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The Sisters.

Three bonny maidens went out on a day,
[illegible] the summer sun was shining—
Ja[illegible] Annie and Margery Gray;
N[illegible]
A[illegible]

I[illegible]
W[illegible]
La[illegible]
No[illegible]
F[illegible]
W[illegible]

U[illegible]
Wh[illegible]
Till t[illegible]
And t[illegible]
When[illegible]

Whi[illegible]

Annie [illegible]
Whi[illegible]
Where[illegible]

And s[illegible]
b[illegible]
Of the [illegible]
While [illegible]

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

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

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

WHAT I SAW FROM MY WINDOW.

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

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

[illegible]at was my duty in the premises? I took into consideration that I had [illegible]eard a word spoken, did not even [illegible] what had been stolen, and had only [illegible]ctures of the different scenes to rely [illegible] proof, my position was a very pecu[illegible]e, to say the least.

[illegible]as certainly a very delicate business [illegible] at that strange house, and describe [illegible] proprietor what I had seen. All [illegible]ong I wondered what course it was [illegible]o pursue—all the while so utterly [illegible]hfortable that work of any descrip[illegible]was quite out of the question. Just [illegible]ening I was summoned to the parlor [illegible]eet a gentleman friend. I noticed [illegible]diately that he was in great agitation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By degrees I succeeded in getting at the whole story.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not for a moment."

"What dress did you wear last evening?"

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

"What is the name of this niece?"

"Clara Mason."

"And you are sure those were her jewels?"

"Positive."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It was," replied Mr. Demming.

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

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

That accounted for the rummaging."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An Amsterdam Laundry.

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

A Pretty Picture.

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

Lack of Moisture.—California papers complain of the lack of moisture in their vicinity. One journal remarks that "it is most unfortunate that after each one of our late rains a 'Norther' sets in and uses up all the surface moisture at once. The north wind that prevailed about ten days ago was very damaging in its effects. One gentleman noted the loss of about forty cypress trees in his garden in Alameda county, the shrubs drying up and turning red within twenty-four hours. Yesterday the wind was very strong on the other side of the bay. In some places rose bushes in blossom withered, and small plants fell under this rapid exhaustion of moisture. The grass became crisp, paper upon walls in houses snapped, and the horrible desicating wind threatened to make a desert of the garden. Under its blasting effect, a great deal of small fruit just set fell to the ground. But its worst effects were upon green fields and pastures. Thus far the north winds have licked up one-half of all the surface moisture produced by late rains. The more sanguine are looking for seasonable showers during the month of May, and with these, believe that good crops will be secured."

How to Handle Guns.—The following rules should be observed when you take a gun into your hand: Whenever you take a gun into your hands, inquire if it is loaded. Should there be no person to answer you, if the gun is a muzzle loader, place the butt on the ground outside the left foot, having previously fixed the hammer at half cock, and holding the muzzle in a forward direction, clear of your person, draw the ramrod and insert it gently in the barrel. If there is a charge in it, you will feel the thud of the ramrod upon it, while the rod's upper end will project about three fingers' breadth above the muzzle. Should the piece not be loaded, the ramrod will sink right down and the broad metal end will soon announce the empty barrel by the tap against the breech plug. Never handle a loaded gun except for the purpose of discharging it; and never at any time, either in jest or earnest, point a gun loaded or unloaded, at any living thing you don't deliberately intend to kill.

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

The Horses of New York.

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

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

Dress Materials.

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

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

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

Saturday Night.

Saturday night makes people human, sets their hearts to beating, softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into drums, and jarred them to pieces with tatoos. The ledger closes with a slash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and we breathe free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week closes behind us; the world is shut out. Shut out? Shut in rather. Here are our treasures, after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the old record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.—Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or brown-eyed; but above all true-eyed. Get a little home—no matter how little; a sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two, or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank heaven and take courage.—*Exchange.*

A Grain Law.—A law possessed by Illinois in relation to the transportation of grain requires railroad companies to give full and accurate receipts for all the grain they receive; to deliver the same quantity of grain and the same quality as shipped at the destination intended by the consignor; and to transport all grain offered, "without distinction, discrimination or favor between one shipper and another, and without distinction or discrimination as to the manner in which such grain is offered to it for transportation, or as to the person, warehouse or place to whom or to which it may be consigned." If the transportation company fail to deliver the grain at the point on their line designated, the consignor is entitled by the law to recover of the company the full value of the grain at the point where it was shipped.

