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My Ships.

"When I sit on market-days amid the comers and the goers,
Oh! full oft I have a vision of the days without alloy,
And a ship comes up the river with a jolly gang of towers,
And a 'pull'e haul'e pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!'

"There is a busy talk around me, all about mine ears it hummeth,
But the wooden wharves I look on, and a dancing, heaving buoy,
For 'tis tidetime in the river, and she cometh—oh! she cometh
With a 'pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave hoy!'

"Then I hear the water washing; never golden waves were brighter,
And I hear the capstan creaking—'tis a sound that cannot cloy,
Bring her to, to ship her lading, brig or schooner, sloop or lighter,
With a 'pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!'

"'Will ye step aboard, my dearest? for the high seas lie before us.'
So I sailed adown the river in those days without alloy,
We are launched! But when, I wonder, shall a sweeter sound float o'er us
Than yon 'pull'e haul'e, pull'e haul'e, yoy! heave, hoy!'"

THE NEW WITNESS.

An old sort of a personage, as regarded his pets, was old Mr. Ovington, and he had indulged his peculiarities to his heart's content in these latter years, and there, on the head of one gate-post' while John Grapley leaned against the other, perched the most disagreeable favorite of them all, except, perhaps, these newly discovered grandchildren whose inopportune arrival had so wrung what ought to have been John Grapleys's heart.

On the top of the gate-post, with his dark, brilliant satirical eye turned knowingly sidewise, now at John's moody face, and now at the doctor' buggy at the roadside, as much as to say:

"I know all about it. Don't you wish that you did?"

John would have thrown a brick at his step-father's tame crow, if he had dared, and silenced his irritating caw for ever.

"The old man isn't sick," muttered John; "but he always consults with Doctor Prindle on money affairs, as much as on physic. It was the doctor that drew the other will, and I know what was in that."

"Ca-a-a-ca-caw!" emphatically remarked Martin the crow.

"It's more than likely," John continued, with a petulant glance at Martin, "that the old man has got the doctor here now to cook up some confounded change in favor of that white faced girl and her brother. To rob me for the children of a scapegrace whom he disinherited a score of years ago. It's a shame!"

"Ca-a-a-caw," philosophised Martin.

"Shut up, you ill-omened croaker! Anyhow, I can lounge around under the window, and see if there's a chance of knowing what they're at."

The low and vine-hung window of old Mr. Ovington's "study" was opened wide that Summer afternoon, and a man who chose to crouch under it, as John Grapley did, could hardly fail to hear most of what might be said, in any ordinary tone of voice, by those within the room.

John had slipped noiselessly away from the gate, leaving the tame crow to his own meditations; but Martin was a sociable bird, and had already completed his observations of the doctor's horse and buggy. He was morally sure that he could steal neither, and they were therefore matters of indifference to him. But we must go a little ahead of Martin.

When, some twenty minutes earlier, Doctor Prindle had entered the house, he had been ushered into the study by sweet Alice Ovington herself, daughter of that Adrian Ovington, whose runaway love-match had embittered so many years of his father's existence.

A lovely girl, indeed, was Alice, of not yet eighteen Summers; and it was no wonder that her stern grandfather had opened his heart to his son's dying petition in behalf of her and her brother.

Doctor Prindle was one of those brisk but dignified old gentlemen who know almost every-thing, say very little, and are exceedingly valuable members of society. Alice told him that her brother George was well, and would soon be home from college, to spend the vacation with his grandfather.

"Yes, Alice," said the doctor; "let him spend it all here, It will be better."

And then he disappeared through the study-door, closing it fast behind him. Alice hurried away, to attend to household affairs, and the muffled sound of voices from the study died quickly away. Very few words passed, at first, between Mr. Ovington and his counsellor, and the old man's red and choleric visage betrayed no atom of emotion, as he took from its envelope a paper of every moderate dimensions, and spread it on the table, saying;

"There it is, doctor. I guess you'll find t right. That's the will."

"Sensible thing. Glad of it," growled the doctor, as he settled himself in his chair.

A moment more, and he was deeply engaged on the precious document. Slowly and carefully he read it down, as if he did not mean to do it twice, and when he had completed it he only said:

"Correct. And now what?"

"Ca-a-ca-caw!" croaked a doubtful voice at the window; and then Martin himself flapped heavily in, and perched on the table beside his master.

"Martin, my boy, it's all right. I only wish you could sign as a witness."

