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German Cradle Song.

Sleep, heart-loved baby! my darling art thou.
Close quick thy little blue eye-peeps now;
All around quiet and still as the night;
Sleep, and I'll watch till thou wakest so bright

Angels from heaven as lovely as thou,
Float round thy cradle, and smile on thee now.
Later, 'tis true, yes! they'll hover still near,
Only to dry from thine eye the sad tear.

Just now, my lambkin, is golden the day;
Later, ah, later! 'twill not be so gay;
When sorrows at first thy cradle surround,
Then, darling baby, thou'lt not sleep so sound.

Sleep, heart-loved baby! although comes the night,
Mother will sit near thy cradle in sight;
Be it so early, or be it so late,
Mother love, darling, still watches thy fate.

The Century.

Through storm and calm the years have led
Our nation on from stage to stage,
A century's space, until we tread
The threshold of another age.

We see where o'er our pathway swept
A torrent stream of blood and fire;
And thank the guardian power who kept
Our sacred league of States entire.

Oh! checkered train of years, farewell,
With all thy strifes and hopes and fears;
But with us let thy memories dwell
To warm and teach the coming years.

And thou, the new beginning age,
Warmed by the past, and not in vain;
Write on a fairer, whiter page
The record of thy happier reign.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

A BIT OF LACE.

"It's a perfectly exquisite piece of lace, papa."

"I dare say, Flor.

"But I want you to look at it."

"I shouldn't know any more about it if I did."

"Well, then, I want you to buy it."

"Buy it! What for?"

"Why, for me."

"Pay five hundred dollars for a handkerchief for you?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, papa, I should think it was something atrocious. All the other girls have them, although certainly this is a little, the least little nicer than theirs. I don't know why Lucy should have a nicer handkerchief than I, just because she married. Anybody else would say it was enough to be married, and so let me have the handkerchief. Married women have everything—love and lace and diamonds. Now, papa, just take out your pocket-book." It was a coaxing voice.

"Do you suppose I carry five-hundred-dollar bills in my pocketbook?"

"It makes no odds. Your check-book, then. I've set my heart on it, it's such a beauty. If you only look at it—look at that wreath of flowers so delicately shaded; here the close work in the light, you see, there the open work in the shade, so perfect you can quite fancy the colors; and all done in this one thread. See, papa, there's a dew-drop, that round hole in the mesh."

"Nonsense, Flor; I can't see anything of the kind there."

"That's because your eye isn't educated, sir. Mine is; for I have studied other people's laces till I could almost work them. That's a good man! I knew you would. You always do. One, two, three!" And then there was a shower of kisses and tinkling laughter. And that was the conversation of a millionaire and his daughter that Lucian Malvin heard over the open transom of the next room to his in the hotel where he staid overnight a year or two ago, seeing neither people nor handkerchief, and aghast at the thought of a handkerchief costing five hundred dollars, which was one-third of the mortgage on his little place, that he was trying to pay off, heart and soul—a conversation that now recurred to him in a moment of real agony, as the housemaid stood before him holding a little limp rag in her hand that she had just snatched out of the washtub, and that last night was a bit of dainty lace that Miss Rose Mercier had called her handkerchief, and had given him to hold during the galop. Good heavens, how was he ever going to restore it!

He was a young lawyer, just entering upon what in time would probably be fine practice, but which was now rather empirical. He had started in the race for wealth and honor with good legal ability, good name, and good morals, and with no other impedimenta than a little patrimony in the shape of a modest dwelling in the suburbs, which he had been obliged to mortgage for the means to get a part of his education and his profession, which mortgage he was striving to pay off, that he might begin the future clear of the world. He was a handsome fellow, this Lucian Malvin, an ambitious one too, in some degree, and very nearly as proud as Lucifer. He used to feel many a pang in the association with those so much wealthier than himself to which certain circumstances had subjected him. He had had an important case accidentally thrown into his hands, and had acquitted himself so well that the wealthy client took him up and would not let him down; and when Lucian remonstrated that it was out of his power to keep up such association, and was mortifying to his pride besides, the client had assured him it was not pride, but vanity, that was mortified, and that the way to be as wealthy as those he met was to keep their company and get their cases; and he thought, on the whole, that perhaps his friend was right, and he began to yield with an ignoble motive, had nevertheless become very fond of the ways of the people to whom wealth had given every opportunity of culture and grace, and who knew how to treat life like a work of art. Moreover, it was not a little that he was petted by various of these good people. Certain motherly ladies made him at home with them, and won his confidence and his affection, notably Mrs. Barnetta. Parents with good rentrolls of their own, as Mrs. Barnetta used to tell him, were not so insistent in the matter of rentrolls as of virtue and talent in their daughters' husbands; and he was invited here and there, and given to understand a great deal more than he choose to understand. Proud as Lucifer, as it was previously stated, he was going to marry no heiress of them all and be the thrall of her money; he could not marry a rich woman, he could not marry a poor one. When he married, he was going to give, not take, and at present he had nothing to give. Perhaps he would have been a nobler person if he had not been quite so strenuous in this matter of obligation; but then, as Mrs. Barnetta

2, ne would not have been Lucian Malvin, and Lucian Malvin was a very good fellow, after all, and there are few of us but have our faults.

