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My Rose.

The night is cold, the moon is ringed
With hazy prophecy of snow,
And frozen lies the outer world;
But in my heart is summer glow.

The fire burns low, the light is dim;
I hear late footsteps hurrying by.
Some one doth shout, "The night is cold!"
Unhappy one—not blest as I.

I know not solitude or chill;
For all the cold and shadowy room
Melts into fragrant forest aisles,
And meadows honey-sweet with bloom.

Because—because I feel a Rose,
Steeped in the sunlight of the south,
Red-petaled, sweet, and velvet-soft,
Yet lingering upon my mouth.

And never solitude or chill
Can enter into humblest room
Where such a Rose but comes to touch
And thrill a lifetime with its bloom.

In a Country Lane.

The little ones are thirsty as they saunter home from school,
And they hurry up the bank to where, so silvery and so cool,
A tiny streamlet trickles down, beneath a spreading beech,
Just low enough for chubby hands and pouting lips to reach.

The setting sun is glowing on the autumn-tinted leaves,
And gilding with a richer gold the waves of ripening sheaves,
And, through the tangle of the hedge, warm rays their glory shed,
Round laughing faces peeping out from hoods of blue and red.

The lane is deep and shady, and the treasures hidden there,
Judging from shouts of glad surprise, are very rich and rare.
And oh! the thrill of wild delight in happy eyes expressed
When—grand discovery—a boy pulls forth a mouse's nest.

And then the tempting bramble-wreaths invite the babes again,
Their pretty mouths with blackberries so sweet and ripe to stain;
And many a brown nut slips its sheath to share, poor little thing,
A bursting pocket with a knife, six marbles and some string.

And then the wayside flow'rets, and the graceful nodding grass,
Seem blooming only for small hands to gather as they pass;
And there are velvet lichens too, and moss-cups to be found,
There is no end to all the wealth with which these banks abound.

And so the happy moments of the autumn afternoon
Steal by, and evening's veil of mist is falling all too soon;
Then as the glow-worm lights her lamp, the little tired feet
Turn slowly to their cottage homes, across the springing peat.

Oh! little ones, I wonder in the years that yet shall be,
When lingering memory calls to mind that lane, and rill, and tree,
If you, rememb'ring the bright days when you were girls and boys,
Would welcome childhood back again, with all its simple joys.

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before, for three thousand dollars, paying one thousand down and securing the balance by mortgage, to the seller.

The mortgage note was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting, and drawn up some legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a bright aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know; I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the Bank, and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler who boards with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has paid it. Of course you have the note?"

"No. Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then, of course he has paid it."

"I suppose he has, or he could not have the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father—"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant word which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming up here in a few moments; I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note, unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose," said he, in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it.

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only the day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money for me by to morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went in to the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank, to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked, when he sent him, that he was going to pay the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in he went into the front office again and took the money. then he came to me again, and did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me, or he would pay it. I told him to come in the next day and I would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found; Annie and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so."

"I did. He laughed and showed his note, with his signature crossed over with ink, and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," he replied firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained possession of the note. What sort of a person is that Chandler, who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of that kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Annie earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? what time does he come home at night?"

"Always at tea time. He never goes out in the evening."

"But, father, he did not come home till ten o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books, or something of that kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," said I.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace; "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with a young man, Chandler, who, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my view.

"When did you return to the house on Thursday night?"

"About twelve."

"Twelve?" said Annie; "it was not more than ten when I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," said Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.

"We're getting at something," said I. "How did you get in?"

The young man smiled, as he glanced at Annie, and said:

"On arriving at the door I found I had lost my night key. A that moment a watchman happened along, and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite, placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good! Now who was it that was heard in the parlor at ten, unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket Mr. Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate I will charge him with crime, let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demanded against you," &c—which was immdiately sent to Mr. Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

"Well, sir, what have you to say against me?" he asked stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace for two thousand dollars," I replied, poking over my papers, and appearing supremely indifferent.

"Paid it," he said, short as pie crust.

"Have you?" said I, looking him sharply in the eye.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me two thousand dollars, and one hundred for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you will be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid all the money, I tell you," said he; "I have the note in my possession."

"When did you get it?"

