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I Am Not Old.

I am not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old, though years have passed
On rapid wings away.
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,
And sympathies, and feelings high,
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.
I am not old—time may have set
His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows that have met,
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves,
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were mine.

Love and Laughter.

In the days when earth was young,
Love and laughter roamed together;
Love took up his harp and sung,
Round him all was golden weather.
But there came a sign anon—
What will be when life is gone?

Laughter then would try his skill,
Sang of mirth and joy undying;
But he played his part so ill,
He set echo all a-sighing.
Ever came an undertone—
What will be when life is done?

Then for ever since that time,
Love no more can live with laughter;
For bright as is the summer-prime,
Winter pale will follow after—
Love henceforth must dwell with sighs;
Joy was left in paradise.

A BANK ROBBERY.

The Plot to Rob a Bank—Its Success and the Trouble the Thieves had with the Money—An Interesting Story.

The story of the Carbondale bank robbery as told by the Scranton *Republican* is one of the most interesting records of modern crimes, and reveals a plot so intensely dramatic that the details will amply repay perusal. It appears after the robbers had secured their prize they were in a regular quandary what to do with it. It was to their consciences as trying as the tenacious old man of the sea in the fable, and they were constantly removing it from place to place, stealing it from each other and sub-dividing it to silence grumbling accessories until it was considerably scattered.

There were two plots to rob the bank. The first contemplated its robbery at midnight. The night robbery was planned at meetings held in a coal mine a short distance from the city. There were ten men in this plot besides several outsiders. The plan originated about eight months ago. The parties to the plot noticed that old Mr. Stott used to work alone in the bank at night, and that Duggan, the chief of police, used to do duty as watchman at the bank, and in order to carry out the robbery successfully, it was necessary to put Duggan out of the way.

They then intended to go to the bank, rap at the door—so as to bring the cashier to the door—and then rush past and overpower him before he could use any firearms. Then they proposed to frighten him with pistols into opening the safe, and if necessary to dispatch him.

The meetings at which this design was matured were regularly and well attended, each participant in the plot going singly at the dead of night to the mine in which they were held and returning the same way. This plot fell through in consequence of two of the most prominent men withdrawing from it, because murder was contemplated. It was supposed that the bank contained from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars, and the thieves had set their hearts on a great haul. After this plot was frustrated, one of the active participants in it thought that there was a good chance for a daylight robbery of the bank. He noticed that Mr. Stott was in the habit of letting his two clerks go to dinner, while he remained alone in the bank. The last clerk left the bank precisely at noon, the other left fifteen minutes before him, and for about twenty-five minutes the cashier was left alone. This fact, together with the isolated condition of the bank, which stands by itself, inspired the robbers with confidence of easily securing that for which they had worked so earnestly and well.

It was also discovered that Mr. Stott left the key sticking on the inside of the front door, and this it was intended to use in locking the door to prevent depositors or others from coming in during the robbery.

To the rear of the bank the directors' room is situated, and a door leads from this into the yard. They also discovered that the key was usually left in that door, and this they intended to use as a means of exit.

When this information was gained the leading plotter took all the present parties who are under arrest one by one into his project, including a miner, whose duty it was to receive the money from the robbers as they left the bank, for which purpose he was stationed in a convenient place. The meetings of this second robber band were held at the old graveyard near the bridge, at midnight, where amid the hush and the silence of the tombs, the plan of robbery and murder was freely discussed. The first daylight raid was contemplated for the fifth of January, but failed in consequence of the two men who were to enter the bank meeting a friend of their's just as they were about to enter, and so, knowing that he would suspect something, they turned away, and there the matter rested for the present, having been postponed until the next cold day.

The cold day was appointed because there would not be so many people on the street and the fact of a robber disguising his face would not excite any suspicion. Thus Jack Frost was taken in as another accomplice.

At the next meeting which was held in the graveyard, it was concluded that two of the party at present under arrest should start from the highworks, on Dundaff road, at exactly three minutes past twelve at noon and walk at their regular gait, down to the bridge crossing the Lackawanna river in the rear of the bank. Two of the other men were to be watchers, were to start precisely at the same time from a hotel in the opposite direction of the bank, and pass along one on each side of Main street, and to cast a glance into the bank as they passed by, so as to see that the coast was clear, without hesitating, however. They were to walk right ahead until a point where Main street intersects a short street on which the bridge before alluded to is located, and where the first two men were expected to be stationed. If the coast was clear, the men who passed by the bank were to raise their hats slightly and walk on slowly without seeming to take notice.

The raising of the hats was the signal that all was right, and so as to make assurance doubly sure, another participant was stationed on Main street, to see that the clerks had left the bank at their appointed time.