"Ca-a-caw," said Martin.

"I wish he could," said Dr. Prindle; but as you've only got old Hector's name here, I suppose you will want mine. It's all right, otherwise."

"Of course it is," gasped the old gentleman. "It's a copy of the one you drew, in all but the names and the division. It's no injustice to John Grapley. He is well taken care of, and, besides, he has property of his own, from his mother, and he has no claims of blood on me."

"Still, it cuts him out of a very comfortable pile," said the doctor. "Where's the pen? That rascally bird! Look at him. There he is on the top of the bookcase, with the pen in his mouth."

"Martin, you scamp," laughed his master, "come down with that pen, or I'll disinherit you. Never mind, doctor. Don't look at him, and he'll bring it back in a minute. He's fond of stealing, but he never keeps anything long."

Sure enough, in the course of two or three minutes the pen was on the table again, and meantime the two friends talked on.

"John will hardly be pleased with this," said the doctor.

"I shan't care, then, whether he is or not, and I don't care much, anyway."

"Have you destroyed the other will?"

"No; but I'm going to. It's over there in the secretary. You will know where to find this one, if you outlive me."

"All right," said the doctor. "Martin has brought back the pen." It was a slow and crabbed signature that the doctor affixed, but it was good enough for the purpose.

When he had signed the will, and put it back in its envelope, he looked around over the table, only to find that Martin was again on the top of the bookcase, and this time with the little negro-headed penwiper in his beak.

"That rascally bird!" laughed the doctor. "Well, the pen can go unwiped."

"He'll bring it back again. Martin is a good bird," said Mr. Ovington.

"Ca-a-caw!" exclaimed Martin, and the penwiper dropped lightly on the floor.

"Come, doctor—come and take a look at my new Devons, before you go. I'm half-minded to drive into town with you. The walk back will be good for me—help keep down this too heavy carcass of mine. I don't get half enough exercise."

"No more you don't," growled the doctor, with a side glance at his friend's plethoric proportions, as they made their way out of the study.

Their conversation had not been in whispers, and John Grapley had lost none of it since he took his stand by the window. Nor was it many minutes after the departure of his stepfather before John, with an unaccountable pallor in his face and a hesitating step, was passing through the house from room to room. All was deserted, solitary. Even the fair face of Alice Ovington was brightening some more distant corner of the mansion.

The young man's step became even more stealthy, and his thin, white lips shut more closely on each other, as he laid his hand at last on the knob of the study door It turned in his grasp, and he stepped within.

The room was empty of human forms, and John Grapley's eyes wandered in vain search around the room—not finding something they expected. A few loose papers on the table were hurriedly turned over, and as hastily thrown down, with a sharp exclamation of angry dissatisfaction.

The key was in the secretary, but John Grapley's hand shook more than a little as he turned it in the lock. He did turn it, however, and then at least his search seemed to be successful; for from one of the little pigeon-holes he drew and opened a long yellow envelope.

John gave the paper which he held in his hand but one swift, keen, eager glance, and then thrust it into an inside pocket of his coat, muttering:

"At all events, he shall *not* destroy this. He has got the other with him now, and I must trust to luck to get it out of the way. Now, I must get out of this."

He put the empty envelope back in the pigeon-hole, locked the secretary, left the key as he found it, and hastened away. He did not make his appearance near his home again until the next day at noon.

It was late that evening before old Mr. Ovington returned from town, weary with his unaccustomed walk, and anxious only to get straightway to bed. It was late in the morning when he arose, and then his Devons and his other mute favorites kept him for a time from his cosy study.

Alice Ovington had looked at the cattle with him, and Martin had cawed graciously about them as if he considered himself a good judge of both brutes and human beings; but John Grapley did not put in his customary appearance.

When he did return, however, half an hour later, he was met in the gateway by the form of his stepfather, looking a foot taller than usual, being, literally, in a "towering" fit of anger.

"John Grapley, do you know where they are—do you?"

"Where what are? What on earth's the matter?" gasped John, with a well-assumed look of bewildered innocence.

"The will, you scoundrel, the will! Both of them! Give them up or I'll——"

Alas for swollen veins and hasty passions! For, as John Grapley quailed and trembled before the wrathful face of his stepfather, suddenly the old man put on a strange and set expression, his tongue ceased to obey his angry will his limbs failed under him, and the old gentleman sank helpless on the grass!

