A Summer Wish.

Live all thy sweet life thro',
Sweet Rose, dew-spread,
Drop down thine evening dew
To gather it anew
When day is bright:
I fancy thou wast meant
Chiefly to give delight.

Sing in the silent sky,
Glad, soaring bird;
Sing out thy notes on high
To sunbeam straying by
Or passing cloud;
Heedless if thou art heard,
Sing thy full song aloud.

Oh, that it were with me
As with the flower;
Blooming on its own tree
For butterfly and bee
In summer morns:
That I might bloom mine hour,
A rose in spite of thorns.

Oh, that my work were done
As birds' that soar
Rejoicing in the sun:
That when my time is run
And daylight too,
I so might rest once more
Cool with refreshing dew.

Farm, Garden and Household.

To Cure Hollow Horn.—My remedy is bleeding. I bleed in the neck just as you would a horse. One thorough bleeding usually effects a cure. I have known cattle to eat heartily immediately after being bled that had refused food before.

Bread.—Into a basin break 4 eggs, having about a pint of meal in the basin; beat all well together, add a large tablespoonful of lard, salt to taste, and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Just before you pour it into the baking-pan add ½ of a tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little milk. All batter bread is nicer baked in a round pan than in either a square or oval one. It is also lighter baked in tin or iron than in a "Turk's head" of earthenware.

To Prevent Horses Kicking in the Stall.—Give them a wider stall, or turn them loose in a box stall. If neither is convenient to do, or fail to cure, take a piece of trace-chain, about two feet long, and fasten one end of it, with a strong strap, to the foot with which they kick. Or put a surcingle loosely around the animal, and pass a cord from the kicking foot through the girth, around the head in front of one ear and behind the other. Make the knots so that they will not slip tight, and give length for necessary motions.

Corn Griddle Cakes.—Take fine white meal, and stir rich buttermilk into it until it is almost the consistency of thin mush; add a little soda, and salt to taste. Have the griddle hot and well greased. Drop on a spoonful, and pat them down with the spoon, so that they will not be more then a quarter of an inch in thickness. When brown, turn them and let them brown on the other side. In eating them, split and butter. The great "knack" is not to have the batter *runny*, nor yet too stiff; just so that it will drop in a lump from the spoon.

Varnish.—A varnish recommended as well adapted for lacquering pictures and engravings, as well as for preserving dried plants and flowers, is prepared by pounding up ten ounces of gum sandaric, four ounces of mastic, and half an ounce of camphor, and adding three quarts of strong alcohol. The mass is to be frequently stirred up, and finally placed in a warm position until it settles. Plants costed with this varnish will, it is said, be protected from destruction by insects, and will retain their colors fresh and unchanged. This varnish does not peel off, and therefore can be applied very thin.

Bots and Colic.—A farmer at Swan, O., writes to the Cincinnati *Gazette*: "For colic make a strong tea of the warts from the horse's legs. For bots give strong sage tea. I never wait to argue the question whether it is bots or colic, or whether bots kill the horse or not, but, upon the first symptoms, I make the teas and administer them, and in half an hour my horse is ready for work again. These have been my remedies for thirty years, and my father, who was an extensive horse-raiser, used them for fifty years, and neither of us ever lost a horse by colic or bots, and had many cases."

Obstructions in Cows' Teats.—Obstructions in cows' teats are quite common in the dairy districts of New York. The trouble prevails more largely with young cows than with old ones. It is supposed to result, in many cases, from an improper drying off of the cows in fall, or from neglect in making clean. Particles of milk coagulating are arrested in the milk duct, and a tissue forming about this matter adheres to the walls of the passage, and in time completely closes the duct. There may be other causes for the trouble, but we name that which is supposed to be most common.

The only remedy is to break through this obstruction, so as to unite the two portions of the duct which have been separated by the obstacle. An instrument has been invented for the purpose. It consists of a small, round tube, inclosing a double edged knife, which may be pushed forward or backward from the tube at pleasure. In operating, the smooth, round tube is gently worked to the orifice of the teat until it meets with the obstruction, the knife is then pushed out of the tube, cutting throughly the obstacle and re-establishing a connection between the parts, so that the milk may pass through the duct.

It is necessary for a few days, at the time of milking, to use the tube—the knife being taken out—working it gently up the duct of the teat, and through the opening made in the obstruction, thus keeping it open until the parts are healed. When the operation is skillfully performed, and care is taken that the walls of the duct are not injured so as to cause inflammation, the operation of the teat may be entirely restored. Obstructions in the teat are sometimes removed by using a large knitting needle, with point sharpened to cut through the part obstructed. This is a somewhat risky operation, as there is danger of cutting through the walls of the milk duct, and thus causing an inflammation in the teat and udder, which may injure the cow permanently foo milk. We have seen cows completely spoiled for milk by the operation.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

Terrible Result of a Family Quarrel.—A special dispatch to *The Courier-Journal*, from Owensborough, Ky., says that a farmer named Cain, while passing through an adjoining farm belonging to a Mr. Summers, was shot at and slightly wounded by Summers. The latter's wife joined in the attack, and fired three times, wounding Cain twice. Cain then seized an ax, and nearly split Summers's head open. Mrs. Summers was also hit on the head with the ax, and shot in the head and breast with her husband's pistol, which Cain seized. The two are dying. Cain was shot in the head, shoulder, and bowels. The last wound will probably prove mortal. An enmity has existed between the men since Cain fired at Mrs. Summers last Spring. Each had forbidden the other to pass through their respective farms.