This was to be done by signal; not a word was to pass between the plotters, and the raising of the hat was the universal token.

As the two men who started from the front of a certain hotel already referred to came within sight of Shepherd's corner, where the third lookout was stationed, they received the proper signal, passed up Main street, one on each side, as planned, and one being twenty feet in the rear of the other. On arriving within sight of the bridge they saw that their companions who were to enter the bank were at their post. The signal was given promptly, and those who were to enter the bank walked up to Main street, Bond being twenty feet in advance of his companion. The men who gave the signal retraced their steps slowly and remained in sight of the bank until they saw their accomplices enter and the window curtains pulled down to prevent parties from looking in. All watchers were to remain at their post for ten minutes, so that in case the robbers were intercepted, they could be on hand to prevent their arrest, and to use every means in their power to do so. At the end of the ten minutes they were to separate and each one to go to some store where he was acquainted, get into conversation with the storekeeper, and to remain with him constantly until the news came that the bank had been robbed. This was for the purpose of proving an *alibi*. They were if possible to call the storekeeper's attention to the time, so that in case they were suspected and arrested this could be proved too. And as soon as all hands engaged in the crime could conveniently do so, they were to hasten to the scene of the robbery, and be very energetic in hunting up the thieves.

That this compact was well carried out, is shown by the fact that two of the real robbers hired a sleigh, armed themselves with revolvers, and set out in search of the inoffending ones. On arriving at the depot they told the chief of police about two men whom they saw enter the train, and who looked to them as suspicious characters. The chief had the good sense to see that the parties were all right, and on this account did not arrest them. The party who was stationed to receive the money from the thieves met them as appointed.

On receiving the money this accessory carried it to the house of an accomplice, where it was buried in an ash-pile at the rear of the house.

On the same evening it was removed by the robbers, who thought it too close to the house, and it was carried about a quarter of a mile distant in an old pillow case and buried in a heap of snow. Subsequently it was feared that the footprints in the snow would tell tales in case the officers came to make a search, and so that investment was not considered safe, and another removal planned. Accordingly, at midnight of the same night it was removed from the snow-pile and placed in a lath-pile located in the neighborhood. Another conference of all the robbers was held, and it was concluded that the lath-pile was also an unsafe investment, as parties engaged around the sawmill would be likely to discover it, and another removal was decided upon. So before daylight on the following morning, one of the robbers removed it to a closet in the rear of his dwelling. He shortly afterwards heard that he was suspected as one of the robbers, and this depository was considered unsafe, and the funds were transferred to a saloon and thrown under the counter.

Later on in the evening the money was removed to a hotel, where at midnight in the presence of all the robbers it was counted for the first time, when it was ascertained that if divided equally, allowing a percentage to outsiders who had a knowledge of the robbery, the share of each active participant would amount to about $1,500. The entire amount was $6,700.

The money was left in the hotel in its pillow case until the following Sunday, when it was concluded to remove it to what was considered a safer hiding-place. It was accordingly given to one of the robbers, who carried it to a small grocery store on the outskirts of the town, and lifting a portion of the floor buried it without the proprietor's knowledge. On account of the innocence of the storekeeper and the fact that the thieves might want the money at any time, it was again removed, and on this occasion carried into a coal mine about a mile from the mouth of the slope, and hidden in one of the chambers. "Here at least," said the thieves, "it is entirely safe." But subsequent events proved the fallacy of this belief. The money was regularly visited every day, and one fine morning it was discovered that other thieves were on the trail of the stolen treasure. This time it was the rats. They gnawed a hole in the pillow case, and were chewing Uncle Sam's greenbacks. Maledictions were freely poured out on the rodents and a notification was sent out for a full meeting of the thieves once more. Each was afraid to take charge of the money personally, and the raid of the rats led them to conclude that a division should be made at once.

Accordingly, while the other parties waited outside, two of the robbers entered the mine at midnight, obtained the money and conveyed it back to the grocery store already mentioned. As they were about to count it, they encountered an interruption, and they went up stairs into a cold room, leaving the money in a cracker barrel down stairs. The parties who caused the interruption were three old men who came in to sit down and smoke their pipes, as is customary in country stores. Presently they commenced a discussion on crackers, in the course of which the merits of good and bad ones brought forth a lively dispute, much to the annoyance of the men up stairs who overheard the story, who feared every moment that some of the disputants would go to the barrel, in which the money lay, to take a sample cracker to sustain his argument. The thieves were afraid that another division of the spoils would be necessary to shut the old men up, but fortunately the cracker controversy was cut short and another argument commenced. The disputants were long-winded, and no fire being up stairs the robbers were shivering with cold, and one of them proposed to go down and "clean the old men out." They finally left, having exhausted popular topics, and the thieves, trembling with the cold, descended and warmed themselves by the stove. The money was again removed from the cracker barrel, and it was about to be counted over again, when another rap at the door prevented it. The robbers on this occasion thought they would not run the risk of another freezing, and accordingly those that were not known in that section of the town pretended to be under the influence of liquor, and one of them laid his head on the knees of his confederate while those who interrupted remained in the store.

