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A Valley Memory.

Waking I dream, and dreaming see
A valley in the sunset glow,
With ranging Alps that through the haze
Thrust peaks of snow.

A blindering glare is in my eyes;
Yet, far below, I see again,
Where, golden under burning skies,
Outsweeps the plain.

The bleating and the tinkling bells,
Show where, about the water's brink,
The peasant women watch the sheed
That wade and drink.

All freshly fair and bright the scene;
But looming vast before me still
The Alps gigantic grow, and all
The picture fill.

Their spell once more is on my heart,
Their grandeurs satisfy their soul;
Naught else in life or space has part—
They make the whole.

They wrap the heavens round their forms,
Arrest the clouds upon their march,
And into gleaming ruins break
The rainbow's arch.

From the deep valley's purpling gloom
Ever their summits rise sublime,
Bright with the sunsets of the world
Since Time was Time.

Olivia.

What are the lone waves singing, so mournfully, evermore?
What are they singing so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore?
"Olivia, O Olivia! what else can it seem to be?
Olivia, lost Olivia, will never return to thee!
Olivia, lost Olivia, what else can the sad song be?
Weep and mourn, she will not return, she cannot return to thee!"

And strange it is, when the low wind sighs, and strange, when the loud winds blow,
In the rustle of trees, in the roar of the storm, in the sleepiest streamlet's flow,
Forever, from ocean or river, ariseth the same sad moan—
"She sleeps—let her sleep—wake her not—it were best she should rest—and alone."
Forever the same sad requiem comes up from the sorrowful sea,
For the lovely, the lost Olivia, who cannot return to me!

Alas! I fear 'tis not in the air, or the sea, or the trees, that strain;
I fear 'tis a wrung heart aching, and the throb of a tortured brain,
And the shivering whisper of startled leaves, and the sob of the waves as they roll,
I fear they are only the echo of the song of a suffering soul—
Are only the passionless echo of the voice that is ever with me—
"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

I stand, in the dim, gray morning, where once I stood, to mark,
Gilding away, along the bay, like a bird, her white wing'd bark;
And when through the Golden Gate the sunset radiance rolled,
And the tall masts melted to thinnest threads in the glowing haze of gold,
I said; "To thine arms I give her, O kind and shining sea!
And in one long moon from this June eve you shall let her return to me."

But the wind from the far spice islands came back, and it sang with a sigh:
"The ocean is rich with treasure it has hidden from you and the sky."
And where amid rocks and the green sea-weed the storm and the tide were at war,
The night-sought waste was still vacant, when I looked to the cloud and the star;
And soon the sad wind and dark ocean unceasingly sang unto me:
"The lovely, the lost Olivia will never return to thee."

Dim and still the landscape lies, but shadowless as heaven,
For the growing morn and the low west moon on everything shine even;
The ghosts of the lost have departed, that nothing can ever redeem,
And nature, in light, sweet slumber, is dreaming her morning dream.
'Tis morn, and our Lord has awakened, and the souls of the blessed are free;
Oh! come from the caves of the ocean! Olivia, return unto me!

What thrills me? what comes near me? Do I stand on the sward alone?
Was that a light wind, or a whisper?—a touch, or the pulse of a tone?
Olivia! whose spells from thy slumber my broken heart sway and control,
At length bring'st thou death to me, dearest, or rest to my suffering soul?
No sound but the psalm of the ocean!—bow down to the solemn decree—
"The lovely, the lost Olivia, will never return to thee!"

And still are the lone waves singing so mournfully evermore;
Still are they sleeping so mournfully, as they weep on the sandy shore
"Olivia!—lost Olivia!"—so ever 'tis doomed to be;
"Olivia!—lost Olivia!—will never return to thee."
"Olivia!—lost Olivia!"—what else could the sad song be?
"Weep and mourn, she will not return—she cannot return to thee!"

CARRIED AWAY BY THE CURRENT.

If you will believe it, I am engaged; no nonsense, but really, truly, and positively engaged to be married; and between ourselves, I am not quite sure I like it. It is not Clara's fault; she is a fine girl, and I am proud to think she has accepted me; and if we would be married at once it would be all right, I suppose. But there is a profession to be settled upon, and get fixed in; for, though I shall inherit a little property when I come of age, my guardian says that it will not be sufficient without some addition, and by the time I am ready to keep a wife Clara will be so much older. Besides all which, now that the novelty has worn off, and I am able to think seriously about the matter, I am not so sure that I want to be married at all; not till I am quite an elderly man—that is to say, thirty or so. It is not that I am unromantic; on the contrary, I think romance is capital—in a book; but in real life romance does not look so romantic, after the first; at least, so it seems to me.

