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The Last Word.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said.
Vain thy onset! all stands fast!
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease;
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will;
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee,
Better men fared worse before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed;
Hotly charged—and broke at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

—*Matthew Arnold*

The Loom of Life.

All day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom,
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click, clack! another of wrong and sin;
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end I know;
And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool for this life web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better then, oh my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

LETTY'S PROMISES.

When Laurence Van Everen was about to sail for the East Indies, he asked Letty to walk half an hour in the orchard with him, which was wreathed and perfumed with fruit blossoms.

"I've a request to make you, my dear Letty," he said, "and I'm half afraid you may think it a selfish thing to ask; indeed, I know it is, but yet, with the renowned selfishness of man, I not only ask, I beg it."

"What on earth can it be?" said Letty, smiling. "Do you want me to get me to a nunnery till you return, or to travel to Calcutta to marry you? Or do you want me to give the cold shoulder to Tom Longworthy, and promise never to say so much as 'How do ye do?' for the space of twelve months? Pray say in Van Everen's ear, when he returned from his last voyage, to the effect that Longworthy had taken advantage of his absence to be sweet on Letty.

"No, Letty, it is none of these tridles," he answered; "it is something much more important to my happiness."

"You know I will do anything to please you."

"You will? Then promise me this thing—solemnly promise that if anything should happen to me, if I should never return, if I should die—promise that you will remain mine forever—that you will never, never marry another. Can you promise this, darling?"

"Certainly. But we will come back—you must. Why, I should die myself if you failed. There is no need of such a promise, but I give it all the same. I promise solemnly that if you die I will never marry."

"Thanks," said Van Everen, kissing her cheek with an air of having conferred a favor. "I have exactly five minutes left in which to say good-bye. There is a great deal called love in this world which is only propinquity; but one minute's call it living, so fare you well, and hope you will pardon me. LETTY ANDERWS."

"So the dream departs!" sighed Tom. "The lost hero returns; she is going to marry him after years of constancy. She need not apologize for loving him instead of me. It ends like a novel, only I am left out in the cold, like the villain of the pieces. I wonder what Laurence has been all this while. He always had a plausible tongue; but if she loves him—Well, I had better go West and change the scene."

But before going West it was necessary for him to run down to Carbondale, settle some family affairs, and apprise his grandfather of his plans. It was a month since Letty had written her note before he could make up his mind to see her and Carbondale. Then, "I have come, Miss Letty," he blundered, "to offer my congratulations and good-byes at once."

"Congratulations?" questioned Letty, with a perplexed frown.

"Yes. You are looking worn and pale; I'm afraid happiness doesn't agree with you."

"Happiness doesn't agree with me? I don't think I ever tried the experiment." It was Tom's turn to look surprised.

"I received your note"—

The color trembled across Letty's face, her lip quivered, her eyes dilated. "You received—what—what—I never received it."

"Wasn't it just a little unnecessary, Letty? I should have heard of it soon enough."

"How could you have heard it if I had not told you?"

"Wouldn't it have been in everybody's mouth? Can a dead man come to life and nobody speak of it? But I dare say you meant kindly, Letty."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, don't you see what I meant?" cried Letty, all of a rose-color.

"Certainly; you meant to break it to me gently that you were going to marry Van Everen.

"But Van Everen is already married."

"Married! What a dunce I am! Letty! Letty! can you forgive me? Can you love such a stupid fellow? Jove! a whole month of happiness forfeited by a blunder! Kiss me, Letty.'—*Harper's Bazar.*

Epitaphs.

Near San Diego, California, a tombstone inscription thus reads:

"Thus yere is sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skarsken, who cain to his deth by bein shot by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, bras mounted, and of sutch is the kingdom of heaven."

A stone cutter once received, from a German, the following epitaph, to be engraved on the tombs of one of his deceased wife:

"My vife Susan is dead; if she'd had lif till next Friday, she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so she must stand. All things is impossible mit God."

From a tombstone in Cornwall, England:

Father and mother and I
Lie buried here asunder;
Father and mother he buried here,
And I lie buried off yonder.

A tombstone at Saratoga bears the following:

"Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C——, and wife of Theodore S——, died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ 26 yrs, leaves five children—married too young against her father's will. Single women take warning."

In the churchyard at Childwald, England, is this stanza:

Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call "Oysters!"

Another in the same cemetery reads: "Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen, The most amiable of husbands, and excellent of men.
N. B. His real name was Woodcock, but would not come in rhyme. His widow——

On a tombstone in South Carolina:

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin,
Mouth almighty and teeth accordin';
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder,
If he opens his mouth you're gone by thunder."

