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A Dream.

One night across my spirit fell
A dark and troubled dream.
I wandered, with adventurous feet,
Across death's dismal stream;

I seized a shape I knew on earth,
And asked, with anxious cry,
"Say, are you happy?" "Lo!" he groaned
"If so, should I be I?"

No aspirations and no fears,
No wants to satisfy—
Ah! well, a human soul might ask,
"If so, should I be I?"

"Breaking the Ice."

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D. D.

'Twas the touch of mild weather that midwinter brings,
The old-fashioned Jan'ary thaw,
When snow banks, like frozen up lovers, relent,
By nature's mysterious law.

The parson was breaking the ice at his gate—
Forty, and frosty, was he—
When blue eyed Jeannie came tripping that way—
Twenty, and pretty, was she.

The parson he greeted the lamb of his fold,
As cordial as parson could be;
But over the way her blue eyes strayed,
And why, it was easy to see;

For Jerry was breaking the ice at the church—
Twenty-two, and handsome, was he;
And Jeannie (with Ida to shield her from harm)
Had errands to Jerry, had she.

So they crossed, and she took the pick from his hand,
And merrily struck a brave blow,
Then held her dainty red mitten for pay,
And laughed till her cheeks were aglow.

And the parson whispered: "She's 'breaking the ice,'
To help bashful Jerry along:
If the ice in his heart don't break for that,
It must be uncommonly strong."

So the parson kept thoughtfully picking away,
And he mused: "Ah! isn't it nice,
When a laughing girl, with her heart in her eyes,
Helps her lover to 'break the ice!"

And he sighed: "Ah! were I but young once more!
But Jeannie, she wouldn't be here,
Ah, well, the next best thing is a fee—
They'll send for me in a year.

They'll send for me. 'Tis the old, old tale
That started in Paradise;
And the sweetest remnant of Eden that's left
Is loving—and 'breaking the ice.'"

THE MAN FROM SOLANO.

BY BRETT HARTE.

He came toward me out of an opera lobby, between the acts—a figure as remarkable as anything in the performance. His clothes, no two articles of which were of the same color, had the appearance of having been purchased and put on only an hour or two before—a fact more directly established by the clothes dealer's ticket which still adhered to his coat collar, giving the number, size and general dimensions of that garment somewhat obtrusively to an uninterested public. His trousers had a straight line down each leg as if he had been born flat, but had since developed, and there was another crease down his back like those figures children cut out of folded paper. I may add that there was no consciousness of this in his face, which was good natured, and but for a certain squareness in the angle of his lower jaw utterly uninteresting and commonplace.

"You disremember me," he said, briefly, as he extended his hand, "but I'm from Solano, in California. I met you there in the spring of '57. I was tendin' sheep and you was burnin' charcoal."

There was not the slightest trace of any intentional rudeness in the reminder. It was simply a statement of fact, and as such to be accepted.

"What I hailed ye for was only this," he said, after I had shaken hands with him. "I saw you a minit ago standin' over in you box—chirpin' with a lady—a young lady, peart and pretty. Might ye be telling me her name?"

I gave him the name of a certain noted belle of a neighboring city, who had lately stirred the hearts of the metropolis, and who was especially admired by the brilliant and fascinating young Dashboard who stood beside me.

The Man from Solano mused for a moment, and then said: "That's so; that's the name! It's the same gal!"

"You have met her, then?" I asked, in surprise.

"Ye-es," he responded slowly. "I met her about fower months ago. She'd bin makin' a tour of California with some friends, and I first saw her aboard the cars this side of Reno. She lost her baggage checks, and I found them on the floor, gave 'em back to her, and she thanked me. I reckon now it would be about the square thing to go in over thar and sorter recog-nize her." He stopped a moment and looked at us inquiringly.

"My dear sir," struck in the brilliant and fascinating Dashboard, "if your hesitation proceeds from any doubt of the propriety of your attire, I beg you to dismiss it from your mind at once. The tyranny of custom, it is true, compels your friend and myself to dress peculiarly, but I assure you nothing could be finer than the way that the olive green of your coat melts in the delicate yellow of your cravat, or the pearl gray of your trousers blends with the bright blue of your waistcoat and lends additional brilliancy to that massive oroide watch chain which you wear."

To my surprise, the Man from Solano did not strike him. He looked at the ironical Dashboard with grave earnestness, and then said quietly:

"Then I reckon you'd wouldn't mind shewin' me in thar?"

Dashboard was, I admit, a little staggered at this. But he recovered himself, and, bowing ironically, led the way to the box. I followed him and the Man from Solano.

Now, the belle in question happened to be a gentlewoman—descended from gentlewomen—and after Dashboard's ironical introduction, in which the Man from Solano was not spared, she comprehended the situation instantly. To Dashboard's surprise she drew a chair to her side, made the Man from Solano sit down, quietly turned her back on Dashboard, and in full view of the brilliant audience and the focus of a hundred lorgnettes, entered into conversation with him.

