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Summer's Charms.

Buttercups, clover, and feathery thistle,
Butterflies, bees, and locusts that whistle,
Heliotropes, roses, and morning-glories,—
These are but snatches of summer's stories.

Dawns that are blushing to sunrises sweeping,
Twilights and shadows, and lily-buds sleeping,
Noons that are brooding o'er nights that are tender,—
These are but snatches of summer's splendor.

Waterfalls, rivers, and waves that are sighing,
Murmurs of sea-shells on wet beaches lying,
Whispers of pine-trees breezes are bringing,—
These are but snatches of summer's singing.

Robins, and bluebirds, and swallows, and thrushes,
Twitters, and songs, and raptures, and hushes,
Attar of all the whole year's sweetness,—
This is what makes the summer's completeness.

Storms.

At night, within my lonely room,
So shelterless and high,
I dread the storm winds when they come
And sweep the earth and sky;
They seem to shake the feeble wall,
As with a giant's arm,
And oft I look to see it fall
In desperate alarm.

But if in all the darkened sky
I see one gleaming star,
I smile to hear the rough winds try
My confidence to mar;
Or if the moon, so calmly bright,
Between the clouds appears,
Then, though the storm be at its height,
I bid farewell to fears.

Or if by day the storm winds come
And drive the clouds with might,
If for one instant shines the sun,
I know that all is right.
If still when these are out of sight
I see the blue of Heaven,
No terror can my soul affright
Of winds and storm clouds driven.

I know then that the storm I dread
Shall have no power to harm,
And that the darkness overspread
Need give me no alarm.
'Tis so of other storms that come
My spirit to appall,
No evil shall by them be done
While Heaven is seen through all.

MARGARET.

A corridor at the end of one wing of a large rambling house in the north of England, a barred window and a closed door. In the passage a fair haired girl with the light of indescribable pity in her dove-like eyes, kneeling upon the boards, and pushing biscuits and sweetmeats underneath the ill-fitting door, which disappeared as fast as they were placed there, showing that there were human hands to seize them on the other side. Within, another girl as young as the first—not twenty, certainly—groveling on the floor like a wild beast, with dark, disheveled hair almost hiding the spark of insanity that deserved her glorious eyes, and devouring the precious morsels that her visitant placed within her reach with the avidity of a hungry child. The room in which she crouched was not comfortless, but had evidently been prepared for the reception of such inmates, and the carefully guarded window and cushioned walls showed that the mansion in which it was situated was occupied by one who made it the business of his life to receive such unfortunates into his professional care. In plain words, a private lunatic asylum.

"My poor Leah!" whispered the fair haired girl outside, "do you know that I am here, and that I love you?"

The soft clear voice was not unheard, for Leah raised her head for a moment, and sat listening, with the dark cloud of tangled hair thrown back from the low forehead and deeply shaded eyebrows. But the look of attention passed away almost as rapidly as it had come, and in another moment her head was down again on the floor, and the softly set lips, that seemed made only to shape loves whispers, murmured stupidly and hungrily: "More, more?"

"I am going now," said the soft voice again, "but I will come and see you this evening, with the sunrise. Do you hear? Do you understand?"

There was nothing but an inarticulate murmur in reply, though she listened in vain; and the fair haired girl rose with a sigh from her knees, and passed from the desolate corridor into the more habitable and cheerful part of the house in which the physician and his family lived, having learned from habit to look lightly on the empty human shrines of reason that were sheltered beneath the same roof.

"She is so beautiful!" said the girl to herself as she went down the stairs. "I hope God does not let her know what she is now, or she would die, as I should do."

"My dear Margaret," said her mother, looking up as her eldest child entered the room, "I hope you have not been among the patients again?"

"I have only been to see poor Leah," said Margaret Fenwick, in the same soft voice which was one of her greatest charms. "I must do that, you know, if it makes her less unhappy."

"Let the child alone, my dear," said Dr. Fenwick. "She will do herself no harm, if she does nobody else any good. But you did not work upon Brooker's feelings to give you the key, I hope, Margaret? The door was locked, of course?"

"I talked to her through the door, that was all," answered Margaret, simply. "Papa, do you think she will ever be like other people again? It was only last week she was sitting with us all, and I was teaching her to play the accompaniment to her songs!"

"I know all that," said the physician, "but she is suffering from an acute attack of dementia now. She is very young, and may get completely over it, but then she will be always liable to a relapse. A sudden trouble would do it at any time."

"And she has money, too!" sighed Mrs. Fenwick, half enviously, as if it was a sin that so much good material for happiness should be wasted. "Didn't you say she had money?"

"Thirty thousand pounds, I believe," said her husband, drily, "but I think there are thirty thousand good reasons why nobody should envy her."

