The Streamlet.

It is only the tiniest stream,
With nothing whatever to do,
But to creep from its mosses, and gleam
In just a thin ribbon or two,
Where it spills from the rock and besprinkles
The flowers all round it with dew.

Half-way up the hillside it slips
From darkness into the light,
Slides over the ledges, and drips
In a basin bubbling and bright,
Then once more in the long meadow-grasses,
In silence it sinks out of sight.

So slender, so brief in its course!
It will never be useful or grand,
Like the waterfall foaming and hoarse,
Or the river benignant and bland,
That sweeps far away through the valley,
And turns all the mills in the land.

Just a brooklet, so perfect, so sweet,—
Like a child that is always a child!
A picture as fair and complete,
As softly and peacefully wild,
As if nature had only just made it,
And laid down her pencil and smiled.

* * * * * * * *

O, teach me your song, happy brook!
If I visit you yet many times,
If I put away business and book,
And list to your fairy-bell chimes,
Will your freshness breathe into my verses,
Your music glide into my rhymes?

Farm, Garden and Household.

DAMP CELLARS.—Care should be taken lest the emanations from damp and foul cellars do not counteract the benign influences of pure air and sunlight in our houses. Inattention to the purification of this portion of our dwellings has often proved a source of disease, and in many instances so-called mysterious death. Every housekeeper or head of the family ought to make a periodical visit to every cellar, dustbin, outhouse, &c., and see that they are perfectly clean and free from kitchen rubbish.

VEAL HASH.—This makes a most delightful supper dish. Choose a shin of veal with about three pounds of meat on it. Boil it in as small a quantity of water as you well can, so that when done there shall be nearly one quart left. It should be boiled the day before it is wanted, so that it may become perfectly cold. When the meat seems entirely done, take it out, laying it away from the air, but *not* wrapping it in a cloth; save all the liquor in a separate dish. The next day cut the meat off, make it very fine, but not quite so fine as mince-meat; about half an hour before you wish to send it to table put it over the fire in a covered stew-pan with the liquor; have ready about half a pint of drawn butter (hot), and eight or ten hard-boiled eggs; remove the shells; save out two; mince the rest, and add to the meat, etc. Take off the fire at once, season with salt, Cayenne pepper, and a small quantity of black pepper, and if desired a very little wine. Cut in slices the two eggs, and, after the meat has been placed in the dish for table, garnish with them. It should be sent hot to table.

HOW TO MAKE CURRANT WINE.—A writer in the Germantown *Telegraph* says that the currants should be fully ripe when picked; put them it a large tub, in which they should remain a day or two, then crush them with the hands, unless you have a small patent wine-press, in which they should not be pressed too much, or the stems will be bruised and impart a disagreeable taste to the juice. If the hands are used, put the crushed fruit, after the juice has been poured off, in a cloth or sack, and press out the remaining juice. Put the juice back into the tub after cleansing it, where it should remain about three days, until the first stage of fermentation is over, and removing once or twice a day the scum copiously arising to the top. Then put the juice in a vessel—a demijohn, keg or barrel—any size to suit the quantity made, and to each quart of juice add three pounds of the best *yellow* sugar and soft water sufficient to make a gallon. Thus to quarts of juice and thirty pounds of sugar will give you ten gallons of wine, and so on in proportion. Those who do not like sweet wine can reduce the quantity of sugar to two and a half; or who wish it very sweet, raise it to three and a half pounds per gallon.

FISH AS MANURE.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith said in the Farmers Club, fish was a very good manure for worn-out lands. Their use for this purpose was suggested to the Puritans by Squanto, an Indian, who told them that the way the natives managed to raise corn was by putting three herrings into each hill. The Doctor also remarked that the great value of the overflowing of the Nile was the fact that the deposit it left on the land was composed of millions of infusorial animals. This fertilizing material, so rich in animal matter, had made Egypt the granary of the old world. He also alluded to the custom of burying dead animals near trees, so that they may derive the benefit of the fertilizing matter contained in the muscles, and the phosphates in the bones as the bodies decay. Mr. Bruen told how a friend of his bought a farm of poor land for $2,000. This farm was manured with Moss Bunkers, spread all over thickly, and ploughed under, after which a crop of wheat was sowed. The proceeds were forty bushels to the acre on seventy acres, which he sold for $1.50 a bushel, and thus paid for the place twice over with the first crop, and it was the fish that did it. Dr. Growell said that where Moss Bunkers were used continually, the land becomes sour after the third year, and will not produce a crop. The same result is noticed with fish guano.