John Grapley's face wore for a moment the look of a reprieved criminal; but he returned his self-possession, and no alarm could have been more prompt and loud than that which he sounded.

Mr. Ovington was borne into the house, and medical aid was summoned.

John went himself for Dr. Prindle; but could hardly even simulate vexation on learning that that gentleman had been called away to an important consultation, and would not be home under two days.

Physicians were to be had in abundance however, and they came; but they came too late to do anything helpful for Mr. Ovington. The silver cord was loosed, and his pitcher was utterly shattered at the fountain of life.

Great was the consternation of poor Alice Ovington, and it was great help to her that her brother George came home next day, in the midst of the funeral preparations. Still, both George and Alice found themselves of small account in the house of their grandfather, for George Grapley had taken all matters in charge at once, and issued his orders with the air and manner of a well-assured proprietor. At first they did not mind it much, though George Ovington, more selfish than his sister; remarked to himself that it augured little of good for their future prospects.

Poor Martin had not seemed to comprehend the terrible change in the household affairs, and perhaps his instincts of self-preservation taught him to do his allowance of discontented cawing at a safe distance from the spirited hands of John Grapley.

The succeeding day had been set for the funeral, and the coffin lay in the old, deep-windowed drawing room, which was, perforce, all thrown open for the circulation of the warm Summer air, and the entrance of the unsympathising sunlight.

More than an hour before the time fixed for the funeral, Dr. Prindle drove up to the gate, threw his reins on his horse, and strode into the house. He gave George Ovington a hasty grasp of the hand, spoke to Alice a few kindly words, and then went on into the parlor.

Here he was standing in sorrowful silence, his usually firm features working slowly as he gazed down upon the face of his old friend, when he heard a step beside him, and the voice of John Grapley said:

"Ah, doctor, I am so sorry you were not here. I fear you could have done nothing for him, but just before he was taken he was wishing to see you."

"To see me? What for?"

"Something about a new will. He said he had made one, but destroyed it, and he wanted your help in framing another. He led me to believe that he intended making some liberal provision for George and Alice."

"That, indeed, he did," replied the doctor, but somehow he did not feel called upon to say any more.

"Ca-a-caw," added a hoarse, complaining voice at the window; but the flap of departing wings told that Martin's policy was still one of doubt and prudence.

"Here," said John, "is an envelope addressed to yourself, which I have taken the liberty to open, as it is unsealed, and as I have long known it contained my step-father's will.

"You know its contents, then?"

"Oh, yes, of course. They are in accordance with his repeated assurances to my sainted mother and myself. As it is in your own handwriting, I can tell *you* nothing, except that I shall take pleasure in carrying out what I believe to have been Mr. Ovington's intentions toward the children of his disinherited son. They shall always have a home and good provision while I live."

"Ah—yes, indeed, I hope so," abstractedly returned the doctor. "Are you sure there is no other will?"

"Quite sure. I have searched everywhere," replied John.

"Well, as I am named an executor under this instrument, I shall deem it my duty to take a look on my own account," half curtly rejoined the doctor.

"I might have something to say as to what is done in my own house," replied John; "but I have no manner of objection. Let us go to the study."

John Grapley might well have waived all objection, for his search had been most thorough, and he was altogether sure that no subsequent seeking would reveal more. He had been haunted by a fear that the doctor himself could account for the paper whose absence had so excited Mr. Ovington, but that dread had now vanished.

Straight to the secretary went the doctor, and John Grapley showed him where he had found the will.

"I knew it would be just there," said the doctor; "but there is something——"

"Ca-a-ca-caw!" croaked Martin, from the window-sill.

"That rascally bird!" exclaimed John Grapley; but, if he had any present notion of doing harm, he was defeated by the bird's quick, flapping dash for his citadel on the top of the high bookcase.

"I think there will be no use in seeking farther," said John, "especially in view of what Mr. Ovington said to me just before he was seized with this sad attack of apoplexy."

"I fear not," muttered the doctor, as he bent his eyes for a moment, musingly, on the floor. Slowly he raised them, still evidently in deep thought; but, as he did so, they flashed with a sudden light.

"That rascally bird! What is that he has got in his beak?"

"Ca-a-a-ca-caw!" vigorously croaked Martin, and, as his thieving mouth opened, a long, yellow envelope fell at the doctor's feet.

John Grapley gave a convulsive start, and essayed to pick it up, but the doctor was too quick for him.