This interruption was caused by the wife of the proprietor of the store, who came in to get some potatoes which lay in the barrel next to that in which the money was re-deposited, and the thieves feared that the woman would put her hand into the wrong barrel, so they were again in agony until she left.

After her departure the door was locked, and the thieves resolved under no circumstances would any one be admitted until they counted their funds.

The money was counted and divided without further interruption, and the party broke up at the peep of day, each setting out in a different direction for his home.

One of the parties set out for Binghamton, where he was captured a week later, and his share of the money found in a stable. Another was arrested at his house, and his share of the money was discovered in a snow bank, frozen over, at a short distance from his house; another portion of the money was recovered through the instrumentality of the third robber, it being concealed among his friends. The share of the fourth party was found in an earthenware jug in the cellar of his house.

There was subdivision of the money, also, into sums of fifty, one hundred and two hundred dollars, and a number of those who were engaged in the first plot for the proposed night-robbery suspecting those who were engaged in the actual robbery insisted on receiving their shares, and so black-mailed the successful thieves, until their shares dwindled down to very small proportions.

In addition to this the thieves began to steal from each other, and so succeeded in mixing up the different shares until it became a complicated problem to trace the actual sum in the possession of each one.

Two Broken Hearts.

In 1870 a young Frenchman, the Count George de Meyrac, married a beautiful girl of his own station in life, Mathilde ———, who was very much in love with him. All went well, and the two were very happy in their devotion to each other. They were fond of the theater, and every one just at that time was enraptured with a new actress, Rosita. The newly-wedded pair often went to Rosita's theater, until the Countess thought that her husband's eyes lingered too fondly on the actress, and began to feel pangs of jealousy. Frou-Frou was one of Rosita's impersonations, and on her farewell night she appeared by request in that character. The Jockey Club, of which George de Meyrac was vice-president, gave her a supper after the play. George, of course, was present, and sat by the side of the fascinating Rosita, who was surrounded with bouquets. Wine flowed freely, and mirth and wit enlivened the banquet until three o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile the poor wife, Mathilde, waited at the little gate of their park for the truant husband. The hours passed slowly on, and he came not. A cold, penetrating rain began to fall at midnight, and Mathilde trembled from exhaustion and exposure. At five in the morning, when her husband came through the little gate, he stumbled over her inanimate body lying on the rain soaked ground. She was not dead; she lived for five days after, but never recovered her mind. In her delirium she incessantly murmured: "Frou-Frou! Frou-Frou!" Those were her last words.

The Count was almost crazed by his wife's loss. He entered the army and sought death in the bloody battles of the Franco-Prussian war. Fate was cruel, and he returned unharmed. His wife's room, adjoining his own, had always been kept closed since her death, but owing to the suffocating heat one summer's night, George opened the door between the two rooms. He then fell asleep. In about an hour he awoke; the clock struck midnight. As the last stroke sounded, he heard distinctly from the other room the words, "Frou-Frou." He listened with inexpressible anguish—"Frou-Frou" seemed to be murmured from all parts of the room. He leaped from his bed, lighted a candle, and crossed the threshold of Mathilde's chamber. At that instant a current of air extinguished the candle, and the Count fell unconscious. The next morning he was found lying there insane. To every interrogation he only replied "Frou-Frou," and he has been in the asylum in the same sad state ever since.

A Horror of the Cold.

The particulars of a sad case of death by freezing have been received in this place from the town of Exeter, N. Y., during the intense cold weather that prevailed. The victims were three boys, named Patrick, Martin and Michal O'Brien, the first aged eight, the second ten and the third eleven years. They were brothers, living with their parents in Exeter. The father and mother are lazy and dissipated people, and live on the fruits of the labor of their children, who were seven in number. The four oldest made baskets and the three others just named traveled on foot about the country selling them.

The thermometer in the town of Exeter marked twenty-five degrees below zero. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien told their three little children that they must start out with a lot of baskets. The boys begged to be allowed to wait until the weather moderated. They were poorly clad and barely able to keep warm in the miserable house in which the family lived.

The brutal parents forced them with threats and beatings, however, to go out with the baskets. They started in the direction of Westville, some miles distant, over a bleak and desolate road, hilly and in some places badly drifted. Each boy had a number of baskets tied to him reaching above his head. When last seen alive by any of the family they were struggling up the hill away from the house, two of them weeping bitterly. They never reached Westville.

