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The Daffodils.

Down by the woodside, warm and low,
Their happy lives they spend;
Beside them the waters leap and flow,
Above them the tall trees bend.

Around them the minstrel blackbird sings,
The thrush calls loudly near,
And they reared their golden crowns like kings—
The fairest and first of the year.

The waves run bright with a sunny flow,
All down through the hazel bowers;
Sweetly and softly they sing as they flow,
A song they have learnt from the flowers.

Summer comes on with her plenteous gifts—
White roses and harebells blue—
And the stately crimson foxglove lifts
His head where the daffodils grew.

The earth is a fair and flowery realm,
And the west wind whispers low
Through the heavy boughs of the thick-leaved elm,
And down by the waters flow—

Down by the brook that all day long
Glimmers under the alder bowers;
But it singeth not now the old sweet song
That it learnt from the golden flowers.

The days of summer run brightly by,
But the waves have a sad refrain,
Which cannot be still'd, nor the place be fill'd,
Till the daffodils blossom again.

The Sisters.

Three bonny maidens went out on a day,
While the summer sun was shining—
Janet and Annie and Margery Gray;
None were fairer, I ween, than they,
As forth that morn they took their way,
While the summer sun was shining.

Through the blooming gorse, by the dancing brook,
While the summer sun was shining,
Laughing and sporting, their way they took,
Now stooping for flowers, now loitering to look
For honey stored in the wild bees' nook,
While the summer sun was shining.

Up by the side of the hill they climb,
While the summer sun is shining,
Till they hear the bells of St. Agnes chime,
And they stop, for they know 'tis the holy time
When the nuns are singing their hymns sublime,
While the summer sun is shining.

Annie grew weary, and waited to rest,
While the summer sun was shining,
Where the church-yard graves with flowers were dressed,
And she laid her down where the shadow blessed
Of the chancel cross fell over her breast,
While the summer sun was shining.

Janet and Margery roved where they list,
While the summer sun was shining,
The day wore on, and the way they missed;
They met the young lord with his falcon on fist,
He stooped from the saddle and Janet he kissed,
While the summer sun was shining.

Janet is gone with Lord Hugh to his tower,
While the summer sun is shining;
Margery hied back again to her bower
In the peaceful vale ere the evening hour,
And there she lingered, a lonely flower,
While the summer sun was shining.

My Lady Janet rides gayly dressed,
While the summer sun is shining;
Annie sleeps sweet with the cross o'er her breast;
Margery dwells in her bower at rest—
One rich, one patient, and one with the blessed,
While the summer sun is shining.

WHAT I SAW FROM MY WINDOW.

It was a strange scene—and yet there was nothing startling about it. I could not tell why my eyes were riveted to the spot. Probably, I said to myself, it can only be accounted for by some occult pyschological reason, and I will simply watch, and endeavor not to wonder. My library is situated in the third-story back-room of an ordinary-built house in the neighborhood of the Heights, and it is there I spend hour after hour in work and study—sometimes, as the light fades from the sky, drawing near the window with my book or writing, and semi-occasionally glancing at the backs of the houses opposite. The house whose garden joins ours has always been an object of interest to me, ever since I moved into the neighborhood, on account of an old gentleman who was to be seen in his library at almost any hour of the day. He seemed to be an indefatigable worker, and was generally at his post long before I was. This old gentleman grew to be very entertaining to me, and I came to miss him very much when for any reason he was absent from his library. The time above alluded to was early in the evening in the latter part of February. My neighbor had gone from bookcase to bookcase, and drawer to drawer, arranging and putting away, and at last I noticed or thought I saw him lock the drawers of his desk and put the key in his pocket. Soon after I heard the ring of their tea-bell, and watched until the old gentleman walked slowly out of the room. What was the reason that even then I could not withdraw my gaze? There was nothing particular inviting about the apartment, now that its occupant had gone, but still I could not help looking. The gas was burning very dimly, and I could just make out the different articles of furniture, assisted a little by the light of a very pleasant grate fire. As I watched, a figure clad in white came swiftly in at a door at the right. A cold, nervous tremor took full possession of me. Not that I felt there was anything supernatural about the vision. I knew better—for I immediately recognized the form and dress of a lady I had noticed in the garden only an hour or two before; but I did not know that her presence in that room at that particular time meant mischief and woe unutterable. I know that her feet made no noise as she moved hastily about, going over exactly the same ground which the old gentleman had traveled only a few moments previous.