Here, for the sake of romance, I should like to say he became animated, and exhibited some trait of excellence—some rare wit or solid sense. But the fact is he was dull and stupid to the last degree. He persisted in keeping the conversation upon the subject of lost baggage checks, and every bright attempt of the lady to divert him failed signally. At last, to everybody's relief, he arose, and leaning over her chair, said:

"I calklate to stop over here some time, miss, and you and me bein' sorter strangers here, may be when there's any show like this goin' on you'll let me"—

Miss X. said somewhat hastily that the multiplicity of her engagements and the brief limit of her stay in New York she feared would, etc., etc. The two other ladies had their handkerchiefs over their mouths, and were staring intently on the stage, when the Man from Solano continued:

"Then, may be, miss, whenever there is a show goin' on that you'll attend, you'll just drop me word to Earle's Hotel, to this yer address," and he pulled from his pocket a dozen well-worn letters, and taking the buff envelope from one, handed it to her with something like a bow.

"Certainly," broke in the facetious Dashboard, "Miss X. goes to the Charity ball to-morrow night. The tickets are but a trifle to an opulent Californian and a man of your evident means, and the object a worthy one. You will, no doubt, easily secure an invitation."

Miss X. raised her handsome eyes for a moment to Dashboard. "By all means," she said, turning to the Man from Solano," and as Mr. Dashboard is one of the managers and you are a stranger, he will, of course, send you a complimentary ticket. I have known Mr. Dashboard long enough to know that he is invariably courteous to strangers and a gentleman." She settled herself in her chair again and fixed her eyes upon the stage.

The Man from Solano thanked the man of New York, and then, after shaking hands with everybody in the box, turned to go. When he reached the door he looked back to Miss X. and said:

"It was one of the queerest things in the world, miss, that my findin' them checks"—

But the curtain had just then risen on the garden scene in "Faust," and Miss X. was absorbed. The Man from Solano carefully shut the box door and retired. I followed him.

He was silent until he reached the lobby, and then he said, as if renewing a previous conversation: "She is a mighty peart gal—that's so. She's just my kind and will make a 'stavin' good wife."

I thought I saw danger ahead for the Man from Solano, so I hastened to tell him that she was beset by attentions, that she could have her pick and choice of the best of society, and finally, that she was, most probably, engaged to Dashboard.

"That's so," he said, quietly, without the slightest trace of feeling, "it would be mighty queer if she wasn't. But I reckon I'll steer down to the ho-tel. I don't care much for this yellin'." (He was alluding to a cadenza of that famous cantatrice, Signora Batti Batti.) "What's the time?"

He pulled out his watch. It was such a glaring sham, so obviously bogus, that my eyes were fascinated by it. "You're looking at that watch," he said; "it's purty to look at, but she don't go worth a cent. And yet her price was $125, gold. I gobbled her up in Chatham street day before yesterday, where they were selling 'em very cheap at auction."

"You have been outrageously swindled," I said, indignantly. "Watch and chain are not worth twenty dollars."

"Are they worth fifteen?" he asked, gravely.

"Possibly."

"Then I reckon it's a fair trade. Ye see, I told 'em I was a Californian from Solano and hadn't anything about me of greenbacks. I had three slugs with me. Ye remember them slugs?" (I did; the "slug" was a "token" issued in the early days—a hexagonal piece of gold a little over twice the size of a twenty-dollar gold piece—worth and accepted for fifty dollars.)

"Well, I handed them that and they handed me the watch. You see them slugs I had made myself outer brass filings and iron pyrites, and used to slap 'em down on the boys for a bluff in a game of draw poker. You see, not being reg'lar gov'ment money, wasn't counterfeiting. I reckon they cost me, counting time and anxiety, about $15. So, if this yer watch is worth that, it's about a square game. Ain't it?"

I began to understand the Man from Solano, and said it was. He returned his watch to his pocket, toyed playfully with the chain, and remarked: "Kinder makes a man look fash'n'ble and wealthy, don't it?"

I agreed with him. "But what do you intend to do here?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a cash capital of nigh on $700. I guess until I get into reg'lar business I'll skirmish round Wall street, and sorter lay low." I was about to give him a few words of warning, but I remembered his watch, and desisted. We shook hands and parted.

A few days after I met him on Broadway. He was attired in another new suit, but I think I saw a slight improvement in his general appearance. Only five distinct colors were visible in his attire. But this, I had reason to believe afterwards, was accidental.

I asked him if he had been to the ball. He said he had. "That gal—and a mighty peart gal she was too, was there, but she sorter fought shy of me. I got this new suit to go in, but those waiters sorter run me into a private box, and I didn't get much chance to continuiew our talk about them checks. But that young feller, Dashboard, was mighty perlite. He brought lots of fellers and young women round to the box to see me, and he made up a party that night to take me round Wall street and in them stock boards. And the next day he called for me and took me. And I invested about $500 in them stocks—may be more. You see, we sorter swopped stocks. You know I had ten shares in the Peacock Copper mine, that you was once secretary of."