Incidents in Paris.

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

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

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

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

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

A Romance in the Orient.

A singular story is told by the *Levant Herald*, of Constantinople, as follows: Some ten days ago a couple of wealthy travelers arrived in Pera from Odessa, and took up their quarters at a private hotel in the Grand Rue. They were, they said, a Prince and Princess on a traveling tour to Europe. The Prince lost no time in calling on his Ambassador, and at the interview expressed his becoming desire to present the Princess to Madame Ignatiew. Something about his visitor, however, appears to have excited the suspicion of the Ambassador, and he accordingly parried the suggestion, saying that he would first do himself the pleasure of visiting the Princess. He did so the next day, and found the couple surrounded by all the evidences of great wealth. The lady was young, handsome, and perfectly well-bred, but some further conversation with her husband confirmed General Ignatiew's suspicions that he was not what he represented.

The telegraph was at once set to work to Odessa and St. Petersburg, and in a couple of days abundant evidence was received to prove that the fellow was a low Georgian Armenian, who had made the tour of Russia under various aliases, marrying no fewer than four wives, three of whom he had in turn abandoned, after obtaining possession of their dowries. The fourth was the lady who accompanied him to Pera. She was the daughter of a rich landed proprietor near the Azoff, and was married to him only three months ago, bringing a dot of 80,000 roubles, the whole of which the fellow realized before setting out on his present tour.

On receiving the intelligence, General Ignatiew took prompt measures to effect his arrest, but the "Prince" got wind of the danger, and, abandoning nearly all his luggage, decamped with the lady to Rodosto, whence he made for Adrianople. He was, however, tracked, and on Monday last a telegram to the Russian Consul secured his arrest as he was on the point of starting for the frontier. He is now on his way back to Constantinople, and on arriving will be sent to Odessa, to be there handed over to the Russian police.

Very Probable.—The Bridgeport *Farmer* tells a remarkable story in regard to what, not many years ago, would have been considered a miracle. It says that in the "old Division street graveyard" at Bridgeport there is a marble slab marking the grave of Robert Linus Backus, who died on the 10th of February, 1834, aged 12 years and 9 months. On the reverse of the stone is a stain which represents a woman grasping a club with which she is in the act of striking; all attempts to obliterate the stain by scraping are ineffectual, and "we are told" that this is the fifth stone which has marked the spot, the preceding ones having been removed on account of their inveterate tendency to represent the same scene. The legend connected with this singular circumstance is that the child was killed by its mother.

What Did It.—To a correspondent who asks why so many more French wounded died in the late war than the German wounded, a New York paper says: It is said in explanation of this, that the Prussian bullets contained a little mercury, which is inserted in the base of the ball to augment the explosive power of the cartridge; and that by the action of the gas produced at the time of the explosion this mercury is converted into mercurial acid of the most deleterious nature, the effect of which is to poison the blood if it remains in contact with the ball for any time.

Saturday Night.

The work-day week has cast its yoke
Of troublous toil and careful quest;
The lingering twilight's saffron cloak
Trails o'er the dusky West;
And curfew clocks, with measured stroke,
Chime in the eve of rest.

From fallow fields and woody dells
The crickets chirp their pleasant lays;
The kine come up, with tinkling bells,
Through all the loamy ways;
And buckets drip by busy wells,
And ruddy ingles blaze.

His whirling wheel the miller stops—
The smith his silent anvil leaves;
His ringing ax the joiner drops—
No more the weaver weaves;
His loaded wain the peddler props
Beneath the tavern eaves.