"It is addressed to me," he said; and, as for its contents, I put them in myself, in Mr. Ovington's presence, the day before he died. This, John Grapley, is your step-father's last will and testament, and Martin has proved himself a good witness to it. I am more than half inclined to think that he has been a most valuable friend to George and Alice. Martin, my boy, you are a trump!"

"Ca-a-a-caw!" said Martin.

"That rascally bird!" faintly gasped John Grapley, as he stole out of the study.

A Desperate Fight.

A band of Indians, about sixty in number, made an attack upon two men at the ranches on Cienega de Sauz, about fifteen miles above an old San Simon station, and twenty-five miles from camp Bowie. There are two adobe houses there, situate some 200 yards apart. The men occupied one, the other vacant; and that morning one of the men, Richard Barnes, started to go from the house over near the vacant one, when he was fired upon by Indians from the inside of the house and shot through the body. His partner, R. M. Gilbert, was at the time in the house occupied by them, and upon his bed, being unwell with fever; but hearing the firing, he seized his Henry rifle, ran out and commenced firing upon the Indians, as they had run out and surrounded the fatally wounded and dying man. This intimidated them, and they backed a little, and Gilbert succeeded in getting the wounded man into the house, and all the time keeping up the firing upon the Indians. After this, quite a skirmish ensued, shooting through doors, windows and port-holes, in which Gilbert was quite painfully, but not dangerously wounded near the groin by a spent ball.

The Indians hit upon the expedient of setting fire to the roof to burn them out, and when the heat and smoke could be endured no longer, Gilbert tried to arouse the wounded man and get together out of door, but found him dying. He then took his rifle in one hand and his cocked pistol in the other, and knowing that an Indian was standing at the corner of the house watching for him (he being able to see the shadow in the morning sun), with a yell and a bound, sprang directly at the Indian, firing his pistol into the savage when within two feet, and rushed into the tall grass in the Cienega bottom amid a shower of balls.

This strategy, no doubt, saved the man's life, as the Indian fired but missed his mark—the pistol-ball in his own stomach probably rendering his nerves unsteady. The man lay in the tall grass and tules all day, the Indians not caring to risk three or four lives to get one; and during that night and the next day, he managed, in spite of his wound, to crawl into Bowie camp some nine miles off.

A Ball Dress.—A New York lady who ordered a dress for the Duke's ball says: My dress has come home—I am stunned. Here are the figures of cost:—

Thirty yards of silk $10 per yard	$300.00
One piece French crape	25.00
Ten yards Brussels point	100.00
Linings	10.00
Making	50.00
Materials	35.00
Silk buttons	12.00
Passementerie, etc	15.00
	$547.50

Caste in India.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* gives the following account of the recent outbreak of prisoners at Bareilly jail, an occurrence which ranks in importance with the assassination of Chief-Justice Norman:

"The outbreak occurred on the night of the 6th of September, and a commission of inquiry, which was immediately afterwards appointed, received instructions to report on the conduct of Dr. Eades, superintendent of the jail, who had a short time previously removed the Juneos, or Brahminical threads from the prisoners. The commission reports that the act of Dr. Eades was 'likely to cause the worst possible results,' and that it was unprecedented, no prisoner having up to that time been deprived of his precious thread, the badge of his dignity as a descendant from the gods. The history of the outbreak, therefore, dates from the deprivation of threads. The Brahminical 'thread' is a simple skein of cotton, composed of thin threads fastened together in threes. I believe the *minimum* number of distinct threads ought to be six, each three of which are termed dhoondee. The threes may be multiplied at pleasure. The skein hangs from the left shoulder, and falls as low as the palm of the right hand when the arm is stretched by the Brahminical side. To take away a Brahmin's thread is to break his caste. Dr. Eades found, as many persons have found before him, that this bit of common cotton thread was to the prisoner the passport to a great many privileges. No warder would report a prisoner who wore the sacred thread, be the prisoner's behavior what it might. Dr. Eades had power by the jail rules to remove the clothing of the prisoners, and what, he argued, was this thread but clothing. The threads were removed. Every Brahmin prisoner was degraded, was no longer of the material that first issued from Brahma's head when the different castes and races of the world were made. Henceforth any warder might say of the degraded Brahmin what the prison rules demanded. The degraded prisoners refused their food. Dr. Eades paraded them, and flogged a refactory cook, after which the men ate their food, and the victory over caste seemed complete. Probably Dr. Eades went to bed that night convinced that he had secured a place in the history of India. Alas for human schemes and resolves! The Hindoos were immediately played upon by some Mohammedan prisoners, and to such good purpose that an attempt to break open the jail was decided upon. Two Mohammedans devised a plan for cutting away a rivet from one of the barrack doors. Thread, emery and glass were procured—the first two, it is feared, by the connivance of some subordinate official of the jail. At 11 o'clock in the night, the rivet, previously filed through, was knocked away, and forty-seven of the prisoners rushed into the yard. There was only one gate between them and full freedom. To this gate a fierce rush was made, the prisoners arming themselves with portions of looms which were stored in the outer yard, and knocking down several sentries on the way. But before the gate could be broken open thirteen men of the police guard, brave Jemadars, were at their heels, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. So well did the watchmen manage that not a man escaped at that point, and the nature of the fight may be judged from the fact that of thirty-seven wounded prisoners twenty-one were disabled by clubs and only sixteen by gunshots. On the approach of help from the prison officers the prisoners ran to a corner of the yard and tried to escape by standing on each other's shoulders. Several were shot down here by the police, who by this time were in some force on both sides of the wall. Seven of the prisoners escaped, but four were recaptured. Those inside fought furiously, and at last, after several fierce sallies on the police, they were fired upon. They then ran along the wall, but made two more stands the moment the police overtook them, and in each case they had to be fired on before they gave ground. After this they were all secured.