The next morning a gentleman who was driving from Westville over the Exeter road saw the bodies of three children lying in the road. Each had a number of baskets tied around his body, and the largest of the three had his arms around the neck of the smallest. It needed but a glance to enable the gentleman to see that the boys were dead, and had doubtless been frozen to death. There were frozen tracks of tears on the cheeks of each one. The bodies were taken to Westville, where they were recognized as those of the three little basket peddlers who were well known throughout the section. They were taken home, and when it was learned that the little fellows had been driven out in the cold to sell their baskets the popular indignation was intense against the parents. If there is any legal punishment it will be invoked on the unnatural father and mother.

Funeral Expenses.

Among the items of the accounts presented for the funeral expenses of Hon. Francis Malbone, a Senator from Rhode Island, who died in Washington in June, 1809, and whose remains were interred in the Congressional burial ground, are the following:

16 pounds crackers	$3.60
11½ pounds cheese at 25 cents	2.81

The committee to audit the contingent expenses of the Senate directed that payment be made for crackers, but rejected the claim for the cheese. The next voucher presented to them for their approval read thus:

7 gallons best Madeira wine	$28.00
4 gallons Cognac brandy	8.00
12 pounds almonds at 40 cents	4.80
10 pounds raisins at 50 cents	5.00

Of this account the committee would only allow "for four gallons wine and three quarts brandy, $29," but they passed another voucher for "fourteen pounds of pound cake, $7," purchased from Monsieur Julien, a confectioner, who also supplied "twelve pounds crackers."

Swill Milk in Chicago.

It has been discovered that most of the cows kept within the city limits of Chicago, a correspondent says, are fed almost solely on distillery swill. The keepers of these swill-fed cows have been selling their poisonous milk to their customers for some time past, and have thus far escaped detection and deserved punishment. The board of health were officially notified by the president of the milk dealers' union that certain parties were carrying on this nefarious business, but as yet no steps have been taken to suppress the growing evil. The city council long since passed two ordinances governing the complaint, one of which provides against the keeping of more than a certain number of cows within the limits, and the other against "knowingly and willfully furnishing or selling to any person milk which shall be the product of cows fed in whole or in part on the slops of breweries and distilleries." It is said there are at least two hundred dealers in milk who keep cows of this kind, and that 12,000 gallons of the compound are furnished to our citizens daily.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Love gives itself, but is not bought.

The expression of truth is simplicity.

Nothing is intolerable that is necessary.

Bounty, being free itself, thinks all others so.

All flowers will droop in absence of the sun that waked their sweets.

The imagination is of so delicate a texture that even words wound it.

The mind wears the colors of the soul as the valet does those of his master.

Sin is the fruitful parent of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians.

Prosperity seems to be scarcely safe, unless it be mixed with a little adversity.

Weariness can snore upon the flint when restive sloth finds the downy pillow hard.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind must look down on the hate of those below.

Frank sincerity, though no invited guest, is free to all, and brings his welcome with him.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years; and every little absence is an age.

Nothing is too high for the daring of mortals. We storm heaven itself in our folly.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.

Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortune, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

Make no more vows to perform this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.

The generality of men spend the early part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

We are all a kind of chameleon, taking one hue, the hue of our moral character, from those who are about us.

How to Settle Strikes.

The lesson taught by the present great strike in Massachusetts, and the still more extensive ones in Great Britain, says the New York *Times*, is of the highest importance to employers and operatives everywhere. It has justly been said of the thousands of colliers who recently "struck" in South Wales, that as the result of their strike neither capitalists nor laborers will attain any advantage which could not have been secured at the outset by the exercise of a little moderation and sacrifice. Precisely the same remark may with truth be made of the striking men and women and the capitalists in New England. The irreconcilable attitude of the strikers has been productive of nothing but fresh obstinacy and misunderstandings on both sides. The property-owners, firmly established in their right to pay such wages as they choose to give for a certain amount and quality of labor, scoff at all violent and threatening efforts to change their determination, just as the master colliers in South Wales have for some weeks ridiculed the demonstrations of the fifteen thousand men who threaten to compel them. When employers and employed disagree in such times as the present, there is little sense in a prolonged struggle on either side. It is likely enough that justice may be fully gratified by that concession on both sides which can be gained only through the medium of arbitration. At the suggestion of the members of the Social Science Congress at Belfast, in Ireland, last year, a strike then in progress there was successfully settled by the arbitration court. There is no reason why the same effective and pacificatory method should not be adopted everywhere whenever disagreements occur between large numbers of operatives and the capitalists who employ them.

Grecian Brigandage.

