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All in All.

Her love he hath a lordly way,
He knoweth how to chide,
But 'tis no grievance to obey:
She sees in her guide.

His frown doth hurt her to the heart,
Yet she would not rebel;
She could not see't were they apart—
So she doth love it well.

The music of his voice can lose
Naught in its sternest change;
Then, though he chide, she cannot choose
Her loving to estrange.

"Be Good to Yourself."

"Good-by!" the driver said,
As the coach went off in a whirl!
And the coachman bowed his handsome head—
"*Be good to yourself!*"—my girl!"

Ah! many a fond good-by have I heard,
From many an aching heart;
And many a friendly farewell word,
When strangers come to part;

And I've heard a thousand merry quips,
And many a senseless joke;
And many a fervent prayer from lips
That all a-tremble spoke;

And many a bit of good advice,
In smooth, proverbial phrase;
And many a wish—of little price—
For health and happy days;

But musing how the human soul,
Waste'er the fates may will,
Still measures by its self-control,
Its greatest good or ill.

Of benedictions, I protest,
'Mid many a shining pearl,
I like the merry coachman's best—
"Be good to yourself—my girl!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

The clear, vivid sunshine of a September day was shining, like sheaves of jeweled arrows, into Cecile Montpensier's spacious drawing-room.

It was a handsome apartment, furnished in lilac and gold. Lilac is a "trying" color to most faces, however fair and youthful, but Cecile Montpensier knew that she could safely surround herself with its soft, illusive glow.

For Cecile's complexion, fair and delicate as a pink japonica, was perfection in its waxen bloom, and her hair, a deep brownish gold, waved into natural curls and ripples upon her transparent temples. Her eyes were the deep, limpid violet, that almost verges on black, almond shaped, and with long thick lashes, and her mouth, red and melting, like dewy coral, had but one fault—it was almost *too* full, and scarlet.

Richmond Cheswick gazed down at the languid beauty with a look of enthusiastic admiration, which it was impossible to misconstrue. How lovely she was, as she sat there, with his motherless little one in her arms, showering kisses on Willie's golden hair, and lisping pretty caressing sentences of "baby-talk" to the four-year-old child.

"I do think he is the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life!" she exclaimed, looking up into Mr. Cheswick's face, with the deep eyes all soft and sparkling, and the coral lips apart, just disclosing a row of tiny pearls within. "I love him so dearly!"

Ordinarily Richmond Cheswick was a cool, composed sort of personage, as little inclined as any man to act suddenly, and without deliberation—but we are all infatuated, at one period or another of our lives, and Cecile Montpensier's rare beauty would have maddened almost any one.

"Cecile!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "do you love him well enough to be his mother? Do you love *me* well enough to share life's lot with me? For I feel that you have taken my heart captive, and I never can be happy with any one else! Cecile, speak to me—do not keep me in suspense!"

The roses crep over Cecile's satin cheek in soft pink billows of bloom, as she bent her head in charming confusion; it would have taken a wiser man than Richmond Cheswick, to know that this was the very consumation she had expected, and been maneuvering for, during the last six months.

She had triumphed at last—and when he went away leading unconscious little Willie, she thought "papa stayed a long time," Miss Montpensier was Richmond Cheswick's promised wife.

"There, nurse, take the little fellow up-stairs for his sleep," he said, as he sat down in the big easy chair opposite the glowing fire of anthracite coal, in his handsomely appointed library, and began to contemplate the new and dazzling future opening to his mind's eye.

What a regal Mrs. "Cheswick" Cecile would make. His first wife, Willie's mother, true and loving as wife could be, but utterly ignorant of all those polished graces and acquired amenities that made Cecile so attractive. And when she lay upon her death-bed, she had said to him:

"Dear Richmond, if ever you should marry again——"

He had interrupted her with words of passionate protest—she held up her slender finger with a plaintive, moonlight sort of smile.

"Hear me out, my husband. If ever you should marry again—and you are so young that I think it more than likely you will—I have only one favor to beg of you. Do not give Willie into a stepmother's care. Send him to my home in the fresh, pure country; my sister will gladly assume all the charge of him, and I shall rest more quietly in my grave. Will you but promise me this?"

Blinded with tears, Richmond Cheswick had promised, and so Janet had died calmly, with her little sleeping boy clasped closely to her breast.

But now he was going deliberately to break this solemn compact with the dead.

"I cannot spare the merry, loving little fellow," he thought. "He is too close to my heart; if Willie were gone, half the sunshine would perish out of my daily life, and Cecile is so devotedly attached to him, also. If Janet could have known Cecile, she would never have wanted to send the boy away."

And then, he thought, with a thrill, very nearly approaching to disgust, how plain and homespun Hetty Bryan was—the Hetty the old people had wanted him to marry, when poor Janet died. What a contrast she was to royal Cecile Montpensier.

