The Mountain Heart-Ease.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed, gladed dell,
To feverish men, thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell.

The delicate thought that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls to his comrade-neighbor,
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eyes a mist unwanted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises,
And passes in a tear.

Some boyish vision of an Eastern village
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage,
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting,
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

Bret Harte.

Farm, Garden and Household.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Beat the whites of ten eggs until they are stiff; and then add to them four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and enough jelly to cover it. Float some sponge cake on a quart of milk, and put the beaten egg on the top of it.

HARD GINGER CAKES.—One pound of butter; one quart of molasses; one pound of brown sugar, which has been dried a little; three pounds of flour; half a paper of ground ginger; a good-sized cup of milk; and one nutmeg grated. Roll the dough very thin.

FARINA.—Put together one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of farina, and one teaspoonful of extract of almonds. Boil for twenty minutes, stirring constantly. Dip your jelly moulds into cold water, and then pour in the farina. Let it stand until it is quite cold.

REMEDY FOR A SPRING-KNEED HORSE.—We find the following recommended when this trouble is caused by a contraction of the muscles or sinews: Pare down the heels of his feet as low as possible, have him shod with a toe upon his shoe, and no corks. Use a penetrating liniment, which will cause the sinews to stretch. Take half a pint of spirits of wine, 1 oz. bear's oil, 1 oz. neat's foot oil, 1 oz. spirits of camphor, 1 oz. oil of origanum, 1 oz. oil of sassafras, 1 oz. laudanum; mix it all well in a bottle; rub it in well with the hand. This is a very penetrating liniment, and will effect a cure.

MANAGING SITTING HENS.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* never sets a hen unless another is soon to set, also, by which arrangement he can give the chickens first hatched to hen No. 2. As they hatch he removes them in a box fixed for the purpose, and gives each hen from twenty to forty chicks, and finds they grow as well as broods of less number. To break a hen of her wish to set he confines her in a coop three days. Hens will not eat eggs if they have access to lime. He is of the opinion that poultry does not pay when one builds expensive houses for them or fancy chicken coops, and spends his time and talent in the business. It will do for women to raise poultry.

LIME—ITS EFFICACY ON SOUR LAND.—Lime is of great efficiency in the eradication of sorrel from sour land, and its effects are usually very permanent.—The *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, London, England, says that it once knew a field containing 166 acres, which formerly grew nothing but heath. A good dressing of lime was applied on the surface of the sward, which has nearly doubled the value. This was done several years ago, and totally eradicated the heath. The lime to this day appears in full action; and its effects annually testify, from the richness and sweetness of the herbage, that the application of the lime entirely changed its character for the better.

SHEEP FOR RESTORING WORN-OUT LAND.—Mr. H. G. Abbott, of Vassalboro, Maine, several years since fenced off ten acres of land, so poor that nothing but white and yellow weeds grew upon it, and turned upon it fifty sheep, and kept them there for two seasons. They ate up every green thing.

In the spring of the second season there sprung up a green coating, showing that the grass was coming in, and it gained so fast as to induce a withdrawal of the sheep the third season. The result was a crop averaging two tons to the acre on one portion, and two tons and a half on the other, of the best quality of hay. The weeds had nearly all disappeared.

FIVE WAYS TO DESTROY ANTS.—1. Pour, copiously, hot water, as near the boiling point as possible, down their burrows, and over their hills, and repeat the operation several times.

2. Entrap the ants by means of narrow sheets of stiff paper, or strips of board, covered with some sweet, sticky substance. The ants are attracted by the sweets, and, sticking fast, can be destroyed as often as a sufficient number are entrapped.

3. Lay fresh bones around their haunts. They will leave everything else to attack these, and when thus accumulated, can be dipped in hot water.

4. Pour two or three spoonfuls of coal oil into their holes, and they will abandon the nest.

5. Bury a few slices of onions in their nests, and they will abandon them.

TO BANISH FLEAS AND LICE.—Pennyroyal, a common weed in pastures and meadows, is very offensive to fleas, lice, flies, and mosquitoes. To use it advantageously, take lard, and rub or grind it with a muller on a smooth, flat stone, slate, or piece of marble, with the dried or green plant-leaves, stems, and blossoms, until well mixed. Let it stand twenty-four hours, melt at a low heat, and strain. With this, anoint the ears and neck of the animal, or the perches and nests of poultry which may be infested. A small quantity may be rubbed under the wings of a hen with a brood of young chickens. A few drops of the oil of pennyroyal in sweet oil, rubbed on the face, neck, and hands, will keep off mosquitoes, however thick they may be. A good night's rest may be secured in the worst infested woods or swamps where these insects or black flies do most abound, by the use of this mixture. Keep it out of the eyes, as its presence there is not agreeable.

