

**FOR THE FAIR SEX.**

**New York Fashion Notes.**

Jet is the fancy of the moment. Carmelite brown is again worn. Derby hats grow more and more popular. Fichus of lace and muslin of all size are worn. Squirrel continues to be the popular fur lining. No two hats or bonnets are precisely alike this fall. Flounces at the bottom of dresses are made to flare. A new cloaking material is checked satin de Lyons. Young ladies wear short round skirts at all dancing parties. White lisle trimming gloves are the fancy of the passing moment. Buffalo Bill hats take the place of the beef-eaters of last year. There is a rage for flowers made of shot silk, satin and velvet. Very little trimming is seen on the most fashionable Derby hats. Children no longer wear light-colored fabrics except for evening dress. Deep basques and square pockets appear on the new caquin jackets. Scotch "42d" plaids are as popular for young girls and children as ever. New French wraps are all lined with soft satin quilting as silk furs. Dresses are worn at pleasure with a deep or demi-train, or none at all. Jackets of a different color and material from the dress are again in vogue. Lambrequin paniers are the fashionable form of this drapery at this moment. The newest fancy for trains is to gauge or shirr them just at the point of the lap-over. Matelassée silk-faced cloakings have a back of heavy beaver or chinchilla cloth. Dresses with but one skirt of heavy material will certainly be worn during the winter. Garnet of the deepest shade is a favorite color for dinner and afternoon reception dresses. Dress draperies and corsages present as great a variety of fashions this fall as bonnets and hats. Grecian chinchilla is a new clipped fur destined for great popularity during the coming season. White toile anglaise, or boar's cloth, is a fine but substantial all-wool fabric, dotted in raised pin points. Jackets of mastic-colored or Dauphin gray cloaking cloths are worn by little girls with very dark dresses. Jackets have rolling shawl-shaped collars that can be worn very high or low according to the weather. New flat, square side pockets in silk, velvet, satin, and also leather, appear among novelties of the season. Perfectly plain skirts, devoid of flounces, ruffles, or any trimming, are frequently seen in Fifth avenue. New silk fans have cashmere designs and colors, with the white ivory sticks painted by hand in colors to match. Some of the jauntiest jackets are made of heavy nate or basket-cloth, in intermixture of grave and bright colors. Young girls in Paris wear their hair in waves all over their head with a knot of loosely coiled hair in the back. The change in the coiffure of Parisian women is decided; Greek styles and classic ideas rule the coiffure or coiffeuse at present. The new neck scarfs of cream colored, polka dotted silk net require no hems. They are knotted in the throat in an incredible bow. A large silk cord, passing several times around the hat and fastening under a feather rosette, trims some of the noblest felt Derbys. The latest high novelty for evening toilet is a composite costume of white chudda cloth, with no trimming but white satin ribbons. The fashionable caquin is a long-waisted, tight-fitting jacket, with a deep basque, with facing in front and large square pockets in the back. Some jackets are regular Louis XVI. frock coats, with immense pockets in the back, and opening over a long waist-coat of silk damasce in front. The quilted satin linings of dolmans and visites for street wear are black when the wrap is black, but for evening or carriage wear red and old gold satin linings are frequently seen. Some of the imported French wraps are long, loose saques, with a dolman cape superimposed and trimmed with the richest ribbons, passermenteries, cloak ornaments, and olive buttons and cords, beaded with cut jet. The Marquise coat of silk plush, with a demi-train carriage costume of the same color and shade, of satin de Lyons and short India-French cashmere, silk and wool goods, is the fashionable toilet for ceremonious visits. Jackets made out of Indian shawls are worn on chilly days by wealthy Parisians. They are demi-justices with wide sleeves, and are trimmed with fringe, in which the several colors of the cashmere are repeated. The handsomest are made out of gold-embroidered shawls; it is, however, very easy to outline the designs on a cashmere shawl with gold thread; and many ladies have succeeded admirably in bringing the pattern into relief and adding to its richness by these means. A walking dress is of plaid, combined with Sevres blue velvet in the darkest shade. The round skirt is of velvet, and is absolutely without trimming. The plaid is in broad squares of blue with broken lines of gold and garnet. The plaid overskirt is looped high on the right, low on the left and is irregularly lunched up behind. The basque is of plaid, with velvet collar, cuffs, and revers, and closed gilt buttons. Turban of blue velvet with band of plaid velvet and blue bird on the side. Neckcloth of plaid silk to match was worn with this suit.