"But those shares are not worth a cent. The whole thing exploded ten years ago."

"That's so, may be—you say so. But then I didn't know anything more about Communipaw Central, or the Naphtha Gaslight company, and so I thought it was a square game. Only I realized on the stocks I bought, and I kem up outer Wall street about $400 better. You see it was a sorter risk, after all, for them Peacock stocks might come up!"

I looked into his face; it was immeasurably serene and commonplace. I began to be a little afraid of the man; or, rather of my want of judgment of the man, and, after a few words, we shook hands and parted.

It was some months before I again saw the man from Solano. When I did I found that he had actually become a member of the stock board, and had a little office on Broad street, where he transacted a fair business. My remembrance going back to the first night I met him, I inquired if he had renewed his acquaintance with Miss X. "I heered that she was in Newport this summer, and I ran down there fur a week."

"And you talked with her about the baggage checks?"

"No," he said, seriously, "she gave me a commission to buy some stocks for her. You see, I guess them fash'nble fellers sorter got to runnin' her about me, and so she put our acquaintance on a square business footing. I tell you, she's a right peart girl. Did ye hear of the accident that happened to her?"

I had not.

"Well, you see, she was out yachting, and I managed through one of those fellers to get an invite, too. The whole thing was got up by a man that they say is going to marry her. Well, one afternoon the boom swings round in a little squall and knocks her overboard. There was an awful excitement—you've heard about it, may be?"

No! But I saw it all with a romancer's instinct in a flash of poetry! This poor fellow, debarred through uncouthness from expressing his affection for her, had at last found his fitting opportunity. He had—

"Thar was an awful row," he went on, "I ran out on the taffrail, and there a dozen yards away was that purty creature, that peart gal and I"—

"You jumped for her?" I said, hastily.

"No!" he said gravely. "I let the other man do the jumping. I sorter looked on."

I stared at him in astonishment.

"No!" he went on, seriously. "He was the man who jumped—that was just then his 'put'—his line of business. You see, if I had waltzed over the side of that ship, and cavoorted in, and flummuxed round and finally flopped to the bottom, that other man would have jumped natural-like and saved her, and ez he was going to marry her any way, I don't exactly see where I'd hev been represented in the transaction. But don't you see, ef, after he'd jumped and hadn't got her, he'd gone down himself, I'd hev the next best chance, and the advantage of hevving him outer the way. You see, you don't understand me—I don't think you did in California."

"Then he did save her?"

"Of course. Don't you see she was all right. If he'd missed her I'd have chipped in. Thar warn't no sense in my doing his duty onless he failed."

Somehow the story got out. The Man from Solano as a butt became more popular than ever, and of course received invitations to burlesque receptions, and naturally met a great many people whom otherwise he could not have seen. It was observed also that his $700 was steadily growing, and that he seemed to be getting on in his business. Certain Californian stocks which I have seen quietly interred in the old days in the tombs of their fathers, where magically revived; and I remember, as one who has seen a ghost, to have been shocked as I looked over the quotations one morning to have seen the ghostly face of the "Dead Beat Beach Mining Co.," roaged and plastered, looking out from the columns of the morning paper. At last a few people began to respect, or suspect, the Man of Solano. At last, suspicion culminated with this incident.

He had long expressed a wish to belong to a certain "fash'n'ble" club, and with a view of burlesque he was invited to visit the club, where a series of ridiculous entertainments were given him, winding up with a card party. As I passed the steps of the club house early next morning, I overheard two or three members talking excitedly.

"He cleaned everybody out. Why, he must have raked in nigh on $40,000."

"Who?" I asked.

"The Man from Solano."

As I turned away, one of the gentlemen, a victim, noted for his sporting propensities, followed me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, asked:

"Tell me fairly now. What business did your friend follow in California?"

"He was a shepherd."

"A what?"

"A shepherd. Tended his flocks on the honey scented hills of Solano."

"Well, all I can say is, blast your California pastorals!"—*New York Sun.*

Our New Minister's Wife's Bonnet.