New York as it is.—According to the most accurate calculations that can be made, the meat bill of New York city for the last year was $30,000,000, and the liquor bill $68,000,000. Ice costs the city $2,500,000 a year; and $7,000,000 are expended in theatrical and other amusements. Of the 163,593 children between the ages of five and fifteen, 78,450 are in Protestant Sabbath-schools. The statement has been made that the saloons of the city, if placed in line, would extend on both sides of Broadway from the Battery to the Central Park.

A Young Bankrupt.—In the case of the bankruptcy of Mr. Vane Milbanke, which came before the London court, it was shown that the liabilities amounted to $150,000, whilst the bankrupt would be entitled on the death of the Duke of Cleveland, whose dukedom will then be extinct, to property worth $70,000 a year, and on the death of his father to an estate of the value of $500,000 a year.

The Communist Army.—According to the *Gaulois*, there are 18,000 Garibaldians, 7,000 Irish and English Fenians, 1,200 Greeks, 600 Americans, and 600 Spaniards, Germans, and other foreigners in the army of the Commune.

Summary of News.

The Republic of Mexico has 8,885,972 inhabitants.

The majority against the Bond bill in Minnesota is nearly 10,000.

The residences of MM. Favre and Thiers in Paris, have been sacked.

Twenty-six churches in Paris have been closed by order of the insurgents.

There were 514 deaths, 349 births, and 203 marriages in New York last week.

The Troy Haymakers whipped the Boston Red Stockings Base-ball Club, at Boston.

At least 150,000 soldiers of the French are now in position for the operations around Paris.

Dry weather throughout Central Illinois is seriously injuring the wheat and oats crops.

Four new plays have been presented to the New York public within a week, and all sensational.

The Nova Scotia elections indicate a slight gain for the Government or anti-Confederate party.

A French fishing vessel was run down by an American bark. Twelve of the French crew were lost.

The insurgent tribes of Central Asia, under the lead of Sadik, have commenced hostilities against Russia.

It is announced that the Turkish Government is unwilling to conclude any convention with the Pope.

A Texas paper reports the killing of three women while disguised as men and attempting to rob a house.

Philadelphia is talking about increasing its police force to 1,200 men. It now numbers about 500 men.

A re-union of the soldiers of the Northwest is to be held at Rock Island, Illinois, on Wednesday, June 7.

The Democratic State Central Committee of California have decided to hold the State Convention at Sacramento on June 20.

About 6,400 workmen are out of employment in Paris on account of the wholesale suppression of newspapers by the Commune.

A sixteen-year old son of a widow of Fitchburg, Mass., shot himself dead in the presence of his mother, because she reproved him.

A match in St. Louis, Mo., between "Pilot Temple" and "Cotton Picker," for $1,000 a side, was won by "Pilot Temple." Time: 2.25¾, 2.24¼.

A column of Spanish troops routed a band of insurgents, composed of negroes, near Cinco Villas, Cuba. Thirteen were killed and four were made prisoners.

A resolution providing for an amendment to the State Constitution to confer suffrage on women, has been defeated in the Massachusetts House by a vote of 68 to 68.

While four High School children were taking a sail at Chicopee, Mass., the boat parted, and three of them, Arad Southworth, Kate Hunter, and Minnie White, were drowned.

The Adams Express office in Columbus, Ohio, was robbed of between $40,000 and $50,000. The two men who slept in the office were drugged, and the two safes were opened.

Two seamen were found dead off Swansea. They were identified as belonging to the Cornish Diamond, schooner, of Plymouth, and that vessel has, it is feared, gone down with all hands.

A general field order, issued by Gen. Stoneman, directs the Apache Indians in Arizona to remove at once to the White Mountain reservation, set apart for them, or be pursued and punished wherever found.

Advices from Manitoba, Canada, state that resolutions for an investigation into the outbreak of 1869-70, and to punish the murderers of Scott, and compensate losers by the disturbance, were lost by 14 to 5.

The town of Verovitica, in Sclavonia, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. Four hundred houses were burnt, four thousand people rendered houseless, and the loss is estimated at half a million.

Advices from Japan state that three great clans there are united under the leadership of Prince Satsuma to maintain the Mikado in full powers against the Tycoon and party. Satsuma is now virtually dictator.

The priests imprisoned in La Conciergе, Mazas, La Roquette, La Sarthe, and other jails, are treated with exceptional cruelty and fiarshness, under which, some of them, being very old men, have succumbed.

