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The Hard Struggle.

I've looked on poverty undismayed,
His cold breath on my cheek,
I've seen him crouching at my bed,
When winds blew shrill and bleak.

I've watched him crawling to my board,
To snatch my scanty food,
But never suffered him—no, not once—
To scare me where I stood ;—

But fought him, upright, like a man
That only feared disgrace ;
And hit him hard, and laid him low,
And scorned him to his face !

I've struggled—sure of victory,
In pride, although in pain,
With soul serene, and head erect
and so I will again.

War in the East.

The red Russian sun had set,
But a warm tint lingered yet
And suffused the heights of Kharizanlinkskoi,
As a fair maid clasped his neck,
And she softly whispered "Tscheck-
ernigvenski, I am proud of thee, my boy !"

He took off his soldier hat,
And again she whispered : "That
Havelock I made most beautifully on you sits,
And your jacket is from Stchuk,
And your shirt from Tscherkashplack,
And your stogies are marked 'Lowell, Massa-
chusetts !'"

"Dear Skinskishki !" murmured he,
"Wilt thou sure remember me,
And the same affectionate devotion have
When I'm fighting on the slope
Of Kgneiffikowsumpekop,
Or crossing the Ekaterinoslav ?"

"Ah, Tscheckkie, boy," she sighed,
"Am I not to be thy bride ?
Nothing never can dissever me from thee !
Would that I to-day could ride off
At thy side to Kameskidoff,
Or the army at Pravolavhopperskae !"

And he asked : "My love ! my own !
Wilt be true when thou'rt alone ?
And she laid her little lily hand in his;
"Wilt be true as yonder star
While I'm fighting for the czar
At Osmanjik or Phillipopolis ?"

And she answered : "Here I swears !
You may wander anywheres
I will never smile on any other love—
Not the prince of Solienkorsk,
Or of Krasnovitcheborsk,
Or the baron of Zirpoukwiamzahov."

Then she swooned and lay as dead,
While he grabbed his gun and fled
To join his general, Nepokotichitski,
"Farewell, thou peerless damsel !
I go to Dschosairvemsel—
But first I go to Getadrinkowhitski !"

He was bravest of the brave !
And as leader of the Sclave
He won a colonel's badge and saved his bacon,
And he telegraphed "Skinskishki
Sweetheart ! Darling ! Though 'twas risky
Djbtubrichktiomagdebig is stormed and
taken !"

She'd another lover then,
Spite of all her oaths, and when
The message came she sat upon his knee—
Johann Hildbourghmingenhausen,
Born in Schwartzeburgh-Kniphausen,
And she married him and had a familee.

And the next winter, every morn
To the birds she flung some corn
And she fed the very ravens that had wheeled
Over warring southern zones
And had picked poor Tscheckkie's bones
On the Bielowkourokino battlefield.

—*W. A. Croffut.*

KATE'S PRINCE.

We three—Lil, Cissy and I—had a long discussion about Cousin Kate, who was coming on a visit to us from the city ; and we all felt what dreadful little ragmuffins we should seem to her, for I'm afraid we had been running wild ; though papa only used to laugh about it, and would come into the school room when mamma was busy with us over our lessons, whenever it was a fine morning, and cry : "Now, then, girls, the sun shines and the birds are calling. Out with you ! Learn lessons when it rains."

I knew afterward why this was. Papa had a horrible nervous dread of our growing up weak and sickly, for his was a delicate family ; and I had heard that our cousins were often very ill.

"I can guess why Cousin Kate is coming to stay with us," said Lil.

"I know why she's coming," I said.

"It's because she's ill," shouted Lil, for fear I should show my knowledge first.

"Sally will take her up new warm milk and an egg in it before she gets out of bed in the morning," said Cissy, solemnly, "that will soon make her well."

"She shall have all the eggs Speckle lays," said Lil, "and Jenny will take her every morning to the old garden seat under the trees. She's sure to get well there."

And so we did, for Cousin Kate came that afternoon—a tall, pale girl, with a sad, weary look in her face, as she gazed wistfully from one to the other.

We three young girls stood back, quite in awe of the well dressed, fashionable looking body, who was so different from what we had expected, while mamma went up to welcome her, and took her in her arms in a tender affectionate way, saying : "My dear child we are glad to welcome you."

Cousin Kate threw her arms around mamma's neck and burst into a fit of sobbing, hiding her face out of sight. We did not see any more of Cousin Kate that day ; but our young interest was deeply excited, and somehow, perhaps fostered by dark hints dropped by Sally, who was a blighted flower, having been crossed in a love affair with the horsekeeper at a neighboring farm, we girls got to think of our cousin's illness as a kind of mystery connected in some way, how we did not know, with the heart.

Our awe of the sweet gentle cousin fell off the very next day, when we took possession of her, and led her around our dear old country home, with its wilderness of an orchard, great garden shrubberies, and pleasant meadow.

Her coming seemed to mark an epoch in our young lives, for, seeing how weak and delicate she was, we used to vie one with the other in being quiet and gentle, waited upon her in the most unnecessary way, like slaves, and always ready to rush off most willing messengers to forestall any little want she expressed.

This came natural to us ; but on my part it was increased by a few words which I heard pass between papa and mamma, mamma saying that she did not think poor Kate would ever grow strong again, but slowly wither away. I gave a great gulp as I heard those words, and then burst out sobbing violently.

"You here, Jenny !" said mamma. "Well, my dear, as you have heard what we said, it must be your secret too. Never let your poor cousin know what we think, and never behave to her as if you thought she could not recover."

I promised readily, and at fourteen the possession of that secret seemed to make me more womanly than my sisters, as I redoubled my tenderness to the suffering girl.

The invalid was nineteen—a great age in our estimation—and I used to look up to her with veneration, gazing at her soft sweet face and wistful eyes, wondering why she was so ill, and what was the great sorrow that had come upon her like a blight upon one of the roses round our porch.

Cousin Kate came to us in the spring, and the months flew by till it was the height of summer ; and many and many a night had I turned my face to the wall, so that Lil should not know, and cried silently till my pillow was wet. For I knew so well that Kate was weaker, much weaker than when she came, a walk across the lawn to the old garden seat in the shade being as much now as she could bear.

"Cousin Kate," I said, one day when we were alone, Lil and Cissy having rushed off to get some flowers, "couldn't any doctor make you well ?"

She looked at me with a wild strange gaze which almost startled me, before she replied, and then in a way that made my heart beat she sobbed out :

"Only one—only one !" and then as if to herself, in a low whisper, she added : "and before he can come I shall be dead—dead !"

