Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Recipes.

BAKED EGGS.—Beat up six eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, six of sweet milk; melt your butter in the frying-pan; when hot, turn the whole in, well beaten, and bake in a hot oven.

BEE STINGS.—Dr. Dauverne recommends the use of lime water to relieve the burning sensation produced by the sting of wasps and bees. This remedy is frequently at hand when ammonia is not to be had.

FURNITURE OIL.—Mix half a pint of olive oil with one pound of soft soap. Boil them well, and apply the mixture to your oiled furniture with a piece of cotton wool. Polish with a soft, dry flannel.

FLANNEL.—Scald flannel before you make it up, as it shrinks in the first washing. Much of the shrinking arises from there being too much soap and the water being too cold. Never use soda for flannels.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.—Dr. Sace of Switzerland recommends as a preservative of milk for two days from coagulation, even during the greatest heats, a spoonful of alcohol per gallon of milk. French dairymen, judging by the odor, employ a preparation of chlorine.

CURING BEEF AND HAM.—For every one hundred pounds of beef, seven pounds of salt; two ounces of saltpeter; one and a half pounds of brown sugar; four gallons of water. The hams and beef for drying may be taken out after four weeks. To keep the meat in warm weather the pickle will have to be boiled.

MOTH PREVENTIVE.—The following recipe for keeping moths out of clothing is a favorite in some families: Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle and shake before using. The clothes or furs are to be wrapped in linen, and crumpled up pieces of blotting-paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them, so that it smells strong. This requires renewing once a year.

Making Cake.

Use none but the best materials for making cake. If you cannot afford to get good flour, dry white sugar and the best family butter, make up your mind to go without your cake and eat plain bread with a clear conscience.

Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Cakes often fail because this rule is not followed. Beat these as faithfully as you do the eggs, warming the butter very slightly if hard. Use only a silver or wooden spoon in this as in other parts of your work. I have heard of silver egg-whips, but they are not likely to come into general use except where the mistress makes all the cake, pudding, etc.

Do not use fresh and stale milk in the same cake. It acts as disastrously as a piece of old cloth in a new garment. Sour milk makes a spongy cake; sweet, one closer in grain.

Heavy cakes are caused by unskillful mixing, too rapid or unequal baking, a sudden decrease in heat before the cake is quite done.

Don't delude yourself, and maltreat those who are to eat your cake, by trying to make soda do the whole or most of the duty of eggs. Others have tried it before, with unfortunate results. If curiosity tempt you to the experiment, you had better allay it by buying some sponge cake at the corner bakery.

Test whether a cake is done by running a clean straw into the thickest part. It should come up clean.

Do not leave the oven door open, or change the cake from one oven to the other, except in extreme cases. If it harden too fast on the top, cover with paper. It should rise to full height before the crust forms.

Except for gingerbread, use none but white sugar.

Always sift the flour.

Be accurate in your weights and measures.

Cream your sugar and butter, measure milk, spice, etc., before beginning work. For fruit cake it is best to prepare the materials the day before. Let your icing dry thoroughly before wrapping up the cake, and sift your flour before measuring.

Hastening the Ripening of Fruit.

Acting under the principle that removal of the earth immediately surrounding the roots increases their activity and accelerates the maturing of all parts of the plant, including the fruit, Mr. Stall removed the earth about an early pear tree, eight weeks before the normal period for ripening, for a space of thirteen to fifteen feet in diameter, and to such an extent as to leave a depth of earth over the roots of only about two to four inches which could be thoroughly warmed by the sun. He was surprised not only by the ripening of the fruit in the middle of July, but also by its superior juiciness and flavor. In another experiment, the removal of the earth from the north side of a tree alone caused the fruit on that side to ripen several days earlier than on the south side. Frequent watering was, of course, necessary in the above experiments.—*Vineyard Gazette.*

Trap for Cut-Worms.

The *American Agriculturist* gives the following: An old shovel handle is split for about a foot with a fine saw. The split portion is soaked in boiling water to soften it, and the ends are inserted into holes made in a hoop or ring of wood two inches wide, one inch thick, and eight inches in diameter. In the bottom of the ring there are inserted a number of pieces of an old broom-handle, projecting two inches, and placed not more than a quarter of an inch apart. When this is pressed into the earth around a hill of corn or a cabbage plant, it leaves a circle of smooth round holes two inches deep, with compact sides and bottoms. The cut-worms fall into these holes in their nightly rambles, and may be found and destroyed in the morning.

Money in Chickens.

One young country girl, Miss Annie Kirk, of Bethel, Pa., is entitled to the praise of being the best lady poultryist on record. In 1872 she cleared $330, after paying for all the feed, freight, etc. She commenced with eighty fowls—Cochin Chinas, Brahmas, and other varieties—and found the Cochin and Brahmas the most profitable, being healthier, and of speedier growth for the market. An example was given last year of a lady at Concord, Mass., who raised a gross value of $350 worth from Dominiques and common breeds; but this was exceeded by Miss Kirk, whose profits alone are $330.