Well, Sophronia Ann, I'm glad you've come. A great many things has happened since you were here in house cleanin' time. You know then I hadn't been near the Methodist church for nigh on to a month; an all Clarence Center was a-laughin', an' a making fun of our new minister's wife. How dreadful they did talk 'bout that blue velvet bonnet of hern! At last the women in the church couldn't stand it no longer; so they went to Miss Brown, an' they told her that people thought she were a injurin' an' a-keepin' back the Lord's work, by a-wearin' sich a wicked, worldly bonnet. An' then says Miss Brown: "Ladies, I should like a new bonnet very much. The blue velvet was my wedding hat, nearly two years ago. Since then my husband has been so poorly paid he has not been able to buy me anything new. So I have been obliged to wear this hat summer and winter." Now, Sister Pipkin she had an old black silk apron, jest as good as new, an' she said if the others would take hold an' help, she would have a sewin' bee, an' make up Miss Brown a decent bonnet. I didn't care nothin' 'bout the bonnet, but seein' Miss Pipkin was a-goin' to the pains of a-gittin' up a supper I thot I'd go and help 'em. Well, if I do say it, we made one of the purtiest bonnets you ever laid eyes on. There was none of them high altitin' things about that bonnet. An' we sent it to her that very night. Now in meetin', next Sunday mornin', they all looked at Miss Brown's seat to see how the new bonnet looked on her head, but she wasn't there. After the prayer was over who should they see but Miss Brown a-comin' up the aisle, a-holdin' her head higher than a kite. An' do you suppose she had on our new bonnet? No, indeed! But she did have one of them new black felt hats that come way down over a person's eyes, an' are all covered with black hen's feathers. It looked a great sight wuss than her old one. An' the meanest of all was, next mornin', when old Byer the washwoman, came to do Miss Pipkin's washin', she had on that very same black silk bonnet that we had took sich pains to make for Miss Brown.—*Woman's Journal.*

An Admiral's History.

A correspondent of the Portland *Press* gives some interesting particulars concerning the late Admiral Alden's family. His grandfather was Robert Tate, the fourth son of George Tate of London, who came to this country some time before the year 1756. George Tate had been a seamen on board the first Russian frigate that ever went to sea. When he came to America he built a large two-story, gambrel roofed house at Stroudwater, Me., which yet stands unaltered, outside or inside, and is the best example in that vicinity of the prevailing style of good houses at that time. He died there in 1794, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, leaving four sons, all born in England. His third son, George, entered the Russian naval service. Catharine II. appointed him lieutenant in 1770, and she afterward raised him to the rank of rear admiral. Alexander I. made him first admiral and a member of the Russian senate. For his gallant services at the siege of Ismail he received from the Empress Catharine a gold medal bearing her likeness and suitable inscriptions. He also received from the different sovereigns under whom he served the badges of the orders of St. Waldimer, St. Alexander Newski, St. Ann, and the military order of St. John. He died in the service in 1821, unmarried, highly honored and respected. His last visit to Maine was in 1819, when he erected a handsome monument to his father and mother at Stroudwater. The fourth son of George Tate, Robert, had one son and several daughters. One of the latter was the wife of Capt. James Alden of Portland, and the mother of Admiral Alden. One of Admiral Alden's sisters married T. S. Arthur, of Philadelphia, the well known author.

The Wheat Crop.

The receipts of wheat at the principal markets of the West for seven weeks ending February 17, in three years were as follows:

Years.	Bushels.
1877	2,371,678
1876	4,962,278
1875	5,522,052

The visible supplies at the principal points of accumulation on the seventeenth of February, were as follows:

Years.	Bushels.
1877	11,088,627
1876	17,089,460
1875	12,201,784

These figures have, of course, no reference to the movement and stocks on the Pacific slope.

THE DEAD CAMILLE.

Her Secret Marriage with Henry Herbert Byrne—Why they Separated—Pursued by the Shadow of an Erring Sister's Sin.

The true cause of the separation between Mr. Byrne and the late Matilda Heron is now published for the first time. Miss Heron made her *debut* in San Francisco December 26th, 1853, and, making a wonderful success, fame and wealth were rapidly acquired. Among the host of friends her talents gathered around her none were more assiduous in their attentions than Henry Byrne, and their friendship having developed into a deep affection it was an earnest wish of his that she should leave her profession and become his wife. This Miss Heron did not want to do then, as already arrangements had been completed for her brother to escort her abroad, and she desired to defer her marriage until after her return and the fulfilment of two theatrical engagements she had made—one in Pittsburgh and one in New York city. At last, moved by his frequent solicitations, she consented to a secret marriage and became Mr. Byrne's wife, both determining not to reveal their relation to each other until after her return and the completion of her contracts to play in the two cities above mentioned.

With loving words and bright hopes for the future they parted, the wife, accompanied by her niece and brother, to go in one of her father's vessels to Europe; the husband, with fond expectancy, to await her return as the realization of all his dreams of happiness. Miss Heron had been absent some time when a large number of prominent gentlemen of California met at a social dinner, Mr. Byrne making one of the party. The conversation turning upon women, mention was made of Miss Heron's remarkable abilities, when some one sneeringly alluded to her being an actress. At this Mr. Byrne requested "that Miss Heron be spoken of with more respect, as he would answer for her being a lady." One of the party satirically remarked: "Probably she is as much of a lady as the original of this," taking a daguerreotype from his pocket and handing it to his next neighbor at the table, who, in turn, passed it to another. Every one upon seeing it exclaimed: "Miss Heron!" Mr. Byrne, upon looking at it, said: "My God! where did you get this?" "Gentlemen," replied the owner of the picture, "that is not Miss Heron, but a picture of her sister, called Kate Ridgely, and the proprietress of a gilded palace of sin in New York, known as the 'House of Mirrors.'" The effect of this statement upon Mr. Byrne may be imagined, he being an excessively proud man.