She did not know I heard her last words, and I sat chilled and frightened, gazing at her till my sisters came back, when, as we frequently did, we sat down about her ; Lil got upon the seat, Cissy sat on the grass with her head against one of Kate's hands, which hung listlessly from the corner where she leaned, and I threw myself on the grass at her feet, so as to look up in her gentle face, which had now become calm, with its old weary look.

"Cousin Kate," said Lil, "tell us another story."

"No, no," I said, "don't ask ; she isn't so well to-day."

"Yes," she said quietly, raising her head and looking at me, "I am better to-day."

"Tell us one, then," cried Cissy, eagerly, "one you've never told us before."

There was silence then for a few minutes, and as I gazed up into Kate's face I saw her eyes close and a sort of spasm twitch her lips ; but the next minute she was quite calm, and then with the leaves whispering round us, and the twittering of the birds coming now and again from the distance, she said in a low, sweet, musical voice :

"Once upon a time in the days of long ago, when people were very, very happy on this earth, there lived a prince who was young and handsome and true. Nearly every one loved him, he was so manly, and yet so gentle."

"And he loved a beautiful princess," put in Cissy.

I saw the spasm cross Cousin Kate's face again but it was calm directly after, and she went on.

"No, dear," she said, "he did not love a beautiful princess, but a poor, simple girl, who loved him, with all her heart, and they were so, so happy. When the flowers blossomed they seemed to blossom only for them, and the birds sang their sweetest songs for them in the sunshine."

"Yes, and they were married, and lived happy ever after," cried Cissy. "Go on."

There was once more that piteous look upon Cousin Kate's face, seen only by me ; but it passed off, and she went on.

"No, Cissy, they were not ; for the poor, handsome young prince had enemies—cruel, bitter enemies—who slandered him, and said that he had made false keys, and opened the treasure chest of a great man, and stolen away his gold and precious stones."

"Oh !" whispered Cissy, now deeply interested.

"And," continued Kate, "they took the poor prince, and there was a great trial, and though he declared he was innocent the wicked people who slandered him and bore false witness against him prevailed ; and the great judge said that he was to be cast into prison, and wear heavy chains, and be kept there for twenty-one long years."

"Oh !" cried Lil.

"Yes," said Cissy, "I know ; and then the simple young girl, who loved him, went and unlocked the prison gates, and struck off his chains and set him free."

"No—no," cried Cousin Kate, and her voice altered terribly, so that I was alarmed, though I could do nothing but gaze up in the wild face before me, for now a change came over it. "No," she cried, "the poor girl could do nothing but sit and weep, and feel her broken heart beat—beat—beat, in its own prison, wearing itself out till—till she died, and—Oh Frank ! Frank ! what have we done that we should suffer this ?"

I leaped up to throw my arms round her, while my sisters shrank away alarmed ; for Cousin Kate turned away from us with a bitter wail, buried her face in her hands, and threw herself half over the arm of the old garden seat, sobbing in a wild hysterical way, such as I had never seen. "Kate, dear Cousin Kate," I sobbed ; but even as I spoke there was a hasty step on the gravel, the bushes were dashed aside, and the shadow of a tall man was cast over us."

"Kate—darling !" he cried, catching her in his arms, as I was thrush rudely aside, "I am innocent and free."

She did not hear him, for she gave a faint gasp and sunk back insensible.

We three girls were almost stunned ; but we saw the tall, thin, pale looking stranger hastily lift poor Kate from the seat, and literally run with her to the house, while we followed more slowly.

As we reached the porch it was to meet papa running out, and in a short time he returned with the doctor. But this doctor was the wrong one ; the right one had come to us at the garden seat, and it was his words that brought dear Cousin Kate back to life, and in the course of a few months to health.

For Frank Roberts was reinstated in the government offices from which he fell—in a higher post, one which gave him the confidence of the higher officials ; while the man, through whose treachery poor Frank had suffered a year and a half before, died confessing that he had been the guilty party alone.

Oh ! those happy days when the roses were coming back day by day into Cousin Kate's cheek, and when Frank, who was down at the old place every Saturday to stay till Monday, used to be sent to play and romp with us girls. I can hardly believe that thirty years have glided by since then, but so it is ; and to this day we call dear old grey whiskered Frank "Kate's Prince."

Misplaced Confidence.

The other day a little weazen faced man, wearing a $3.50 suit of clothes, went to one of the big hotels in San Francisco, and registering his name as from Texas, asked for a room and if breakfast was on the table.

The Olympian clerk gazed at him scornfully for a moment, and languidly remarked :

"Any baggage ?"

"No," replied the guest.

"In that case," said the clerk, "the rules of the house compel me to insist on payment in advance."

"Very well," said the guest, without hesitating or appearing offended, "take two days' board out of this," and from a wad of greenbacks as big as his arm he produced a $100 note.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the abashed clerk, "but we are so often taken in, and your face not being familiar to me, I"—

"No offense," cheerfully answered the guest; "business is business and rules are rules. It does look a little odd to be without baggage, but us cattle dealers ain't much on style, and"—

"That's all right, colonel," said the clerk. "Put up your money; we know a gentleman when we see him. Jim, show the gentleman to 146. Call for the best room in the house, general."

The old man stowed away an ample breakfast, got the clerk to give him small bills for a fifty, and asked where Billy Coolbaugh, the banker, had his office, inquired when they had dinner, desired the clerk to tell Mr. Farwill, if he called, that he would be back at two o'clock, then went, and hasn't been seen since. The clerk subsequently discovered that the $50 was bad. The sad event has cast a gloom over the hotel office.

Fashion Notes.

Long, narrow scarf pins of many designs, and beautifully engraved and enameled, are worn by ladies, instead of brooches, in the lace for the neck.

A favorite style for engagements is the "motto" ring.

Rings are constantly being made in novel shapes and designs.

Beautiful costumes for summer are made of batistes and other lawns in very delicate colors, all of one shade or else in stripes with white.

The fashion of using beautifully decorated wax tapers in drawing rooms and at banquets is growing in favor.

Many of the leaders of fashion have adopted neat and pretty suits, with skirts just long enough to touch the ground, for walking costumes.

A street costume of twilled serge has a long gored skirt, trimmed with a ten-inch plaited flounce. The polonaise is trimmed with galloon and bound with satin. The rolling collar and cuffs are trimmed in the same way.

It may interest our lady readers to know that at the last drawing-room of her Britannic majesty that the wife of the American minister wore the following costume : Dress of satin duchesse blanc perle, partly veiled with echasses of point de gaze, showered with drooping dranches of daturas; train of blanc perle Venetian brocade lined through in white satin, and trimmed with echasses of lace, and flowers to correspond ; coiffure of diamonds, ostrich feathers and lappets of fine lace; ornaments, diamonds.

A Complicated Case.