A LIVELY WEDDING.

Miss Leticia Quinney Marries Mr. A. H. Stephens, and a Correspondent Tells Us About the Wedding.

Making my way leisurely through Forsyth place, Savannah, Ga., says a correspondent of the *Sun*, the other afternoon, I was accosted by one of the most prominent business men of the Bay.

"You have come South," said he, "in search of the picturesque, and I have something here that I think will aid you."

He drew forth a card, written in a fair hand, of which the following is an exact transcript:

> Compliments.
> Miss LETICIA QUINNEY,
> and
> Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.
> West Broad street. At 9 o'clock.

I ventured to inquire the nature of the document.

"Did you ever attend a negro wedding in Georgia?" asked my friend.

I confessed that I had not.

"Well," said he, with a smile in which there was something like triumph, "that is a card of invitation. You might take advantage of it."

"But," said I, "what would people think?"

"People be hanged! I am going. That girl Leticia is the daughter of one of my old family servants. She's been running after my wife every day for a week to find out whether I am going to her wedding. She'd be awfully cut up if I didn't go. Say the word, and I'll call round at 8 and pick you up."

Promptly at 8 I stepped into my friend's carriage, and we rode to the church in the southwestern portion of the city, where the ceremony was to take place. We drew up before a modest but substantially-built modern structure, near which was gathered a crowd of ragged urchins, both white and black, as if anticipating something unusual. The inside was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and in front of the pulpit a flowery arch had been reared.

We arrived some time before the bridal party, but quite a large audience had already assembled. Instead of laughing and talking, the congregation amused itself by singing hymns. This continued until the bride and bridegroom entered the door. As soon as one song was successfully disposed of, some ambitious brother would launch another upon the air, everybody joining in and carrying it to the very highest point of vigorous and harmonious intonation.

These hymns are peculiar combinations of melody and nonsense. When we entered the audience was singing the last stanza of a very popular song, as follows:

> Oh, sisters, ain't you happy,
> An' don't you want to go
> For to leave dis world of sorrow
> An' sin down here below

This ended, there was a short pause. Then a quavering voice raised the song beginning:

> De orbs of hebben am still a shinin'—
> A shinin' in de new Jerusalem;
> King Jesus come in de cool ob de mornin'—
> De mornin' ob de new Jerusalem.

And so on. It would be impossible to describe the fervor with which these songs were sung by the singers. Another hymn runs as follows:

> O, little chillun, you better git home,
> O, little chillun, you better git home,
> O, little chillun, you better git home,
> Dere's room enough for you.
>
> Dere's a long white robe an' a golden crown,
> Dere's a long white robe an' a golden crown,
> Dere's a long white robe an' a golden crown,
> Awaitin' in de hebben for you.

The chorus of this singular hymn runs:

> Room enough, room enough,
> Room enough in de hebben for you,
> Room enough, room enough,
> Room enough for you.

This doubtless looks very much like nonsense, but the nonsense does not appear when you hear the negroes sing it. On the contrary, it is one of the most effective hymns I ever heard.

Finally, in the midst of the singing, a rustle was heard at the door, and the preacher, a very large negro, who had been sitting in the pulpit with his eyes closed, stood up at the desk and raised his hands. This was the signal for silence, and in the hush that followed the bridal party swept up the aisle. The bride was an exceedingly comely negro girl, and tastefully dressed. I learned afterward that the finishing touches to her toilet had been made by her old mistress. The groom was also a fine specimen of his race.

There was some awkwardness displayed by the two attendants of the bride, but they were quickly set right by the preacher, who appeared to be on his dignity.

"De ladies will please take dar places on de lef'," said he, in a very uncompromising tone. "De gemmen will stan' on de right."

In executing this evolution one of the attendants of the groom trod on the foot of an old brother, who acknowledged the compliment by an "Ugh!" so sepulchral and apparently so gratuitous, that the congregation was first startled and then convulsed.

"Let dar be silence!" said the preacher. "If dar is any scoffers in high places, dey will now have an opportunity to retire."

The scoffers in high places refused to retire, but it was evident from the silence that fell upon the congregation that they had concluded to scoff no more. The preacher accepted the compromise, and, with the bridal party still standing and looking very uncomfortable, he launched into a lecture on matrimony. Much of this lecture was humorously incoherent, but the following will give a fair idea of the substance. As far as it goes it is literal:

"Brudern and frens: When two young people say to deyselves dat dey have tried at dat disposition whar dey can bar wid one anunder's failins an' inequities, dey mos' always take a notion for ter marry. An' when a man muster up spunk enough fer ter go an' buy de license, an' de 'oman hang her head an' say she willin' to stan' up an' let de man claim her in de eyes of Hebben an' de general public, den de marriage happens."