Meanwhile, old Judge Montpensier rubbed his wrinkled white hands, and chuckled gleefully.

"It's a good thing you've caught the rich widower at last, Cecile," he said, in his fat, husky whisper. "We couldn't have stood it much longer—the funds were giving away dusedly fast. You have rather a genius for spending money, young lady; it's well you're likely to have plenty of it for the future."

So there was a grand wedding in fashionable society, with show of satin and glimmer of pearls and orange blossoms, and an interminable train of bridesmaids, and Richmond Cheswick married Cecile Montpensier in a great kaleidoscopic church, and took her to the home where blue-eyed Janet, for eighteen short months, had fancied herself in an earthly paradise. And all that autumn, Mrs. Richmond Cheswick moved, a "bright particular star," through the charmed circles of the great metropolis, fondled Willie, with sweet, artificial smiles, and persuaded her admiring husband that she was the very model of a devoted wife.

Down at the old country home the news came like a thunderbolt.

"Richmond has married again," said old Mr. Bryan, with a sigh, as he closed the letter announcing to him the important fact, "a Miss Montpensier of New York."

His daughter Hetty looked up from her sewing with a start.

"Married again! And Willie? Oh, father, I must go for Willie at once!"

"No, child, no," said the old man. "Richmond wants to keep him; he says that even Janet would have been satisfied with his new wife's fondness for the little fellow."

"Yes, but father," pleaded Hetty, "Janet herself said we were to have him in case of——"

"I know, Hetty; but, after all, the father has the first right, and maybe he knows best what is well for the child. We'll wait patiently—perhaps the fine new step-mother will get tired of her little toy, after awhile."

Hetty bit her lip, but there was no alternative save submission and patience.

"I have bad news for you, Cecile," said Mr. Cheswick, entering his wife's drawing-room, one rainy evening in mid-January, where, in the most graceful of attitudes, she was reclining on a sofa, languidly turning over the leaves of a fashionable novel; "I shall be obliged to leave town to-morrow, for an absence of two months in the West."

"Richmond! surely I may accompany you?"

The grieved quiver of the ripe mouth was admirably simulated—the transparent eyelids drooped. What an actress Cecile Cheswick would have made!

"Nay, dearest, don't fret," soothed her husband, tenderly, "the time will pass away, almost ere we are aware of it, and my way lies among rude, untrodden wildernesses, where my tropic flower could never endure the hardships that cannot be avoided. Meanwhile, be as happy and light-hearted as you can. I shall leave an unlimited credit at the banker's, and I want you to enjoy yourself."

Cecile's eyes sparkled under the drooping lids; after all, it would be rather a relief to be rid, for a while, of the prosy, middle-aged husband.

But, for all that, she cried, very naturally, the next day, when Richmond Cheswick took his departure—and then went, yawning, back to the drawing-room, and rang for iced champagne, and a chicken's wing, for lunch.

Presently the door opened, and a golden-haired little fellow came running impetuously in.

"Mamma, Willie so lonely—can Willie stay here with mamma?"

Unconsciously the little one hit his arm against the slender-stemmed glass of beaded champagne on the table—it tipped over, spilling the contents on Mrs. Cheswick's morning robe of cherry-colored silk. She bit her scarlet lip, and gave Willie's ear a sharp, sudden box.

"No! Go back to your nurse, this instant, you bad, troublesome little imp!"

For now, during his father's long-continued absence, Mrs. Cheswick considered it time and trouble thrown away to court and caress the child whom she secretly hated.

The boy stood for a moment with quivering chin, and blue eyes slowly brimming with tears—too proud to burst out crying, yet hurt and wounded in his little spirit beyond all description.

Mrs. Cheswick rang the bell sharply for her nurse—a French woman, who had been her own maid before her marriage.

"Lisette, take this child away"

In vain Willie struggled. Lisette caught him up in her arms, and carried him off to the nursery, volubly scolding all the way, in broken English, for she, like most eye-serving domestics, had caught her cue from the very tones of her mistress's petulant voice.

"You bad, naughty boy; me shut you up in one dark closet where de big Bogie will get you, if you no stop cry this minute."

And Willie checked himself, in the midst of a prolonged wail. Lisette's threats and ghost stories had already wrought their work of mischief in his tender mind.

From that day Mrs. Cheswick avoided her little step-son as much as possible; if he came into her presence she ordered him banished at once—she checked his childish advances with frowns and bitter words.

"He is such a little nuisance," she said, irritably.

While Willie mourned and fretted over this new and unpleasant state of things.

"Mamma does not love Willie any more as she used to do," he sobbed, hiding his face in the Frenchwoman's ruffled apron. "Oh, Lisette, I wish papa would come home to love Willie."