**Dressed Goods of the Season.**

**The New York Fashion Quarterly**

The demand for certain lines of goods, as reported by our leading wholesale dry-goods houses, reveals the fact that costumes in composite style will be as fashionable as ever. That is, the skirts and certain other parts of costumes will be of self-colored or plain goods, while the basques, jackets, paniers, polonaises or parts of the same will be made of striped, checked or figured goods. There is an endless variety of these

kinds of goods, both imported and home-made, in the market, and the demand for them has been steadily on the increase since the first of September. The silk and wool mixtures, both American and European, show a tendency to run into stripes of one kind or another. These stripes in the richest goods consist of broche effects in small palm-leaf, armure and other antique and oriental designs of silk threads and various colors thrown up in chameleon effects on rich dark surfaces—garnet, duck's-breast, and gendarme and navy blues, and dark browns and greens being the favorite colors. These mixtures are some times in close patterns, without any striped effects, but for the most part stripes prevail. They are intended for the upper parts and trimmings of dresses, the skirts of which are of dark all-wool goods, matching in color the plain stripe or the ground of the figured goods. These plain self-colored goods are frequently striped too, but the stripes are what is called invisible, that is, striped in the weaving, not in color, and the stripes are frequently run crosswise as lengthwise the goods. The stripes are termed wefted, and produce a flat corduroy effect, with a plain, soft, and smooth-finished surface that is very attractive in appearance. Other self-colored goods are satins and momic cloths, to be worn as skirts with basques, paniers, draperies, and trimmings of similar goods, striped or figured in bright colors, the threads shot into the fabric and forming the pattern being of silk of the brightest and most sharply contrasting tints. Yellow and red appear in all, or nearly all, these combinations, and yet these two pronounced colors are so admirably blended as not to produce startling or loud effects. In mixtures of all kinds, whether silk or all-wool goods, the variety is actually bewildering. There are frequently eight different bright colors, so combined and mingled in the weaving as to produce a solid effect of the quietest, soberest tone imaginable. The chameleon effects thus obtained are not startling or offensive, although pronounced. Some of the India cashmere and Chinese effects produced in mixtures of silk and wool exceed everything that has yet been produced in France in imitation of Indian ideas. The gray wool goods in mixtures present equally novel but more sober effects. For the skirts, are shown narrow stripes in chevron effects, to be worn under broken plaids and checks in gray mixtures. Plaid Jaquard is another genuine novelty, the large plaids being produced in a variety of novel and striking combinations of sharply contrasting colors, woven in a Jaquard loom, which, while they imitate the size and colors of tartans, are very unlike them. Broken blocks, squares, and dashes of color are interspersed in the midst of wool mixtures by threads of bright silk thrown in, the predominant colors being old gold, sapphire, and turquoise blues, cherry and other shades of red, and bright shades of green on dark brown, green, garnet, and blue and black grounds. These Jaquard plaids will be used only for trimming costumes. Velvet, plush, and satin, plain and in stripes, and with corduroy effects, will also be used for trimming dresses. In the plain velvets and satins for trimming purposes, and seen no less than one hundred and seven distinct shades of different colors, to each of which is its distinctive name is given.

**Fashions in Java.**

In an evening promenade the gentleman arrays himself in a dress suit and carries a cane, but he sallies forth bareheaded and makes you think some one has stolen his hat, until you learn the custom of the country. The ladies are likewise bareheaded, but they have their hair dressed rather elaborately, and there are unkind gossips who say that some of them have it so arranged that their maids can dress it in the ante-room while the owner is slumbering in the dormitory. The fashions of Europe prevail, but with a good many modifications. Dresses are generally worn without trains except at grand balls and other festivities, when the wardrobes vie with those of Paris or London. The morning array of the ladies is the oddest of all when viewed through foreign eyes, and it took me several days to comprehend that it was proper to gaze upon the fair creatures that were visible on the verandas or whom I encountered on the streets of Batavia or Buitenzorg. Their dress was the loose sarong, or native petticoat, which resembles an embroidered tablecloth gathered about the waist, and held in place by a knot tied in one corner and pushed inside the fold. Above this sarong there is a loose sack of white muslin coming well up on the neck and falling below the waist. As far as I am aware, these garments comprise the dress of the European lady in Java, or at any rate, they are the only ones visible. I must not forget the slippers that cover her unstocked feet, and when I add that her hair is hanging loose over her shoulders and her hands are innocent of gloves, I ask if it is any wonder that a bashful bachelor averts his eyes when he first meets dame or maiden in her morning walk.—*correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