Here an old brother remarked, "Dat's so!" and the remark seemed to encourage the speaker.

"Why does de man lub de 'oman? Caze she pooty. Why does de 'oman lub de man? Caze he strong. Why does de man an' de 'oman bote lub one anudder? Caze de Scripters has prophesied it frum de foundation. But dey don't always marry right along like you tink dey orter. De gals is mighty sly. Dey am like de tarrapin. De man go long troo de swamp, an' he say to hisse'f dat he feel mighty hungry. Bimeby he see tarrapin on de log in de sun wid he eyes shet. Den de man mouth begin fer ter water, an he hanker arter dat tarrapin.

"'Cooter,' he say, 'I lub you.'

"Tarrapin no say nuttin.

"'Cooter, you look mighty fat.'

"Tarrapin open he eye.

"Man slide up little closer an' say, 'Cooter, you make good soup,' an' den he reach out he han' fer ter fetch him in. But de terrapin he slide with de water, and de man he stay hongry.

"De cooter's like de gals. Dey let de boys git mighty close, an' den dey git away. But here, my frens, is a man an' a 'oman what say dey am tired ob foolin' roun', an' dey has come up here dis evenin' fer ter be united in de holy banns ob wedlock. Dey hab dat true lub dat casts out fear. Dey am not ashamed ob deyselves."

Here there was a pause, and some confusion was occasioned by the discovery that a candle had been dripping upon the dress of one of the brides-maids. The preacher lost the thread of his discourse, and when quiet was restored, the preacher remarked in a very severe tone:

"De couple will please step forward and jine dar right han's."

Then he again paused, smote his brow with his red pocket-handkerchief, and proceeded:

"Ef dar is any pusson widin soun' ob my vice dat knows, or tinks he knows, or hab reason to bleebe dat dar is any objection why dese man an' 'oman should not be jined togedder at dis time an' place, let him rise up an' make it known, or f'ever arter hold his peace, so help him God."

There was no objection and the ceremony was performed in the regular orthodox style.

My mercantile friend desired me to go to his house where the bride and her friends were to have some cake and wine provided for the occasion by her old mistress. I was told afterward that when Leticia returned and found that those who formerly owned her had been thoughtful enough to fix up an elegant collation in the kitchen, she fell into a fit of crying that astonished her guests, and then capped the climax of hysterics by hugging and kissing all the members of the family she could lay hands on. Here's luck to Leticia.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Chancellor Walworth's death is announced. She was the wife of the late Chancellor Walworth, of New York, who died in 1867 at the age of eighty, and who was one of the most distinguished citizens of the State, being identified with the Temperance, Tract, and Bible Societies. Mrs. Walworth was the mother of Mansfield Tracy Walworth, the author, who was killed by his son Frank..... The suspension of the Freedman's Savings Bank in Washington continues to be the topic among the depositors. Three women who were ruined by the bank's failure have died, the shock driving them into imbecility..... Henry McLaughlin climbed to the masthead of a schooner in Jersey City for a dive. Instead of striking the water his head struck the gunwale of the vessel. He was taken, dying, to St. Francis Hospital.....A fire at Iowa Falls, Iowa, destroyed forty-five buildings, and involved a loss of $150,000. The insurance is small.....The shore end of the new Atlantic telegraph cable was successfully landed from the steamer Ambassador at Rye Beach, and we have now another European line..... The Attorney-General of the U. S. has decided that the act of June 22, 1874, to amend the Customs revenue laws and to repeal moieties, does not repeal sections 11, 12, and 15 of the act of July 18, 1866, which provide the mode of proceedings by collectors in cases of seizure not exceeding in value $500, and also that the said act of 1874 does not forbid the receipt of moneys voluntarily tendered in payment of penalties under the Customs revenue laws in cases in which no criminal offences are condoned.

An official note has been published in France warning agriculturists and others against emigrating without first consulting the Administration..... Kullman, the would-be assassin of Bismarck, was in Berlin for a fortnight for the purpose of assassinating the Prince..... The area burned by the Chicago fire covers fifteen square and is about half a mile long. The buildings destroyed include two churches, two synagogues, five hotels, four residences, and three newspaper offices. The total loss is estimated at $4,026,000. The total loss to insurance companies is about $2,500,000. Three firemen, a woman, and three children are reported killed. Another fire near Milwaukee and Chicago avenues destroyed property valued at $60,000.....The Atlantic cable laid in 1866 has been successfully repaired and is now in perfect working order..... The Indiana Democratic Convention adopted resolutions favoring a tariff for revenue only ..... Captain-General Concha, of Cuba, has ordered that hereafter all payments made by slaves, according to law, to purchase their freedom, are to be made in gold, or its equivalent in paper. Fifty dollars is the smallest amount with which a slave can begin the operation of self-manumission by cash..... Charles J. Guiteau, a lawyer, has brought a libel suit against James Gorden Bennett for $100,000 for publishing a report of Supreme Court, Chambers, proceedings, in which he was falsely charged with improper conduct.