I went to stay with Aunt Bonwick, at Carfax, a rising watering-place on the Yorkshire coast, last summer. Aunt Bonwick is a gay old lady, and cannot bear to be without plenty of people about her, so she lives principally at boarding-houses, and it was at Carleton Mansion that I visited her.

I liked it; the feeding was very good, better than what you get in lodgings, where one has to dine so often off cold meat or hash; and the people were great fun. Each was so anxious to let the rest know that he or she was a swell, or connected with a swell; some of them made little speeches about themselves and their belongings, quite like the heroes in Homer "I am so-and-so, the son of so-and-so." But still the bow was not always beat, and we were social enough at times. We played at Pope Joan for counters, at threepence a dozen, and one old lady would not cut in because she thought intrigue between the queen and krave not only improper, but savoring of democratic scandal. So we changed the game to *vingt-et-un* to please her, and I will take an affidavit that she cheated.

Clara was staying at the boarding-house all by herself. She lived with two elder sisters generally, but they had a shindy, and she thought it better to leave them for a while. I had always been terribly shy and uncomfortable with ladies, but she came and talked to me, and set me at ease the first evening. She told me about her sisters, and asked my advice. It was the first time any one had treated me so decidedly as a man, and no doubt she thought me older than I was; for I was six feet high, and had undoubted whiskers, for a my hair is black they showed. Of course she was a good deal my senior, or she would not be allowed to go about the world alone like that; but she was the pleasantest girl I had ever met, and we got on together capitally. We spent the mornings on the beach, sat next each other at dinner, went partners at cards. When you are with most people, you know, you are at a loss sometimes what to say next. Well, we never felt that; however long we were at it, our conversation did not flag. I suppose that may have been partly because we talked so much about ourselves; but the result was that I liked her society uncommonly, and when she flirted with an old half-pay officer, who had dyed, not for his country, but for his vanity, I longed to punch his painted head.

Aunt Bonwick quizzed me, and told me to mind what I was about; that boarding-houses were terrible places for man-traps, and I might get snapped up before I was aware. I replied there was no danger, for I was sure that Clara would not have time if I asked her.

"Very good," replied my aunt; "but for gracious sake, my dear George, don't put it to the proof!"

Aunt Bonwick's head was always running on marriages and the gossip connected with the subject—she was a first-rate partner to divide the *Times* with, for give her the supplement and you might have all the rest. So I laughed at the absurdity of her seeing a match in such an ordinary bit of acquaintanceship; and yet, somehow, when I next met Clara I felt more awkward than I had done hitherto; and just as I was getting over this shyness, the bathing woman patronised by Clara informed us that we made as handsome a couple as ever she see—a compliment which was wofully confusing.

You will think that I spent my whole time in dangling, but that was not the case. The coast at Carfax is rocky, and in a little cove about half a mile from the Parade I had a boat, in which I was in the habit of rowing or sailing daily; and high up on the beach there was a hut—a sort of detached high and dry cabin belonging to the boat and let with it, where the oars, etc., were kept—and here I used sometimes to read and practice smoking—a luxury which I had not as yet learned to enjoy thoroughly.

One very hot afternoon I went down to this nook, with the intention of paddling out a little way, and then having a bathe; but after dragging the boat down to the water's edge, I found that I had left the key of the hut behind me, and without the key I could not get the oars. The sailor who owned the three boats which formed the Carfax pleasure fleet had gone out with a party, so that I could not get his key; and being too hot and lazy to go back for my own, I got into the boat, made myself comfortable in the bows under the sail, which covered me over like a tent, pulled a book out of my pocket, and began to read. Whether it was the fault of the author or not, I cannot say, but I fell asleep, and very sound I must have been, for on waking I could not tell at the moment where I was. When my faculties returned a little, however, I looked at my watch, and found that I had been asleep four hours, and it was time to go home and get ready for dinner. So I struggled out of the folds of the sail, and saw water, water all around! The shore was a good mile off, and the boat was drifting further and further away every minute. I also discovered that I was not alone; a female figure reposed in the stern, the head concealed by a large sunshade, but the dress seemed familiar. I approached: it was Clara, fast asleep, just as I had been, and overpowered by a similar soporific, for a book had fallen from her hand and lay on her lap.

