FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Domestic Recipes.

PUFF PUDDING.—One quart of milk, seven eggs, eight tablespoonfuls of flour; little salt; use butter and sugar sauce.

LADY CAKE.—Two teacupfuls white powdered sugar, one teacupful butter, one teacupful sweet milk, two and a half teacupfuls prepared flour, four eggs. Flavor with bitter almond.

DELICATE CAKE.—Two and a half cupfuls sugar, one cupful butter, three and a half cupfuls prepared flour, five eggs, one cupful of milk or water. This cake, baked in layers, makes good jelly or chocolate cakes.

BOILED HOMINY.—Soak over night one quart of hominy; next day boil slowly for two hours, drain and put it in a baking dish, and stir in butter, pepper and salt; it should be as thick as mush, and is eaten by some people for breakfast with sugar, cream and nutmeg. It is a good and exceedingly wholesome dish, especially for children in warm weather.

FISH CHOWDER.—Four tablespoonfuls of onions fried with pork; one quart of boiled potatoes, mashed; one and one-half pounds of ship biscuit, broken; one teaspoonful of thyme, one-half bottle of tomato catsup, one-half a nutmeg, grated; a few cloves, mace, allspice and slices of lemon, and some black pepper; six pounds of blue or whitefish cut in slices, twenty-five oysters; the whole to be put in a pot, covered with an inch of water, cooked slowly and stirred gently.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—One pint of flour, the same of white sugar, five eggs beaten separately, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half a teaspoonful of soda; when well mixed, four tablespoonfuls of cold water. For the jelly take two cups of sugar, yolks of three eggs, the juice and grated rind of three lemons; cook till thickened by setting in boiling water, then add the beaten whites of three eggs; spread between the layers of the cake and trim off the rough edges.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one of white sugar, one dozen of large ears of corn. Grate the corn from the cob, beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; put the corn and the yolks together, and stir them well; then add the butter and the milk gradually; keep heating all the while; next add the sugar and the salt; lastly the whites. Bake slowly at first, covering the dish for an hour; remove the cover, and brown finely. This is a most delicious accompaniment of a meat course when properly mixed and baked. Warm up what is left from dinner for breakfast by moistening it with a little warm milk, and stirring in a saucepan until smoking hot. This pudding can be made from canned corn.

Marketing Wheat.

Some farmers are not content to wait until the wheat has had time to thoroughly cure, before they get thrashing "on the brain," and thrash they must. They will not stack the wheat and let it go through the "sweat," but will rush along and thrash it out of the shock, believing, no doubt, that they are managing very economically. Most practical farmers know that the stacking of wheat improves the color and plumpness of the grain, and adds materially to its market value, yet suffer themselves to do otherwise, under a false theory that needs no argument to prove it such. Many are now thrashing out of the shock, even while the wheat is a little damp, the weather very hot; so much so, in fact, that neither man nor beast can stand to do full work; yet the thrashing goes on; the wheat is bulked in tight box cars, more than three hundred bushels to each car, and by the time the wheat reaches the market it is smoking—almost red-hot—and of course is almost worthless. This quality of grain is, to some extent, like a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways. The owner realizes very little for his work, time, and labor; yet this same damaged wheat has a tendency to reduce the price, and does to a large extent control the values of all the better qualities. We have heretofore advised our readers to stack their wheat. We again repeat it. Never send wheat or anything else to market before it is in prime condition. It will pay not only to stack the wheat, but it will pay to pass the same through a good fan before sending to market. No thrasher that we have ever seen will clean grain perfectly. While many of them do good work, and while they clean amazingly well, we are satisfied from no little experience that it pays to run even the best cleaned wheat through a good fanning mill. One word more. Don't sow your wheat as it comes from the thrasher; screen it thoroughly, taking out all the "cheat," and we are satisfied you will not regret following this sort of advice.—*Journal of Agriculture*

How to Apply Paris Green.

Probably the most effective weapon for the destruction of the potato beetle is to be found in every properly furnished household—a flour sieve. Supply it with a cover and a handle made of a green rod (because it will bend easily) of a suitable size for the hand, bent in the shape of the letter U inverted, attached at each end to opposite sides of the sieve, the part to hold by immediately over center of sieve and about sixteen inches above the bottom of it, and it is completed. Use paris green thoroughly mixed with sifted flour, in proportions of one ounce of the former to one and one-half pounds of the latter. Hold the sieve charged with the poisonous mixture in left hand over a hill of potatoes, and with a stick in the right hand rap it hard enough to produce light discharges of poison, and proceed in this manner, taking two rows at a time, till the work is done. A man can probably in this way poison about three acres a day. If it is desired to make a sieve, the proper proportions are about ten inches inside diameter and four inches depth, and square in shape, because most easily made. The wire gauze for bottom should count twenty wires each way to the inch; total cost about forty cents.

Orchard and Nursery.