It was among these people that he happened to meet Rosa Mercier. She had come from a distant place, and was visiting his pleasantest acquaintance; and certainly the house was pleasanter still after her sunshiny little presence dawned on it. It seemed as if, for instance, there never had been any flowers in the house before, although it had always been overflowing; it seemed as if there had been no music there, no light, or color, or cheer; and now the place was too dangerously delightful for a young man who did not want to marry to frequent. She was such a lovely little thing; not exactly beautiful, that is, she would not have been beautiful in a picture, but in flesh and blood, and in Lucian Malvin's eyes, she was exceedingly beautiful, with her soft color, her clear dark gaze, and her bright hair that broke into a cloud of sunny rings about her sweet face; such a gentle gayety went with her wherever she did, such a tender grace of manner, too, in the intervals of her buoyant spirits, her voice was such a warbling voice, her ways were such winsome ways. Lucian Malvin felt that he must forswear her presence unless he wanted to make life a burden to himself; and he ceased going to Mrs. Barnetta's, where she was staying, almost as suddenly as day forsakes the horizon in that dreary season when twilights are not.

But if he could shut himself out from the Barnettas', he could not shut Miss Rosa out from general society; and go where he would, he met her almost nightly, laughing gayly, singing sweetly, dancing lightly, till he declared to himself that if this was going to last, he must indeed cease going out at all. But that was a little too much; he did not know how positively to deny himself the mere sight of her. Yet things were growing very precarious when he could not take a book but he saw that blushing face slide in between the pages, when he could not make out a writ without being in danger of slipping her name into the blanks, when he heard the delicious voice murmuring in his ears when he walked, and walked all night with the little spirit when he slept. He made a compromise with himself—it was all he could—and declared that at any rate he would not dance with her again.

It was an idle effort. He might almost as well have danced with her as have stood looking at her, quite unconscious of his general air, and all the lover in his glance. Mrs. Barnetta beckoned him to her side; he stood there just as Rosa came up from her promenade and left the arm of one cavalier to be carried off by another. "You are not dancing, Mr. Malvin?" she said. "Oh, would you hold my fan and handkerchief?" He followed them with his eye again as the music crashed into a dashing galop.

What right had that other man with his clasp about this darling? why did she suffer it? what decency was there in the society which commanded such sacrifice? In his embrace—whirling wildly to this wild music!

"You do hate him, don't you?" said Mrs. Barnetta, in his ear. "If looks could slay"— He started. Was he carrying his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at? "Oh, I don't pity you a bit," laughed Mrs. Barnetta, low toned. And putting out her hand, she took Rosa's fan and opened it as she talked. "Anybody," said she, "with such a power of making misery, ought to enjoy it."

"I—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Barnetta, but if you read me riddles, I must ask you also to be their sphinx."

"Oh, no; it was the function of the sphinx to propound the riddles, not to solve them." And Mrs. Barnetta laughed her low, pleasant laugh. "You do not come to us any more," she said. "And as I used to be in your confidence before you deserted me, I can imagine the reason. I do not like to say it is very shabby treatment of an old friend. Of course I cannot say that it is rude. But if you do not dance with Miss Mercier this evening, I shall be fearfully offended. I am not going to have my little treasure made unhappy for the sake of the safety of the prince of all good fellows himself."

Lucien changed color so suddenly that Mrs. Barnetta put out her hand in affright, half expecting to see him fall; but in a moment he was himself again.

"Do you— Is Miss Mercier"—he began, and paused half way.

"As if I should say another word, and had not already said altogether too much!" said Mrs. Barnetta. "There, she has left dancing and gone for an ice. What do you think of round dances, on the whole?" And they were, to all appearances, deep in a discussion of the subject when Rosa returned and swept her late partner a courtesy, and took shelter on the other side of Mrs. Barnetta. Perhaps she had seen the way Lucian's eye had followed her, and it had given her a certain illumination that made her shrink.