The irregularities and uncertainties of the mails was Mr. Byrne's excuse for not writing about this affair to Miss Heron, and he long kept brooding over the matter. Her silence on the subject he is said to have considered willful deception on her part, and gradually his mind became biased against her. Upon her return to this country, he met her at Pittsburgh, and he at once broached the subject that seemed of such importance to him, "reproaching her for bringing a stain upon his name and deceiving him." "How could he take her to California and acknowledge her as his wife when her sister's position was the talk of the State?" This and much more he said, and those knowing Miss Heron's high spirit and integrity of purpose will not wonder at the reply she made him.

"Seventeen years ago (she said) I remember, as a child, seeing a young widowed sister an inmate of my father's house; then she disappeared, my brother followed, was absent two or three days, and returned, bringing her little girl of two years back with him. The child was brought up in my father's house, but the mother's name was never mentioned in the family. I have heard that I remarkably resembled, in form and face, that sister; but since childhood I have never seen her. What temptations or trials caused her to fall I do not know; but wherever she is my prayers will follow her. As for my not showing you this blotted page in our family history, I did not think of it in connection with our affairs; but now, thank heaven! our marriage was a secret one. You return to the friends whose noble occupation is the bandying about of a woman's fame. With them cherish your spotless name. I am not ashamed of mine, but will cling to it, and from henceforth will be wedded to my profession." After reflection changed Mr. Byrne's views of the subject. He followed Miss Heron to New York, urged her to forgive his injustice and return with him to San Francisco; but all his persuasions, aided by the entreaties of her brother (whom he had enlisted in his cause), did not avail to change her decision. Ambition took the place of love and made her heart dumb to all his pleadings. Finding there was no hope he finally consented to a separation, though neither of them ever obtained a divorce.

On being asked recently why she did not refute the aspersions made upon her character by publishing the true facts connected with the separation of Mr. Byrne and herself Miss Heron said: "I cannot do it. The sister who was the unfortunate cause of our trouble could not cling to evil; bitterly repentant, she changed her course of life and at last married a gentleman of position and wealth, after making him acquainted with the errors of her past. Now she is aged, and her days are spent in doing good to others. If I wrote a vindication of myself the public would expect names and particulars regarding her, which would tend to wound and humiliate her deeply; therefore I will bear it for my sister's sake." Thought her hearers then, Matilda Heron, your insanity does not reach your heart, or if such a resolve is the result of mania God grant more persons in this world may turn mad.

The funds with which she was enabled to go to California to contest the will of Mr. Byrne were part of the proceeds of a grand benefit tendered her by generous dramatic friends in New York. The benefit was a splendid success, but a man who managed to get possession of the money swindled Miss Heron out of all except a few hundred dollars.

The Emperor William's Speech.

The German Reichstag being opened the emperor made a speech in which he adverted to the depressed state of commerce and industry, and also to the deficiency in the budget. It proposed that the deficiency, amounting to 25,500,000 marks, be met by raising the matriculatory contributions payable by the States. The speech also refers to Eastern affairs, and expresses the opinion that the peace of Europe will not be broken. The dangers which might result from the Eastern question, still unsolved, threaten Germany in a less degree than any other country.

Should the expectations now entertained, based upon the promises of the Porte on the one hand and the opening of negotiations for peace on the other, with Servia and Montenegro, fail to be realized, the imperial government, while recognizing the fact that the present question does not prescribe any precise line of conduct for itself, will continue to exert its influence, as hitherto, on behalf of the protection of the Christians in Turkey, and of the preservation of the peace of Europe, above all things, however, strengthening its own good relations with governments, allied or otherwise, friendly to it.

MISS MARY DANCER'S MONEY.

The Amount and Circumstances of Her Private Bequests—How a Gambler's Daughter Remembered Little Acts of Kindness.