"By Jove!" I cried aloud, in my consternation, and the exclamation startled her.

"What is it? Where am I?" she asked, opening her eyes and sitting up. "Why we are at sea! Oh, what a shameful trick! What will the people say? Put me on shore at once."

I protested and explained, she followed suit. She had taken a walk, been overcome with heat, and sought rest in the boat, of course not knowing that it was mine, or that any man was in it, as I was completely hidden by the sail. The rest was easily imagined; the tide had come up and floated the boat, which had been carried off by a tremendous current, which renders that part of the coast most dangerous for incautious bathers.

"I am afraid that we shall hardly get back in time for dinner," said Clara.

"I am afraid not," replied I.

"But please begin rowing at once," pleaded she.

"There are no oars," said I.

"Oh dear! oh dear! Then sail."

I stepped the mast and hoisted the sail, to look like trying, but as there was not a breath of wind, of course it was all of no use, except that it temporarily and partially pacified my companion, whose notions of navigation were vague. At the end of half an hour, however, she could not help perceiving that our distance from Carfax was quite doubled, and I had to own that unless a breeze sprang up we were helpless, though at the same time I assured her that directly the boat-keeper returned he would find out that I was away without oars; and when we were missed at the boarding-house, and inquiries made, he would know what had happened, and that we were certain to be rescued.

"Oh," she cried, "if it were only that! But people won't believe—people will think—people will say—oh, dear! I had almost sooner be drowned than go back!"

She altered her opinion on this point, however, when night fell, and there were no signs of rescue. I did not feel comfortable myself, in spite of my confident talk. No doubt boats were put out in search of us, but the sea is big, and so small a craft as ours soon gets out of sight; and where that plaguy current might carry us to Neptune only knew—Neptune or Davy Jones, proprietor of the Locker. The possibility of cruising about in this way with Clara, till I wanted to eat her, was trying; the feeling that I was alone with her under such very solitary circumstances was, after the remarks of my aunt and the bathing woman, still more distressing to the nerves. To keep a better countenance, I tried to treat the situation from a jocose point of view. What did people do in open boats after shipwreck? I asked, and remembered that sometimes they caught boobies and noddies. Boobies (present company excepted) were not visible, but I might catch fish. I had a little locker in the boat, containing a bachelor's kettle, resined firewood, a few biscuits, a stone jar of fresh water, a sardine-box with two sardines left in it, and some fishing lines. A sardine made bait, and I fished. After hooking three dog-fish and a conger eel, I caught a nondescript who looked eatable. Then, giving him a humane time to die in, I lit a square of firewood under the kettle, which was filled with salt water (a dodge I had learned). While it was boiling I performed the happy despatch upon poor nondescript, and then crammed him into the kettle. All this diverted and reassured my companion, who condescended to taste nondescript with biscuit; and really he was very good. I know we made a skeleton of him between us.

But all this little excitement and forced spirits died away as the night advanced, and the situation became inexpressible. Clara did awful things; she burst out laughing in the middle of crying, so that I thought she was having a game with me; but then she shed actual tears, and said bits of her prayers so that could hardly be. I did all I could think of to console her, but it was a long time before I succeded; what I *thought* was, "Well Master George, you have gone and nailed yourself now, and no mistake!"

We were engaged.

At two o'clock in the morning a light breeze sprang up, and I knew we were all right. The lights of Upper Carfax were still visible, and formed a sure beacon to steer by.

I beached the boat at eleven o'clock, while the band was playing as usual on the pier, and all the people listening to it, and we excited much interest. I was rather anxious to keep our engagement a secret for the present, but Clara explained that under the circumstances that could not be, and all Carleton Mansion knew it by luncheon time.

Aunt Bonwick laughed at first, and then got very angry. She called me an idiotic cub, and was very rude to Clara. The next day I had to go home to my guardian, who was very satirical; and all this scolding and sneering made me stick up for Clara the more heartily. But I was glad when the time came for me to go back to my private tutor, and escape from the perpetual unpleasantness. I have only seen Clara once since, at the Royal Academy; but she writes to me every week, and I answer her letters, though not quite regularly, I am afraid. I thought she looked rather older when I saw her at the Academy; not that that has anything to do with it, but—I am only nineteen now, and it seems so absurd, you know.

