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Two Lives.

Born—he grew to manhood fair,
Weak—he stray'd from mother's care.

Mad—he wed a woman low.
Drunk—he dealt a deadly blow.

Hung—he broke a mother's heart.
Wrong—e'en from the very start.

Born—he grew to manhood fair.
Strong—he priz'd a mother's care.

Loved—he wed a maiden pure.
Kind—he help'd the needy poor.

Dead—is mourn'd by every one.
Good—oh, true and faithful son!

My Life.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of the evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

WESTCHESTER TOWER.

Some years ago, I had occasion to make a short trip from London, to visit my old college friend, Maitland, who had settled down as a clergyman in connection with the cathedral of Westchester. It was a pleasant excursion, chiefly by railway, and I was hospitably entertained. After dinner, my friend and I walked out in the dusk of the evening, to look at the antiquities of the place. In the course of our ramble, the moon rose, and threw a charm over the scene. With the moonlight streaming through the colored windows, we sauntered through the ancient cathedral, enjoying the solemnity of the edifice. As we approached the gates of the choir, Maitland, though accustomed to the place, became singularly silent. All at once he called on me to notice that we were standing under the main central tower, and that in the vaulted dome overhead was a round black spot.

"You see that dark spot?" said he. "It is a covered hole opening up into the tower. It is sometimes used for the hauling up of lead and timber for repairs on the roof. I call your attention to it now, because I am going to tell you something about it by-and-bye."

Seated once more at the fireside of my bachelor friend, I listened to what he had to say about the hole in the tower. I will try to repeat his story as he told it to me:

"I suppose it must be about five years ago, soon after I came to the cathedral, that I was engaged one evening in this room, writing, when I had occasion to refer to a book not in my possession, but which I knew to be accessible to me in the cathedral library. To procure the work, I sallied out with a lantern; and I had not gone very far when I was assailed by a cheery shout from Symes—Geoffrey Symes—an Oxford man, who had been my junior at Oriel. Symes was a little eccentric. He had taken a fair-ish degree, and might have done well, but, being passionately fond of music, he took to studying the organ; and this had brought him to Westchester, as a professed pupil of the organist. As such, he was allowed to have constant access to the instrument—one of wonderful compass—in the cathedral.

"Symes would not, perhaps, have been called a scientific musician; but he had a wonderful gift of expressing thought and feeling on the organ, which he almost made to speak, so extraordinary was his power in bringing out effects. When engaged in this way, he seemed to be lost in an enthusiastic ardor. He wildly reveled in musical sounds. On this occasion, he seemed to resolve on a display of his powers. Rushing away for a few moments, he brought little Jim Oxley, son of the verger, to blow the bellows; and, with this necessary aid, he set to work, and produced a voluntary that was altogether marvelous, and the effect of which was enhanced by the dark. Well known passages from great masters were skillfully wedded with harmonious links into one another. One, however, a favorite of his as I knew, was complete, and alone—the 'Quando Corpus,' from Rossini's '*Stabat Mater*.' I could compare it to nothing but the strenuous forging together of solid bars of melody, so severe, so nervous, so weighty, was the working out of the theme. And last of all, with most ravishing sweetness, came the exquisite duet and chorus from Mendelssohn's '*Lobgesang*.' 'I waited for the Lord,' and as those delicate silvery strains of patience and thankfulness streamed into one another, and melted at last with the chorus into the great tide of praise, I was unconscious of anything but the music and could have stayed there without further thought till the morning.

"I was aroused from my ecstasy by little Jim, who had been blowing the bellows all this time, asking me if he might go home, as his father did not know where he was. I let him out; and as the door fell behind him, I heard the low, dying wail of the organ, as Symes struck one or two ineffectual notes, and exhausted its last breath. He came down and joined me; and as I was taking up my book and lantern, previous to our departure, he suddenly cried:

"Hollo! that tower hole is open. Just fancy looking down through there into the nave."

"'Yes,' said I; 'I daresay it would be very pretty; in the meanwhile, I am going home, however.'

"'All right,' says Symes. 'Lend me your lantern, and I'll bid you good-night.'

"'Why, what are you going to do?' I said.

"'Going up into the tower,' he replied.

"In vain I tried to dissuade him, using every argument to represent to him the folly, the uselessness, the danger of such a proceeding. Good humoredly, but obstinately, he threw aside my remonstrances; and when at last I found him resolved, I made up my mind reluctantly, and not in the best of humors, to accompany him on his fool's errand. Thank God that I didn't leave him alone, as I had intended!"