Drawer after drawer she ransacked—lifting lids, examining pigeon-holes; and finally, after a second spent in looking over the contents of the old gentleman's desk, I saw her grasp what appeared to me to be a small box or casket, close and lock the drawer, and then waving her hands aloft, with a singularly triumphant gesture, hurry from the room. That this young woman had been guilty of theft I was perfectly aware; also, I felt sure that she was some relative of the proprietor of the mansion; and more than all did I realize that the fearful consequences of this work would react upon an innocent and formerly highly esteemed member of the household. How did I know this? Perhaps I reasoned from cause and effect without really being aware that such was the case. Perhaps, having been let to see this strange performance, I was peculiarly acted upon as to the result. However that might be, it seemed that the troubled future of that family was thoroughly daguerreotyped upon my heart. After a while the old gentleman entered the library, followed by an elderly lady I took to be his wife; then a young gentleman—I had often noticed him before—and last of all the lady in white, with a wide scarlet sash and neck-ribbon. Soon after a young woman, whom I had also often seen in the garden, apparently the governess, as she always had a little curly-headed boy by her side, entered, leading the urchin; for the sole purpose, it would seem, of bidding them all good-night. The old gentleman took him in his arms and caressed him for a while, and after a short frolic with each one he was led off by his governess. Then the young gentleman drew the shades and I saw no more that night. It was some time before I could sufficiently banish the occurrence to sleep, and the first thought upon waking the next morning was the strange scene of the previous evening. My first glance at my neighbor's library was sufficient to assure me that the theft was discovered. The old gentleman, with his hands clasped behind him, paced slowly up and down the apartment. His wife, assisted by the young woman who had ransacked every nook and corner the night before, went through the farce of examination. The old man was evidently too grieved and stunned to join in the search. During the forenoon the young governess entered, having to all appearance been sent for, for the purpose of questioning. For a moment she stood, it appeared to me, in silent wonderment; then advanced quickly to the centre of the room and confronted the old gentleman. The little boy ran into the library, and caught her by the hand. The owner of the white robe—this morning she was dressed in a white merino wrapper, faced with cherry, and cherry trimmings—arose from her chair by the library table, and with an imperious gesture, perfectly observable from my distance even, drew the child away from the side of his companion. Then the poor girl hid her face in her handkerchief, and left the room. It was plain then as the sun at mid-day. *The governess had been accused of the theft.*

What was my duty in the premises? When I took into consideration that I had not heard a word spoken, did not even know what had been stolen, and had only the pictures of the different scenes to rely on for proof, my position was a very peculiar one, to say the least.

It was certainly a very delicate business to call at that strange house, and describe to the proprietor what I had seen. All day long I wondered what course it was best to pursue—all the while so utterly uncomfortable that work of any description was quite out of the question. Just at evening I was summoned to the parlor to meet a gentleman friend. I noticed immediately that he was in great agitation.

"I called," said he, "in behalf of a young lady friend of mine who is in great trouble. She has neither relatives or acquaintances in the city. Can you—will you give her shelter for a few days until this storm of abuse blows over, and she can again hold up her poor head?"

My thoughts immediately flew to the house of my neighbor, and I asked—"Does she live over here?" pointing in the direction. "And is she the victim of a terrible accusation? Charged with stealing, isn't she?"

"Good heavens! yes," he replied. "How did you know? I hadn't the slightest idea that it had got to be common talk. I am afraid it will kill her!"

"I have not heard a syllable," I answered; "not one. I have simply guessed, that's all; and I *know* she is innocent, and perhaps, my boy, I can help prove it."

"God grant it!" said he fervently. "But how did you suspect? Who could have hinted at such a thing?"

"I tell you again that I have not heard a word—no one has hinted. Go for your friend, and I will do all that lies in my power to comfort and help her."

An hour after Miss Hastings—for that was the name of the governess—sat in my room, the most abject picture of misery I ever looked upon in my life. Her eyes were swollen with weeping; and when I welcomed her to my home, and assured her of sympathy and love, it seemed as if the child's heart would break.

"Oh," she sobbed, I had such a pleasant home until *she* came. Old Mr. Demming was so kind to me, and so thoughtful of me; and Mrs. Demming, too, did everything in the world that woman could do for my comfort; and, then, my darling little Fred, and his papa. And now, just to think they all think me a thief! and I have loved them so! Merciful Father, how could they!"

By degrees I succeeded in getting at the whole story.

Little Fred was Mr. Demming's grandson; and little Fred's papa was a widower, and Miss Hastings was employed to take exclusive charge of the widower's little son.

"But who is *she?*" I asked, with a shudder. "The woman who always dresses in white, with cherry-scarlet trimmings?"

"Then you have seen her?" she inquired, looking up quickly.

"Yes, I have seen her. What relation is she to the Demmings?"

"Mr. Demming is her great-uncle, and has had the care of her education. She has been in Europe for the last three years, traveling with a distinguised professor and his wife. It seems that Mr. Demming has had charge of some jewels which were left in trust for her until she should become of age. The day of her arrival he brought them home from the safe at the office, to see how she would like the jewels reset, intending to have them ready for her at the expiration of the time, which was only three months. For the last two days they have been consulting about it, apparently unable to come to any decision. I was called on yesterday to give my opinion, and when told what they desired of me, this is what Mr. Demming said: 'Now, let's hear what little Lottie suggests.' He always called me 'little Lottie' from the moment of my entering the house. I laughed, and said: 'Little Lottie thinks that if she owned these jewels she should be very careful how she let them lie round the house long.'