The Russian Serfs.

The emancipation ukase, which gave conditional freedom to the serfs of Russia, was issued more than ten years ago—in February, 1851. There were at that time 103,158 land-owners in European Russia, who employed 9,797,163 serfs on their estates, in addition to 900,971 household servants, who also formed a part of their property. The total number of serfs was upwards of 22,000,000, many of the more intelligent of these being otherwise employed for the benefit of their masters, as artisans, merchants, etc. The land in the possession of these land-owners amounted to about 60,000,000 acres, nearly one third of which was occupied by the cottages of the serfs. Under the emancipation decree, the land thus occupied by the serfs was to become their property after the payment, by installments, of a certain amount of compensation; and now, ten years after the issue of the decree, 6,474,913 peasants have become proprietors of more than one-fifth of the whole 60,000,000 acres. It is estimated that another period of ten years will elapse before the process of emancipation is completed. The general prosperity of the country has not suffered, but, on the contrary, been greatly increased, by this emancipation of the peasants. The popular idea that it has ruined the nobles, is quite unfounded. They still possess the greater portion of the land. Liberty is working out its natural results among the Russian peasants, who show themselves in many cases intelligent and exceedingly capable; and they regard their emperor, who has made them citizens and freemen, with child-like love and reverence. And with this freedom of her people Russia has acquired an internal strength unknown to her before.

Bride-maids' Dresses.—White tulle dresses over white silk are most often worn by bride-maids. They are adorned by flowers arranged in an informal manner, without any regular design. The very prettiest of the season had the tunic sprinkled all over with rose petals that looked as if scattered there by a shower. Over dresses of China crape heavily fringed are also worn by bride-maids. These are usually white, but at a large wedding, recently, they were of sky blue and pale rose-color, to suit both blonds and brunette attendants. The corsage of these dresses is usually made low.—*Fashion Journal.*

A New York Target Company.

The procession of a target company in New York City, on a wet day is a mournful sight. At the head comes a miserable looking band of musicians, with instruments that have never been polished from the moment that they left the factory. They play some doleful tune, to which even the best trained soldiers could hardly keep step. The ragged crowd that follows has no great pretention to discipline and makes no effort to keep step. In front of them, indeed, marches one tall, fine fellow, with a flag, who does not belong to the company, and has been hired for the occasion at $5 for the day and all he can eat and drink. The following, however, of twenty or thirty men draggles through the mud with hopeless despondency painted on every face. They shift their muskets from arm to arm so recklessly that the bayonet describes a sweep which threatens the integrity of neighboring hats. Down comes the soft swizzle of the rain, and plashing up to their eyes in mud wade the unhappy targeteers. They are in the way of all the vehicles; they know it, and the only thing that consoles their wretchedness is the consciousness that they are so completely a nuisance, and that they have no business in the middle of the street. Some of them have paper bouquets, painted gaudily, but affected in streaks by the rain, which has combined tints after an unseemly fashion. Some of them have military hats with dangling plumes, which cling with most pertinacity to their countenance and refuse to wave proudly. Almost all have ragged pantaloons and leaky boots, whose deficiencies have been covered from observation by the kindly mud. They are supposed to be enjoying themselves, but it is evident that they are storing up sentiments of deadly hatred to the human race which they will demonstrate practically in their return by going through the stores along the route. One or two have fallen, overcome by the proverbial slipperiness of sinners' ways, and the amount of whiskey stowed under their hats. Their overcoats and faces are covered with a fine brown mellow coat of mud, and they look more like resurrection men who have been prospecting unsuccessfully in a newly dug grave, than gallant targeteers. But as the longest lane will have a turning, so at last the excursionists arrive at their destination. They have dinner, and drink plentifully to insure precision of aim. Then the shooting commences. The target is stuck up, and the contestants try their skill, which is not marvelous. The fact is that the target is seldom touched, while things are made lively for everybody within a radius of a mile. It is wonderful where the bullets contrive to go. As Diogenes remarked of an unskillful archer, the only safe place is in front of the target, and everywhere else is to be considered dangerous. Everything being settled comfortably, the targeteers drink themselves into a state of uproarious frenzy and rob every one they meet on their way home.