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It is five years since Margaret Fenwick knelt at the corridor door, whispering soft words of love and sympathy to the unhappy girl inside. She is living in London with her mother now, for Dr. Fenwick has been dead sometime, and the establishment at Horewood is broken up. The gentle charm of her loveliness is still in its first flower, and, as she lingers over the letter which is in her hand, the clear light of happiness is irradiating her brow and laughing back from the soft sweet eyes. The words that a man writes to his promised wife could be answered in no more fitting way:

"MY DEAREST CHILD: I have got all the way to Wales safely, and the whole family is collected here under the paternal roof. I needn't say that one thing is wanting to me, and that, I hope, will soon be supplied, for, of course, you will come down and spend Christmas with us. My father and mother both want words to express their anxiety to see you and receive you as a daughter. Write and say how soon you can come.

"We are very quiet here, but there are one or two new people in the village. A Mrs. Fourier has taken the White House, and her daughter is a regular acquisition. The old lady is not much, but Leah Fourier plays and sings divinely, and is unusually good looking into the bargain. The girls are mad about her. * * *

"You can tell how hard up I am for anything to tell when I am forced to write about strangers. I suppose you would get tired of it if I were to keep on telling you that I love you, but I have very few other ideas in my head just now at any one time. Besides, isn't it much pleasanter to tell it with your dear hand in mine? Your own ARTHUR ASHTON."

"Leah Fourier!" repeated Margaret to herself, dreamily, "I hope she won't remember me. I wonder whether mad people recollect anything that has passed when they are well? That would be the most wretched part of it all!" * * * * * * *

Leah Fourier is singing "Si tu savais," and Arthur Ashton is leaning over the piano, looking into her magical eyes with an expression—well, which would not be a good one with some men, but which is merely a graceful courtesy, Margaret tries to believe, with Arthur Ashton. She has been at Llwyn-y-mawr a fortnight now, and has found Leah Fourier almost as constant an inmate of the house as herself. But then, as Arthur said, the girls are mad about her, and there certainly is an enchantment somewhere in her glowing face before which few are able to stand.

The song is ended, and Margaret Fenwick's fiance strolls after the singer into the conservatory.

"If I were you, Margaret, I should go after them, really," says Arthur's eldest sister, half laughing. "Leah would flirt with the footman, I believe, if there was nobody else in the way. It was just the same when poor Charlie was at home."

Margaret tries to smile, and to keep her wistful eyes turned away from the conservatory door, but she cannot help speculating a little as to the difference between "poor Charlie" and his brother. As to Leah herself, she can hardly form a calm rational opinion, so different is this Leah from the girl with the wild eyes, whose poor uncertain fingers she had helped to find their old familiar places on the piano at Horewood five years ago. She feels rather than knows that the past is not all a blank to Miss Fourier's brain, but no word of recognition has passed between the girls, and it is plain at any rate that nothing of that dreadful episode in Leah's life is suspected by the Ashtons.

Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour goes slowly by, and Leah saunters back into the drawing-room, with a spray of maidenhair in her hands, and the passion of her song still half slumbering in those deep mysterious eyes. "Mr. Ashton is going to be kind enough to see me home," she remarks generally for everybody's information, and Margaret feels the same sudden chill that had come to her the night before for the first time, when her lover had undertaken the same surely unnecessary duty. It is almost a relief to her to remember that this is her last evening with the Ashtons, and that the next day Arthur is to take her back to London.

Nevertheless, the chill comes back to her heart more unmistakably than ever next night, for Leah Fourier, and the conservatory, and Arthur Ashton are all left behind. He found that he could take another week's holiday, he told her, and she could not be selfish enough to prevent that he should spend two days in traveling, merely for the sake of taking her home. So their good-bye was said at the little Welsh railway station, but something fell out of his pocket as he was taking her ticket, and she could not help seeing that it was a lot of maidenhair fern. It was a pity that it should be crushed under a stranger's foot before he could recover it—but then there was more in the conservatory!

* * * * * * *

Four, five days without a letter, during which time the chill never leaves her heart, and then there comes what she has been looking for. He asks her if she is good enough, unselfish enough, to forgive him, and adds, of course, that he can never forgive himself.

Well, Leah is his, body and soul, if he chooses to take her. Would he choose if he knew of the corridor at Horewood, and had seen the lips he loved cloying themselves with sweetmeats that soft, compassionate hands thrust by stealth within their reach? She puts away the thought from her with a shudder, calling upon God not to tempt her to come between him and his happiness. If it can all be hidden from him it would be a sin in her, of all women in the world, to say a word which might dash the cup from his lips. She would drink her own cup instead, and try to sweeten it by the thought that the man she loved was happy with the girl for whom she had once felt so divine a pity.

The months go quickly enough by, now that Margaret no longer counts how many there are between the seed and blossom of her happiness, and she knows that Arthur Ashton must have brought his bride back with him by this time to his London home. Margaret shudders as she remembers that there is still a secret hidden from Arthur Ashton in Leah's mysterious eyes—a secret which she alone can read, and would give half her life to be able to forget. Would it ever happen that he should come to her and curse her for having hidden it from him, to revenge herself?