"Hush—sh—sh!" sibilated Lisette, sharply. "Go off to sleep, or de big bear will come and carry you off to de mountains."

"Hopkins," said Mrs. Cheswick to the housekeeper one day, "I want you to get Willie's room ready for papa and mamma; they are coming to stay with me during Mr. Cheswick's absence."

"Yes, madam," said Mrs. Hopkins, formally—the new mistress was no favorite with her; shall I put Master Willie in the blue room?"

"No; I have invited the Misses Grier to visit me next week, and they must have the blue room."

"The little oak room, then, ma'am?"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Cheswick, shortly; "my brother will occupy that."

Mrs. Hopkins opened her eyes.

"But where will Master Willie sleep?"

"Oh, anywhere. Put him in that corner back room, in the third story."

"But, ma'am, that chimney smokes, and there's no carpet on the floor. Hugh, the groom, used to sleep there."

"Nonsense—there's no necessity for a carpet, and what does a child like that need of a fire?"

"Indeed, ma'am," said Hopkins, anxiously; "I couldn't reconcile it to my duty to master—"

Mrs. Cheswick's eyes sparkled balefully.

"You are discharged," she said, drawing out her purse. "I tolerate no servants in this house, who presume to oppose my will."

And so poor Willie lost his one faithful friend.

The evening of Mrs. Cheswick's first ball proved a brilliant success. The elegant rooms were thronged—music, flowers, and refreshments were alike superb. The house was crowded with gay guests, and Cecile, in her heavy white silk, point lace, and diamonds, looked fair as a Circassian queen.

But almost before the first arrival was announed, Willie was selzed upon by Lisette.

"Come, leetle boy," she said, "it is de hour dat you should go to ze bed."

"Can't Willie stay up?" coaxed the child. "Papa always let Willie stay and see the people, and hear the music! Please, Lisette, please!"

But Lisette was merciless, and the sobbing child was speedily tucked up in bed, in the dismal "corner back room," with the yawning chasm of a chimney, and the bleak, uncurtained windows.

"Oh, Lisette," wailed the child, "it is so cold, and Willie's throat does ache so."

"You are one bad boy," said the Frenchwoman, threateningly; "you are always of complain."

"Don't go and leave Willie all alone, Lisette," pleaded the little fellow, through his tears. "Willie so 'fraid of the dark and the cold!"

But Mademoiselle Lisette was pining for the more appropriate sphere of the lighted dressing-rooms and perfumed stair-cases, and she was in a hurry to adjust her ribbons and join the other attendants; so, extinguishing the gas, she artfully disappeared under cover of the thick darkness.

"Lisette!" called Willie, in a voice checked by terror. "Lisette!"

But there was no answer, only the whistle of the wind down the chimney. The child covered his head with the bedclothes, while the cold drops oozed out of his baby brow. To him every corner of the room was instinct with hobgoblin life and ghostly shadows, and his little heart seemed to stand still within his breast.

Suddenly a burst of gay music from the sonorous wind instruments below sounded like a reassuring pæan. Willie crept out of bed, scudding down the stairs in his little white night-robe like a hare.

"Mamma! mamma!"

For it was Mrs. Cheswick whom he encounted, coming up to her room for a jeweled cassolette she had forgotten.

"Willie," she said, frowning, "go back this instant!"

"Willie's fear of the goblins was even greater than his dread of his step-mother; he clung convulsively to the folds of her glistening robes.

"Me so 'fraid, mamma, me so 'fraid!"

With an angry "Pshaw!" Mrs. Cheswick seized the child's arm, and hurried him up stairs once more.

"There," she uttered, sternly, "go to your bed and stay there. I'll teach you to make such a scene as this again."

She pushed him roughly into the room, and closing the door, locked it, and dropped the key into her pocket.

"He will be safe now, the little plague!" she muttered. "Lisette is too useful in the dressing-rooms to be spared, and there is no other way of silencing his noise."

Willie, too much terrified even to sob, crept shivering in between the chilled sheets of his bed, and presently wept himself noiselessly into a fevered sort of slumber.

When he awoke again, two or three hours later, it was to the presence of grim Death.

How little they reckoned, those gay dancers underneath, that up in the solitude and silence of the starless winter night, a little, lonely creature was struggling in the mortal agonies of the destroyer, Croup!

At about one o'clock, a slight bustle at the door announced a new and unexpected arrival. Cecile glided gracefully forward, then stopped short, in surprise.

"Richmond!" she cried, as her eyes fell on her husband's face.

"Myself, darling. I thought I would give you a surprise."

He greeted her with a tender caress, then smilingly turned to receive the welcomes of the guests, who crowded around him.

"And now I must run up stairs and see the boy an instant."

Cecile turned scarlet, and then very pale.

