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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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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 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 experiment.

"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 Thorne a world of trouble.

So the pretty bone of contention thought, as she started with her maid Emma for Littelun Hurst at nine A. M.; for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter presided, Mrs. Thorne being a sluggard. Not a drum was heard, not a pandean note, as they stepped briskly along; the gingerbread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry-go-rounds were still; the clown was darning his dress; the donkeys breakfasted frugally on each other's manes; the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread, and garlic, for a change. Business never commenced in the fair before the afternoon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair: to the right, some five hundred yards from the common, there was a clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those yellow huts on wheels which act so vividly upon the imaginations of village children. This was the abode of the sibyl, and the adventuresses turned aside towards it.

Emma went first up the steps, and tapped with the bright brass knocker; the door opened immediately, and a woman of the mystic race appeared—young, handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, if you came to examine it too closely. Emma drew back, to let her mistress enter first.

"Walk in, my pretty lady," said the gipsy; "don't be afeared; I am quite alone here."

Although the fun of the fair did not commence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came betimes to the sibyl, for all traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior, which was spick and span, neat and clean; obviously prepared for visitors. The small apartment was still further reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, enclosing a portion of the space.

The gipsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots—centres though, most; bull's eyes, some.

"You are an only child, and your father and mother would give you gold to eat, if you wanted it; you had a bad illness four or five years ago; when a child you were in great peril from a dog." A lot more to the same effect, couched in vague language, but very correct. Cissy began to be sorry that she had come. "There's two gentlemen as is very sweet upon you, my pretty lady," continued the unpoetic sibyl; "if you marry one you will be unhappy all your life, but if you take the other you will be lucky, and live to be eighty, and ride in your carriage and pair all the time."

The idea of this very protracted drive rather amused Cissy, and that revived her courage. After all, the woman might have made inquiries about her on the chance of her coming.

"And how am I to know which of these gentlemen to choose?" she asked in a bantering tone.

"Ah, that I cannot tell, my lady; but you can look in the Magic Glass for yourself, and see if it shows you aught."

"Let me see it, then," said Cissy bravely, though the feeling of creepiness began to return.

The gipsy said that Emma should leave the caravan; but Cissy would not have that, so a compromise was effected; the maid was blindfolded. Then the gipsy drew slides across the little windows on either side, producing a deep twilight. Then the curtain at the further end slowly parted, revealing a wall of black cloth, tightly stretched, in the centre of which was fixed a circular mirror, about two feet in diameter, and this gradually became luminous. Cissy's nervousness returned with increased force, and she grasped the hand of her blind folded maid.

A table separated the girls from the mirror; and whether it was owing to the magic quality of the glass, or the angle at which it was placed, it did not reflect the figures standing opposite it. Indeed, it was more like ground-glass than an ordinary mirror; ground-glass with a feeble light behind it. Presently the surface became covered with ill-defined, shifting shadows, which gathered so thickly as to obscure the whole of it; and then it gradually cleared, and a head and shoulders grew upon it; it cleared a little more and revealed—the undoubted face of Charles Wilson. Cissy stood aghast in awestruck terror before this supernatural intimation; when suddenly, as she gazed, the face before her became convulsed with an expression of terrible agony. She uttered a little scream, and fainted.

Fresh air and cold water soon brought her to; she fee'd the gipsy, and started homewards.

"You see'd him, miss?" inquired Emma.

"Yes; and I'll never marry any one else, if I die an old maid. But, oh, what can that dreadful expression on his face foretell? I fear that some awful calamity will happen some day!"

A not improbable dread. There was one consolation: fate and Cissy's secret wishes had hit it off nicely. Girls are queer things, and she had hardly known that she preferred Charley Wilson as much as she did.

In due time he offered, and was accepted; and they were married, and went for their honeymoon to the Lake of Como.

One evening Charles Wilson rowed his bride out in a very clumsy tub.