Young trees will suffer from the hot sun and dryness. See to the mulch if one is not already put on, lose no time in applying it, and replace any that may have been disturbed by the wind or otherwise. If a young tree seems to be suffering give it an extra mulch, and if it has a long, naked trunk tie some hay or straw around to shade it.

Grafts set this spring need attention. If they push too vigorously, pinch the end out; if too many buds start, remove useless shoots. See that shoots from the stock do not rob the graft.

Seedlings, especially of forest trees, will suffer from the hot sun, and must be shaded. A lattice work of laths or other slats is best; a good substitute is to stick leafy branches all over the bed. day's delay in killing them greatly increases the task.

Thinning the fruit is especially necessary on young trees disposed to overbear. Removing half or more of the crop to be marketed is found to pay in the increased price of better fruit.—*Agriculturist.*

Bone Manure.

The question arising in the American farmers' club as to the reason why bone manure is so valuable, a member replied that the great utility of bones as a manure arises from the large amount of phosphates which they contain. On all pastures which have been long fed the phosphate of lime is exhausted. It is constantly taken from the earth in the grass to form the bone, the muscle and the milk of animals. Of the earthy matter in bones nearly five-sixths consist of phosphate of lime and magnesia. Nitrogen is also abundant, and of course ammonia. A few bushels of bone dust will often quite restore old, worn-out pastures. The ashes of all grains are very rich in phosphate of lime, which goes to prove the importance of furnishing this element for their use.

One farmer recommended a mixture of crushed bones and ashes, or leached ashes, as a valuable top-dressing.

A Methodist journal says that there are 4,173,047 members of the Methodist church in the world.

A DEATH-DEALING BURGLAR.

A Brooklyn Merchant Murderously Attacked by a Burglar, who Subsequently Falls in his Endeavor to Escape, and Produces Concussion of the Brain.

About three o'clock in the morning Mr. Sylvester Hondlow, a wealthy merchant residing on Brooklyn Heights, was aroused from his sleep by a noise on the parlor floor. Dressing hastily, he hurried, unarmed, down stairs and entered the front parlor from the hallway, thence he crossed rapidly into his library in the rear. No sooner had Mr. Hondlow entered than a man sprung upon him with a hatchet and dealt him four violent blows with the weapon upon the side of the head, and three upon the shoulders. Though a man well advanced in years, Mr. Hondlow struggled desperately with the burglarious assassin for several minutes, when the ruffian desisted and fled, the noise of the deadly encounter having aroused the entire household and brought them upon the scene.

The cries of the frightened inmates of the domicile on beholding the injured gentleman bathed in blood, which flowed in great streams from his wounds, attracted the attention of a neighbor, and he started off, on learning the cause of the noise, in quest of a policeman, to whom he communicated the circumstance. Dr. Kissam was immediately summoned to attend to Mr. Hondlow. Sergeant John Eason was called to go to the house, and on reaching there he found several officers. The sergeant found that a pane of glass had been broken in the window of the extension on the second floor, which looked out on the roof of an inclosure below. He found that the silver on the side bureau in the front basement had been disturbed, but there was no sign of the burglar.

On retracing his steps the sergeant went out on the roof of extension, and there he found a few spots of blood. As he came to the window of the house adjoining, which is the residence of Mr. Charles R. Storrs, he noticed that a pane of glass had been broken there, and that the house had been entered. The occupants of the mansion were unconscious of the fact that they had entertained such a desperate and unbidden guest till the officer notified them. A very careful and thorough search of the house was instituted, when it was found that the burglar had taken a quantity of silverware, and had opened a bottle of wine, of which he had drank about two-thirds. Sergeant Eason then went out into the yard, and on looking around the corner of the base of the extension he saw lying on the flagging the form of a man. He caught hold of the fellow, when the latter jumped to his feet and struggled with his captor for a couple of minutes, and the officers coming up he was firmly secured. The hatchet with which he cut Mr. Hondlow was found in the parlor where he dropped it. When the three officers were about the prisoner, after they first secured him, he exclaimed: "Don't hit me and I will go with you." The sergeant, recognizing the importance of having the ruffian fully identified by Mr. Hondlow, brought him, with the permission of the doctors, before his victim. The injured man sat upright, and, extending both hands toward the burglar, he exclaimed, with much animation: "You scoundrel, you! That is the man who struck me!" As the patient said this he worked himself rapidly toward the edge of the bed and made an effort as though about to get up and renew the conflict with his would-be assassin. "Are you positive about your identification of the prisoner?" again asked the sergeant. "Yes; that is the man," replied the patient.