"I was little disposed, however, to respond to his lively sallies, as I followed him into the staircase which led to the tower. The lantern was of little use to us as we climbed the worn steps. A cold strip of moonlight came through an open slit in the wall now and then, but otherwise we were in the dark. After some few minutes' ascent, we came to a doorway that led over the top of the transept arch under the leads of the roof. Begging Symes to look about him and to tread carefully, I passed after him through the darkness into the main tower. From where we stood, the upper side of the dome-like ceiling of the center of the nave, between the two transepts, rose like an inverted cup before us; and at the apex of the dome, through the opening which had suggested this wayward undertaking, the moonlight streamed dimly into the darkness of the tower. To carry out his purpose, Symes now proceeded to crawl up the dome, in order to look down through the orifice. I knew it was of no avail to say anything, so I stood and watched him with anxiety, as he leaned over the chasm.

"As I gazed, I became aware that immediately above the opening a stout rope was swinging, to which was attached a large hook. I remembered that some repairs had been going on for a few days on the roof of the cathedral, and that I had seen one or two rolls of lead wound up through the hole on the previous day. These thoughts were passing through my mind, when Symes, catching hold of the rope, jerked it to ascertain that it was fastened above, and leaned forward with his weight upon it, as he looked downward with exclamations of delight. 'Come up, sir, and see; do!' he cried. 'It's worth all the trouble of a climb.'

"I was just about to creep up, that I might share his gratification, when a sudden whirring, grating sound of wheels above—a gasping exclamation—a scuffling snatch with his feet, at the edge of the hole, and, before I could move, I saw the poor fellow disappear rapidly through the opening, as the rope uncoiled itself with increasing velocity from the winch overhead. It flashed across me in a moment. The handle of the winch had been imperfectly secured; the jerk and the subsequent weight had overcome the resistance, and trusting wholly to the rope, he had slipped from his footing. The hope occurred to me that the evident resistance which still restrained the free revolutions of the winch might prevent the descent being so rapid as to endanger life or limb; so that he would possibly land in safety with only a severe fright and shaking. These thoughts crowded pell-mell upon my mind at the first shock of surprise. But, conceive my horror, when, with a loud jar, the noise of the wheels ceased, and the rope no longer descended!

"How I started! He has let go, thought I, and listened breathlessly, in sickening expectation of the crash which I conceived must follow. But all was still; and mechanically I crawled up to the edge of the hole and leaned over, thinking to see his crushed body in a ghastly heap below me.

"No! About five-and-twenty feet down, vibrating in sheer space, was suspended my poor friend, at a height of at least fifty feet above the stone flooring of the nave. He was in the very midst of the stream of light that poured through the clerestory windows. In some way or another, he had relieved the strain upon his hands by getting his leg over the hook at the end of the rope. I called to him to hold fast for a while, and to keep up his courage; but I never shall forget his despairing eyes, nor the hoarse agonizing whisper that replied:

"'I can't hold on! I'm numbed. Loose the winch! Be quick, for God's sake!'

"Waiting for no further suggestion, I rushed back again to the staircase, and found in the darkness, almost by intuition, the steps which led still upward, and hastened to mount them. Once or twice, as I panted in the ascent, I remember that I came to the edge of a sheer depth, and drew back, scarcely conscious of the danger. I listened intently for any sound from below, but heard nothing; and, at length, in what must have been an incredibly short space of time, breathless and gasping, I emerged on the rough, uneven flooring of the higher story of the tower. Trembling, I crept carefully forward to the center of the space, and found the winch standing over an opening corresponding to the one below. I eagerly looked down, and could just see that something was still suspended in the now partially obscured light. I shouted again and again words of encouragement and hope; but there was no reply. With a sickening thrill I set to work to examine the winch, and found, as I had supposed, that the handle had been entangled in the coils of a rope, from which I had some difficulty, in the darkness, in extricating it. But, once released, I allowed it to revolve slowly, until I felt there was no further strain upon it. Scarcely, however, had the assurance of Symes' security dawned upon me as a possibility, when a deadly faintness crept over me, and I think for a minute or two I lost consciousness.

"How I succeeded in getting down without disaster through that perilous labyrinth, I can form no idea, nor have I any recollection. I remember devoutly thanking God as I stepped out from the door of the transept on to the floor of the nave.

"'Here I am, old fellow!' I cried aloud to Symes, and sprung forward into the open space.

"There was no reply. My heart beat violently! Could he have gone home, and left me there? The moonbeams had sloped further up the building, leaving the center aisle in deep gloom. Creeping forward in vague terror, I almost stumbled over the body of my friend, apparently lifeless, but still clinging to the rope. With trembling haste I disentangled his limbs, and drew him on to the mat beside the verger's bench, where I left him for a moment, while I rushed to fetch assistance. But conceive again my blank despair, when I found the door, which shut with a spring, locked, and the key—I couldn't tell where! I had probably laid it down in some forgetful moment, and I was locked in, with a man dying or dead under my charge.