"I—I will send for him to be brought to you, Richmond."

"No; there is no use in disturbing him. I can kiss the dear boy in his sleep."

He was turning away, when Cecile laid her trembling hand on his arm, to check him.

"He is not in his usual room, Richmond," she faltered.

"No? Where is he, then? and why have you changed his sleeping apartment?"

"He is in the back room of the third story."

"The back room of the third story!"

Mr. Cheswick's brow involuntarily contracted with a sternness which Cecile had never before seen there—she trembled yet more.

"It is only a temporary arrangement, Richmond, while the house was full of company. Stay—I have the key in my pocket."

Mr. Cheswick snatched the key from her hand, and sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time.

To his surprise and horror, the room was dark and fireless. Where were the servants? where was the child's nurse? He rung the bell impetuously; it was answered by a stout, good-humored Irish girl, who had many a time stolen in, at night, roused by Willie's stifled sobbings, to soothe him to sleep.

"Lights, here, quick!" ejaculated her master. "What does this mean? How long has my boy slept in this hole?"

Bridget sought in her apron pocket for matches.

"Sure, sir, it's goin' on two weeks now—the madame's father and mother have his room—and a burnin' shame it is, bless his dear little heart! He's been treated worse nor a dog, sir, since you've been gone; it's been a cross word here and a hard push there, from the madame, and Lisette is no better. Here's a match, sir—sure it's meself is glad you've come back to take his part!"

With hands that trembled nervously, he scarce knew why, Mr. Cheswick lighted the gas-jet, and turned to the chill, lonely bedside.

"Willie! my little Willie!"

But Bridget's shriek rent the silence, like the cleaving of a knife, as she bent over the couch.

"He's dead! he's dead! the pretty boy! The saints in heaven have mercy on our souls! he's dead!"

"Hush, woman!" shouted the father, frantically, as he bent his head close to the pillow. "Willie! my boy! my son!"

But no voice of earthly sound should ever reach those dulled ears again. The blue eyes were half open, with a glassy glare; the golden curls were all tangled; even the tears were frozen, like diamonds, on the waxen white cheek, while the little hands, clasped tightly together, told of the mortal struggle by which life had departed from the tiny frame. The casket was there, but the jewel was sparkling otherwhere. Little Willie had gone *home!*

Silently, and with compressed lips, Richmond Cheswick took the child into his arms; silently he descended the stairs, and, walking into the midst of the affrighted guests, held the tiny corpse to Cecile.

"Woman, behold your work!" he gasped in accents strangely deep and stern. "Murderess! look upon your victim! Aye—look well, for you will never behold either him or me again."

With a cry that rose up to the illumined ceilings, Cecile Cheswick fell fainting on the floor.

Richmond kept his word; he never looked on the fair, deceitful face of his wife again.

Supported by a barely sufficient allowance, Mrs. Cheswick haunts the fashionable watering-places, a mere wreck of her former self, while her husband lives a solitary life and broods upon the past. While Willie, perhaps the happiest of them all, sleeps under a quiet slope in the perfumed shadows of Greenwood, beneath a marble shaft on which are cut the simple words:

WILLIE.

AGED FOUR YEARS AND SIX MONTHS.

"*I shall go to him; but he shall not return to me.*"

A young girl in Troy who became exasperated with her family, took her revenge by stealing a shawl that she might bring them into disgrace. She was sent to jail for ten days.

The Highway Robbers' Art.

Ten years ago, says the New York *Times*, it rarely occurred that any person unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the highway robber escaped without suffering serious bodily injury. The favorite plan was to seize the victim from behind, and render him powerless during the process of purse-rifling. Scores of men have been irreparably injured by such treatment. In every State the highwayman adopted this device to fill his pockets. Now, whether it is to be credited to an increase of civilizing influences, or to an advance in the art of the robber, or to both, we cannot exactly say; but whatever the cause may be, it is a matter for thankfulness that the skilled highway robber no longer finds it necessary to add garrotting and murder to the list of his crimes. Heretofore the New York thieves were supposed to be the cleverest in the country. Things have changed very greatly in this as in other respects—so greatly, indeed, that the New Yorkers have not only lost much of their reputation for cleverness, but have begun to be considered stupid bunglers by the outside professionals. The highway robberies that have lately been committed in the city will certainly not change this opinion. It is quite evident that the "great" highwaymen have been compelled by circumstances to carry their talents elsewhere. They have gone to cultivate new fields. Numerous evidences of their success have come to us from time to time through the reports in the Western newspapers.