A New Manure.

A Norwegian company offers for sale a fish guano from the Loffoden Islands, prepared from the heads and backbones of the cod-fish, collected during the great winter fisheries off the Norwegian coast, principally by children and old and infirm persons who have no other means of subsistence. Formerly this matter was thrown into the sea as refuse, and materially affected the permanence and efficiency of the fisheries; but it is now carefully collected and hung in bundles on the rocks to dry. In June and July it is brought to the mills, where it is cut into pieces, dried artificially, and then ground between millstones. This article, prepared quite differently from the fish guano of the United States, is put up in bags, and finds a constant demand at about $45 a ton. It contains a great variety of ingredients fitting it for an excellent manure. The same company furnish what they call fish hour, which is made from the best dried cod-fish, by grinding them up, bones, skin, and all, to the fineness of sawdust or flour, in which form it is largely used in Scandinavia for various kinds of cookery. It is sometimes mixed with potatoes or other substances, and sometimes formed into cakes or biscuit. The fish is more readily packed and transported in this form than any other, and it is said to keep a long time without deterioration. We would commend this last-mentioned preparation to the attention of our people, as furnishing a hint toward a new article of trade in this country, and one that could be conveniently employed in cookery in a great variety of ways.

The Difference.—The recent arrival of the son of the Emperor of all the Russias recalls an anecdote of a Scotchman on the advent in that country of another royal Russ. While surveying the west coast of Scotland, Captain Robinson had received on board his ship the Grand Duke Constantine. As the duke could only remain a very short time, the captain resolved to show him as much as possible during his brief stay. According he steamed to Iona on a Sunday, believing that day especially suited for pointing out to this royal visitor remains associated with religion. Landing on the island, he waited on the custodian of the ancient church with the request that he would open it.

"Not so," said the keeper; "not on Sunday."

"Do you know whom I have brought to the island?" said the captain.

"He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the Queen herself, I wadna gi'e up the keys on the Lord's day."

"Would you take a glass of whiskey on the Sabbath?" inquired the captain.

"*That's a different thing entirely,*" said the keeper.

Murdered for Five Cents.—There was a fatal affray in Hoboken in a saloon on Willow and Second Streets. It originated in a dispute about five cents change, and resulted in the killing of Edward Clark by Michael Fitzgerald, the proprietor of the place. Clark boarded over the liquor store, and returning from New York late at night, stepped into Fitzgerald's. After taking a drink with a friend he disputed with Fitzgerald about the change, claiming that it was five cents short. Fitzgerald pitched him out of doors, and he received a severe cut on the back of the head. He was taken up in an insensible condition, and conveyed to his lodgings. Half an hour later he died.

How he Set the Turkey.

Mrs. Stowe, in one of her stories, gives the following sketch of a worthy minister, who evidently understood the good book better than he did the turkey business.

"'Huldy,' says the minister, one day, to his new help 'you aint experienced out-doors, and when you want to know anything you must come to me.'

"'Yes' sir,' said Huldy.

"'Now, Huldy,' says the parson, 'you must be sure to save the turkey eggs so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.'