"I got it when I paid the—"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace, on Thursday night at ten o'clock, and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," said he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my lookout. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars and after begging me not to mention the affair, he sneaked off.

I cashed the check, and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take the one hundred for my trouble; but I was magnanimous enough to keep only twenty. Wallace signed the pledge, and was ever after a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above narrated circumstances occurred.

How Pancakes were Made Once Upon a Time.—When our grandmothers of about fifty years ago made griddle-cakes, or, as they were then called, pancakes, the following receipt was then in use. We do not present it for imitation, but to show what changes a few years have wrought in that article of food. "Pancakes should be made of half a pint of milk, three great spoonfuls of sugar, one or two eggs, a teaspoonful of dissolved pearl-ash, spiced with cinnamon or cloves, a little salt, rose-water, or lemon brandy, just as you happen to have it. Flour should be stirred in until the spoon moves round with difficulty. If they are thin, they are apt to soak fat. Have the fat in your skillet boiling hot, and drop them in with a spoon. Let them cook until thoroughly brown. The more fat they are cooked in, the less they soak. If you have no eggs, or wish to save them, use the above ingredients, and supply the place of eggs by two or three spoonfuls of lively emptyings, in which case they must be made five or six hours before they are cooked. A spoonful or more of New England rum makes pancakes light. Flip makes very nice pancakes. In this case, nothing is done but to sweeten your mug of beer with molasses, put in one glass of New England rum, heat it till it foams by putting in a hot poker, and stir it up with flour as thick as other pancakes." Whatever we may think of the above as a recipe, the result seems to have given great satisfaction to the good folks who made and ate pancakes fifty years ago.

Iron and Hardware.—The trade in iron and hardware, says a New York paper, both domestic and foreign, presents some remarkable features. Notwithstanding an importation of iron of more than fifty per cent. greater than that of last year, we shall find our markets far from glutted. An active trade, with prices fully maintained or advancing, is to be found in these products throughout the land. It is noteworthy that several causes, both here and in England, have combined to keep up the price of iron, and the demand has been and is in excess of the producing capacity of the two counties. In Europe, Russia and Germany have made demands on the English iron-producers, unprecedented in history. Russia, ever since the Crimean war, has kept in view one great object—to cover her vast territory with a network of railroads. For the last fourteen years she has obtained yearly loans in Western Europe, and has steadily built iron roads with them. But since the French-German war she has doubled her usual rate of progress in this work, and her orders for iron rails in England have been more than twice as great in the last year as ever before. The demand for all kinds of iron is very strong. American pig-iron is both scarce and high in price. Rails, both of iron and of steel, are higher and scarcer than they were six months ago, and a very healthy trade is doing, which no doubt proves satisfactory to merchants.

True, O King.—A paper says, "One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in its liquid state." The human eye in this vicinity would be satisfied if it could see any of the metal in a solid state.

"Fixing" the Hair in China.