"'That's so,' said grandpa Demming. 'But I have got a little tuck-away corner where they are safe enough in the daytime; of course, I don't leave them down here nights.'

"That's all I know about it," continued the poor child, with a fresh burst of tears. "We talked a little about the settings, and this morning I was told that the diamonds were gone."

"Where were you," I asked, "while the family were at tea?"

"I was at tea, also," she replied. "One of our servants was quite ill, and I went down long before it was time for the tea bell to ring and toasted some bread. Then Mrs. Demming had a lame wrist, and she asked me to pour the tea."

"Did you leave the dining-room," I inquired, "for any reason, during the tea hour?"

"Not for a moment."

"What dress did you wear last evening?"

"This one," she replied, glancing down at her dark alpaca and bursting into tears.

"What is the name of this niece?"

"Clara Mason."

"And you are sure those were her jewels?"

"Positive."

What would induce a woman to steal her own property, I wondered. There might be, I thought, some desperate reason for obtaining possession of it before the specified time. Some lover in the case it might be—or some debt, or crime, which she must cancel or have exposed. Just then Mr. Cleaveland and young Mr. Dumming were announced.

"I can *not* see him," groaned the heart-broken child. "I can *not* see him."

But I knew it was best she should; and so I invited them at our private sitting-room. I found that the grief was not all hers. The young man's face bore traces of deep suffering, and it was with the utmost effort that he could keep from breaking down as he greeted her.

"Lottie," said he, "you know I do not believe this horrid story. I know you as well as you know yourself. Father don't believe it either; but of course he doesn't know what to do with Clara's story."

"What *is* her story?" I inquired.

"Oh," he replied, wearily, "Clara swears that last evening about nine o'clock, as she was passing along the hall on her way to her room, the hall-door stealthily opened, and that Lottie crept in, covered with her waterproof, although the night was very fair—and that she, Clara, stepped back into a passage-way, and as she did so, Lottie removed her wrappings, and said in a hoarse whisper—'Thank Heaven! no one has seen me.'"

"Were you out last evening?" I inquired of the terror-striken girl.

"No," she moaned. "I remained in Fred's room until he fell asleep, and then I read till late, expecting to have a chance of bidding Mr. Dumming good-night." Here the child blushed to the roots of her hair, and the whole story was told.

"Could Clara have manufactured this terrible story, or did she see some one enter and imagine it was Lottie? It seems to me this terrible suspense will kill me," said poor Demming.

"If you will come with me—both of you—round to your house, Mr. Demming, I think I can not only exonerate this little girl here, but can place the crime where it belongs. In other words, my dear sir, I know who stole those jewels."

Had I weighed the probable effect of my words before I uttered them, I should not have been so abrupt; for Lottie tipped over as dead as a log on the sofa, and Mr. Demming, in his right and relief, came mighty near tipping in the same manner.

An hour after, we entered the Demming mansion. Lottie was now calm and self-possessed, while my coward heart seemed inclined to walk quite out of its surroundings.

We were shown into the front parlor. The old gentleman entered.

"Father, I have brought Lottie round," said the young man; "and I am going to have her skirts cleared from this horrible suspicion before another fifteen minutes rolls over my head."

"God grant it!" ejaculated the venerable gentleman, fervently. "Poor little Lottie," he continued, "we have all loved her so dearly from the beginning. We must clear her—of course we must. Don't cry, little girl," as she again broke down under his caressing language. It was evident that the governess had made for herself a very warm and tender nest in the old man's heart.

"Father," said the young man, "this lady Mrs. ——, has decided information in regard to our trouble. Ma and Clara are in the library—let's go in there."

He led the way, and we all followed, the old man bringing up the rear.

"Fred tells me," said the latter, "that this lady"—pointing to me—"has something to say on the subject under discussion."

Mr. Demming couldn't help being parliamentary even at this critical time.

"Was the bag containing the jewels in this desk?" I asked, placing my hand on the article of furniture.

"It was," replied Mr. Demming.

"Did any of the members of your family know exactly where you *did* keep them?"

"No," he answered. "I never would lock them up until everybody had left the room."

That accounted for the rummaging."

"This is all I have to say," I continued. "Last evening, at precisely half-past six, I saw a lady dressed in white, with a scarlet sash and neck-ribbon, enter this apartment, open the different drawers and doors of these bookcases, and then——"

"You lie!" screamed the girl in white. "You lie! you lie! You know you lie! you bad woman—you fiend in human shape!"

"And then," I continued I saw her open this desk, search it awhile, and finally take out a bag which she held aloft for a moment, and then run out of the room."

"You—you—you"—said the culprit, trying to reach the place where I sat. Her uncle caught her in his arms and laid her on the sofa in a perfect paroxysm of rage and despair.

They remembered that Clara was ten minutes late at the tea table; and one part of the story fitted into the other so perfectly, that there was not the slighest loop-hole for her to crawl out of.