It is told as something very strange that though the late Matthias M. Dancer was a gambler, both his wife and daughter were of a very religious turn of mind, and his brother a clergyman in good standing. Mr. Dancer's habits of life caused his family much trouble, since it really ostracized them from the society for which they were both mentally and morally qualified. Though the habits and character of Mrs. Dancer and of the late Mary M. Dancer were well known to their neighbors, they were treated with great discourtesy; and in passing them in the street, some even drew away as though in fear of being contaminated. This general slight troubled them greatly, especially Miss Dancer, and feeling that people did not care to associate with the family of a gambler, they lived quietly and unostentatiously, seldom going out unless necessity forced them to do so, and never courting the acquaintance of others. Some twenty years ago Mr. Dancer was struck with paralysis, and afterwards was moody and petulant. His wife and daughter were often advised to have him sent to a lunatic asylum or to some place where he could be kept under restraint, but to such suggestions Miss Dancer invariably replied: "He is my father, and while I have breath left in my body I shall love him and make him as happy as possibly. It is my duty to do so." Her father seemed devotedly attached to her. He made her a present of the house on Eleventh street where they lived, and one Christmas brought home a big bundle of newspapers addressed to her. After paper on paper had been taken off and when the bundle had been reduced to the size of a large apple a roll of something dark fell upon the floor. On examination, it proved to be $30,000 in bank notes. At the time of the robbery of bonds from their house Mrs. Dancer was very roughly treated by the robbers. Her throat was so lacerated by the cords with which she had been bound that she could eat nothing, and for some time it was thought that she would not live. Mrs. Mary White, a lady who lived opposite, heard of this, and for a long time made soups for her daily, and did many other little acts of kindness for her. When Mrs. Dancer got well she said that Mrs. White had saved her life, and expressed a desire to repay her in some way. Mr. Dancer also insisted that something must be done for her, and was very profuse with his thanks and gratitude. At length one day Miss Dancer called on Mrs. White and presented her with a very pretty silver soup ladle, saying that she would like to do still more for her. Though Mrs. White was by no means wealthy, yet she positively refused to take anything but the soup ladle in repayment of her kindness. But Miss Dancer often said after this that she should have her way about it; that she would not be crossed in her will, and that she should do something more for her friend, whether she consented or not; so it appears by Miss Dancer's will, lately admitted to probate, that Mrs. Mary White, for many acts of kindness, is a legatee for $5,000. It was totally unexpected on her part, and when she was informed of it she nearly fainted, she was so astonished.

Two years ago, when Mrs. and Miss Dancer were at the seaside, they became acquainted with a clergyman by the name of Lee, who was at the same place with his family. He was poor both in health and in purse. By his kindness and good sense he came into the favor of Miss Dancer, who, seeing that he was worthy, left him $10,000. Miss Dancer's aunt, Mrs. Mary Ann Golder, adopted a little boy some years ago. Where she found him no one seems to know, but he was evidently a waif. He has shown himself grateful by his obedience, and as a reward for just gratitude he receives $5,000 by Miss Dancer's will.

All the furniture in the house 50 West Eleventh street, together with her wearing apparel, jewelry and personal ornaments, Miss Dancer bequeathed to her aunts, Mrs. Mary Ann Golder and Mrs. Susan Robinson, "share and share alike, and to each she also left $10,000. To her cousins, William Golder, Antoinette Golder, Emily Golder and Mary Pagarin, Mrs. Frances T. Avery, Cordelia Briggs and Alexander Cubberly, $10,000 each, and to the two children of Mrs. Cubberly $5,000 each. To the Rev. Charles S. Harrow, at present the pastor of the Central Methodist church, in Seventh avenue, $10,000, and to his sister, $5,000. To Mrs. Adele Oakley, of Norwood, N. J., she left $500 "for the uses and purposes" of a church in that place. To Thomas F. Jeremiah, her executor, she left $20,000. To Adeline Sanford, of Wood's Hole, Mass., she bequeathed $10,000. To Elias T. Dancer, her cousin, she bequeathed the satisfaction of a mortgage made by him to her on some property in Pennsylvania. To George F. Stevens, whom she was to have married, she bequeathed $30,000, and to his two sisters, $1,000 each. She bequeathed her house and lot, 111 East Twenty-fourth street, to the executor of her will, to be held by him in trust to pay taxes, insurance, repairs, and to pay the net income to Mrs. Ruth Coffa as long as she shall live, and at her death the house and lot is to go, in fee simple, to her son, Nathan Coffa. Miss Dancer also provided that a lot be purchased for her in Greenwood Cemetery, and that a tomb, costing not more than $25,000, should be built on it, and that the bodies of her father, her aunt, Mrs. Golder, and her child, George Whitfield Brantingham and George F. Stevens should be placed in it with her own.

This will was made by Miss Dancer only in case she should die before she came into full possession of her property, when she intended to give outright to the various charitable societies the amount named in her will, and it was under this provision that Mr. Jeremiah consented to act as her executor. She was not a "religious recluse," as she has been styled, but on the contrary was in some doubt about her religion. She was active in the works of her church, but was not bigoted in her religious ideas. She did not confine herself to one church, but went to those of several denominations. The Dancers seem to have had very few friends in this city, and even Mr. Jeremiah, though he has known the family for many years, has never been inside of their house more than four or five times.

Miss Dancer died on the eleventh of February, and on the Saturday previous she called on Mr. Jeremiah at his place of business, and told him that she was to be married the next Wednesday. He expressed surprise, as he had not previously known that she had been receiving attentions from anybody, but she told him that, about two years before, her mother had become acquainted with a gentleman named Stevens, and before she died expressed a wish that he should marry her daughter. In response to this information Mr. Jeremiah congratulated his visitor, and in response to her request that he should get for her a diamond brooch which she had given him for safe keeping, he told her that it was in the safe deposit vaults, but that he would get it for her on Monday and bring it to his office. Before she left Mr. Jeremiah observed that she was looking much better than usual, and she replied: "I'm not so well as I look; I have a strange feeling of illness about me that I cannot describe." On Monday, when Mr. Jeremiah went to his office, he took with him the diamond brooch, but, instead of finding Miss Dancer there, he found Mr. Stevens, who told him, with tears in his eyes, that she was dead. During a violent fit of vomiting she had burst a blood vessel at the base of her brain.