Writing of brigandage in Greece the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: The main object of brigandage is a financial one. The robbers are in want of money and the best way for them to turn an honest penny is to steal it. When they capture travelers they help themselves to watches, money and jewels, and anything else that may be of value. But the end is not yet. They take the captives into the mountains and hold them for something more, and they are careful to squeeze out as much as possible. If the victim is a wealthy nobleman, or some other purse-proud aristocrat, they think it will be worth about £10,000 to release him, but if he is some ordinary mortal with no influential friends in Athens a hundred or two hundred pounds will be sufficient. The foreign residents and travelers who happen to be in a Greek or Italian city when ransom is demanded for some unhappy wretch, are frequently compelled to raise money to meet the demand. There is a great deal of complaint at this, and much of it is well founded. "Why should I," said a gentleman to me in Naples, "be compelled to pay something every little while to get one of my countrymen out of the hands of the brigands? I wouldn't venture where the scoundrels could catch me, and I wouldn't allow any of my friends to do so if could prevent it. But along comes some reckless fellow I never saw, goes into danger and is captured. Then I am appealed to on the ground of humanity, and all that sort of thing, and asked to help release him. It is his own fault if he is captured. If he had stayed away, as I do, he would have been safe, and not compelled to appeal to strangers. If a man meets with an accident I am willing to help him; but I think it hard to be asked to contribute for a man who has deliberately and with his eyes open walked into trouble."

A Sure Sign of Recovery.

Physicians notice that as patients grow more independent and self-reliant they grow less affectionate—or affectionate in a different way.

One morning, on entering the chamber of a French marquis whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, the doctor was thus accosted: "Good day to you, Dr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, dryly. "The very first expression you used convinced me of it."

"Pray explain yourself."

"Nothing is easier. In the first day of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your dearest friend; as you began to get better I was your good Bouvart; and now I am Dr. Bouvart; depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

A LOT OF QUESTIONS.—An article on statistics of the Tilton-Beecher trial says that Moulton was asked 1,136 questions on the direct examination, and 3,262 on the cross, or 4,398 in all. Tilton was asked 744 questions on the direct, and 3,086 on the cross-examination, or 3,830 in all.

Origin of Salem Witchcraft.

During the winter of 1691-2, a circle of young girls was formed in Salem Farms, which met at the house of the Rev. Mr. Parris, for the practice of palmistry and fortune-telling, necromancy, magic, and spiritualism. In this circle there were (1) Elizabeth Parris, the minister's daughter, aged nine years, who at first had a leading part in the subsequent excitements, but was early removed from them by her father; (2) Abigail Williams, Parris's niece, living in his house, aged eleven; (3) Ann Putnam, aged twelve, daughter of the parish clerk and recorder, a prominent man at the Farms; (4) Mary Walcott, seventeen, daughter of Jonathan Walcott, Mr. Parris's next-door neighbor; (5) Mercy Lewis, seventeen; (6) Elizabeth Hubbard, seventeen, niece of Dr. Griggs, the village physician, and resident in his family; (7–8) Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon, each eighteen, belonging to families living near at hand; (9) Mary Warren, aged twenty, a servant in the family of John Proctor, who was brought to the scaffold by the girls; and (10) Sarah Churchill, a servant in the family of George Jacobs, Sr. Her employer also became their victim. With these ten, other persons were drawn to act. There were John Indian and Tituba, two slaves of Mr. Parris's, who probably were brought to the colony from the Barbadoes, and besides these, one or two others; but the girls, with the slaves, formed the circle, and were the leading characters in the events which have been a horror and mystery ever since they transpired. In those events these girls were bold and even vicious in their bearing, and evinced an utter absence of compunction or commiseration; except in one or two instances, displaying a complete disregard of the agony and destruction which they brought upon others.

In the course of the winter they became expert in the art they were learning. Gradually they came to exhibit their attainments to beholders. At first these exhibitions consisted of creeping into holes, and under benches and chairs; putting themselves into odd and unnatural postures, making wild gestures, and uttering incoherent and unintelligible sounds. They were seized with spasms, dropped insensible to the floor, or writhed in agony, pretending to suffer tortures, with loud and piercing outcries. Naturally they began to draw upon themselves general attention. Soon they became to be styled "the afflicted children." In the early stages no explanation of their condition was so much as suggested by any one; but as soon as Dr. Griggs was called in, and had examined them, he declared them bewitched. In those days, and prior to those days, physicians frequently disposed of difficult cases which came before them by such a resort. The profession must bear its fair share of responsibility for succeeding occurrences. —*The Galaxy.*

The Irish Marketman.