Bismarck has had another interview with Kullman. The latter now asserts he planned the shooting himself, that he was instigated to the deed by nobody, and has no accomplices. He declares that he is a good Catholic ..... Judge Moore committed Kate Stoddard, charged with the murder of Goodrich, to the State Lunatic Asylum, she being declared insane.... The boundaries of the burnt district in Oshkosh, Wis., extend from the Beckwith House to its rear on Division street, thence north on Division street to Covin, then northeast far beyond the city limits, and then almost to Lake Winnebago. Six hundred buildings were burned and 8,000 people rendered homeless. The loss is about $1,000,000, and the insurance $160,000.....The U. S. Department of Agriculture has received hopeful returns from the planters as to the condition of the cotton crop. The present indications are that the crop will be much larger and of a better quality than it has for some time been.

The Freshmen race of the Saratoga College regatta was won by Princeton; three crews, Yale, Brown, and Princeton participating; official time, 18 minutes 12½ seconds; Yale, second, five lengths ahead of Brown. In the single scull two-mile race the official time is—Yale, 14 minutes 12½ seconds, beating Harvard two lengths; Phillips, of Cornell, several lengths behind. Distance three miles..... Leon Loustean, a white boy, 10 years old, attending the Robertson public school, New Orleans, was badly beaten by a negro schoolmate on the 13th of May. The negro had asked for a part of Loustean's lunch. On being refused he seized his crutch—he has but one leg—and beat the boy so that he died. The young murderer is only 13 years old..... The insurance companies lose about $2,500,000 by the Chicago fire—the actual loss by the fire being some five million dollars.

A prize-fight took place at Sand's Point, L. I., between Ned Turner and Jack McKinley. They fought at catch weight for $200 a side. In the twenty-first round Turner caught McKinley in a corner and beat his face to a jelly while he held him struggling on the ropes. Turner kept him in this position amid cries of foul until he could hold him there no longer, when McKinley, bleeding and exhausted, fell helpless at the side of the ring.....Decrees have been issued declaring all Spain in a state of siege, sequestrating the property of Carlists, and creating a special reserve of 125,000 men. It is reported that Cuenca has surrendered to the Carlists.....The German Government has increased the stringency of the regulations restricting Ultramontane agitations.....Fifteen miners were killed by a colliery explosion at Wigan, England.....A fire on the farm of Jos. Bennett, eight or nine miles from Trenton, in Pennsylvania, burned his farm, two children aged seven and nine years, eight loads of wheat, and a large quantity of hay. The children were playing with matches in the barn, and the hay was accidently set on fire.... Bradford Seeley, a very wealthy farmer of Venice, Ohio, was found by the roadside near there, with the back of his head crushed in. The money found on the body dissipates the idea of robbery.....A carriage containing City Treasurer Corliss, of Gloucester, and three ladies was passing a Rockport stone quarry, when a large stone was thrown in the air and descending through the top of the carriage struck Mr. Corliss on the arm inflicting a slight bruise. His sister, Miss Lucy Corliss, was struck on the side of the head and instantly killed.

The Columbia crew, which won the intercollege regatta on Saratoga Lake, has had but a limited experience in boating—only two years. It was supposed that this crew would come in fourth at least, and this winning the race upsets many of the old boating notions. The Columbia crew pulled over the course, three miles, in sixteen minutes and forty-two seconds. The boats came in in the following order, the time of the Yale College crew not being taken: Columbia, 16:42; Wesleyan, 16:50; Harvard, 16:54; Williams, 17:08¼; Cornell; 17:31; Dartsmouth, 18:00; Trinity, 18:23; Princeton, 18:38.....Prince Bismarck received upward of 1,000 telegrams congratulating him upon his escape from assassination. The priest Hanthaler, who was arrested on suspicion of being implicated with Kullman in the attempted assassination, has been discharged, having proved his entire innocence.....In order to make the low lands in Louisiana safe for residents, 1,500 miles of levee, or 50,000,000 cubic yards of wall will have to be built. The necessary repairs at crevasses alone are expected to cost $3,000,000.....Nathan Isaacson has been arrested, charged with firing the building that caused the conflagration in Chicago on July 14. The testimony taken goes to show that the prisoner offered a peddler named Wolfson $100 to set the house on fire; that the peddler had made an unsuccessful attempt to do so, and then boasted that he would have better success next time.....The body of Augustus Laney, the last missing victim of the Mill River flood, being one of the 140 persons who lost their lives, was recovered at Leeds, Mass

THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

A Letter of Denial from Henry Ward Beecher.