Business at Buenos Ayres is entirely suspended, and the city to a great extent deserted. The custom house and all the banks are closed. The ravages of the yellow fever continue, and will apparently only cease for the want of victims.

A Malay steward on a California coast steamer outraged a young girl recently, when he was tried at Yuqpuga by a Lynch court, condemned to death and shot in a small boat, taken out of sight for the purpose. The body was then sunk in the sea.

Advices received at the Internal Revenue office show that the fruit crop of the West and Northwest has been extensively injured by the late frosts, but that the promise of an abundant yield throughout the South is good, though probably not up to last year's crop.

A Chance for Litigation.

A Boston correspondent writes: Somebody has been digging up the will of Joshua Sears, who died sixteen years ago, leaving an immense property, and which is to-day worth $10,000,000, and has discovered that it is loosely drawn up, and may be the means of depriving his son (and only child), Joshua Montgomery Sears, now about fifteen years old, of the great and accumulating property when he shall become of age. At twenty-one years of age the son is to have $30,000, and this is all save a yearly income until he is thirty years old, amounting to $10,000 a year. No provision is made for the son after he has passed the age of thirty. The trustees—three gentlemen who make some $25,000 a year each—have the entire swing of the property, and whenever one or either of them die it will go to their heirs or assigns as joint tenants in trust. It is estimated that the property will be worth $35,000,000 by the time the son becomes thirty years old; and the income of that will be equal to $350,000 annually. Taking things in their natural order, it is fair to presume that the young man will outlive his two uncles, to whom the residue of the property is willed; and then what? a first-class law-suit, because a yearly income of $360,000 is not to be sneezed at, and besides he could afford to spend five or ten millions in a litigation. Some lawyer in the future will have a rich plum to pick.

Women in Arms.—The following comes from Paris of course. A fortnight ago a woman who was in the ranks of the Communists who had just discharged her gun commenced an angry discussion with another of her sex, who asserted that mothers should stop at home and take care of their little ones. In a paroxysm of anger the female warrior was about to strike the woman who advocated stay-at-home-women; but her arms remained inactive, her eyes became fixed, an ashy pallor overspread her face, and she fell down dead, a victim to heart disease.

Salmon Breeding.—The report of the celebrated Stormontfield salmon-breeding ponds, in Scotland, for 1870, shows that during the breeding season over 600,000 eggs were procured. The success of this establishment in rearing young fish is well known, the number of eggs hatched usually amounting to over 90 per cent., and most of the young are raised to the age of smolths with very little loss.

Sad Accident.—A terrible burning accident occurred at Rahway. The wife of Mr. Charles George, a young jeweler poured some oil on a fire while endeavoring to light it, and at the same time spilled some of the fluid upon her clothing, which instantly ignited. She died from her injuries. While endeavoring to rescue his wife, Mr. George was badly burned. They had been married only about two months.

How They do Things in Paris.

The once famous Bignon who denounced the four sergeants — Borios, Raoulx, Gaulain, and Pommier—executed in the time of Louis XVIII. is said to have been arrested the other day in Paris. The arrest took place in this manner. Pommier's grandson was sitting before the Cafe of the Yonne chatting with one of his friends. He suddenly rose abruptly and went straight up to a man who was walking along the Rue de Rivoli, and hastily addressed him in these terms: "You are Bignon, who denounced the four sergeants of La Rochelle, and I arrest you." "By what right?" "You ask for what right—you who assassinated my grandfather by the restoration!" Bignon did not reply, and tried to escape. The crowd assembled round the cafe, and Bignon disengaged himself from the grasp of Pommier's grandson, and ran away. He was, however, again caught, and the crowd, on learning that he had caused the arrest of the four sergeants of La Rochelle, wished to shoot him on the spot. Pommier's grandson interposed, saying, "Do him no harm. This man belongs to the justice of the land. The magistrates of the Republic must pass sentence upon him." Bignon was then conducted to the mairie of the fourth arrondissement, followed by a *foule frémissante*. Bignon is, or was—for perhaps it is pretty much over with Bignon by this time—seventy-eight years of age.

Slaughter of Indians.

The Tucson (Arizona) *Citizen* has the following:

"The suffering and exasperated people have commenced a work of retaliation on the Indians. Their patience has been remarkable, but the killing of four good citizens on the San Pedro, by Indians who had been fed and otherwise provided for at Camp Grant, exhausted it. There is no Indian reservation at Camp Grant, but a few hundred Apache Indians recently came in there, promised peace, and were fed and recruited, and then went out to steal and murder. Having tracked the guilty party over their base of supplies two weeks ago, the citizens determined to make their power felt; and on the 28th of April, a few of them, aided by 100 Papago Indians, started on a mission of revenge and self-protection. Early on the morning of 30th they dashed into the Indian camp, killing 85 savages, and taking 28 children prisoners. A horse recently stolen from a farmer named Smith, of Tucson, was captured, and some unbroken packages of centre prime rifle cartridges, and a breastpin worth $250 that belonged to a woman recently killed at Tubac, was found upon these Indians, making it a matter of certainty that they were the same Indians that killed L. B. Wooster and the woman on his farm. It is certain that the citizens of Arizona will no longer witness the slaughter of their fellows and the stealing of their property and tamely endure it."