The prisoner was marched to the station house, where, in answer to the questions put to him, he said that he is a native of Italy; that his name is William Kellow, thirty-two years of age, a laborer by occupation, and that he resided in New York. The prisoner had on a coat belonging to Mr. Storrs, and in the pockets of the coat were found $75 worth of napkin rings, spoons and forks. On his feet was a pair of boots which also belonged to Mr. Storrs. After arriving at the station house the burglar fell unconscious, and his pulse ran down as low as forty-eight, the symptoms developed being those of concussion of the brain. An ambulance was procured and Kellow was conveyed to the city hospital, where two policemen were assigned to the duty of guarding him. The injury to his brain was sustained, it is believed, by falling from the roof of the extension at Mr. Storrs' residence to the flagging in the yard beneath, a distance of eight or ten feet. The man died the next day.

An examination of the injuries sustained by Mr. Hondlow revealed the fact that the outer wall or casing of the skull has been fractured, and several pieces of the bone were removed by the surgeons in attendance. They state that the inner lining of the skull is intact, and, relying upon the vigorous constitution of their patient, despite the disadvantage of accumulating years, they hope for his ultimate recovery, though they admit that his condition is at present critical.

Playing with the Feelings.

The London *Globe* says: As a train was passing through the open country near Kellswater some of the passengers saw a man running across a field by the side of the line. Presently he halted, presented his piece and fired, when down fell another man standing at a few yards' distance. No sooner was this poor creature prone on the ground than the miscreant with the gun proceeded to belabor his victim over the head and shoulders with its stock, by way, it was supposed, of finishing his murderous work. The passengers in the train were, of course, greatly pained at being compelled to witness such a cold blooded assassination without the possibility of interference. As soon as they reached the next station a body of them rushed to the telegraph wires, and in a few minutes the police authorities were set on the track of the supposed murderer. Great was the alarm throughout the entire district, and especially at Belfast, owing to the fatal occurrence having happened on the eve of the momentous twelfth of July. For all that people could tell, the tragedy might prove the beginning of wholesale slaughter. The police, therefore, lost not a moment in setting inquiry on foot, and a whole regiment of inspectors and sub-inspectors hurried to Kellswater, intent on apprehending the supposed murderer. All in vain this commendable display of energy. He never would be apprehended in this world for one very good reason. The whole affair was a hoax from beginning to end, the assassin and his victim being leagued together to frighten the public. Are there any horse ponds, we wonder, in the vicinity of Kellswater?

Not So Pleasant.

In the summer of 1816 three men living about three miles above Niagara falls saw a bear swimming in the river. Thinking he would be a capital prize they started for him in a large, substantial log canoe or "dugout." When they overtook him he seemed quite obliged for their attention, and quietly putting his paws on the side of the canoe, drew himself into it, notwithstanding that they vehemently belabored him with their paddles. As he came in on one side two of the men went into the water on the other side. The third, who may be called Fisher, could not swim, and naturally enough felt somewhat embarrassed. Much to his relief the animal deliberately sat down in the bow of the canoe facing him. As the noise of the rapids and roar of the falls reminded him that they were ominously near, Fisher resolved to take advantage of the truce and pull vigorously for the shore. But when he begun to paddle the bear begun to growl his objections, enforcing them at the same time with an ominous grin. Fisher desisted for a while, but feeling their constant and insidious approach to the rapids, he tried again to use his paddle. Bruin then raised his note of disapprobation an octave higher, and made a motion as if he intended to get down and "go for" him. The men who swum ashore soon, however, reappeared, in another canoe, with loaded musket, shot the bear, and freed Fisher's terrible suspense. Bruin weighed over three hundred pounds.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Hope Deferred.

His hand at last! By his own fingers writ,
I catch my name upon the way-worn sheet;
His hand—oh, reach it to me quick!—and yet
Scarce can I hold, so fast my pulses beat.

Oh, feast of soul! Oh, banquet richly spread!
Oh, passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea!
Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead,
Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee.

Long prayed and waited for through months so drear,
Each day methought my wasting heart must break;
Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear,
The more we suffer for their sweetest sake?

His hand at last! each simple word aglow
With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.
Now to my daily tasks I'll singing go,
Fed by the music of this way-worn sheet.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Mrs. James Taylor had been crying for the last half hour, and, like the lady in the play, seemed determined to "weep a little longer." Yes, the very minute her lord and master, with hat in hand, had closed the street door, did the tears begin to fall. Countless, innumerable, not to be mentioned, were the bright drops—and nobody knows how long they would have lasted, had not voices on the piazza, and a summons at the bell, dispatched Maggie, the maid, to the door and Mrs. Taylor's cambric handkerchief to her eyes. In five minutes more those eyes were as clear and bright, the voice as gay, the laugh as musical, as if there were no such things as grief or care in the world, or, if so, little merry Mrs. James Taylor cast them to the winds and defied them.

And what had she, the newly married lady, the three months' bride, been crying about? Why, really, it was too ridiculous to tell; and she had pouted and smiled, and smiled and pouted, for some time before she had actually made up her mind to weep; but she had a distressing suspicion that her husband (he was a very good husband, there was no denying that) did not love her.