HARVESTING HAY EARLY.—Mr. H. L. Reade read the following paper on the importance of harvesting hay early, in the Farmer's Club: "In 1869, the hay crop in the United States amounted to 19,291,128 tons, worth at least $191,291,280. Eleven years have increased this by at least one-third, so that the crop in 1870 was at least 30,000,000 tons, worth $300,000,000. Making a low estimate one-sixteenth of the value of this crop is lost by late cutting. And yet the practice so costly is surprisingly common. Were argument necessary to convince farmers of their mistake and loss, attention might be called to that wonderful and most suggestive provision of providence that in almost if not all sections of the world where cattle depend upon wild grass for winter as well as summer food, sudden and great heat and a correspondingly dry atmosphere combine to change the grass into what civilization calls hay while in the fulness of its growth and always before its maturity; and thus it is that when for months not a green thing is eaten by the herds or roving animals, they are found to be in better flesh at the end than at the beginning. If the grass reached completeness in its growth and seeding before being dried, cattle eating it would die of starvation rather than thrive. Science as well as observation demonstrates the necessity of an early hay harvest. Grass is the natural food of animals, and before the plant reaches its maturity it contains all the elements needed to make a perfect aliment in the best possible combination and in the best possible proportion. Afterwards, the nature of the plant changes, and reproduction, not force—if we may put it in this phrase—becomes the ultimate object. If, therefore, farmers would secure the best and most valuable hay crop, grass should be cut while the seed-vessels are forming, and never after they are formed. Haying therefore, should be commenced, on an average, ten days earlier than it is. There may be a little loss at the beginning in the bulk, possibly in the weight, in consequence of the immaturity of the crop; but the loss would be none at the end, by the change in the nature of the plant from a juicy, saccharine combination into something that acts simply as a stiff, horny holder for the vessels containing the matured seed."

THE GYPSIES.—The ladies of Bennington Vt., do not buy any more bread toasters of wandering gypsy girls. This is the way it has happened: The other day a young girl belonging to a gang of gypsies, then stopping in their neighborhood, called at several houses, and at each said that the lady of the adjoining dwelling waned one of her toasters, and if they would buy and pay for it, she (the lady of the other house) would take it and pay for it just as soon as she could get a bill changed. When the accommodating friends got the fork to their neighbor, they were informed that she did not wish it, and had just bought one for Mrs. ——, and ran the tale along the street.

Summary of News.

THE number of arrests by the police of New York last week was 2,062.

GEN. HALLECK has been elected President of the Veterans of the Mexican war.

HON. C. C. BOWEN, convicted of bigamy in Washington, has received his pardon.

THE Minnesota Republican State Convention, meets at St. Paul on Wednesday, Sept. 20.

THE whole number of army pensioners on the roll June 30 was 205,232; navy pensioners, 3,111.

THE Wisconsin Republican State Convention has been called to meet at Madison on August 30th.

REPORTS concerning the British hop crop are unfavorable, and indicate that there will be but a small yield.

SEVERAL persons were injured in Philadelphia by a herd of Texas cattle that stampeded through the streets.

ALONZO PHILLIPS and Norris Hendrickson were drowned while bathing in Shoal Creek, near Summer's Mills, in Illinois.

THE balances in the U. S. Treasury are as follows: Currency, $3,630,000; coin, $88,591,000; certificates, $20,000,000.

PRINTING cloths for spot goods are in short supply, and contracts are daily reported, covering many months at 7½ cents.

THE vital statistics of New York for the week are as follows: Deaths, 710; births, 390; marriages, 150 and stillbirths, 45.

THE wife of Norman Buiser, of Copake, N. Y., committed suicide by cutting her throat in her own house while insane.

MR. HARRY T. BLOW, nephew of the ex-Minister, writes indignantly to deny the telegraphic report of his murder on the Fourth of July.

THERE has been but little movement in the dry goods market during the past week, a lull in business being naturally produced by various causes.

A GERMAN living near Hamilton, Ohio, shot himself in the side the other day while illustrating the manner in which Mr. Vallandigham took his own life.

JAMES ARMSTRONG, recently arrested in Salem, charged with the murder of his wife in September, 1869, in North Bridgewater, has confessed his crime.

FRANK FRENCH and Charles Libby, both married men, were drowned at Dexter, Me., by the capsizing of a boat. Three of their companions were rescued.

MARTIAL law has been proclaimed in Amiens, in consequence of the murder of a Prussian, and the failure of the local authorities to discover the murderer.

THE contemplated tunnel under Detroit River, between Detroit and Windsor, will extend 8,568 feet from portal to portal. The estimated cost is $1,650,000.

DURING the last quarter the Post-office Department issued 124,761,040 adhesive postage stamps, 21,810,250 stamped envelopes, and 1,771,500 newspaper wrappers.

POLICE OFFICER David P. Wilbur, of Chelsea, Mass., was murdered by an unknown man, who, coming up to him, asked "How are you?" and then fired a revolver.

THE public school-building at Sag Harbor, L. I., cost $40.000; the one at Patchogue, $20,000; the one at Huntington, $24.000; and the one at Babylon, $10,000.

THE Society of the Army and Navy of the Gulf at Newport, R. I., elected Gen. Sherman President. New York was selected as the next place of meeting, Oct. 19, 1872.

THE exhumation of dead insurgents and their reinterment is being actively carried on in Paris, but the hot weather has brought out the *odeur cadaverique* with unpleasant distinctness.