A Political Anecdote.

A contributor of the Boston *Journal*, who is reviewing political reminiscences, writes thus:

On his way from Washington to Detroit, just after his nomination, Lewis Cass passed through New York. He was accompanied by a large number of leading politicans, whom John Van Buren described as Cass's pall-bearers, who "were taken his body to Michigan by way of the lakes"—a sarcasm which went the rounds of the party papers in those days, and which reminds us of another remark of his after the election was over, and Taylor had been elected, which has never been printed. We were on our way to Washington, and met John Van Buren in the ferry-boat, crossing the Hudson to Jersey City to take the train to Washington. We sat together all the way. The Washington depot was then on Pennsylvania avenue. We each had a valise and were carrying them in our hands to the National Hotel. On the avenue we met Mr. Rives, the proprietor of the *Globe*. He was going past without noticing Mr. Van Buren, who stopped and spoke to him. Rives looked at him, and said in rather a sharp way, "You are pretty Democrats in New York to allow the State to go for Taylor and defeat the Democratic candidate." Van Buren replied in his quiet, jocose way, "Yes, Rives, it was too bad, as you say; but the truth is, *Cass hurt the old man in our State.*" The two then parted, when Mr. Van Buren remarked to us that he thought Rives had not gained a point in that game.

A Fight with Mexicans.—A desperate fight occurred a few days ago in the Panoche Mountains, about twenty miles from Gilroy, California, between a band of desperados and the sheriffs of Alameda and Santa Clara counties, with their posses. The sheriffs and their men followed the Mexicans for the purpose of arresting them. On overtaking the criminals a desperate fight commenced, and a most determined resistance to capture was made by them. One of their number named Juan Soto, a notorious desperado, who is charged with having murdered three Frenchmen in the Simal valley a year ago, was shot dead by the officers. The Mexicans, seeing themselves outnumbered, betook themselves to their horses and fled, leaving one of their comrades a prisoner in the hands of the officers.

Pigeons.—The great pigeon roost at the West this year is in Wisconsin. A paper at Kilbourn City says that for three weeks pigeons have been flying in flocks which no man could number. On Saturday, April 22, for about two hours before nightfall, they flew in one continuous flock from North to South, darkening the air and astonishing the people by the sound of their wings. Hotels are full of trappers and hunters, coopers are busy making barrels, and men, women, and children are active in packing the birds or filling the barrels. They are shipped to Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. From ten to thirty thousands birds are forwarded daily.

Two Murderers Executed.—Vincent Bayonne and Petro Abriel were hanged in New Orleans for murdering a sailor about a year ago. They robbed him and threw the body into the river. Both men behaved with coolness to the last. After religious rites had been performed they were pinioned. When Bayonne stepped on the scaffold he looked at the crowd, ejaculated "Carajo" and spat upon them. The execution took place in the Parish Prison yard, and a large crowd gathered around the prison. The Spanish, English, Belgian and French Consuls petitioned the Governor for a commutation of the sentence, but acting Gov. Dunn refused to grant it.

Western Crop Prospects.—The prospects in the West, so far as the crops are concerned, appear to be of a rather mixed character. In some sections of the country the farmers are jubilant over the promise of large harvests; while in others, complaints arise that snatches of cold weather and a too great abundance of rain have done much injury. Taken altogether it would appear that though the weather has done a good deal of harm, plenty of grain is spared to enrich the agriculturists. The Winter crop will be a large one; and with anything like propitious atmospheric influences, the Spring grain will come out more than all right.

A Serious Joke.—The Detroit *Free Press* says: "Some three months since, as a well-known undertaker was sitting in front of his shop-door an acquaintance came along, and for a joke asked the undertaker what he would charge to bury him. The man replied that he would do it very reasonably, and—considering that it was a very dull day—said that he would bury in fine style for thirty dollars, provided that he died in twelve weeks. The bargain was concluded on the spot, a third party being called to witness, and on Monday the undertaker kept his share of the contract, the man having died after an illness of two weeks, which were his only sick days for twelve years."

A Saratoga gardener says he never knew vegetation so forward as it is this spring. All his seeds are up. His neighbors keep hens.

Custom-House Smugglers.

Very young infants and small children are used as instruments says a correspondent. On one occasion an immigrant family, man and wife and two nearly grown-up daughters, presented themselves. They were very affable and easy in their manners and, without much trouble to them, were pronounced "all right;" and while the proper proceedings were in progress for their dismissal, one of the officers saw a handsome little boy standing alone, and struck by his attractive appearance, and not knowing to whom he belonged, he spoke to the child, and attempted to "skylark" with him. The officer was surprised to find the child could not bend its body; on examination it was found that his clothing was quilted with valuable articles of silk manufacture and silver spoons. The little fellow belonged to the family the members of which had just been pronounced "all right."