Now, all the time that she was ingeniously tormenting herself, racked to the very soul with distrust and mortification, the object of her misery, James Taylor, was racing to his office as if he had on seven-leagued boots, wishing the client away who was to detain him that evening from his jewel at home, his precious little wife. Love her! Why, he adored her. The very sky and air had changed since this prettiest, dearest, most bewitching of women had blessed his home.

Not love her! Why, the very kitten on the hearth knew better. What if he had never told her so; it was entirely a piece of supererogation; it would have been like saying that skies were blue and flowers were fair. And yet silly Mrs. Taylor, for the lack of something better to do, had actually persuaded and wept herself into this idea.

With her visitors her lachrymose mood vanished, and after their departure she sat absolutely contriving ways and means to annoy this good-for-nothing husband of hers, until he was forced to display some kind of emotion—rage, if he would not love her. Nerved by the blissful thought, she closed doors and windows, for he would not be home till past one, and laid her head on her pillow, with a rich flush on her cheek, and the brightest of smiles around her lovely mouth.

Little did Mr. James Taylor think, as he bestowed a fond, admiring glance on the sweet face, what havoc and destruction the wily lady had planned against his peace. There is nothing like a trifle to overturn one's philosophy—so argued Mrs. Taylor—one can summon quantities of resolution for great events, but little, every-day annoyances who can endure with stoicism? She was determined to change her husband; perhaps he would absolutely scold her. What a triumph! Mr. Taylor, the evening before, had requested his precious wife to have breakfast precisely at seven, for the same business which took him out then would occupy him the next morning; he must positively be at his office at half-past seven o'clock.

But Mrs. Taylor gave no directions of the kind, consequently seven, quarter-past, half-past had arrived and no sign or token of the meal. Mr. Taylor did not pretend to interfere with the servants, so he went out in the garden in search of his wife. She was among the roses, looking as blooming, innocent and unconscious as possible.

"Fanny," said Mr. Taylor, in the mildest of tones, "breakfast is not ready, and I am in a great hurry to go. You forgot to speak of it last night, didn't you?"

"You cannot certainly expect me to remember everything, James," returned his wife, with a most indignantly remonstrating expression. "I did not say a word about it."

Mr. James Taylor did not make the smallest reply to this amiable remark from his little bride, but turned and went in the house. A full quarter of an hour elapsed before Mr. Taylor was summoned to table, and she loitered ten minutes longer by way of teasing him to the uttermost, then making her appearance, thinking it quite possible that she might find her spouse with a whip in his hand, or at all events dispatching his meal alone.

But he sat quietly reading the paper, as if there were no such things as impatient clients or procrastinated engagements in the world. Fanny bit her lips with vexation, and proceeded to pour out his coffee. If he had only been sulky it would have been something gained, and she tormented him with questions in hopes of discovering this; but he answered her as pleasantly as usual, and at length, petitioning to be excused, he bid her good morning in the blandest of tones.

Mrs. Taylor felt quite happy when he departed, who can doubt it? She had been making herself exceedingly disagreeable, and all to no purpose. "Faint heart never won," thought she, at length; "I'll try it again."

"Fanny, did you send John for my coat yesterday?" asked Mr. Taylor, one Sunday morning.

"What coat?" replied she, by way of gaining time.

"The new one, at the tailor's. You know I told you"—

"I do wish, James, you would not be forever telling me," she interrupted, "but give your orders yourself; they torment me to death."

"Well, it is not a matter of the least consequence," replied the patient husband; "if you will let me walk to church with you in this old one, I don't care."

Mr. Taylor was extravagantly fond of plants, and had a magnificent cactus in full bloom; it was a rare species, and this was the first flowering. Fanny had been considering the plan for some time, and one day a suitable opportunity presenting itself when they were on the piazza together, managed to lose her footing and fell, turning the vase over and completely crushing the flowers in her descent.

"Victory!" thought she, as she beheld his distressed, anxious face. But no! it was not the cactus, but his good-for-nothing wife he was tenderly picking up and feeling so anxious about.

"He certainly must love me a little after all," thought she; "but I don't know, he is very kind, and would probably have been just as concerned if the accident had happened to any one else."

"I'll go home," sobbed Mrs. James Taylor that evening. "I'll see how this horrid man can live without me."

"How long do you intend to remain?" asked her husband, very coolly, when informed of her determination.

"Oh! six months," she replied. "I am tired to death of staying here, and it will be so nice to see William and Frank and all of them. My cousin Archie is there, too, and we will have famous rides and drives."

"I hope you will enjoy yourself," remarked her husband, quietly. Fanny relinquished her teasing operations gradually before her departure—restrained overwhelming him with questions and remarks when he was in a serious mood, and playing sad when he was inclined to be merry. She would no longer throw down his new hat (for which he had a particular affection) a dozen times a day, and pretend that it was entirely accidental, and invite disagreeable company when he was least in the mood to bear it. It required all her resolution to leave her husband; she felt wretched and unhappy at the very idea, and would walk around the house thinking of his loneliness, and wondering whether he would ever feel sad or remember her abominable behavior when she had gone.