THE Northern Transportation steamer Maine, burst one of her boilers about a mile from Brockville, Canada. One man is missing, and is supposed to be drowned; four others were dangerously injured.

THE Clerks in the New York Post Office are in great dudgeon over an order of the Postmaster prohibiting them from even dreaming of their usual few day's vacation out of town this summer.

THE Arkansas Democratic State Central Committee have issued an address indorsing the position taken by the Democracy of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and denouncing all secret political organizations.

MR. MACCAULAY, Secretary to the Speaker of the Canadian House was killed in an election riot at Montebello, Ottawa County. He was knocked down, and so badly kicked and beaten that he died soon afterwards.

THREE Texas women were recently shot while robbing a house. One of them while dying, said: "My father forced me to steal for him before I was ten years old, and God surely will not punish me for my father's crime."

LIEUT. CHARLES MORGAN, with twenty-nine men of the Third Cavalry, and a party of citizens, from Prescott and vicinity, arrived at Fort McDowell after a scout, in which they killed fifty-six Indians and recaptured 150 head of stolen cattle.

MADAME LYNCH, of Paraguayan notoriety, has been allowed by a British Court to take out letters of administration in regard to the personal property of the late President Lopez, in England. The Paraguayan Government had opposed her claim.

A GIRL in Cincinnati became so attached to a cat that she could not bear to have the animal out of her sight. Her father at last killed the cat, which act so afflicted the daughter that she took poison and outlived her favorite only twenty-four hours.

THE base-ball championship question of the United States shows that the Mutuals still stand at the head of the list, with the White Stockings second, fifty-four games having already been played between the nine contestants for championship honors.

THE festivities at Berlin were accompanied by promotion on a large scale in the German Army. All soldiers who had been in the field received a war medal with a ribbon in the new national colors. To the standards of the regiments which had been under fire, ribbons in the colors of the Order of the Iron Cross were added.

ACCORDING to the *Military Statistical Annual*, just published at St. Petersburg, the regular Russian army consists of 852 battalions of infantry, 281 squadrons of cavalry, and 1,422 guns. This force, when on a peace footing, amounts to 33,043 officers, and 732,829 men, and, when on a war footing, to 39,083 officers and 1,173,879 men.

A PETRIFIED BIRD'S NEST AND EGGS.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: The most remarkable petrifaction I ever saw was found in the mining ground of Messrs. Nichols and Ennis, in the You Bet mining district, in California. It consisted of a bird's nest and eggs thoroughly silicified, the eggs retaining their natural size and shape. The nest was somewhat flattened, and what had evidently been the straws and twigs of which it had in former times been composed were like threads of glass. Some of the eggs were broken before the nest was discovered; the shells seemed thickened, but very little, if any. What had apparently been the inside of the egg was now like a little dab of glass. This nest was taken from the fork of a large fossil tree, where it had been for ages, undisturbed in its cosy resting place, until wood, nest and eggs had passed away, and their place and form being assumed by the silex of which the fossil was composed.

THE OLD STORY.—Once more, the old, old story. Miss Wilkerson, of Salem, Ill., was to have been married last week. Her lover came from St. Louis with his wedding suit in his carpet-bag. She took a fancy to see his wedding garments, and he gratified her. In the valise was also a pistol. This she carelessly handled, it was accidentally discharged, and she was killed instantly.

Growth of the Petroleum Trade.

The extraordinary increase of the Petroleum trade is one of the notable features of the commercial returns of the past year. We find very full and valuable statistics, in relation to this important interest, in the annual report of the Chamber of Commerce, of New York, just issued from the press. It appears that the exports of Petroleum in 1870 were 37 per cent. greater than those of the previous year, and that nearly all this increase, or 33 per cent., is accounted for by the shipments from the port of New York. The total export from the United States in 1870 was 141,208,155 gallons—against 1,500,000 gallons in 1860, and 99,281,000 gallons in 1868; showing an increase of nearly 42,000,000 in two years. The first sale noticed for export was in May, 1861, when 10,000 gallons were sent to foreign markets. Antwerp, which has since led all other ports in the importation of Petroleum, took in that year 5,671 gallons, increasing the amount in the following year to more than 800,000 gallons. Great Britain took 579,000 gallons in 1861—and in 1862 increased her importation to 3,238,000 gallons. The continued growth of this trade for ten years—from 1,500,000 gallons in 1860, to 141,000,000 in 1870—is a wonderful exhibit, not only on account of the rapid development of the oil interest, but also because the yearly increase has been steady. The daily average product of the Pennsylvania oil district in December, 1867, was 10,400 gallons; in the same month of 1870, it was 15,214 gallons—a fact which shows the inexhaustibility of the region. In regard to the home consumption, it is estimated that it is equal to one-half the quantity exported—making, in round numbers, an aggregate consumption of 211,000,000 gallons annually. This enormous amount, reckoning the price at an average of 20 cents per gallon, represents a value of more than $42,000,000 for a single year—certainly a remarkable return for a product unknown to Commerce ten years ago.