A Massacre of Butchers in India.

A Lahore paper reports a shocking outbreak of fanaticism at Umritsur, in the Punjaub. "For some time the Hindoos have been agitating against the butchers of Umritsur to obtain a decree forbidding the slaughter of cattle and the sale of beef in the city. Their efforts failed chiefly through the firmness of the Commissioner and the strength of the English and Mussulman party in the Committee. Early one morning, about one or two o'clock, a party of armed Hindoos assembled and made a descent upon Umritsur slaughter-house and attacked the butchers sleeping outside. The murderers were armed with swords and broad-axes, and the butchers being unarmed and asleep, were unable to save themselves. Four butchers were literally hacked to pieces, and two others were so fearfully cut up that one has since died and the other's life is despaired of. The night was a very dark one, and it will be difficult to recognize the murderers. Accounts vary as to the sect they belonged to. From some indications found on the scene of the massacre, it is suspected that the murderers belong to the Nihung sect. But another account states that the Akalies were suspected. The Akalies are a sort of fanatic Sikhs, a semi-sacerdotal class attached to the temples. They are the trucculent-looking fellows who wear conical caps about a yard high covered with small weapons, and those steel chuckers or sharp rings which they can hurl with such terrible precision and effect. They are respected and considerably feared. The Nihungs, again, are associated with all that is reckless and Bohemian. Their name, indeed, is a common expression in the Punjaub to represent these qualities. The affair, as may be anticipated, has caused some excitement, as it is expected that the matter will not end here. Bad passions on both sides have been aroused, and the natives are already whispering that other members of the butcher fraternity have been marked out for destruction.

German Shrewdness.—A correspondent of the London *News* was told by a German naval officer, with whom he was lunching in a Berlin restaurant not long ago, some inpalatable news. "Upon my word," remarked the Teuton, "I know the ships of your fleet better than your own young officers." After stating that every German ship was provided with accurate charts of the naval ports of the world, the officer remarked:—"L'Orient is a very difficult port to make; I would not like to try that without a pilot. Plymouth! there is not a lieutenant in the German army who could not take a ship into Plymouth in the night time." The correspondent learned further, much to his astonishment, that "every ship in the German service, even the smallest gunboat, is provided with detailed drawings and sections of every foreign war ship. Its weak points are specifically stated, and details given as to the spots to be aimed at with most likelihood of disabling the machinery."

Not so Lonely.—Some queer scenes ensue in Wyoming, where the women vote, serve on juries, &c., like their lords and masters. Recently six married ladies and as many gentlemen were impanelled upon a murder case there, and it became necessary to lock them up all night. Three of the husbands stormed and raved at the Judge and half a dozen children made the Court House ring with their cries; but the Judge was inexorable, and put them under lock and key.

A man in Portsmouth, N. H., named his two children Ebenezer and Flora, and always spoke of them as "Eb" and "Flo."

The Buffenburgh Case.

The Buffenburgh poisoning case, as it is already called, naturally excites great interest in Cincinnati, where all the parties concerned are well known. The fact that Mrs. Colburn, the wife of the late Mr. Peter Buffenburgh, is now openly accused of having caused his death by administering arsenic, in order to gain undisputed possession of a portion of his large estate, leads many unthinking people to believe that the lady is really guilty. The more intelligent portion of the community, however, consider it only right to give the accused the benefit of all doubts until some specific evidence is presented against her. All sorts of rumors have been afloat concerning the developments in the case but as yet there is no ground for any of them.

It may be remembered that some time prior to Mr. Buffenburgh's death, he gave his wife a large farm for her personal property, and his death placed her in possession of one-third of his personal property, valued at over $700,000. The other two-thirds also came under her control as guardian for her two children. This furnishes the ground for the accusation on the part of the other relatives of Mr. Buffenburgh, as they insist that the possession of the estate was the motive for the terrible crime of which Mrs. Colburn stands accused. The poison said to have been used is arsenic, and the whole case turns upon that, for if none of that mineral poison is traced in the organs already submitted to analysis by the chemists, the accusation must fall to the ground, unless, indeed, that Prof. Wormley is prepared to say that there are other indications of poisoning.