Time.

In all the actions which a man performs, some part of his life passes. We die while doing that for which alone our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. Whether we play, or labor, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun posts on, and the sand runs. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue. But the difference between good and bad actions is infinite. Good actions, though they diminish our time here as well as bad actions, yet they lay up for us a happiness in eternity, and will recompense what they have taken away by a plentiful return at last. When we trade with virtue, we do but buy pleasure at the expense of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time as an exchange. As a man sows his corn, he is content to wait a while, that he may, at the harvest, receive with advantage.—*Owen Feltham*, 1636.

"A flumber of dogs were shot in the East End last night.'—*Saturday's Leader.* Served them right. Let them keep their east ends out of danger.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE MUSCOVITE DREAM.

Wresting Constantinople from the Turk to Present it to Europe—Russia's Celestial Ambition.

A St. Petersburg cable dispatch to the New York *Herald* is as follows: Your correspondent had an interview recently with a prominent Russian diplomat, whose name, for certain cogent reasons, I am not at liberty to disclose. It will be seen that the Russian official makes some startling assertions:

Upon my asking whether Russia's intentions were really as disinterested as she had announced in her several circular notes addressed to the powers of Europe, I was told that Russia intended to redeem her pledge as far as the aggrandizement of territory went, but that, should she prove victorious, there was no reason to doubt that she would insist upon the independence of the different tributary States—namely: Bulgaria, Herzegovina, Roumania, Servia and Bosnia, and she would guarantee these provinces their independence, no matter against what power. In other words, she would form a defensive and offensive alliance with these liberated territories.

Upon my asking whether Constantinople, in the event of Russia gaining decisive victories, would be occupied by Russia, I was informed that long before an army could be brought in front of the walls of Constantinople peace would be made. The terms of peace, beside those spoken of above, would perhaps include the surrender, on the part of Turkey, of a portion of her fleet, and, above all, the consummation of a treaty placing the city of Constantinople under the joint control of all the foreign powers. Up to this time a cosmopolitan city has been frequently talked of and several theories been brought forward for its government, but it has never been practically tried. On Constantinople, then, if my informant is correctly advised, the first attempt will be made. The city will probably be garrisoned by troops of a neutral power, while its virtual government will be invested in a legislative and executive body of men composed of different nationalities, and, perhaps, a tax or tribute will be paid to the Ottoman empire. The plan in itself is feasible and one which has often been spoken of without having seriously been advocated. Should the attempt to make Constantinople a cosmopolitan city, and, consequently, a free port, succeed, the advantages accruing to all nations would be immense.

England would be the greatest gainer by it; hence there is little danger that she will oppose the scheme. England need never fear, continued my informant, that Russia will ever attempt to jeopardize her trade in India nor ever try to deprive her of one inch of her Indian territory. It would be, in the first place, absolutely impossible to send a sufficient force of men to defeat the English troops, aided, as they would be, by the natives. Hannibal may have crossed the Alps, but certainly no Russian general with his army will ever cross the Himalaya mountains. And even could this difficult undertaking be accomplished and India conquered, the force which would have to be employed to keep that country in subjugation would be so enormous that it would more than counteract the benefits derived from its acquisition, especially as the Muscovite government is not favorably looked upon by the Mohammedan population.

No, Russia has no intention of advancing into India. Her ambition is to become the master and possessor of a part of the Celestial empire. Toward this end all her inroads into Asia are directed. China, with all its resources as yet untouched, with its peaceful but industrious population, with its mineral resources, with its highly appreciated manufactures, all these offer far more temptation to Russia than the almost exhausted India. And how easy of access to Russia. With Turkestan as her vassal or tributary State she can transport her troops to whatever part of the frontier of the Chinese empire may be most advantageous, and no power can prevent her from helping herself to as much territory as she desires. With Constantinople a free or national port, and China intersected by railroads, Russia may control a vast amount of commerce.

It is true that there is a large population of Mohammedans in China; that the country is so thickly populated that it can put into the field an almost unlimited army, but it must be taken into consideration that the Chinese are not a warlike people; that they are very poorly armed and have no leaders or generals. All of these facts were demonstrated in 1860 in the war of Formosa, and still later in the Corean campaign. Nor would it be the interest of England to oppose Russian advance into China, for naturally a great amount of trade would find its way to her Indian seaports, and though Russia may be a more dangerous neighbor than China, still she would certainly prove herself a more profitable one.