A gentlemanly-looking but poorly-clad passenger, from his intelligent expression of face and agreeable manners, was treated with marked consideration. The officers were so easily satisfied that he was honest that they took no special notice of a small "lap-cloth," much worn, which was hanging on his arm. A detective, at the time "off duty," noticed a carriage waiting for some person, and asked the driver for whom it was intended, and Jehu pointed to the passenger who was approaching with the lap-cloth, as usual, on his arm. There was something apparently inconsistent in having a carriage for such a man. A suspicion being excited, the officer seized the lap-cloth. On a critical search, it was found to be lined or padded with Brussels lace, that sold at public auction for eleven thousand dollars.

The fool smuggler is illustrated by a man, said to be from the western part of the State of New York, who got a diamond worth sixteen thousand dollars safely through without paying the duties. This gem he sold for its full value, and subsequently "bragged of his smartness." The fact came to the knowledge of the government, and the proceeds of the sale were confiscated.

Swindling a Widow.

A charming American widow, with one child, residing in Paris, but during the siege deemed it prudent to leave, returned to her fine apartments soon after the armistice was signed. During her journey she had, at a certain hotel, in company with her mother, made the acquaintance of a French gentleman, who seemed to take the greatest interest in both mother and daughter; and as the former, for certain political reasons, did not deem it prudent to enter Paris for a long period, she trusted the very agreeable gentleman (who declared himself ready to aid and protect the young widow) to accompany her daughter to their residence in the city, where they resided for some few weeks. In the meanwhile the neighbors supposed they were married. Adonis, owing (as he said) to the war, &c., &c., ran short of money, but he had such good prospects in view that the kind-hearted widow gave him all that was necessary. He then persuaded her to accompany him to her dressmakers, and insisted on her ordering several dresses. The dressmaker required that, as she was not able to wait the payment of the gentleman, that madame must give the security, which she did without the least hesitation. A day or two after the order for the dresses, Adonis called with his mistress on the dressmaker, and represented her as his sister, and took the dresses intended for madame and several other articles of ladies' wardrobes, and left for parts unknown. He ran in debt at all the places where the widow was known, and she had to pay many of his bills. She wrote to her mother, apprizing her of her misfortune, and the mother hastened at once to her. All who knew the affair sympathized with her. She is a good, kind lady, and her character has been without reproach.

How Advertising Compels Attention.

A writer in *All the Year Round* says: The truth is, in this world sheer labor and industry always make themselves felt. This is a theory that would be dear to Mr. Carlyle as representing something real and genuine. Work, he would tell us, is never thrown away. Men who spend sums of money, and sums of trouble and toil, together with much ingenious polychromatic device in flourishing their names and wares, are pretty certain to find such bread as they have cast upon the waters returning to them. The wise who travel in the underground railways and see "Kitto's Starch" staring at them from over the heads of their vis-a-vis in the carriages—or the "Grasshopper Sewing Machine," no doubt salute those titles with a "push!" and a "pshaw!" But later, as their eye wanders over the newspaper or dead wall, or omnibus knife-board, or fly-leaf of magazine, and sees everywhere, as a murderer does blood, "Kitto's Starch," "Grasshopper Sewing Machine," a kind of dull, insensible impression is produced. By-and-bye, when either of these important necessaries are in demand in the reader's family, and when there is an impression of doubt or ignorance, the poor aid-de-camp of conceit, or conscious superiority, steps in, and aids the advertiser. Where all are groping in the dark, it is hard to resist the conscious sense of superiority. "Starch! Why, there is a fellow called Kitto, who seems to be in great demand; at least his name is everywhere. Sewing Machine! Get the Grasshopper—only four guineas." It will thus be seen that advertising owes a good deal to the pardonable little infirmities of our nature.

The Seasons.—Each season is supposed to commence when the sun is said to enter a certain sign on the imaginary band upon the celestial globe called the zodiac. The almanac of each year will give you the exact time. Spring is consequently said to commence about the twenty-first of March, when the sun enters the sign Aries, summer about the twenty-second of June, when the sun enters Cancer, and so on. The signs are Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aequarius and Pisce. The signs are counted from the vernal equinox, at one of the points in which the equator intersects the ecliptic; whence, in consequence of their regression of the equinoctial points, their position with respect to the constellations or fixed stars is greatly different from what it was in remote ages. Some time prior to Hipparchus, the first points of the constellations Aries and Libra corresponded to the vernal and autumnal equinoxes; those of Cancer and Capricorn to the summer and winter solstices; at present, the difference is about 300. The vernal equinox now happens in the constellation Pisces, the summer solstice in Gemini, the autumnal equinox in Virgo, and the winter solstice in Sagittarius; but the vernal equinox always correspondents to the first point of the sign Aries, the summer solstice to the first of Cancer, and so on.