The letter of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, denying the charges made against him by Theodore Tilton, is as follows:

I do not propose at this time a detailed examination of the remarkable statement of Mr. Theodore Tilton, made before the committee of investigation, and which appeared in the Brooklyn *Argus* of July 21, 1874. I recognize the many reasons which make it of transcendent importance to myself, the Church, and the cause of public morality, that I shall give a full answer to the charges against me. But having requested the committee of investigation to search this matter to the bottom, it is to them that I must look for my vindication.

But I cannot delay for an hour to defend the reputation of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, upon whose name, in connection with my own, her husband has attempted to pour shame.

One less deserving of such disgrace I never knew. From childhood she has been under my eye, and since reaching womanhood she has had my sincere admiration and affection. I cherish for her a pure feeling, such as a gentleman might honorably offer to a Christian woman, and which she might receive and reciprocate without moral scruple. I reject with indignation every imputation which reflects upon her honor or my own.

My regard for Mrs. Tilton was perfectly well-known to my family. When serious difficulties sprang up in her household it was to my wife that she resorted for counsel; and both of us, acting from sympathy, and, as it subsequently appeared, without full knowledge, gave unadvised counsel which tended to harm.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tilton found that his wife's confidence and reliance upon my judgment had greatly increased, while his influence had diminished, in consequence of a marked change in his religious and social views which was taking place during those years. Her mind was greatly exercised lest her children should be harmed by views which she deemed vitally false and dangerous.

I was suddenly and rudely aroused to the reality of impending danger by the disclosure of domestic distress, of sickness, perhaps unto death, of the likelihood of separation and the scattering of a family, every member of which I had tenderly loved. The effect upon me of the discovery of the state of Mr. Tilton's feelings and the condition of his family surpassed in sorrow and excitement anything that I had ever experienced in my life. That my presence, influence and counsel had brought to a beloved family sorrow and alienation gave, in my then state of mind, a poignancy to my suffering which I hope no other man may ever feel.

Even to be suspected of having offered, under the privileges of a peculiarly sacred relation, an indecorum to a wife and mother could not but deeply wound any one who is sensitive to the honor of womanhood.

There were peculiar reasons for alarm in this case on other grounds, inasmuch as I was then subject to certain malignant rumors, and a flagrant outbreak in this family would bring upon them an added injury, derived from these shameless falsehoods.

Believing at the time that my presence and counsels had tended, however unconsciously, to produce a social catastrophe, represented as imminent, I gave expression to my feelings in an interview with a mutual friend, not in cold and cautious self-defending words, but eagerly taking blame upon myself, and pouring out my heart to my friend in the strongest language, overburdened with the exaggerations of impassioned sorrow. Had I been the evil man that Mr. Tilton now represents, I should have been calmer and more prudent. It was my horror of the evil imputed that filled me with morbid intensity at the very shadow of it.

Not only was my friend affected generously, but he assured me that such expressions, if conveyed to Mr. Tilton, would soothe the wounded feeling, allay anger, and heal the whole trouble. He cited his own sentences and fragments of what I had been saying, to me and them as a mediator. A full statement of the circumstances under which this memorandum was made I shall give to the investigating committee.

That these apologies were more than ample to meet the facts of the case is evident, in that they were accepted, that our intercourse resumed its friendliness, that Mr. Tilton subsequently ratified it in writing and that he has continued for four years and until within two weeks to live with his wife.

Is it conceivable, if the original charge had been what is now alleged, that he would have condoned the offence, not only with the mother of his children, but with him whom he believed to have wronged them? The absurdity as well as the falsity of this story is apparent when it is considered that Mr. Tilton now alleges that he carried this guilty secret of his wife's infidelity for six months locked up in his own breast, and that then he divulged it to me only that there might be a reconciliation with me! Mr. Tilton has since, in every form of language and to a multitude of witnesses, orally, in written statements and in printed documents, declared his faith in his wife's purity.

After the reconciliation of Mr. Tilton with me every consideration of propriety and honor demanded that the family trouble should be kept in that seclusion which domestic affairs have a right to claim as a sanctury, and that to seclusion it was determined it should be confined.

Every line and word of my private and confidential letters which have been published is in harmony with the statements which I now make. My published correspondence on this subject comprises but two elements—the expression of my grief and that of my desire to shield the honor of a pure and innocent woman.

I do not propose to analyze and contest at this time the extraordinary paper of Mr. Tilton; but there are two allegations which I cannot permit to pass without special notice. They refer to the only two incidents which Mr. Tilton pretends to have witnessed personally—the one an alleged scene in my house while looking over engravings, and the other a chamber scene in his own house. His statements concerning these are absolutely false. Nothing of the kind ever occurred nor any semblance of any such things. They are now brought to my notice for the first time.

To every statement which connects me dishonorably with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or which in any wise would impugn the honor and purity of this beloved Christian woman, I give the most explicit, comprehensive and solemn denial. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, July 22, 1874.

Statement of Mrs. Tilton—She Denies Her Husband's Story.