Just then the band began one of the Hungarian waltzes, a sweet and rapturous measure that set the blood itself to dancing in one's veins. Why not? One last dance, one last moment of ecstasy, ere he went out forever into loneliness. Directly he had crumpled the bit of lace into his pocket, and was bending before the little Rosa, who seemed suddenly to have lost all her light gayety, and who put out her hand to him with a conscious burning blush upon her face that his heart reflected in a melting glow. And then there was no thought of pride, or of negation, or forgetting; the music was swinging them at its will; they circled in each other's arms to its delicious and delirious movement. Yet only a moment was it, a few moments, a brief sweet space of half conscious time; and then a faint recognition crept through its spell and warned Lucian of the poison in this honey. He was in the act of surrender; he was about to seal his fate and that of this dear girl; to take her away from her father's wealth and her luxurious ease, and condemn her to the carking cares of poverty. All his nature rebelled; he chose not to be swayed by this melody of horns and strings; he would have no passion, neither music nor love, so master his soul as to become the element in which it swam, an exclusion of thought and fear, of sight and sound, and all other emotion; and with his imperious determination he chose to break the enchantment; the real world crept back upon his senses, he heard the tune, beyond this cloud that wrapped them, breaking again into its distinctive measure, and exerting his will, he controlled their steps and paused at last beside Mrs. Barnetta, and with a low bow, and without a word, gave Rosa back into that lady's care, and passed into the crowd and out of the place and home to his lonely rooms.

It was daybreak before he sought repose, walking the floor till then, hardly knowing what he did or what he thought, but intent upon conquering himself. He would give the world for Rosa Mercier's love, but he would not give his pride. To him that pride meant self-respect; to marry her, the child of opulence, meant either to sell himself for a price, or to reduce her to trouble and weariness in which her love might soon wear out. He did not doubt that I've now; without a syllable's speech, he felt sure of it. While it thrilled him wildly and deeply, it cast a sudden shadow of regret; he only hoped, and cursed his fate that forced him to hope such a thing, that presently the love would pass, and some one who would make her happier would claim her. At length, with maledictions in the act, he emptied his pockets of the gloves, handkerchief, and trifles there, and went to bed, with the sun coming through the curtains, and, worn out in body and mind, slept to the blessed and thorough oblivion of all the world.

When he awoke it was late in the day. All his trouble rushed over him, but in a moment all his will to repel it rose too. He dressed himself leisurely; he meant to call that night on Miss Mercier, restore her handkerchief that he had forgotten to give back after the dance, and in some indirect way let her know that he intended never to marry, and so seal his doom beyond hope. He went into the next room when he had completed his toilet, and, after attending to one or two other affairs, looked for the handkerchief that he remembered to have taken from his pocket and to have tossed upon the table there. It was not on the table; it was nowhere in the room. In a panic, he rung the bell; and when it was answered, instituted an inquiry concerning the thing. Yes, indeed, Susan had seen it, and thought it was so yellow and soiled she would take it down and wash it. "Lors, sir, it was the dirtiest little rag," she said. "Just straw color. And I thought I'd give it a run through the tub and the bluing and make it fit to be seen."

"Good heavens!" he cried, with a horrified flash of remembrance that the yellower lace was the more precious was it, and that it never was washed on any account except by people who did nothing else. "Let me have it at once." And in five minutes afterward Susan stood before him holding up the little limp rag, and with a pang as from a blow of something unknown and dreadful, the conversation that he had heard over the transom of the hotel door, a year or two ago, swept back upon his recollection.

Five hundred dollars! And gone to grief in a moment! And he could no more replace it than he could fly, without what was the same to him as absolute ruin. Of course he must replace it; he could not be indebted, through the stupidity of his servant, or through any other means, to Miss Mercier in that sum. Without any doubt, she valued such a bit of lace; and if anything were needed to demonstrate to him the wisdom of the course he had decided on, and the utter absurdity of having dared for a single moment to look with love on one of these darlings of fortune, it was the fact that her handkerchiefs alone were items of five hundred dollars. What a shame! what a wickedness! what a preposterous folly! How could a young man marry? He burned with indignation then.

But to replace it; one-third of the sum he was saving to redeem his little property from mortgage—all the money he really had in the world beyond that for his daily expenses! It was the ruin of his hopes, his ambitions, his pride, that scorned so to be anybody's debtor; it threw him back in the race, how long! But it must be done. He had a trifle over five hundred dollars in the bank. He drew his check for the necessary sum and folded it away in his pocket-book, and then went about his business till nightfall, when he came back to his dreary rooms, and made himself ready for a call at Mrs. Barnetta's.

The night had never seemed so beautiful, the stars so large and keen and far above the earth, so remote and cold—they typified all the dear and happy things of life forever removed from him. His heart was chilled and his face was white when he stood at last in Mrs. Barnetta's drawing room, and she floated forward to meet him. He had not asked for Miss Mercier.

"It is a delicate errand, Mrs. Barnetta," said he, with a dreary attempt at smiling. "But the truth is that my maid, in her officious kindness, has done such damage to a bit of Miss Mercier's property that I must replace it. And I have come to beg you, out of your friendship for me, to transact the affair, if such an article can be replaced here. I believe these little trifles are rather costly, and if you will procure one"—and he laid the check he had drawn that morning and the little limp rag in Mrs. Barnetta's hand—"as like the original as possible, I"—

"My dear Mr. Malvin, what in the world are you talking of?" cried Mrs. Barnetta. "Have you money to throw about in this way? Five hundred dollars—what is it for?"

"To replace Miss Mercier's handkerchief, if you will be so good as to make the purchase."