Deaths in Paris.

Dr. W. E Johnston, a well-known American physician in Paris, has called the attention of Minister Washburne to the fact that exaggerated reports of mortality in Paris have been circulated, and as evidence of fact gives the statement, which exhibits the number of deaths in Paris for the recent week, as compared with those of London for a similar one, and also as compared with the deaths in Paris for the corresponding week in 1870. The official statement of the Physician of the Prefecture of the Seine shows that in Paris, with a population of 1,825,247, according to the census of 1866, there were, from the 10th to the 16th June, of the present year, a total of 1,250, deaths, of which 1,018 were from causes not specified. In London, with a population, according to the census of 1871, of 3,258,569, from the 20th May to the 2d June, the total number of deaths was 1,393, of which 896 were from causes not specified. The report shows that there were sixteen cases of smallpox in Paris and 229 in London. If the deaths from wounds, included under the head of other causes, be deducted, Paris exhibits a better state of health luring the same period of last year. It appears by the table that the sanitary condition of Paris is satisfactory, and that no epidemic prevails. The number of deaths during the corresponding week of 1870 was 1,144. Among the deaths of the present week there has been no exceptional number of accidental deaths.

A BLOODY FIGHT.—Details of the recent bloody fight in Eaton Rapids, Mich., between some of the town-people and the attaches of a menagerie, show that it was caused by the refusal of the doorkeeper to admit a little girl on a half-price ticket. She came with her father and mother. The refusal given rise to some words, and the door-keeper knocked the father down. He immediately went to a neighboring brick-yard and collected a crowd of men, who proceeded to the canvas, and soon succeeded in getting into a row with the attaches of the concern. One of the attacking party was hit on the head with a brick and instantly killed, and several others were desperately wounded. Nearly at the end of the fight one of the menagerie men made an attack upon an inoffensive farmer standing by, threw his arm around the old man's neck, and proceeded to pound him on the head with a stone. This rascal was arrested upon a charge of "assault, with intent to kill," and he was the only man taken in charge by the Police.

AN INDIAN HUNG.—The Lakeport (Cal.) *Avalanche*, says: At half-past twelve o'clock, the jury summoned, and visitors and Indians invited, were admitted into the jail court to witness the execution of 'Indian Tom,' the murderer of Daniel Wedig. Up to the time that the Indian was brought from his cell he contended that Indians 'Francisco' and 'Jim' were equally as guilty as himself—declaring most positively that they assisted in the murder. When taken from the cell to the scaffold he walked with a firm, steady step, and apparently fully self-possessed. He said he 'wished to told them not to steal, not to do anything wrong; to be good, and God would forgive them; not to gamble or drink whiskey; not play cards; not to stole anything; not to do wrong, and God would save them; God made Indian and white man all same. I am going to die, and go to good land, and if you do anything wrong and feel sorry you will go there, too, when you die. That's all."

ARMY STATISTICS.—The United States army comprises at the present time about 30,000 men, divided into forty regiments, of which ten are cavalry and five artillery. It occupies more than 300 military posts, and includes 2,277 commissioned officers. The highest salary paid to an officer, that of General Sherman, is $13,500; the lowest, paid to second lieutenants, is $1.400 a year. The Quartermaster's Department buys annually about 2,000,000 bushels of corn and oats, 125,000 cords of wood, 30,000 tons of coal, and moves 100,000 tons of army stores. There are 25,000 horses, mules and oxen in the army; some of the army routes require 800 miles of hauling in a straight line. The Military Academy at West Point costs $220,000 a year; besides this institution, there is a school of artillery at Fortress Monroe, and a torpedo school at Willett's Point, N. Y. On the 12th of June 133,266 soldiers' widows were on the rolls of the United States Pension Office.

WITCH BURNING.—The natives of India, in their progress toward civilization, seem to have just reached the witch burning stage. Strange stories are told of their superstitious fancies regarding ugly old women. One aged beldame was lately accused of eating the livers of the patients in a hospital, and in order to put an end to her indulgence in that kind of diet, the high-minded natives hung her by the heels to the branch of a tree, and swung her back and forth for several hours. In another case an alleged witch was on the point of being burned, when the English authorities rescued her. Her offense, too, was feeding on other people's livers, to the great prejudice of their health. These Hindoos ought to be either more or less civilized than they are now, for the present state of their progress is the worst imaginable.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Judge Mallory, of Milwaukee, Wis., a few days ago, in sentencing a confessed prisoner to imprisonment for life, said: "I am induced to think and believe that the universal practice of pardoning criminals, so common in these days, is one of the incentives to the commission of crime, inasmuch as criminals are led to expect a brief incarceration. In this case, considering the aggravated circumstances under which the crime was committed, and its cold-blooded character, I should, were the death penalty in force, feel constrained to pass it upon you, and if many such atrocious crimes are developed in this community there will be a strenuous call for the re-enactment of the death code."

A Petroleum Exploration.