To pick up anew the sorrows of the last ten years, the stings and pains I had daily schooled myself to bury and forgive, makes this imperative duty, as called forth by the malicious statement of my husband, the saddest act of my life. Besides, my thought of following the Master contradicts this act of my pen, and a sense of the perversion of my life-faith almost compels me now to stand aside till God Himself delivers.

Yet I see in this wanton act an urgent call and [redacted] or has he ever offered to me an [redacted] bus or improper proposal.

[redacted] two articles, alone, I pleaded the cause of [redacted] attempt and my children, the reason [redacted] to testify [redacted] ing that their hearts were [redacted] shall not in sympathy for my family—a [redacted] for my [redacted] Their pastor had shared for [redacted] or more [redacted] nd for which he was now suffer-

Touch[redacted] ing home I found my husband [redacted] husband solemn[redacted] in bed. I told him where I had [redacted] Woodhi[redacted] nd that I did not conceal any[redacted] insinuat[redacted] om him, as his habit was from [redacted] have rep[redacted] e asked who the gentlemen [redacted] frie[redacted] aid no more; rose, dressed him[redacted] sations [redacted] l bade me good-by forever.

[redacted] the enti[redacted] midnight following I was awak[redacted] times, [redacted] my husband standing by my [redacted] sons ha[redacted] n a very tender, kind voice, he [redacted] me to [redacted] wished to see me. I rose in-

[redacted]

then and there I learned he had been before me with his calumnies against myself, so that I was speechless.

To the further charge that I was led away from my home by Mr. Beecher's friends, and by the advice of a lawyer whom Mr. Beecher had sent to me, and who, in advance of my appearance before the committee, arranged with me the questions and answers which were to constitute my testimony in Mr. Beecher's behalf, I answer, that this is again untrue, having never seen the lawyer until introduced to him a few moments before the arrival of the committee, by my step-father, Judge Morse; and in further reply I submit the following statement of my action before the committee, and the separation from my husband.

The publication of Mr. Tilton's letter in answer to Dr. Bacon, I had not known nor suspected, when on Wednesday evening he brought home the *Golden Age*, handing it to me to read. Looking down its columns I saw, well nigh with blinding eyes, that he had put into execution the almost daily threat of his life—"the *he* lived to crush out Mr. Beecher; that the God of Battles was in *him;* he had always been Mr. Beecher's superior, and all that lay in his path, wife, children, reputation, if need be, should fall before this purpose."

I did not read it. I saw enough without reading it. My spirit rose within me as never before.

"Theodore," I said, "tell me what means this quotation from Mr. Beecher? Two years ago you came to me at midnight, saying, 'Elizabeth, *all* letters and papers concerning my difficulties with Mr. Beecher and Mr. Bowen are burned, destroyed; now don't *you* betray me, for I have nothing to defend myself with.'"

"Did you believe that?" said he.

"I certainly did, implicitly," I said.

"Well, let me tell you—they all *live;* not one is destroyed."

If this was said to intimidate me, it had quite the contrary effect. I had never been so fearless, nor seen so clearly before with whom I was dealing.

Coming to me a little later, he said, "I want you to read it; you will find it a vindication of yourself. You have not stood before the community for five years as you now do."

Roused still further by the wickedness hid behind so false a mask, I replied, "Theodore, understand me, this is the last time you call me publicly to walk through this filth. My character needs no vindication at this late hour from *you*. There was a time, had you spoken out clearly, truthfully, and manfully for me, I had been grateful, but now I shall speak and act for myself. Know also that if in the future I see a scrap of paper referring to any human being, however remote, which it seems to me you might use or pervert for your own ends, I will destroy it."

"This means battle on your part, then," said he.

"Just so far," I replied.

I write this because these words of mine he has since used to my harm.

The next morning I went to my brother and told him that now I had decided to act in this matter; that I had been treated by my husband as a nonentity from the beginning, a plaything, to be used or let alone at will; that it had always seemed to me I was a party not a little concerned. I then showed him a card I had made for publication.

He respected the motive, but still advised silence on my part. I yielded to him thus far as to appearing in the public prints; but counseling with myself *and, no other* it occurred to me that among the brethren of my own communion I might be heard.

Not knowing of any church committee, I asked the privilege of such an interview in the parlors of those who had always been our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ovington then learned for the first time that the committee would meet that night, and advised me to see *those* gentlemen, as perhaps the goodliest persons I could select. This I accordingly did.

The reiteration in his statement that he had "persistently striven to hide" these so-called facts is utterly false, as his hatred to Mr. Beecher had existed these many years, and the determination to ruin Mr. Beecher has been one aim of his life.

Again, the perfidy with which the holiest love a wife ever offered has been recklessly discovered in this publication reaches well nigh to sacrilege; and added to this, the endeavor, like the early scandal of Mrs. Woodhull, to make my own words condemn me, has no parallel.