ICE CREAM IN THE COUNTRY.—Scald two quarts of fresh milk—if a little cream be added all the better. Stir well to keep from burning; beat up from four to eight eggs, according to convenience, and pour the scalding milk on the eggs, stirring well; when cold add sugar, and flavor to the taste; pour the cold contents into a tin pail or can, holding about three quarts, put on the cover and set in an ordinary wooden pail; pound the ice to size of hens' eggs and less, pack it around the tin can, mixing in about one pint of salt; pack this till it reaches nearly the top of the can containing the mixture to be frozen, but be careful none enters it; now move the pail by the bail, lifting the cover occasionally to scrape off the frozen cream on the inside, so that other portions may come in contact with the freezing surface. From fifteen to twenty minutes will be sufficient, and the dish may be served up at once, or set away, without removing from the wooden pail, in a cool place for several hours, covered with a flannel cloth.

THE SWEDISH COLONY.—The people of Maine are highly pleased with the success of the new Swedish colony in the Aroostook region, which now numbers one hundred families. To each family a farm of one hundred acres is given with a conditional deed, which requires for the completion of the title that the ground shall be occupied for five years, and that at the expiration of that time fifteen acres shall be under cultivation, and a house shall have been erected. For the present, those of the colonists who are without means are supplied with the necessaries of life by the State, which they are to repay by labor on the public roads. All of the colonists are able to read and write, which is accounted for by the statement that in Sweden no person is allowed to marry unless he is a member of the church, and no one is permitted to join the church until he can read and write.

News Summary.

THE quarrel between Turkey and Greece has been settled.

IN Arkansas the horse-flies are so abundant that ploughing has to be done by moonlight.

MRS. SANDERS, who was shot by her husband at Blue Earth, Wis., on the 29 ult., is dead.

THE Olympics of Washington defeated the White Stockings of Chicago by a score of 13 to 8.

EIGHTEEN hundred and seventeen persons were arrested by the police of New York last week.

GEN. COOKE is actively organizing his forces, in Arizona, for a campaign against the Apaches.

JAMES POWELL in New York, a laborer, stabbed his wife thirteen times, and then drowned himself.

A GANG of counterfeiters was arrested at Monroe, Wis., by the officers of the United States Secret Service.

BUTTER is now imported from Australia to England, and is said to arrive in large quantities and in good order.

THE vital statistics of New York for the week, show 43 still-births, 417 births, 151 marriages, and 504 deaths.

MACE has accepted O'Baldwin's challenge, offering to fight him for any amount from $2,500 to $10,000.

TOONEY, a noted desperado and prize-fighter of Colorado, was assassinated by order of a vigilance committee.

A LEADING German merchant, of Trinidad murdered a friend recently because he refused an invitation to breakfast.

THE waste paper at the U. S. Treasury Department, during the year ending June 30, amounted to 65,000 pounds.

IN Somerset, Mass., two men named Sullivan and Talbot disputed, and Sullivan stabbed Talbot in a vital part, killing him.

THE Third Auditor of the Treasury Department has settled the war claim of Connecticut, by a warrant for $154,273 84.

THE Spanish Chamber has decided to prosecute the trial of Deputy Bercia, as an accomplice in the plot for the assassination of Gen. Prim.

THE reported appearance of yellow fever at Key West is wholly unfounded. The island was never in a more healthful condition than at present.

THE work of restoring Paris is progressing. Fully sixty thousand masons are engaged in repairing the damaged buildings and erecting new ones.

PRIVATES of cavalry, artillery and infantry receive hereafter $13 instead of $16, and compensation of non-commissioned officers is proportionately less than formerly.

PREPARATIONS for building the New York pier of the East River Bridge advance rapidly. Manufactories have reduced the price of rails and spikes 40 per cent.

THE Bank of France has commenced the publication of its returns. The bullion in its vaults amounts to 550,000,000 francs, and the treasury balance is 140,000,000 francs.

ABOUT 8,000 tons of "white clay" or Kaoline, is annually shipped from Georgia to New York, of which the greater portion is used in adultering confectionary and drugs.

A DISPATCH from Shanghai confirms the announcement of the capture of the Tsiang Hoa forts by the Americans with slight loss. The Coreans had 240 killed and a great many wounded.

IT is stated that M. Vermorel of Paris, died in the following manner: Mounting a barricade he flourished a cane and exclaimed, "I came to die and not to fight." A dozen bullets pierced his body, and he fell dead.

THE *Official Journal* of Paris says there was present and taking part in the review at Longchamps 160 batallions of infantry, sixty squadrons of cavalry, twenty companies of engineers, and 300 pieces of artillery.

POLICEMAN John Gillespie of New York who committed an aggravated assault on two citizens and then shot and severely wounded Officer Leroy, who arrested him, was sentenced to ten years in the State Prison.

FORTY shots were fired at Isaac Yoakum of the Maricago Rancho, Cal., by settlers against whom he had long prosecuted ejectment suits. His horse was killed under him and his clothing riddled, but he escaped unhurt.