In my opinion, therefore, Russia in making war upon Turkey, has a two-fold object. First, by her advance into Asia to gain the right of way and passage to China, and second, by her operations in Europe to obtain the freedom of the Panslavonic States and make Constantinople a free and cosmopolitan port. She thus redeems her word in not aggrandizing herself, but at the same time paves the way toward securing immense benefit. For in China everything can be found that is needed in Europe, and her teas, wool, rice and cotton, not to speak of her minerals, can be exported in such large quantities and in such an easy manner by railroads, that it will revolutionize the commerce of the world.

I do not think that this war will be of very long duration. Turkey has already recognized her own weakness, and as soon as Russia has concentrated sufficient troops on the Danube to be sure of success in an advance I have no doubt that after one or two decisive victories peace will be made on the basis which I have already mentioned. Turkey has been too dilatory in attacking Russia on the northern side of the Danube before a sufficient force could have been collected. It is now too late, and the final result may be safely anticipated.

General Custer and His Officers.

It has been definitely determined to remove the remains of the officers slain with Custer in the fight on the Rosebud, and with the exception of the bodies of General G. A. Custer and Lieutenant Crittenden, all will be removed to Fort Leavenworth, and deposited in the National cemetery. General T. A. Crittenden, of Kentucky, has requested that his son's remains be left on the field where he fell, and General Custer will be buried in the National cemetery, at West Point. It was General Custer's wish, repeatedly expressed during his campaigns against the Indians, that he be buried at West Point if he should be killed in the service.

THE RUSSIAN RULER'S COURTESY.—The czar ought to be a popular sovereign for he knows how to ride and be courteous to his subjects. His horsemanship is perfect; although his face is seamed and careworn, in the saddle he shows no sign of age. At Odessa he noticed a poor woman by the roadside, who saluted him as he rode by. Turning in the saddle and looking back, he bowed and touched his cap to her as politely as though she were a princess.

INDIAN SCENES.

A Cattle Hunt and a Dog Feast—Respect for the Aged.

The Denver *News* says: Life at the Sioux agencies is full of interest and romance these days. The glory of warfare departed, the ridiculous phases of savage tranquillity manifest themselves on every hand. On the day of the surrender of Dull Knife's Cheyenne tribe, the warriors were scarcely disarmed before they were found constructing war clubs with round rocks and rawhide after their peculiar manner. The day after the Crazy Horse surrender cattle were issued to them in the usual proportion of an Indian's ration; they asked as a favor that the herd of wild Texans be turned over to them alive, so that they could enjoy a sensation like that of a buffalo hunt. The request was granted; about twenty steers were turned loose upon the plain and the savages—armed with bows and arrows and mounted upon ponies obtained from Red Cloud's peace band—gave chase. All the thrilling whoops of battle were shouted and the terrific feats of horsemanship and the skill of the savage with his rudest weapon were exhibited. Goaded by the twinge of the well-aimed arrow, and rendered almost frantic by the unearthly yells, the swift and long-winded Texans skipped over ridge, gully and stream like the wind. Ever moment a poor brute would receive its death wound from the unerring shaft, and occasionally a maddened one would turn and delight his pursuers by a plucky resistance. When the animals were nearly all slain, three or four made a dash over a sheer precipice of some fifteen feet in height. The reckless reds were close upon their heels and turned neither to the right nor left but followed pell mell to the bottom. From the cloud of dust emerged every savage firmly seated and evidently gratified at the thrilling experience. In about twenty minutes the cattle were all slain, and squaws and boys who followed the chase soon made the butchery complete.

A grand peace council was one of the interesting sights afforded a couple of the visitors at red Cloud agency the other day. Little Wound, one of the most powerful of Sioux chieftains, summoned the other leaders of his nation to his grand council tepees, there to talk over a lasting peace and agency reforms. Two immense tepees were placed side by side and made to furnish room for one hundred men. As the deliberators were gathering in this gorgeously-ornamented chamber, the master of ceremonies and his assistant were slaughtering dogs for the feast which always follows such a momentous carnival of oratory. A rawhide lariat was wound once round the neck of the animal, when a brawny Sioux took hold at either end of the fatal cord, pulled backward and forward with a "see-saw" motion, and thus strangled the victim. Then the dog was thrown upon a blazing camp fire, his hair pretty well singe l off, and then the carcass was artistically carved. Thus about a dozen of the largest of their pets were slaughtered. A number of pots were on hand, each for its special purpose. All the heads were thrown in one, all the legs in another, the tails in another, and so on. These were placed upon the fire in the midst of the circles of debaters now assembled. As the guests stepped into the circle, an attendant flung a bright red blanket upon the sward directly in front of Little Wound, Crazy Horse, and other prominent chieftains, while these dignitaries motioned the white men to sit there.