"Like this?" said Mrs. Barnetta, holding up the little limp rag by one corner.

"Like that," said Lucian.

"Oh, that is too good!" cried Mrs. Barnetta, with a peal of laughter. "It is too good, it is too absurd! What creatures men are! Did you imagine that this bit of finery was worth all that?—this little scrid of grass cloth and German lace? No wonder the young men don't marry, then! My dear Mr. Malvin, this miserable handkerchief cost exactly two dollars and a half, and was nearly worn out at that. Did you imagine, too, that my poor little Rosa could wear five-hundred-dollar handkerchiefs, without a cent to her name?"

"Without a cent to her name?" cried Lucien, springing to his feet.

"Exactly. Aha! Is that the trouble? Now why didn't you come and talk it all over with me in the way you used to do, and save yourself all this vexation, and save my little Rosa, too? What an absurd boy you are! Another would have waited to hear that she was an heiress; you wait to hear that she is penniless. Well, she is, if that satisfies you, except for what I shall leave my little goddaughter when I die—which will not be at present, D. V. And there she is in the next room now. But, bless me!—

Lucien had not waited for the rest of the invocation. He was already in the next room, and Rosa was already in his arms.—*Bazar.*

Circassian Girls.

The sale of Circassian girls to Turks still continues. A correspondent of the London *Times* says that a Moslem dealer makes choice of four young, unsophisticated girls, imports them to Constantinople, sells them and then goes back for more. If he can achieve four such trips in a year he can make a good living out of sixteen women. Many of the Circassians are living in Turkey, and there actually breed children for sale, having no more shame about it than a fashionable English mother may feel about bringing out her girls for the matrimonial market.

Germany to America.

Mr. Cadwalader, acting secretary of state of the United States, presented Mr. Schlozer, the German minister, to the President for the purpose of delivering an autograph letter of congratulation from the emperor of Germany. Mr. Schlozer in presenting the letter stated that he was instructed by his majesty to deliver upon the fourth day of July to the President in person an autograph letter of congratulation upon the occasion of the centennial anniversary, and wished to add his personal good wishes for the United States.

The President briefly replied, assuring him of his satisfaction in receiving this evidence of good feeling on the part of his majesty; that his kind expressions toward the United States were fully appreciated, and that the letter should be properly acknowledged. The letter is as follows:

William, by the grace of God, Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc., to the President of the United States:

GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND: It has been vouchsafed to you to celebrate the centennial festival of the day upon which the great republic over which you preside entered the rank of independent nations. The purposes of its founders have, by a wise application of the teachings of the history of the foundation of nations, and with insight into the distant future, been realized by a development without a parallel. To congratulate you and the American people on the occasion affords me so much the greater pleasure because since the treaty of friendship which my ancestor of glorious memory, King Frederick II., who now rests with God, concluded with the United States, undisturbed friendship has continually existed between Germany and America, and has been developed and strengthened by the ever increasing importance of their mutual relations, and by an intercourse becoming more and more fruitful in every domain of commerce and science. That the welfare of the United States and the friendship of the two countries may continue to increase, is my sincere desire and confident hope. Accept the renewed assurance of my unqualified esteem.

(Signed) WILLIAM.
(Countersigned) VON BISMARCK.

The Difference.

There was a man who said to himself, whenever I devote a dollar to pleasure I will devote ten cents to charity. This idea he got from personal experience, for he had been chosen for a single day collector for contributions to celebrate an anniversary, and also collector for a fund for poor widows. He went forth with the two appeals; in the right pocket he put the money secured for the celebration and in the left the money given for widows. When he got home, he took account, and found that five hundred men had contributed for the celebration, and only five for the poor widows. Then he moralized. Now here, said he, in this hand I have two thousand dollars, all to be burned up in bad smelling fireworks, and with this five times as much value in buildings that these fireworks will destroy. On the other hand, I have twenty dollars for a thousand of hard working widows, who to-day cannot be sure of their dinners, and then this reckless man said loud enough for all the world to hear: Go to the average citizen with an appeal for a starving fellow creature, and you may get a penny and you may not; but show him that you can waste a thousand dollars in five minutes in noise and smoke, and he will immediately give you his check for the thousand and thank you for calling. If Hail Columbia were a poor widow, she might starve unless she could eat firecrackers.

How Hesing Received Sentence.

When sentence was pronounced Hesing stood as if deprived of the power of movement. It was one of those moments which occasionally occur in a court of justice when there is such painful intensity of excitement as for a few seconds to rob every one present of their power to say or do anything. Hesing clung to the railing behind which he stood, and the fearful whirlwind of emotion that passed over his face was only observable by the judge and the automation-like clerk. Consternation was plainly visible upon the faces of the ten defendants left sitting in the jury box. The judge at last considerately came to the relief of the fallen giant.

"You may take your seat, Mr. Hesing," he said.