Colonel Forney writes to the Philadelphia *Press* from the oil regions of Pennsylvania a long account of the present condition of the petroleum field. He says:

There are now forty-seven oil-districts, In the month of May last these forty-seven districts produced 408,797 barrels, equal to 13,187 per day, which, at $4.50 to $5.00 per barrel, will give you some idea of the revenue derived from this new branch of industry. Many changes have taken place, but no revolution has been so effective as the substitution of wrought-iron pipes, some two and a half inches in diameter, for the original plan of conveying oil in barrels from the wells to the tanks on the railroad cars.

These pipes are frequently carried over a distance of three or four miles. They are manufactured in Philadelphia, and are composed of sections, which screw into each other. They are spread over the most irregular ground, up and down hills, and when fastened into the tanks, at both ends the steam-engine is applied, and the oil is forced to run down at a very rapid rate until the railroad tank is full. There are said to be over 2,000 feet of this pipe now laid in the district. Under the former process the cost of conveying the oil was equal to one dollar a barrel. It is now not one-fifth of that amount—an almost incalculable economy, when we consider that there is no longer any necessity for spending money for barrels. Another great advantage of the new system over the old is the utilizing of the gas which is found in large quantities in many localities while boring for oil-wells. Pipes are applied to this gas, and it proves a first-class substitute for fuel, being employed to run engines, &c. It is estimated that a single well is capable of supplying gas enough to illuminate a city the size of Franklin.

The question may be asked why, if such fortunes were realized when oil commanded only $1.25 a barrel, it cannot be obtained at the same price now? The answer is that the article has appreciated, owing to the increasing demand for it; and as the trade is in the hands of certain united organizations, they slacken operations the moment the demand moderates, or store their oil in vast tanks on their estates, some of which hold 100,000 and even as high as 20,000 barrels. You will perceive, therefore, that while there are many failures, while many a poor fellow vainly bores for the precious liquid, the average profit is enormous, and that one or two good producing wells is a sure fortune.

HIS SUCCESS.—A story comes from Delaware of an eccentric philosopher who has paid the penalty of his criminal attempt to enlighten mankind. To some extent he did enlighten that abstraction, but not as he intended to do. He had some theory or other in regard to the use of parachutes which he absurdly connected with pyrotechnics, and so, on the Fourth of July, shortly after dusk, he clandestinely erected in his yard a huge sky-rocket, to the head of which was attached his parachute, in such a way that while the rocket was seeking the moon it would remain closed, but when its upward motion ceased it would theoretically open like an umbrella, and thus waft him safely to the ground. He attached himself to the lower end of the stick with the fuse turned away from him in such a way that the fire from the rocket would not injure him. Then he blazed away and went whizzing through the air, dangling and bobbing as he sped, with fire fastening itself upon him—somewhat "like the pale martyr in his shirt of fire." If his parachute ever opened he did not know it, for presently those who beheld the wondrous engine saw it turn sharply in mid-air, and it fell. The poor fool was found burnt and mangled not far from his own philosophy-shop.

A FEMALE AERONAUT.—Miss Maggie Seitz, who went up in a balloon from Columbus, Ohio, had rather an unpleasant experience. Soon after starting, the ropes connecting the basket with the balloon caught on the end of a broken limb of a tree, 100 feet from the ground. The inflated part bent over the topmost branches, the heated air began to escape, and the throng of spectators rushed with up-turned faces toward the sturdy tree's base, crying, "Oh! she'll fall, she'll fall!" Meanwhile Miss Seitz stood in the basket, apparently with firm nerve and complete presence of mind. Far down below her, forty feet from the ground, was a lifeless limb. There was no limb below it, and to reach this, by climbing, two or three young men essayed in vain. The four succeeded, and tied a rope to the first limb, by which two others followed, taking with them a stronger rope. This they carried to the top, threw it over a substantial limb, and then fastened the balloon-basket securely to it. By this means, with men on the ground holding the rope, Miss Seitz was trimphantly lowered, amid the loud acclaims of the spectators, who stood in great awe for as much as an hour to see what fate would betide her. On reaching the ground she fainted.

A CRUEL MURDER.—Miss Joan McCormick, seventeen years old, eldest daughter of a wealthy farmer's widow living in DeKalb County, Illinois, was shot and instantly killed, while sitting at the supper-table with her mother, her brother and sister. The murder was committed by an ignorant farm hand named John Reed, who had worked for her mother three seasons, and the only cause was that the young lady had refused to accompany him to a Fourth of July celebration. Reed fired two shots through the window from a double-barreled shot-gun, the first charge entering her brain and killing her instantly, the second passing over the head of a little sister sitting in range, and lodging in the ceiling. Reed returned the gun to a neighbor from whom he had borrowed it, and fled. Forty men on horseback scoured the country, and messengers were dispatched to various railroad stations, some even going to Aurora and Chicago, to intercept his flight.