**American Girls and Foreign Titles.**

Moncure D. Conway writes from Paris to the Cincinnati Commercial: "Some families that come here appear to be wild in their adoration of counts and countesses, lord and ladies (with a big L). Even as I write there is a poor American girl here who is crying out her eyes because fate, in the form of an old French mamma, has forbidden her the pleasure of enjoying this unhappy girl's large fortune. She no sooner saw the count than she was ready to throw all her father's money at his feet, and she was her father and her mother; the count also was willing to accept the sweet boon. But the old mother, a widowed countess, forbade the alliance; without her consent the marriage could not be solemnized in France, and if performed in any other country the son would forfeit all inheritance, including title, so far as the wife was concerned. The foolishness of American girls—the insane folly of being dubbed Lady This and Lady That—will probably never cease until their fathers and mothers become possessors of a little more good, hard republican sense than they now have. To sensible people there is more truth than poetry in what Eli Perkins says below: A few years ago Leonard Jerome's daughter married Lord Churchill, and Jerome settled \$10,000 a year on him to bind the bargain. That is, he gave Lord Churchill \$10,000 a year to room and travel with his daughter. Then Bennett and Belmont got the youthful Lord Mandeville over here, and filled him with Knickerbocker club wine, and he

was caught by the beautiful Miss Yznaga. Then Miss Steven's mother gave Capt. Paget, the son of Lord Paget, \$100,000 to room and travel with her daughter Minnie.

**High Art.**

"Well!" I cried, eagerly.

"You make that picture?"

"I did," I exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Henceforth the wife of your bosom, devote herself to the divine art. Is it not fine?"

"Very—very fine; but could you not have found a pleasanter subject than a battlefield? Although that group of Indians to the right there—"

"Indians?"

"Yes, in the corner. Very natural to be sure, but—"

"Indians! There are no Indians. That is a group of trees just tinted with the touch of autumn's finger."

"Oh, yes! to be sure! I see. Surely, I am growing near-sighted. A survey, yard scene. Very touching. And whose monument is that in the center?"

"Monument? Graveyard scene?"

"Yes. But is it not rather unusual to see camels grazing in a country churchyard?"

"Camels? Where do you see camels?"

"Why, here. I would not have believed you could have got them so natural. And those five graves all in a row. Quite a family shuffled off the mortal coil. But you are excited. This painting has been too much for you."

"It is too much for me. That beautiful rustic mill! A monument! And camels! You will kill me! They are cows! Don't you see they are cows? And those graves, as you call them, are moss-covered rocks. Such ignorance!"

"I beg your pardon, it is my poor eyes, and I see aright this time. That windmill is just the thing, but don't you think it should be nearer the mill? It's just a suggestion, you know. I may be wrong."

"You will make me desperate! A windmill! That lovely elm tree a windmill! Have you no touch of the divine genius in your soul? Have I encouraged this divine talent but to meet with scorn and sarcasm?"

"My dear Absinthie, draw it mild. I don't know much about the divine art, but you have done—yes, I will say it—better than I myself should under like circumstances. It really is a marvel, but knowing so little about it, it isn't strange if I mistake your effort for a battle or even a graveyard scene. It is a Swiss scene—the Alps. These glaciers are grand. But no; I must be wrong again, for surely you wouldn't put trees and cows on icebergs. No, my dear, it's all very pretty, but I give it up. What is it?"

"Oh, you miserable wretch! I've a great mind not to tell you. It's a beautiful New England farm scene. Any one could see. I'll never paint another picture! There!"

And one stroke of the brush ruined my painting forever, and I marched Amidab grimly from the room, slamming the door. What is my one talent?—*Lin Saxon in the Detroit Free Press.*

**The Earl and the Lion.**

Grant, in his Saxon history, tells us of an earl of Alsatia, surnamed, on account of his great strength, "Lion," who was a great favorite of Edward III., of England, and much envied, as favorites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some noblemen maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that if the earl was truly noble the lion would not touch him. It being customary with the earl to rise at the break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with more than a nightgown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion, bristling his hair and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl, not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peering out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his nightcap on the lion's back, came forth without casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, "let him among you all that standeth most upon his pedigree go and fetch my nightgown."