Undue Familiarity.—One of the great faults in modern manners is the habit of undue and improper familiarity. Some of the cleverest of men fall into the way of squeezing hands in the most violent manner, of slapping even their seniors on the back, and other rude modes emphasizing their familiarity and assuming a close proximity of person quite uncomfortable to persons of good breeding and taste. Others again have an offensive and familiar habit of using personalities, displaying a knowledge of intimate and strictly private matters which one would scarcely care to have known to one's particular friends, much less the subject of rude and unmannerly conversation by comparative strangers.

The Dauphin.—The wife of the late Elezar Williams is still living near Green Bay, and shows the remains of great physical beauty. The present dauphin, his son, John Williams, who, if his father's belief be true, is the lineal heir of the French throne, is engaged as the sailing master of one of the lake crafts, and resides at Oshkosh. This person, who is now about forty years of age, is said to be quite illiterate, and entirely wanting in the personal and mental attractions of his father.

Matters in Paris.

A dispatch from Versailles announces that the Government forces have occupied Fort Vanvres, the insurgent garrison making their escape by a subterranean passage to Fort Montrouge. Fifty guns, eight mortars, and a few prisoners fell into the hands of the Versailles troops.

The Seminary of Issy has also been captured, with considerable loss to the insurgents. Eight cannon have been captured at Oiseaux, where 100 insurgents were killed and several hundred taken prisoners. The approaches to the ramparts and fortifications of Paris are actively pushing forward under cover of a heavy cannonade. Marshal McMahon has issued an address to his soldiers, which is apparently preliminary to the grand attack. The breaching batteries are now ready to open fire upon the *enceinte* of Paris. It is stated that 50,000 troops are encamped at St. Germain, and will join the forces of Gen. Donai in the grand attack.

The Daily News special from Versailles reports a naval combat at the Auteuil Viaduct, and that one insurgent gun-boat was sunk. Fighting is reported at St. Ouen, which shows the sphere of attack is extending. The German commander has demanded the disarmament of the northern *enceinte* of Paris.

A circular issued by M. Theirs says the troops have undertaken to construct trenches in the Bois de Boulogne; that communication between Forts Montrouge and Vanvres has been cut; that the Lyceum of the Prince Imperial in the village of Vanvres has been occupied, and that operations are advancing at all points for the deliverance of Paris.

It is reported that the Prussians have shot two of the inhabitants of the town of Yvetot, who had beaten a German soldier.

M. Favre communicated to the Assembly the treaty of peace with Germany, negotiated at Frankfort. The severity of the terms occasioned much emotion among the members.

Dispatches from Paris state that an attempt of the Versailles forces to throw a bridge over the Seine has been repulsed. It is admitted that the Government forces continue to gain ground in the direction of the Maillot gate.

The demolition of the house of M. Thiers has begun. The Central Committee has ordered a general search, which is now in progress, for arms and persons inimical to the Government of the Commune.

M. Groussel, the insurgent Minister of Foreign Affairs, has issued a protest against the declaration of M. Thiers that the Commune has disregarded the provisions of the Convention of Geneva in regard to explosive bullets, and retorts that the Versailles troops have themselves been guilty of the infraction of the Convention which they charge upon the Commune.

M. Brittiorary replaces M. Delescluze as delegate Minister of War to the Commune. Four members of the National Guard have been shot for treason. It is said that Gen. Rossel is at Belleville arranging for the safety of the city in case the Versaillists should take the ramparts. The members of the Republican League have joined the Communists.

Special dispatches from Paris say a levy *en masse* is expected. Gen. la Cecelia becomes Generalissimo. The Commune has made a demand upon the Bank of France for 10,000,000 francs. The turniture of the palaces of the Tuileries, Louvre, and Elysee has been sold. The Column of Vendome still stands.

The *Sociale* newspaper proposes the immediate execution of all the members of the Central Committee.

A letter from the Count de Ohambord, making a strong bid for the Throne, was published in Paris. *Le Vengeur* reports increasing discouragement among the National Guard, and says that an attempt has been made to assassinate Gen. Dombrowski.

There is indubitable evidence that a wide-spread conspiracy exists in Paris for the overthrow of the Commune, and the Gardens of the Luxembourg are closed to the public and are occupied by a military force, in anticipation of a rising on the part of the populace. A battery is also erecting in the Garden of the Tuileries.

The Times's special dispatch from Paris says that M. Pyat openly declares that the fall of the Commune is imminent. Many of the National Guards decline to march, and talk of opening the gates to the Government forces. Gen. Dombrowski's orders are not obeyed. It is reported that the women of Paris demanded arms to fight the Versailles troops.

The Telegraph's special dispatch says the Versailles forces have been driven back to Longchamps from the advanced position they had taken in the Bois de Boulogne.

The *Gaulois* says it is reported that two Versailles battalions were decimated on Friday night.

M. Beslay, who has been called the "Father of the Commune," has resigned from that body because the residence of M. Thiers has been despoiled.