Mr. HOWARD, Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, has been appointed agent in the United States to receive the claims of British subjects coming within articles twelfth to seventeenth inclusive, of the Treaty of Washington.

THE American Bible Society printed last year 1,031,800 volumes in addition to 164,997 copies published and circulated abroad. Its receipts from sales were over $400,000; from churches and individuals, $250,000; total income $729,464.70.

IN the French Assembly, M Favre denied that the property of the Algerian insurgents had been confiscated. He admitted that several districts were still in the hands of the insurgents, but said that the insurrection would soon be suppressed.

A COMPARATIVE statement from the Internal Revenue Bureau shows the decrease in the collections for the year ending June 30, 1871, as compared with the previous year to be over $40,000,000 and estimates the collections for 1872 at $112,192,201.

THE miners of Amador County, California, are again on the rampage, and threaten the lives of the working miners. They seized a Mr. Herrick, of Sacramento, and believing him to be a newspaper reporter, beat the unfortunate gentleman in a terrible manner.

LIEUTENANT QUINTON gives details of a recent desperate fight between three white men and about 35 Yanktonnia Indians, near Mussel Shell, in which 11 of the latter and one white man were killed. Such conflicts are said to be of very frequent occurrence in that vicinity.

MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN was arrested at New Brunswick, New Jersey, by officers from Connecticut, who charge her with having poisoned at different times three husbands, and two step-children, the offspring of her last husband by a previous marriage. She has been taken to New Haven for examination.

THE Toledo *Blade* has received crop reports from fifty points in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana. The summary indicates a large crop of wheat, a fair crop of hay, a light crop of oats; potatoes better than expected, but light; corn promising well. The fruit crop is a little below the average, perhaps, three-fourths.

A FRENCH Canadian, a guest at a Montreal hotel, was greatly alarmed when the proprietor told him that if he had any money he would do well to have it put in the safe. He felt convinced that the intention was to rob and perhaps murder him, and at night, hearing somebody talking in an adjoining room, he jumped out of his window to the ground, a distance of forty feet. Fortunately he was not much injured.

RIOTING.—Terrible riots have occurred among the miners in the Imperial Iron Works at Konigshuette in Silesia. The office of the Superintendent of the Mines and the prison were destroyed by the rioters, who then commenced plundering the Jewish residents of the town. The Uhlans were called on to put down the disturbances, and cleared the streets, killing seven of the miners, wounding thirty, and arresting sixty. Martial law has been proclaimed.

A Fall River (Mass.) photographer was called on a recent Sunday to take some pictures of a deceased child. The latter was placed in a chair, and over it was arranged an arch of roses, with one sprig hanging down from the centre. It is related by an eye-witness that several pictures were taken, and in the sixth, partly obscuring the pendent sprig, appeared clearly defined the face of the child's mother, who had been dead several years. Considerable local excitement is said to have resulted from this "spiritual photograph," if such it was.

A Schuylkill hotel-keeper makes this proclamation in his bar-room: "Young men and boys are forbidden to occupy these seats. They will find their way here too soon for their own good."

French Peasants During the War.

If I am asked what was the attitude of the peasants during the war and between the two armies, I reply that their behavior was the most lamentable of all the lamentable spectacles in this unhappy struggle. It is among the peasants that the results of ignorance and selfishness have exhibited themselves in the most striking manner. In the Ardennes the people were not heroic, but at any rate they assisted the French Army, helped the wounded, and were not utterly vile before the enemy; but in Normandy and the Beauce, where I was afterward stationed, the state of demoralization was frightful. The peasants were too selfish to make the least sacrifice for their own soldiers; and thus both from fear and from interest became subservient to the Germans, furnishing them with provisions and other assistance. The people of Bonnieres, between Mantes and Evreux, were weak enough to send their letters to the Prussians at Mantes that they might be read before being forwarded to Evreux. With rare exceptions they did nothing for the wounded; but if we happened to be successful in an action, I cannot describe the low ferocity with which they turned upon the Germans, before whom they had so recently been cringing. At Oucques the ambulance had some difficulty in preventing two wounded Bavarians from being massacred by the people. A St. Leon and a peasant actually amused himself with pulling the broken leg of a German, for the mere sake of causing him torture. At Ouzouer the people thronged round a solitary wounded officer, and assailed him with threats and insults of all kinds. And their stupidity was equal to their wickedness. They were constantly mistaking us for Germans on account of our flag, and of the ambulance cross on our sleeves. They were certain that we were in communication with the Prussians, because we were not afraid of them; and accused us of firing rockets to point out the position of the army to the enemy. At Sommanthe they were convinced that the Prussians had come because our ambulance was established there; and at Ouzouer it was believed that we had plundered the wounded, and that our only object in nursing the patients was to make money. I do not deny that devoted hearts, and souls above the common, were occasionally to be met with. I have heard from peasants of both sexes golden words, which will remain in my recollection as long as I live; but the great majority, even when intelligent, are shamefully demoralized, and scandalously profligate, selfish and wicked. Quarrels and scandals rage with fury in the villages, and even in the families themselves things occur which are too bad to be mentioned.—*Gabriel Monod, in Macmillan's Magazine.*

She was a Woman.