Lottie did not go back with me. I left her with little Fred in her lap, Grandpa Demming beside her, and little Fred's pa at her feet, and the old lady hovering near. I have an invitation to a wedding next week.

It was found out afterwards that Clara Mason stole the jewels, as I suspected, to enrich her lover, who was, of course, a scamp.

An Amsterdam Laundry.

At the top of a substantial Dutchman's house, both in town and country' is invariably to be found a spacious laundry, extending, in fact, over the whole area of the house. In this the linen is stored in presses, and the clothing of the past season, winter or summer, all duly turned inside out, hangs on pegs all about. Here, twice a year, Merouw holds her grand saturnalia. Without doubt, the most important item in a Dutch girl's dowry is her linen. The quantity she thinks necessary for her own person and the use of the household is enormous. But then it should be known that she "washes" (the linen, of course,) but twice in the year. Cuffs, collars, and muslins, she says, must be washed often; but all other things are flung, for a time, into huge buck-baskets, big enough for half a dozen Falstaff's to hide in; indeed, these are astounding baskets, and when full will weigh four or five hundred weight. Every house has a block and pulley firmly fixed to the ornamented coping of the roof, which, indeed, is purposely constructed to carry this useful machine, and forms a notable feature in the architecture of all the Dutch houses; and by means of the block these huge baskets are readily lifted to and from the laundry, and furniture and heavy articles of any kind to the other stories through the windows. A visitor for the first time may see with amused bewilderment that particularly lumbering trunk of his wife's, which has been the despair of railway porters throughout his journey, whipped up by invisible hands to a height of sixty or seventy feet in no time, and disappear through a bedroom window. Clothes are simply rough-washed in the country, and when sent back all the females in the house set to work for a good fortnight to iron and mangle, starch and crimp; and you may be sure that every bit of clothing a Dutch young lady of the middle classes is wearing has thus been got up by her own fair hands. The original outlay of linen is no doubt large, but the cheap mode of washing pays good interest for the money.

THE SHAD.—Contrary to the idea entertained by some persons that shad live but one year, Seth Green expresses the belief that they do not get growth sooner than three or four years. He says: "In the month of June I have hatched shad on the Hudson River, and in the same month I have caught young shad five inches long, and I have kept the young shad of my hatching six weeks, and they were one and one-quarter inches long and not larger round than a darning-needle. My theory is, the five-inch shad is the one year old, and stays in the river, or near its mouth, the first year, and comes up the river with the old shad in the Spring. They certainly were not hatched that Spring. When I first saw them I supposed they were a distinct species of fish, belonging to the shad family, and never got any larger. I opened a number of them and found no spawn in them. Then I made up my mind that they were one-year-old shad." And then he propounds to old river fishermen who urge different views two questions, viz: First, Did they ever catch a shad that had spawned? and second, If so, how they knew she was not on her way back to the sea?

A LARGE MARKET.—An extensive building is in progress of erection in New York for market purposes, which will, when finished, be the largest market house in the city. It is to cover the entire block bounded by Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets, and Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues; and its dimension are to be eight hundred feet in length, by two hundred in breadth. In order to obtain firm foundation for the building, it was necessary to dig a ditch fifteen feet deep around the centre square, and to drive piles in many places. The roof-rafters, cross-beams, and columns are to be of iron, and the architecture of the building is to be unique and ornamented. A force of one hundred and twenty workmen are already at work laying the foundation, and this number will probably be increased as soon as practicable. The work is being carried on by a joint stock company under the name of the "Manhattan Market Company."

THE ANNUAL TALE of true love long baffled, at last triumphant, comes from Cincinnati. The young lovers torn apart by parental hatred, became insane, and were severally confined in lunatic asylums, one at Columbus, the other at Longview. The former institution was burned and the young man transferred to the other, where by chance the lovers met one day and flew to each other's arms. The parents' hearts melted, the long withheld consent was given, reason resumed her throne, and now the most "heavenly" couple in the State are the long-sundered, chance-united, ex-maniac lovers.

Grey and Brown are the two most fashionable colors worn this season.

The Early Days of Petroleum.

H. E. Colton writes in the *American Agriculturist*, concerning the petroleum region in Pennsylvania:

Professor Silliman, of Yale College, was the first President of an oil company. On the 28th day of August, 1859, the first vein of oil was struck. The well, at a depth of about sixty feet, yielded 400 gallons per day. From this beginning slowly came up the great business, until it reached the wild whirl of excitement and speculation in 1863-64. Fortunes were made and lost in a day; thousands of gallons of oil ran to waste, and hundreds of thousands were sold for less than the cost of production. The mystical Johnny Steele flourished around New York hotels and bar-rooms with his income of thousands per day; companies were gotten up with par shares from 50 cents to $5; servant girls invested their all, hoping soon to be able to ride in their carriages and live in brown stone mansions. Never since the days of Law's great Mississippi bubble had the world seen anything equal to it. Unfortunately, this wild mania is too recently and painfully prominent with many of our readers. Many—hard-working men—invested their all in an engine and lease, to work for days and weeks only to find nothing, and sit down penniless and despondent, fully and completely "busted."