"How serious you are, Cissums!" he said, finding her less chatty than usual. "Did that bravo-looking beggar frighten you? Because his frowzy head shall be punched if he did."

"Oh, no; oh, don't offend him!" cried the young wife. "I am sure he has got what the Italians call the Evil Eye!"

"Has he? Well, never mind; the Americans have invented a potion which counteracts the effect."

"Really?"

"Yes; when we return, I will get that gentleman from New York stopping at the hotel to concoct us an Eye-opener; that will make it all right."

"Oh, do!" cried Mrs. Wilson; and her husband paddled on.

"I say, Cissums," he said presently, resting on his oars, "don't think that I am finding fault, because you have not got any faults, so that would be absurd; but are you not rather superstitious?"

"And if I am, I have a right to be," said she.

"Ah! any particular experience?" And he wormed out of her the whole story.

"I am sorry I told you," she cried, when he burst out laughing; "you don't believe it! You had better call me a story-teller at once."

"Believe it, my dear! I am ready to swear to it. You did not see my ghost, though; you were looking at *me*. I was in a dreadfully confined position, and that thief of a gipsy was so long about her preliminaries, that I got a horrible cramp in my right calf, and made a face which I thought would betray me."

The bride burst out crying.

"And you bribed my maid; and laid a plot with a common gipsy to deceive me; and nearly frightened me to death; and were laughing at me all the time—oh!" she sobbed.

"All's fair in love," said Wilson, sheepishly.

"It was unworthy of you!" she continued; "you have married me on false pretences. I shall never feel the same towards you; I will never forgive you, never!"

But she did.

Improved Stock.

The present high price of thoroughbred stock, while it limits the business of breeding to men of capital, does not necessarily prevent the ordinary farmer from procuring male animals wherewith to improve his native stock. A stock of grade cows for the dairy may be gradually gathered up by the expenditure of from fifty to two hundred dollars. Many breeders of Jersey cattle will dispose of a young bull calf for a very small sum, because its color does not suit their taste, while in respect to its pedigree, or other useful qualities, it may be faultless. Such an animal purchased young and well cared for will become useful for raising calves, at a year old. A yearling heifer of his get will, by the use of another such animal become profitable at two years old, and its calf will be three quarters bred, and it is quite likely to become as valuable for the dairy as a pure bred animal that could not be purchased for less than $300 or $400.

The produce of this cow would be seven-eighths bred, and if care is taken in selecting the parents, would show little difference from entirely pure animals. Cooperation among a few neighbors who would each procure and keep a young bull, whose services they might exchange with each other to prevent close breeding, would soon change the appearance as well as the productive qualities of the stock of quite a large district. The main point to be guarded against is not to breed from any but pure stock. All male grade animals should be emasculated or go to the butcher, while young. The use of the grade bull ought not to be permitted. Here is where many a mistake is made. In the course of four or five years quite a herd of three-quarter or seven-eighth bred animals would accumulate, and the profit would begin to come in. Ayrshire and Jersey cattle should be the breeds aimed at, as these are excellently fitted for the dairy, and are profitable fed for the butcher on ordinary farms. They are exceedingly tractable, quiet and orderly, and large milkers, and yield much butter of good color and flavor.

The Devon and Durham are better fitted for the grazier, and would be more suitable where beef is the object aimed at. But whatever the breed chosen, care should be taken to avoid neglect, or loss will inevitably ensue. We have known cases where money has been invested in thorough-bred stock which has been treated as though its blood alone would be sufficient to protect it from neglect, exposure and starvation. The natural consequence of such a mistake was made a ground of complaint against the breeder, and led to dissatisfaction and disgust. The old adage, "blood will tell," true as it may be, is no talisman against such an error. The refined nature of an animal carefully bred through many generations, will often enable it to sustain much ill treatment, but it will not thrive under it. When possessed of a specimen of such stock, give it fair treatment—pampering is unnecessary, as it is unwise—but care and proper feed and attention will make the investment a greatly profitable one.

Latest Fashion Notes.