"I shouted; I beat; I kicked upon the door, in the vain hope of being heard by some stray passenger; but there was no house within fifty yards, and I had heard the clock strike ten some time before. Wild with desperation, I ran back to my inanimate companion. By this time I had become so used to the obscurity as to be able to discern that, while I had been away, he had lifted his arm on to the bench, although there was still no further sign of consciousness. Such moments, my dear fellow, make one religious, if nothing else does. I do not know whether you have ever experienced the wave of relief that succeeds the unexpected deliverance from extreme peril; but I assure you that the conviction that poor Symes was not dead brought me upon my knees, in thankfulness for the mercy that had protected us in such an awful crisis.

"I was overcome with weariness and weakness holding the hand of my unconscious friend, and I almost think that I was dozing, when I heard the sound of an opening door and friendly voices. I cried aloud, and we were at once surrounded with lights, and eager, frightened, inquiring faces, besieging me with questions, which for the time I was altogether unable to answer. Symes, still insensible, was carried to his lodgings on the other side of the green, whither I followed him, and waited for more than half an hour, until the doctor came and told me that he was partly conscious, but must not on any account be disturbed or excited by seeing anybody. He said he would remain with him through the night; and I returned with anxious thoughts and an exhausted frame, but with a grateful heart, to my own home.

"It turned out that little Jemmy Oxley had been the means of bringing us the help that we had despaired of. My old housekeeper had come into my room here two or three times during my absence, and could not understand my leaving the light burning, if I had intended to be away so long. She went over to Oxley's, and mentioned the circumstance, on which the verger said: 'Why, my boy left them in the cathedral an hour ago. And you may depend upon it,' added he, 'that they're agone and locked theirselves in, and that 'ere young fellow has been and lost the key, and they can't get out!'"

"Well," said I, "that's an adventure, certainly, and not badly told, either. It made me feel very shaky about the knees when that poor fellow went down the hole. I suppose he got all right again?"

"No; poor man," said Maitland, with a sigh; "that is the saddest part of the history. He was dreadfully knocked down for some days, and then apparently recovered his general health, except that he had lost all his buoyant spirits, looked like an old man, and always seemed to avoid me. He has since gradually sunk into a state a little better than idiotcy, which the doctors attribute to the shock to a highly excitable brain, and declare to be quite hopeless."

A Touching Story.

I was told this morning, says a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, a very touching story, which may illustrate one side of Paris, and will possibly affect many a reader who has himself seen something of art life in the great Babylon. A young American artist of much talent has been for some months preparing a picture entitled "Charlotte Corday on the Eve of her Execution," proposing to send it to the Centennial exhibition. As he is most thoroughly conscientious and painstaking, he has labored earnestly with candles. It is scarcely necessary to say that he had much difficulty in finding one who suited him in every particular. When he did find her he was surprised to learn that she was the virtuous daughter of pious parents, and had adopted this curious profession because she had drifted into it at a moment when there was nothing else to do. Joined to her rare and delicate beauty was an indefinable and exquisite melancholy, which seemed born of some vague and unexpressed apprehension of future trouble. During the seventy or eighty sittings which the model gave the artist the latter frequently and respectfully endeavored to win from her the secret of her troubles, but always in vain. At last he himself could not help seeing, in the mysterious pallors or the sudden flushes which overspread the beautiful features, that the model was doomed to consumption—that insidious malady which here so rarely releases a victim which it takes from the poorly fed and overworked classes. One day the model came late; then there were days when she came not at all. At one time she said: "You must make haste, or we shall be too late to see the picture finished." There was a whole epic of suffering in the manner in which she uttered those words "too late." The artist delicately endeavored to secure care and attention for the beautiful model, and to warn her of her danger. But, with the intense pride so characteristic of the Parisian women of her class, she refused all succor from any individual, and waited and wasted until she was compelled to go to the hospital.

Now she lies there, fading out, just as a white cloud sometimes fades in the morning sky. You admire it for an instant, it is so unutterably pure—so remote from all things gross—then it is gone.

Perhaps you will think for a moment about this poor model when you look at the picture of "Charlotte Corday" in the art department of the Centennial exhibition at Philadelphia this summer.

New Mexico.