The number of the wells is legion, and the most condensed history of them would fill a large volume. On January 1, 1869, there were 1,186 producing wells in Pennsylvania, and their average product was 11 2-3 bbls. per day. Then there are many in Canada, Ohio, and West Virginia. There is some attention being turned to the deposits in South America. The whole daily product of crude petroleum cannot be far from 18,000 bbls., of 40 gallons each. Some of the wells have produced enormously, even over 4,000 bbls. per day. The oil has sold as low as 20 cents per barrel, and as high as $10. It is transported to the railroad in pipes laid under ground, and put into gauged tanks; 40 gallons is a barrel.

In the early days it was floating down Oil Creek and its tributaries in flat-boats. The custom was to pond up the water, and, when all the boats were ready, cut away the dams, thus floating them on the freshet to the mouth of Oil Creek. As may be imagined, there were frequent accidents and the wildest excitement. As much as 50,000 bbls. of petroleum have been known to be thrown out on the waters of the creek and rivers from the bursting barrels and crushed-up flats in a "jam."

Breaking a Trout Blockade.

A Nevada correspondent writes: The citizens of Reno have for a long time been indulging in very watchful feelings against the Indians and Rev. Mr. Balcome, the Missionary Baptist Indian agent, on account of their having built a dam across the Truckee, between Wadsworth and Pyramid Lake, which prevents the trout from ascending the river, and a few days since they undertook to remove the obstruction. The citizens raised $100 by subscription, which they gave to a man to go down and blow up the dam with giant powder. The charge used was five pounds of the powder, and the explosion is described as having been terrific. The charge of giant powder was sunk on the upper side of the dam, and when the explosion took place a column of mud and water was thrown up to the hight of nearly a hundred feet, long pine trees that had floated down the river and lodged against the dam, were lifted several feet into the air and rained down everywhere. The man who fired the charge had screened himself behind a big cotton-wood tree, and down among the limbs of this tree came crashing a rock of fifty pounds weight, causing him to do some lively dodging, as he was in doubt as to which side of the tree the rock would come down. The dam was totally destroyed, and doubtless great numbers of fish killed, but the man who bossed the "blow-up" did not stop to look for fish. He traveled from that vicinity at a lively pace, as he expected the Indians to take his trial as soon as they discovered what he had done. The blowing up of the dam gave free passage up the river to the trout, and there is now some fishing as high up as Reno, but I was told that Balcome and the Indians are at work putting in another dam. In case no fish-way is left in this dam, the people of Reno will send down a party of forty or fifty men to blow it up. They will also endeavor to make Mr. Balcome and the Indians understand that no such dam will be allowed to be built across the river. The Indians have been taking trout by the ton at the dam. The Renoites say that in case the dam is allowed to stand, and the trout are prevented from ascending the river to spawn, there will not be a dozen fish left in either the river or lake in three years.

Very Hard on the Old Gent.

A widower 65 years of age, living in Ohio, has a family of seven children and a fortune of $50,000. Three of the children are sons grown to manhood. The old gentleman having lived for some time single, and being still stalwart and hearty, desired to experience once more that wedded felicity he once knew. He paid attentions to a lady living in the neighborhood in so serious a manner as to lead to the supposition that he intended to marry her. To this the family objected, and the anger of the sons became so excessive that they threatened violence to the aged author of their being, and watched carefully the office of the probate judge to see that he did not steal a march on them by obtaining a license.

The old gentleman, with perseverence, got a license, and was married by a squire of the township. But upon going home with his wife, the sons met him at the door, collared him and used him otherwise roughly, and refused him admission.

Their conduct was so violent, that he concluded to yield temporarily, and went and stayed at a neighbor's. The next day he swore out a warrant against them, and they were brought before a magistrate, who bound them over to keep the peace. While at the place of trial, they could scarcely be kept from assaulting the old gentleman in the very purlieus of the court. No further steps have been taken yet.

SINGING.—Singing in the family adds greatly to the interests of devotional exercises, especially among children. It makes the family altar and home circle a pleasant place. The influences of vocal music of a social character have always been very happy indeed. Show us the family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song, and we will show you one, in almost every instance, where peace, harmony and love prevail, and where the greater vices have no abiding place.

SALE OF IMPORTED CATTLE.—At a sale of imported cattle in Philadelphia, heifers sold at prices ranging from $425 to $275. A three-year-old cow brought $430. The whole lot, 19 in number, was sold, the bidding being very spirited. A Guernsey cow sold for $520, another for $390, and another, bought by Mr. Winsor of Connecticut, for $310. Pigs and boars from the Prince Chusort's show at Windsor, England, sold from $50 to $60. Several ponies and fancy dogs brought good prices.

A Strange Case.

