The Pittsburgh Gazette.

FACTORY SONG.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

The spindles whirl, the bobbins fill,
A little maid winds the thread,
Singing a song of somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred.
She sings aloud, for none can hear,
So noisily goes the mill,
Telling her secret to many an ear
And keeping her secret still.

The din to her has a goodly sound
Of a carpenter's hammer and saw,
And visions of rafters of cottage walls—
"Heave! heave! hurrah!"
Building a home for a married pair—
And somebody's name is Fred.
And somebody's wife is a factory girl
Spinning the slender thread.

O, never she doubts but somebody thinks
Of her as she thinks of him;
Knowing what day their cup of bliss
Will be full to its very brim.
So to and fro in the aisle she goes,
Light-hearted and light of tread,
Thinking how willingly she'll ever work
For the man whose name is Fred.

She doffs the bobbins, they fill again,
And so on all the day;
Then at sound of the bell the little maid
Trips down the stairs and away.
But whether by day or whether by night,
At work or asleep in bed,
Her spirit is singing of somebody,
And somebody's name is Fred.

EPHEMERIS.

—Jenny Lind is living at Hamburg.

—Canada wants a supreme court of her own.

—Joe Jefferson is Van Winkling Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Motley is a sister of the late Parke Benjamin.

—There are still 400 lines of stage coaches in America.

—*Temple Bar* thinks Tennyson is a poet of the third rank.

—Portland, Me., is to have drinking fountains in the streets.

—A statue is to be put up at Grenoble to Jouvin, the glove man.

—Gen. Jos. E. Johnston is a candidate for Mayor of Savannah.

—Oberlin, Ohio, doesn't allow traveling shows to exhibit there.

—Lake Bigler has been rechristened Tahoe by Western miners.

—Total abstinence doesn't agree with the constitution of the Czar.

—Ristori is at present about half way between France and Brazil.

—E. D. Bassett, U. S. Minister to Hayti, sails to-day for his post.

—Ice is manufactured in New Orleans and sold for one cent per pound.

—The New York *Express* believes in lay delegates in the persons of hens.

—An American proposes to start a hotel in London on the American plan.

—Gen. Dulce, Captain General of Cuba, is thought to be dying of cancer.

—The negro Methodist Conference ondemns the use of the nicotian weed.

—Madame Rachel, although beautiful forever, is to go to prison for five years.

—San Francisco papers of the 21st were in New York by ten o'clock on the 29th ult.

—Miss Anna Dickenson has a new lecture which she calls "Nothing Unreasonable."

—The latest fashionable wedding reports, describe the costume of the bride's father.

—An extensive stocking factory has been for some time in operation in Salem, Oregon.

—"With verdure clad" is and "wearing of the green" is not on the jubilee programme.

—General Beauregard is soon to be at Staten Island, where his inamorata is said to reside.

—Thomas Nast, the so-called American Doré, is worth $75,000, and is a director of a bank.

—A bold thief robbed the headquarters of the Metropolitan police in New York recently.

—The Bourbon Prince and the Cuban belle have been married again; this time by a priest.

—The paternal relative of the Hon. John Morrisey is about to visit the land of his nativity.

—An exchange thinks limbs of the law should be clothed in breaches of promise. We suggest leg-al habits.

—Junius Brutus Booth has bought a pleasant summer residence for his aged mother at Manchester, N. H.

—There is some talk of making Dickens a peer. If there is one thing could possibly make him a more thorough snob than he is, that is probably it.

—A Cincinnati Judge pulled out the beard of a Cincinnati dentist the other day in a Cincinnati beer hall.

—Wartel was recently presented with twenty-five thousand francs by his distinguished pupil, Christina Nielssen.

—Romero is anxious that the Mexican Congress shall authorize him to issue eighteen millions of paper currency.

—Bond Onion, aged 79, one of the brave men in the garrison at Fort McHenry when bombarded by the British, in 1814, died in Baltimore on Friday.

—Chairs of Celtic literature will probably be established at Cambridge University, England, and Trinity College, Dublin.

—The New York *World* calls the *Tribune* the "owl of the period" and a Cincinnati paper calls the *World* "the bat of the period."

—A daughter of Leverrier, the astronomer, has a voice, and it is said to be superior to that of any prima donna now on the stage.

—A newspaper called the *Irish Republic* has discovered that if the Irish had voted with Tammany, Grant would not have been elected.

—There is now some talk of confining Mrs. Dr. Walker in a lunatic asylum and providing her with an inexhaustible supply of trousers to make up.

—Ralph Meeker says that his years experience with the ballot will abolish petticoats forever." Make it "ballet," and it will take less time.—*Exchange.*

—The first prize of the grand yearly rifle shooting contest at Lucerne, Switzland, was won this year by a young woman.

—A forty thousand dollar clock has been finished for the Cathedral of Beauvais, that has ninety thousand wheels and gives the time in every capital of the world.