I submitted to the operation in Pekin as an experiment, and have to this day a lively recollection of the performance. Stretched at full length on a bamboo seat or easy chair I was pummelled all over the body, but more particularly on the chest, legs and arms by a stout, brawny attendant with his partially closed fists, after the style once so popular at the "Hammam," till I was fain to cry *Peccavi*. Sometimes the "douche" is administered, but only rarely. The barber's outfit is simple, consisting of a good razor, which costs about three pence, a strop which usually is nothing more than a strip of stoutish calico cloth costing a penny more. The chief items of expense in this elaborate "kit" are the accessories. The metal basin and the bamboo pail underneath, and the pole surmounting all, which serves as the emblem of his craft, are, however, scarcely more expensive than the razor and strop, so that on the whole it does not cost very much to furnish a barber shop in China. The tariff of charges of those engaged in this branch of industry is correspondingly low. Three "cash," equal to about half a farthing of British money is the sum ordinarily asked for simply shaving the head. If the queue is plaited and interwoven with fresh silk the scale of charge correspondingly rises. Shaving and braiding the queue, retailing a worn-out stump and shampooing constitute all the arts required of the barber. False moustaches and beards of a rude kind, such as are worn by actors in the public shows, are not made by his hands, and of making perukes and wigs, so much in vogue among the civilized nations of Europe, he is altogether ignorant. In fact the Chinese gentleman is far from being so particular about his head as the English gentleman is about his beard; where the latter shaves at all he usually shaves daily; if he dines out he will often repeat the operation during the twenty-four hours. On the other hand, the majority of even the better classes in China shave but twice a week, and the laboring classes but once. In the case of mourning, the law—or rather recognized custom, more powerful than law—is to permit the head to go unshaven for months, the precise time being regulated by the measure of relationship to the deceased. But as the thirteen months' exemption from shaving prescribed for the loss of either of one's parents, if rigidly enforced, would produce a crop of hair too exuberant for even Chinese society to endure, where strict regard for etiquette forbids the clean polish of the razor-blade, other expedients are brought into requisition to keep the stumps of the hair within due bounds. Since the incoming of the Mantchou power, barbers' shops, primitive and simple as they are now, must have undergone a more marked change than those we are accustomed to see nearer home, for the native Chinese, till they received this badge of a foreign yoke, did not allow either knife or scissors to pass upon their head, but were the "long-haired race" which the Taeping insurgents are wishing to become. Previous to their subjection by the Tartars, the fashion was to bind the long hair in a knot on the top of the head, and there to fasten it with a wooden or metal pin, as is often represented in the old pictures of the Ming dynasty. The art of hair cutting as practised in the West is as yet unknown to the Chinese barber. It is but rarely, therefore, that a foreigner calls in the aid of native skill. Only, indeed, when he assumes the garb of the country and goes into the interior does he find it necessary. This, indeed, forms the *coup de grâce* to the foreigner's metamorphosis. The "tail" fastened on to the back hair deceives even the practised eye of the native, and, as Mr. Fortune has daily observed "even the dogs cease to notice him."—*Dark Blue.*

The Culture of Fish.

The *American Naturalist* reviews the recent progress in fish culture in this country. The report of the Massachusetts commissioners gives much encouragement to those who advocate restocking our rivers with salmon, trout, shad, alewives, bass, etc. The great run of shad in the Connecticut, in the spring of 1870, has been by popular voice attributed to the artificial hatching of the fish in that river, in 1867. Many thousand young fry of the salmon, St. Croix salmon, Sebago salmon, togue, and common trout have been placed in the rivers and ponds of Massachusetts and adjoining states during the past year, and it is confidently expected that we shall again have salmon and trout abundant in our waters. Mr. Atkins, the able commissioner of Maine, in his report, enters very fully into the subject of fishways, and repeats that all those ways completed in time for the fish to ascend during the season of 1870 were highly successful. He shows conclusively that properly constructed fishways can be made, at comparatively slight expense, which will not only furnish a free passage to the fish, but also not materially injure the water power of the parties owning the dams. "Their construction on every salmon, shad, and alewife river and stream in the country is now only a matter of time; for, as it is proved that their construction is now simply a matter of dollars and cents, and also that the interest received by the community is very large on the small capital required to be invested, the most penurious of dam owners will be forced by public sentiment to keep the fishways, which the laws oblige them to build, in good repair." In New York, Mr. Seth Green, "pre-eminently the practical fish-breeder of the United States," has restocked the Hudson above the Troy dam, with two and a half million of young fry of the shad. During the year, also, a large state hatching house has been built at Caledonia, and placed under the charge of Messrs. Green and Collins, who have very successfully carried out a number of experiments, and hatched a large number of fish of various kinds.

An Anecdote of Mrs. Siddons.—A correspondent of the London *Times* says: Mrs. Siddons was lady's maid, I believe, to the Duchess of Ancaster, a relation of the Greatheads. She was at Guy's Cliff when young Greathead broke his leg. He was a remarkably clever boy, and the Duchess's maid, for his amusement during the tedious hours of his recovery, used to read Shakspeare to him. The boy was delighted, and insisted upon Siddons going down to the drawing-room to read before the Duchess and the party staying at the house. Her Grace remonstrated. She had no idea of her maid being brought so prominently forward; but the boy would not be refused. He was furious at the denial, and, with more zeal, perhaps, than discretion, he retorted upon his noble relative in these words: "My lady Duchess, Siddons is one of God Almighty's nobles, and that is more than your Grace can say for yourself."