A happy hush, a tranquil balm,
As if the week-day cark and care
Were lifted off, and left us calm,
Pervades the quiet air;
A sense as of a silent psalm,
A feeling as of prayer.

For now the night, with soft delay,
Seems brooding like a tender dove,
While the last hours of Saturday
Shut in the homes of love,
And the sweet Sabbath spans the way
To holier homes above.

God help us all! since here below
Few Saturdays are ours at best—
And out of earthly pain and woe
Few days of Sabbath rest;
God teach us!—that we yet may know
The Sabbaths of the Blest!

Facts and Fancies.

The three presiding officers of the new German Parliament are all national liberals.

It is proof of an economical disposition if a young lady indulges in tight-lacing to prevent waist-fulness?

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

The cost of a marriage bell of flowers for a wedding reception is from fifty to seventy-five dollars, according to the season of the year.

There is a girl in Old Lyme, Connecticut, who, by working a forty-acre farm, has given a liberal education to her two brothers and three sisters.

Young ladies, in bowing this season, incline the body forward from the waist. This is for acquaintances; to friends, a low inclination of the head *en regle.*

Po-tum-pi-ho-ga, an Indian chief near Cheyenne, told a soldier he was only forty years old, had taken two hundred scalps, and had the delirium tremens fifteen times.

Colonel Sam James has introduced into the penitentiary over which he presides in Louisiana, a new regulation. Hereafter all prisoners are to be washed before ironed.

The Grand Jury of Chicago, failed to find an indictment against P. A. Leonard for the killing of Dr. Scanland, his brother-in-law, and he was discharged from custody.

Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma. And Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

San Francisco, whose smallest coin hitherto has been a five cent piece, is now anxious for pennies, two cents, and three cent pieces, and the Treasury is making arrangements to distribute them there.

A Scotchman's definition of metaphysics: "When the folks wha listen dinna ken the meaning o' what they hear, and when the mon who speaks dinna ken what he means his ainsel'—that's metafissicks."

According to European medical statistics, the disuse of stays has diminished the annual mortality among females 18 per cent., and since the introduction of chignons, brain fevers have increased 73¾ per cent.

It isn't everybody who can have his boots taken off by a streak of lightning; but a Rhode Island man enjoyed that singular experience when his house was struck, the other day, and he still lives to boast of it.

To cure the ringworm, take one ounce of spermaceti ointment, one ounce of tar ointment, and three drachms of powdered angostura bark, and mix well in a mortar; then apply the compound to the parts affected.

Two ladies of Mobile have a standing wager, based upon the claims of their respective husbands to superior ugliness. Both gentlemen are so extremely ill-favored that no outsider can be found to decide the question.

A new class of thieves, called "second story thieves," are operating successfully in some of our cities. They climb on trellises or on the roofs of piazzas, and gain access to the apartments they wish to visit.

A new style of round hat and bonnet is made of linen and cotton braid, and resembles leghorn so closely that it can hardly be detected. The only trouble is that rain or damp takes the stiffness out and renders it good for nothing.

The peculiar effect of fear is exemplified in the fact that a woman having died suddenly in Montgomery county, Pa., a hired man in the house was so afraid that he might be accused of murdering her, that he hanged himself in the barn.

One of Darwin's strongest arguments in favor of his theory that man is a descendant of the monkey, is that monkeys always part their hair in the middle. It is a noticeable fact, however, that monkeys have quit it since it has become fashionable among certain men.

Girls always love those boys best who are the kindest, best natured, most considerate and "man-like" in their behavior; and who are not coarse, profane, and loaferish in their talk. The boys who are by their school or playmates loved the most, make the best men.

It is said that bleeding from a wound, on man or beast, may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours, or even days, if necessary.

A Town Frightened by Laborers.—Five hundred workmen, who were employed in digging a canal in the Forest of Hertogenwald, marched in a body to Verviers, and demanded the payment of their wages, for some time over-due. Their appearance caused much excitement and apprehension. The gensdarmes proved untrustworthy, and were confined to their barracks. The town finally paid the workmen their wages, and all fears of a disorder were allayed.

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