The old man turned, stumbled back to his chair, and without raising his eyes to gaze upon the curious crowd watching his every motion, buried his face in his handkerchief and burst into tears. It was, indeed, a bitter moment. —*Chicago Paper.*

A Smart Boy.

A traveler stopped at Brussels in a post chaise, and being sharpset he was anxious to buy a piece of cherry pie before his vehicle should set out; but he was afraid to leave the public conveyance lest it might drive off and leave him. So calling a lad to him from the other side of the street, he gave him a piece of money and requested him to go to a restaurant in the near vicinity and purchase pastry; and then to make assurance doubly sure, he gave him another piece of money and told him to buy some for himself at the same time. The lad went off on a run, and in a little while came back, eating a piece of pie, and looking very complacent and happy. Walking up to the window of the chaise, he said, with the most perfect nonchalance, returning at the same time one of the pieces of money which the gentleman had given him:

"The restaurant had only one piece of pie left, and that I bought with my money that you gave me!"

The Centennial Legion.

The Centennial Legion, which joined the great procession in Philadelphia on the fourth of July, was commanded by Gen. Heth, and composed of the following organizations: Rhode Island Light Infantry, Col. E. B. Bullock commanding; Clinch Rifles, of Georgia; Phil Kearny Guards, of Elizabeth, N. J., Capt. W. H. DeHart; American Rifles, of Wilmington, Del., Capt. S. M. Wood; detachment of the Fifth Maryland regiment, Col. Loney; Boston Light Infantry, of Boston, Mass., Capt. N. N. Noyes; Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., Capt. M. G. Moore; Old Guard, of New York city; Fayetteville Light Infantry, of North Carolina, Major Haigh; a section of the First New Hampshire Battery, dismounted, and acting as infantry; the New Haven Grays, of New Haven, Conn.; State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, Capt. J. W. Ryan; Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, of Norfolk, Va., Capt. Hodges, with guns and caissons.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.

Where it Came From—What it Eats, and how to Destroy It.

The Colorado beetle, or potato bug, was first discovered in the canyons of the Colorado mountains, where it fed upon several weeds, natives of that region, and was known to entomologists long before it became a pest to the farmer. Until potatoes were planted in the far West, it had nothing to subsist upon in a journey eastward, but when the country became settled, the insect rapidly increased with the abundance of food; it was first noticed as injurious to the crops about 1850, and since then has progressed eastward and into Canada with accelerated rapidity.

It attacks tomatoes, and especially egg plants, of which it seems to be more fond than of anything else. Ornamental plants of the family are attacked by it. It seems, since it has come eastward, to have acquired a taste for other plants, not at all related to the solanum family; pig weeds, mullein, thistles and smart weed among wild plants, and the cabbage among those in occasionally cultivation, are plants it has been known to attack.

So far as experience has shown, the insect on its progress eastward does not move on, but some remain, and while they do not seem so numerous after the first few years, potato growers apparently must accept the beetle as a fixed fact. It has kept a foothold wherever it has come, and there is no present indication that it will soon leave. It is in vain to hope that it will cure itself, but it demands the serious attention of all who cultivate the potato and related plants. To be sure, there are its natural enemies, which we may hope, judging from other insect scourges, will increase sufficiently to keep it in subjection, but these slowly follow the pest. There are several of these, one a genuine parasite that deposits its eggs in the larva of the potato beetle, and several others that attack, kill, and feed upon the larvæ. Several larvæ of the ladybirds are very active in this respect, and should be encouraged, or at least not destroyed, as we have known to be the case. They move with great activity, and destroy numbers of the young grubs of the potato bug; these are usually lead colored, with bright orange spots; these and the perfect ladybirds should be unmolested, as should their pupæ. The ladybird larva enters the pupa state on the potato vine, attaching itself to a stem or leaf; it coils up and may be, by a careless observer, mistaken for a small potato bug grub, and destroyed. This is perfectly dormant and attached, while the other will move, and is readily picked off. Other insects in the perfect state, and as larvæ, aid in the work of destroying the larvæ of the potato bug. The only safe way is to watch every other insect found among them, and do not destroy it until it is found to be injurious to the potato plant.

When the potatoes first appear above ground, begin the search for the bugs. The first that appear come out of the ground after their winter's rest. If these are captured at once, before they breed and lay eggs, it will materially diminish their future numbers. Much may be done by mechanical means when the insects are not in overwhelming numbers. Some have been very successful in simply knocking them off by means of a light paddle made of shingle, and catching them in a pan containing water. We have successfully used a pan of sheet iron thirty inches long, with the other parts in proportion. The edges of the pan curve inward and make it difficult for the insects to crawl out. With this in one hand, and a light brush in the other, one can knock off the insects in large numbers very rapidly. The brush should be stiff enough to remove the larvæ and not injure the leaves; we find a wisp of straw, or a bunch of some strong growing grass, as handy as anything. There are patented contrivances for mechanically removing the bugs, but they promise no better results than these simple means.—*Agriculturist.*

A Story About Worms.