Better Still.—A person in high life once went to Sir Eardly Wilmot, at the time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, under a feeling of great wrath and indignation, at a real injury which he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was determined to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardly, if he did not think it would be manly to resent it? "Yes,' said that eminent man, "it will be manly to resent it; but it will be God-like to forgive it."

A Whole County Sinks in Florida.

The Florida mails give accounts of an astonishing phenomenon at Apopka, Orange county, near Pilatka. The whole county disappeared in one night, and its site is covered by a great lake. A correspondent, writing from the neighborhood, says:

Mr. Alex. K. Foster has just come in with more marvelous and startling reports. He says that on his way from Orlando to Miltonville, after crossing Fort Metlin branch, he left the road to avoid the constant bogging to which he was being subjected. The safest place, he thought, was on a high black-jack ridge, running parallel with the road, which he accordingly took. After riding a mile perhaps, his horse commenced bogging, and for some distance it was questionable whether he could get through; he however reached more solid footing; again he commenced bogging; at this time he noticed remarkable and portentous sounds in his rear. The bogging grew worse as he proceeded, until he had to dismount; there seemed to be no escape for him, both he and his horse were still bogging. The sounds in his rear increased more and more alarmingly and the route in front more boggy—he dared not stop, as this would have rendered it impossible to have extricated himself—he neither dared nor could look behind him, his whole thought and aim was to reach terra firma. At last, after the most superhuman exertions, both he and his horse exhausted to the most extreme degree, he reached solid ground. Turning to examine into the cause of these fearful sounds in his rear, he saw one of the most terrific and appalling sights it has ever been the fate of man to witness. The first thing that attracted his attention was that the trees were moving—first a gyratory motion of the top, then some gradually sinking out of sight, the tops revolving more and more rapidly as they sunk and disappeared, others following, and as they fell revolving and describing arcs of a circle against the sky. Then the whole earth, as far as the eye could reach, sinking, and its place supplied by a sea of waters, rushing, seething, boiling with the noise of mighty cataracts, and ever and anon casting to the surface the roots, tops or bodies of mighty pines and oaks.

People are rushing from the scene of disaster. Our camp is crowded with the terror-stricken inhabitants from the country in our rear. Everybody is waiting with forebodings and horrible expectations. They believe the day of judgment has come. The extraordinary phenomenon appears more and more extraordinary. The country from two to three miles from here to Lake Metlin is entirely submerged, and is now one vast lake. Nothing authoritative from beyond, though rumors are rife that Orlando is swallowed up and the whole chain of lakes to Lake Conway are now united and form an immense inland sea. We leave immediately and in terror for our own fate.

Early Days of William L. Marcy.

A correspondent of the *Liberal Christian* tells this story about Wm. L. Marcy:

"I spent a day of my vacation at Charlton, Mass. Bill Marcy was a native of this neigborhood, and grew up to be a wild and heady youth. He was thought by his parents and by all the neighbors to be the worst boy they knew. One winter he succeeded, in conjunction with kindred spirits, in ousting the teacher from the district school. Salem Towne, then a young man, was summoned as the fittest person to take charge of these unruly youth and complete the term. Everybody thought the new teacher would certainly have trouble with Bill Marcy. But the trouble did not come. The first day had not passed before Mr. Towne had discovered in his pupil an element of real good, and told him so. This, to the boy, was a most unusual acknowledgment and it touched his heart. Some one had seen good in him. He was, then, capable of better things, and he was determined to make the endeavor. It was the turning-point of his life.

"Such was his conduct and such his progress in study that his teacher advised him to go on and prepare himself for College. It was a great surprise to his parents, but at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Towne they gave their consent, and he was placed under the instruction of a clergyman in the vicinity of his home. At length he entered college, and passed through the course with great success, justifying at every step the confidence and hope of his best friend. In consequent life he rose from one degree of eminence and usefulness to another, until at last the whole world was familiar with the name and fame of William L. Marcy.