A rather complicated case is about to come before the courts at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. A lively young boar was recently sent there by rail from Custrin, carefully shut up in a wooden cage. On the journey, however, he managed to break his prison, and devoured no less than twenty-five pounds of German yeast, which happened to be in the same carriage. The condition of the misguided pig, when the yeast began to rise, may be imagined. He was quite unable to bear his suddenly acquired greatness, and gave up the ghost in a multitude of sighs, which is quite explicable under the circumstances. But now the question is who is to pay the damage for what ? The railway company repudiates all responsibility. Is the owner of the carcass to proceed against the owner of the yeast for the loss of his boar, or is the ex-proprietor of the yeast to proceed against the owner of the pig for the loss of his merchandise ? Eminent counsel hold that the claim of both parties lies against the constructor of the cage; but the builder contends that the cage was never calculated to withstand the frantic efforts of a pig stung into frenzy by the temptation of twenty-five pounds of yeast placed under his very nose.

CRAPO'S QUEER CRAFT.

A Man and Wife to Cross the Ocean in a Small Vessel.

Mr. Thomas Crapo, of this city, writes a New Bedford (Mass.) correspondent, will, in company with his wife, attempt to make the passage of the Atlantic ocean to London, starting from this port, in a curious little boat especially built for the voyage.

Mr. Crapo is a genuine type of the true American sailor, hardy, plucky and daring, is thirty years of age, about five feet six inches in height, and weighing some 150 pounds, of light complexion, with brown hair and eyes, and of that quiet, sanguine temperament which, having once determined upon the execution of a plan, overcomes every obstacle and pauses not until the desired end is accomplished.

In his wife he has a most excellent companion, as she is of the same cheerful and courageous disposition. She is a daughter of Frederick Stiff, the celebrated jeweler and musical instrument manufacturer of London, whose fashionable ornaments and music boxes have a world wide fame, and is one of fourteen children, having six sisters; born in Glasgow, of Scottish descent, she was educated in the best Parisian schools, spending some fifteen years in France, and speaks fluently French and Swedish besides her native tongue.

Mr. Crapo has passed some twenty years upon the deep, commencing as cabin boy. During his seafaring life he has crossed the Atlantic twenty times, while his wife, who accompanied him for several years on shipboard, has made the passage three times.

He will take about 1,500 pounds of provisions, consisting almost entirely of canned goods, and condensed solid and fluid preparations, which will be stored principally in the forward part of the craft, which is to serve as the kitchen, equipped with a neat little kerosene stove. In the after part will be the cabin and sleeping accommodations. He will take six kegs, each containing twenty gallons of water. As fast as emptied these kegs will be filled with salt water, being the only ballast used, the boxes, cans of food, etc., being stowed so as to trim the craft. A small medicine case is included in the personal baggage.

Mr. Crapo will provision for a fifty days' voyage, but is confident of being able to make the run in less time, forty days being his extreme limit. His route will be between forty-two degs. and forty-five degs. north latitude and as near a direct course as possible. He will sail at night with both himself and wife on the lookout; during the day they will take alternate watches, each taking about six hours' sleep, which is all that either is accustomed to take, on land or sea.

His only instruments will be a compass and quadrant, sailing by dead reckoning. In case of a storm, he will furl the sails and lie to under a drag, closing the forward hatchway but leaving half the aft, which is hinged like a door, open for light and air.

The boat in which this voyage is to be made is built of cedar, and is much the shape of a common whale-boat, except that she is much shorter, and deeper and broader in proportion to her length. Her dimensions are but thirteen feet length of keel, six feet beam and thirty-four inches deep. She is entirely covered with a double-sheathed deck, with the exception of two hatchways, each two feet square, which can be closely covered. She has a center board; carries one anchor and rudder, and will be propelled by two mutton-leg sails, one on each of two masts, situated near either end.

Both himself and wife are confident of the success of this daring attempt, and Mr. Crapo declares it to be an utter impossibility for the boat to sink even when full of water. The cost of the boat, exclusive of rigging, is $125; the outlay for the voyage, including $50 worth of provisions, will be about $100. Two small boats have already crossed the Atlantic, one a metallic life-boat and the other a wooden boat, but no woman has ever been on such a voyage, and no boat constructed like the "New Bedford" ever made the trip.

An English Duke's Curious Bets.

A curious form of wager was once hit upon by Old Q—a familiar sobriquet by which the Duke of Queensberry was commonly known to the sporting world. The duke was famous for eccentricities in the betting way. The match he made to drive a carriage nineteen miles in one hour without changing either of the thoroughbred horses with which he started, made a sensation at the time, and the actual achievement of this feat was perhaps as remarkable as anything of the kind in the annals of coaching. But the wager to which reference was made was of a more original character than this, and at a time of day when railways were not thought of, was certainly an indication of no little inventive talent. He made a bet that he would have a letter conveyed fifty miles within an hour. In order to do this, he caused the manuscript to be inclosed in a cricket ball, stationed expert cricketers at intervals over a certain distance, and the missive, being thrown from one to the other, was delivered at the end of the journey, within the stipulated time. A very good story is told of this nobleman by which he very neatly checkmated the vagaries of certain speculators who secretly offered his grace's jockey a large sum of money to lose a certain race. The jockey appeared to entertain the proposal, but quietly carried information of it to his employer, who at once told him to take the money, and that he would bear him harmless. The money was taken, and books were made accordingly, but, to the horror of the enterprising blacklegs, the duke himself appeared on the scene as the horses came to the post, and quickly divesting himself of a great coat, was found to be in riding attire. "This is a very nice horse," said his grace. "I think I will ride myself." And he did it, and won without a struggle.

Advice to Jokers.

Always let your jokes be well-timed. Any time will do for a good joke, but no time will do for a bad one. Any place will fit, provided the joke itself be fitting, but it never fits if a joke be out of its place. You cannot order a joke as you would a coat or a pair of boots. In concocting jokes, as in making pudding, each person employs similar materials, but the quality of the dish is entirely dependent on the skill of the artist. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member of society, but the maker of a bad one is a more despicable character than the veriest coiner by profession.

A joke from a gentleman is an act of charity ; an uncharitable joke is an ungentlemanly act. The retort courteous is the touchstone of good feeling ; the reply churlish—the proof of cold-headed stupidity.

Turkish Talismans.

A Parisian manufacturer has received an order from Turkey for a large number of white shirts upon which extracts from the Koran are to be printed in sky blue letters. Upon a number of white woolen undershirts is to be stamped the signature of Mohammed. The articles are intended for distribution to Turkish soldiers when upon especially dangerous duty, to stimulate their courage under the impression that they are talismans.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Rhubarb.