All persons having sulphur or phosphorus in their possession are requested to report to the Commune.

Gen. La Cecelia is now in command of the insurgents at Petit Vanvres. Corps commanders will henceforth command arrondissements and be reponsible for their defense. Torpedoes have been ordered to all exposed points.

The Congress of Municipal Deputies, called by the partisans of the Commune to meet at Bordeaux, has proved a failure.

The *Times* special dispatch from Paris says the Commune has resolved to form a Central Club of women, for the purpose of disarming runaways. The delegation of the Commune in the Second Arrondissement has decreed the closing in that portion of Paris of all houses of ill-fame. The *Daily News* special dispatch from Paris reports that there is great agitation among the people, and distrust of the Commune grows universal. Arrests are becoming general. It is supposed the Germans are about to send an ultimatum to the Commune. Heavy columns of troops are near Passy, where a battle is hourly expected. The *Telegraph's* special dispatch from Versailles says a body of 10,000 insurgents attempted on Tuesday to surprise the Government forces at Neuilly, but were repulsed and driven back to their own lines. It is reported the Versailles troops have carried the Muette Gate of Paris by storm.

A dispatch from Paris says the number of persons killed by the explosion of the powder magazine in the Avenue du Trocadero is variously estimated at from fifty to two hundred. The stock of cartridges, which was immense, and a large amount of neighboring property, was destroyed. MM. Clement and Brunel, members of the Commune, have been arrested. The Committee of Safety appeal to the National Guard to secure the triumph of the Commune, and in so doing describe the fearful results which must come from their inaction. Another attack was made on Wednesday on the Versaillists' position at Neuilly, but, as on the previous day, the assailants were repulsed. The Communist batteries on Montmatre are to-day bombarding the Versailles works at Chateau Becon. The Commune has directed M. Rigault to make reprisals for all acts of cruelty perpetrated by the Versailles commanders.

The Girls.—They think of Hymen and can't help sighing. When their lovers forsake them they can't help crying. They sit at the window, and can't help spying. Into private matters they can't help prying. To get each a beau they can't help trying. When together, their tongues can't help plying. At the mirror they can't help twisting and turning and trying. They screw up their corset, bring on the consumption, and can't help dying.

Cattle en Route.—A New Orleans letter to the St. Louis *Republican*, says: "There are more cattle going North via Missouri from Texas than at any previous year. I learn from drovers that at least a half a million head will come from Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska. The grazing stock, many of them, go to the latter place, where they will feed until the frosty weather this fall destroys the grass. There are not many of this stock at present fit for good beef.

The Execution of Ruloff.

It is seldom that the execution of a man, even for the crime of murder, has created so great an excitement as that of Ruloff which took place at Binghampton, New York. The last scene is thus described: Ruloff early in the morning aroused himself and washed himself carefully, joking the while on ghastly trifles, and bandying jokes with the under sheriffs who began to swarm in.

At half-past six the prisoner was removed from the main cell and taken upstairs to await his final exit into the jail-yard, where the scaffold had been erected the evening before. He walked briskly up-stairs. In his new quarters he rigidly refused all intercourse with outsiders save only his counsel, with whom he held irascible communication even at this supreme moment of his life. Mr. Becker seems to have worked diligently for his client, and under the strongest discouragement. Ruloff was no ordinary lawyer himself, and every movement of his counsel was scrutinized with a vigor and ill-temper only equalled by the issue at stake. At this the last hour Mr. Becker and his partner visited the criminal and conversed with him until the sheriff ordered the prisoner to be made ready.

The crowd outside had grown enormously, and as the appointed time came a hoarse murmur was heard as they called for the criminal. He turned toward the window at the sound and chuckled malignantly, applying some ribald epithet to the mass below. Then to one of his guards, whose head appearing above the grating was mistaken for the murderer, he said facetiously, "Now you are famous; you have been taken for me." I asked him if he cared to see a clergyman, and was answered at once in an emphatic negative. The door during the whole morning stood slightly ajar, and half the press of the State had representatives on the landing.

Meanwhile the Sheriff, with his deputies has been busy in the cell where the murderer had been. Through this the scaffold was approached. It projected from the prison wall, quite fifteen feet from the ground. The jail is at the foot of a somewhat extended hill in the very centre of the town, and although the jail court is of very limited size—32 by 19 feet; the vast multitude expected to see the butchery from the rising ground without, which rose to a level with the high brick walls. In one corner the brick wall had been pierced, and a slender beam thrust through; from this beam the rope fell, and at the other end outside of the wall, under shelter of the Sheriff's barn, the drop was secured.

By 11 o'clock, all was in readiness for the last act. The little inclosure or jail court could not hold over 100 people packed closely, and when the guests had assembled, was filled even to the foot of the gallows. The outside crowd was immense. At 11, a company of soldiers fell into line about the outside walls, and a renewed murmur for the blood of the murderer was heard.