That she is revenged, God knows how unwittingly, when Margaret for the first time hears Arthur Ashton's hand in hers again. He has written to ask her if he may come to her and satisfy himself of her forgiveness, and her love is dead enough in her heart for her to be able to tell him so. Yet she has ceased to wonder at the dreariness of her own life, and is vaguely conscious, as he takes her hand, of the same great pity for him and the woman who had supplanted her, that filled her heart as she neared down the staircase at Horewood, leaving the cold corridor and the locked door behind her.

"You have found out how little I was worth your regret?" he says, forcing an uneasy laugh, as he sees that the old quiver he remembers in her lips is there no longer.

"No, not that," answers Margaret, simply, "but it is quite true that I regret nothing; nothing at least that"— She stops, knowing that it is too late to tell him now what she does regret, and what she tries to persuade herself she is mistaken in regretting. "You must be very happy—you are happy, are you not?" she asks, anxiously.

"How long do you expect a bridegroom's happiness to last?" he asks, in reply, with an affectation of levity that tells Margaret she has been sacrificed in vain. "Leah has been talking of coming to see you for the last month, do you know?"

"She is very beautiful," said Margaret, irrelevantly. "Is she quite well?"

"Well? of course she is," he answers, in not quite so even a voice. "Why should she not be well?"

Margaret's heart turns sick with the horrible apprehension that he has already learned to suspect a reason why. "I only meant that I should be very glad to see her," she answers in what she strives to make her natural voice. "Will you tell her so from me?"

"You knew her before that time you came to stay with us, did you not?" he asks, looking at her with a keen, inquiring glance. "Why did you never tell me of that?"

"Yes; that is, I met her years ago," answers Margaret, hesitating. "I did not think she remembered me; but I knew her again as soon as I saw her."

"Did you ever quarrel?" the bridegroom asks, a little puzzled by her manner.

"Oh, no," replies Margaret, with a shudder, thinking of the crouching figure and the greedy, clutching hands that she had stolen up the long corridor to soothe into content. "But she was always a strange girl, and I never understood her quite," she adds, rather lamely.

"Yes—strange—that is the word, is it not?" he says eagerly. "She's nervous and depressed sometimes, you know, and that is strange. She used to be that—that is what you mean, is not it?"

It goes to Margaret's heart to see the wistful look with which he waits for her answer, striving to put away from his thoughts the awful fear which she knows has already overshadowed his life.

"I think she was always nervous," she answers, wishing that she dared say something to comfort him, if she could do so without a lie. "Out of course, now that she is happy, there is nothing to be anxious about in that."

"Tell her how glad I shall be, if she likes to come," she says, earnestly, when Arthur Ashton takes her hand in his again to say good-bye.

"Yes, I will tell her," he answers, but all the unreal cheerfulness has died out from his voice. "It will do her good to have a friend like you—some woman to whom she can talk."

Margaret does not answer, for the tears are filling her eyes; but it needs no words to tell Arthur Ashton that the heart he has thrown away is large enough for that he asks of it.

The months go by, but Leah Ashton still only talks of coming to see Margaret, whose place in life she has taken from her; so that Christmas comes around again without Margaret having seen her rival, since the evening on which Leah came out of the conservatory, with the spray of maidenhair in her hand. There is a reason why Mrs. Ashton should stay in her own house now, and Margaret is not surprised to see in the paper one day that Arthur Ashton has another cause for being "very happy." She almost persuades herself that he may be so by this time, and writes to tell him of her hope, with her dear love to his wife. She did not think that such a letter required immediate acknowledgement, and opens his reply a little anxiously, hearing that it has been brought by a special messenger.

"Come, if you can, at once—she is asking for you. God have mercy upon me! A. A."

He is waiting for her at the door as she drives up, and even in the gas-light she can see upon his brow an awful dread that his prayer will not be heard.

"You are not afraid to see her?"

Margaret puts her hand in his by way of reply, and her very touch seems to give him courage.

"She is not quite herself, you know—not sensible, I mean—but the doctors say that is common. And your name has been on her lips all day. She will be calmer when she sees you, will she not?"

"Yes, yes," says Margaret, choking back her tears. "Only take me to her at once."

She kneels by the bedside, disregarding the presence of the doctor and nurse, and her soft arm steals lovingly round Leah's neck, as in the old days.

"Dear Leah, I am here," she whispers.

The heavy lids open, and the dark mystery of the wonderful eyes, blurred and scorched with the lurid fire that Margaret remembers so well, is turned full upon her.

"Don't go away," Leah whispers, in a hoarse, exhausted voice. "They are shutting me up alone again."

Her husband is standing at the foot of the bed, with horror-stricken wondering face, but she has no eyes for him.

"It is so dark and miserable, Margaret, but I will be quiet if you stay. Make them let you stay, do you hear?"

The weak voice rises almost to a scream, and Margaret tries in vain to soothe it.