We have heard time and again of the prodigal son. What of the prodigal daughter? She exists. A Rochester newspaper brings us the meager outline of the career of one whose condition seems to us so peculiarly sad, and at the same time so representative of the experience of many another prodigal daughter, whose case has never been recorded, that we take it as the text of a paragraph here. The girl, when residing at home, was a teacher in Sunday school, and enjoyed the respect of her friends and the love of her family. For some time past she has been living at a house of ill repute in a city distant from her native place. At the solicitation of her family, her former pastor communicated with her, and finally went to visit her, and informed her of the conditions upon which she might return home and be shielded from the necessity of clinging to her present mode of life. Those conditions were that she should give up that mode forever, return to her native place and enter an asylum. The heart-broken penitent expressed her willingness to embrace the first two conditions, but shook her head at the third. Her soul was hungering and thirsting for love—for a father's blessing, a mother's kiss, the sympathy of the brothers and sisters among whom she had spent a happy childhood. She was longing to be forgiven, yearning to be received back into the good old paths once more. It was the old story over again of the inhumanity of society and the family to woman. The prodigal son is received with open arms; the prodigal daughter is given the cold shoulder. The fatted calf is killed for the one; the broken bits are given to the other. This girl asked for her family, and they gave her an asylum—demanded love and they yielded charity.—*Exchange.*

The English Income Tax.

The history of the income tax in England possesses a special interest at this particular period, when taxation is necessarily in all men's thoughts. It was in 1842 that Sir Robert Peel brought in his too memorial bills. The rate was then 7d. per £1, or £2 18s. 4d. per cent. For 11 years this state of things being continued; but in 1853, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, an act was passed limiting the duration of the tax at 7d. per £1 to seven years, after which it was to be gradually reduced in amount, until, like the celebrated horse whose daily diminishing allowance of grass at last reached a handful, it died of inanition. Meantime incomes between £100 and £150 were rendered liable to a penalty of 5d. in the £1. On the occurrence of the Crimean war this programme had to be broken through, and the 7d. was raised to 1s. 2d. per £1. In 1857 the rate was again lowered to 7d. per £1, and the next year to 5d. per £1. In 1859, however, the rate for incomes above £150 was made 9d.; for incomes between that sum and £100 it was made 6½d. per £1. In 1861 the 9d. rate was raised to 10d., and the 6½d. to 7d. In 1862 1d. was taken off each class. In 1863 a uniform rate of 7d. per £1 was imposed, but for incomes under £200 a reduction of £60 was allowed. In 1864 1d. was taken off, and in 1865 another 2d., so that it now stood at 4d. per £1. It continued the same figure in 1866, but in November, 1867, when the Abyssinian war had to be provided for, it was raised to 5d. and the next April to 6d. In 1869 it was reduced to 5d., and last year to 4d.

A New Electrical Theory.

M. Becquerel has just communicated to the Academy of Science in Paris a new hypothesis concerning the origin of atmospheric electricity. In his opinion, its source resides in the sun, which, according to the recent discoveries of Mr. Norman Lockyer, is surrounded by an immense envelope of hydrogen which, being mixed up with a considerable proportion of watery vapor, is therefore positively electrified. This communicates its fluid to the whole mass of ethereal substance which fills the interplanetary spaces, and thence to our atmosphere. But as the latter is a bad conductor, the consequence is, according to our author, that the upper strata of the air must be saturated with positive electricity. Here, says a French journal we pause to ask what evidence he has, in the first place, of the existence of this ethereal substance; and secondly, of its conductibility? M. Becquerel does not think it necessary to stop at such details, but seeks to establish his theory by various arguments, such as, for instance, the fact that *in vacuo* an electrified liquid evaporates more rapidly than when not in that state; and that an auroraborealis is accompanied by a noise which he finds to be exactly the same as that produced by an electric spark.

CATTLE IN TEXAS.—Among the large cattle-raisers of Texas are John Hittson, who has 50,000 head of cattle; William Hittson, who has 8,000; George Beavers, 6,000; Charles Rivers, 10,000; James Brown, 15,000; C. J. Johnson, 8,000; Robert Sloan, 12,000; Coggins & Parks, 20,000; Martin Childers, 10,000; and John Chisholm, 30,000. The entire number of cattle owned in Texas is nearly 4,000,000 while New York State, with her 4,000,000 of population, eight times greater than that of Texas, has less than 750,000 head of cattle.