"Long years after he had left his school-day haunts, and when he had come to deserved eminence, he visited Boston, and was the guest of the then governor of the old Bay State. Among the distinguished men who were invited to meet him was General Silem Towne. When the Governor saw Marcy and Towne greet each other as old friends, he very naturally expressed a pleasurable surprise that they knew each other so well. 'Why!' said Marcy, 'that is the man that made me. He was the first who believed in me, told me what I might become, and helped me on in life at that critical juncture. Whatever of merit or distinction I have since attained to I owe to him more than to any other living person.'"

Curiosities of Life.

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow-being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our time comes.

Half of all who live die before they are seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be one hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

There is but one soldier to every eight persons, and out of every thousand born only ninety-five weddings take place.

If you take a thousand persons who have reached seventy years, there are, clergymen, orators, and public speakers, 43; farmers, 40; workmen, 33; soldiers, 32; lawyers, 29; professors, 27; doctors, 24.

These statements are very instructive. Farmers and workmen do not arrive at a good old age as often as the clergymen and others, who perform no manual labor; but this is owing to the neglect of the laws of health, inattention to the proper habits of life in eating, drinking, sleeping, dress, and the proper care of themselves after the work of the day is done. These workmen and farmers eat a heavy supper of a summer's day, and sit around the doors in their shirt sleeves, and in their tired condition and weakened circulation, are easily chilled, laying the foundation for diarrhœa, bilous colic, lung fever, or consumption.

"I keep the best bread," said a certain baker, the other day, to a poor fellow who complained of the inferior quality of the article he had purchased of him the day before. "I don't doubt it," replied the customer. "Then why do you complain?" asked the baker. "Because I would suggest that you sell the best bread and keep the bad," was the reply.

The Cotton Crop.

The Department of Agriculture has issued a circular setting forth that the cotton crop reports, purporting to have come from the Department of Agriculture during the past month, have not been genuine. The items in circulation, often contradictory in tenor, and assuming to be official, have had no origin in the statistical data of that office. The returns of September include reports from about 400 cotton-growers' counties, representing a very large proportion of the cotton area. Those for August point an average condition of the crop almost identical with that of the preceding reports; the averages for Alabama and Mississippi being the same, those of Louisiana and Tennessee being lighter, and those of other Cotton States lower. The State averages of the September report are somewhat lower than those of August, though the principal depreciation occurs in the States which yield a small proportion of the crop, while the reduction is slight in the important district represented by the States of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The percentage of full condition in the first week of September, as averaged from all the obtainable data, is thus stated: North Carolina, 82; South Carolina, 80; Georgia, 78; Florida, 75; Alabama, 80; Mississippi, 80; Louisiana, 77; Texas, 81; Arkansis, 95; Tennessee, 96. There are reports of injuries by the boll-worm and caterpillar, mainly in Mississippi and Louisiana, but no evidence that a general or very serious loss from insects is probable. Rust is common in the Atlantic States, and to some extent on the Gulf coast. Drouth has been injurious in the Carolinas and Texas, though the reports of rainfalls through the South indicate a fair supply of moisture, the distribution of which has been somewhat more unequal than usual. At one point in Georgia the fall in August was nearly 14 inches, and in parts of Florida it amounted to 33 inches. The variable atmospheric conditions have increased the prevalence of rust, and caused the destruction of both leaves and fruit. These drawbacks, though greater than those reported in September of last year, are not sufficiently serious to excite apprehensions of a greatly depreciated yield. They are reported each year in some portions of the cotton area. In the records last year there was considerable complaints of damages to the cotton crop from rust, worms, and unfavorable August weather. These facts do not point to an enlargement of the expectation hitherto indulged in. If they are trustworthy, the most favorable season could scarcely bring a crop exceeding 3,350,000 bales. If the growing season should be short or unfavorable, 3,000,000 bales, would be a good result; and with a combination of unfavorable circumstances, the product might be still further reduced.

A Hard Life of It.