Round hats for ladies will be worn very high this Fall.

White silk with a white satin stripe is a new material for wedding dresses.

Some very beautiful muffs for next season have appeared, made of the feathers of rare birds.

Many cashmere sacks are made with what is called the Zouave hood, which is very pretty and graceful.

A new style of fan has just appeared, made of satin and lace, which when opened is in the shape of a butterfly.

Veils made like long scarfs with square ends are worn. They are fastened at the back, and fall with long ends at the back.

A number of married ladies have clubbed together and agreed not to dance round dances with any but their own husbands.

Very pretty collars of linen trimmed with lace, the corners being in the shape of a butterfly, with a bow of muslin and lace to match.

Cameo rings and necklaces mounted with diamonds or pearls are in special favor, also sets of sardonyx, mounted in burnished gold.

Very beautiful waists for dinner toilette for ladies are of white lace over high colored silk dresses, and belted in with a large bow and sash ends.

Velvet cloaks for next season are to be made in the shape of two capes, one longer than the other and elaborately embroidered and covered with lace.

Farming in the West.

Our readers have heard so much of the great farm of Mr. Sullivant, at Burr Oak, in Illinois, about 100 miles from Chicago, that they will be pleased to know something of the way Mr. S. farms it. From a lengthy description of the farm we copy as follows:

In 1868 Mr. Sullivant commenced work on Burr Oak with 1000 acres of corn. He bought the land from the Government at $1,25 per acre. In the following year 5000 were put in; in 1870, 9000 acres. At the present writing he has upward of 11,000 acres of corn, which promise an average of fully forty-five bushels to the acre. Besides this there are quite 5000 acres of other crops under cultivation.

But this is a comparatively small part of the work done at Burr Oak during the past four years. The estate embraces exactly sixty-five square miles—over 40,000 acres. The land, which is rolling, in some places quite broken, is in the form of a square, and has been crossed and recrossed by wide avenues hedged on either side with the Osage orange. Three hundred miles of hedge have been set out, six miles of board fence built for cattle and stock, and 150 miles of ditching (the ditches are seven feet wide, and average nearly two feet in depth) have been done to drain the wet places; numerous corn cribs, farm building, shops for various work; and a vast amount of work of all descriptions, in which a new place abounds.

Burr Oak is a beehive, with no drones about it. Mr. S. being a practical man his farm-work is perfectly systematized. The accounts show where each day's work has been done, whether it is by man or beast. His purchases are invariably made in large quantities. For instance, fifty plows, fifty cultivators, etc. This enables him to make terms of the most favorable character. The hands, mostly Swedes and Germans, are engaged about the 1st of April, and are expected to stay until the 1st of January. Two hundred and fifty men are required at present to work the farm. These, with the exception of a few who bring their own teams and work by contract, are assigned to the different farms and gangs. Mr. Sullivant is the commander-in-chief, Mr. J. M. Miner his brigadier; next twelve captains, each with three lieutenants, each lieutenant having charge of a squad of men, and immediately responsible to the captain or head of the farm for their work.

Besides the organized farm gangs, there is a considerable force constantly employed in carpenter and mason work; a regular blacksmith's shop, with its four or five smiths; men constantly busy in the repair of machinery; the harness-shop, wagon-shop, painters. In the fall of the year Mr. Sullivant finds it necessary to detail a certain number of men as gunners to kill or drive away the innumerable flocks of wild geese and ducks which would otherwise destroy thousands of bushels of grain. In speaking of this, he says: "I tried at first to equalize the thing by planting a few hundred more acres, but my feathered boarders forced me to drain some of the lakes and ponds before I could get them to come in more reasonable force."

Each evening reports of the day's work are made to the proprietor. Ten hours work is required from each man, and at noon each day two hours rest is given to man and beast.