We occasionally hear of the man who was stopped by a gentleman of the road, and ordered, on pain of death, to remove everything of value from his pockets, hand over his revolver, and depart in peace. We also occasionally hear of the man who was wise enough to fold his arms in apparent resignation, while a gentlemanly new acquaintance despoiled him of his purse, pistols, and jewelry. Incidents of this character are often brought to our notice, but we never wonder why the victims submit to be robbed with such good grace. We attribute it all to the perfection of the highwayman's art. The golden dreams which have lured so many ambitious men to California have not been without their effect on clever highway robbers. The fact that those who acquire fortunes rapidly are the most profuse in adorning themselves with valuable jewelry, and the most lavish in opening their wallets, has not escaped observation.

As a result, we find that San Francisco has a large number of artist-highwaymen. These "gentlemen" do not knock down and beat their victims within an inch of their lives in order to gain whatever of a portable nature may be upon their persons; neither do they draw revolvers and frighten them into submission, like their Texan brothers. Nothing of the sort. This is how they work: The victim having been selected, is approached by a well-dressed person, who charges him with the commission of an offense that provokes his anger and precipitates a quarrel. A third person promptly appears on the scene, goes between the beligerents, and in the effort to separate them, deftly removes the wallet and the watch and chain from the pockets of the accused. This device may not be altogether new, but the way in which it is carried into effect bespeaks the artist, not the cold-blooded murderer. The San Franciscans are, therefore, to be congratulated in having the most chivalric, as well as the most finished, highwaymen in the United States.

Hydrophobia Cure.

Mr. Morales, the Mexican vice consul at Washington has furnished Mayor Girard with the following prescription for the cure of hydrophobia, which has been tried in a great many instances in Mexico, and never known to fail:

Take the most tender sprouts of the cotton plant, fresh, with leaves and all, grind them well until all juice is extracted; sprinkle it with water to facilitate the operation; the grounded matter must be pressed hard. Whenever sufficient quantity of juice is extracted, in the manner indicated above, the patient must be compelled to take a strong dose of it. Those patients who are found in the very highest stage of the disease are generally dilatory and refuse to take the medicine, but the assistants may recur to other means in order to obtain the effect desired. Having succeeded in getting the patient to take the medicine, it will surely, after great efforts of convulsion and desperation, bring him so that he gradually commences to quiet down until he falls asleep, soundly, in which state, and with great precaution, he must be placed or so arranged that he lies with perfect ease. When he awakens from that rest he feels himself safe and cured then and thereafter. A relapse of the same attack has at no time taken place. In times when the patient shows no symptoms, other than well-founded fears of suffering an attack, then there is no difficulty in applying the medicine to him, and he willingly takes it.

A Guilty Conscience.

One day as a menagerie was entering a New England town, and the majestic elephant marching at its head was nearing a particularly muddy creek, one of the local deacons was seen to burst wildly from the throng of spectators, and to fly with streaming locks and floating coat-tail, uttering wild apostrophes to "good gosh," of New England worship, and evidently anxious to escape anywhere out of the world. He was pursued by a committee of selectmen, who finally stopped after a chase of three miles. Then, with tears of repentance, he unfolded his terrible story. It seems that, when a boy, he had met that identical elephant at a circus, and given him tobacco instead of peanuts, which the trusting beast expected. It is a well-known belief of the small boys that an elephant once deceived in this way will lay for his deceiver the rest of his natural life, and whenever he meets him he will deluge him with muddy water. Conscience and this common superstition had made the deacon a coward, and he had fled from the doom of dirty water which he fancied had finally overtaken him.

Occupation.

What a glorious thing occupation is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

A Strange Murder.

The Story of the Son who Killed his Mother for Money.

The terrible tragedy enacted in Jersey City has created the utmost excitement throughout that section of the country. Crowds of curiosity-seekers gathered about the house, and many endeavored to gain admittance, but the afflicted family had no desire to gratify a morbid curiosity, hence none but relatives and immediate friends of the family were admitted. The house is a capacious yet unpretentious two-story building, located on Carteret avenue, two blocks south of the Newark and New York Railroad cut, and is surrounded by half an acre of ground. The family consisted of Mary E. Freeman, the murdered woman, Joseph N. Freeman, her elder son and murderer, Alman Freeman, his brother, who is a well-known physician in Jersey City, and two daughters. About three years ago the elder daughter looked with favor upon the attentions of a young man named Turner Fronk, but the girl's family were strenuously opposed to the match on account of the young man's poverty. The pair were clandestinely married, however; whereat the Freeman family were very much enraged, and forbade them the house. Fronk had no occupation, and no means of support, so that in a short time the newly-wedded couple were reduced to extreme destitution, and they decided to separate, the bride returning to her parent's house on condition that she should never see or communicate with her husband again. About a year ago Joseph H. Freeman, the husband of the murdered woman, died, bequeathing all his property to his widow, in order that his son-in-law might not derive any benefit from it. Of late Mrs. Freeman gradually became reconciled to her married daughter, and the others feared that the growing influence of the latter would have the effect of ingratiating her husband into her mother's good graces. It does not transpire that they had any reasonable grounds for such fear. Thus matters stood at the time of the enactment of the tragedy.