An old man opened the proceedings by an appeal to the Great Spirit, during which the attitude of the array were impressively deferential. One after another of the savage orators then arose, stepped to the center, and uttered a forcible harangue. This continued for two hours, when, the dogs being done, the leading chief announced that the feast would take place immediately after another prayer. This was pronounced, and all the queer features of the Indian dog feast was soon under way. Dogs feet were no less greedily demolished than canine tenderloins, and the warrior who received a tail for his portion seemed equally pleased with his neighbor who picked long ribs. Guests were treated just as royally, but their opinion of dog meat is scarcely such as would justify its wholesale adoption as an article of diet. Dog soup and coffee followed, all mixed and taken from the same dish. At the close of the feast the prayer or benediction was pronounced, and the assembly adjourned in excellent spirits. Hundreds of squaws and children crowded around during council and feast, but were not allowed admittance.

A striking evidence of generosity was exhibited during the feast. An old Indian, ragged, wrinkled, and fairly tottering in his weakness, entered the circle, introduced by a fiery young warrior. The latter said that his aged companion should be fed and otherwise cared for, and that it was a shame that such feasting should be indulged in by the young and strong while the old were suffering. Little Wound pulled off his fine new blanket and presented it to the old man. Others divested themselves of their only mantles and had likewise, while the stolid and relentless Crazy Horse gave the venerable visitor a pony, blanket and other garments.

Fashion Notes.

Straw bonnets of the natural color of the material are most in demand.

Yellow and cardinal bonnet strings are the latest combination shown.

Brocaded silk handkerchiefs have either a yellow, blue, or cardinal border.

Chatelaines are more elaborate than ever, many having small watches attached.

Mousquetaire cuffs of lace, to be worn outside the sleeves, are fashionable.

Long scarfs for neck wear remain in favor.

Five-button silk gloves, "kid fits," are now the most fashionable for ordinary wear.

A novelty in fans is to have the painted picture of a child or friend in the left-hand corner, with a border of flowers.

Italian Valenciennes laces, with the figures carried out in colors, either buff, navy blue or rose, are a novelty for trimming summer dresses.

Colored crepe lisse is imported for plaitings to be worn inside the neck and sleeves of dresses. It is in the fashionable yellow shades, mandarin, cream, buttercup, and the creamy green tilleul.

A Boy's Trip Under a Water-Wheel.

A little son of James Chapman, aged five years, had a very narrow escape from death lately, says the New London *Telegram*. He was playing on the embankment at the lower end of Brigg's pond, when he slipped and fell into the flume of the old oakum mill, and was carried rapidly down the stream, being tossed about by the rushing waters like a chip. It was thought that when he reached the old wheel his brains would be dashed out against it, as the space beneath was not large enough to admit of his passing safely through. But he shot under it like a fish, and went under the bridge at Cedar street, and into the trough through which the water is conducted to Smith's organ factory. Here he succeeded in clutching a joist fastened across the trough, where he clung until he was rescued. His first words, after he had been put in a place of safety, were: "Where's my top?"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

MUFFINS.—Three pounds of flour, one-quarter pound of yeast powder, three eggs, half a pound of sugar, three ounces of butter. Mix the powder dry in with the flour; in another pan rub the sugar and butter well together, then add the eggs and beat to a thin batter; then add the flour and wet with milk; beat thoroughly; fill the rings and bake in a quick oven. These muffins are good cold as well as hot.

TO COOK SPINACH.—Wash free from dirt and grit and boil twenty minutes in salt and water. Add a small lump of soda to give a handsome color. Drain well and chop as fine as powder. Add butter, salt, a little pepper and nutmeg, and garnish with hard boiled eggs, cut up in various shapes.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One quart of flour, half a cup of butter, two spoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder, flour to roll. Split open, spread with butter, then thickly with strawberries, then sprinkle with sugar, then put on the upper half, crust down, spread with butter, berries and sugar, and cover all over with a large pad, to steam and soften, while hot. Eat with cream.

ASPARAGUS.—The fresher the better, and all stalks not crisp and tender should be thrown aside. Cut off the white parts, tie the rest in bunches and boil, with a little salt in the water, for almost twenty minutes; then take out and drain a minute, lay in a deep dish on slices of buttered toast, the heads all one way, covered with a rich drawn butter. Or the stalks may be cut in inch pieces, boiled tender; then seasoned and cooked for a few minutes longer in thick cream.

COFFEE CUSTARD.—Boil one quart of milk with five spoonfuls sugar. Add one cup very strong hot coffee, four beaten eggs, one half cup corn starch, rubbed very smooth, in a little cold milk. Stir well till smooth, put into cups, and when cool ornament with the beaten whites, just before serving. Another good method is to crush the coffee grains coarsely, and add one spoonful to the boiling quart of milk; then proceed as in an ordinary boiled custard, and strain into cups.