"'Yes, sir,' says Huldy, and she opened the pantry door and showed him a nice dishful she'd been savin' up. Wal, the very next day the parson's hen-turkey was found killed, up to old Jim Scroggs's barn—folks said Scroggs killed it, though Scroggs he stood to it he didn't—at any rate the Scroggses they made a meal on't, and Huldy she felt bad about it, 'cause she'd set her heart on raisin' the turkeys—and says she, 'Oh, dear, I don't know what I shall do, I was just ready to set her.'

"'Do, Huldy?" says the parson, 'why, there's the other turkey out there by the door, and a fine bird, too, he is.'

"'Sure enough, there was the old Tom turkey a struttin' and a sidlin' and a quitterin' and flountin' his tail feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over agin,

"'But,' says Huldy, 'you know he can't set on eggs.'

"'He can't? I'd like to know why,' says the parson—'he shall set on eggs, and hatch 'em, too.'

"'Oh, Doctor,' says Huldy, all in a tremble, 'cause you know she didn't want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—'I never heard that a Tom turkey would set on eggs.'

"'Why, they ought to,' said the parson, getting quite earnest: 'what else be they good for? You just bring out the eggs, now, and put 'em in the nest, and I'll make him set on 'em.

"So Huldy thought there wern't no way to convince him but to let him try; so she took the eggs out, and fixed 'em all nice in the nest, and then she came back and found old Tom a skirmishin' with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn't take the idee at all, and he flopped and gobbled and fit the parson, and the parson's wig got round so that his one stuck straight out over his ear, but he'd got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carrying his pints o' doctrine, and he hadn't fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a Tom turkey—so finally he made a dive and ketched him by the neck in spite of his flopping, and stroked him down and put Huldy's apron 'round him.

"'There Huldy,' he says, quite red in the face, 'we've got him now,' and he traveled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

"Huldy came behind, jist chokin with laugh, and afraid the minister would look 'round and see her.

"'Now, Huldy, we'll crook his legs and set him down,' says the parson when he got him to the nest, 'you see he is getting quiet, and he'll set there' all right.

"And the parson he got down, and old Tom he sot there solemn enough and held his head down, all drooping, lookin' like a real pious old cock, as long as the parson sot by him.

"'There, you see how still he sets,' says the parson to Huldy.

"'Huldy was 'most dyin' for fear she should laugh. 'I'm afraid he'll get up,' says she, 'when you do.'

"'Oh, no he won't,' says the parson, quite confident: 'there, there,' says he, layin' his hands on him as if he was pronouncin' a blessin'. But when the parson riz up, Tom he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

"'Stop, now! said the parson; 'I'll make him get down again; hand me that corn basket, we'll put that over him.'

"So he crooked old Tom's legs and got him down again, and they put the corn basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

"'That'll do the thing, Huldy,' said the parson.

"'I don't know about it,' says Huldy.

"'Oh yes it will, child—I understand,' ays he.

"'Just as he spoke the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom's long legs.

"'I'll make him stay down, confound him,' says the parson, for you see parsons is men, like the rest on us, and the doctor had got his spunk up.

"'You jist hold him a minute and I'll get something that'll make him stay, I guess,' and out he went to the fence and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom's back.

"'Old Tom, he wilted down considerably under this, and looked railly as if he was goin' to give in. He staid still there a good long spell, and the minister and Huldy left him there and come up to the house, but they hadn't more than got in the door before they see old Tom a hippin' along, as high-steppin' as ever, saying 'talk! talk! and quitter! quitter!' and struttin' and goblin' as if he'd come through the Red sea and got the victory.

"'Oh, my eggs!' says Huldy, 'I'm afraid he's smashed 'em!'

"And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

"'I'll have him killed,' said the parson—'we won't have such a critter 'round.'

Iron Ceilings.—An inquiry on the subject having been addressed to the proprietors, the Chicago *Tribune* says: "The experience of our fire decides us in favor of iron ceilings." It is stated that in all cases where the walls were not injured, and afforded a firm support for the iron beams, the iron arched ceilings were uninjured. More than half of the ceilings of the *Tribune* building are said to be still good, and all that is needed is a coat of paint overhead, and a floor, to render the rooms as they were before the fire. It should be added the iron arches were covered with mortar made of gravel and cement, an inch or more above the crown of the arch, which mortar, when dry, became hard.

This is the heading of a paragraph in a Western paper, recording a suicide: "He blew his head off. Bilious, poor, and disheartened—The gun-muzzle in his mouth, his toe on the trigger, and up goes his hair."

Tell it Again.