Miss Dancer was thirty-five years of age, and is said to have been very prepossessing in manner and appearance. Matthias Dancer, her father, was probably the most successful sporting man of his time. He was originally a blacksmith, but abandoned the anvil for the faro table and kept several establishments in this city. At his bank at No. 8 Barclay street he is said to have taken in over $1,500,000 during the war. He saved his money, and at his death in August last he left a fortune of some $700,000. This he divided equally between his wife and daughter, but Mrs. Dancer survived her husband only three months, and the entire fortune came into Miss Dancer's possession. Besides the legacies already mentioned, she left bequests amounting to $325,000 to various charitable institutions in this city.

The scene at Miss Dancer's funeral is said to have been most affecting. Not more than twelve persons were there. When the time came to close the coffin, Mr. Stevens, her *fiance*, arose, with his face perfectly white and his teeth set, and staggered, rather than walked, toward the coffin. He knelt beside it without saying a word, and with his face turning red and pale by turns, looked imploringly around and fell back. He was raised to his feet and taken away. The spectators thought he would go mad. It was the day set by the deceased for their marriage, so her funeral was on her wedding day and her bridal costume was her shroud.—*New York World.*

Preparing Cod Fish for Market.

A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* gives the history of a cod fish from the moment when, on the hook of the fisherman, it is dragged from its native element till it disappears down the human throat on the banks of the Amazon, the Parana, the Tagus, or the Po: After a few expiring wriggles—and it is a comfort to be informed by naturalists that fish are almost insensible to pain—the cod is flung from the fisherman's boat upon the rough stage, where it is received by the "cut-throat," who, with a sharp knife, lays open the fish across the throat and down the belly, and passes it to the header. This operator proceeds to extract the liver, which is dropped into a vessel by his side, to be converted into codliver oil. He then extracts the entrails and wrenches off the head, and throws these into another receptacle, to be preserved for the farmer, to mix with bog and earth, thus forming a most fertilizing compost for his fields. The tongues, however, are taken out, and also the sounds, and these, fresh or pickled, are an excellent article of food. The fish is then passed to the splitter, who, by a dexterous movement, cuts out the backbone nearly to the tail, and thus lays the fish entirely open, and capable of being laid flat on its back. This is the nicest part of the operation, and the splitter always commands higher wages than the rest of the operators. The salter next takes the fish and washes it well from all particles of blood, salts it, and places it in piles to drain. After laying the proper length of time it is washed, and spread to dry on the "flake," which is formed of spruce boughs, supported by a framework resting on upright poles. Here the cod are spread out individually to bleach by exposure to sun and air, and during this process require constant attention. At night, or on the approach of rain, they are made up into little round heaps, with the skin outward, in which state they look very much like small haycocks. When the "bloom," or whitish appearance, which for a time they assume, comes out on the dried fish, the process is finished, and they are quite ready for storing. On being conveyed to the premises of the exporting merchant, they are first "culled," or assorted, into four different kinds, known as "Merchantable," "Madeira," "West India," and "Dun," or broken fish. The first is the best quality, the second a grade lower, the third is intended for the stomachs of negroes, and the fourth, which is incapable of keeping, is used at home. The cod sent to hot countries are packed by screw power into small casks called "drums;" those which go the Mediterranean are usually exported in bulk. Large quantities of dried cod fish are shipped to Brazil, and there is hardly an inhabited corner of that vast empire where the Newfoundland cod is not to be found, being carried on the backs of mules from the seacoast into the most distant provinces of the interior. The negroes of the West Indies welcome it as a grateful addition to their vegetable diet. To all parts of the Mediterranean it finds its way, Italians, Greeks and Sicilians equally relishing the produce of the sea harvest. The Spaniards and Portuguese are our best customers, and all over the sunny peninsula the "bucalo" is a standing dish. In the warmer regions of the earth the people seem to have a special liking for the dried and salted cod, and to them it is an almost indispensable article of food.

Fertilizing Influence of Snow.

Snow is often called the "poor man's manure;" and if it is true that it has any manural value, the farmer's prospects for the next season are certainly flattering. The body of snow upon the ground in all the Northern and Middle States is very great, and millions of acres of land are covered by it as with a blanket of the whitest wool. It is probable that seldom, perhaps never, has so wide an area of our country been covered as during the month of January, 1877. The question whether snow is capable of affording to lands any of the elements of fertility is one often asked; and in reply, the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says that it probably is. The atmosphere holds ammonia and some other nitrogenous products, which are without doubt brought to the soil by snowflakes as well as by rain drops.