NEST BUILDING.—La Vaillant gives a curious account of the process of building by a little African warbler, which shows that a very beautiful nest may be built up with very little art. The foundation was formed of moss and flax, interwoven with grass and tufts of cotton, and presented a rude mass, five or six inches in diameter and four inches thick. This was pressed and trampled down repeatedly, thus making it into a kind of felt. The birds pressed it with their bodies, turning round upon them at every direction; so as to get it quite firm and smooth before raising the sides. These were added bit by bit, and trimmed and beaten with the wings and feet, in order to felt the whole together, projecting fibres being now and then worked in with the bill By these simple and inefficient means, the inner surface of the nest was made almost as smooth and compact as a piece of cloth.—*Birds and nests.*

WHAT HE DID NOT WANT.—A kind-hearted little spouse, bonneted and shawled, very recently appeared at the door of a room where her good-natured liege lord was about to indulge in a comfortable snooze.

"My dear, I am going shopping. What shall I bring to comfort you?"

"I don't think of any thing I want particularly just now. Come and kiss me. I will tell you, however, what I don't want you to bring me."

"What is it, pray?"

"Pray don't bring me in debt."

THE VERY LATEST.—The last rat story is from Chicago. In a house where the rats had been very troublesome, traps had long been set, but to no purpose. Finally some of the family determined to watch the trap. It was cunningly set. Soon a young rat appeared and was about stepping on the fatal spring, when an old rat rushed to the rescue, seized the indiscreet juvenile by the tail, and dragged him off to the hole.

THE French elections show that the army everywhere voted for Republican candidates for the Assembly, and that their lists of candidates were nearly all headed with the name of Gambetta.

The Gypsies and the Artist.

The "Bohemians," or, as we call them, gypsies, abound in Caucasus; yet on the arid steppes they retain the same distinctive characteristics that they do in England and on this continent. But there they move in large bands. Wagons filled with baggage of every variety and description—beds and kettles and tents—with the swarthy heads of the women and children peering above the mass, present a curious tableau. A cloud of dust usually marks the course of the miserable procession, out of which arise discordant, sounds, cries, and frightful oaths. Establishing themselves in the neighborhood of a large town, they ply their various vocations,—chief among which are horse-trading, theft, and fortune-telling. It is singular how this strange, wandering people should not only arrogate to themselves the power to foretell the future, but everywhere find such multitudes to believe them. Perhaps it is their isolated wild life and mysterious appearance that make them seem like beings connected with the supernatural, and give them such power over both men and women.

A Russian traveler in his rambles through Caucasus came upon a band of these, and made sketches of some of the most marked characters. He found that a little money would secure a sitting, and he began his work. But he had completed only a few faces before a rupture of a comical character occurred. One day the whole band crowded around him, loading him with reproaches, and heaping all sorts of opprobrious epithets upon him. It turned out that the hand of one of the band, whose portrait he had sketched, had become diseased, and they leaped at once to the conclusion that some sort of poison had been inoculated in the process of taking the likeness, and they cried out as he approached, "You are a demon,—you bring diseases upon us."

They had no idea at first of the object of the artist in desiring a sitting, or in fact what he was after—they thought only of the pay they were to receive. But when they saw the likeness of themselves produced on the paper they were astonished, and looked upon it as a species of necromancy. The effect was ludicrous. Some, on seeing themselves as it were in a mirror, laughed outright like children,—others became suspicious, as if the devil or some other malign influence had reproduced them in a manner wholly unaccountable, and they would steal silently away; and no bribe, not even the strongest to them, "drink-money," could tempt them back again. The beggars were the most docile subjects.

But who are these Bohemians or gypsies, and where did they come from? Savans have in vain tried to answer this question. The simple and only well-known fact is, that they are found scattered over Europe, Asia, and even America, and that their physiognomy presents a type wholly exceptional to the races they wander among, and seems to point to a southern origin.—*J. T. Headley, in Scribner's for August.*

Slaughter of the Apaches.

The Prescott (Arizona) *Miner* of June 24 gives the following particulars of the slaughter of fifty-six Apache Indians at a point near Tonto Creek in that Territory: It will be recollected that the cause of the slaughter was the killing of Bowers & Co.'s herdsmen, and the capture of that herd by the Apaches. The Indians had no sooner obtained possession of the herd than a messenger was despatched to convey the news of the outrage to the people of Prescott. On receipt of the news a party of eleven citizens started in pursuit of the savages. On arriving at Aqua Frio they were joined by a party of five citizens of that valley, and the whole force of sixteen men started on the trail. After proceeding fifty-five miles they met a detachment of the Third Cavalry, under command of Lieutenant Chas. M. Morton, which was likewise in pursuit of these Indians. The citizens joined the force under Lieutenant Morton, and the journey was resumed with fresh vigor. After proceeding thirty-five miles the party went into camp at a late hour of the evening. On the morning of the 8th they again took up the trail, which they followed for twenty miles, and at 1 o'clock P. M. came upon a "rancheria," which they quickly surrounded, killing twenty-one of the inmates. Feeling satisfied that there were numerous Indians in the neighborhood, and determined that they should have the least possible time to prepare for battle or to effect a retreat, the command moved quickly forward in search of another "rancheria." This they discovered on the following day, after crossing the division between the Verde and Tonto Creek. A fight at once ensued, in which twenty-three Indians were killed. At this place three of the captured horses were discovered, and one was recaptured, and two were killed by the Indians when they discovered that they were about to fall into the hands of the command. From this place they followed the principal trail for three miles, when they discovered three Indians in the distance mounted on two horses, two of these were shot dead and the third wounded, and both horses recaptured. The supply of provisions being by this time nearly exhausted and the distance from Camp McDowell, the nearest military post, upwards of fifty miles, it was decided to abandon further pursuit and return at once. The command accordingly took up the homeward journey, arriving at Camp McDowell on the morning of the 12th.