FOREIGN exchange is dull and about steady on the basis of 110¼@110¾ for prime bankers' sixty-day sterling, and 111@111¼ for sight bills so a New York paper says.

Crazy Fashions.

It is impossible to traverse the thoroughfares of any large city without meeting the devotees of insane fashions, or fashions made so by their exaggeration. This is said to be an American peculiarity, and one to be deplored, owing to the wild and uncouth aspect it imparts to young girls, who are generally the first to run to extremes in all matters of dress. In days when Paris was the realm of the modiste the styles adopted by French ladies of fashion were altered for the American market so as to meet the demands of a more pronounced taste. The trains were elongated, the paniers enlarged, and trimming of a more flashy and elaborate kind substituted for the quieter styles worn by Europeans. Some of the fashions that come to us from over the water are absurd, but many of them have been rendered so by the extremes to which American women insist on carrying them. The worst were bad in Europe, but the best are too often spoiled in America. After the caprices and whims of Parisian modistes have been valgarized by the crude tastes of this country, they become what may be styled crazy fashions. Take, for instance, the Chatelaine braid, which, when neatly arranged, is an exceedingly pretty style of hair-dressing, as it shows the natural shape of the head, and gives those who have even a moderate amount of hair a chance to discard false switches, rats, &c. Instead of making the best of this fashion, the worst of it is constantly displayed upon our streets, and to the excuse it offers is pinned an untidy mass of braids, frizzles, and curls. A lady, as we are informed, who would possess a truly fashionable head must spend from $90 to $120 in braids. The frenzied heads of some of our young women, crowned with battered-looking gypsys, and strangling odds and ends of flowers, strongly remind us of the crazy Janes of the asylum, and the thought might suggest itself as to whether it is safe to allow them to run at large, especially as the present mode of wearing little artless frizzles over the forehead gives a somewhat wild look to the eyes. A necklace, when small and tasteful in design, is certainly a very pretty feminine ornament, but a few years ago we saw these toys enlarged to huge chains, and hung about the persons of young women who, with the profusion of glass beads and bugles then in vogue, looked as if they were personating Indian squaws. Again the gypsy hat now worn is a bewitching little piece of head gear, when properly adorned, but it is so overloaded with trimmings, and piled with lace, feathers, flowers, ribbon, and velvet, that shape is quite lost in a jumbled and tasteless mass of ornament. The dress for the parlor with a skirt touching the ground, or trailing a few inches, can be tolerated (though we sincerely wish women everywhere would learn to look upon this appendage as a badge of servitude, and discard it forever), but our belles, not content with the more modest and only graceful fashion of trailing garments, persist in dragging behind them five or six yards of expensive material, greatly to their own discomfort and the inconvenience of others. The fashion is senseless and degrading, but it holds its own with remarkable pertinacity. Not one woman in a hundred can wear this switching piece of cloth behind her with any peculiar grace. It gets into a heap, ties itself into knots, twists around chair-legs, tangles itself in the boots of men, and is, generally speaking, an unadulterated nuisance. Now and then some women moving like a goddess can wear a train and not seem to belong to it, although we have never seen more than two on the stage or off who carried the appendage in a truly noble style. The difficulty, not to say anguish, which women experience in managing this article of dress should alone insure its condemnation. The short suit has so many genuine merits it cannot be easily spoiled. Everything possible has been done to make it practically worthless as a comfortable and convenient garment, but it has triumphed over enormities of trimming and grotesque shapes, and is still the greatest blessing in the way of apparel ever granted to the sex.

An Indian Sun Dance.

A correspondent of a Western paper gives some revolting details of the "Sun dances" of the Sioux Indians, which take place annually. About the 1st inst. the "Sun dance" commenced at Cheyenne. It continues 24 hours without intermission, the dancers not even stopping for refreshments. It is during the carnival that the young Indians who aspire to rank among the "braves" are subjected to a trying and cruel ordeal. Incisions are made in either breast with a sharp knife, cutting clear to the bone, when the muscles are raised up and a stout stick inserted beneath. A similar incision is made in the back, and a stick passed through the flesh as in the other case. Then a stout cord is attached to either end of the stick, so that it may not draw out, and the cord securely fastened to the ceiling of the council chamber. The candidates for promotion then commence a dance, jumping forward and backward, throwing their whole weight upon the cord, and they keep up until the sticks are torn through the flesh. The young Indian who gives up from pain or exhaustion before he succeeds in wrenching the sticks from his body is declared unworthy to be a warrior, and is forever disgraced in the eyes of his brethren. The scene is said to be a most revolting one to witness. The blood streams from the torn and lacerated flesh, while the devotees with demoniac yells plunge around in a perfect frenzy. The spectators applaud and taunt by turns, inciting the poor wretches to more desperate efforts to free themselves, until finally, as the last sinew snaps, and they fall all gory and exhausted upon the ground, there is raised such a series of savage whoops and yells that one could well imagine himself in a veritable pandemonium.