—Charles Lever revenges himself on Americans by saying they are wholly deficient in dignity, the nearest approach that they make to it being intense prosiness.

—A colored man stowed himself away in the hold of the steamer Rising Star at Aspinwall. She sailed to New York, and after eight days' confinement he was taken out almost starved to death.

—A new culvert, in course of construction in West Philadelphia, caved in on Saturday, burying two men under the dirt; one named Robert Hutchinson was killed and the other was badly injured.

—Among other things, Hon. B. F. Wade seems to be ubiquitous. The Philadelphia *Ledger* announces in one column that he is in Boston, and in another that he is in Philadelphia, stopping at the Continental.

—Wall street bulls are down on Boutwell and those "eminent bankers" who assured the Boston *Post* that gold would be up to two dollars before the first of June, now say they will have Boutwell out within two months.

—To-night and Thursday night Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will give a farewell concert and a farewell opera—"The Barber of Seville"—in Philadelphia. She sails during the month in the Ville de Paris, for Havre.

—Immense throngs of people visited Arlington cemetery on Saturday. The ceremonies and music were very impressive. Among the prominent persons present were the President, Secretaries Fish, Borie, Boutwell, Cresswell and Cox, Attorney General Hoar, and General Rawlins.

Ten Thousand Dollars' Worth of Orange Peel.

A man from the country invested five cents in the purchase of an orange, and preparatory to getting himself outside of it, threw the peel on the sidewalk. Soon after a young woman came along, slipped upon the peel and fell, breaking her leg. The woman was to be married the next day, but she wasn't. The man who was to marry her had come from St. Paul, Minn., and was obliged to return on account of business, to await the recovery of the girl. On his way back he unfortunately took a train on the Erie Railroad, which ran off the track, and his shoulder blade was broken, forcing him to stop at Dunkirk for repairs. The Travelers' Insurance Company, in which he was insured, had to pay $258 dollars in weekly installments before he recovered. On getting back to St. Paul he found that his forced absence had upset a business arrangement which he had expected to complete, at a pecuniary loss to him of $5,000. Meantime the injured girl suffered a relapse, which so enfeebled her health that the marriage was delayed, which had a bad effect upon the young man, and he finally broke the engagement and married a widow in Minnesota with four small children. This so worked upon the mind of the girl that she is now in the insane hospital in Middletown. Her father, enraged by the conduct of the young man, brought a suit for breach of promise, and has just recovered $10,000. The anxiety and expense of the whole affair thus far has been enormous, as anybody can see. Similar cases are likely to occur so long as people will persist in throwing orange peel around loose.—*Hartford Courant.*

How to Tell Good Meat.

In the June *Galaxy* Dr. Draper describes the proper preparation of animal food for the table. He says that ox beef when bought should be of fine grain, the flesh bright red and firm, the fat white and distributed through the lean. Bull beef should never be used, and heifer beef is inferior. Veal should be dry and close grained; mutton clear deep pink, with fat. Wether mutton is most nutritious and finer flavored as it is darker colored. A small mass of fat on the upper part of the leg marks the best. Pork should be pale and very firm. Bright eyes and supple feet are the marks of fresh birds and poultry. Fresh fish have bright eyes also, fine red gills and a stiff body. They ought to be kept and sold alive. When meats are to be boiled, the water should boil before the meat is introduced. Baked beef is not like roasted: A tin roaster, to fit before the fire, should always be employed. The exterior coating on the meat secured thus prevents the escape of the flavorous portions, without toughening. The cooking after this coating is secured should be slow. The article is quite learned, and in other points makes this in favor of Banting, that there is no reason why we should not fatten or reduce a human being as we would one of the lower animals.

MICROSCOPES, of a high power, have been purchased in many of the public schools of New York city, by means of weekly penny contributions for "peeps" made by the scholars. The pupils and teachers, it is stated, exhibit a growing taste for the study of natural and scientific subjects. One of the superintendents of the Public Schools has been engaged in promoting these studies, and during the last seven months has distributed ninety-five lenses and twelve compound lenses, which were paid for in the way mentioned. The Microscopical Society, of New York, on being informed of these facts, promised to furnish to the schools a handsome number of mounted "objects" from the duplicates.

A FARMER residing in one of the townships east of Zanesville, in the year 1867 harvested about two thousand bushels of wheat, for which he was offered, in the fall of that year, $2,50 per bushel. This he refused, thinking the price would advance, which it did not. Last fall he refused $2,00 a bushel for the grain, and now could not sell it for more than $1,25, with a very fine prospect of being still lower.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

Tragedy on the Plains.

The following communication has all the semblance of a truthful narrative, and we give it for what it is worth. It comes to us by mail with an apparently reliable name attached, but the writer is not known to us:

PHIL. SHERIDAN, KANSAS, May 20, 1869.