The regular farm-work of Burr Oak, which is essentially a corn farm, is the breaking of raw prairie, planting, cultivating, and harvesting. Oxen are principally used in breaking, and with the breaking-plow a furrow twenty inches in width is cut. This appears to be merely a turning of the sod, for the furrow is but two and a half to three inches in depth. This work is done during spring, summer, and fall, and the land, if plowed sufficiently early (any time before the 20th of June), may be at once planted with corn, which is not cultivated or worked in any way until it is harvested. The yield will average twenty bushels to the acre, breaking is rated at $2,75 per acre and planting twenty-five cents. A bushel of corn will fully plant eight acres of land. A man and team will plant twelve and a half acres, and run the furrows to a guiding stake. This is summer or fall work. In the spring following this land is harrowed, planted, and cultivated in the same manner as old land. The crop abundantly repays the outlay. Old ground is plowed from the 1st of April until the 10th of June. With a steel plow and horses or mules, two and a quarter acres is a fair day's work. A man and four yoke of oxen will harrow, with gang-harrows, from twenty-five to thirty acres per diem. The cultivation is done entirely by machinery, and very completely, the number of times the crop is gone over depending on the condition of the ground—generally from three to four. Some idea of this cultivation of corn by machinery may be gathered from the mention that in one single field the writer saw no less than 123 cultivators, each worked by one man and two mules or horses. Scattered about at convenient points were boys with low trucks or wagons, on which were casks filled with water, to be used for drinking purposes by the workers. Burr Oak is a temperance farm—whisky being only used for snake bites; even then its owner is doubtful whether the whisky will not injure the man more than the snake bite. The work of cultivation finished, the crop is said to be laid up, and breaking, ditching, and other farm-work is in order until the harvest, at which time the men are told off in squads composed of two gangs of six to a gang. A boss, two wagons, and four horses are allotted to each squad. A gang takes five rows of corn, and an average of fifty bushels of corn is cribbed for every man's day's work. The cribs are long wooden sheds of sixty-four feet length, twelve feet width, and twelve feet height, with the roof slooping four feet. They are set in couples at favorable points, and crib three thousand bushels each. When a shipment of grain is to be made, power shellers are set to work between the cribs. Trains are contracted for through to New York, thus avoiding two or three commissions, as well as elevator risks and charges—in all a saving of nearly the cost of producing the grain. The corn is bright yellow, and brings in the market a good price.

The machinery in use at Burr Oak would handsomely stock two or three agricultural implement stores: 150 steel plows, of different styles; 75 breaking plows; 142 cultivators, of several descriptions; 45 corn-planters; 25 gang-harrows, etc. The ditching-plow, a huge affair of eighteen feet in length, with a share of eleven feet by two feet ten inches, is worked by sixty-eight oxen and eight men. These finish from three to three and a half miles of excellent ditch each day of work. The oldest hedges (Osage orange) are but three years' growth, but now stand full seven feet high, and much of it is pig-tight. Even here machinery is called in, and the rows are clipped by a sort of an upright mower. The nursery for young trees and plants is well stocked, and many years will not elapse before Burr Oak has other groves than the one from which it derives its name. It is proposed to presently sink artesian wells, which will generally strike the water-vein at the depth of 140 to 150 feet.

The stock of Burr Oak is at present 350 mules, fifty horses, and fifty yoke of cattle. There may be 1000 or 1200 hogs, and a magnificent herd of milch cows, mostly Durhams, and very valuable.

An entire section of land is devoted to raising produce for feeding stock and hands. There are 2500 acres of tame grass, which will cut an average of a ton and a half to the acre; besides this much wild grass is cut.

The Serpent in the Household.

The terrible "trunk" tragedy, followed closely by other tragedies well nigh as terrible, have startled and shocked the nation. This time the serpent has thrust his hissing tongue into our very faces; but there is a whole brood like unto him nestling still in dark concealments. Into two or three dens of death the daylight of detection has streamed; but they are only specimens of a class more numerous than we have dreamed of. They are fresh proofs of the fact that in our great cities there exists a distinct class of "institutions," organized for the sole purpose of extinguishing human life. They are "run" by a body of infamous creatures, whose only trade is to murder! While we are sending our money and our missionaries to convert heathen women, who are throwing their babes into the Ganges, we have among us scores of dens to which our own women go voluntarily for the murder of the unborn! So prosperous are these abortion-dens that their proprietors can buy farms and drive fine carriages! Such prosperity bespeaks large patronage. Who are the patrons?