Her very heart was bursting the morning she left, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could restrain her tears. Yet one never would have suspected it, for she was gay to an excess.

"I leave you with the comfortable conviction that you'll not miss me at all," she said, lightly, as her husband assisted her into the carriage.

He smiled, said "Good bye," and the horse started. Mr. James Taylor would have been flattered if he had known that Fanny cried all the way home, and her pretty face was so swollen and disfigured that she did not even see Archie or half of them till the following morning.

"I'll punish him by not writing," thought she; "he never even asked me if I would!"

And write she did not for a fortnight, till at length, growing desperate to hear from him, she penned an epistle abounding in questions and directions, orders and counter-orders, with a feeble hope at the end that it might find him flourishing. He replied immediately by a very kind letter, not love-like, but in unison with the rest of his conduct, affectionate, proper and amiable. Fanny waited a fortnight again, then sent for him to take her home. And now was Mr. James Taylor, if he had the least love for his amiable helpmate, to undergo a slight purgatory.

She was absent when he arrived (of course she intended to be), riding with her cousin Archie, and walked her horse leisurely up the avenue talking gayly to her escort till her husband reached her side. Nothing could be more coolly well bred than their meeting. No rapture or emotion on either side. She "hoped he was well;" "had she enjoyed her visit?" "yes; more than tongue could tell."

"I don't believe he is well," thought Fanny, as she glanced at him afterward; "how pale and thin he has grown, and he looks more melancholy than ever. I wonder what is the matter with him," murmured Fanny to herself. It was surprising how many plans Fanny had with her cousin during the three days that her husband remained. She had not been particularly civil to him before, for he was an old lover, and she did not care to be; but now there really was no end to the jests and excursions they got up together; she gayest of the gay, and he carrying her wild fancies with all the zeal in the world.

"I don't think James looks either well or happy, Fanny," said her mother one day.

"Don't you!" returned Fanny, and she felt quite charmed at the idea, and racing after her husband, who was at the foot of the garden, she proposed her mother's remark without the slightest circumlocution. He looked for a moment at her animated face, then replied gravely that "he was perfectly well." Fanny was uncertain again, yet rather troubled.

"You must go and take a walk with me, James, down by the river," she said, "where we used to go before we were married;" and putting her hand in his arm she continued, "now you must go—I have you captive, surrender at discretion."

Never had Mrs. James Taylor been more charming than on this identical afternoon. She behaved (there is no denying it) more like a wild bewitching child than a decorous married lady; but still she was very sweet. Her husband yielded himself unhesitatingly to the magic influence of her smiles.

"Take care! Don't go there, Fanny," he exclaimed, as she stooped over the bank of the river.

"But I must have them."

She returned, and bending an inch further lost her balance and fell in. She heard a deep, agonizing groan, had a sense of suffocation, and lost all consciousness. When she revived, she was on the bank of the river, her husband bending over her clasping her hands, pressing her wildly to his heart, and with every tender and endearing term entreating her to look up and speak to him again; but she could not. She felt deathly faint and relapsed into a sort of half stupor and heard his agonized cries, his vain appeals for help, with naught but the woods and leaves to hear his wild, desperate misery, and with that deathly sickness yet upon her, Fanny had a delicious sensation at her heart. He loved her, there was no doubt about it now, loved her madly, devotedly, and even if she had died in the cold river, she would not have exchanged for her life that moment's bliss.

"But, my dear Fannie, how could you think I did not love you?" exclaimed Mr. James Taylor, no longer cold, dull and silent, but as enthusiastic and candid as his wife could desire.

"How could I think otherwise?" replied Fanny, smiling faintly, for she was yet very weak. "You never told me that you did."

"Told you?" exclaimed Mr. Taylor, and the tone was sufficient. "It shall entirely be the burden of my song for the rest of my life," he continued, "and you must be content to hear it for your abominable suspicions."

"I certainly shall be, James Taylor," replied his wife.

The Yacht Race.

The ocean yacht race for the Bennett Challenge cup was begun on Thursday and terminated Friday morning between twelve and one o'clock, the Idler being the winner, the Wanderer second and the Tidal Wave third. It was in many respects one of the prettiest races ever witnessed, and worthy of the best days of yachting. There were five fine schooners entered—the Idler, Wanderer, Tidal Wave, America and the Countess of Dufferin, the first four well known for their former achievements, the fifth a vessel from which great things were expected. The Idler, Wanderer and Tidal Wave maintained their good reputation, as would the America but for a misfortune; but the Countess of Dufferin, it must be said, disappointed everybody who saw her from the beginning of the regatta until she dropped far astern on Friday night on her homeward bound passage. The did not sail well either on a wind or going free, and certainly did not manifest any of those points of which she must be possessed to compete successfully with the Madeleine in the approaching struggle for the Queen's cup. Still a great deal of allowance may be made for her having just come off the screw dock the morning of the race and her additional ballast having been put on board a few hours before she started. And it may be further claimed that this was only her trial trip, and that her gear was not in apple pie order which would secure its working to the best advantage. All this admitted, the plain facts remain that the America would have beaten her several hours had no accident prevented her, and the Tidal Wave did beat her easily, notwithstanding that the latter never used all even of her working canvas, and was obliged to send under bare poles for three hours on Friday night, owing to stress of weather.