VEAL LOAF.—Mince cold roast veal as fine as possible, add one-fourth fat ham chopped very fine, one cup grated bread crumbs; one grated nutmeg, two beaten eggs, a little salt and cayenne; mix well, form in a loaf, glaze over with eggs and sprinkle with bread crumbs; bake half an hour; serve with roast veal gravy, heated, and thickened with a beaten egg put in just before serving.

RHUBARB PIE.—Peel and cut the stalks quite small into a rich paste, put a layer of rhubarb, then a deeper layer of sugar, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon, lay on several small pieces of butter and cover.

VEAL SWEET BREADS WITH TOMATOES.—Set over the fire two quarts of nice, ripe peeled tomatoes, stew half an hour slowly in their own liquor and strain through a coarse sieve; then put in four or five sweet breads, well trimmed and soaked in warm water; add a little salt and cayenne, and one-quarter of a pound of butter, smoothed in three spoonfuls of flour. Stew slowly till the sweet breads are well done, or about an hour and a half. A few moments before dishing stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs.

Poll-evil.

I have a horse that has poll-evil. What will cure it?

An incision should be made, slantingly, with a sharp pointed bistoury or knife upon the right side of the neck at the base of the abscess. The cut must not be so deep as to come in contact with the spinal marrow. The opening at the base of the tumor should be made sufficient in size to allow the pus to freely escape as fast as it forms. A seton should be passed down from the natural opening at the top of the tumor through the artificial opening made at its base. Before inserting the seton it should be dipped in tincture of cantharides. This will be found the safest plan to adopt for promoting healthy granulation and adhesion of the walls of the tumor. The fistulous track is not probably very long unless it has been some time standing, and the tape seton will work its way gradually and efficaciously out, by which time the cure is made. A stimulus is also necessary to be applied to the interior of the tumor, by resaturating the seton, in three or four days after it is first inserted, with a solution made by dissolving ten grains of nitrate of silver in one ounce of cold water. This latter should be applied twice a week until a healthy discharge appears. Then stop. In the opening, from the top down to the bottom, should be injected, three times a week, a stimulus composed of one drachm of chloride of zinc dissolved in one pint of cold water. Apply the zinc lotion in half an hour after using the cantharides and nitrate of silver lotion. The cantharides should be used only once, and the nitrate of silver on the third or fourth day after, and continued twice a week as long as necessary.

Measuring Corn, Etc.

Please publish a correct rule for measuring corn in a wagon bed; also state what is good for a horse with heaves.

B. P. WILLS.

You do not state whether the rule desired is for corn in the ear or shelled corn; but if for the latter, obtain the number of cubic inches in the box, or so much as is occupied by the corn; then divide that by 2150.42, the number of cubic inches in a bushel; or you can first find the number of cubic feet, by multiplying the length, breadth and depth, and then dividing the number of cubic feet by seven and one-fourth (or 1,224); because a bushel contains about one and one-fourth cubic feet. Corn in the ear varies according to varieties. Of some it will take two bushels of ears to make one of shelled corn; but with others, one and a half bushels will yield this amount. For heaves turn the animal out to pasture whenever possible, and in winter give laxative food, such as carrots, turnips and beets; also sprinkle hay and oats, and avoid dust food of all kinds. Sedatives may also be given, such as digitalis, opium and belladonna occasionally. Arsenic in doses of five grains daily, continued for a month, is considered valuable medicine for horses.

Injury to Trees by Bleeding Sap.

M. A. J., Quakertown, Penn., writes: What is the cause of sap running from apple trees and killing the limbs and trunks of the trees where it flows. I have some trees that have been trimmed, and where the branches have been cut off they are partially healed over, when a sour water will start out of the center of the stump and will soon kill the portion of the tree over which it runs. Sometimes the trunk of the tree will crack of itself, and this sour water will start from the crack. Can you tell me the cause and the remedy?

REPLY.—The mischief is caused by too late pruning, and by not covering the wounds with some impervious coating. Sometimes no harm is done, but when there is an excessive flow of sap it exudes from the wounded surface, and, containing considerable sugar, it becomes sour and damages the bark over which it flows. To prevent it the pruning should be done very early in the spring, and when any branches of considerable size are cut off they should be cut very smoothly and even with the bark, and the stump be covered with common oil and lead paint or a coating of shellac varnish.

How to Apply Paris Green, and also Ashes to Potatoes.