**The Greatest Attraction.**

Last night a young man took his sweetheart to the exposition with a cold-blooded determination. He showed her the dog show.

"This," said he, "is one of the best things in the exposition."

He conducted her to the place where beautiful Borneo Apollons hold forth.

"This," said he, "is one of the sights here which is very interesting."

He then explained the two great engines seen in the industrial part of the building.

He showed her the art gallery and that pretty picture in the press room which is called "Farewell to the Forest," and which every lady who sees it wishes to carry off.

"This picture," he explained, "exhibits a gem of female loveliness, and few things could be prettier. The greatest attraction I have reserved for the last. It is by far the most unique thing in the building." The young lady became very much interested as he led her up stairs and expatiated on the beauties of the unknown object.

Soon they stood before the large mirror, he gazed, and so did she. Then, with a cold-blooded explanation worthy of a better cause, he pointed into the mirror at the young lady's reflection and said: "That, I think is the boss attraction in the exposition."

"It is strange," she murmured, among her blushes, "that one glass should mirror both the greatest and the least attraction at the same time."  
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Rockland man read that one should endeavor to draw something useful from everything he saw, and nobly resolved to profit by the teaching. That night he essayed to draw a number of useful cord-wood sticks from his neighbor's woodpile, and got filled so full of rock salt out of a gun that he won't be able to taste anything fresh for the balance of his natural life.—*Rockland Courier.*

**THE FIGHT AT MILK RIVER.**

**An Officer's Graphic Account of the Battle With the Utes in Colorado—Fighting At Milk River.**

An officer belonging to the troops besieged by Indians on Milk River, Col., for six days before they were relieved by General Merritt's force gives this vivid account of the attack on Major Thornburgh, and the subsequent thrilling events in the beleaguered intrenchments: The field of battle was admirably chosen for defence by the Indians, and had it not been for Major Thornburgh's advance guard, commanded by Lieut. Cherry, discovering the ambush, the entire command would have been annihilated. He saw a small party of Indians disappear over a hill half a mile in front, and at once divided his party to reconnoiter, and only discovered them when he had flanked their position by about 100 yards. Lieut. Cherry rode back at full speed with one or two men who were with him, and notified Major Thornburgh, who had already begun to descend into the deep ravine which was intended to engulf the command. The Indians were dismounted, and lying down along the crest of the high, steep ridge for a hundred yards from the point where the deadly assault would have commenced. The troops were withdrawn a short distance, dismounted, and deployed in line of battle, with orders to await the attack of the Indians. Lieut. Cherry was here ordered by Thornburgh to take a detachment of fifteen picked men and make a reconnoissance and communicate if possible with the Indians, as it was thought that they only desired to oppose his approach to their agency, and would parley or have a big talk if they could be communicated with. Cherry moved out at a gallop with his men from the right flank, and noticed a like movement of about twenty Indians from the left of the Indian position. He approached to within a couple of hundred yards of the Indians and took off his hat and waved it, but the response was a shot fired at him, wounding a man of his party, and killing a horse. This was the first shot, and was instantly followed by a volley from the Indians.

The work had now begun in real earnest, and seeing the advantage of the position he held, Lieut. Cherry dismounted his detachment and deployed along the crest of the hills to prevent the Indians flanking his position, or to cover the retreat, if it was found necessary to retire upon the wagon train, which was then coming up slowly, guarded by Lieut. Paddock, Company D, Fifth Cavalry. Orders were sent to park the wagons and cover them with the company guarding them. The two companies in the advance were Capt. Payne's Company E, Fifth Cavalry, and Capt. Lawson's Company F, Third Cavalry, which were dismounted and deployed as skirmishers, Capt. Payne on the left and Capt. Lawson on the right. Lieut. Cherry's position he could see that the Indians were trying to cut him off from the wagons, and at once sent word to Major Thornburgh, who then withdrew the line slowly, keeping the Indians in check until opposite the point which his men held, when, seeing that the Indians were concentrating to cut off his retreat, Capt. Payne, with Company F, Fifth Cavalry, was ordered to charge the hill, which he did in gallant style, his horse being shot under him and several of his men wounded. The Indians having been driven from this point, the company was rallied on the wagon train. Major Thornburgh then gave orders to Lieut. Cherry to hold his position and cover Capt. Lawson's retreat, who was ordered to fall back slowly with the horses of his company. Cherry called for volunteers of twenty men, who responded promptly and fought with desperation. Their names will be given in a later dispatch, as nearly every man was wounded before he reached the camp. Two men were killed. Cherry brought every wounded man in with him. Capt. Lawson, the brave old veteran, displayed the greatest coolness and courage during this retreat, sending up ammunition to Cherry's men when, once, they were nearly without it. Major Thornburgh started back to the wagon train after giving his final orders to Capt. Payne to charge the hill and to Capt. Lawson and Lieut. Cherry to cover the retreat. He never had been shot dead when barely half way there, as his body was seen by one of Capt. Lawson's men, life extinct, lying on his face.