The population of the Territory of New Mexico, of which it is proposed to make a new State, is, according to a letter writer, composed of Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, 'greasers,' and whites, is less than one inhabitant to the square mile. One sixth of the population are Indians, many of whom are hostile, and, where these are found, it is unsafe for whites. The Spanish language is used altogether. Even when they understand English, it is almost impossible to get them to converse in that language. Outside the large towns English is about unknown. There are few schools, and nothing to elevate the people to a higher standard. There are a few missionaries who are trying to raise the people from their degradation, but the policy of the Jesuit leaders seems to be to keep the masses in ignorance and superstition. They cultivate a little ground, using a branch or a trunk of a tree for a plow, and the little grain they raise is threshed by allowing cattle to walk over it and the wind to carry the straw and chaff away. A shawl for a girl and a shirt for a boy are considered sufficient clothing until they are ten years of age. A virtuous woman or a trustworthy man is unknown. I never expected to see such a race in America; they hardly deserve the name of human. Of course there are exceptions, and here and there an intelligent, wealthy man is found, but they always have all their neighbors under them as serfs, in a condition bordering upon slavery. They are very superstitious, and completely under the control of the Jesuit priests, who, I know, are none too good, having met many of them in business. The American population is small. I have been told that there are not more than fifteen hundred Americans in the Territory. With the exception of the sheep and cattle men, the large proportion of the whites are outcasts from the East, the scum of our large cities. The resources of the Territory are few. There is some very fine stock country, and along the Rio Grande river there are good farming lands. There are no mines of any value, and no hopes of finding any, unless in the northwestern portion of the Territory, where the Indians now hold sway. There is not a single mile of railroad in the Territory, and not much prospect of any, as there is nothing to draw them. Robberies and murders are of every day occurrence, and a man's life is hardly safe.

The Two Agents.

A benevolent looking old gentleman with a traveling bag in his hand entered a life insurance office, and setting his bag on the floor, seated himself beside the agent.

"You insure lives here, sir?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; that's our business.

"Yaas? Waal, now, how much might it cost to have one's life insured?"

"Well, sir, that depends on the sum you wish to be insured for What amount do you desire on your life, sir?" asked the agent, taking down his reference book.

"Waal, s'pose we say five thousand now, what may that come to?"

"Your age, sir?"

"Somewhere about sixty."

The agent made the calculation and informed him.

"Yaas. Waal, that's all right. And how much to pay down?"

He was told. "And now shall I make out the application for you, sir?" said the agent, getting out the blanks and putting a new pen in his holder.

"Waal, let's see—let's see. To-day is Toosday, is it?"

"Yes, sir; your name is"—

"Waal, Brown's my name; but looke yer, mister," and the old man opened his bag and took out a little bottle, "I've got suthin in this bottle that'll take that wart off your nose inside of forty minits. Won't you try some?"

It is astonishing how rapidly the benevolent old gentleman went out of that office.

AN IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

How it is Opened and the Matter Conducted by the United States Senate.

The trial of ex-Secretary of War Belknap before the United States Senate very naturally attracts much interest. The opening scenes in a trial of so great importance are interesting. The galleries and the body of the Senate chamber were crowded with spectators. When the Senate was called to order, the chaplain, Rev. Dr. Sunderland, in his opening prayer, said:

"We pray Thee be very especially nigh to Thy servant who presides in this place, and in Thy servants, the senators, in the discharge of the high and solemn functions with which they are here now vested. May they not fail to see the right and to dispense justice for the confirmation of all that is good and for the welfare of the nation."

Chief Justice Waite, of the supreme court of the United States, entered the chamber and was shown a seat at the right of the presiding officer. Sergeant-at-Arms French made proclamation as follows:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons are commanded to keep silence on pain of imprisonment while the Senate of the United States is sitting for the trial of the articles of impeachment exhibited by the House of Representatives against William W. Belknap, late secretary of war."

The following is the oath administered to the Senators:

"You and each of you do solemnly swear that in all things pertaining to the impeachment of William W. Belknap, now pending, you will do impartial justice to the constitution and laws."

The Chair then directed the secretary to read the return of the sergeant-at-arms on the writ issued on the fifth inst., commanding the ex-secretary to appear and answer, etc., and the secretary read as follows:

"The following writ of summons, addressed to William W. Belknap, and the foregoing precept addressed to me, were duly served upon the said William W. Belknap by delivery to and leaving with him true and attested copies of the same at 2,022 G street, Washington city, the residence of the said William W. Belknap, on Thursday, the sixth day of April, 1876, at six o'clock and forty minutes in the afternoon of that day.

"JOHN R. FRENCH,
"Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of the United States."

The Sergeant-at-Arms then made proclamation as follows:

"William W. Belknap, William W. Belknap, William W. Belknap, appear and answer the articles of impeachment exhibited against you by the House of Representatives of the United States."

Mr. Carpenter, counsel for the accused, arose and said:

MR. PRESIDENT:—William W. Belknap, a private citizen of the United States and of the State of Iowa, in obedience to the summons of the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment to try the articles presented against him by the House of Representatives of the United States, appears at the bar of the Senate, sitting as a court of impeachment, and interposes the following plea, which I will ask the secretary to read, and ask that it be filed.