After making the demand on his mother for $2,000, Freeman drew the pistol from his pocket and threatened to shoot himself. His mother and younger sister started to leave the room, while Mrs. Fronk remained seated in her chair. Just as his mother reached the door Freeman pointed the pistol at her, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. The ball passed through her back, and penetrated her heart, the murdered woman falling dead over the threshold.

Then followed the murderer's hasty exit from the house, his frantic but unsuccessful search for a physician, and his prompt arrest. The prisoner was brought before a Police Justice, and declined to make any statement further than he intended to shoot himself, and the shooting of his mother was accidental.

Coroner Mahan, of Jersey City, began his inquest over the remains of Mrs. Mary E. Freeman. The prisoner was present with Norman L. Rowe, his counsel.

Mrs. Turner Fronk, the married daughter of the deceased, was the first witness called to the stand. She was dressed in mourning and cried bitterly while giving her testimony. Her brother, who sat by his counsel, and almost directly opposite the witness, sat with his eyes bent upon the floor, and all the while that his sister was upon the stand he never raised his face to hers. She was the only one of the family who remained in the room after the prisoner had threatened to shoot himself, and narrated the circumstances attending the shooting, as already given. She said, in addition, that her brother was not of an affectionate disposition, though he had never, within her knowledge, threatened to take life other than his own. The witness always believed her brother's mind was unsettled. The lady concluded her testimony by saying that she saw her brother draw the pistol from his pocket and discharge it at his mother from a distance of about three feet. Mrs. Freeman expired without speaking.

Myra Freeman testified that she, with her two sisters, was sitting in the room in which the tragedy happened, when her brother asked her mother for $2,000. The mother refused to give it to him. He said that he would shoot himself. Witness, fearing that he might do himself some harm, ran from the room. She did not want to see him shoot himself. She had got half way down the stairs when she heard the pistol-shot. She supposed that her brother had shot himself. Her brother was of an excitable disposition. He never lived happily with the family.

The jury returned a verdict that deceased had come to her death by a pistol shot fired by her son, Jos. N. Freeman. He was committed for trial.

Neatness.

A girl's everyday toilet is part of her character. The maiden who is slovenly in the morning is not to be trusted, however fine she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain: a mirror, washstand, water, soap, towel, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably comes with being well-dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbor should come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand decent appareling for your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

A Golden Dream.

It is hinted in army circles in England that the expedition to be sent on to Ashantee will in all probability return laden with "loot"—with treasures of gold plundered from the unlucky savages who have called down upon their devoted heads the wrath of the British lion. All the information the English have about these rumored treasures seems to be gathered from the report of an agent sent to Coomassie in 1817 as an envoy, who gave glowing reports of bracelets so heavy that th laden arms of the chiefs had to be supported by attendant pages; of gold and silver canes in every direction; of chairs inlaid with ivory and gold; of death-dealing muskets adorned with rims of gold; of full dress costumes and breast-plates of solid gold, &c. The golden accounts of the agent are now eagerly accepted by the English soldiers and sailors who are engaged in the Ashantee expedition. Thus the trinkets of the barbarians are coveted by those who pretend to be civilized, and who thus show that they have the same gross instincts of the savages.

Alexis on America.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Baltic Gazette* has seen advance-sheets of the first volume of the Grand Duke Alexis's account of his voyage round the world. The first volume is exclusively devoted to a description of the Grand Duke's adventures in the United States. The above-mentioned correspondent writes as follows about it:

"This is certainly a very curious work. To judge from what I have read of it—whether his imperial highness wrote it himself, or whether an abler pen did it for him—the book is intensely interesting. The Grand Duke says that his reception in New York almost stupefied him. Up to the last moment he had not thought that so brilliant an ovation would be tendered in republican America to the son of a monarch. He was very weak when he landed in New York, and during his progress up Broadway felt like fainting. But everybody was so kind to him that he tried hard to look pleased, as he was in his heart of hearts. Broadway, he says, in his opinion, is the finest thoroughfare in the world, because everything there, houses, shops, and the people look not monotonous, but gay, lively, and bright. What amused him perhaps more than anything else was that the bands, upon catching sight of him, struck up, not the regular Russian anthem, but the so-called 'Dirge of St. Catherine,' which is played in Russia only at the funerals of a member of the imperial family! The cheers of the people were more deafening than any he had heard in Europe; from which he playfully concludes that lung diseases cannot be very prevalent in the New World. As to the soldiery, the variety of uniforms struck him as extremely odd. He says he saw, peacefully side by side, helmeted Prussians and 'kepied' Frenchmen, red-coated Englishmen and Irish troops bearing the banner of the Green Isle.