Most conspicuously, my letter quoting the reading of "Griffith Gaunt." Had Mr. Tilton read the pure character of Catharine, he would have seen that I lifted myself beside it—as near as any human may affect an idea. But it was her character, and not the incident of fiction surrounding it, to which I referred. Hers was no sin of criminal act or thought.

A like "confession" with hers I had made to Mr. Tilton in telling of my love to a friend and pastor, one year before. And I now add that, notwithstanding all misrepresentations and anguish of soul, I owe to my acquaintance and friendship with Mr. Beecher, as to no other human instrumentality, that encouragement in my mental life, and that growth toward the Divine nature which enable me to walk daily in a lively hope of the life beyond.

The shameless charges in articles seven, eight, and nine are fearfully false in each and every particular.

The letter referred to in Mr. Tilton's tenth paragraph was obtained from me by importunity, and by representations that it was necessary for him to use in his then pending difficulties with Mr. Bowen. I was then sick, nigh unto death, having suffered a miscarriage only four days before. I signed whatever he required, without knowing or understanding its import. The paper I have never seen, and do not know what statements it contained.

In charge eighteen, a letter of mine addressed to Mr. Francis Moulton is quoted to prove that I never desired a separation or was advised by Mr. or Mrs. Beecher to leave my husband. I reply, the letter was of Mr. Tilton's own concocting, which he induced me to copy and sign as my own—an act which, in my weakness and mistaken thought to help him, I have done too often during these unhappy years.

The implication that the harmony of our home was unbroken till Mr. Beecher entered it as a frequent guest and friend, is a lamentable satire upon the household where he himself, years before, laid the cornerstone of Free Love, and desecrated its altars up to the time of my departure; so that the atmosphere was not only godless, but impure for my children. And in this effort and throe of agony, I would fain lift my daughters and all womanhood from the insidious and diabolical teachings of these latter days.

His frequent efforts to prove me insane, weak-minded, insignificant, of mean presence, all rank in the category of heartlessness, selfishness, and falsehood, having its climax in his present endeavor to convince the world that I am or ever have been unable to distinguish between an innocent and a guilty love.

In summing up the whole matter, I affirm myself before God to be innocent of the crimes laid upon me; that never have I been guilty of adultery with Henry Ward Beecher in thought or

[redacted]

stantly, followed him into his room, and sitting on the bedside, he drew me into his lap, said "he was proud of me, loved me; that nothing ever gave him such real peace and satisfaction as to hear me well spoken of; that, meeting a member of the committee, he had learned that he had been mistaken as to my motive in seeing the committee, and had hastened to assure me that he had been thoroughly wretched since his rash treatment of me the night before," etc.

Then and there we covenanted sacredly our hearts and lives—I most utterly; renewing my trust in the one human heart I loved.

The next day, how happy we were! Theodore wrote a statement to present to the committee when they should call upon him, to all of which I heartily acceded. This document, God knows, was a true history of this affair, completely vindicating my honor and the honor of my pastor. In the afternoon he left me to show it to his friends.

He returned home early in the evening, passing the happiest hours I had known for years; renewedly assuring me that there was no rest for him away from me. So in grateful love to the dear Father I slept. Oh, that the end had then come! I would not then record the cruel blow "which made a woman mad outright."

The next morning he called upon her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ovington, and there, with a shocking bravado, began a wicked tirade, adding with oath and violence the shameless slanders against Mr. Beecher, of which I now believe him to be the author.

This fearful scene I learned next day. In the afternoon he showed me his invitation from the committee to meet them that evening. I did not then show my hurt—but carried it heavily within, but calmly without, all night, till early morning.

Reflection upon this scene at Mr. Ovington's convinced me that, notwithstanding my husband's recent professions to me, his former spirit was unchanged; that his declarations of repentance and affection were only for the purpose of gaining my assistance to accomplish his ends in his warfare upon Mr. Beecher. In the light of these conclusions my duty appeared plain.

I rose quietly, and having dressed, roused him only to say, "Theodore, I will never take another step by your side. The end has indeed come!"

He followed me to Mrs. Ovington's to breakfast, saying I was unduly excited, and that he had been misrepresented, perhaps—but leaving me determined as before.

How to account for the change which twenty-four hours have been capable of working in his mind, then many years past, I leave for the eternities with their mysteries to reveal. That he is an unreliable and unsafe guide, whose idea of truth-loving is self-loving, it is my misfortune in this sad, sad hour to discover. ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

July 23, 1874.

A New Phase in the Case.

A blue-eyed young man, well dressed and sober, walked to the desk in Justice Riley's court-room, Brooklyn, and said that he wished to swear out a complaint against Theodore Tilton for libelling the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

The Justice looked at him steadily for a moment, and wondered whether the young man was crazy. He looked sane, and said that he was in earnest. He said his name was William J. Gaynor; that he lived at 38 First place, Brooklyn; that he was formerly a Boston lawyer, but recently had been reporting for a Brooklyn newspaper. He said he knew enough about law to know that any member of the community could make a complaint against an offender, and he asserted his right to be heard.