"Yes, dear Leah, I am Margaret. Dear Leah, you know that I love you! Oh, my poor darling, you know that I love you!"

The surgeon, who is standing opposite Margaret, shakes his head solemnly as she raises her eyes to meet his, and the shadow of death begins already to steal over the room. Even the lips are chill and pallid as Margaret touches them with her own, and the feverish grasp of the poor, weak hand dies into impotence in her warm fingers. The dark, tangled hair falls over the shapely brow and thick, curved eyebrows just as it used to do, and Margaret does not know, until she is told, that it is veiling the face of the dead. And there is no need for her to pity Leah Ashton any more.

Cats Wanted in the Black Hills.

A Black Hills paper says: "We wonder why some enterprising speculative individual has not yet thought of importing a load of cats to the Black Hills. An ordinary freight wagon could be partitioned off so as to carry with ease and safety two hundred cats. These cats could be obtained at little or no expense in any of the towns along the Missouri river, and they would find a ready market here at an average of $10 each. The man who has the sagacity and nerve to bring a load of cats into the Black Hills can lay claim to having struck a rich felinite lode.

CONDITION OF OUR COUNTRY.

A Tramp's View—Lamentable Outlook for Children of Uncle Sam.

A humorous writer to a New York paper says: Yesterday I was sitting in my office vainly essaying to stab an obtrusive fly with a quill pen, when a stranger entered the open door, carefully selected a chair and seated himself with a sigh. He was attired in a suit of rusty black, and in person was tall, lank and cadaverous. Apparently he had seen better days—a good many of them. He calmly removed a slouched hat from his dome of thought, wiped his Corinthian brow with his coat sleeve, and spoke as follows:

"Are you the proprietor of this ranche?"

"Yes, sir; what do you wish?"

"Well, I thought I'd drop in and see you. I want to draw your attention to a little matter. Now, would you suspect that the United States is bankrupt—absolutely bankrupt?"

"Never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's just it. The people go on thoughtless and careless, and all the time the country is plunging madly down the steeps of corruption to irretrievable ruin."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, sir; it's a solemn fact, and its about time something was done about it. The Goddess of Liberty is going around without a cent in her pocket, and 2,000,000 of her children are begging for bread. Look at our prisons and poorhouses—chuck full every one of them, running over with paupers and criminals, and for every individual within their walls there are hundreds outside who ought to be there. Look at our railroads! Rates high and stocks low, locomotives drawing more empty cars than loaded ones, shops running on half time, track hands all discharged, and rails rusting from disuse. Look at our steamships! Full of rats and rotten planks. No business to speak of. Going to Europe with little or nothing, compared with the cargoes they used to carry, and coming back with less. Wharves tumbling down and floating away by piecemeal. Look at our mechanics; out of work; tools in the pawnshop; children hungry; wives hopeless; nothing left but suicide or the poorhouse. Look at our merchants. Business at a stand-still; counters covered with the dust of day before yesterday; yardstick laid away for future reference; proprietor gazing wistfully out of the window in search of the customer that cometh not. Look at our army. No pay, no ambition; takes them all summer to whip a band of crippled squaws; country too poor to pay them, and soldiers can't fight without cash. When a soldier pawns his sword for the necessaries of life, he pawns his courage with it. Then look at our navy. Bless you! there's nothing to look at except a few old wooden hulks. We haven't a vessel that could cross Long Island sound in a summer's breeze without falling to pieces. Navy, indeed! Why a blind man afloat in a washtub, armed with a Colt's revolver, could sink our whole navy inside of fifteen minutes. No wonder Europe laughs at us. Now what is the remedy for all this? Work, untiring, unceasing work. By industry we thrive. Let us one and all put our shoulder to the wheel and lift the mired chariot of commerce out of the boghole of bankruptcy into the smooth highway of prosperity and start it rolling once more. By the way, I am out of work at present, and if you could lend me a quarter till I find a job"—

In my haste to get up I unfortunately upset the desk, and when I reached the door with the quarter the tramp had vanished, and was not.

An Oriental Ruler's Cruelties.

When the French finally reduced Constantine, one of the Algerine cities, in 1848, the palace of Hadj Ahmed excited general admiration, and the women of his large harem caused unusual curiosity and compassion, from the tales spread of his cruelty to them. He sprang from a wealthy family of the place, and had been khalifa under the Bey Brahemel-Rabbi, but exciting the jealousy of that ruler, fled to Algiers. There he won the good-will of the pashas, and in 1826 became himself bey of Constantine.

His cruelties were the theme of every tongue. A summer-house used to be shown in his garden where he was accustomed to sit and smoke, while his harem, all attired in their finest array, passed one by one before him. They were required to keep their eyes cast down, their arms folded across their breast in a modest attitude. One day one of these women, as she passed through the garden, plucked an orange. The Hadj Ahmed ordered her hand to be nailed up to the tree.