The Allentown (Pa.) *Register* contains the following curious narrative: Mr. George T. Hersh, of this city, while on a recent visit to Hellertown, met an acquaintance, who related a most singular story concerning an army of worms. The occurrence took place in Bucks county, and the story is this: "As I was at home they told me that about a mile and a half away there was an army of worms marching from one given point to the other and thence back again. This seemed very strange to me, and I came to the conclusion that I would go and see for myself. Consequently I hitched in the carriage and drove to the place. I tied my horse to the fence, and commenced to examine, and to my great astonishment I beheld the worms in great numbers creeping at the place named, just from one given point to the other, a distance of about three or four hundred yards. No worm is to be seen anywhere else. This worm travels only mornings and evenings—evenings after sunset and mornings till about eight or nine o'clock. In the daytime they lie concealed under rocks and in openings. I saw them lie under rocks, one against the other. It is so full at their marching time that you cannot help killing a number at every step you take when walking through that place. It is a worm about an inch or an inch and a quarter long, having a whitish or yellowish color, with a black stripe over its back. It has sixty-six feet, with which it hurries itself along at a very lively speed. When you catch the worm it screams. It has also a very offensive odor. It is so tender that if you touch it a little hard it goes to pieces. It is not a destructive worm, as it only eats earth. I never saw such a worm and the curiosity of them prompted me to procure some; so I caught a number of them and put them in alcohol. Hundreds of people flock to that place to see the worms."

In another paragraph the *Register* adds the following: Mr. Charles Eckert was in Bucks county, and by a friend taken to the place where that singular army of worms holds forth. He reports that the place is visited by many people from all sections of the county and from distant places. An immense crowd was on the ground watching the marching of these curious worms. Scientific men who have seen specimens of the worms say that they never saw anything like them, and can give no reasonable theory for their presence in this peculiar locality. The place where this curious phenomenon, if we may so call it, can be seen is about three miles from Dunnelltown, near Pleasant hill.

THE LATE SANTA ANNA.

A Sketch of the Life of a Notable Mexican

Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, formerly president of the republic of Mexico, died on June 24. He was born in the city of Jalapa, February 21, 1798, and entered the army in 1821. He met with some success, but having been dismissed for insubordination, he raised the banner of the republic in Vera Cruz in 1822, and commenced hostilities against the emperor, Iturbide, and accomplished his overthrow. Defeated in the elections, he shortly after secured the overthrow of Pedraza and the elevation of Guerrero, who made him his minister of war. He subsequently headed two other successful insurrections, one to replace Guerrero by Bustamente, and the other in the interest of Pedraza. In March, 1833, he was himself elected president, and was a favorite with the people, though suspected by the army of imperial ambitions. He took his turn at suppressing insurrections, the most formidable of which he suppressed May 11, 1835, by a victory which proved a fatal blow to the Republican party. Shortly thereafter a revolutionary feeling in Texas showed itself in open insurrection against the government and early in 1836 Santa Anna took the field and crossed the Rio Grande at the head of six thousand troops. In March he stormed the Alamo at San Antonio and massacred its defenders. At San Jacinto he was defeated by the Texan army under Houston, and in April, 1831, was by him taken prisoner. His functions as president were thereupon suspended. He came to the United States, and in 1837 returned to Mexico and stood for re-election, but was defeated. Upon the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the French, the same year, he assisted in its defense, and there received the wound which resulted in the amputation of a leg. During the long contest between the Centralists and Federalists he was a leader of the former, and from 1841 to 1844 was virtually dictator, under the title of provisional president. Under the instrument of reconstruction of June 12, 1843, he again became constitutional president, but September 20, 1844, he was deposed by a new revolution, taken prisoner and banished for ten years. He then took up his residence in Cuba. In 1846 he was recalled, appointed generalissimo, and subsequently made provisional president. He at once marched northward with 20,000 men, and February 22, 1847, attacked the American troops at Buena Vista, five thousand strong, under General Taylor, who repulsed him the next day. He then raised a new army and was again defeated by General Scott at Cerro Gordo, April 18. He at once retreated to the city of Mexico with the fragment of his army, and organized a new one, 30,000 strong, for the defense of the capital; but the storming of Molino del Rey, September 8, and Chapultepec September 13 and 14, 1847, opened the city to Scott's victorious army. Santa Anna made a last stand at Puebla, but was attacked by General Lane at Huamantia and forced to retire. By permission of the American commander he sailed for Jamaica April 5, 1848, and did not return to Mexico till 1853, when he was appointed president for life, with power to appoint his successor. His rule was so despotic that a revolution led by General Alvarez overthrew him, and August 16, 1855, he signed his unconditional abdication and sailed for Havana. During the French invasion of Mexico he returned and was appointed grand marshal of the empire by Maximilian. In 1865 he conspired against the emperor and was forced to retire to St. Thomas. In 1867 he made his last attempt to regain the mastery of Mexico, but was taken prisoner at Vera Cruz and condemned to death. President Juarez pardoned him on condition of his quitting Mexican soil forever, and he came to the United States. After the death of Juarez he returned to his native soil and lived in seclusion in the city of Mexico till the time of his death.