A little golden head close to my knee,
Sweet eyes of tender gentianella blue
Fixed upon mine, a little coaxing voice,
Only we two—

"Tell it again"—insatiate demand!
And like a toiling spider where I sat
I wove and spun the many-colored webs
Of this and that—

Of Dotty Pringle sweeping out her hall—
Of Greedy Bear—of Santa Claus the good,
And how the little children met the months
Within the wood.

"Tell it again"—and though the sand-man came
Dropping his drowsy grains in each blue eye,
"Tell it again, oh just once more"—was still
The sleepy cry.

My Spring-time violet early snatched away
To fairier gardens, all unknown to me—
Gardens of whose invisible, guarded gates
I have no key—

I weave my fancies now for other ears,
Thy sister blossom's, who beside me sits,
Rosy, imperative, and quick to mark
My lagging wits—

But still the stories bear thy name, are thine,
Part of the sunshine of thy brief, sweet day,
Though in *her* little warm and living hands
The book I lay.

Brevities.

The "rest" of the week—Sunday:

"The wife's secret—her opinion of her husband.

What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

Let another's passions be a lecture to thy reasons.

Never insult misery, deride infirmity nor despise deformity.

Suspicion and distrust are the greatest enemies to friendship.

The man who never made a mistake never made a discovery.

The sorrows of believers are better than the joys of sinners.

By bestowing blessings on others we entail them on themselves.

It is our part to wait and trust; and the Lord's to dispose and govern.

Men who frequent drinking saloons are most of their time in a tight place.

Men, like books, have at each end a blank leaf; childhood and old age.

A Michigan paper estimates the number of people and their losses in the several townships of Huron County, by the forest fires, to be as follows: Families, 451; persons, 1,987; losses, $901,425.

A Hartford lady screamed a little at the supper-table a few evenings ago, when a mouse popped out of a "doughnut' which she was conveying to her mouth and scampered over her shoulders and neck.

Mace and Coburn essayed to maul each other says an exchange. In the second round Mace broke his hand. The country will accept this as a evidence of his bad judgment. He should have broken his neck.

A Pennsylvania paper says: "Chicago was probably the most populous city in the world, previous to the conflagration. Some fourteen millions of her 'destitute citizens' have passed through this city in the past three weeks. You can't throw a cat in any direction without hitting a 'sufferer.' The dodge is becoming threadbare."

A French lawyer defended a man who had taken a chicken from a farm-yard. He said his client was insane. "I do not see in this theft anything that would account for the insanity of the prisoner," said the Judge. "I beg your pardon," replied the lawyer, "this poor fellow is certainly insane. He stole a wretched, skinny chicken, when he might have taken a nice fat pig."

Detectives and Thieves.

Generally, the citizen who is robbed accepts the requirement that he shall furnish a sufficient inducement to the detective, in order to get his property back again, and the probability that he can get it back again if he furnishes a sufficient inducement, as the settled facts of the situation, and he either decides to be bled in this way, or to abandon his property. Everybody accepts this as the situation, and resigns himself to it as a thing it is useless to contend against. But it is a situation which makes the municipality a protector and propagator of thieves, and a sharper in stolen goods. One of the strange features of our social system is the toleration of these persons who call themselves detectives. We do not believe that any performed or possible good can be sufficient to excuse the existence of this class of persons, who quickly become mere go-betweens for the thieves, and whose interest is against any thorough dealing with the criminal classes.

We do not say that there is not such a thing as an honest detective. Such a thing may have an existence; but we do say that the business of a detective is too severe a trial for the average virtue of those who are exposed to it, and that the abolition of the detective force would be wholesome reform. As to the so-called independent detectives, the police should always hold them in the category of a suspicious class. There may be cases in which money is required to pursue a detective investigation, but its expenditure should always be accounted for and subjected to severe scrutiny. The mysterous demand that the robbed person shall furnish so much money, in order to set the detectives at work, or the inquiry how much he is willing to give, is a practice that creates in the public mind a conviction that the detectives are in collusion with the thieves. It leaves the detective free from all accountability, and it creates a temptation to which the average man ought not to be exposed.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

What a Good Newspaper May Do.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you where newspapers are plenty. Nobody who has been without these silent, private tutors, can know their educative power. How important, then, to secure those which tend only to good! Anything which makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Long Islander.*

During the session of Congress the President will receive Senators and members of Congress from 10 to 12 o'clock in the forenoon, and other callers during the afternoon.

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