It was the market day, and rainy, says the Danbury man in a letter from Ireland. I was up early, and from the coffee-room window could look down a street leading from the country into the market square. And up this street for a full hour the farmers straggled along with their produce. Each one had a little pony or donkey hitched to a low cart which appeared to have thills at each end, and on the cart were a half dozen or so of long bags filled with potatoes. Some of them had oats, and a few brought in hay or straw. The farmer appeared at the head of the animal with his hand on the bridle, while the wife either rode or walked behind. She wore a bluish cloak of freize, which reached nearly to her feet, with a cape over her head. Some of them wore white caps under the cape, and red petticoats under the cloak. They were well-formed, healthy looking women, with faces and arms browned by out-door work. Some of them were very old and shriveled, and worn out by years of toil. This was their life: Toil all the week, and trudge into town every market day. The shriveled was once buxom, and the buxom could look at the shriveled and see the end as plainly as if she had already reached it.

The clerk of the market met them at the head of the street and collected their toll, and they passed on into the square and took up their position. Then the buyers came along and examined their produce, and shook their heads very despondently over the exhibit, as being so much inferior to what they had expected, but finally endeavored to look more hopeful, and at last offered, as an encouragement to farming, five per cent. under the market price. I wandered among them for an hour or more, listening to blarney, bickering and wit.

Stick to Your Farms.

The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to go to work to improve your farm, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to inclose pastures, to build comfortable out-houses; and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home more than the grog-shop, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your family.

Make your home beautiful, convenient and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, and seek their chief happiness around their home fireside.

Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love of the beautiful must be satisfied; their tastes must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end, home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts provided, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be sunshine and shade, luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart, as well as the field, must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve, and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes contentment.

What Prevents Resumption.

Says Thurlow Weed in an article on the resumption of specie payment in the United States: The New York Gold Exchange Board is the heaviest drag in the way of resumption. If the transactions of that board were *bona fide*, if that board went no further than to purchase and sell the gold required to pay duties and buy exchange, no objections would be heard. But whatever may be the theory on which the board is based, its practice is in conflict with it. The real, every-day business of the board is speculative. Gentleman meet there to make bets upon the fluctuating price of imaginative gold, the intrinsic value of which does not, in the remotest degree, enter into the transaction. And yet, unfortunately, the standard value of gold is assumed and governed throughout the country by the quoted prices in the New York Gold Board, while the millions of sales reported would, if scrutinized, dwindle down to thousands.

The Dead Giant.

Mr. James Murphy, Jr., a giant, died in Baltimore of a bronchial affection or consumption. Mr. Murphy was born in Waterford, Ireland, and was a full-blooded Irish giant, and a large one, standing nearly eight feet in his stockings. He was thirty-three years of age and unmarried. Some months ago, when he was in comparatively good health, he weighed three hundred and fifty-one pounds. He had weighed more when his health was better. He had been in the United States twenty-four years. The giant traveled three years as one of the great living curiosities of the world. In his professional career he visited every part of this country, from Maine to California and the extreme South. When in good health he had a fresh, pleasant face, and, like all large men, and particularly all giants except those of the story books and nursery tales, was as amiable and pleasant as he was great in stature. He had a very youthful expression of countenance, coal black hair, and his hands were so large that one of them could cover the head of an ordinary man, just as an ordinary hand would cover an orange. His feet were not so large proportionately as his hands, but beside an ordinary shoe one of his shoes would seem to be a sufficient habitation for "the old woman" of the story book, who "had so many children she did not know what to do." When the undertaker came to measure the dead giant for his coffin it was found that the deceased was full eight feet long. Surely the measure of man is correctly known when he is dead. The coffin was nearly eight and a half feet long. The father of the giant, who is sixty-five years of age, probably older, is a large man. When at his best he stood over six feet in his stockings, though he is now a little bent. The mother is not a large woman, being not above the medium size for the sex. She is nearly her husband's age. Both the old people are in good health, and seem vigorous for their years. Including the giant, they have had born to them five sons and three daughters. One son only is alive. Some of the children were undersized. Only one, a son, attained to the size of the father, except the giant, who exceeded the growth of the parent by nearly two feet.

About Railroad Accidents.