The secretary then read as follows:

In the Senate of the United States, sitting as a court of impeachment.—The United States of America vs. William W. Belknap, upon articles of impeachment of the House of Representatives of the United States of America, of high crimes and misdemeanors. And the said William W. Belknap, named in the said articles of impeachment, comes here before the honorable the Senate of the United States, sitting as a court of impeachment, in his own proper person, and says that the honorable court ought not to have or take further cognizance of the said articles of impeachment exhibited and presented against him by the House of Representatives of the United States, because he says that before, and at the time when the said House of Representatives ordered and directed that he, the said Belknap, should be impeached at the bar of the Senate, and at the time when the said articles of impeachment were exhibited and presented against him, the said Belknap, by the said House of Representatives, he, the said Belknap, was not, nor hath he since been, nor is he now, an officer of the United States, but at the said time was, ever since hath been, and now is, a private citizen of the United States and of the State of Iowa, and that he, the said Belknap, is ready to verify; wherefore he prays judgment whether this court can or will take further cognizance of the said articles of impeachment.

WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.

United States of America, District of Columbia.

William W. Belknap, being first duly sworn on oath, says that the foregoing plea by him subscribed is true in substance and fact.

WILLIAM W. BELKNAP.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this seventeenth day of April, 1876.

DAVID DAVIS,
Associate Justice Supreme Court of the United States.

An adjournment was made for a few days and the trial continued, the board of managers of the House of Representatives, Messrs. Lord, Lynde, McMahon, Jenks, Lapham and Hoar, conducting it.

Former Treatment of Insanity.

While men believed that madness meant possession by a demon, it is not difficult, perhaps, to account for the superstitious and brutal treatment shown to those possessed; but the reader will be amazed by the details of the scientific devices, happily of a past age, planned for the cure of the unsound. One of these was to entice the sufferer to walk across a floor, which, suddenly giving way, dropped him into a bath, where he was half drowned. Another mode of torture was to let the patients down a well, in which the water, made gradually to rise, frightened them with the prospect of an awful death. Within the memory of men still living, the patients of Bethlehem hospital (London), chained to the wall like wild beasts, were shown to the public on certain days of the week at the charge of twopence a visitor; and here were to be found in their cells, crouching on straw, women with nothing but a blanket for clothing. George III., in 1788, was subjected to a uselessly severe treatment, being constantly tortured with a strait-waistcoat, and denied the society of his wife and children. He recovered a few weeks after the substitution of kindness for severity. A Parliamentary committee, which elicited the horrors of madhouses in 1815, struck the first blow against the system of mechanical restraint of the insane; but it was not before the early years of the present reign that the old order of things finally yielded to benevolent treatment.

HIS MEANS OF SUPPORT.—The Toronto *Leader* relates the following: At the Division court a witness was under examination in the case of an unpaid account. The judge put the question to him. "What is your occupation?" The witness did not seem to understand the meaning of the word "occupation," and answered with "Eh!" The Judge—"What do you do for a living?" Witness—"Oh, my wife's a dressmaker!"

Making a Show.

A friend of the late A. T. Stewart related an anecdote which showed the methods that the merchant adopted when carrying on a small business to increase the number of his customers. Mr. Stewart made inquiries among his friends and learned the name and residence of the leader of fashionable society in the city and also the church that she attended. He then sought out the sexton of the church and leased a pew directly in front of that of the lady. Regularly Sunday after Sunday thereafter he sat in his seat and took part in the worship. A few months passed, and one Sunday as the congregation was about leaving the church it suddenly began to rain. The fashionable lady had a carriage, but the sidewalk between the church door and the roadway was wide, and she stopped irresolutely at the door upon perceiving the drops of rain, dreading injury to her costly dress. The frequent mists and rains of Ireland had caused Mr. Stewart to form the habit of carrying an umbrella on all days of the year, and he had one on this day. Raising it, he told the lady he would shelter her beneath it until she could walk to her carriage, if she would accept the service. The proffer was accepted, he took her to the carriage, and was heartily thanked. The following Sunday, after the service, she additional him and again thanked him for his kindness. A short conversation followed, and occasionally on Sundays that succeeded, as they were coming out of church, a few words passed between them. While talking with a member of the church one day the lady learned Mr. Stewart's occupation, and the next time she met him she said:

"Mr. Stewart, have you any articles at your store that you think I would like to buy?"

"No," he replied; "I don't think I have anything."

"I would like to aid you in your business in some way."

"You can in this way: I have noticed that your coachman exercises your horses every day, and you not caring always to ride, I presume, the carriage is frequently empty. If on the days when you do not wish to use the carriage you will order your coachman to take it to my store and remain in front of the store for half an hour, you will do me a good turn."

The lady was amused by Mr. Stewart's suggestion, and cheerfully granted the request. The frequent appearance of the carriage in front of the store and the presumptive presence of the fashionable owner of it within the store was soon noticed by other women, and Mr. Stewart's scheme was speedily successful. Carriage after carriage stopped before the store, and the stream of fashion was started that has since run ceaselessly in and out its doors.

The Eruption at Widow Wade's Farm.