Captain Payne, then in command, at once set about having the wounded horses shot, to be used for breastworks, dismantling the wagons of boxes and bundles of bedding, corn and flour-sacks, which were quickly piled up for fortifications. Picks and shovels were used vigorously for digging intrenchments. Meantime, a galling fire was concentrated upon the command from all the surrounding bluffs which commanded the position. Not an Indian could be seen, but the incessant crash of their Sharps and Winchester rifles dealt fearful destruction among the horses and men. The groans of the dying and the agonizing cries of the wounded told what fearful havoc was being made among the determined and desperate command. Every man was bound to sell his life as dearly as possible. About this time a great danger was approaching at a frightfully rapid pace. The red fiends, at the beginning of the fight, had set fire to the dry grass and to the sagebrush, and it now came sweeping down toward us, the flakes leaping high into the air, and immense volumes of smoke rolling on to engulf us. It was a sight to make the stoutest heart quake, and the fiends were waiting, ready to give us a volley as soon as we were driven from our shelter. Now it reaches the flank, and blankets, blouses and empty sacks were freely used to extinguish the flames. Some of the wagons were set on fire, which required all the force possible to smother it. No water can be obtained, and the smoke is suffocating; but the fire passes, and we still hold our position. In the meantime a constant volley is poured upon us, Captain Payne being wounded for the second time, and Sergeant Dolan, of Company F, killed instantly. McKinstry and McKee are killed and many others wounded. Our greatest danger now is past. The men have now mostly covered themselves, but the poor horses and mules are constantly falling about us.

Just about sundown a charge was attempted, but was repulsed, the Indians trying to drive off some of our horses which had broken loose. The attack ceased at dark, and soon every man was at work enlarging the trenches, hauling out the dead horses, caring for the wounded and burying the dead. At daylight the attack was resumed, and the firing of the sharpshooters was kept up every day and occasionally at night, sending us to our pits in a scramble. A very fortunate thing for us was that the Indians left us unmolested at

night, with the exception of an occasional shot to make us scatter to our pits. We were able at great risk to haul off our dead animals every night, otherwise the stench would have been intolerable. A rally was made every night for water a distance of 200 yards from our intrenchments. Private Esser, of company F, was shot in the face while out with a party after water. The Indians were only a few yards away, and were driven off by a volley from the guard in the trenches. Our position, which was chosen hastily on the first day of the fight, was under a cross fire. All our horses and mules, except twelve of the latter, were killed. We sheltered them as best we could with wagons, but to no purpose.

Capt. Dodge and Lieut. Hughes, with Company D, Ninth Cavalry, came to our rescue on the fifth day at daylight, after a forced night's march of thirty-five miles, from Bear River. Cheer upon cheer rang the air when it was ascertained who were coming. A lull in the firing enabled them to come in and shelter their horses as well as possible. They took to the fortifications quickly, when the attack redoubled its fury. Had the heights been accessible, Capt. Dodge would have charged them with his company, while we covered them with our rifle-pits, but this was utterly impossible, the ascent being nearly perpendicular. All we could do during the day was to keep a good lookout from the loop-holes, and return the fire when any Indian showed his head. This, however, was a very rare occurrence, as the Indians have rifle-pits and loop-holes. Before dark every horse but three of Capt. Dodge's command had been shot down. General Merritt arrived with his column of relief the next day. The loss to the whites was eleven killed and forty-three wounded.