Irene Robinson, a bright-looking young woman, age 19, left her home in Peoria, Ill., two years ago, because her parents wished her to marry a man old enough to be her father, and for whom she entertained a decided dislike. To guard against detection, she adopted the habit of a boy, and, with her hair cut short, readily passed for a boy of 15 or 16. She first went to Chicago, and there obtained work as a teamster, passing under the name of William Franks. She was suspected of being a girl, but denied it, and left Chicago through fear of being detected and sent home. She worked at various places as a farm laborer, but seldom stayed long at one place. The prying eyes of women were almost always the first to detect the imposture. After various adventures she found herself in Troy, N. Y., a few days ago, and engaged herself as deck hand on a canal boat commanded by Capt. Cabineau. On the way to New York the captain's wife accused her of being a girl, and she finally confessed that such was the case. By the advice of Mrs. Cabineau, she went to one of the police-stations in New York, and asked for aid to reach her home. She is tired of her rough life, and is anxious to see her relatives, of whom she heard nothing since leaving home. Her rough, horny hands and sun-burnt face bear witness to her life of toil and exposure. Her garb consists of a coat, much the worse for wear and torn in several places, patched pantaloons, rough woolen shirt, a pair of heavy boots, and a battered black hat. She possesses a cheerful disposition, which even her rough life has been unable to subdue. When asked why she did not assume the garb of her sex when she was first accused of being a girl, she said she was afraid of being found by her father and compelled to return home. She has been sent home by the police authorities.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Black cashmere is more used for traveling dresses than any other material.

Some very elegant silk dresses are elaborately trimmed with fine muslin embroidery.

Ruches of tulle and ruffles of Swiss muslin are more worn for the neck and sleeves of dresses than formerly.

Some very pretty sacks are made of the white Persian towels, and trimmed with black velvet are very stylish.

A new style of bracelet is of tortoise shell made very wide and ornamented in front with a large monogram in gold.

Feathers have become quite an expensive item in the toilette, as the handsome ones cost from twelve to twenty dollars.

For ladies who admire large earrings, a new style is the head of a stuffed humming-bird with diamond eyes, inclosed in a wide hoop of burnished gold. They are very odd and showy.

Many dandies have taken to wearing costly lace cravats, which looks very effeminate and in bad taste. They also propose wearing small feathers or wings in the side of the low felt hats. What next?

Old laces have become worth their weight in gold and are largely sought for, the present fashion of loose sleeves and open bodices rendering it a necessity to exhibit handsome lace and embroidery.

Transporting Beef.—St. Louis has recently made an experiment looking to the supply of her citizens with Texas beef. Eighteen beeves recently slaughtered at Chetopa, in the Indian Territory, were transportated to refrigerating cars to that market, and found to be as fresh and good as at the hour of starting. The transit took some three or four days, but, with lines fully opened, two days would have sufficed. When this interest developes further, the live stock trade will probably undergo a revolution, and the barbarity of hauling cattle packed solid in cars, over a thousand miles to market, will cease. The economy of sending meat instead of live stock is a very important item, and the supply at given points can always be regulated by telegraph.

A Thin River.—The La Crosse *Democrat* reports the water so low in the Mississippi River, that steamboats have to keep whistling to keep cows out of the channel. Many captains are having cow-catchers put on their boats. This is about the thinnest river yet discovered.

A Fight for Life.

Capt. Thurston, of the bark Brothers, furnishes the following account of an outrage by the Mexican pirates:

On the 20th of August Captain Thurston, was on shore at Santa Anna, and was informed by the Mexican Alcalde or Mayor, that there were three sailors on board the Brothers who had been shipped there and must be returned, Captain Thurston replied that the men had been legally shipped, they were not Mexicans, and would not be given up; if they were taken from him it must be by force; and if the Alcalde persisted he would lay the matter before the United States government. The Alcalde replied: "I do not care for your government." He then arrested Captain Thurston and ordered him to be forcibly retained on shore. The captain, seeing no other alternative, promised that if allowed to return to his vessel he would send the three men on shore. At this time a mob of Mexican desperadoes was surrounding the house in which he was confined, demanding that he be surrended to them. The Alcalde advised him not to attempt to pass through the mob, as he would surely be murdered if he did. He was finally conducted to his vessel, the crowd of ruffians following, and shouting "kill him." Once on board, he kept his promise and sent the men ashore. After returning to his vessel, several attempts were made to decoy Captain Thurston on shore again, but he would not trust himself among the murderous gang. During this time he had some slight difficulty with the consignees of the Brothers regarding some matters relating to the vessel or cargo. On the 27th of August the clerk of the consignees was on the Brothers, and returned to shore with the captain's boat, stating that he would return next morning with the necessary clearance papers for her departure. About 10 o'clock on the same night he returned to the bark in company with eight other Mexicans from the shore. Captain Thurston welcomed the party cordially, suspecting no treachery, and they returned his friendly salutations. Captain Dickey, of the bark Harvest Home, then laying near the Brothers, was with Captain Thurston at the time. For a short time a friendly conversation was kept up, when suddenly, and in accordance with a preconcerted signal, the Mexicans arose, and, drawing revolvers, surrounded Captain Thurston, exclaiming: "You are a prisoner." The Captain seized a cutlass, and struck at the nearest of the party. The first mate called up the crew and told them to fight for their lives. They seized cutlasses, belaying-pins, capstan bars—anything that was handiest—and a desperate struggle commenced. The Mexicans fired at the crew, two shots took effect, one passing through the steward's mouth and entering his throat, injuring him painfully, but not seriously. One of the sailors was also wounded. The crew were making a good fight, but it was reserved for the second mate to distinguish himself by showing coolness and bravery that would have done honor to the veteran of many battles. He is the son of Captain Thurston, and is but eighteen years old. When the fight commenced he took his revolver and endeavored to enter the cabin and aid his father. The Mexicans prevented him, and he turned and entered by the rear. One of the pirates was scuffling with Captain Thurston, and him he shot dead. Alarmed by the fall of this man, the others attempted to flee, panic-stricken, towards their boat. One was chased by Captain Dickey and shot dead by the second mate. Taking a position on deck young Thurston fired the four remaining shots in his pistol at the wretches as they endeavored to get over the boat's side, and each time one fell dead, making six victims to his steady hand. Of all the assailants, but two escaped to the boat, and of these one bore a severe sabre wound. The ringleader, the consignee's clerk, was killed by a sabre cut from Captain Thurston. Captain Thurston shipped the anchor, made sail, and attempted to get to sea; but there was no wind, and the vessel lay motionless. Arms were then collected and preparations made to give the pirates another fight. Soon afterward two large boats filled with men were seen pulling out from the shore, and Captain Thurston concluded they were too strong for the means of defence at his command. He and the crew then abandoned the Brothers, and put to sea in the small boat without either water or provisions. They pulled thirty-five miles out, and on the 29th were picked up by the bark Harvest Home, which had laid near them at the scene of the attack. Captain Dickey, of the Harvest Home, states what occurred after the Brothers was abandoned. The two boats seen by Captain Thurston pulled around her, and by firing on her found that she was deserted. They then rowed towards the Harvest Home and gave her a volley, which Captain Dickey returned with such good effect, that they hauled off and returned to shore. On the following morning, the 28th of August, a large party of Mexicans came off in two armed schooners and went round the Brothers, firing upon her with a howitzer. They then boarded her, and took her to the anchorage near shore. Captain Dickey wanted to see no more, but went off to sea, first sending a report of what had occurred to the United States Consul at Mimtitian He picked up Captain Thurston and the crew.

A Little Joke.—Lord Shaftesbury, in a speech at Glasgow on mission chapels, good books, city buildings, and civilization generally, told a story to illustrate the difficulty of housing the people well. "There was an abominable district in London, he said. He selected a house, and persuaded the inmates to allow him, at some expense, to whitewash the walls, and make the place as tidy and comfortable as possible. They consented. A short time afterward he went there, and anything more begrimed than the appearance of the house, more shocking to any person caring for decency, he could not conceive. He said, 'What on earth is this?' and the reply was, 'Plaze your honor, the house looked so cold and uncomfortable that I sent for the sweep, and axed him to give us a few warm touches.'"

It Is Well.—The arrest of the owners of the steamer Ocean Wave, lately wrecked by explosion in Mobile Bay, and of the negligent U. S. Inspector, is another wholesome proceeding which marks the revulsion of feeling against the old-time verdict of "Nobody to blame." It is likely that those men think it hard to be made the victims of popular indignation; but steamboat and railroad men cannot go on forever killing people with perfect immunity.—*N. Y. Paper.*

All Sound, and Not Sound.—A Scotch minister in a strange parish, wishing to know what the people thought of his preaching, questioned the sexton:

"What do they say of Mr.——?" (his predecessor).