Charles Francis Adams, in a lecture on railroad accidents, said that since the Revere accident 120,000,000 of passengers had been carried by railroads within the limits of Massachusetts. How many of these had been killed by faults of the railroad companies and by accidents over which the passengers himself had no control? Just one. This statement applied only to passengers exercising due care; in all ways connected with the operation of railroads about 300 people a year were killed or injured in the State. Another question: What is the length in Massachusetts of the average railroad journey resulting in death? The answer sounds absurd; it is 324,000,000 of miles. That is, on average, 22,000,000 persons travel fifteen miles each before any one of them is killed by a railroad accident. So the average journey resulting in injury is 20,000,000 miles. If a person traveled as a passenger on Massachusetts railroads 800 miles a day, every day of his life, he would by the doctrine of chances be seventy years old before he would receive an injury in a railroad accident. French statistics showed that stage coach traveling was at least fifty times as dangerous as traveling by rail. The danger of being murdered in Massachusetts was greater by far than that of being killed in a railroad accident. In 1873 the railroads carried 42,000,000 passengers without killing one; in the same year in Boston alone five persons were killed by tumbling down stairs, seven by falling out of windows. With 70,000 miles of track, full of curves, culverts and bridges, with safety depending on everything, from the state of the atmosphere to the strength of the rail, with trains moving in every direction at all times, accidents must happen, since the managers of railroads are human. That they should happen so rarely is the true cause for wonder. There is no more wonderful human achievement than the combinations of speed and safety with which the movement of modern civilization is maintained through the unceasing exercise of human care, human skill and human foresight.

Needed Small Things.

There are a great many farms that are supplied with the best of all kinds of large field implements, such as reapers and mowers, horse rakes, horse pitchforks, hay loaders, gang and single plows, cultivators, planters, harrows, markers, and so on through the list, but yet you cannot find about them many little conveniences, trifling so far as cost is concerned, that save time and labor, and do away with many of the vexations that beset the craft. How many farms are well supplied with ladders for fruit picking, mounting the house or barn, or with step ladders for inside use? The garden, or even the ordinary canal wheelbarrow is not found with any great frequency, yet they are exceedingly convenient at most all seasons of the year. The wagon-jack is another little thing that finds a welcome place in the considerate farmer's hands. The farm scale should not be forgotten, neither should a small kit of carpenter's tools, including a plane or two, saws, chisels, etc. We only enumerate a few of the many little articles of tools not often found, but always needed, and call upon readers to fill out the list with all the smaller contrivances that they have invented, or whose usefulness has been proven by others. Another thing, when purchasing these things always get the best; they may cost a little more at the start, but their durability more than repays. When got beware of the borrower. Choose your customers in this respect.

Asked God to Help Her.

The Danville (Ky.) *Advocate* says: An interesting little daughter of Professor C., of this city, last summer, in eating a watermelon, got one of the seeds lodged in her windpipe. An effort was made to dislodge it, but it proved ineffectual, and it was thought that the child would have to be taken to one of the large cities to have an operation performed by a skillful surgeon. To this she was decidedly opposed, and pleaded with her mamma to tell her if there was no other way of relief. Finally, to quiet her childish fears, her Christian mother told her to "ask God to help her." The little one went into an adjoining room, and shortly thereafter came running to her mamma with the seed in her hand and her beautiful and intelligent face lighted up with joy. In response to the eager inquiry of the mother, the little one said she had asked God to help her, and that as she was praying she was taken with a severe cough, in which she threw up the seed.

ERASIVE SOAP.—Recipe for making genuine erasive soap that will remove grease and stains from clothing: Two pounds of good castile soap, half pound of carbonate of potash dissolved in a half-pint of hot water. Cut the soap in thin slices, boil the soap with potash until it is thick enough to mold into cakes; also add alcohol, half an ounce; hartshorn, half an ounce; color with half an ounce of pulverized charcoal.

About Wild Animals.

A reporter has been interviewing Dan Costello, the circus man, about menagerie wild animals. Dan says: The most expensive animals on the whole are giraffes, and the cheapest are llamas, elks, and buffaloes. For five giraffes he paid a few years ago $9,000 apiece in gold, and some of these died. Giraffes can now be bought for from $4,000 to $5,000 each. As they have the smallest brain known amongst animals, except the deer, they are not capable of much tuition, and sometimes die of mere fright. Lions cost from $2,500 to $3,000 apiece, and are the most expensive of the animals of the cat family, not excepting tigers. Duplicates have to be kept of lions and of such first-class animals, so that they may not be missed from the performances in case of mortality. Sea lions cost about $2,500 apiece, and are not dear when first obtained, but are costly to transport, and being very greedy require care in feeding them.

Elephants continue to be costly. They bring from $8,000 to $10,000, live a long time, are reliable, and easily taught to perform, and they frequently show great kindness of heart. Very large animals of this class are perfectly unreliable, and have always worked injury to their owners by destroying property and life. Amongst these were Hannibal, Columbus, Romeo, Canada, and Ann. Columbus broke down a show building in Philadelphia, and cannons were brought out to destroy the monster. He afterwards fell through the Schuylkill bridge with his companion, in 1848, and was killed, to the great relief of everybody. It is only these large elephants which are subject to vicious behavior. At certain periods they appear to have no control of themselves, and are generally subdued at such times by the use of a block and tackle, which throws them off their legs, and then they are kept down and pounded until they bellow for mercy, which is a sign that the paroxysm has passed. These spells often last four weeks.