COAL.—The Scranton Republic thinks it is a fact beyond question that there are at present sent to market not less than 500,000 tons of coal per week. At this rate there would be 26,000,000 of tons shipped per year. As there have not been heretofore, and will not during the next twelve months, be consumed more than about 16,000,000 of tons—at most not more than 18,000,000—it does not require a very competent economist to see what the result must inevitably be. Either the present rate of production must be reduced or there must be months of idleness at some time within twelve months. At least every fifth ton of coal mined is in excess of the demand for actual consumption.

A BOY HERO.—A Paris correspondent tells this story: A boy of thirteen, found fighting, was taken to be shot. He took a silver watch from his pocket and cried out: "Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it." "Oh! you scamp!" said the officer, "I understand—you want to run off." "My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy; and the Captin, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am, fire?" Does Roman history tell us anything braver? The captain boxed the little hero's ears and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.—Some years ago a man in Massachusetts was disappointed in love. He bought him a secluded spot, and ever after dressed in the garb of woman, while about the household duties, and called himself Miss Buck, but assumed the garb of man when he went out. If any one called, he would ask who they wanted to see, and if it was Mr. Buck he would hurry off and change his apparel, and appear as a young lady. He died a few days ago, aged 87.

JUST IN TIME.—A young man from Savannah married a young lady from New York a month ago, and shortly afterwards he left her, ostensibly on business. Not hearing from him, she took a steamer and arrived in Savannah just in time to prevent him from marrying another woman—she bursting into the room just as the knot was being tied. There was a scene of course.

A Lesson from Life.

Never rose the sun on a brighter day, or shed its glorious beams on a fairer bride or more noble bridegroom than on the day when Agnes Lynne and Chester Moore stood before the altar and plighted their troth to one another.

It was a bright and joyous bridal, and no sign of the dark cloud that was to overshadow their future could be discovered.

Loving one another with a rare and steadfast devotion, little dreamed they that the time would come when their lips would be sealed to one another, and the eyes that looked only now, would be coldly averted as from the face of an enemy.

Ere the first month of married life had passed, a studied coldness had grown up between them; why, neither knew or sought to know. He was reserved and overbearing in his manner; she, proud, fiery and unyielding.

"My daughter," pleaded the anxious mother, "yield a little to your husband's wishes, for sweet love's sake. You are making a shipwreck of your own happiness as well as his."

"I take pride in your independence of character, dear Agnes. Begin your new life as you intend to end it. Let your husband see that he cannot bend you to his will," said one who had succeeded in making her husband feel the strength of her will."

"Listen to me, Chester, before it is too late, and your happiness is destroyed forever. Humor and pet your wife a little more," said an old and tried friend, who with pain had marked their growing estrangement. "Agnes loves you truly, but remember that all her life she has been the petted darling of her mother, and your uncalled-for severity of manner galls her to the soul. Be more lenient with her caprices, and her great love for you will enable her to overcome that impetuosity of temper that annoys you so much."

"Chester, my boy, you are an example to all young men contemplating matrimony. Catch you giving way to a woman's whims, if she is your wife and does cry a little. Hold out the way you have begun, and you will lead a model life," laughed the bosom friend of the young husband to whom he had been giving a history of his infelicities.

Thus counseled, the two who had promised before God and man to love and cherish one another till parted by death, went on from coldness to bitter recriminations, and finally, in a fit of uncontrollable passion, the husband exclaimed: "Would to God I had never married! My life has been a continual torment since that ill-omened day!"

Away to the further corner of the room, flew a sacred betrothal ring, shot thither by the indignant wife, and she herself, with a blanched and resolute face, but with trembling limbs, was hurrying from her husband's home before he fully realized what had happened.

"Let her go," he muttered, with a bitter sneer on his lips, but with a vague feeling of alarm and remorse in his heart at his hasty words and their unlooked for effect.

"Hetter have her cry out at home than here: I do hate so to see her cry," he said to himself as he lighted his cigar and prepared to go out.

"She will be sure to be at home again when I come in to-night. To go after her would spoil everything."

And yet he could not satisfy himself with any reasoning. Go where he would, the white, horror-stricken face of his wife as he last saw it rose up before him. But in accordance with the laughing advice of his friend, he put the pale image to one side, resolving not to be removed from his proud position by a woman's angry tears.

To his great surprise and uneasiness Agnes was not at home when he reached there at a late hour that night, nor did she return the next day, nor the next. Still his pride, bolstered up by his friend's approval, would not allow him to seek her.

"Now is the turning-point in your life, Chester," said this false and careless adviser to the now wretched husband.

"Yield now, and be a slave to a woman's whims all the rest of your life."

Then came a long letter from the young wife's mother. She deplored their unhappy misunderstanding, but her daughter would never return to his home again until the cruel words that had driven her forth were recalled.