A Good Day for Snakes.

A gentleman residing in Greene county, Geo., gives us the following remarkable snake story:

"He says that he had repaired to the banks of a small stream for the purpose of securing a small fry for breakfast. His attention was soon attracted by a water-snake lying a few feet below him, in the edge of the water, with his head resting on the bank. He had hooked a young alligator once by putting a small fish on his hook and playing it on top of the water, and it occurred to him that he might hook the snake in the same way. Cutting a small piece from a fish and baiting his hook with it, he began to play it slowly around the snake's head. He gave evident signs of interest in the bait revolving around him, but made no move. Soon, by accident, the piece of fish touched the back of his head. His snakeship took this as an insult, and showed his resentment by snapping at it furiously, and after three or four efforts caught it in his mouth. The gentleman tightened the line, and his snakeship discovered that he was sold. After performing divers evolutions, with the hope of either running or fighting his way out of the scrape, he acknowledged that though his great ancestor had been too much for the woman, the son of the woman had now become too much for him, and gracefully submitted to be lifted on the bank and have his head bruised. The queer antics of the first snake had now attracted a second to the spot, and, rebuiting his hook with a piece of fish, the angler let it down gently till it touched his head as he lay upon the water, with his head a little elevated. Soon as the hook touched him he seized it, and quickly found himself by the side of his companion. In less than an hour he caught four—all that he could find. One of them got loose after being drawn up to land, and got back into the water; but he readily bit at the hook the second time, and was caught again. On 'a good day for snakes,' the gentleman thinks he could catch them faster than some men can unhook them."

THE HORSE DISEASE SPREADING.—The disease which prevailed among the horses of the New York and Brooklyn car companies has spread to Suffolk county, and many horses have died. The most distinguished veterinary surgeons have tried to devise a remedy, but without success.

WASHING.—The first thing the Coolies do after rising in the morning is to wash themselves thoroughly in almost scalding water. The same water would parboil an American. After the labors of the day and previous to retiring for the night, the same scalding process is gone through with again.

THE NEW YORK RIOT.

INCIDENTS.

There is no scene so heartrending and distressing as the ground strewn with the bodies of men, who lived and laughed a few moments before the fatal bullet laid them low. But the sight of women and children in the throes of violent death, at their own door-steps, is still more distressing. Such an one was presented in Eighth avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, after the struggle described above. Some lay in the gutter, face downward, some on the railroad tracks and others stretched on the sidewalks and in door-ways. Many limped off moaning, while a few staggered or were borne away by their friends and kindly bystanders. There were sixteen persons stone dead in the street, and many others were *in articulo mortis*. One poor fellow named Reed, who had been shot through the lungs and was slowly bleeding to death, strove hard to remember a prayer, and repeat it with lips that had but a few moments before given vent to terrible blasphemy. "Jesus, Mary and Joseph," said he, "forgive me, a poor sinner." Then he would vainly strive to clasp his hands, and raise them to heaven in supplication, while he said the "Lord's Prayer." It was very saddening, this unfortunate's death upon his stony bed. On the northeast corner of Twenty-fourth street laid the bodies of two men and women, beyond them three others, and below them two men, one of whom was attired elegantly. He was evidently a man in good circumstances, but could not tell anything about himself. His jaw was shattered and his tongue torn out by a rifle-ball. Poor man! All that could be learned of his probable indentity was obtained from a card in his pocket, on which was engraven the name Wm. J. Lattimer.

A woman and child were shot dead at the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Eighth avenue. Who she is, or where she came from is not known, but one thing is known, that she had a revolver, and that she fired at the troops on several occasions. Her body and that of the child are at the Morgue. The woman was shot through the body, and the child through the head. The appearance of both bodies was ghastly in the extreme.

Patrolman Patrick O'Grady, of the Sixth Precinct, when the attack was made on Hibernia Hall, refused to follow the lead of Captain Kennedy, of the Sixth Precinct. The latter told him to "get to work," when he flatly refused, saying that he would not fight against his countrymen. Captain Kennedy felled him to the ground with one blow of his baton, and after the fight was over took him before Superintendent Kelso, who upbraided him for his conduct, and at once had his buttons cut off, his shield taken from him, and himself locked up in a cell. The Sixth Precinct police were so incensed at the conduct of their comrade that it was difficult to restrain them from pounding him to death.