The Stage.

Fanny Kemble, in her old age, writes thus of the profession in which she obtained fame: "Acting is a business which is incessant excitement and factitious emotion, unworthy of a man; a business which is public exhibition, unworthy of a woman. Never have I presented myself before an audience without a shrinking feeling of reluctance, or withdrawn from their presence without thinking the excitement I had undergone unhealthy, and the personal exhibition odious."

There is a Chicago girl who, if she thinks she is going to be beaten in a game of croquet, will always fall down in a fit over the last hoop.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

The Letters of Acceptance of Messrs. Tilden and Hendricks.

Gov. Tilden, of New York, in accepting the nomination tendered him by the Democratic National Convention, says: The convention, before making its nominations, adopted a declaration of principles, which as a whole seems to me a wise exposition of the necessities of our country, and of the reforms needed to bring back the government to its true functions, to restore purity of administration, and to renew the prosperity of the people. The necessity of a reform "in the scale of public expense—Federal, State and municipal"—and "in the modes of Federal taxation," justifies all the prominence given to it in the declaration of the St. Louis convention. The Federal taxes of the last eleven years reach the gigantic sum of four thousand five hundred millions of dollars. Local taxation has amounted to two-thirds as much more. The vast aggregate is not less than seven thousand five hundred millions. He says that in prosperous times even the daily waste of industrious communities press closely upon their daily earnings. The margin of possible national savings is at best a small percentage of national earnings. Yet now for these eleven years governmental consumption has been a larger portion of the national earnings than the whole people can possibly save, even in prosperous times, for all new investments. He refers to a speech made in 1866, in which he said: "we cannot afford the present magnificent scale of taxation," and to a letter to the secretary of the treasury in 1866, in which he said: There is no royal road for a government more than for an individual or a corporation. What you want to do now is to cut down your expenses, and live within your income. I would give all the legerdemain of finance and financiering—I would give the whole of it for the old homely maxim: "Live within your income."

He says this reform in extravagance will be resisted at every step, but it must be pressed persistently. He says that in his judgment an amendment of the Constitution ought to be devised separating into distinct bills the appropriations for the various departments of the public service, and excluding from each bill all appropriations for other objects, and all independent legislation.

THE SOUTH.

Gov. Tilden says: An accessory cause enhancing the difficulties in business is to be found in the systematic and insupportable misgovernment imposed on the States of the South, and it is impossible that the evils therein should not reach upon the prosperity of the whole commonwealth. If the duty shall be assigned to me, he says, I shall not fail to exercise the powers with which the laws and the Constitution of our country clothes its chief magistrate, to protect all its citizens, whatever their former condition, in every political and personal right.

CURRENCY REFORM.

The object demanded by the convention is a resumption of specie payments on the legal tender notes of the United States. That would not only "restore the public credit and maintain the national honor," but it would "establish a sound currency" for the people. The methods by which this object is to be pursued, and the means by which it is to be attained, are disclosed by what the convention demanded for the future and by what it denounced in the past.

BANK NOTE RESUMPTION.

Reviewing the condition of the national banks by statistics, Gov. Tilden says: The government has only to make good its own promises and the banks can take care of themselves without distressing anybody. The government is, therefore, the sole delinquent.

MEANS OF RESUMPTION.

Public economies, official retrenchments and wise finance, says Gov. Tilden, are the means which the St. Louis convention indicates as provision for reserves and redemption. The first means is a reduction of the expenses of the government below the income, for that he imposes no new charge on the people. If, however, the improvidence and waste which have conducted us to a period of falling revenues oblige us to supplement the results of economies and retrenchments by some resort to loans, we should not hesitate. The government ought not to speculate on its own dishonor, in order to save the interest on its broken promises, which it still compels private dealers to accept at a fictitious price. The highest national honor is not only right, but would prove profitable. Of the public debt $885,000,000 bear interest at six per cent. in gold, and $712,000,000 at five per cent. in gold. The average interest is 5.25 per cent. A financial policy which should secure the highest credit, wisely availed of, ought gradually to obtain a reduction of one per cent. in the interest on most of the loans. A saving of one per cent. on the above debt would be $17,000,000 a year in gold. That saving, regularly invested at four and one-half per cent., would, in less than thirty-eight years, extinguish the principal. The whole $1,700,000,000 of funded debt might be paid by this saving alone, without cost to the people.

PROPER TIME FOR RESUMPTION.