That there is a great demand for rhubarb is very apparent from the immense quantity which during the winter and spring months finds its way into all our large markets. Yet, strange to say, this plant does not usually get that space and attention in the garden which it deserves. It is often put in some out-of-the-way corner, and consequently does not grow well. Rhubarb is very easily cultivated, and the produce will, in a good deep rich soil and under liberal treatment, be very considerable. It can be propagated either by seed or by division of the roots. When the former method is selected, sow in the spring, in a seed bed, in drills one foot apart. Cultivate well during the season, and in the autumn or following spring the roots should be transplanted in good rich soil, from three to four feet apart. It will be fit for use about the third spring from sowing. The most expeditious mode to procure a supply is to plant roots already grown, which will come into use immediately. The smaller growing varieties should be planted in rows of from two to three feet apart, and the larger growing sorts in rows from three to four feet apart. Farmers can, at a light expense, having plenty of fermenting material, have this valuable vegetable fit for use two months before it is ready for pulling in the open ground, by forcing it. No vegetable is more easily forced than rhubarb. It can be forced in the open ground by putting old tubs, boxes or pots over the crowns, and surrounding them with fermenting material ; or the roots may be taken up and planted close together on a bed of fermenting materials in any out-buildings, or under a temporary structure which any handy man with a few stack bars and a few spare boards can soon contrive. Roots that have been forced should be divided and planted in properly prepared ground ; in this way a young flourishing plantation is regularly kept up. Among the popular varieties is the Victoria, which is large and fine for cooking ; also the Linnæus, large, tender and very fine.

Potato Beetles Again.

We are already in receipt of specimens of the Colorado potato beetle from localities where it did not appear last season, or, at least, not in sufficient numbers to attract attention. There seems to be no alternative but to poison these insects or raise no potatoes, for they multiply far too rapidly to admit of hand picking being a practicable remedy. We, therefore, advise our readers to purchase some of the various poisons recommended, and begin using them as soon as the beetles appear upon the vines. Paris green has been extensively used for this purpose, and with good results, as it is probably as cheap and as easily applied as any of the pest poisons. It may be applied by mixing with water at the rate of a tablespoonful to a pailful, and sprinkling the vines with the mixture; but we prefer using it with flour. Any cheap, poor article of flour will answer, and fifteen pounds of flour to one of the paris green will be strong enough to kill the beetles or their grubs.

A good way to mix is to put the flour into a half barrel or barrel, according to the quantity wanted; then pour on the paris green, and stir in with a stick of convenient length. As the poison works down into the flour, it will become thoroughly incorporated with the mass. Of course, in mixing one should be careful not to raise a dust, which, if breathed, might be injurious to the operator. Further, the mixture should be kept in a safe place where children or animals of any kind cannot get at it; for, as everybody should know, paris green is a deadly poison, even in small quantities. The vines should be dusted with the mixture while the leaves are wet, and the early morning is generally the best time, while the air is still. A duster can be made of almost any deep tin vessel, with small holes punched in the bottom. The vessel should be fastened to a handle four or five feet long.

ANTIDOTE FOR PARIS GREEN.

As accidents will happen even where great care is taken to prevent them, and children and other persons sometimes get poisoned with paris green, it is well to have an antidote on hand. The antidote for this poison is hydrated sesquioxide of iron, which can be had at almost any druggist's. If it cannot be obtained, it may be prepared as follows: Dissolve copperas in hot water, keep warm, and add nitric acid until the solution becomes yellow; then pour in some ammonia water—common hartshorn—until a brown precipitate falls to the bottom. Put this precipitate in a bottle, tightly corked, and keep it moist. A few spoonfuls of this is a perfect antidote for poisoning with paris green or arsenic.

Useful Family Hints.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—Take equal parts of rich, ripe fruit and granulated sugar ; put in an earthen cooking vessel a layer of sugar, then berries, then sugar, etc., until all are used ; cover and let stand over night. To every pound of fruit allow one half-pint of red currant juice ; place upon the fire where it will boil gently until the syrup is rich, skimming well.

MOLD ON CATSUP.—To keep mold from rising on catsup or pickles, add a tablespoonful of ground horseraddish to every quart.

FOR SHAMPOOING.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of borax in a cup of hot water ; apply the liquid to the scalp until a good lather is produced ; then rinse well with warm water, until the hair feels soft and natural ; if desired, a cold water rinse may be taken at the last; wipe the hair dry, and let it hang loosely about the shoulders to get the air through.

FOR FRUIT TREES OR LARGE PLANTS.—Boil one tablespoonful of borax in one pint of water, and, while warm, paint the stems of fruit trees or plants. This will destroy the green fungi, and prevent insect life from forming in the bark ; it will also make the trees healthy.

ESCAPE FROM RED ANTS.—Keep all articles which they are apt to molest on a hanging shelf, in cellar ; suspend the shelf with iron rods ; each rod surrounded about half way up with a little tin or sheet-copper cup, soldered on ; fill the cups about half full of white crude petroleum, or other kind of oil, which will prevent the ant or any other crawling insect from coming down the rod to the shelf.

CLEANING PAINT.—In cleaning paint an old flannel cloth will be found very serviceable, as it removes the dirt without much friction, and an addition of the magical mixture to a pail of water, for washing paint or scrubbing tables or floors, will be found very efficacious. Also will polish windows beautifully.

NEURALGIA IN THE HEAD.—Have a flannel cap made to fasten under the chin; wear three nights; let three nights pass; then put on again if necessary. For neuralgia in the eyebrows, bind a strip of flannel around the head; rub the teeth with equal parts of salt and alum, pulverized, on a soft, wee bit of linen.

SAUCE FOR STEAKS AND STEWS.—For one quart, cut into dice, one carrot, two onions, one head of celery, and two turnips; fry lightly in a small quantity of butter; stir, to prevent burning ; add sufficient of brown sauce to make the required quantity; boil slowly until the vegetables are done; put in a pinch of sugar, a little pepper and salt, and it is fit to serve.

CLEANING BLACK LACE.—Wash it in skimmed milk ; do not rub, but constantly squeeze it softly. When it seems clean, take it out and put it into a little clean milk, also skimmed, give it another squeeze, and lay it out directly on sheets of stout paper; touch it every here and there with the fingers to draw out the scollops and edges, lay the sheets of paper over the lace, and a heavy weight over all till dry. If laid on any thing soft, the moisture is absorbed, and the lace will not be so new looking.

Dead Shot for Vine Bugs.

