dreamed of seeing some one standing by his bedside dressed in a peculiar manner. The dream left a strong impression upon his mind. Some time afterward he attended an Episcopal church, and to his great though agreeable surprise he saw that the minister was dressed in robes precisely the same as those he had seen in his dream. These circumstances determined his future course. He became a communicant and ultimately a minister in that church. In his old age he resided in Newton, and there are doubtless many in that town, if not throughout this and other States, who remember him as a faithful and devoted pastor."

The Healthfulness of Lemons.

When people feel the need of an acid if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or apples, they would feel just as well satisfied and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should then purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm, weak days of the spring and summer when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acid of lemons, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the bulb from the peels, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen bulbs—to extract the acid. A few minutes' boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and have a cooling, healthful drink.

The most useful Thing in the Long Run—Breath.

The Brooklyn Mystery.

Arrest and Confession of the Murderess of Goodrich in March Last.

The Goodrich mystery has been solved at last by the confession of Miss Kate Stoddard. On Thursday morning, March 20, in Brooklyn, N. Y., she shot Goodrich, fulfilling the threat made in the letter received by the Hon. W. W. Goodrich, a brother of the deceased, a month previous. The letter, which describes her wrongs and sufferings, was written in a plain hand, every letter being well formed. There was not a single erasure in the whole letter. When it is considered that she had written this seated on her trunk in the basement of the cheerless house in Degraw street, on a cold February night, it is most surprising, exhibiting a nerve and determination which it had not been supposed a woman possessed. It is as follows:

BROOLYN, February, 1873.

MR. GOODRICH:

SIR: I propose to tell the truth. Will you listen?

For the past eight months I have been living in the second house of the block of new buildings in Degraw street, the third door from Fifth avenue. I have lived there unknown to any one except Charley. About one year ago I was married to him secretly, for I trusted him. I loved him so truly that his word was law to me, and he wished for no one to know of our marriage until some future time, on account of property; the reason connected with it he did not fully explain. I was very foolish, for I was alone in New York, with no friends only him. I have learned since then that the clergyman who married us was no minister at all, only a friend of his, Reuben Smith, a doctor, I think, who lives in the city.

In December last, a month ago, our baby was born. Before that, and since then, Charley has treated me with the utmost cruelty, disowning all the ties between us. Several days ago a woman with ringlets came here to one of the houses after a stove he had for her. I was at the window and noticed the conversation between them. When Charley came into the house he told me that we must part, that there was no marriage between us, that he had tired of me, &c. This woman with the ringlets is his new love; he acknowledged that. Oh, it seems as if it could not be the same world to me now, all is so dark and desolate.

My heart is completely broken. To love and struggle on alone I have got to do, and I cannot without assistance. The reason I write this, and the circumstances under which I write, are most painful. I have been trying to work. I have been at work in a store all this week. To-night (Saturday night) I came here to my lonely home and was very unexpectedly accosted by a man just as I was unlocking the door. He asked me if I wished to see Mr. Goodrich; I told him yes and asked him who he was. He said his name was George Baker; that he had been employed to watch the building, and that my trunks and clothes had been taken into another house. I was quite bewildered, and I had not the slightest idea that Charley would ever treat me in this manner. I followed the man into the house and saw all my things thrown upon the floor.

It seems like some dreadful nightmare. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and where will I stay or what will I do? I have no money and no friends. I am seated on my trunk writing this to you. My hands are so stiff with the cold that I cannot hold my pen; for that reason it may not be easy for you to decipher my hurried writing. AMY S.

SATURDAY EVE., Feb. 15.

This letter did not have the desired effect. Goodrich became instead more determined to cast her off. She entreated him to allow her to remain with him. On the night preceding the fatal morning Goodrich, on his return from a visit to Lucetta Meyers, was accosted by Kate. They quarreled. He strove to shut himself up in his room. She followed him there and essayed to break open the door with a chair.

When she arose in the morning she quietly followed him down the stairs to the front basement, having already possessed herself of his pistol. She was partly dressed. Goodrich, unaware of her presence behind him, walked to the mantelpiece and took a match. Kate stood at the door. As he bent over the Baltimore range to start the fire with the match, she crossed the room, and saying "Charley," looked full at him.

He turned on hearing the name. As he did so she discharged the pistol and sent the bullet crashing through his temple. He tried to rise, but toppled over on the oilcloth. As he lay in death agony she stooped over him, and repeating a verse from Byron's "Giaour," discharged two more shots, the bullets entering, one through the left temple and the other behind the left ear. After he had given the last sign of life she seated herself near the door and gazed on his body. She stayed in the house all day busying herself with the fixing and arranging of the body.

The pistol with which she shot him and his gold watch and chain and ring she put into her own pocket. The wallet containing $40, she secreted in the bosom of her dress. Frequently that day she bent over the dead body and kissed away the blood as it flowed from the wounds. That night she slept in the house with the body. Early the next morning, after placing a black-handled pistol at Goodrich's side and again wiping and kissing the blood from his face, she brushed back his hair with a wet towel and started for her workshop in New York.

In the evening, on her return from the city, she was startled by the shouts of newsboys announcing the murder of Charles Goodrich. She bought a newspaper and stood on the corner amid a group of policemen, newsboys, and others reading the account. Having finished she retraced her steps to the ferry and crossed to New York. When questioned by Chief Campbell concerning her motive in returning to the house, she said: "I wanted to see that no harm befell the body."

On Friday night she lodged in a house up town. On the following day she procured a habitation and remained in New York until the second week in April, working all the time where she had been employed previous to the death of Goodrich. About the 12th of April a Mrs. Taylor, a widow, who lives at 127 High street, Brooklyn, near Jay street, two blocks from the York street police station, was called upon by Kate, who desired to hire a furnished room in the house. The house is a three story brick and basement. Mrs. Taylor the week before had lost a daughter by death. She was lonely, and becoming predisposed to Kate, readily let the room to her. On the following day two trunks arrived at the house. Kate had given $2 to Mrs. Taylor to pay the expressage. After Kate had lived in the house about three weeks she purchased a piano on monthly installments.

During her stay in the place Kate never received visitors or letters. On her return from work she went to her room and stayed in the house until morning. Kate was employed steadily making fancy straw hats in a store in Broadway until two weeks ago. Then she began to take the work home. When hiring the room Kate gave her name as Minnie Walton. Mrs. Taylor described her as a perfect lady. Kate frequently went into Mrs. Taylor's room and took a cup of tea with her. At these times she was very communicative, but never alluded to any trouble. She said that her folks lived in Trenton—her father and stepmother. Mrs. Taylor said she was a regular attendant at church.

A son-in-law of Mrs. Taylor often read for her. Kate on his beginning to read from the newspapers, arose from her