The proper time for resumption is the time when wise preparations will have ripened for a perfect ability to accomplish the object with a certainty and ease that will inspire confidence, and encourage the reviving of business. The earliest time in which such a result can be brought about is the best. Even when the preparations shall have been matured, the exact date would have to be chosen with reference to the then existing state of trade and credit operations of our own and other nations. The specific measures and the actual date are matters of detail, having reference to ever changing conditions. They belong to the domain of practical administrative statesmanship. A financial intelligence must be at the helm to discern the shifting forces of the waters and the winds. A human hand must be on the helm to feel the elements day by day, and guide to a mastery over them.

PREPARATIONS FOR RESUMPTION.

Such preparations are everything. Without them a legislative command fixing a day, an official promise fixing a day are shams. They are worse—they are a snare and a delusion to all who trust them. They destroy all confidence among thoughtful men, whose judgment will at last sway public opinion. An attempt to act on such a command or such a promise without preparation, would end in a new suspension. It would be a fresh calamity, prolific of confusion, distrust and distress.

RESUMPTION PLAN OF THE ST. LOUIS PLATFORM.

The St. Louis platform denounces the failure for eleven years to make good the promise of the paper money issued. It denounces the omission to accumulate "any reserve for their redemption." It denounces the conduct "which, during eleven years of peace, has made no advances toward resumption, no preparation for resumption, but instead has obstructed resumption by wasting our resources and exhausting all our surplus income; and, while professing to intend a speedy return to specie payments, has annually enacted fresh hindrances thereto." And having first denounced the barrenness of the promise of a day of resumption, it next denounces that barren promise as "as a hindrance" to resumption. It then repeals and also denounces the establishment of "a judicious system of preparation" for resumption. It cannot be doubted that the substitution of "a system of preparation" without the promise of a day, for the so-called promise of a day without "a system of preparation," would be the gain of the substance of resumption in exchange for its shadow.

Nor is the denunciation unmerited of that improvidence, which, in the eleven years since the peace, has consumed 4,500 millions of dollars, and yet could not afford to give the people a sound and stable currency. Two and one-half per cent. on the expenditures of these eleven years, or even less, would have provided all the additional coin needed for resumption.

BUSINESS DISTRESS.

Referring to the distress felt in business, Governor Tilden says that uncertainty is the prolific parent of mischiefs in all business. Never were its evils more felt than now. Men do nothing because they are unable to make any calculations on which they can safely rely. They undertake nothing because they fear a loss in everything they would attempt. They stop and wait. The merchant dares not buy for the future consumption of his customers. The manufacturer dares not make fabrics which may not refund his outlay. * * * The public mind will no longer accept shams. It has suffered enough from illusions. An insecure policy increases distrust. An unstable policy increases uncertainty. The people need to know that the government is moving in the direction of ultimate safety and prosperity, and that it is doing so through prudent, safe, and conservative methods, which will be sure to inflict no new sacrifice on the business of the country. Then the inspirations of new hope and well founded confidence will hasten the healing processes of nature, and prosperity will begin to return.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Gov. Tilden refers at length to civil service reform and says: The first step in reform is the elevation of the standard by which the appointing power selects agents to execute official trusts. Next in importance is a conscientious fidelity in the exercise of the authority to hold to account and displace untrustworthy or incapable subordinates. The public interest in an honest, skilled performance of official trust must not be sacrificed to the usufruct of the incumbents. After these immediate steps, which will insure the exhibition of better examples, we may wisely go on to the abolition of unnecessary offices, and finally to the patient, careful organization of a better civil service system, under the tests, wherever practicable, of proved competency and efficiency.

My conviction is that no reform of the civil service in this country will be complete and permanent until its chief magistrate is constitutionally disqualified for re-election; experience having repeatedly exposed the futility of self-imposed restrictions by candidates or incumbents. Through this solemnity only can he be effectually delivered from his greatest temptation to misuse the power and patronage with which the executive is necessarily charged.

CONCLUSION.

Educated in the belief that it is the first duty of a citizen of the republic to take his fair allotment of care and trouble in public affairs, I have, for forty years, as a private citizen, fulfilled that duty. Though occupied in an unusual degree during all that period with the concerns of government, I have never acquired the habit of official life. When, a year and a half ago, I entered upon my present trust, it was in order to consummate reforms to which I had already devoted several of the best years of my life. Knowing as I do, therefore, from fresh experience, how great the difference is between gliding through an official routine and working out a reform of systems and policies, it is impossible for me to contemplate what needs to be done in the Federal administration without an anxious sense of the difficulties of the undertaking. If summoned by the suffrages of my countrymen to attempt this work, I shall endeavor, with God's help, to be the efficient instrument of their will.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

GOV. HENDRICKS' LETTER.