Having often seen inquiries in your columns for something to keep bugs off squashes and melons, and having tried everything I ever heard of, and found at last what seems to be, here at least, a sure cure, I wish you to help me make it known. Nearly two years since, while talking with a friend of the ravages of the bugs, she said : "Have you ever used plaster of paris? we used it last season and it worked well." Of course we took the hint, and that season, 1875, we saved cucumbers and squashes with it—we had no melons. Last summer we used it on melons, summer and winter squashes, and cucumbers with very satisfactory results. Now for the process. Get your plaster of paris at a marble shop, where you will find it best and cheapest. Watch your vines closely, and when the leaves have grown large enough to please the striped bug go out early in the morning while the dew is on, taking a basin for your plaster, get on the windward side of the vines, and sprinkle the powder carefully over them till they are well whitened. If there are striped bugs on them you will see them double up and roll off in a very disgusted manner. It is just as good for the large black bug. The vines must be watched and gone over after every shower, as the wind and rain will wash most of the plaster off. Don't fancy that gypsum, or plaster as it is called here and in many other places, will do. It will not. Plaster of paris is the thing.
—*Monroe in New York Tribune.*

Flower Beds.

To cultivate flowering plants to the best advantage requires as much care in the selection and preparation of the soil as any other crop. No one would expect to grow a crop of cabbages in soil overrun by the roots of trees and shaded continually by their dense foliage; yet how often do we observe flowers placed in just such circumstances producing a few meager flowers, and dying just as soon as there comes a hot, sunny day. Most flowering plants blossom on the point of branches, and, therefore, to procure a continuance of flowers there should be a continued and vigorous growth. Select an open exposure where the sun will have free access to the plants, dig the ground very deep, and dress heavily with thoroughly decomposed manure, so that the roots may have some supporting resort when the surface moisture fails. A small circular or oval bed ten or twelve feet in diameter, properly prepared and planted with flowers from pots, will produce a continued mass of flowers even in the dryest summers. In arranging the plants there is much room for taste, and very striking combinations may be secured.

A Bison Vanquished by a Bull.

About three months previous to my arrival at Fort Union, says a prairie hunter, and in the height of the buffalo breeding season, when the bulls are sometimes very fierce, Joe was taking the Fort Union bull with a cart into a point on the river above the fort, in order to draw home a load of wood which had been previously cut and piled ready for transportation the day before, when a very large old bison bull stood right in the cart track pawing up the earth and roaring ready to dispute the passage with him. On a nearer approach, instead of flying at the sight of the man that accompanied the cart, the bison made a headlong charge. Joe had hardly time to remove his bull's head-stall and escape up a tree, being utterly unable to assist his four-footed friend, whom he left to his own resources. Bison and bull, now in mortal combat, met midway with a shock that made the earth tremble. Our previously docile gentle animal suddenly became transformed into a furious beast, springing from side to side, whirling round as the buffalo attempted to take him in flank, alternately upsetting and righting the cart again which he banged from side to side and whirled about as if it had been a bandbox. Joe, safe out of harm's way, looked from the tree at his champion's proceedings, at first deploring the apparent disadvantage he labored under, from being harnessed to a cart ; but when the fight had lasted long and furious, and it was evident that both combatants had determined that one or the other of them must fall, his eyes were open to the value of the protection afforded by the harness, especially by the thick, strong shafts of the cart against the short horns of the bison, who, although he bore him over and over again down on his haunches, could not wound him severely. On the other hand, the long, sharp horns of the brave Fort Union bull began to tell on the furrowed side of his antagonist until the final charge brought the bison, with a furious bound, dead under our hero's feet, whose long, fine drawn horn was driven deep into his adversary's heart. With a cheer that made the whole woods ring again, down clambered Joe, and while triumphantly caressing carefully examined his chivalrous companion, who, although bruised and blown and covered with foam, had escaped uninjured.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Hard words mostly flow from soft hands.

He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

He that despiseth small things shall fall little by little.

Severity breeds fear, but roughness engenders hate.

He is the greatest who chooses to do right at all times.

Better give a shilling than lend and lose half a crown.

The drunkard hath a fool's tongue and a traitor's heart.

All things are in fate, yet all things are not decreed by faith.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

Riches, though they may reward virtues, cannot cause them.

The cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.

Never speak evil of any one. Be charitable in thought, and give even the worst people the benefit of a doubt.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

The true motive of our actions, like the reed pipes of an organ, are usually concealed; but the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses; it fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.

A VIVID SCENE IN FLORIDA.

The Feast of the Sharks and the Gulls—The Battle of the Sharks and the Alligators—The Water Reddened with their Blood.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* gives the following graphic description of scenes witnessed on a barren and nearly inaccessible point on the coast of Florida : If you will look at the map of Florida, away down the eastern coast of the finger-like peninsula, you may see a spot marked "Jupiter," or "Jupiter Inlet." Some maps make it "Juniper." This is wrong. Its namesake was old Jupiter, the slave of an army officer, who was stationed at this point during the first Seminole war. Jupiter is between latitude twenty-six and twenty-seven degrees. Although only 120 miles north of Key West, it bulges to the east nearly a degree of longitude beyond Cape Canaveral. It is probably the most inaccessible and barren nook on the whole Floridian coast, and can be reached only in light draught boats, sailing the whole length of the Indian river. Sharp coral reefs fringe its shore, and high hillocks of white sand, sprinkled with thick clumps of scrub and cactus, rear their heads above the inlet. The lively sand crab catches fireflies on the beach, and hugh turtles deposit their eggs in the sand. This attracts scores of bears from the swamps and hammocks bordering the Everglades; for to them the turtle and its eggs are a toothsome delicacy. Spotted tiger-cats play among the sand hills by moonlight, and the fierce puma prowls along the shore in quest of king crabs or more substantial diet. The largest puma ever seen in the State was shot in this region by the keeper of the lighthouse. It was as formidable as a royal Bengal tiger, and measured over thirteen feet from snout to tip.

The shallow salt water swarms with fish. Schools of mullet and pompino flash in the sunlight, and cavallo, bonafish, bluefish, red bass, drum, snappers and groupers are here in myriads. Jewfish have been caught weighing over 500 pounds. Sawfish, the size of young whales, surge through the narrow channels, and ravenous sharks from twelve to twenty feet in length keep a rigid blockade outside. As the tide rises they come within the inlet in search of prey. The bass and other fish that have been feeding upon the mullet, become in turn the victims of the shark. The smaller fish dart to and fro, making the water boil in their efforts to escape. Millions are slowly but surely driven into a small bay by the sharks, who whip the waves into foam in their hungry fury. Penned at last, the doomed fish leap in the air with terror, and shoals of them run ashore. The sharks charge with a rush. Their jaws snap like pistol shots, and mutilated fish are scattered over the water. Schools of porpoises join in the slaughter, and occasionally an old alligator shoves off from the shore, sinks himself like a submarine battery, and steals a bounteous meal.