The loud report which so startled James McManus, the Hudson River trackman, the other day, and the accompanying dreadful eruption of rock, earth and water which has been the wonder of all ever since, are but occurrences which may be repeated during any wet season in any place which has for its near neighbor a mountain as high as the familiar old "Sugar Loaf." People living in mountainous districts may therefore learn a lesson from the so-called "phenomenon" which shook the Widow Wade's farm, and take care how they select future sites for their houses, especially if any neighboring mountain have a lake or pond at its summit. It would not be pleasant for the practical farmer to wake up some morning and find his house turned into an asteroid, and although the retired merchant may now and then sigh for something higher and nobler than the things of this earth, it does not follow that he would wish to have his rural cottage shot up to the orbit of the moon without a moment's notice given him to lay in provisions for such a tour.

The pressure of a column of water is usually reckoned at about one atmospheric or five pounds to the square inch for every thirty-three feet. Supposing the area covered by a country house of ordinary size to be nine hundred square feet, and the height of the mountain at the top of which the pond lay 1,000 feet, the hydraulic force exerted on the base of that frail wooden structure would amount to something like 56,000 tons. In considering the subject, one cannot help thinking what a lucky thing it would be if there were only a tall mountain in the near neighborhood of this city, with a little lake at its summit and connections extending to some of the monstrosities that disfigure the lower part of this island. Another Sugar Loaf standing, say in the place of Bergen Hill, with a subterranean water-passage leading to a sandy reservoir under the new post-office, would exert a gentle lifting force to the base of that granite pile of at least 2,200 million tons—a force, however, that would be sufficient, if put forth within narrow limits of time, to carry the building clean over Trinity steeple and dump it into the middle of the East river.—*New York World.*

All About the Spring Styles.

A graceful and favorite coiffure is composed of twisted braids with long curls at the back.

Half dolmans are a popular design for evening wraps.

Black promises to be again the favorite color for street dresses.

Among the novelties are cream colored cashmere lace overdresses.

Shoes and boots with straps are still fashionable.

Camel's hair sacks of black trimmed with gold, and seal brown and myrtle green trimmed with silver are much worn for carriage wraps.

A tendency to return to single skirts is marked in the long polonaises and overskirts, which hardly show the underskirt.

The polonaise and princesse prevail in Paris, but basques and overskirts are most popular with the New York ladies.

Cuffs and collars of colored percale, and white with colored bands stitched on, are newer than the plain white ones, but are not more worn.

One of the new shapes in bonnets, called the Chevalier, has a square crown, with the brim turned up on one side.

The tight fitting shape of the costume remains; the molding cuirasse and the bridled train mark every fashionable toilet.

In colored lingerie a set consists of cuffs, collar, handkerchief and necktie, all matching in the colored embroidery, or bands, as the case may be.

New house jackets are made of gray ecru and black cashmere, trimmed with chain stitching, done with fine gold or silver threads.

Black cashmere and silk costumes sell more readily than any others for walking and ordinary house wear.

Ribbon bows, though still worn, have become common for the hair. Jet pins and small aigrettes are more worn. When flowers are employed, the preference is given to natural ones.

A BLUE DAY.—Says the Danbury *News*: Monday was one of those dreary rainy days when a man stays home all day and pulls out all his private papers with the view of straightening things, and, after looking them carefully over, leaves them in a heap on the table for his wife to put away.

A STRANGE STORY.

A Baltimorean's Experience in a Robbers' Cave—Beat and Bruised.

Mr. Bernard Feldman, aged about fifty-eight years, living in Baltimore, after several days of mysterious absence puts in a reappearance and tells a most marvelous story. He left his home on Wednesday for the purpose of visiting Highlandtown, a suburban village, apparently in sound mind and having with him about $40 in money. Not returning that night his family became alarmed, and all efforts to discover his whereabouts were unavailing until he presented himself at his house about three o'clock on Sunday morning, and related a curious array of experiences. He said he had not proceeded far on the road to Highlandtown when he saw a wagon, the sides of which were closed like a prison van.

The wagon halted near him and a man jumped out and remarked to him that there was a dead man in the wagon, and that he should look in the vehicle, as he might be able to identify the body. As he attempted to do so he was seized by four men and thrust violently into the wagon, which was rapidly driven off, and being closed on all sides he was prevented from seeing the road. About nine o'clock, as he supposes, the wagon halted, and getting out he was taken through a dense woods and finally taken into a cave, of which two desperate men were in charge. A fire was burning, and after robbing him of his money they threw faggots from the fire in his face, and burned off his beard and the entire hair from his head, following this by kicking and cuffing him until he was almost senseless. He passed the night without food or rest, and on Thursday and Friday implored his captors to allow him to go home, but their only response was to again assault and beat him in the most cruel manner, threatening at the same time that, if he did not cease his importunities, they would murder him. During his entire stay in the cave a small piece of stale bread was his only food, and the nervous prostration and physical suffering he endured were indescribable. On Saturday morning some of the gang brought in a girl about fineteen years of age. Four of them soon after left, leaving two with the girl, and, while they were guarding her in another part of the cave, he escaped.