A year after the death of Peter Buffenburgh, which event occurred in September, 1867, his wife married Mr. R. T. Colburn, a journalist favorably known in New York. Mrs. Colburn was a Miss Hudson when Peter Buffenburgh abandoned his bachelordom and entered the marriage state, at an age when most men are thinking of leaving this world altogether, and their union appeared quite happy. The very fact that Peter Buffenburgh died intestate, and especially in view of the fact that he knew himself to be dying, and never spoke of a last dying will and testament, argues strongly that his confidence in his wife was unshaken. The case has its mysterious aspects like all similar cases, for there is an under-current of suspicion that some illegal means have been resorted to obtain or manufacture evidence against Mrs. Colburn.

Dr. Collins was Mr. Buffenburgh's family physician for about three years previous to his decease, and states that in his opinion the disease of which Mr. Buffenburgh died was consumption. The symptoms observed by him were such as were manifestly produced by the disease. During the latter part of his illness the patient expectorated very freely. That continued until about twenty-four hours previous to his death. If arsenic had been given to him it would have produced symptoms which the physician would have discovered. He informed Mrs. Colburn weeks before his death that her husband must necessarily soon die. Dr. Collins also says that Mr. Buffenburgh, always manifested the utmost confidence in his wife. She was very devoted and faithful in her attentions upon him.

How they Telegraph Chinese.

The managers of the China Submarine Telegraph Company have solved the somewhat difficult problem of how to transmit telegraphic messages in Chinese. At first sight the difficulty of telegraphing in a language which is destitute of an alphabet, and is made up of about fifty thousand distinct characters, appears almost insurmountable, but the obstacle has been overcome, and A-fat at Hong Kong encounters no more difficulty in communicating by telegraph with A-chum at Shanghai than does Brown and Jones under similar circumstances. The plan adopted is this: Some few thousand of the more common Chinese characters are cut on wooden blocks after the manner of type, and on the reverse and of each is a number cut in the same way. Now A-fat having handed in his message written in Chinese, the native clerk selects in order the corresponding blocks from the case and prints off the numbers on their reverse. This he hands to his English colleague, who telegraphs the numbers to the destination desired. Here the reverse process is gone through, and the numbers, having been taken from the cases the characters are stamped on paper, and thus A-chum is put in possession of the cherished wishes of A-fat through the medium of his native language.

Making Stockings.—People there are, who, although they see stockings every day, have no idea whatever of what they cost, wholesale and retail. And yet it is generally held true that the manufacturer rarely realizes more than ten cents profit on a dozen of the pairs produced. In the following calculation the "sock"—or male stocking—is not, of course, considered; neither are the various complications of legs which result from drinking too much, taken into account. Before a stocking is ready for sale it has to undergo about twenty different processes, made known to the general public as follows: spinning the yarn, winding the yarn, knitting, cutting, and ravelling, footing, sewing and hand-seaming, rough mending, trimming, bleaching, dyeing, boarding, welting, finished mending, tacking, mating, folding, pressing, stamping, boxing, and casing. Undoubtedly this most complicated way in which stockings and socks have to be made accounts, or would account, all things being taken into consideration, for the most intricate walking that a man can do.

A Moral.—A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," says the master, "does not your bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hanyon; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sunday, then the man should either fill up that pit or sell that ass." The story has a sort of "moral" which will fit a great many disputed points in these days.

A Boston lady having been asked if she was an admirer of Trollope's novels, replied: "Yes, I have always been a Trollopologer."

To Young Men—Live Honestly.

Every young man, as he enters upon life, should take an account with himself, and decide in his own mind upon the course which he will pursue. He should ask himself, "Will I enter upon a course in which I can render a fair equivalent for everything that I obtain? or will I enter upon a course in which, for the things that I receive, I shall render an equivalent where I must, and palm off empty appearances where I can?" It is a glorious ambition, a manly purpose, with which a person begins life, when he goes forth saying, "I mean to make my fortune, to be sure, and to pluck honor from the highest boughs of the tree of life; but I am determined not to go one step in honor or wealth or power that is not a real step. What I have, I will pay for. I will not take anything without giving a fair equivalent for it." And what a contrast there is between this and the ambition and purpose of those who set out in life with a determination to make their fortune and gain honor at all hazards, by whatever means it may be necessary to employ, and without regard to whether they render an equivalent for that which they receive no not?