The Sioux Chief Sitting Bull.

Mr. Maginnis, of Montana, in the United States House, during a discussion on the Indian question, gave the following history of Sitting Bull:

The first time that Sitting Bull became known to the people of this nation was during the great Minnesota massacre in 1862. In 1863 he fought Sully in the Black Hills. In 1864 he ravaged the Missouri river, attacking several steamboats. In 1865 he made war upon the peaceable Indians. In 1866 the government sent out a peace commission to Fort Yuma, which gave him presents, including twenty kegs of powder, and as soon as he got the presents he broke up the commission and drove away the commissioners. In 1867 he continued a career of predatory warfare. 1868, when this treaty was made at Laramie, he refused to come in and be a party to it. In 1869 he attacked the settlement on the Musser Shell, which was the first time he was ever defeated, because the settlers had got notice of his coming and had ambuscaded him and killed thirty-six of his warriors. In that same year he made war upon the Crows and the Mandans. In 1870 Gen. Hancock thought of an expedition to subdue him. About that time this peace policy fever was raging, and on consultation with the other generals of the army, Gen. Hancock recommended that another effort should be made by the government to make a treaty with Sitting Bull. In the succeeding winter Congress appropriated $750,000 to buy peace from Sitting Bull. That was the celebrated Teton-Sioux appropriation, in regard to the expenditure of which some criticism had been made. Any how, they succeeded in getting about one-half of his force into the agency at Fort Peck, but he himself refused to come in. In 1874 he still carried on war upon the settlements of Montana, and ravaged them constantly. He also carried on war upon the Crows, whom he drove from their reservation, upon the Shoshones, and upon every Indian tribe friendly to the United States. In 1875 he attacked two government stages, run off the stock of the stage company, and again drove the Crows off the reservation into Montana. By this time the peace commissioners saw that he was intractable, and that he must be disciplined. Messrs. Brunt and Stewart, and peaceful men of like character, petitioned the Indian department to take steps to subjugate Sitting Bull. This petition resulted in the War department finally taking hold of the matter. I ask whether the government has violated its faith in making war on this intractable Indian, who has never recognized its flag; but who defies its authority, and boasts that, if he could get the Sioux nation to join him, he would drive this government into the ocean.

Mr. Townsend (Rep., New York)—Is this the same Indian who organized the conspiracy to murder Senator Allison and other citizens, last summer?"

Mr. Maginnis—It is the man who planned and organized that conspiracy.

A true American is too proud to beg and too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

THE INDIAN SLAUGHTER.

The Battle and the Battlefield—Narrow Escape of Reno's Command from Annihilation—Forty-eight Hours Fighting with Indians—The Frightful Fate of Custer's Force Gradually Discovered—No Living Men Left—Total Loss 261 Killed in Both Commands—Future Operations.

Further particulars of the desperate encounter which Col. Reno had with the Sioux Indians on the twenty-fifth of June tell of the sufferings which his command experienced while it was so completely hemmed in by the Indians. For thirty-six hours the troops were without a drop of water. The appeals of the wounded for drink were heartrending, while the others were almost exhausted, in many instances their tongues protruding from their mouths, and few of them able to speak aloud. They tried to eat crackers, but could not moisten them. Others attempted to chew and swallow blades of grass to secure relief, but these clung to their parched lips and intensified their agony. It was while thus suffering that they determined at all hazards to gain the water from which they were cut off, and made the desperate dash which, while it cost them a number of lives and many wounded, secured that which they so much needed. It was then early night, and when firing ceased Col. Reno at once took steps to relieve his animals, which, like the men, were completely exhausted. He knew well that the Indians would resume the attack in the morning.

It was in this position that Gen. Terry, with Gibbons' command, consisting of five companies of infantry, four of cavalry, and the Gatlin battery, found Reno. Terry had started to ascend the Big Horn to attack the Indians in rear, while Custer attacked them from his point of contact. The march of the two columns was so planned as to bring Gibbons' forces within co-operating distance of the anticipated scene of action by the evening of the 26th. The morning of the 26th brought the intelligence, communicated by three badly frightened Crow scouts, of the battle of the previous day and its results. The story was not credited, because it was not expected that an attack would be made earlier than the 27th, and chiefly because no one could believe that a force such as Custer commanded could have met with disaster. Still the report was in no way disregarded. All day long the toilsome march was kept up, and every eye bent upon a cloud of smoke resting over the southern horizon, which was hailed as a sign that Custer was successful and had fired the village. It was only when night was falling that the weary troops laid down upon their arms. The infantry had marched twenty-nine miles. The march of the next morning revealed at every step some evidence of the conflict which had taken place two days before.