He was suffering intense agony from his injuries, fearful of recapture and did not know the road he was traveling until he recognized the dome of Bayview asylum on Saturday night, finally reaching his home at the hour stated. His beard and hair are entirely gone, his face and neck terribly blistered, and his physical strength so much exhausted that he is unable to leave his bed. Feldman is a man of strictly temperate habits, and his story is accepted by all those who know him as entirely true. At present he is unable to give any clew by which his abductors and assailants can be secured.

Relations with Employees.

Personally the late A. T. Stewart was a very unassuming man. He dressed plainly and with good taste, and never wore rings or diamonds. The only costly article he carried about was a gold watch, and this was not fastened to a chain, but to a black silk cord. If he saw one of his clerks displaying much jewelry, this was considered sufficient cause by him to establish an inquiry into the habits of the man, the amount of his salary, and his mode of living. If his salary and circumstances did not warrant such outlay Mr. Stewart would have a watch sent on his actions, and the result in many cases proved that the clerk was dishonest. Many instances could be recounted in which he discovered dishonesty in his clerks by the display of jewelry on their part. He was generally lenient with erring employers, and never prosecuted them if there were any extenuating circumstances. His observation was remarkably keen, and he was quick to observe the slightest irregularity in the arrangement of the different departments of the store, or any slovenliness in the dress of the clerks. If a clerk, on the other hand, was dressed too extravagantly Mr. Stewart often took occasion to offer a gentle rebuke. As an instance of his distaste for outward display, it may be mentioned that he was walking through his retail store one day when a massive gold chain and locket in the buttonhole of one of his clerks attracted his attention. He stepped up to him and said: "Young man, if I were you I'd button up my coat on that;" and, pointing down to his own plain black cord, he added: "That is the best I can afford to wear; take my advice, and keep that covered up!"

Centennial Notes.

The women of Massachusetts have forwarded $4,400 to the treasurer, making their total contribution to the Centennial $10,600.

The Philadelphia sportsmen's club has appointed a committee empowered to offer, through the agricultural department, one or more prizes for the best setters or pointers exhibited at the Centennial.

Upon many of the casts in the Egyptian building on the Centennial grounds are hieroglyphics or inscriptions in Arabic, a noticeable one of the latter being: *Hooa mash-Allah*, which translated means: "As it pleases God."

Prominent in the Spanish space are six excellent medallion paintings, each nine or ten feet in circumference, representing Columbus, Queen Isabella, Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Cortez and Pizarro. These medallions are inserted in the front and rear of the structure forming the entrance to the pavilion.

The clock for memorial hall has been completed in Thomaston, Conn. It has 1,160 pieces, the estimated weight of all being six tons. The main wheels are four feet in diameter. The pendulum ball and rod weigh respectively 700 and 800 pounds, the rod being fourteen and one-half feet long and connected with the clockwork by what is known as gravity escapement, and makes two-second beats. The rod is of steel, and to compensate for contraction and expansion is encased in two cylinders, one of zinc and one of steel, which, by their relative expansion upward, maintain a uniform center of oscillation.

A Sad Scene.

That must have been a sad procession of Northwestern editors which filed out of the dining-room in Port Royal the other day, says the Savannah *News*. They were on an excursion, and most of them had the well known habits of editorial excursionists. They had been received at the Port Royal station with beating drums, gay banners, and a crowd of tumultuous and enthusiastic citizens. The chairman of the reception committee, mounted on a barrel, made them a speech of welcome, and they were then taken for supper to a building over which the word "Welcome" was displayed in gigantic letters.

Supper being over, the excursionists prepared for a stroll about town. At the door they encountered an effusive citizen, who calmly extended his hand. They shook it and called him "brother," but he calmly and sternly said to every man: "Seventy-five cents, if you please." And every man paid. It was a sad scene.

The Rescue of the "Donner Party."

Readers of Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" will remember the following foot note which occurs in connection with the author's description of scenes in Starvation Camp:

"I fear I must task the incredulous reader's further patience by calling attention to what may, perhaps, prove the most literal and thoroughly attested fact of this otherwise fanciful chronicle. The condition and situation of the ill-famed 'Donner Party'—then an unknown, unheralded cavalcade of immigrants—starving in an unfrequented pass of the Sierras, was first made known to Captain Yount, of Napa, in a dream. The Spanish records of California show that the relief party which succored the survivors was projected upon this spiritual information."