**Forests and Meteorology.**

An important paper in *Polybiblion* on this subject gives the result of observations made during the last six years under trees and not far from the edge of a forest, and also in the plain and far from all trees. 1. Forests intercept a quantity of meteoric waters which fall on the ground, and thus favor the growth of springs and of underground waters. 2. In a forest region the ground receives as much and more water under cover of the trees than the uncovered ground of regions with little or no wood. 3. The cover of the trees of a forest diminishes to a large degree the evaporation of the water received by the ground, and thus contributes to the maintenance of the moisture of the latter and to the regularity of the flow of water sources. 4. Forests intercept in a forest is much less unequal than in the open, although, on the whole, it may be a little lower; but the minima are there constantly higher, and the maxima lower than in regions not covered with wood. These observations have been made in the neighborhood of Nancy, and by the pupils of the school of Forestry of that city, under the direction of M. Mathieu, sub-director of the school. On the other hand, Mr. Fautrat, when sub-inspector of forests at Senlis, made during four years, but on a different method, observations on forest meteorology which fully and completely corroborate in certain respects those of Mr. Mathieu. The laws which seem to follow from the figures given by M. Fautrat, as well as an inspection of the curves which graphically represent them, are as follows: 1. It rains more abundantly, under identical circumstances, over forests than over non-wooded ground, and most abundantly over forests with trees in a green condition. 2. The degree of saturation of the air by moisture is greater above forests than over non-wooded ground, and much greater over masses of *Pinus sylvestris* than over masses of leaved species. 3. The leafage and branches of leaved trees intercept one-third, and those of resinous trees the half of the rain water, which afterward returns to the atmosphere by evaporation. On the other hand, these same leaves and branches restrain the evaporation of the water which reaches the ground, and that evaporation is nearly four times less under a mass of leaved forest than in the open, and two and one-third times only under a mass of pines. 4. The laws of the change of temperature out of and under wood are similar to those which result from the observations of M. Mathieu. The general conclusion seems to be that forests regulate the function of water, and exercise an effect of "moderation" and "equilibrium."  
—*London Times.*

**How Buffalo Bill Served a Writ.**

Buffalo Bill in his autobiography tells the following story of his official career in the far West:

"One morning a man came rushing up to my house and said he wanted a writ of replevin to recover possession of a horse which a stranger was taking out of the country. I had no blank forms, and had not yet received the statutes of Nebraska, to copy from, so I asked the man:

"Where is the fellow who has got your horse?"

"He is going up the road, and is about two miles away," he replied.

"Very well," said I, "I will get the writ ready in a minute or two."

"I saddled my horse, and then taking up my old reliable rifle, Lucretia, I said to the man: 'That's the best writ of replevin that I can think of; come along, and we'll get that horse or know the reason why.'"

"We soon overtook the stranger, who was driving a herd of horses, and as we came up to him I said:

"Hallo, sir, I am an officer, and have an attachment for that horse, and at the same time I pointed out the animal."

"Well, sir, what are you going to do about it?" he inquired.

"I propose to take you and the horse back to the post," said I.

"You can take the horse, but I haven't the time to return with you."

"You'll have to take the time, or pay the costs here and now," said I.

"How much are the costs?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Here's the money," said he, as he handed me the greenbacks. I then gave him a little friendly advice, and told him that he was released from custody. He went on his way a wiser and poorer man, while the owner of the horse and myself returned to the fort. I pocketed the twenty dollars, of course. Some people might think it was not a square way of doing business, but I didn't know any better just then. I had several little cases of this kind, and I became better posted on law in the course of time."

The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. No doubt it would live much longer if it didn't smoke so much.

**Managing Cattle on the Plains.**

The management of a vast herd of cattle upon the open plain is a difficult and hazardous feat. It requires both nerve and an intimate knowledge of cattle nature to ride into the midst of the thronging, pushing beasts, and single out those destined for the corral. Should a panic ensue, both horse and rider will be borne along before the resistless tide to certain destruction. A herd has been stampeded at the sight of a man dismounted from his horse. They regard the man and beast as a single creature, whose will dominates, and to see this being take himself apart is a little more than bovine nature can stand.

As a general thing, the animals are quite docile, and ready for the "round-up." Possibly they may look forward to it with some instinctive pleasure at the grand sight of their own numerical strength. Stand here with me upon this grassy knoll. Beneath us, at you three scrub oaks, is the station agreed upon. From three directions we may see long dotted skirmish lines growing from the little black bead-like spots in a row into moving dense. The lines rapidly become more dense, gathering up the leading, which stop grazing, look with wondering eyes a moment, and then, evidently having reflected, "Let's see, this is June, isn't it? They're rounding us up," obediently join the grand advance. Those knowing ones who have been under the brand may have some vague remembrance of its torture. The "Mavericks," as unclaimed cattle have been called, and the calves have yet to feel the terrible iron as it burns its way through the quivering cuticle.