"The Grand Duke cannot praise too highly American hotels. American fare, he thinks, however, is too rich. 'There is at their tables,' he exclaims, naively, 'always too much of a good thing. I asked for the peculiar dishes of America, and at the hotel they could not give me any. Their cooks were Italian and French. The landlord shrugged his shoulders when I asked him about it. Out west, however, my desire was at once gratified. I dined one day on baked pork-and-beans, a very palatable dish, which would certainly bear transplanting to Russia.'

"American manners, the Grand Duke thinks, are a little awkward and angular, but decidedly pleasant on account of everybody's frankness. He tells a number of curious anecdotes on his experiences with aborigines. In Washington he was told that the Irish servant-girls at the residence of M. Catacazy were dying to see him. He put on a cap and an old traveling-coat, and went unheralded down into the kitchen among them. He was not recognized by the Biddies, and chatted with them for half an hour. He found out that not one of them had an idea of where Russia was situated, and one of the girls even asked him if the Czar always wore a crown on his head, adding that she knew the Queen of England always did. Equally amusing is the account of his reception at Omaha, in Nebraska, where a member of the Legislature congratulated him on the successes of his father in the war with France! Another legislator of that state wanted to know if it was always cold in Russia.

'These funny episodes in the west, however, were amply made up for by the extreme kindness and consideration with which the army officers there treated the Grand Duke. For General Custer and his subordinate officers the Grand Duke has words of the warmest gratitude. General Custer's photograph is published in the volume, which is most sumptuously printed and profusely illustrated. Only a few hundred copies of the book will be issued."

How He Saved His Money.

The story is told of a father, "well-to-do, but rather impecunious." A few weeks ago he had a marriageable daughter. She had been courted by the son of a neighboring farmer for a number of years, and had grown so tired of it that she expressed a desire to have the dream of her life realized before the end of the present year. The lover, it is but just to say, was also anxious. He wished to avoid the necessity of having to journey night after night over a lonely road during yet another winter. The father of the young girl, thus pressed from within and without, was almost on the brink of despair. He could not afford to disburse the necessary funds for such a wedding feast as he would be expected to provide. The crops had all been gathered and sold, and the butter for two or three months pledged in payment of debts. To incur any further obligations was not to be thought of. For nights he lay awake, turning the matter over in his mind, until he finally discovered a way out of the dilemma. The next morning he thrilled his daughter with pleasure by announcing at the breakfast-table that he had decided to consent to her marriage, and was willing that the ceremony might take place as soon as the arrangements could be perfected.

Then there was a meeting of the respective parents, the day was fixed, and a list of the friends and kinsmen of the intended son-in-law carefully made out. To this was added the names of nearly every farmer residing in the county. The day of days came round at last; the roads were hard with frost, the sky was clear, and the guests began to arrive at an early hour. The house was soon crowded until barely standing room remained. The barn was used to increase the accommodation. The marriage ceremony over, and the young couple started on their way to the nearest railroad station, nothing remained to be done but to discuss the viands and wines. At length the time arrived for breaking up the company. The farmer, after having good-humoredly appropriated all the compliments he could get, walked leisurely to the front gate, and there took a position from which he was enabled to demand payment for dinner and horse-feed from each of the guests. The proposition was received as a capital joke, and it is said that every person present, not even excepting the clergyman, willingly paid the "tax."

Premiums for Church Pews.

The auction in Henry Ward Beecher's church was for choices. The pews all have fixed prices, the highest being $120. The sum bid must be added to the fixed price of the particular pew selected in order to find the cost. The bidding was very spirited, $325 being the first bid for first choice. It was speedily increased to $400, and the choice was bid by Mr. S. A. Ovington. He will have to pay $520 this year for the privilege of sitting in pew No. 87. Henry C. Bowen secured the next choice, No. 89, for $385. A. M. Sheppard paid $390; McDonald and Hatch, $395; H. B. Claflin, $390; and so on till about twenty-five pews were selected. Mr. Denis was the highest bidder. The premiums at last, about nine o'clock, drooped to about $20, and at half-past nine o'clock all the pews were sold. The sum realized was $59,430, afainst $59,301 last year, an increase of $129. Of this sum over $40,000 was for premiums.

The Agriculture of the Future.

There is a curious and very radical article in the December number of *Fraser's Magazine* upon farming. The writer's belief is that in the time to come, a farm will be an immense food-factory carried on by a company. The companies will be joint stock concerns, issuing shares of from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars each, and working from three to ten thousand acres. The buildings of the farm (such is the scheme) must be placed upon the highest point of land, so that the water and manure may be conveyed over the surface by gravitation. Machinery is, among other services, to shear the sheep. A whole staff of butchers will be employed to kill and cut up bullocks and transmit the meat in pieces suitable for the London market straight to the salesman, without the intervention of a dealer. The salesman will be in the company's employ and will only sell their meat. The company will make an effort to get more than one crop in a year. But the most surprising of the results which await the future of farming will be the ripening of crops by means of an electric current passed through the plants, or by some other kind of artificial heat.