A young man, delicately reared, is sent into life, and he goes into a shop where he finds many companions, and where, unfortunately, the strongest-minded men are not the sweetest-hearted. And all around about him the conversation is low; the allusions are coarse, the expressions are vulgar. The things that in home life he never dared to shape into words, or hints even, are freely handled for the purpose of exciting laughter. Now, under such circumstances, a man may lose sensibility to these things. At first he is shocked and sick. I have known persons of an organization so delicate that this violence done to their moral and social feelings amounted to absolute sickness of body. But that cannot continue. In the course of a month a young man will get used to obscenity in one of two ways. If he sets his heart against it; if he calls the memory of all that he loves to his help; if his whole conscience bears witness; if he makes a covenant with his lips, and sets his heart to watch over its issues, then little by little he will come to a state in which he will hear obscene talk as though he did not hear it. And he comes out better than he went in, although he suffers less by the outward contact of corruption than in the beginning. He has carried himself in such a way with reference to it, that it has worked out in moral purity.

I was called once to a consultation in reference to a young man belonging to a large establishment, who was detected in some criminal act; and in a confidential interview that I had with him, he told me that it was not because he was in need that he yielded to the temptation, but because he wanted property. His dishonesty was simply the result of avarice. And if a young man abuses his trust and is dishonest, there is not a word to be said in his justification.

There are temptations to dishonesty, then, that spring from extravagance. Our society is very vicious in its whole structure in this regard. We make no provision for the respectability of people who are in humble circumstances. We hold out inducements to them to live beyond their means.

Young people want to begin further along than they are able to. They want to keep house as twenty years of successful and fruitful industry have enabled other men to do it. They measure everything on the pattern of somebody else.

There are many young men who have enough to support them; but that is not all that they want. They have bad companions with whom they associate. These companions are not very temperate. They smoke; and so, of course, they drink. I do not mean that among all men that smoke, drinking is a handmaid vice; but I say that smoking leads, or tends to lead, to the other vice. And smoking and drinking are very expensive.

Young men are very apt to reason the question of dishonesty with themselves, and to justify themselves by the examples which they see around about them of men who stand eminent, trusted, and of good reputation, and who yet do dishonest things. A young man is apt to say, "It is no worse for me to follow such and such courses, than it is for others; and many that do follow them stand high, and are prospered and respected."

I will admit that there are many men who stand high, and for a time have a certain kind of respectability and prosperity, though they do dishonest things; but I say this You cannot afford to be like them. There is nothing else in this world that is of so much consequence to you, as that you should keep peace with your own self. Blessed be the man that can say, as the apostle did, "I trust that I have a good conscience." Blessed be the man that has lived till he is thirty years of age, and can say, "I have a good conscience;" that is, "I never willingly do anything that violates my conscience. God knows that it is my purpose to live at peace with my conscience."

A man cannot afford to throw away the blessing of a good conscience. And it makes no difference that your neighbor is prospering by dishonesty, and people have not found him out. If you are dishonest you know it yourself, and that is enough. And there ought to be a principle of honor with every young man that should lead him to say, "Even if God could not see me when I did wrong, I should see myself, and self-respect and manhood require that I should do right."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Healthy Children.—To raise healthy children give them an abundance of out-door exercise, fun and frolic; make them regular in their habits, and feed them on plain, nourishing food. But keep them overtasked in school, confined closely to the house the rest of the time, frowning down every attempt at play; feed them upon rich or high seasoned food, candies, nuts, &c., allow them to eat between meals and late in the evening, and you need not expect them to be healthy. Don't cram them with food when they don't want, or have no appetite for it—such a course is slow murder. If they have no appetites, encourage, and, if need be, command them to take exercise in the open air. Do not allow them to study too much, and especially keep them from reading the exciting light literature which so much abounds in our book stores and circulating libraries.

The Fate of a Murderer.

Messner, who suffered the death penalty at Rochester, N. Y., has been thrice sentenced and reprieved during the last three years. The crime for which he died was committed more than three years ago. His case afforded a curious illustration of the law's delays. On April 13, 1868, his wife was murdered. Before the close of the spring he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on June 4, 1869. On June 3 he was respited. Before the respite expired a writ of error and stay of proceedings were granted by Judge Darwin Smith. It was set aside by the Supreme Court, but a second writ having been granted the execution was again deferred to December 10, 1869. On this day he was actually dressed for execution, and tickets were sold for the exhibition of his throes. In this connection the horrible rumor must be noticed that a gang of gamblers made his life and the delay of his execution the subject of bets. In fact it is said that one gang was trying to hasten and the other to defer the execution—bulling and bearing the man's life. This time he confessed that he was prepared to die. A stay of proceedings was granted, and his case came before the Court of Appeals in the following month, January, 1870. The Court of Appeals granted a new trial, at which, by new act, Messner was allowed to testify in his own favor. This trial took place last June, another verdict of guilty was recorded, and under it Judge Dwight sentenced Messner to be hung.