Nor is an alligator the only free feeder. The air is filled with thousands of lilac feathered terns and gulls. Full well do they understand the situation. The rush of their wings is like a breeze in a forest of pines, and their screams are deafening. By platoons they dash into the agitated water, and soar off above the roaring surf each with a fish in its bill. The very air sparkles with fish, for the gulls toss their victims up until they catch them by the head. Then they are easily bolted. High above the terns float flocks of gray pelicans, larger than geese, and grave and formal as judges. The wind whistles beneath their great wings, but they make no audible expression of satisfaction. Dropping into the waves with a great splash, after a few lubberly maneuvers they fill their pouches, and sail away as though the whole affair had been arranged for their own exclusive benefit. A party of stalwart herons pace the strand in their Austrian uniforms, and pick up the tiny silver fish slopping ashore during the general commotion. And last and least, our little Northern kingfisher, clad in a sky blue suit, springs his little rattle, and hangs on the outskirts of the battle, picking up the choicest tidbits. Such is an every day scene at Jupiter during the summer and fall.

A lighthouse is the only sign of civilization at Jupiter. It towers 160 feet from a sand hill on the main land, and is a plain brick shaft crowned with a revolving light. Heavy eastern gales combined with the action of the gulf stream, sometimes shut the inlet. About fifteen years ago a storm closed the gap. Billions of salt water fish were dammed in. Then a long rainy season followed. The Jupiter, North, Allokehatchie and Lake Worth rivers, which empty into the Indian river within a mile of the inlet, poured out volumes of fresh water, but the ocean had done its work well, and the dam remained intact. The fresh water passed through Hope sound and forced its way to the sea through Indian river inlet, fifty miles north of Jupiter.

The salt water at Jupiter became fresh. All the oysters died. Trillions of fiddlers and hermit crabs gave up the ghost. The mangrove trees turned a sickly yellow, and the thousands of insects that draw their nourishment from saline disappeared. Schools of black bass left the fresh streams and appeared at Jupiter. Solid acres of fresh water fishes piled themselves into the bight of the inlet, and fought for the sea water that oozed through the sand at high tide. The alligators of the Everglades got wind of what was going on. They came down the Allokehatchie and Lake Worth creek in scores, and attacked the fish dammed in the bight. The slaughter was astonishing.

The water turned to blood, and was carpeted with dead fish. The alligators were re-enforced until their number was estimated at five hundred. They gorged themselves with fish, and dozed away their days on the hot sand beneath the scorching rays of the sun. The beach was black with their mailed bodies. At night their muttered thunder fairly shook the foundations of the lighthouse.

One day a north wind arose. It gathered in strength day by day until its fury was that of a gale. It began to back up the waters in the inlet. Rain fell, and the waters increased in depth. The wind shifted to the northwest. A high neap tide followed. As it began to fall, a thread of fresh water found its way over the sandy barrier. Within twenty minutes the dam was burst, and the pent up waters were roaring and rushing into the sea. The army of alligators was caught in the flood and carried outside. A terrific fight ensued. The neap tide had brought hundreds of enormous sharks to the coast. They scented the fresh water and made for the inlet. Frantic after their enforced fasting during the storm, they attacked the alligators. The noise of the combat was heard above the roar of the ocean. A son of Judge Paine, of Fort Capron, who was an eye-witness of the scene, tells me that he saw sharks and alligators rise on the crest of the waves and fight like dogs.

Many of the killed floated belly upward, and were afterward rocked ashore by the waves. For days their bodies drifted to the beach. The dead alligators had lost their legs and tails. The sharks in some cases were nearly bitten into two pieces. The current of the gulf stream strewed the shore as far north as Cape Malabar with their carcasses. Clouds of buzzards, and even the Bahama vultures were drawn to the beach by the offal. Mr. Paine fancies that the sharks were too active for the alligators, but others say that the percentage of bodies on the beach indicated that the weight of metal was in favor of the iron-clad reptiles.

A Young Woman's Sad Story.

By the identification of the body of a young woman at the morgue, says the New York *World*, the history of one of the many "unknown dead" of the river was revealed. Hannah Roach was born in this country, her parents being well-to-do English people of the laboring class. Her mother died when she was seven years of age, and her father a few years later, leaving his daughter with a stepmother. When she was fourteen years old she attracted the attention of Mr. Miles, father of Mr. W. H. Miles, cashier of the Sixpenny savings bank, who took her into his family. The girl was bright, intelligent, good looking and ambitious, and lost no opportunity of improving her condition. As a result, when she reached her nineteenth year she was a measurably accomplished young woman. At this time she formed the acquaintance—most unfortunately, as it has since proved—of a young man named James Abbott, and last September they were married. A few days after the little money Abbott had professed to have accumulated disappeared. But the little wife cheered him in what he said was his loss, and resolved that they would yet recover it and do even better. Three weeks after the marriage she made the discovery that Abbott had another wife still living. She applied to the district attorney, and, receiving directions how to act, found his first wife, one Mary Dougal, living in Westchester county. This woman was willing to appear as a witness against the man who had deserted her and cruelly betrayed the other. She produced her marriage certificate, as did also Hannah. All proof having been collected, Hannah wrote to Abbott asking him to call upon her. Meantime a detective was secured and posted. One Monday night, late in January, the matter was brought to a successful ending. The girl and her betrayer left the house for a walk. She broached the subject of her illegal marriage to Abbott, and he tried to conciliate. Before they had gone a block the detective overtook them and summarily arrested Abbott. The man was tried in the special sessions before Judge Gildersleeve and sentenced to two years in the State prison. Pending his trial he made several threats against Hannah. He swore he would kill her when he regained his freedom, and that he had companions whom he would put on her track to make way with her at once. The strain, both of capturing her betrayer and incident upon his trial, as it afterward proved, told severely upon her. Her friends did their best to cheer her, but on the morning of the twenty-seventh of April she did not appear at the usual hour, and to a call there was no response. Nothing has been seen or heard of her since, until a young man rowing in the sound ran foul of the body since recognized as hers. She had but little clothing on when found, being dressed only in a night dress, over which she had put a black alpaca dress. The shawl she wore had been washed away. The beauty of her face and grace of figure were lost, but the brown hair was best preserved and by its peculiar color and her clothing she was identified, assisted by one of two rings that bore the initials "H. R." and "H. S." They had been given her by a youth when a little girl.

A Stern Warning.