At an early hour the head of the column entered a plain half a mile wide, bordering the left bank of the Little Big Horn, where had recently been an immense Indian village, extending three miles along the stream, and where were standing funeral lodges with horses slaughtered around them, and containing the bodies of nine chiefs. The ground was strewn everywhere with carcasses of horses. Their camp was strewn with robes, gaudily painted, with finely dressed hides and interesting and valuable trinkets. The ground was covered everywhere with carcasses of horses, besides buffalo robes, packages of dried meat, and weapons and utensils belonging to the Indians. On this part of the field was found the clothing of Lieuts. Sturgis and Porter, pierced with bullets, and a blood stained gauntlet belonging to Capt. Yates. Further on were found the bodies, among whom were recognized Lieut. McIntosh, the interpreter from Fort Rice, and Reynolds, the guide. It was evident also that the Indians had shown little solicitude for their wounded, as the ravines were covered with dead.

While making these gloomy discoveries a scout came up in breathless haste with the announcement that Col. Reno, with a remnant of the Seventh cavalry, was intrenched on a bluff near by waiting for relief. The command pushed rapidly on and soon came in sight of a group surrounding a cavalry guard upon a lofty eminence on the right bank of the river. Gen. Terry forded the stream, accompanied by a small party, and rode to the spot. All the way the slopes were dotted with the bodies of men and horses. The general approached, and the men swarmed out of the works and greeted him with hearty and repeated cheers. Within was found Reno, with the remains of seven companies of the regiment. In the center of the inclosure was a depression in the surface, in which the wounded were sheltered, covered with canvas. Reno's command had been fighting from Sunday noon, the twenty-fifth, until the night of the twenty-sixth, when Terry's arrival caused the Indians to retire.

Up to this time Reno and those with him were in complete ignorance of the fate of the other five companies which had been separated from them on the twenty-fifth to make an attack under Custer on the village at another point. While preparations were being made for the removal of the wounded, a party was sent on Custer's trail to look for traces of his command. They met a sight to appall the stoutest heart. At a point about three miles down the right bank of the stream, Gen. Custer had evidently attempted to ford and attack the village. From the ford the trail was found to lead back up the bluffs and to the northward, as if he had been repulsed and compelled to retreat, and at the same time had been cut off from rejoining the forces under Reno. The bluffs are cut into by numerous ravines, and all along these slopes and ridges and in the ravines lay the dead, lying in the order of battle, as they had fought. Line behind line showed where defensive positions had been taken up and held, till at last few were left to fight, and then, huddled in a narrow compass, horses and men were piled promiscuously.

At the highest point of the ridge lay Custer, surrounded by his chosen band. Here were his two brothers and his nephew, Mr. Reed, Capt. Yates, Lieuts. Cooke and Smith, all lying within a circle of a few yards, their horses beside them. Here behind Yates' company the last stand had been made, and here one after another of these last survivors of Custer's five companies had met their death. The companies had successively thrown themselves across the path of the advancing enemy, and had been annihilated. Not a man had escaped to tell the tale, but it was inscribed on the surface of these barren hills in a language more eloquent than words.

Two hundred and sixty-one bodies have been buried from Custer's and Reno's commands.

The history of Reno's operations comprises all that is now known of this sanguinary affair. It seems that Custer, with eight companies, reached the river in the forenoon of the 25th, having marched continuously all the previous day and night. Seeing the upper or southern extremity of the village, and probably underestimating its extent, he ordered Reno to ford the river and charge the village with three companies, while he, with five companies, moved down the right bank and behind the bluff, to make a similar attack at the other end. Reno made his charge, but finding that he was dealing with a force many times his own numbers, dismounted his men, and sought shelter in the timber which fringed the river bank.

The position appearing to him untenable, he remounted and cut his way to the river, forded under a murderous fire, and gained the bluff where he was subsequently found. Here he was afterward joined by Capt. Benteen with three companies which had just reached the field, and by Capt. McDougall with his company and the pack mules. The position was immediately after completely invested by the Indians, who for more than twenty-four hours allowed the garrison no rest and inflicted severe loss. But for the timely arrival of relief the command would have been cut off to a man. The number saved with Reno was 329, including fifty-one wounded. The loss among the Indians was probably considerable, as bodies have been found in every direction, and they left behind only a small portion of their dead.

Declaration of Independence.

The Declaration of Independence of the United States was drafted by Jefferson, and examined and slightly amended by Franklin and Adams. It was written by Jefferson in the first room of the second story of the house of Jacob Graff, southwest corner of Seventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, which is still standing. Jefferson was a boarder in that house, and in that chamber, according to his own statement, made in a letter to Dr. James Mease, September 16, 1825, the Declaration of Independence was written.

Congress adopted the declaration in secret session. It was already known on the fourth that Lee's resolution, which was the vital act in the opposition to Great Britain, had been adopted on the second. The declaration was merely an assignment of reasons for the passage of the resolutions, a vindication of an act already done. There was, therefore, no