Judge Scudder, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, at New Brunswick, had before him one of the most extraordinary cases that the annals of crime in New Jersey have ever borne on record. Mr. Theodore Willetts, proprietor of the Brooklyn Opera House, and Mrs. Anna M. Yates, a lady of wealth, beauty, and high social standing, appeared in court as prisoners charged with subordination of murder. They were brought from the jail upon a motion by their counsel, Mr. Strong, for their release upon bail.

The person upon whose affidavit they were arrested is James Baxter, who during last year was employed as a sort of valet by Mr. Samuel Whitehead, a respected and wealthy citizen of Washington, N. J. Mr. Whitehead is the father of Mrs. Yates, and the father-in-law of Mr. Willetts. Baxter's affidavit, made, he says, under the promptings of his conscience and the apprehension of death, states, that on or about the first of July, 1870, Mr. Willetts, Mrs. Willetts, and Mrs. Yates offered him $1,000 and a home for the remainder of his life if he would serve them by killing his employer. They suggested that he should "get the old man drunk" and burn the house with Mr. Whitehead in it. Their reasons for having Mr. Whitehead put out of the way were unknown to Baxter, but he supposed it was for the purpose of securing his property. A month later, Baxter says he made the attempt, pouring oil upon the floor of Mr. Whitehead's bedroom. After the old gentleman had retired the house was burned, but Mr. Whitehead escaped through a window to the roof of a shed, after he had been badly burned. On another occasion he was requested by Willetts and Mrs. Yates to entice Mr. Whitehead to the barn and then kill him, but this scheme fell through. He was then hired to waylay Mr. Whitehead and kill him, but this he did not dare to do for fear he would be killed by another hired man. This is the substance of Baxter's affidavit. The prisoners deny it.

In August of last year a paragraph went the rounds of the New Jersey papers which said that Mr. Samuel Whitehead, of Washington, had been badly burned in his bed at his house, near the brick-yards of which he was owner. It was also stated that a servant threw some rags saturated with kerosene oil into the room. The servant's motive was unknown, but the paragraph said that it was supposed to be on account of a petty spite.

It is currently reported that Whitehead's children, who are all wealthy, have never been on good terms with him or with each other. No longer ago than last February, Samuel Whitehead, Jr., was fined $500 for committing an assault upon his brother-in-law, Mr. Willetts, who, he believed, was conspiring to gain all of Whitehead senior's property.

Judge Scudder, upon hearing the arguments of counsel, decided to hold the prisoners in $2,000 each to answer at the next term of court.

Dress Materials.

Dress materials for Spring and Summer wear are in the soft, delicate, neutral tints, which trim so prettily with a darker shade. Among these is a new fabric—a chene poplin, with mohair finish, twenty-eight inches wide, and only 25 cents per yard. This chene poplin is in all shades and tints, and will trim neatly with the material, making a very inexpensive dress for ordinary wear. Japanese serge and foulard are composed of silk and wool, soft, and draping gracefully, the serge having a twilled surface, and the foulard plain, and both are in the mode, buff and light brown tints so fashionable, and are sold from $1 to $1.25 per yard. Pongees are light, glossy, and of excellent quality in the gray shades, at $1.25 per yard.

Plain self colored cambrics, with a stripe for a bordering, are sold at 35 cents per yard, and figured lawns as low as 25. The buff linen will be much used for street wear, and the furnishing houses display very stylish suits, the only question is, will the ruffles, folds, plaiting, and edging look well after washing. A new fabric is called chambertine, composed of linen and cotton. Is is for Summer suits, in delicate brown tints, and not more than twenty inches wide, but costing only 25 cents a yard.

Irish poplins is the most desirable of poplins, as it has a heavy rep-like gros grain silk, and is now sold at $2 per yard. The French poplins are not so heavy, and vary in price from $1.25 to $1.75. White repped pique will be in demand for suits, as white is to be much in vogue for wear at the seaside, and for the street, and is held at from 40 to 70 cents a yard.—*New York Paper.*

WEARY OF LIFE.—I wonder that no skillful doctor has ever thought it worth his while to investigate how many people die annually, not in consequence of any disease to speak of, but merely because they are tired of life; because out of the turmoil, and the fret, and the maddening excitement, and the sickening suspense, they drop into the grave, just as a man weary of the noise of some great city thoroughfare, turns aside from his fellows into the blessed quiet of some unfrequented court or alley, to walk there all alone. We cannot tell—they could not tell—why they do it; we and they can only understand that, worn and weary with the business of existence, and faint with tramping over life's stony pavements, there comes a time when, leaving all memory of past enjoyments and all hopes of pleasures to come, the man or the woman deserts the beaten tracks of life, and craves for nothing better than to be wrapped under the green turf till the Judgment Day. Travelers who droop by the way, you may remark; soldiers who fall out of rank, are unworthy of the uniform they wear; but, oh! friends, it is not given to every one to bear the scorching heat and the biting cold, the blustering wind and the pelting rain, with sublime equanimity.