Among the officers of the brilliant court of the grand monarch of France, Louis XIV., was the Marquis Hugh de Vernicourt. This marquis was of an ancient family, very wealthy, and had proved himself a brave and efficient captain on more than one hard fought field. In his sober moments, though inclined to be haughty and overbearing, he could yet be a gentleman; but when the fumes of the wine cup had seized his brain, which was far too often the case, he was turbulent and quarrelsome, and his duels were numerous, so that in time it came to pass that his companions feared and dreaded him. Feeling secure in his lordly estate, his high nobility exempting him from certain penalties which might have rested upon one of lower degree, he pursued his reckless and inebriate course for a time unchecked.

At length in a hostile encounter, the marquis slew a gentleman of the royal guard, whose friends made much complaint. De Vernicourt appeared before the king, and pleaded in extenuation that he was much heated at the time, and begged the royal pardon. The pardon was granted, with the addition of a severe reprimand, and caution for the future. But the caution availed little. Ere long afterward the troublesome marquis quarreled with a gentleman of the cardinal's household, the result of which was another fatal sword thrust.

Once more the nobleman was summoned before the king, and his old excuse was offered, and again he implored the royal pardon.

"Hugh de Vernicourt," said Louis, "thou art pardoned."

The marquis would have expressed his thanks, but the king stopped him.

"Hold, Sir Hugh. We wish not for thy thanks; for know that thou art not the only one to whom we have extended our royal pardon. We have caused a pardon to be prepared in blank, and have placed it in the hands of our trusty minister of police. It is for the man who shall kill thee !"

The caution proved sufficient to the end desired.

An Indian Lover's Revenge.

The Victoria *Colonist* furnishes the following account of an Indian lover's wooing and subsequent murder of his inamorata: "A savage belonging to one of the tribes near Barclay sound, on the west coast of Vancouver island, became enamored of an Indian woman recently, but paid his addresses in vain. Her friends objected to the match because the number of blankets cast at her feet was deemed insufficient to secure her affection. The Indian hunted, fished and stole to procure the number of blankets the maiden had set as the price of her charms. But as often as he reached the fixed number as often did the fickle dusky one advance the figure, till at length the savage gave up the struggle in despair and sought her love no more. His affection, in fact, seems to have turned to hate, for, meeting her in the bush near the village about a month ago, he set upon her with a knife, with which he killed her. He then cut off the head, cut off the arms and legs, and mutilated the body, scattering the limbs and pieces through the woods. The murderer openly defies punishment and glories in the bloody deed."

How He Got Some Cider.

The other day a lodger at the Johnson House, in Gardiner, Me., got up in the morning awfully thirsty, and approaching the landlord, said he must have a drink of cider. He was assured he could not buy it in the city. "Can get it by the gallon, can't I?" he said. He was told he could. So he went up to a store and inquired if they had any cider to "sell by the gallon." He was told they had. He wanted to try it, and drew a pint dipper full and drank it. He said he "thought it was too hard for mince pies," and threw a dime on the counter and left.

A CHINESE INSURRECTION.

Massacre and Torture—Dead Bodies Exhumed.

The London *Times* has the following: Gen. Kin Shun arrived before Manas on the second of September, 1876, and five days later opened an artillery fire on the northeast angle of the wall. I will not recapitulate the details of the siege; suffice it that breach after breach was made, and assault after assault repelled, during the period of two months for which it lasted. At length, during the first days of November, sorties were attempted by the garrison, and some prisoners who were taken stated that, the provisions of the garrison being exhausted, their leader had sent them out to see how matters stood, with a view to seizing any opportunity of getting away. After examination the prisoners were beheaded. At length, at midnight on the fourth of November, the Mohammedan General Hai-yen himself came out and begged to be permitted to surrender. I quote the language of the memorial itself as to what followed :

"Kin Shun hereupon commanded him to deliver up the horses and arms of the garrison, and to hand over, in bonds, the leaders of the rebels, after which he was to draw up lists of the remainder of their number, who were thereupon to be called upon to answer to their names, and be severely dealt with according to circumstances. Hai-yen agreed to do this. At daybreak on the sixth of November a body of 2,000 or 3,000 of the garrison sallied out from the west gate, the center of the column consisting of aged persons, women, and children, who were guarded on all sides by determined fighting men, with arms in their hands; and Kin Shun, knowing them to be treacherously disposed, caused his troops to stand to their arms. The Hunan troops on the north of the city were drawn up in battle array, as were also the divisions on the south front, while a separate cavalry division was posted at the commanding points, in order to prevent escape. Su Hio-kung was at the same time ordered to go forward and call upon the advancing body to throw down their arms, whereupon their lives should still be spared ; but the so-styled general of the rebels, Ho Luh by name, suddenly fired off a pistol and set his troops on to make a rush at the trenches. Su Hio-kung instantly ordered his men to charge, and Ho Luh was taken and beheaded in front of the line of battle. The rebel leaders and the desperate fighting men at their back, abandoning their women and children, made a bold rush forward, but they were enveloped by the various divisions of the Hunan troops and the force under Kin Shun's own command, and the greater number of them were put to the sword. One of the so-called generals of the rebels, seeing that all hope was lost, shot himself with a pistol, and every man of the scattered host was captured and beheaded by one or other of the cavalry divisions.

"The infantry meanwhile had laid hands upon and executed all the rebels remaining within the city, sparing the women and children and aged persons, who were exempted from this act of retribution. Hai-yen and other leaders were captured alive, and after being examined before Kin Shun and his colleagues, were put to death with the extreme of torture. The corpses of Han Hing-nung, Heh-tsun, and other leaders, together with the remains of the self-styled Prince of the Pure (religion), T'o-teh-lin, were searched out and exhumed and cut to pieces, as a public example. Thus, on the sixteenth day of November, the south city of Manas was recaptured, the leaders of the insurgents destroyed, and their followers exterminated."

How Times Have Changed.

Almost every one can remember when the seasons were more punctual. Summer used to halt on the threshold of September, as if afraid to venture another step, lest the frosts overtake her, and, years ago, winter would have been abashed to have been caught hugging star-eyed April, and much more confused to have been surprised in the lap of our gentle May. But this is all changed now, the weather seers are all at fault, and the seasons awry. May days are in June now. Children used to go to the woods the first day of May, to eat sandwiches, get the whooping cough, and fight, and go home, glad that it had ended. Men who had miniature gardens used to roam through seed stores the first of April, discussing with dignity and wisdom the yellow wrapped parcels labeled "early squash," or "early beets," or "four week beans." The first of April found him talking "garden" to everybody he met, and ridiculing the idea of a "late frost" no matter what the almanac said. By the end of the first week in April, stoves were pitched into the coal bin in the cellar, and ice cream was ordered for dinner. How changed all this ! Now, the chill air of lingering winter makes the parlor with its bright and cozy fire look a much more agreeable place for May day. Now and then spring is punctual, and we can enjoy out-door life, finding delight in coming in contact with dirt in the garden or among the flowers. The scent of moist, freshly turned earth in spring time is a wonderful remedial agent, robbing us of complexions that during the winter have become bloodless, and driving ennui and dyspepsia hence.