"Oh," said the sexton, "they say he is not sound!"

"What do they say of the new minister?" (himself).

"Oh," replied the sexton, "they say he's all sound!"

The various nationalists of Central America are taking steps toward the formation of a confederation.

THE GIPSY'S GLASS.

Cissy Thorne was sitting at her toilet-table, skipping a novel, while her maid Emma brushed her long, thick, silky hair. Some people said it was false, because there was so much of it; other Christians were certain it must be dyed, seeing that it had that particular bright, golden tint which is so often due to art; but Emma knew better. That exemplary girl took the same sort of pride in her mistress's hair that a good groom does in the coats of his master's horses, and was never tired of currying—I mean brushing it. Fortunately, the young lady took an equal pleasure in her passive part of the performance, and so both were satisfied. When the spoiled beauty did not know what else to do, she went up to her room, took off her dress, and had her hair brushed; it was a ladylike substitute for smoking a pipe.

I wonder that Darwin has not instanced the pleasure we feel in being stroked the right way, in favor of his last theory. I believe that Cissy was often very near purring, especially in thundery weather, when her hair crackled like an experimeat.

"Well, Emma, did you go to the fair?" asked the brushee, laying down her book.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumped through hoops; wonderful!"

"And did you go on one of the roundabouts that are worked by a steam-engine, which plays an organ?"

"No, miss?" replied Emma, with an emphasis.

"Do you know, Emma, I should like to, if no one saw."

"Lor, miss! they are crowded with such a low lot, they are."

"Low lots, as you call them, seem to have all the fun," said Cissy, with a half-sigh. "And what else did you see?"

"I went to a—fortune-teller."

"No! In a tent?"

"There were little tents about, but it was a little yellow cart I went into; not in the fair exactly, but in the clump, before you come to it. She's wonderful!"

"Is she, though! What did she say? Tell me," cried the excited Cissy, who was troubled with yearnings after the supernatural.

"She told me all sorts of things which she could not have known natural; a mole on my back; how long I have been in service——"

"Yes, yes, but the future; did she say anything about that?"

"She did more, miss, she showed it me."

"No!"

"In a round glass; as true as I'm standing here I saw him plain."

"Your future husband?"

"As is to be; yes, miss."

The two girls had been playmates when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony.

"What fun!" cried Cissy. "I should so like to go; *I will* go! The fortune-teller's caravan is not actually in the fair, you say; and there will not be many people about if we start early."

"Lor, miss! what will your pa and ma say?"

"I don't know; I'll do it first and ask them afterwards, for fear they might object. We will go to-morrow morning, directly after breakfast, mind."

Mr. Thorne was a steward; I do not mean an official attached to a steam-packet, in charge of a china shop full of white basins, but a manager of large estates in the country; a well-to-do man, who had a small property of his own, which he farmed in the most intelligent and neatest style, on the outskirts of the market-town of Littelun. Mrs. Thorne was plump, good-natured, and lazy, yet somewhat proud and sensitive; she fancied the county families were patronising, and she would not be patronised.

Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby—child—maiden. Of course the paragon was never sent to school, and her governesses were selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her merits.

Nevertheless, she was very charming, and had two lovers—I do not mean mere admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her, if she would but choose one of them. But she could not quite make up her mind which of the brace to select.

"If this gipsy would only show me which I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble," she said to herself, with a smile; "but of course that is all nonsense. Yet if she did, I vow that I would be guided by it."

One aspirant was Pendil Frogmore, a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, very poor; for though his rent-roll was a fair one, his debts were enormous; but very handsome, and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the Blues: I don't mean in bad spirits, but a man in armor, commanding men in armor, and his wife would be undoubtedly *county*.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other; he was a young London solicitor, who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian colonel's widow who resided at Littelun. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends, so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's inclination—

"Would she be a companion for you, Charles? would she be able to take an interest in the same things you did?"

"No, mother; and that is just what I want. I should hate a wife who was as clever as myself. But how can you fail to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!"

"Partie, Charley, partie; how dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you from a worldly point of view."

Frogmore was the more handsome, Wilson the more pleasant. Really, if fate would settle the matter for her, it would save Cissy