Experiments both here and abroad would seem to prove the truth of this conclusion.

Rains are not only valuable for the moisture which they supply, but for what they bring to us from the atmosphere. During a thunder storm nitric acid is produced in considerable quantities; and dissolved in the rain drops to a high degree of attenuation, its effects upon soils are highly salutary, as the nitrogen permeates the entire soil.

Oxen in Harness.

The Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* prints the following: A sight that attracted many spectators appeared on our streets the other day. It was a team of oxen attached to a wood wagon. They were equipped in full harness even to the bits. The collars and hames, instead of being placed as when on the equine beast, they rather were placed right the reverse—upside down. Yet they were in proper position, for they could be adjusted to an ox in no other manner. The driver, a hale old farmer, employed the old original horse vernacular: "Get up," "whoa," "back," and made no use of "gee" and "haw."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Practical Farm Notes.

BARLEY.—Skillful management is required to succeed with this crop. Peculiar soils are required to produce a clear, thin skinned, bright colored sample, such as brings the best price in the market. A friable, clean, mellow, dry, limestone clay loam is perhaps the best soil, but some lighter soils, that are warm and rich, will produce good barley. The soil must be thoroughly worked, and free from weeds. Barley should always be drilled, and the seed placed at an even depth below the surface. There is no better crop with which to sow to clover.

Oats will succeed upon soils where barley would fail. A rough sod and a moist soil will grow good oats; it is the best spring crop for a reclaimed swamp or a newly broken clayey meadow. Two and a half bushels of seed per acre is light seeding; three bushels, if drilled, or three and a half, if broadcast, is sometimes sown with good results. The thick seeding yields a finer stalk, which makes a more desirable fodder than stouter straw.

Oats and peas, sown together, produce a very nutritious fodder. The two crops together, upon one acre of good soil, will yield nearly, if not quite, as much fodder as would an acre of each sown separately. We have sown two bushels of oats and six pecks of peas to the acre. If sown early, the fodder may be cut for soiling cows or horses in May or June, and a succession for continuous use may be sown every two weeks until early in May. Roll the ground after sowing, so that the crop may be cut with a mower, which may easily be done, as the oats support the peas and prevent lodging.

Other fodder crops are barley and tares, or vetches, spring rye, and in the Southern States the cowpea may be added to these. A few acres of some early fodder crops will be found very useful for feeding green, or for cutting and curing for hay.

POTATOES.—Earlier planting than usual will be advisable. Few plant early enough, and now that the Colorado beetle is around very early, it will be well to get the start of him. We have planted as soon as the frost was out of the ground and the soil dry, without heeding occasional night frosts. When the potatoes appear above ground, an inch of earth thrown over them with the hoe, or a light furrow, will be sufficient protection, and if the tops are nipped, the plants will sprout again.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—Where this pest has been around for years past, it is not feared. No one thinks of being much troubled about it. Yet we hear farmers ask: "Shall we plant any potatoes this year or not?" Potatoes must be raised, even if the beetle has to be fought, and paris green is a safe and effective remedy when properly used.

WINTER WHEAT AND RYE.—These crops are much improved by harrowing. If the ground is dry, the plants will not be harmed, but the crust will be loosened, earth will be drawn over plants that have been heaved, and the just starting weeds will be killed. The Thomas harrow, having light, slanting teeth, is admirable for this work, but the common harrow may be used instead of it.—*Agriculturist.*

A Cheap Food for Cattle.

A Maryland farmer has prepared what he calls a cheap food for cattle. He sowed land in corn, and the first of October, when it was in tassel, he had it cut down with a reaper and passed through the ordinary process of chopping, using for that purpose an ordinary feed cutter. The fodder thus produced was mixed with straw in the proportion of four-fifths corn fodder to one-fifth straw. It was then put in trenches, trampled down, and covered with earth. The fodder remained in this state until last Christmas day, when the trenches were opened and the fodder taken out and fed to the cattle. The fodder was found to be in as perfect a state of preservation as when it was first put in, and the cattle seemed to relish it from the first, and now prefer it to any other kind of feed. The cost of producing this fodder was only about one dollar a ton, which is only one-twentieth as much as the cost of timothy hay, which is not equal to it in any respect. If the land is planted early in the spring, twenty or thirty tons can be raised to the acre, but in France the land is highly manured and the corn is sowed only two feet apart, which often makes the yield as high as eighty tons to the acre. The same land can afterward be planted in barley, and loses none of its strength by the planting of the corn, as it is a principle in agriculture that the strength of the land is only lost in the formation of the grain. By the use of this fodder every farm of one hundred acres, planted with ten acres of this fodder, would be able to fatten one hundred head of cattle during the winter, which would yield a profit of fifty per cent., besides the immense advantage of having such an amount of stable manure, which in itself, if utilized, would pay for the fodder thus used.

The advantages of this method is