L. H. M. asks if common plaster is as good mixed with paris green as flour of gypsum; also, which is the best way for using ashes for potatoes, in or on the hill?

REPLY.—Common plaster is the flour of, or finely ground, gypsum that has been treated to drive off the water of crystallization, of which about twenty-one per cent. is contained in it. When this is freed from water it is used as plaster, and when mixed with water again it chemically combines with it and forms a solid mass. It will not answer to use this with paris green, but instead of it the raw, finely ground gypsum, or agricultural "plaster," should be used. A very good way to use ashes on potatoes is to scatter them about the hills, now, and hoe them in when the crop is hoed, which, by-the-bye, may be done now very usefully.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Friendship is infinitely better than kindness.

There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.

Love is a flame which burns in heaven, and whose soft reflections radiate on us.

They are generally better satisfied whom fortune never favored than those whom she has forsaken.

As long as love prevails in the house space of the breadth of a sword is satisfactory. As soon as it disappears sixty hand-breadths are not sufficient.

Love teaches cunning even in innocence, and when he gets possession his first work is to dig deep within a heart and there lie hid, and like a miser in the dark, to feast alone.

Life, whether in this world or any other, is the sum of our entertainment, our existence, our character. The conditions are secondary. In what other world shall we be more surely than we are here?

There is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety studies ease and affects good humor.

What is this life but the circulation of little actions? We lie down and rise again, dress and redress, feed and grow hungry, work and play, and are weary; and then we lie down again and the circle returns.

With virtue, capacity and good conduct one can still be unsupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgment.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners would often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.

That politeness which we put on, in order to keep the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it is sometimes that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves that they put down their very goodness to the score of their own great merits and high pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves.

A Polish Manifesto Against Russia.

The Constantinople central committee of Polish immigrants has issued the following appeal:

"To our brothers dispersed in banishment over the whole world:

"The foe of our land for centuries, who has dismembered it and wasted it with fire and sword, who deprived us of our property, nationality, freedom, religion, and even our mother tongue, presumes, under the hypocritical mask of a champion of the Christians, to unfold his war standard and to send his savage hordes against Turkey, our ally in the time of our independence and our magnanimous protector in the time of our exile—against Turkey, who alone of all the powers has refused to the present day to recognize the partition of Poland.

"Shall we remain unconcerned spectators in this struggle between despotism and constitutional institutions, the very despotism which destroyed our constitution of the third of May, which would have reinvigorated Poland? No, our place is on the side of Turkey, and all friends of freedom and intelligence will be with us. To arms! then, to arms! which his majesty the sultan has so magnanimously placed at our disposal. All Europe looks on at this struggle—that same Europe which has allowed itself to be entrapped through the deceitful promises and the intrigues of Muscovite policy. Let us show it that we are still alive; let us show it that we are able to do something.

"The thunder of cannon already reaches our ears. Let us not lose a minute. Let us rend the chains which fetter our white eagle. The wild hordes of czardom will not stand before our united force, and we shall erect our colors at the mouth of the Vistula and the Memel, and the mouths of the Dnieper and the Dniester. Europe will recover its equilibrium lost a hundred years ago, and will owe it to us. To arms! then, brothers, and again to arms!"

A Domestic Romance.

James Boyd is one of the wealthiest young farmers of O'Hara township, Pa. Miss Minnie Brown is the daughter of another wealthy farmer of the same neighborhood. On the seventeenth of last August Alderman McKelvey, of Allegheny, was called to unite the two in marriage. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the family only, but in a little time after the knot had been tied Boyd excused himself for a few moments, and left the room. Instead of returning he sprang into his carriage, drove home, and from that time to the present has never visited nor spoken to his wife. A few days ago the father of the abandoned bride appeared before Alderman McKelvey and charged Boyd with desertion, and the latter was placed under a bond of $1,000 for his appearance at the June sessions. The parties are among the most respectable people of the neighborhood, and the young wife and her family are heart-broken at the situation.

Roumanian Discretion.

The Roumanian soldiers look so well when they are on dress parade at Bucharest that some of the war correspondents have been beguiled into the notion that they can fight. An incident which a correspondent of the London *News* relates shows that they would not have offered much resistance to the Turks if an attempt had been made from Rustchuk or Widdin to forestall the advance of the Russians. There was a corps of observation stationed at Giurgevo to watch the Turks, and it occurred to the minister of war that it would be a good thing to exercise these troops and accustom them to the sounds of war. So one night he ordered the alarm to be sounded. He has been heard to say that he bitterly repented having taken so bold a measure, for it took him a week to get the detachment together again.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Sharp Criticism of the Lords of Creation—Wives' Sacrifices Without Compensating Advantages.