Governor Hendricks, in accepting the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, says in conclusion: It will be seen that I am in entire accord with the platform of the convention by which I have been nominated as a candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States. Permit me, in conclusion, to express my satisfaction at being associated with a candidate for the Presidency who is first among his equals as a representative of the spirit and of the achievements of reform. In his official career as the executive of the great State of New York, he has, in a comparatively short period, reformed the public service and reduced the public burden, so as to have earned at once the gratitude of his State and the admiration of the country. The people know him to be thoroughly in earnest; he has shown himself to be possessed of powers and qualities which fit him, in an eminent degree, for the great work of reformation which this country now needs; and if he shall be chosen by the people to the high office of President of the United States, I believe that the day of his inauguration will be the beginning of a new era of peace, purity and prosperity in all departments of our government. I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Interesting Items from Home and Abroad.

The Senate declared Mr. Belknap not guilty by a vote of thirty-five to twenty-five. The vote standing as follows: Voting guilty—Senators Bayard, Booth, Cameron (Penn), Cockrell, Cooper, Davis, Dawes, Denis, Edmunds, Gordon, Hamilton, Harvey, Hitchcock, Kelly, Kernan, Key, McCreery, McDonald, Merrimon, Mitchell, Morrill, Norwood, Oglesby, Randolph, Ransom, Robertson, Sargent, Sanlsbury, Sherman, Stevenson, Thurman, Wadleigh, Wallace, Whyte and Withers—thirty-five. Voting not guilty—Senators Allison, Anthony, Boutwell, Bruce, Cameron (Wis.), Christiancy, Conkling, Conover, Cragin, Dorsey, Eaton, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Hamlin, Howe, Ingalls, Jones (Nev.), Logan, McMillan, Paddock, Patterson, Spencer, West, Windom and Wright—twenty-five. Most of the senators declared their conviction that the Senate had no right to impeach a man after his resignation as a United States officer had been accepted. Senator Jones, of Nevada, refuse to vote. Senators Wright and Patterson were the only ones who voted not guilty because they thought the case of bribery had not been made out against the defendant.

While Barnum's circus was proceeding through Halifax, the clerks of the Bank of Nova Scotia locked the doors and went to see the procession. While they were absent, a stranger, under some pretense, gained admission to the basement from a servant, and making his way to the counting room carried off $17,500. About the same time the office of the provincial treasurer was forcibly entered (the clerks having deserted it) and $1,000 and some valuable papers were stolen.....A flatboat containing sixteen persons of a party of excursionists near Hildale, Mich., suddenly sunk, and G. H. Taylor, Mrs. Thornton and child, Mrs. Musser, May Cunningham and her sister Libbie, Alice Hayes, May Keely and Randall Blackman were drowned. All were from Cold Water.....A hotel, store and several dwellings were destroyed by fire in the village of Crescent, Saratoga county, N. Y.....A tornado passed over Rhomere township, Cass county, Mo., destroying several residences and other buildings, and seriously injuring the growing crops. Two persons were killed..... The English House of Commons has refused to pass a bill giving amnesty to Fenian prisoners.....During July the public debt was reduced $1,138,033.

The Greenback national council has offered to Samuel F. Cary, of Ohio, the candidacy for Vice-President on the greenback ticket, headed by Peter Cooper.....Godlove S. Orth has withdrawn his name as a Republican candidate for the gubernatorial honors of Indiana, in consequence of dissension in the party..... While waiting on an excursion boat on the Hudson, a couple fell overboard, and Mrs. Thomas Pistner (colored) was drowned. Her partner was rescued.....Chris. Porter, a colored man, at Spring Hill, Hempstead Co., Ark., outraged a white girl. The next day Porter was arrested, and when near Hope was met by a crowd of men who took and hanged him to a tree.....The Ghilan tribe in Morocco, Africa, having refused to furnish their quota of troops, the emperor devastated their country and sold the women and children into slavery.....The Indians have been burning and running off government stores on the way to Fort Fetterman, and much trouble on the roads in that vicinity is anticipated.....Lulu trotted against time in Buffalo, making 2.18¾, 2.16¼ and 2.17¾.....The coroner's jury in the Hamburg (S. C.) case found seven persons guilty of murder.

Thomas Conyngham, a prominent business man of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has forged papers to the amount of nearly $200,000.....General Sherman favors Sheridan's request for 2,500 new cavalrymen, and gave the House his reasons for so doing.....The Buffalo open-to-all race, purse of $4,000, was won by Goldsmith Maid in 2.16, 2.15¼, 2.15. Fullerton took second money, Bodine third, Lucille Golddust fourth; Smuggler being distanced.....The Republicans of Michigan have nominated C. M. Crosswell for governor.....Suit is begun against the Kansas Pacific railroad for $10,751,284 for using fraudulent vouchers.....A judge of the supreme court of Connecticut has peremptorily ordered the trains on the New Haven and Northhampton railway to stop at Plantsville, failing which the directors will be imprisoned.....Thirteen buildings, comprising the main portion of the business part of Brainard, Minn., were destroyed by fire.....Owing to family trouble, John Klingmeyer, of Buffal