"I would not give three cents apiece for great big elephants," said Costello; "they don't afford any pleasure to the people, and if you had a show with one of them in it you would know what the people mean when they talk about making you a present of an elephant. Hannibal killed and broke up more than he was worth; he had tusks six inches in diameter and from seven to eight feet long. Romeo had to be killed; a Chicago man had him stuffed and now possesses his hide and skeleton. Elephants are generally controlled by a hook behind the ear and with a slight whip.

Rhinoceroses cost from $4,000 to $7,000. Mr. Costello says that no thoroughbred horse in the world can match Weston's time on his long walks. You can take the best thoroughbred to be found, he said, groom him at the best and provide for him along the road, and Weston can beat him from New York to Chicago on foot.

Buffaloes are very cheap animals, but they are very peculiar. They do not want anybody to touch them from behind, although they can be approached from before and handled with carefulness.

Predicting War.

A Washington reporter has had a long interview with Congressman B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts. Mr. B. thinks even if war is avoided now it is sure to come in 1876, over the counting of the electoral vote. He says that in the Presidential contest of 1876 the people will never submit to have a President elected by the votes of the Southern States, controlled by the Ku-Klux and White Raiders, by intimidation and force, whichever party prevails. "And," he continues, "as I believe that force in elections is the ruling power there, and not the peaceful ballot, I fear the commotion which may arise out of the very counting of the vote. The means of doing it in a convention of the two Houses are so feeble and so cumbrous that in any counting of votes where there is a substantial contest there will be only anarchy and confusion. The contest between Burr and Jefferson was final because it was an election in the House of Representatives, which has itself a casting vote. The counting of the votes of electoral colleges, the honesty and propriety of whose elections are in dispute, by the House and Senate, may be a very different thing, and the only hope of peace may be that at that moment we shall have a man of firmness and patriotism in the Executive chair. I fully indorse all that Sheridan has done, because I should have done the same thing myself, only more so."

Farm Laborers.

There is a persistent decline in the numbers of those who till farms in Great Britain. By census returns, farm laborers had fallen in number from 958,000 in 1861 to 798,000 in 1871, or seventeen per cent. The Scotch decrease was not so large, being from 105,000 to 93,000, or about twelve per cent.; still, there is a great decrease, for which it is difficult to account in some ways. The introduction of improved means of tillage can hardly have wrought so great a revolution as to enable so many hands to be dispensed with, and, in fact, the character of the cultivation does not change so fast nor so radically as many have supposed. The true cause of the change, beyond the effect of a super-abundant rural population—superabundant for the work done—is to be found in the great labor absorbing capacity of our cities and towns. The man with only his hands can find endless varieties of rough work in towns at better pay usually than the country districts can afford. Hence our towns become crowded with rustics, who, it is to be feared, often become degraded there, and do not a little—themselves and their sickly progeny—to increase the poverty and wretchedness which breed to such a strange degree in all our cities, however prosperous.

How Ice Freezes.

One of the officers at West Point recently resorted to the following experiment to determine whether the ice on rivers and creeks thickens on the bottom or on the top. He cut a hole in the ice opposite West Point, and bolted a piece of board to the under side. Examining it three or four days afterward he found the bolt head on the top just as he left it; and cutting through the ice found the board sandwiched between the upper layer of ice to which it had been bolted, and about four inches of solid ice which had formed underneath it, showing conclusively that ice thickens on the underside, and not on the top.

Iron.

The statement is made in an interesting article in the *Trade Journal* that within the past forty years the gross weight of cast iron articles produced in America has been diminished fully one-half. Half a century ago the iron frame of a Washington printing press weighed nearly 1,000 pounds, and although it was an arch of metal nine inches wide by three inches thick, so poor was its quality that it was often broken by the pull of one pressman's arm. The present smooth light castings show an actual elasticity under strain approaching the service of wrought iron.

The Spring Styles.

The spring novelties in silks and dress goods, as shown by the openings in New York, a fashion journal says, are unusually attractive. The prevailing styles are plaids and quadrille patterns in neutral tints, color on color, or shades of two colors carefully blended and fading into each other. Gray and blue are the favored colors in the silk fabrics, or shades of cream and tea color blended with blue in the plaids. The plaid silks resemble those of thirty years ago; the plaids being mostly from one to two inches square, in broken quadrille patterns. New names have been found for them, such as Lusignan, natte, and Nyzam. These silks are very soft in fabric, some being fine woven and lustrous as faille, others loose woven in large bunches of warp and wool, giving a canvas effect.

The black silk grenadines are brought out in plaids also, and in stripes