A bell struck solemnly in the jail, and the crowd knew that the prisoner was approaching his end. Prompt to the minute, Sheriff Martin passed rapidly up stairs, followed by his deputies, and entering Ruloff's cell announced that the hour had come. No muscle moved on the prisoner's stolid face. He got up briskly, and stood forth arrayed in faded and shiny black, greatly the worse for wear. His linen was spotlessly white, and his face calm.

The Sheriff stepped up and threw the noose over his neck, thrusting the long end in the prisoner's bosom. He caught it, examined it a moment curiously. He replaced it in his breast. Even at this moment, this man of iron smiled grimly, and extended his hand and motioning to the Sheriff, told him to lead on—he was ready. The group passed down the stairs, Ruloff commenting pleasantly, in a scarcely audible voice. He walked briskly between his guards, through the cell in which he had lain since condemnation, and passed down into the courtyard, glancing curiously about him at the closely-packed crowd and the dreadful mechanism looming up in the farther corner. As his slight velvet cap gave him but feeble shade from the sun, he put his hands over his eyes and took his last look on earth. At this supreme moment he preserved what seemed an ostentations indifference. He swayed his body with petulant unconcern, his hands meantime thrust deep in his trousers pockets.

Straps were bound tightly about his legs; the noose was fastened to the rope hanging from the beam; and, he was asked: "Ruloff, have you anything to say?"

For ten minutes he had stood absently contemplating a sort of green left bare at his feet, and never for a moment raised his eyes to meet the curious throng gazing eagerly at him. Roused by the Sheriff's appeal, he shook his head hastily with a short "No!" Again the question—after a short interval was put to him, and again, this time somewhat impatiently, he answered, "No."

"You have 23 minutes to spare, then; shall I wait until they have passed?" asked the officer.

Again, with the dogged motion of the head and the gruff voice. "No."

All the implements were removed, and the prisoner was put in position. His arms were strapped, and a pure white cotton cap was pulled down over the blank expressionless face. Deputy Sheriff Ashburn read the indictment, and, when he concluded, Sheriff Martin adjusted the noose, placed the pulley fairly, gave the signal and the body of Ruloff shot three feet into the air, as a 300 pound bolt fell on the other side of the wall. The body swung for an instant, quivered, the arms loose below the elbows, moved deliberately, and the flabby hand which had been jerked from the pocket, by the fall of the weight, were calmly replaced. The body hung quite free from contortion for 13 minutes, when the examining surgeons pronounced life extinct. At 15 minutes after 1, life was wholly extinct, though the neck was not broken.

The body was placed in the jail vault, subject to the order of his brother, who can have it if called for within a day or two. He left no other effects than his manuscript; his lawyer bills are not settled.

After Twenty-six Years' Separation.

An Iowa paper, the *Mount Pleasant Journal*, has this account of a romance: Twenty-six years ago, the beautiful city of Salem, as now, was peopled with some of the best families in Iowa. Here resided the family of James McWhorter, and James and his wife were happy. After a while there came the news of gold discoveries in California, and stories of how men could find fortunes. James hearing these stories, decided to bid adieu to his wife, for a short time, fill his pockets with the glittering metal, and then return to his Rebecca. The farewell was said, and wife and husband parted. McWhorter went to California. The letters came and went as fast as Uncle Sam's carriers could take them. As the novel writers say, "time wore on apace;" the weeks walked off into months, and the months galloped into years, and, as the story comes to us, James McWhorter and his wife were separated by the willful and malicious lying and misrepresentations of evil doers. Word was sent back to the wife that her husband was the husband of another. Letters ceased to go to and from; the separation became apparently permanent, and wound up with a divorce. Mrs. McWhorter in time became Mrs. Abbott, and, after a time, her husband died, leaving her a widow. Some two years ago a gentleman came from California, direct from the place where Mr. McWhorter resided, and he denied all the reports that had been circulated concerning that gentleman, reporting him to be an honorable and upright man, doing well and prospering in worldly matters. After his return to California, a reconciliation was commenced, letters bearing words of love again commenced to pass to and fro, and on last Friday James McWhorter and Rebecca Abbott were again joined in the holy bonds of wedlock. This is the story as it came to us.

The following queer birth notice appears in a country-paper in Ohio: "On Monday morning, April 17, to W. B. and Jennie C. Heam, a daughter, shall vote when she is 21."

Military Elections.—The Grand Army of the Republic elected the following officers: Grand Commader, Gen. A. E. Burnside, of Rhode Island; Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Lewis A. Wagner, of Pennsylvania: Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief, Col. James F. Coy, of California; Surgeon-in-Chief, Dr. Samuel A. Greene, of Boston; Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Ernshaw, of Ohio. The Convention adjourned to meet in Cleveland, Ohio, next year.

At the Ninth Army Corps re-union in Boston, the following officers for the ensuing year were chosen: President, Major-Gen. A. E. Burnside; Vice-President, Major-Gen. John G. Parke; Recording Secretary, Gen. Louis Richmond; Corresponding Secretary, Col. D. R. Larned;