His crime was that of slaying his wife. The evidence on which he was convicted was circumstantial. He and his wife lived a cat-and-dog life. A few days before her death she called on the neighbors to interfere in her favor. The day she was killed there was no one at the time of her murder near their miserable shanty on the Penfield Flats. After the deed was done, and while she lay dead in their cabin he met one of the neighbors, Giles Van Aiken, who passed while he was fastening up his horse to go for the doctor. To Van Aiken he said that his wife had bad luck; that she fell from the wheel of the cart against a stick, and was badly hurt. The diameter of the wheel was but three feet six inches. From the evidences of a struggle and the character of the wound and the appearance of the stick, Messner's story was disbelieved, and the knowledge of their quarrelsome relations provoked the universal opinion that he killed her. This he afterwards admitted, but claimed that it was done in a quarrel and in self-defense.

Sheep-Farming in California.

The great sheep-runs of California, like those of Australia (says a correspondent), seem to be a kind of mild form of Botany Bay for their respective mother countries. Old shepherds of long experience in either country will tell you of scores of men with college and even university education, whom themselves or their friends have banished "for their country's good," and who are now gathering their melancholy crops of wild oats at the same time they watch the flocks on the hills nibble theirs. Rufus A. Lockwood, one of the greatest and most erratic geniuses ever seen in California, and whose biography has been written by Hon. Newton Booth, Republican candidate for Governor, once herded sheep in Australia, and that, too, after he had become known as one of the most brilliant lawyers of San Francisco. Mr. Carr's overseer told me that, during a single year, he had employed a bishop's son, an editor, a banker, a civil engineer, a priest, and a bookkeeper as shepherds. Every Summer day there are several hot hours when the restless sheep are compelled, for once, to be still, when the shepherd lolls at his ease beneath a tree; and you shall not unfrequently see him reading some magazine, or, like Alexander the Great, who always carried around a piece of good literature with him, perusing poems of his own composition clipped from the village paper.

The shepherds of California, as a class, are probably the most worthless, morally and socially, the most unprincipled, reckless and collapsed company of vagabonds to be found in any civilized country, unless it be Australia. They are the riffraff of the world; vagrant miners, who gamble away their month's wages as soon as they draw the same; runaway sailors from ships in San Francisco, who sell their blankets for a pillow-case full of biscuits, and then get never a pinch of grub for two days; measly, old, groggy soldiers, who fall asleep under a live-oak, and let the coyotes pull away a lamp. The good old word "shepherd" is not heard in California; it is either "wool-grower," "ranchero," or that most cumbrous and absurd "sheep-raiser;" and for the man who does the work, he is a "sheep-herder." And when a man gets so low down as to be a "sheep-herder" in California, he would better go and dig a hole in the ground, insert his head therein, and ask some pitying friend to cover it up. He is lower than a Greaser, for this is the Greaser's natural business that he was born to, and he is therefore respectable.

Expensive.—Keeping a yacht is a rather expensive pleasure, to say nothing of its original cost. A general estimate has been made, showing that the annual expenses amount to about $4,000 for a schooner, and $2,500 for a sloop. Of course the cost of maintaining a yacht varies according to the size of the vessel, and the management of the owner. The yachting season lasts only four months; and frequently the dry-rot attacks the timbers after the first year, so that the pleasure vessels depreciate in value every year. During the season table expenses are heavy, sometimes amounting to $500 a week. A schooner yacht carries a crew of not less than eight men, whose combined wages are not far from $360 a month. For a sloop carrying a smaller crew the pay-roll amounts to about $200. In addition the provisions of the crew will cost from $75 to $150 a month. Repairs and alterations must be taken into account, as well as the expense of taking care of the yacht during the winter months.

A Census Item.—A Marshal in Ohio makes the following indorsement on one of his returns, the names only being fictitious: "John Thomas, —— County, Ohio. Age 96. I found this man to-day in his field cutting wheat. He told me he was now living with his third wife, and he thought it would take another besides this to take him through.