Love, and all the nobler qualities of his nature pleaded loudly for the insulted wife, but again his stubborn pride stifled the yearnings of his heart, and more than a week had passed since the letter was received from Agnes' mother.

At the end of that time the voice of love could no longer be disregarded, the yearning desire to be reconciled to his young wife would not be crowded down any longer.

But by this time the tongue of scandal was bury with their names, and he found that Agnes could be even more unyielding than himself would be. She would listen to no reasoning, and all his impassioned pleadings fell on heedless ears.

And thus at the end of six months of married life they were as widely separated as though the ocean rolled between them.

Two years fraught with bitter grief to both was drawing to a close, and mankind were preparing to welcome the ever precious period of "Peace on earth" that should bring good will toward men, whatever cause has divided them the whole twelvemonth before.

The Divine birthday dawned bright and beautiful, and, for the first time in two long weary years, Chester Moore wended his way to his old accustomed place of worship before the sad blight fell upon his life. His heart yearned toward his still fondly, idolized wife, and he determined to gaze upon her face once more, however coldly she might frown upon him.

As he expected, he saw her in her accustomed place, and, finding a seat near her, he entered into the sacred worship with greater fervency than ever before.

Agnes was pale and pensive, and more than once he detected a fugitive glance in his direction, but her eyes were quickly withdrawn, and she seemed absorbed in her devotions.

The deep tones of the organ, touched by a master's hand, rose and fell, and the incomparable voices of the choir singing a glad anthem, made a glorious melody, almost too grand for earth.

"Peace! peace! peace!" rang the glad refrain, and during that outburst of heavenly sound the eyes of the long-parted husband and wife met, not to be hastily withdrawn, but to gaze with a depth of meaning that spoke plainer than words.

They knew that their bitter past was blotted out forever, and that a new life, full of a happy promise, was opening before them.

The organ still pealed, and the celestial anthem still filled their ears, and mingled with the feelings of holy devotion excited by the grandeur of the worship, was one of deep gratitude that there was at least peace between them, which would never more be broken. No more senseless bickerings, no more cross purposes, no more wicked pride, but henceforth they would walk hand in hand down the rugged path of life, bearing each other's burdens, and sharing each other's joys until death parted them.

SUMMER TOURS.—A Boston paper speaks thus of the difficulty of choosing which way to go for a summer tour: "One may start from Boston with four weeks, and a hundred and twenty-five dollars at his disposal, and see in full the picturesque beauty of the Adirondacks, or plant himself in the wild mountain scenery of Virginia and drink his fill at some of her innumerable springs. Or, if he can command a couple of months and six hundred dollars, he can traverse the continent, look out on the Pacific, and see the wonderful Yosemite. Or with still less means, he may embark on a European steamer, spend a day in London, give fifty days to Switzerland, and be at home in ninety."

ANNOYED.—A Prussian cavalry officer, who was badly wounded at the battle of Gravelotte, was greatly annoyed by the cries of some wounded soldiers lying near him. He stood the annoyance as long as he could, and then testily called out: "Stop your howling over there! Do you think you are the only persons killed in this fight?"

Type-setting by Steam.

One invention, however, did interest me; it was a steam type-composing machine. A Mr. Mackie, of Warrington, has patented this affair, and it is now used in several printing offices, among others that of *The Graphic*, in London. The invention consists of two machines. One of these is a small one which has a key-board, like a piano, of 14 keys. The operator sets before him the copy which is to be put in type, and manipulates the keys, whereupon there is evolved from beneath an interminable strip of paper, two inches wide, which is full of punctures. Each one of these punctures corresponds with a letter of the written copy. The whole manuscript having thus been copied in punctures, the roll of punctured paper is set in a machine that looks like an iron center-table. The top of the center-table has all around its edge little boxes containing type. The top of the table then revolves. The punctured paper runs around, and when a certain type needed is reached, a little lever falls (by reason of the opening allowed one end of it by the hole in the paper), the other end touching and selecting the letter that is needed. The type so selected falls into place, and the row of selected type pours in continuous stream out upon a regular composer's stick, which as fast as it is filled, is removed to the form. This may all seem complex in the description, but it seems wonderfully smooth and simple when seen. A man engaged at the perforator, and three boys at the composer to feed the boxes with type and space out the lines, set up a newspaper column large as one of *The Times* in one hour, which Mr. Mackie maintains is equal to the composition of eight men. It economizes 50 per cent. of outlay. The inventor has been 10 years on it, and has now certainly gained a success. When our commercial houses have Babbidge's calculators instead of clerks, and our newspaper offices have revolving center-tables instead of compositors, why should not Mr. Carlyle's dream of an automatic Prime Minister be realized? The Republicans of England will do the handsome thing by any Yankee who will invent an automaton Queen that can sign her name and not have a large family. To return to Mr. Mackie for a moment, I may add that his machine costs £500, and the inventor advertises that he is prepared to undertake type-setting for one year in any house that purchases, at three pence per thousand (whatever the size of type), set in 18 inch lines. Mackie is proprietor of *The Warrington Guardian*, the largest paper in England, equal to 112 columns of *The Times*, and it certainly is set up very neatly, set up by his machine, all varieties being used—small pica, minion, and nonpareil.—*English Paper.*

A Kentucky Murder Case.