A Sleeping Car Incident.

A strange event occurred on the St. Louis and Southeastern through passenger train recently, at a point near Opdyke. In the sleeper were a man and his wife, ticketed through to Nashville, Tenn., from Austin, Texas. The man was noticed by the train employees to suddenly leave his bunk, and in an excited manner call upon his wife to follow him. She did so, the man leading the way, and apparently desiring to leave the train. The employees asked him what the difficulty was, but he appeared very much excited, and drawing a revolver, declared that he would protect himself at all hazards, and began to make motions as if he intended to shoot. He drew a large dirk knife and began flourishing it about in a threatening manner. The fellow continued to fume and fret, and finally, observing a favorable opportunity, at one bound disappeared through an open window, his wife following as soon as possible. (The train had in the meantime been stopped). The fellow ran off in the woods as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving his wife near the track considerably bruised up and hurt from her jump through the window and descent of a steep embankment.

The Latest Cat Story.

The Elmira *Gazette* says : We are told on trustworthy authority that a gentleman of this city living in the lower part of town, recently went to the woods and finding a nest of young squirrels brought them to the house, where there were two felines each having a "litter" of kittens. One of the tabbies took her own legitimate children and putting them in the nest of the other (by whom they were taken care of as though they had been her own flesh and blood), went to the place where the three squirrels were, and took them one by one to her own nursery and since has been nursing and caring for them as a mother.

Faith.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Items of Interest.

An unpopular club—The policeman's.

Do not aspire to send your javelin beyond the sun.

Advice to young men about to settle *down.* Settle *up* first.

Gossip is the putting of two and two together and making five of them.

Among the late important State events in Europe are the deaths of Bismarck's dog and the sultan's cat.

A school teacher in Fort Wayne, Ind., fills the mouths of offending pupils with cayenne pepper. Possibly to make them smart.

A pretty Tennessee girl has patented a combined harrow and stalk-cutter. Most girls, however, prefer to harrow in the old way.

When you see a tramp bolting his weekly meal you are comforted with the reflection that beyond peradventure flour is going down.

A Japanese student newly arrived in this country thought we were all doctors, because everybody took his hand and asked after his health.

We can console ourselves for not having great talents, as we console ourselves for not having great place. We can be above both in our hearts.

A little boy came to his mother recently and said : "Mamma, I should think if I was made of dust, I should get muddy inside when I drink."

The fashions in gentlemen's clothing rarely ever vary. We have it from good authority that the style this season will be a pair of pants, a vest and a coat, as usual.

A French artist who took part in the destruction of the Column Vendome in Paris, during the reign of the Commune, has been sentenced to pay a fine of $60,000.

The season fast approaches when the young man with finances to cover just two plates of ice cream awaits breathlessly the answer to: "Will you have some cake?"

A box of grasshoppers' eggs from the United States to the editor of a Canada newspaper hatched out the other day in a drawer into which they were put for safe keeping.

The practice of stealing hymn books is said to prevail to an alarming extent in some of the fashionable churches in New York which are most frequented by strangers.

In a Philadelphia court, the other day, a man named Moisten was defended by a lawyer named Goforth. It is no unusual thing to see a lawyer and his client Goforth and Moisten.

"The name of a new novel is "The Wrongful Heir; or, The Mystery at the Falls." It must be a companion to that charming romance, entitled "The False Hair; or, The Mysterious Waterfall."

The following advertisement recently appeared in a New Haven journal : "Any person having five to fifty loads of manure to dispose of will please send word or drop it through the post-office."

A New Jersey firm has lost $100,000 in experiments to find out how to dye plush for silk hats. The best that can be produced in America turns brown under the hot iron. Hence the high price of silk hats.

Oregon has a new expedient for keeping her citizens sober. Every man who drinks is obliged to take out a license costing $5. It is a penal offense for any liquor dealer to sell a drink to an unlicensed person.

A New Hampshire paper relates that at Newton in that State, a mad dog, after having been wounded, took refuge in a barn, where some of the hay became soaked with his blood. The hay was fed to a horse, which went mad.

A mocking bird entered a Methodist church at Jackson, Tenn., and after circling around the room, lit on the railing of the altar, where it sat in attentive silence till the close of the sermon, when it warbled some of its sweetest notes and sailed away.

A portly gentleman crowded himself into a horse car next a young man, who said: "Perhaps you would not crowd in here if you knew I had just had the small-pox." "Oh, that's nothing," was the reply; "for this is the first time I have been out since I had it myself."

The sanguinary incubation of military despotisms on multitudinous millions of passive and unchronicled serfs presents a somber canopy, but we know of nothing so well calculated to take the vim out of a married man as for his wife to ask him to beat that old carpet hanging on the line, just as he has got started for his office in the city, with only three minutes to catch the cars.

The Frightened Soldier.

During the last siege of Gibralter, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night a sentry, whose post was near the Devil's Tower and facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk looking upon them, his head filled with nothing but fire and swords, mines, breaching, storming and bloodshed ! By the side of his box stood a deep, narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock), encouraged by the man's silence and allured by the smell of peas, ventured to the jug, and, in endeavoring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant the soldier turned round and came toward his box; the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off, but the jug stuck to his head. This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a formidable Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous high cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guard took the alarm, and in less than ten minutes the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized, and by his capture the tranquility of the garrison was restored without the slaughter which every man prognosticated in the beginning of so direful an alarm.

Gen. Sherman on Neutrality.

The St. Louis *Republican* says that not long since a resident of that city, who was a major in the army during the war, wrote to the Turkish minister, Aristarchi Bey, offering his services in the war with Russia, and referring to Gen. Sherman for testimony as to his qualities, should a recommendation be required. He also wrote to Gen. Sherman at Washington, stating the case, asking the general to reply as he might deem just to any inquiries made of him. The St. Louis gentleman received from Gen. Sherman the following :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4th, 1877.

Dear Sir :—Yours of May 1st is received. It will not do for any person in the service of the United States to advise anybody to enter the service of a nation at war. We must be neutral.

Truly, your friend,
W. T. SHERMAN, General.

Two Young Voyagers.

The Sidney (Ohio) *Journal* says: On Monday there arrived in Sidney on the Bee line two children *en route* to Piqua. One was a boy seven years old, and the other a girl aged nine. These two small children had traveled all the way from Germany, and had come at the solicitation of an uncle, who resides in the above named town. They stopped at the Union House while in this place, and were as bright and cleanly dressed children as one would wish to see. The only advice and attention they had was while coming West on the train, having crossed the ocean by themselves.