One of his four wives was an Italian girl named Aicha, carried off, when a child, with her brother. She was a queenly young woman, and, after the French occupation, was instructed, and in time married a French officer. Her influence had been great with the Hadj Ahmed, yet when her brother, after rising to a high rank in the army, discovered finally that his sister was in the harem, the Hadj Ahmed put him to death for daring to ask to see her.

One day some of the women found a pipe, and, to divert themselves, dressed one of their number in a turban and robes, and set her up to smoke while they waited upon her. Hadj Ahmed burst in upon this childish scene, tore his mock representative from her seat of honor, had her mouth sewed up as a punishment for daring to place his pipe within it, and ordered her to be put to death.

From time to time, during his rule, two men would be seen at night, one bearing to the height overlooking the valley of the Roumel a long box open at each end, the other a white sack from which smothered moans escaped. Halting at three stones, the box was placed on the middle one, the sack slipped in, one end of the box raised, and the sack shot out down a precipice of six hundred feet. Some hours later men approached the sack on the rocky bank of the river, opened it, took out a woman's corpse, and conveyed it to the grave.

This monster lived many years after his overthrow, and died an object of horror.

About the Fly.

When a Detroit woman answered the door-bell the other day she found a stranger on the step. He had a bundle in his hand, a smile on his face, and he said:

"Madam, can I sell you some fly-paper?"

"Does the paper fly?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, but it makes the flies fly."

"What do I want the flies to fly for?" she continued.

"Every fly, madam"— he was explaining, when she called out:

"I want you to fly! I can get along with flies better than with agents!"

"But I am not on the fly," he softly protested.

"Our dog is," she grimly replied, and so he was. He flew around the corner, the agent flew for the gate, the roll of fly-paper flew over the curb, and a newsboy climbed a tree-box to be out of the muss and shouted:

"She flew, thou flyest, he flied, and I believe the dog got a piece of meat with that coat tail!"

Ferocious Attack on a Paymaster.

One of the most desperate daylight attacks on record was made in Scranton, Pa., a few weeks ago, by a pair of masked robbers, upon Paymaster Bessell, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company, and his assistant, Captain Carling, while on their way to pay the employees at the Cayuga and Brisbin collieries. The murderous affair occurred within a stone's throw of the Brisbin mine, at a short distance from the main road, between Hyde Park and Providence, almost in the midst of a thickly populated settlement, and shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon. Paymaster J. H. Bessell and Captain W. H. Carling were driving leisurely along, in a buggy in which they had the money for the men, amounting to twelve thousand dollars, and on arriving at a point of the road which is crossed by the railway, and guarded by a gate on each side of the track, they halted for the purpose of Mr. Carling getting out and opening the gates that they might pass through. The captain was just in the act of removing the lap-robe from his knees, when he and his companion were startled by the sudden appearance of two masked robbers, who had been crouching by the roadside in wait for them, and now sprang up and pointed pistols at their heads. The men were closely masked with something that completely covered their faces, so that it was impossible to get even a glimpse of their features. They were quite close to the buggy, being no more than two yards from the horse's head, and their appearance fairly unnerved the paymaster and his assistant for a moment. They made no demand, and it was evident from their determined demeanor that it was their intention to murder and rob the men in charge of the miners' pay. In less time than it takes to tell it, one of them discharged his revolver at Captain Carling's head, which, fortunately, was inclined backward, owing to the position he had taken to get out of the buggy. The bullet glanced along his left cheek, and plowed its way through the skin of the temple, leaving a ghastly mark, but fortunately going whistling harmlessly beyond its intended victim. Such a sudden shock, thrilling situation and narrow escape from instant death, fairly stunned the captain for the moment, but summoning up his accustomed coolness and courage, he was out of the buggy in an instant and he cried to his companion: "Shoot them—shoot them down!" The horse, frightened by the report of the assassin's pistol, plunged forward, making it a difficult matter for Mr. Bessell, who was still in the carriage, to take aim at the assassins, but before the words were spoken his revolver was leveled at the highwaymen, at whom he fired. It was a close struggle. The murderers were now no further off than five feet from the buggy in which the money lay, but it required more than the heroism of even a highwayman to march it under the determined guard of Paymaster Bessell, who held his ground firmly and kept firing at the would-be assassins, who now, seeing they were foiled, turned and fled in the direction of Church's Corners.

Proclamation by the Czar.

The czar issued the following proclamation to the Bulgarians, on the day on which the Russian army crossed the Danube:

"My troops have crossed the Danube. To-day they enter your territory, where they have already seven times fought for the amelioration of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey. Russia still bears the same love and solicitude toward all Christians in Turkey as when she secured the liberation of Servia and Roumania. I have confided to my army the mission of securing the sacred rights of your nationality, which you have acquired by centuries of suffering and the blood of martyrs which has soaked your soil. Russia's mission is to build up, not to destroy. She is called by the decrees of Providence to conciliate and pacify all races and denominations in those parts of Bulgaria inhabited by a mixed population. Henceforth the Russian arms will protect every Christian against all violence. Not vengeance but strict equity will guide our acts."