HAVING SOME FUN.—In Pittsburg, Pa., two mischievous boys got aboard a locomotive, and reversing the engine, started it along the track. They stuck gamely to their posts until a fearful rate of speed was attained, and then, frightened, both jumped safely off, and the engine and tender swept like a streak of lightning through the long depot, and in coming in contact with the bumpers or heavy timber-guards at the terminus of the track, shivered them into splinters and broke the gate into fragments. Gaining the wharf, the engine was somewhat checked in its wild course toward the river by a deep gutter, but it plowed its way, to the great damage of cobblestones, some forty feet beyond the point of escape from the rails, and there halted with the wheels deeply imbedded in the earth. The locomotive was somewhat injured—the cow-catcher being completely destroyed. Had the accident occurred during the business hours there might have been loss of life attending it. The boys who caused all the trouble were not to be discovered after the accidents.

THE action of the Chicago Grand Jury in discharging from custody P. A. Leonard, who was in prison for killing Dr. S. E. Scanland, his brother-in-law, some weeks ago, has created considerable excitement in that city, and is generally denounced by the Press.

The Horses of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Troy *Times* furnishes the following horse notes:

The entire value of horseflesh owned here, including animals of toil, cannot be less than two millions. The showy turnouts in the Central Park keep up a spirited competition, and the Park has done much to create the present rage for fine horses. Every family that is ambitious of distinction must make a show in the dashing array of equipages, and our fast young men can hardly pass a half-hour's chat without introducing the feats of their "ponies." Charles Astor Bristed has said that twenty years ago there were but three really fine teams in the city, but at present you can count them up until the list becomes wearisome. Since 1850, the price (if not the value) of fine horses has increased fourfold, or as a merchant would say, 400 per cent. In 1858, "Flora Temple was sold, and such was the popularity of the famous mare that she brought what was then considered the enormous sum of $8,000; but that looks small now. Just see how the figures advance. In 1862, "California Damsel" brought $11,000. In 1864, Bonner astonished the world by paying $13,500 for the Auburn horse. But his subsequent prices were of a still more astonishing character. In 1866, he paid $25,000 for "Young Pocahontas," and the next year he was glad to become the owner of "Dexter," even at the round price of $33,000. Mr. Bonner had then over $120,000 invested in sir animals, whose uncertain value may be shown by the fact that the Auburn horse died after an illness of a few days, while "Flora Temple" was disabled by an accident. The prices just mentioned have no relation to precise value. When rich men compete for anything, whether it be for a book, a picture, or a horse, the value of money is not reckoned. Possession is their object, and this must be obtained at whatever price may be required. It does not make any difference to Bonner how much he pays for a horse. He simply gives a piece of paper bearing some figures, signed with his name, with the addition of a cancelled revenue stamp. This is a very easy way to get a horse, and whether the figures are large or small is not of the slightest importance, so long as the animal be secured. Indeed, the owner of "Dexter" made a mistake in not asking a higher price. Commodore Vanderbilt was desirous of making the same purchase, and the figures might have been $50,000 instead of $33,000. Well, it would not have required any more ink after all. From $33,000 to $100,000 may seem a large step, and yet the latter price is demanded for the famous "Hambletonian," whose colts are now among the best trotters in the country.

A GARDENER'S ADVICE.—Always cultivate with your eyes turned toward the nearest market. This ought to be the first rule for a farmer, for, without conveniences to sell your products at fair prices, and to get your manures easily and cheap, farming will not pay well, if it pays at all.

"Rise early in the morning," and have your eyes on everything. A good start is worth many an hour of labor through the day."

Be your own overseer and foreman. You are no longer an independent man as soon as there is an indispensable individual upon your farm. Be ready to part with the best, and to take his place. That will do away with exactions and impertinence.

Be kind, just, and fair, in dealing with your hands; but "keep up your hedges." In other words, don't let others interfere with your authority.

Let order be the farm's first law. Disorder and neglect are very expensive.

Have your cattle gently treated; you will save many a valuable animal, and prevent many a sad accident.

Take care of all the tools, and have the best ones; they are the cheapest after all.

Don't neglect good advice, but do not accept it readily from every one; and, chiefly, do not consult your helps; you are sure to spoil them. Keep up your authority, anyhow.

Keep a ledger of expense and profits; and, again, "rise early in the morning."

A Pretty Picture.