About the first of March, four young men arrived here from the East, named respectively, J. G. Doran, of Steubenville, Ohio; R. T. Smith, of Cincinnati; J. W. Shryock, of Johnstown, and F. W. Head, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. After stopping here some six weeks, they fitted themselves out with horses and the necessary equipments for a trip through to New and Old Mexico.

They left here about the 15th of April, with the above object in view. On the first of May, while in the vicinity of Antelope Hills, they were attacked by a small body of Cheyennes, about twenty in number. The party stood their ground, fighting bravely. After several shots had been fired, Smith received an arrow in the left breast, and was the first to fall. Head fell next pierced with seven arrows. Doran received a wound in the right shoulder. Shryock received an arrow in the left arm and one in the right side, but kept up his firing until he received one in the breast, when he dropped his gun and fell from his horse. Doran, seeing how useless it would be to contend against such superior numbers, surrendered himself.

The Indians gathered about their victims, shouting and dancing with savage delight. They took their scalps, and taunted Doran by slapping him in the face with them. The Indians did not escape unhurt. Seven of their number bit the dust, and three were wounded. They threatened their prisoner's life, and taunted him by brandishing their knives and tomahaws in close proximity to his head. He being of a cool and undaunted nature, gave but little heed to their threats. After disposing of their dead they took up their line of march, and traveled west about ten miles, where they encamped for the night. They prepared their suppers, and ate without providing for their prisoner.

Doran, knowing that he would receive harsh treatment as long as he remained in their hands, set about conjuring a plan of escape. Having on his persen a pocket case of medicines, among which was a couple of vials of tincture of opium, he conceived the idea of drugging some brandy, of which he had a quart in his possession. Watching his opportunity he succeeded in accomplishing his object, and, turning to his captors, he raised the bottle to his mouth, pretending to drink. One of them, seeing it, rushed forward and snatched it from his hands, and, raising it to his lips, drank. After taking a draught he passed it to the next, and it passed around the entire circle.

As he expected, it worked like a charm. In a short time they all began to feel drowsy. Placing two over the prisoner for a guard, the rest wrapped themselves in their blankets and give themselves up to sleep. The drug was too powerful for the guards, and in a few minutes, like their comrades, they too were in a sound sleep. Doran, seeing the opportunity, armed and helped himself to what there was to eat, and mounting his horse, rode away in a westerly direction. About daylight he reached Medicine Bluffs, a point where the Government is establishing a new military post. Leaving there, he reached here in safety on the 18th of this month, and took the train for the East.

It was from him I learned the above facts. He is unacquainted with the address of any of the parties' friends except one. Thinking it might be interesting to some of your readers, and be the means of informing the parents of the sad fate of their sons, I have recorded the above facts.

The young men were all of good moral character, and during their stay here formed some pleasant acquaintances, who held them in high esteem, and deeply sympathize with their friends.

Refused to Get His Life Insured.

A certain Dutchman, owner of a small house, had effected an insurance on it of £800, although it had been built for much less. The house got burned down, and the Dutchman then claimed the full amount for which it had been insured; but the officers of the company refused to pay more than its actual value—about £600. He expressed his dissatisfaction in powerful broken English, interlarding his remarks with some choice Teutonic oaths. "If you wish it," said the actuary of the insurance company, "we will build you a house larger and better than the one burned down, as we are positive it can be done for even less than £600." To this proposition the Dutchman objected, and at last was compelled to take the £600. Some weeks after he had received the money he was called on by the same agent, who wanted him to take out a policy of life insurance on himself or on his wife. "If you insure your wife's life for £2,000," the agent said, "and she should die, you would have the sum to solace your heart." "You 'surance fellows ish all liefs!" said the Dutchman. "If I insure my vife, and my vife dies, and it I goes to the office to get my £2,000, do I gits all de money? No, not quite. You will say to me, 'She vasn't vert £2,000; she vas vert 'bout £600. If you don't like de £600 we will give you a bigger and better vife!'"

INDIANAPOLIS has a Sunday law which was put in force last Sunday against the liquor dealers. They accordingly shut up their shops, but, by way of revenge, went through the city taking notes. On Monday morning following they made affidavits for the arrest of all the livery stable keepers, all the members and employes of the street railway companies, all the editors, writers, reporters, and compositors of all the daily newspapers, and everybody else who could be charged with breaking the Sabbath by doing business on Sunday. The preachers seem to have been the only class of Sunday-workers who were not accused of violating the law.

SOME little time since a young gentleman of serious turn, but scarcely *au fait* in the matter of literature, called at a bookstore in the city of Syracuse to make a purchase. After taking a deliberate and satisfactory survey of the well-stocked shelves, he beckoned to a clerk, and pointing to a volume before them, remark: "I've looked over all your books, but don't see anything I care to buy unless it be that book on hoy games, which I think would suit." The volume proved to be "Hoyle on Games."