The Justice told the clerk to prepare the affidavits. They were soon ready, and set forth that: "William J. Gaynor, of 38 First place, of the Sixth Ward, of the city of Brooklyn, being duly sworn deposes and says that on the 20th day of July, 1874, at the said city of Brooklyn, in the said county of Kings, Theodore Tilton did falsely, maliciously, and scandalously frame, make, write, compose, and publish, or cause to be published, in the Brooklyn Daily *Argus*, a newspaper published in the city of Brooklyn, in said county, on the 20th day of July, 1874, a certain false, scandalous, and libellous writing of, concerning, and against Henry Ward Beecher of the city of Brooklyn, in said county, with intention to scandalize and disgrace the said Henry Ward Beecher, and bring him to contempt, infamy and disgrace, wherefore deponent prays that defendant may be apprehended and dealt with according to law."

A warrant was made out, and an officer went to the house of Mr. Tilton and served it. Mr. Tilton greeted the officer and took the folded paper. He saw its legal form, and whirled himself about on the lounge, bringing himself to a sitting position, and leaning forward patiently read the warrant. He then went to the court-room.

"How do you plead?" asked the Judge.

"I am not an expert in the language of the law," said Mr. Tilton, deliberately, "and I am unable to say whether I am guilty or not guilty. The card bearing my signature was printed with my knowledge and consent, but my sworn statement was not printed with my consent. I stand by the facts as they are set forth. Will you explain to me the legal procedure?"

The Judge explained that the charge was that he published the writings to scandalize and bring into contempt and disgrace the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

"Oh, no, not that," said Mr. Tilton. "I made the charges in self-defense, and abide by the facts."

"If the facts are true," said the Judge, "there is no libel."

"The facts are true," said Mr. Tilton, with emphasis, "and I plead not guilty."

The plea was entered.

"When will you be ready for trial?" asked the Judge.

"Any time," said Mr. Tilton.

"To-morrow morning at 10 o'clock?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes," answered Mr. Tilton.

"You will give bonds in the sum of $2,500 for your appearance," said the Judge.

Mr. Tilton ran his hand through his bushy hair and said, "I will give you my word of honor."

"All right," answered the Judge.

"Now," said Gaynor, "this thing will come to a climax. Henry Ward Beecher, Mrs. Woodhull, Frank Moulton, Mrs. Tilton and everybody will have to testify here. The committee could never make them testify. I don't know whether Beecher is innocent or guilty, but I want to see, and the only way to see, is a judicial tribunal." Gaynor said he did not know Tilton, and neither liked nor disliked him, but simply as a citizen he wished to bring the scandal to a focus, and help to crush it either in proving its truth or falsity.

Mr. Tilton says that he does not know his complainant, and says that he has never, to his knowledge, seen him.

Stop It.

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—please stop my"—whiskey? "Oh, no; times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year. Please stop my"—tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no, not these; but I must retrench somewhere—please stop my"—ornaments and trinkets? "No, not at all; pride must be fostered if times are ever so hard; but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction—please stop my"—tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, not these; I cannot think of such a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs me two dollars a year. I must save that. Please stop my paper! That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy—especially in the matter of brains."

Just Taken His Bitters.

We heard a seedy-looking individual with an alarmingly red nose remark to a brother soaker that he had "just had his bitters, but he did not mind taking another nip." His remark suggested a train of reflection. How was it, we asked ourselves, that the word "bitters" had grown to be a synonym for gin, whisky, rum, and other alcoholic stimulants, to which it was applied indiscriminately. Bitters, we reasoned, suggested the idea of a healthful tonic, not of a poisonous stimulant; something invigorating to the system, not an alcoholic irritant, full of fusel oil, producing present intoxication and ultimate insanity, idiocy, or premature death. Moreover, our idea of bitters was totally irreconcilable with "gin cocktails," "rum punches," and "brandy smashes," which, we are informed, are sweetened with sugar and rendered doubly injurious with essences colored by means of mineral poison. This was bitter-sweet with a vengeance. We mentioned this problem to a friend. He solved it by exclaiming: "Why, don't you know that most of these bitters advertised as remedies are only drams in disguise. Topers know it, if you do not. I must make one exception, however," he added, "and that's Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters; there isn't a particle of alcohol or fermented liquor in it, and it is the best vegetable tonic and alterative in America."—*Com.*

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is very strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty, and is largely prescribed among their Female Patients It is worthy of all confidence, as may be seen from the following testimonials:

Dr. G. R. Chapman, Plattsmouth, Neb., writes: I have under treatment a lady, who, for the past seven years has been afflicted, and, after