One point of which the writer makes much, is the impossibility of profit in England from the cultivation of wheat. Wheat is almost the only agricultural product which has not risen since 1770. The only sort of corn which is much dearer now than then is barley, the reason being that barley is used in distillation and brewing. In the last fifty years meat and dairy produce have greatly risen in price. Yet wheat remains the same, notwithstanding the rise in the price of labor and the increase in rents. No increase of demand has any important effect upon the price of corn. A rise in wheat will at once bring any quantity of it to England. The importation of wheat by England in 1859 was five millions of quarters, or forty million bushels. In 1871 the importation was nearly ten million quarters. Yet the price of wheat in 1871 was lower than in 1860. It is very plain, says the writer in *Fraser*, that wheat cultivation can no longer be profitable, and it would be better to use the land thus occupied to raise produce, which must be imported to England at a loss. One of the difficulties which the farmer must meet is to find some green produce which will take the place of wheat in the rotation of crops. This obstacle the author of the article thinks a very serious one.

Frightened at Night.

I remember well that nervous sensitiveness and morbid imaginativeness had set in with me very early. During my Grasmere visit I used to feel frightened at night on account of darkness. I then was a stranger to the whole host of night agitators, ghosts, goblins, demons, burglars, elves, and witches. Horrid ghastly tales and ballads, of which crowds afterwards came in my way, had not yet cast their shadows over my mind. And yet I was terrified in the dark, and used to think of lions, the only form of terror which my dark engendered agitation would take. My next bugbear was the Ghost in "Hamlet." Then the picture of "Death at Hell Gate" in an old edition of Paradise Lost, the delight of my girlhood. Last and worst came my uncle Southey's ballad horrors, above all the "Old Woman of Berkely." Oh, the agonies I have endured between nine and twelve at night, before mamma joined me in bed, is presence of that hideous assemblage of horrors, the horse with eyes of flame! I dare not, even now, rehearse these particulars, for fear of calling up some of the old feeling, which, indeed, I have never in my life been quite free from. What made the matter worse was that, like other nervous sufferings, it could not be understood by the inexperienced, and consequently subjected the sufferer to ridicule and censure. My uncle Southey laughed heartily at my agonies. I mean at the cause. He did not enter into the agonies. Even mamma scolded me for creeping out of bed after an hour's torture, and stealing down to her in the parlor, saying I could bear the loneliness and night fears no longer. But my father understood the case better. He insisted that a lighted candle should be left in my room, in the interval between my retiring to bed and mamma's joining me. From that time forth my sufferings ceased. I believe they would have destroyed my health had they continued.—*Sarah Coleridge.*

The Humbug of Advertising.

Concerning advertising there is a great deal of humbug. We say "humbug" because the word "fraud" does not fully cover the case. Advertising is unquestionably one great secret of success. But it must be judicious advertising. Some men want to buy advertising as the vulgar buy pictures, looking to the quantity, not the quality. Of course, what is called "late advertising" pays, but only, however, when done with good judgment. For instance, it is not good judgment, except in very rare cases, to advertise, at any price, in cheap issues, or charitable publications. They are seldom read. Next in point of worthlessness as a vehicle comes the ordinary almanac. These are manufactured to a most surprising extent, and the investment is immensely profitable to apothecaries and paper dealers. The man of paper, co-operating with the man of pills, makes the whole almanac business one of mutual profit. One collector, on the Hudson, to our positive knowledge, has bought, during the last few weeks, no less than ten tons of almanacs which were sent out to country apothecaries for distribution. There is also a wholesale druggist in New York City, who sells these things regularly by the ton, instead of sending them out to customers. This is only one of the ways in which injudicious advertisers waste their money. Advertisers should remember that a circulation even in a village newspaper is worth vastly more than a hundred thousand through the medium of a questionable agent. Printing is not advertising.—*Exchange.*

Following a Precedent.

Horses soon become familiar with roads and localities; so that, if left to their own choice, they will take the road to which they are best accustomed, or which leads to a well-furnished stable, in preference to another; and it is also very easy to note that they often proceed with much more apparent alacrity in going home than when going away from home. But the memory of the horse is more tenacious than is commonly supposed. A gentleman having on one occasion traveled along a certain road at a considerable distance from home, turned off it to pay a short visit to a friend, at whose hospitable abode his horse found rest and refreshment as well as himself. Riding along the same road about a year after, he wished to