The proclamation promises also equal protection to Mussulmans but impartial justice upon known participators in atrocities. It urges the abandonment of intestine dissensions and announces that as fast as the Russians advance Turkish rule will be replaced by regular organizations in which the native inhabitants will be summoned to take part under the supreme direction of special authorities and Bulgarian legions will be formed to serve as the nucleus of a local armed force destined to maintain order and security. The proclamation concludes: "Follow faithfully the instructions of the Russian authorities. Therein lie your strength and security. With humility I pray the Lord to grant us victory over the enemies of Christianity and to send down His blessing upon our just cause."

Black Hills Waifs.

The following items are compiled from the Black Hills newspapers. They are characteristic of the new land of gold:

Rumored advent of English capitalists to make Deadwood alive.

"Am Sick, for sale," was the notice on an immigrant wagon recently driven into Deadwood.

Deadwood Sunday services are held over the post-office.

Deadwood emigration equals Deadwood immigration.

Miners' wages are four dollars per day.

Real bears prowl about the mining camps.

The prominent Deadwood hotels advertise "All languages spoken." Have they conquered Russian?

Potato Creek pays 300 men well.

Rich specimens of copper ore are found on Box Elder Creek.

The Deadwood sheriff wants an owner for a span of mules.

Bear Gulch is yielding large quantities of gold.

Thirteen hundred advertised letters in the *Black Hills Pioneer*. The capitals in the font gave out and the *Pioneer* is spelling the Jones with little "js."

The beautiful panorama of nature between Spearfish and Deadwood is marred by the suspicion that an Indian and rifle lurk under the dense foliage. There every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

The poll tax is due and second-hand sewing machines are already for sale at Deadwood. So advances civilization.

The *Black Hills Times* will sell an account of $1.25 against one Smith very cheap.

The Dethroned Sultan.

Murad, Turkiey's dethroned sultan, lives, a gloomy man, in a palace on Seraglio Point. His mother is constantly by his side. She tastes his food before it touches his lips, and she allows no one to approach him until she knows the object of the visit. His beautiful daughter, Blanche, the Circassian, whom he had reared up to an European education in the family of his private physician, is with him also. As soon as he was called to the throne he had a part of the harem fitted up for her exclusive use in a style of the most luxurious splendor and expense. Her apartment, whose embellishment cost nearly 100,000 francs, was just finished as Murad was forced to abdicate.

ACROSS THE DANUBE.

How the Russians Effected the Passage of the River.

A special dispatch gives the following account of the passage of the Russian troops across the Danube at Simnitza:

Under the willows and tamarisks there were collected, about six o'clock at night, boats and men. At eleven o'clock they began to cross. Both during the crossing and afterward they suffered seriously from the fire of two batteries, and from rifle fire.

One gun standing alone fired with steadiness and precision and created some damage, but, although the men suffered, the boats went and came until men enough were collected to hold their own when morning dawned. Still the Turks made a feeble resistance, for resistance must surely be feeble which cannot prevent 208 boats from passing to and fro on a broad river. Dragomiroff's division of the Eighth corps was the first to cross. The Turks fired the last round a little after one o'clock.

On the Turkish side the bank presents low cliffs and steep declivities, and behind that more gradual ascents, but always forming perfectly defensive positions, which were, in fact, only feebly contested.

On the right of the Russians opposite Sistova, all day, three battalions of field artillery, firing slowly, helped to crush the opposition of the Turks. To the left of the landing place, concealed among willows, were more batteries, and further left still, horse artillery. From that position a whole fleet of Turkish crafts was visible. One of them was a war vessel. Its inactivity was unaccountable.

Between one and two o'clock the next day the first Russian gun was ferried over on a stage supported by two pontoons, and by that time the column of wounded ceased to pass. The character of the resistance may be estimated by the fact that so far as known there were only 140 wounded, and giving a fair proportion for the killed, it may be said that the Russians loss was about 200.

Though the Russians crossed at Simnitza easily, it has not been so higher up the river near Turnu-Magurell, where their attempt failed. We must therefore suppose that Simnitza will become the chief point of passage for other corps than those originally destined to cross there. As matters stand one corps only, the Eighth, will have gained a march on the Turkish army.

The Russians wisely drew a thick veil around their movement at the last moment, placing sentries on every road, and suffering no man to pass. They then passed higher up the river than was expected.

What Farmers' Sons Ought to Know.

To those who prize the freedom peculiar to a life in the country, and also the security of a steady occupation, the pursuit of farming in this country offers great advantages. Every talent that the most gifted young man possesses may be exercised in connection with agriculture, and the more finished his education the better will be his chances of gaining culture from his surroundings and acquiring influence with his neighbors.