"They are just married," was the remark of all the fellow passengers of a certain couple on a railway train the other day. And wherever that couple went on their journey the same observation was repeated. There are certain indications about the recently wedded which always betray the happy parties as enjoying their "honeymoon." Though from time immemorial the said moon has been regarded as transient, every woman who marries thinks that her case is an exception, and that the new happiness is to be continued indefinitely between the twain until death do them part. It is not pleasant to think that the woman who thus confides must, in too many cases, be disappointed. She must find that the suitor who professed that her companionship was the one thing necessary to his happiness will discover that there are many other things which her husband deems pleasant, and with which the wife has little, if anything, to do. As a rule, the less she is interested in his outdoor movements the better he is pleased. Courtship is one thing. Wedded life is another. Indeed, some women go so far as to say that nearly every boy or man is in a condition of chronic opposition to the girls or women in the family where he domiciles. It is charged that the lads would not "go a courting" if it did not vex their sisters; and that they would not marry if mothers were not in some cases entirely averse to their marriage, and in others only submissive under protest. The marriage of a man is in some sort a triumph over his own female kindred. These kindred submit, as they say submission is a woman's lot. And they make the best of it, and sweeten the inevitable with womanly gentleness.

But the husband—what of him? The new husband is elate with the consciousness of having won the girl of his choice. He has taken a wife, all objections to the contrary notwithstanding. He takes her on his arm with all the pride of a captor and a conqueror. Nobody disputes his victory. Mother and sisters become his wife's allies and indorse the proceeding with all their hearts. He is monarch of all he surveys. There are no more contentions, for everybody has indorsed the arrangement, as if everybody had heartily approved and promoted it from the first. He might rest on his laurels—but laurels will not always keep green, and the dry leaves metaphorically choke him. He looks for new conquests, and selects his wife for an antagonist. It is not that he does not love her. He loved his mother. It is not that he would not do any and everything for her that does not interfere with his own whims and caprices. He did all that for his sisters. But he rebelled under their control; and having, boy like, annoyed them, man like, he annoys his wife. Evenings at home become wearisome, and evenings abroad, if his wife must be with him, are hardly less so. As he declined to be tied to his mother's "apron strings," he is fretted by his marriage tie. He has pressing business which keeps him from the tea table, and which encroaches on his evening hours. His wife's looks of remonstrance are considered "fussy," and her claims upon him, put in words, are met by protest. And so the honeymoon frequently passes its last quarter, with, unfortunately, no promise of a new moon of the same happy description in the matrimonial calendar.

Then other affairs come in to engross the groom's attention—boat clubs, billiards, base ball, horses, "the lodge," supper with some of the "old fellows," "politics," hotels, saloons, and all the rest. And he just drops in at the theater, you know, quite accidentally, because Smith told him of a very particular attraction. If he had only thought of it at dinner time, he would have asked Sarah to get ready. And so on. Mind these are things that the women find out, though they may be very cautious in speaking about them. These are the general heads under the fears they have that their husbands like to escape the company which, as suitors, they prized above every other. The men must answer to their own consciences how far the suspicions are well founded, and in many cases husbands, even of some years' standing, would perhaps do well to live their "attentive" days over again, and spark their wives afresh. The change from the wan and weary or the slightly martyr aspect which many wives wear would be a thing as well worth seeing as any advertised "attraction," and the voice of a cheerful wife as well worth hearing as any drama, opera or lecture.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A Mystery Solved.

About two years ago a man by the name of John Olenheimer, a German, was suddenly and mysteriously missing from his residence in a Western town. He left a family, consisting of a wife and six children, the youngest child but a few weeks old and the oldest a girl scarcely thirteen years. Tired of waiting, they soon mourned for their protector as dead, and the mother set about the real problem of providing for the family. They had been left quite destitute. Recently, as this little family were seated at their frugal breakfast of porridge the postman left a letter addressed to the widow of John Olenheimer. It bore the stamp of the United States treasurer and was sealed with wax. If contained an official notice from the Treasury department in Washington that a United States consul in Australia had forwarded to the department a trunk filled with the effects of her late husband, who died in that country. Along with this property was also $4,000 in gold. Letters of administration were taken out and the proper papers, signed and sealed, were forwarded to Washington.

A Four Mile Race with a Fish.