A murder was committed near Louisville, Ky., which in all its circumstances is one of the most revolting that the press has ever recorded. The Wirz family, consisting of father, mother, and one daughter, lived in a log house about five miles from the city. The daughter, Lizzie, was engaged to be married to a young man named Jacob Rein, an industrious and highly respected artisan, and Sunday was to have been their wedding-day. For about two months another young man named Valentine Rabbitt had been trying to make love to Lizzie, but had been repulsed; still he was received at the house of the Wirz family as a friend, as he pretended to be. The rival lovers would frequently meet at the house, and seemed to be on good terms with each other, yet it was known that Rabbitt had shot at Rein once just as he was on the threshold of the cabin. At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, Rein called upon his affianced bride, and asked her to have the wedding postponed for a month; to this she agreed, and the two sat together all the afternoon conversing about such matters as are likely to be subjects much thought of at such times, and in the evening they were joined by Rabbitt, who seemed in wonderfully high spirits for a rejected lover. They talked and laughed till about 9 o'clock, when Rein rose to go, but stayed a while longer at Rabbitt's earnest request. At 10 o'clock Rabbitt took leave of the family—for the father and mother has made part of the party—and left the house, going out of the yard by a path leading in a northern direction. Fifteen minutes later Rein left, taking a westerly course, and in a few minutes saw Rabbitt coming towards him with a pistol in his hand. As he approached Rein said: "I know you, Valentine; you are not going to shoot me, are you?" Rabbitt made no answer, but placed the pistol at his victim's breast and fired. The wounded man tottered back towards the house, and his groans attracted the attention of Mrs. Wirz and her daughter, who went out and carried him into the house, where he was laid on a bed. A physician was called, but Rein was mortally wounded. Justices Scharein and Gaar were summoned and took the disposition of the dying man, the substance of which is given above. He died at 1 o'clock. Rabbitt has been arrested, but denies all knowledge of the affair.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.—Twenty-nine years ago, Mr. Sylvester Havens, of Hartford, injured his right eye by a small piece of steel that flew into it—the result of a blow. Gradually the eye began to lose the power of sight, and finally, many years after the accident, sight was gone altogether. Thus it continued for fourteen years, causing no pain. Six weeks ago, however, Mr. Havens was troubled by a swelling in the inside of the right nostril, which he at length punctured, and from it came out a little bit of steel, of course the identical piece that entered his eye twenty-nine years ago. The sore healed, but very soon the left eye began to lose the power of sight, and as oculists assured him that it was the result of sympathetic action from the nerves of the other eye, he determined to have the sightless right eye removed from its socket. This was done, and the sufferer is now in a darkened room, waiting for the time when a glass eye can be inserted. Curiously enough, any ray of light that enters the apartment pains the empty socket of the departed eye. Even a picture with a gilt frame had to be turned face to the wall, the reflection of the gilt frame in the darkened room being painfully perceptible. This sensitiveness, however, is rapidly wearing off.

Help for the Horses.

A correspondent writing of the New York horse disease says: People having charge of stock seem to think they can ignore nature's laws with impunity, and go on from day to day, giving the same quality of food, and expecting the stock to retain its health. They ignore the fact that nature, in the spring of the year, furnishes a necessary medicine in the young grass which purges the animal, and thoroughly and gently cleans out the system. New, if those companies will invest a little money, in some fresh-cut grass, and give to each of their horses one good armful every day for a couple of weeks, they will find it more profitable than losing their horses, even if it does cause some trouble and inconvenience. The great objection urged is that the grass weakens them for their work, but neither man nor beast can take medicine in any form without feeling weak and low in proportion to its strength. Clean and well ventilated stables and an armful of fresh green grass once or twice a day will be grateful to the animal and economical to the pockets of all horse-keepers.

PAY IN THE CONTINENTAL SERVICE.—Colonel, $50 per calender month; Lieutenant-Colonel, $40; Major, $33 1-3; Captain, $26 2-3; Lieutenant, $18; Ensign, $13 1-3; Adjutant, $18 1-3; Quartermaster, $18 1-3; Surgeon, $25, raised to $33 June 5, 1776; Mate, $18; Chaplain, $20, raised to $33 1-3 July 5, 1776; Sergeant, $8; Corporal, drummer and fifer, each $7 1-3; private, $6 2-3; light infantry the same.

GEORGE W. GRAY of New Richmond, Clermont County, Ohio, being drunk, insulted some ladies publicly, on the street. Joseph Houck interfered, when a quarrel ens