Facts and Fancies.

Minnesota has ten railroads in process of construction.

To keep water out use pitch, to keep water in use a pitcher.

The chickens in Iowa are dying by hundreds of a mysterious disease.

A good sermon is like a kiss. It requires but two heads and an application.

The principal wheels in a gold watch are sold at three hundred per cent. profit.

They bathe now in the Chicago river, for the first time in the history of the city.

What gentleman with any sense of propriety can ask a fat woman to lean on his arm.

In the public schools of Munich, Germany, gymnastics have been introduced as an obligatory instruction.

A church in Benton County, Ind., expelled five of its members recently because they were Freemasons.

Thus far this year the Chicago stock-yards have contained 532,964 cattle, 1,693,158 hogs and 349,855 sheep.

A man climbing a liberty pole at Fort Leavenworth got hitched near the top, and it was six hours before they got him down.

It just takes 267 curls for the head of a city belle. The barber begins at 10 in the morning, and gets through about 9 at night.

If you want to eat such a pudding as your mother made when you were a boy, you must somehow revive a boy's appetite and palate.

Never speak ill of any one who may be of the slightest service to you, no matter how much you may dislike him. He might hear of it.

One of the rules of a new croquette-club is that "children, dogs and smoking are not allowed within the limits of the croquet-ground.

When a lady has on a very elegant ball dress she always picks out the tallest man to dance with, in order to show it off to the best advantage.

In an old farm-house of Duxbury, Mass., now standing, eleven daughters were born to the former inmates. All the girls were married in the room in which they were born.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure that no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.

One-half the Mormon population of Utah were born there. About one-third of the remainder were born in other parts of the United States, and two-thirds in foreign countries.

A new member arose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment commenced to scratch his head. "Well," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head after all."

Here is the first free love vow as finally adopted: "We promise to love each other, and to live in the same brown stone front till we are tired of each other and see some one we like better."

After rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, it is irritating to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask if you will not have a fresh *roll* for breakfast.

A wail has gone up, and is now traveling with great rapidity around the board, at the prices charged at the fashionable watering-places. A general and immediate reduction is the clamorous cry.

A correspondent of an agricultural paper asks: "Where can wool be profitably grown?" We are of the opinion that there is no place where it can more profitably be grown than on the back of a sheep.

A little bit of a thing had just got back from a party, and was asked by her mamma how she had enjoyed herself. "O, mamma!" she said, "I'm so full of happiness—I couldn't be happier without I was bigger."

The papers of Chicago appear to have muscular men in the chair editorial. One of them says he was never so happy as he was the other day, when he knocked down a rowdy who intruded into his sanctum, and then threw him down stairs.

After many years of observation, the *Revolution* has discovered that, as a rule, woman is expected to be found fault with and adored; courted, married, quarreled with, deserted, divorced; played with, plagued, and only really venerated when she becomes a mother and goes to heaven.

A correspondent comes to the defense of women against the current notion that they are peculiarly addicted to gossip, alleging that in a country grocery store, among barrels of molasses and piles of salt fish, more gossip is talked by men in one evening than in all the houses in the town.

A Brother and Two Sisters Drowned in Each Other's Arms.—Mr. Crittenden Hallock, who lived in Richland, La., was drowned, with his two sisters, in Bœuff river, near Girard. Mr. Hallock was returning in a carriage from Mount Lebanon, where his sisters had been at school. He had driven his mules on the flat at Girard ferry, when the flat got loose and shot out into the river. The carriage dropped into the water behind, and dragged the mules with it. Mr. Hallock got out, and freed his sisters also. The water was deep, but grasping his sisters, one with each hand the brother undertook to save their lives. The effort was fruitless, and the three perished clasped in each other's arms, in which position their bodies were found half an hour afterward.

A Happy Couple.—A few days ago a young gentleman and lady from the rural districts visited Somerset, Pa., to get married. The young couple entered the town on this festive occasion astride of one horse. They dismounted, had their horse fed, partook of a sumptuous repast consisting of crackers, were then united in the holy bonds of matrimony by a justice of the peace, when they again mounted their steed and wended their way to their mountain home amid the cheers of the populace.

A young man who inquired as to what business would enable him to occupy a high position in society, was advised to try the roofing business.

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