In the thorough scrutiny to which everything relating to the heroic age of California has been subjected, there are, probably, few beyond the mountains who are not familiar with the details of the above expedition. There are many in the East, however, who will be interested in Captain Yount's own version of this strange occurrence, as related by him to the late Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell. We quote from "Nature and the Supernatural":

"As I sat by the fire, one stormy November night, in a hotel parlor, in the Napa valley of California, there came in a most venerable and benignant looking person, with his wife, taking their seats in the circle. The stranger, as I afterward learned, was Captain Yount, a man who came over into California, as a trapper, more than forty years ago. Here he has lived, apart from the great world and its questions, acquiring an immense landed estate, and becoming a kind of acknowledged patriarch in the country. His tall, manly person, and his gracious, paternal look, at totally unsophisticated in the expression as if he had never heard of a philosophic doubt or question in his life, marked him as the true patriarch. The conversation turned, I know not how, on spiritism and the modern necromancy, and he discovered a degree of inclination to believe in the reported mysteries. His wife, a much younger and apparently Christian person, intimated that probably he was predisposed to this kind of faith by a very peculiar experience of his own, and evidently desired that he might be drawn out by some intelligent discussion of his queries.

At my request, he gave me his story. About six or seven years previous in a mid-winter's night he had a dream, in which he saw what appeared to be a company of immigrants, arrested by the snows of the mountains, and perishing rapidly by cold and hunger. He noted the very cast of the scenery, marked by a huge perpendicular front of white rock cliff; he saw men cutting off what appeared to be tree tops, rising out of deep gulfs of snow; he distinguished the very features of the persons, and the look of their particular distress. He woke, profoundly impressed with his distinctness and apparent reality of the dream. At length he fell asleep, and dreamed exactly the same dream again. In the morning he could not expel it from his mind. Falling in, shortly, with an old hunter comrade, he told him the story, and was only the more deeply impressed by his recognizing, without hesitation, the scenery of the dream.

This comrade came over the Sierra, by the Carson valley pass, and declared that a spot in the pass answered exactly to his description. By this the unsophisticated patriarch was decided. He immediately collected a company of men, with mules and blankets, and all necessary provisions. The neighbors were laughing, meantime, at his credulity. "No matter," said he, "I am able to do this, and I will, for I verily believe that the fact is according to my dream." The men were sent into the mountains, one hundred and fifty miles distant, directly to the Carson valley pass. And there they found the company, in exactly the condition of the dream, and brought in the remnant alive.

A gentleman present said: "You need have no doubt of this; for we Californians all know the facts, and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of savior." These names he gave, and the places where they reside, and I found, afterward, that the California people were ready, everywhere, to second his testimony.—*Scribner for April.*

Pork Packing Statistics.

Secretary Howard, of the American pork packers' association, makes the following report of the packing of hogs of the West during the winter season of 1875-6: The total number of hogs packed is 4,874,125, against 5,566,226 last season, a decrease of 692,101. The average net weight is 218.36 pounds, against 209.77 pounds last season, an increase of 8.59 pounds. The average yield of lard is 35.52 pounds, against 34.20 pounds last season, an increase of 1.32 pounds. The aggregate net weight of the hogs packed this season is equal to 5,073,850 hogs of last year's average weight. The production of lard is equal to 541,115 tierces of 320 pounds each, against 594,939 tierces last season, a decrease of 53,824 tierces. The decrease in the aggregate net weight is 103,297,000 pounds, or equal to 92,308,400 pounds of meats. The decrease in the number of hogs packed in the West, with the receipts at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, is 994,130. Calculating the receipts of hogs at the seaboard cities at the same average weight and yield of lard as those packed in the West, the decrease in weight is 159,429,500 pounds, equal to 74,400 tierces, or 22,320,000 pounds of hams, 25,508,000 pounds of shoulders, and 63,772,000 pounds of sides. The shortage in the yield of lard East and West is reported at 26,442,900 pounds, or 82,634 tierces.

Gen. Santa Anna in his Old Age.

Santa Anna lives in the city of Mexico, in a third-rate house of two stories, with courts of not more than twenty feet square, the pavements out of repair, the whole telling the story of poverty. He was seated upon a much-worn sofa, attended by a smart appearing Mexican of middle age, and rose, with some difficulty, in receiving us. He complained considerably of his wooden leg, and also of blindness.

He is an old man of eighty years, very decrepit, yet in full command of his faculties; has a good head and face, not unlike the pictures of Humboldt in old age, with broad temples and an abrupt, square nose, and, at one time, good eyes. He had little to say, but appeared pleased at our visit; and, as we told him of the four or five general officers of the Mexican war still living, he listened with interest, but showed no special recognition until the name of Pillow was mentioned, whom he remembered perfectly.

Over the sofa where Santa Anna sat was the picture of a beautiful woman in her fullness of youth and loveliness. This was his wife when both led the fortunes of Mexico. As we passed out the court our attention was called to the figure of a woman of fifty in the window opposite, in plain dress, and devoid of any interesting attribute.