It is an old Texan story, the origin of the name "Maverick," but perhaps it will bear transplanting to the East. A certain well-known "colony" of the name bought an island in one of the rivers, and stocked it with a few cattle, proposing to keep his animals where he could find them when he wanted beef or hides. Business entanglements claimed the worthy colony's attention, and in course of time he well-nigh forgot the island colony. Rounders began to find among their herds ancient bulls and cows, all quillions of owner's mark. They came to be counted by thousands, and it was finally discovered that they were runaways from Colonel Maverick's island. The old colony was informed by the herders of his good luck, and told, among other things, that some two thousand bulls were subject to his orders. The last thing recorded in connection with this legend is the colonel's excited speech upon this occasion: "For Heaven's sake, boys, go and help yourselves!" Thereafter, any animal found without a brand was called a "Maverick," and duly stamped with the finder's mark.—*Harper's Monthly.*

**The Heathen Chinese in New York.**

The first Chinese club-house in this city, writes a New York correspondent, was an old wooden building in Baxter street. A room was fitted up for the worship of Boodah, whose portrait and picture hung upon the walls. Before this a dirty lamp was burning, and the devotees came in from time to time and purchased tapers which were burned in their name. After lighting the taper the worshiper retired, having thus settled with the deity in a satisfactory manner. In the rear part of the building were a number of bunks, generally occupied by the opium smokers. Last year the old building was demolished and the club-house was removed two squares—into Mott street. The latter is the center of a wretched population, of which the Chinese form a leading element. They have, indeed, made Mott street their center, and as soon as one turns off from the heaving crowd of Chatham street, he meets the strange characters over the doorways, which form the Chinaman's signs. There is a Chinese grocery and other Chinese shops, but the strangest place is the club-room, which is on the main floor. The door opened in response to my touch, and I saw that the room was full of smoke, amid which were huddled a crowd of the heathen Chinese," while against the walls was a row of bunks, in each of which I beheld the horrid face of some opium smoker who was going through that paradise which is only the opening gate of hell. Such is the present condition of the club-room, which is equally used for worship and for drunkenness. The remainder of the house is occupied by females, who hold the Chinese in utter detestation, and one of them (a young girl whom I met in the hall) expressed her feelings in a very natural manner. "I hate them Chinese," said she, "cause they dance and make noise all night and we can't sleep. They gamble too and get fighting, and then they smoke something that comes from China and it makes 'em drunk."

**A Bloody Fight with Cats.**

Several mornings ago a boy or about fifteen years old, a nephew of Mr. Harrison's, an inmate of his family, went out to the barn to feed the horses. When he entered the loft he discovered two large cats lying on the straw asleep. Boy like, he took up a bundle of fodder and, creeping up, struck both of them at one blow. There was something of a disappointment in the result. The cats, instead of running away, sprang at the boy with a fury that startled him. Having nothing with which to defend himself he tumbled around while the cats squatted, clawed and bit him unmercifully. His cries did not bring assistance, and the boy sprang toward the ladder leaning against the rafters, and ascended to the roof of the house. The cats followed him, and, despite his efforts to keep them away, bit and clawed him frightfully. Realizing his ladder folly, he jumped down on the hay, the cats following him. By this time he was bleeding very freely, and his coat was almost torn in threads. Seizing one of the cats by the hind legs, he attempted to beat it to death against the wall, but the animal doubled around and began tearing his arm. Shaking it off, he ran to the ladder leaning down. The animals followed him. Just as he reached the ladder he discovered a monkey-wrench lying on the floor. Seizing it he turned, dealt the foremost cat a blow between the eyes, and before it could recover smashed its head. The other animal still fought with fury. With a heavy blow the boy stretched out the remaining cat, and beat out its brains. Catching the head and tail he managed to tuck them in an account of his battle.—(*Id.* to *Id.*) *Ark. Gazette.*

A colossal hotel is being completed opposite the new central station at Berlin. It will contain immense apartments, luxuriantly furnished and tastefully decorated, and 500 bedrooms, besides a theater, two chapels and a synagogue.