Already a large portion of the permanent wealth of our nation is in the hands of farmers, and every facility is offered by our laws for any one who wishes to secure a farm for himself. The introduction of machinery for almost all kinds of farm work, the multiplication of means of transportation, and the great demand in cities and towns for the best farm produce, makes it necessary for a man to know the cost of each crop he raises that he may devote his time and labor to that which pays the highest per cent. on capital invested. Hundreds of farmers annually dispose of their wheat, potatoes, apples, corn, cattle or horses at the market price, without knowing the actual cost of production of any crop. As a natural consequence they go on year after year in the same way; while by knowing exactly the cost of raising a bushel of wheat or a ton of hay or a pound of wool, they could soon decide where their profits lay, and discard the crops which experience proved to bring them only loss.

Now to know the precise cost of any farm product, it is as necessary that a farmer should keep accurate accounts as for a merchant or manufacturer. To no class of business men is a practical knowledge of book-keeping more valuable than to our farmers. Because many have succeeded without it in the past does not alter the case. A higher standard is before the farmer now. Their produce must be of good quality to meet with ready sale, and to insure that success now demands that capital be invested in good buildings, machinery and improved kinds of grain, fruit and live stock.

They need to know the exact returns yielded by all such investments, which can be ascertained only from a complete and accurate system of accounts. Let us impress upon young farmers, stock-dealers and fruit-growers the vast benefit you would realize from a course of business training. Better give a year of your time now to this study; you would be more than repaid for your time and money in five years. Surely it is time the leading industry of our State and country was conducted on the same principles that control less important interests.

Marriage Under Difficulties.

At Belchertown, Mass., an Amherst couple, named respectively Fry and Boil, were married under rather exciting circumstances. The girl's father didn't want her to marry the man, so the latter took her to a place where her sister was employed till the wedding could be arranged. The sister, however, was also opposed to the match, because the same fellow had previously made love to her, and so she locked the bride expectant in her room. After a night's incarceration she jumped from the window and joined her lover at the hotel. The clerk of the house drove off furiously for a clergyman, and the Methodist pastor was just beginning the ceremony when the sister appeared at the window to forbid the bans. The certificate was all right, however, and the minister concluded to go on, but in his excitement he read most of the baptismal service, beginning: "Whereas, all men are born in sin," and repeated the names of the couple he last married. The clerk held the door so that the sister couldn't come in. On the following Sunday the girl's father came to the church door and called the minister from his Sunday school class to demand of him why he married his daughter, at the same time admitting her legal age. Meanwhile the groom has lost his place at Amherst, and left for parts unknown.

Women Farmers in the West.

Numbers of strong, healthy, and able-bodied women are earning a good livelihood, and laying by a competency for the future by farm life on the plains of Nebraska. Many of these female farmers have taken up their farms under the "land laws," which are applicable to both men and women, and, notwithstanding the grasshopper scourge which has afflicted the State, many a widow with a dependent family is to-day cultivating her farm, raising her herds, tending her dairy, and thus providing for her family and securing for herself a competency that cannot be gained in the factories or salesrooms of the East, not even in the school-rooms or "behind the foot-lights."

An Indian Prophet.

The North American Indians are peculiarly sensitive to the influence of prophets, and one of the most notable of these is a sexagenarian named Smuhhalle, belonging to the Wallawalla tribe on Middle Columbia river, who has been disturbing the untutored Indian mind for several years past, and of whom an interesting account is given by the *Nation*. Smuhhalle was originally a medicine man of his own Oregonian tribe. In the pursuit of his calling he met a thorough biblical scholar, and improved so much by his teachings that he started on his own account as an Indian prophet, and went about disseminating his doctrine by speeches, discussions, and demonstrations. The gist of this doctrine was the love of our fellow-men and the complete return of the "old happy state" of the Indians before the advent of the white race. His followers constituted themselves a propagandist society about the year 1862, and he soon gained a reputation among the tribes on the Columbia as a reformer, a public benefactor, and a presumptive redeemer from the foreign yoke. Although his disciples are generally considered as "smart imposters" by the white settlers, Smuhhalle himself does not deserve this epithet. Like Mohammed, he promises multiple conjugal felicity to his followers, and is himself blessed with five wives. His secretaries pledge themselves to maintain and spread the doctrines even after his death, and they distinguish themselves from other Indians by decorating themselves with two black dashes on each cheek, with one white dash or streak intervening. The belief in Smuhhalle will, in their opinion, eventually bring the country into their own undisputed possession. They unite three times every day for worship. This movement, it is stated, is rapidly spreading, and many tribes of the Columbia Basin, from the Klamath Lakes to the Upper Columbia, have joined the sect wholly or partially. Smuhhalle does not leave his own camp, which is at Rapids du Pre on the Columbia river, but preaches there his doctrine with the emphasis, imagery, and volubility so well known to Indian discourses. The recent dissatisfaction among the Nez Perces Indians, a numerous tribe residing on the Oregon and Idaho reservations, is mainly attributed to this "reformatory" movement of Smuhhalle and his followers.

Kicked to Death by His Horse.