While the police were marshalling in front of police headquarters a patrolman of the Fourteenth Precinct, while on duty in Prince street, saw an immense crowd gather in front of the liquor store of Oliver Finney, 14 Spring street. Thinking that fighting was in progress, he gave an alarm rap and rushed toward the crowd. As he gradually neared it he was horrified to see a rope thrown over the police telegraph pole there, and what was apparently the body of a man costumed in the regalia of the Orange society swing into the air. In response to the alarm rap a strong force of police soon arrived, and the crowd ran away. The swinging body in the air proved to be an effigy of straw habited in a man's clothes and decorated with Orange ribbons. It was soon cut down.

The *World* says: The writer of this had seen in the early part of the day, near Hibernia Hall, in Prince street, a more than mortal man; his frame was herculean; his face not unlike that which Mirabeau describes as his own—that of a tiger who had had the small-pox. He seemed filled with suppressed ferocity not pleasing to see. He was the centre of no group; yet no bystander, interested or not in what was to be the order of the day, could help looking at him as a type of a bad and dangerous class. He stuck out his jaws, twisted his hand about nervously, and evidently was bursting for a row. The better sort of men about Hibernia Hall did not seem to like him, but another sort afterwards followed him into Broadway, up which they went. Later in the day the writer saw the same man near the St. Denis Hotel, when the Orangemen were marching up to their rendezvous. Again he saw the same ominous actions, and, looking for a result, saw one when on the heads of his comrades, for good cause, descended the policemen's clubs, and where they fought there they fell, but not the hero, whose thoughts then were bent on safety. Still later the same man was seen urging a crowd up Twenty-sixth street to do deeds of valor at Eighth avenue. He pressed his way to the first ranks; there was a volley fired, and the reporter had the pleasure of looking at the dead face of the bully, shot right in the mouth and lying in the gutter.

After the storm had passed, its track was marked by signs ghastly and desolating. At each place where riot had occurred law had left its mark. Doors, half-opened to hide some shrinking wretch who had tried to place them between himself and the destroyer, remained half-opened, with a dead body on the sill. Stairs leading into cellars were slippery with the blood of those who had been tumbled headlong down. For three minutes after the troops had passed the street was almost deserted, and then was filled again by wailing women rushing about wringing their hands and screaming for their dead. The rioters had disappeared; their place was now filled with mourners. With staring eyes the father sought his son, and turned with trembling hands each corpse, if perchance it might be that of which he was in search. Houses which a few minutes before had been still and apparently deserted now poured out their inmates from every door, for from each a father or son was missing; and as the warm-hearted Irishwoman saw in the mangled corpse at her feet all that was left of her husband or her boy, her wild keening pierced the air, and she sat down on the ground, covered her face with her apron, giving uncontrolled vent to her sorrow. At the corner of Twenty-eighth street, where the firing did its most terrible work, the sight was unendurable.

Here lay a child moaning in its death agony, and looking piteously at each one who passed it, as if wondering when its mother would come and take it in her arms and carry it home. A man lay just as he had fallen head first down a cellar, another trampled into a shapeless mass in a gutter. Here was the broken and dented stock of a rifle ten feet from the man whose head it had crushed. Not to complete, but to give terrible meaning to the story, more than one woman lay dead, with the symbol of her unsexed womanhood—a murderous weapon in her hand.

Before the mob procession started from Prince street, there was one person in it, a mere boy, who could not have been over 18, who made himself conspicuous by the most violent action and language. He flourished a revolver, and vowed the most fearful oaths that he would have the blood of an Orangeman before night. Half frantic with excitement his slender frame and freckled face were seen flying through the crowd as he incited his fellows to acts of violence. When the party started he took his place in front, and for a long way marched by the side of his leader with his pistol in his hand. An hour after, the writer of this came down the cleared thoroughfare and was attracted to a crowd at a drug store near Thirteenth street. Passing through the knot of bystanders, he came upon the senseless form of this boy laid upon a board. His skull was crushed, and the blood had saturated him from head to feet. A sorrow-stricken crowd glared at him.

The saddest sight of all, says the *Evening Post*, was the body of a young girl, about sixteen years of age, who had been shot through the heart. It is probable that the child never looked so pretty in life as she did in death. The face was in perfect repose, and a half smile played around the lips, as if, when the death shot struck her, she had been laughing at the exciting scenes around her, rejoicing, possibly, at the prospect of a collision between the military and the mob.

It is known that many of the most desperate ringleaders were shot in the act of inciting their followers to greater exertions in the cause of anarchy, and of the many wounded at Bellevue Hospital, a great number of them are hard-looking ruffians. One or two of them, whose hurts are less serious than those of their companions, uttered fearful threats against the Orangemen, and curses against the troops who had protected them so effectively, swearing to be avenged on some future occasion.

The Family Poisoner.

One of the most horrible instances of female wickedness since the days of the Borgia, (who used the *aqua tofana* with such freedom,) is that now before a court in Derby, Conn.