The Mountain Pleasant (Ind.) *Journal* has the following: Fitzy Dougherty is the boss on fish. Last Monday night while fishing at Oakland, something, he didn't know what, took hold of his hook. It gave a terrible pull. It "yanked" Fitzy from his place on the bank, and started toward Webster's mills, dragging the boy along with him. He had no time to call on his comrade for assistance, for the "something" was carrying him down the river about twelve knots an hour. He stuck to it for four miles, when the monster that was hauling him let up, and near Webster's, by the assistance of some parties who were there fishing, he succeeded in landing a catfish weighing thirty-six pounds. Its length was four feet, and across the head it measured ten inches.

A Haunted Clock.

There is a clock in Raleigh, N. C., owned by a gentleman who is not at all given to superstition, but yet he cannot account for a curious way his old family clock is acting of late. It is an eight-day clock, but wind it up when you may, and at half-past six o'clock on Saturday evening that clock is dead sure to stand still. It can be easily started by moving the pendulum, and it will then continue till it runs down. It has been wound up from the eighth day to with an hour of the time, but it never fails to stop when it reaches the half-past six hour mark on Saturday evening. This is strange and unaccountable, but as true as gospel, according to the Raleigh *Observer.*

ROBBERS IN THE GOLD COUNTRY.

Immigrants Who Fell Into the Hands of Thieves—The Big Horn to be Explored.

On the fifteenth, Thomas A. Woollen and party, *en route* from Denver to the Hills, encamped near Rawhide Springs, this side of Fort Laramie, says a correspondent from the Black Hills. In the night a gang of road agents entered their camp and stole six valuable horses and several mules. The loss was discovered by Mr. Woollen at daybreak. He awoke four of his company, and they started in pursuit, the trail of the thieves being plainly visible. The chase continued for thirty miles. As the pursuers were ascending a hill, Mr. Woollen being several rods in advance of the others, one of the banditti sprang up from behind a huge rock, and, leveling his rifle, ordered Woollen to halt. The latter obeyed, threw up his arms, and said that he was after his horses, and purposed injury to no one. The robber pointed to a large herd of stock across a ravine and said: "There they are, go and get them."

Woollen and his companions started down the slope. They had gone but a short distance, when, at a signal from the robber, eight men, with rifles to their shoulders, started up from behind rocks, and "covered" the five immigrants, who were ordered to deliver up their arms and horses, and to seat themselves at a designated place. While the robbers were busily engaged in picketing the horses, Mr. Woollen took his money—a large sum—from his pocket, and pinned it under the collar of his coat. He had scarcely done this when a greaser approached, threw an old blanket on the ground, and ordered Woollen to give up his coat, enforcing the demand with a leveled pistol. One of the band, a very intelligent American, approached Mr. Woollen, and entered into unreserved conversation. He said that the band was very strong, and having an almost impregnable retreat in a very rocky canyon, was abundantly able to defy any force that might be sent against it.

The robbers are mostly Mexicans. The party that captured Woollen's stock, consisted of four "Greasers," two Spaniards and two Americans. The one who conversed with Woollen said that he started from Denver, where he has a brother who is a cashier in a bank, for the Hills, a year ago; that the Indians ran off with his stock; and that he subsequently captured a lot of ponies from the Sioux, but was afterward deprived of them by government officials. He was so embittered by this treatment that he joined the robbers, and determined to die an outlaw. He said that the members of the band were conferring whether or not the five captured men should be put to death. He added that Woollen need fear no violence because he was a countryman of the bandit, and he would be allowed to depart. The prisoners were detained several hours, and then they were conducted to a high hill from which a certain landmark thirty miles distant could be seen. They were told that their camp was at that place. Then they were ordered to depart, and were threatened with death should they again institute a chase after the robbers.

The robbers were seen by different parties several days later, and it is feared that freight trains and stages will be attacked by them. Troops were sent out from Laramie and Hot Creek in search of the "agents," but they returned without them.

An expedition is preparing to start from Deadwood for the Big Horn. It purposes to make a thorough exploration of that much talked of region, about which literally nothing is known, and to ascertain whether it does or does not contain gold.

Barber Shops in Rome.

The Romans wore the beard until the fifth century, A. U. C., when Publius Ticinus brought over a colony of barbers from Sicily to exercise their profession on the Roman chins. Their shops soon became the common resort of loungers and idlers of every description, until at length they served to furnish proverbs expressive of notoriety. There the gossiping and inquisitive portion of the community sought for fashionable news and information respecting affairs of state; there the reports of the night's broil and the last intrigue found tongues to disseminate them, with all their attendant slanders to the remotest corner of the city; there the affluent and the indolent consumed their time in courtly chit-chat; and there, too, the industrial classes met for recreation, and discussed current politics when the hours of toil were over. Even the poorer citizens, according to Horace, sought refuge from their *cunni* by making a round of the barber shops. The barber himself fur