It is an undeniable fact that many of them are under the solemn vows of wedlock. Some of these, having broken the Seventh Commandment, are driven to break the Sixth Commandment to conceal their transgression. They commit murder to hide adultery. But another and a larger class are those who regard the sweetest blessings of wedlock as a burden and a bane. Instead of feeling that "children are a heritage of the Lord," these most unnatural "monsters" regard them as a plague and a nuisance—a heavy tax on time and strength and purse, a hindrance to their gayeties, or hateful intruders upon their ease and self-indulgence. So, rather than become mothers they become murderers! Nor is it only in those hideous slaughter-houses where the modern Herods slay the innocents that these deeds of darkness are done. This crime is perpetrated in hundreds of private dwellings. The "medicines" and "reliefs" so widely and wickedly advertised are sent for and used for the prevention of maternity. Medical art has devised a dozen "sure and easy" methods for destroying the germs of infant life. That they are used to an extent almost incredible is well known by family physicians, who are called upon to repair the ravages of these vile potions. For these methods are not so "easy" after all. They cost many a woman a ruined constitution. They cost the power of after propagation. They sometimes cost the life of the guilty wife who harbors this serpent in the home-nest. We heard lately of the death of a gay and beautiful wife in the pangs of premature childbirth. The terrible secret came out that her constitution had been utterly ruined by a half-dozen previous crimes of abortion. The broken law of God "found her out" at last. Every woman who practises any method to destroy an unborn life does it at her own peril! The serpent stings the breast that harbors it.

That secret crimes for the prevention of offspring are fearfully prevalent and on the increase is an undoubted fact. One proof is found in the relative decrease in the size of families. A fine, bountiful progeny is frequently spoken of as an old-fashioned family—such a family as was common before the "sure and easy" arts of fœticide. Other proofs are found in the shattered health of wives. Others still are furnished by family physicians. Is it not time that this dangerous and diabolical crime was stopped? Should not every pulpit thunder against it? Should not physicians be plain and emphatic in their warnings to the wedded pairs whom they may suspect of these secret sins? They are not so "secret" as their perpetrators may imagine. Murder will out!

But it is not alone among the married that the crime of child-murder or the arts of abortion find their patrons. Thousands of the unmarried, who have sinned against God's law of chastity, flee to these accursed arts to hide their shame. The poor Paterson girl who was stung to death by this serpent, was but one of an increasing army of victims. Let us not stop with results; but go back to causes. Why is the sin of licentiousness (in all its phases) growing so rapidly?—*N. Y. Independent.*

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 toushes.'"

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

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.

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."

Another Cattle Disease.—The cattle in Fayette County, Illinois, are dying in considerable numbers of a new disease that manifests itself by the animal's scratching and rubbing the jaws until they exhibit symptoms of madness by running and bellowing, and most invariably die in about twelve hours. Milch cows appear to be the most subjected to the malady, which seems to be spreading. Various remedies have been tried to arrest the disease, without effect.

Love's Choice.

The stroller in the pensive field
Doth many a wildering glower descry:
Sometimes to him the Roses yield,
Sometimes the Lilies feed his eye,
Sometimes he takes delight in one,
Sometimes in all, sometimes in none.

But when, in dusky woodland ways,
He sees, beside some dreaming stone,
The fresh, untutored Violet raise
Her pleading eyes for him alone,
Then makes his heart its final choice,"
And Nature speaks in Passion's voice.

The stroller beauty's garden through,
By many a wayward impulse led,
Sometimes is charmed by gold and blue,
Sometimes by brown and mantling red;
Sometimes proud dame and maiden small
Please just the same, or not at all.