Charles de Harvard Carr, manager of the Cincinnati Coffin Company, was killed in his stable in Cincinnati by being kicked by one of his horses, about noon one day recently. The unfortunate gentleman, who had moved into his elegant new residence at the corner of Ringgold and Young streets a month or so ago, had recently purchased a very fine bay horse, and about eleven o'clock on the morning of his death he left his house and proceeded to his stable on the next square to have a look at the animal. When he went into the building he fastened its door on the inside, and that was the last seen of him until about half-past twelve o'clock, when William Brooks, his colored coachman, who had been down town on a message, went over to the stable to see what was detaining his master and keeping him from his home. Brooks, being unable to get into the stable, or to get any answers to his calls to Mr. Carr, went to the window, which was open, and, upon looking into it, he saw Mr. Carr lying on the floor under the horse's hoofs, quite dead. He jumped into the window and pulled the body back from the reach of the animal's heels, and then gave the alarm. The deceased was carried to his home—a terrible sight for his loving wife and family. From the character of his injuries, it appears as if Mr. Carr must have been examining the hind legs of the bay horse, when a gray horse, which was in the next stall, kicked him in the side of his face with terrific force. One of the calks of the animal's shoe struck him under the ear, and Dr. Mussey, who examined the body during the afternoon, is of the opinion that the kick broke Mr. Carr's neck, and that he died instantaneously.

The Turkish Camp at Shumla.

A war correspondent of the London *Times* has this to say about the appearance and behavior of the Turkish soldiers at the town of Shumla, east of the Danube: I will now permit myself to say a word or two upon the general appearance and characteristics of this army. To begin at the base, I have every where found the rank and file sound. Take your samples whencesoever you like—either from the Egyptians at Varna, the Arabs at Rustchuk, or the mixed races here, among cavalry, artillery, or infantry, and the result is the same. You get tough, broad-shouldered patient looking, and obedient soldiers. They have their vices, but their especial strength lies in their perfect sobriety. With a camp of I will not say how many men, but with a great camp like this, overwhelming this little town, the grog shopkeepers are simply being ruined because there is no business, and the streets are as quiet as the city of London on a Sunday afternoon. I have seen other armies, and not one that I have known has had that virtue.

In this respect our friends across the Danube are very heavily handicapped. Thus, among the Russians being marched into the trains at Bucharest the other day, I counted seven staggering men at eight in the morning, and the officers took no notice whatever of their condition.

A Young Lady's Plain, Simple Dress.

The following is clipped from the Toledo (Ohio) *Blade*: Now we begin to have an idea of what a plain, simple dress for a lady is. The lady principal of a young ladies' seminary in Tennessee has made a specific chart for the government of her sweet girl graduates in their costuming for the commencement day exercises. It is gratifying, succint and clear, and we have pasted it up for future use as a standard in determining whether any feminine dress is "simple" or "rich." The mandate runs: "The young ladies are to dress in white, and the material is to be muslin, tarlatan, or its equivalent. No trimmings permitted except when made of the same material as the dress. Lace, silk and satin expressly prohibited. No satin or silk sashes, and no train over ten inches in length. No sleeves shorter than the elbow. No flowers, except a brooch bouquet and as dressing for the hair. No jewelry except earrings. Any young lady disregarding these regulations will not be allowed to appear at commencement."

German Cremation.

It appears to be a fact that the German society for the introduction of cremation has paid the sum of fifteen thousand marks to the town of Gotha to cover the necessary expenses of erecting a cremation apparatus. Strict regulations have also been published by the police, ordering the examination by competent medical officers of all bodies submitted to be burned, so as to prevent cremation in all cases where the causes of death have not been properly ascertained. In order to still further guard against abuse, bodies sent to Gotha from abroad are to be subjected to the same, or even more stringent, rules before being received for the operation. At first, no corpse is to be burned unless the deceased had expressed a wish to that effect, and the relatives have approved.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Making Hay.

The old saw which tells the farmer to "Make hay while the sun shines" does not go far enough in the way of advice, for much poor hay is made in the best of haying weather. A man cannot make good hay out of poor material; consequently, he must not only have some good plant to begin with, but must cut it at the proper stage of its growth. The best of timothy and red-top, or any of the clovers, if allowed to stand until ripe and the leaves drop, are worth little more for hay than so much rye straw; and it is to the importance of cutting hay early that we wish to call especial attention. There is never too much fodder saved anywhere for the use of stock in winter; but there is a vast quantity gathered which is almost worthless, because operation is delayed until the plants are past their best.

Haymaking consists essentially in expelling the moisture from green herbage cut in a succulent stage, and it ought to be so conducted as to expel nothing but water, while retaining as much of this as will secure the perfect conservation of the hay. If too large a quantity of moisture is retained, fermentation, followed by deterioration of value, results. The best time to cut a crop for hay is at the moment of completion of growth in the stature of the plant, when the formation of seed has commenced. If the operation is delayed, the stem begins to lignify, or become woody, and the most important