Ik Marvel, in his "Reveries of a Bachelor," thus prettily describes the chanting of the Miserere in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, in all probability to be, if it is not already, a thing of the past: "The twelve candlesticks by the altar are put out one by one as the service progresses. The sun has gone down, and only the red glow of twilight steals into the windows. There is a pause, and a brief reading from a red-coated cardinal, and all kneel down. The sweet, mournful flow of the miserere begins again—growing in force and depth, till the whole chapel sings, and the balcony of the choir trembles; then it subsides again into the long, soft wail of a single voice—so prolonged—so tremulous—and so real, that the heart aches, and the tears start—for Christ is dead! Lingering yet, the wail dies, not wholly, but just as it seemed expiring, it is caught up by another and stronger voice that carries it on, plaintive as ever; nor does it stop with this—for, just as you looked for silence, three voices more begin the lament—sweet, touching, mournful voices, and bear it up to a full cry, when the whole choir catch its burden, and make the lament change into the wailings of a multitude—wild, shrill, hoarse—with soft chants intervening, as if agony had given force to anguish. Then, sweetly, slowly, voice by voice, note by note, the wailings sink into the low, tender moan of a single singer—faltering, tremulous, as if fear checked its utterance, and swelling out as if despair sustained it."

DINNER DRESSES are made this season with a demi-train, the full and court train being reserved more particularly for reception and evening toilets. We were shown an elegant dress of pure Irish poplin, in color an English violet, which merits description. Two bias ruffles six inches deep trim the underskirt. The lower ruffle in box plaits; the upper gathered, headed by a bias band and two narrow standing ruffles. The front breadth is trimmed en tablier in the same manner. The overskirt is long and open in front, trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a bias band and two narrow flutings. The basque has a ruffle and fringe around the edge. The neck is square and filled in with elaborate puffs of Valenciennes lace. Flowing sleeves with a ruffle and lace.

A PRACTICAL SERMON.—What a text for a sermon on simplicity is contained in the remark of a little girl of ten years of age: "Mamma says that my seaside trousseau will cost twelve hundred dollars!" The child who at ten is thus fitted up for fashionable life, and thinks enough about it to speak of it in such a way, will, at twenty, require ten times that sum to conceal her loss of freshness and simplicity.

THIRTEEN gold bars, a portion of the treasure stolen from the Santa Martha mail, have been recovered. The twelve robbers were captured, but one since escaped.

If boys can parse sentences easily at school, it does not follow that they will make good judges.

Incidents in Paris.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, tells these stories:

There is something passing strange in the aspect of familiar places in Paris. In the Place Vendome are gathered the Generals of the Revolution. A "drystone dike" of paving stones at each end gives the place the look of a sheep park in Galloway. At the place where a sheep might go in a black-muzzled gun peeps out, and those who go in first find strange figures sauntering about. A fat shopkeeper in full rig, a long-haired, bony Republican, a man with a club-foot, one with a hunch on his back, soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, guards, and blackguards of every sort and kind are there smoking and chatting and playing at Revolution with the most perfect *sang-froid* and good humor.

At the Hotel de Ville is another set of drystone dikes, and a large flock of cannons in another park, guarded by good-humored sentries. "Citizen, where go you?" said one. "Citizen, nowhere; I saunter." "Then citizen, I beg you to retire, for I have here many prisoners and no one must pass this way. But if you earnestly desire to glance in—" "No, citizen, by no means; I would not desire to break the orders. I will go round." "I have the honor." Salutes hats. And so on the ramparts. "Citizen, one does not mount." "But here is a pass from the Commune. I am not an enemy." "Enemy or friend, you cannot mount here. But if you wish to cast an eye—" "Thank you, yes," and up you go. "How sad it all is!" "Ah! yes. I have been here for three days." And that seems to be the burden of the song. "It is very sad," with a silent thought of "I wish I were out of it, safe at home, and hard at work."

"These Parisians," said one of them, "have the idea that they are able to conquer Prussia; that they are able to conquer the army; that the army is with them; that they have but to declare and all the world will follow them; that they have an army waiting to rise in Italy, one in London, and one in Germany; that proves that they have something in the head" (raps his forehead) here.—These poor devils marched out to Versailles past Mount Valerien, and then Valerien cut their column in half and spared them." "Citizen," said a blouse, "the Line are for us, but do you know how they are treated? They are forced to march first, and the *gendarmes* march after them with their revolvers, and make them fire upon us, the *canaille!*"

To me it seems that a lot of enthusiastics, who quarrel and have no plan, have roused a set of ignorant men, who drive the unwilling to join in marching and countermarching, drumming and shooting, while all the idle vagabonds and ruined and broken men of this great city swell the crowd and the army of Paris to gain the pay and the play of playing at soldiers behind the ramparts.

PREPARING FOR SLAUGHTER.—The London *Court Journal* tells about the very curious mode of fattening for the imperial harem practised in Morocco. You take a young damsel of about 14, with a tendency to obesity—few Moorresque girls are destitute of such a tendency—and you shut her up in a room of which the windows are carefully darkened by heavy curtains of green silk. You cause your plump young damsel to sit cross-legged on a divan, and then, having by your side a bowl full of *couscousson*, or moistened meal rolled into balls, you cram her during a certain number of hours every day with as many of these balls as she can conveniently swallow. Well crammed, the Emperor of Morocco will pay an exceedingly handsome price for her. That nothing may interfere with the due conduct of the fattening process, a black nurse stands behind the incipient favorite with a *mat