But when, remote from pleasure's whirl,
He sees, at home's sequestered shrine,
The ardent, cheerful, guileless girl,
Of mortal mould, but soul divine—
Too good, too beautiful to know
How fair her worth and beauty show—

Then all his roving fancies pause,
Entranced by this o'erwhelming grace:
It rules him by celestial laws;
It lights a splendor in his face.
'Tis the best good that Heaven can give:
He wins it—and begins to live.

Facts and Fancies.

A paper that takes—A sheriff's warrant.

Any two apples are alike if they are pared.

Advice to persons meditating law—Keep your own counsel.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause, is recovering.

The lady that took everybody's eye, must have had quite a lot of them.

The man who was all ship-shape must have seemed a little out of proportion.

To young campaigners—If your tent is not water-proof you should pitch it.

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

The young woman who marries an unworthy man take's her lord's name in vain.

"That's my business!" as the butcher said to the dog that was killing his sheep.

If a sailor is shot at, if hit at all he would doubtless prefer to be hit in the chest.

A barn-door fowl and a lawyer who talks for pay pick up their living with their bills.

"I tell you, wife, I have got the plan all in my head." "Ah, then, it's all in a nutshell."

A Berkshire papa observed to his daughter's beau: "Jim! if you want Lu you can have her; but I don't want you hanging around here unless you mean business. If you intend to marry her, hurry up, for I can't be kept awake nights much longer."

Saratoga girls are organizing an anti-kissing society. Recently the rules of the society imposed a fine of one dollar for each kiss bestowed on the masculine gender. At the end of a week some of those girls were actually indebted to the society in sums ranging from $5 to $25. The association will disband.

The proprietor of a beer-garden and billiard-saloon in Cincinnati was brought before the police-court for keeping his place open on Sunday, but the court held that, inasmuch as he was an Israelite who faithfully observed the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, no conviction could be had under the statutes.

A few months ago the Antwerp papers reported that the "Wandering Jew" had reappeared and been spoken to in that city. The tradition of centuries is that the visits of that mythical personage always precede war or pestilence; and the superstitious are now connecting the outbreak of cholera in Belgium with the recent visitation of the wanderer. There is something remarkable in the vitality of this ridiculous tradition.

A Kansas Girl.

The Topeka (Kansas) *Record* narrates the following, which goes to show that the Kansas girl alluded to has pluck and perseverance, if not discretion:

"As a gentleman was coming into town the other day on the Wakarusa road, he noticed a young girl on a pony. Pretty soon the pony began to display a bad temper, and very shortly afterwards threw the girl, who turned a somersault in the air and struck on her head in the road with terrific force. The gentleman got out of his buggy and went to her assistance. He found she had got a bad fall, and had a cut across her forehead. He advised her to abandon pony riding for the present, but she wiped the blood from her face, and insisted upon mounting her fractious steed again. Anxious for her safety, her friend watched for future developments, and in a few minutes she was hurled over the pony's head, and this time she struck the ground with such force that he thought she must have broken every bone in her body. The pony took the opportunity to gallop off. She was again helped to her feet, half stunned and covered with dust, and urged to abandon riding such a fractious brute; but clutching her riding whip, she started off in pursuit of the pony, evidently determined to ride him, or get her neck broken in the attempt. She was apparently about six teen years of age."

An Incident of Dickens.—It was in one of those horrid opium-dens of London, that he gathered the incident which he related in the opening chapters of "Edwin Drood." In a miserable court we found the haggard old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old penny ink-bottle. The identical words which Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in "Edwin Drood" we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed on which she was lying. There was something hideous in the way this woman kept repeating, "Ye'll pay up according deary, won't ye?" and the Chinamen and Lascars made never-to-be-forgotten pictures in the scene. I watched Dickens intensely as he went among these outcasts of London, and saw with what deep sympathy he encountered the sad and suffering in their horrid abodes.

The London *Times* editorially deplores the continuance of antagonism between labor and capital

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