The Cambridge Era.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF DORCHESTER COUNTY.

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The Cambridge Era.

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The Cambridge Era.

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Job Printing a Specialty.

WHITE VIOLETS.

WORDS BY BEATRICE.

Violets! violets! fresh from the meadows,
Loaded with perfume and sparkling with dew;
White-hooded sisters of Charity, gladly,
Freely for all in God's garden they grew.

Violets, white as the soul that is sinless,
With incense o'erflowing each delicate cup.
Spring waved her wand as she tripp'd o'er the hillside,
Sweet violet heard, whispered, "yes, I'll get up."

Violets! lady, I'm sure they'll bring to you
The scent of the pine-wood over yon hill;
Laces and damask can't shut out the picture
Of farm-house, the bridge, and useless old mill.

Empty the farm-house, the mill gone to ruin,
All for the sake of a false-hearted girl,
Spurning white violets *you* wore red roses,
Broke faith with the farmer, married the earl.

Do roses and lillies, pictures and statues,
Shut from your sight the grave of the past?
Tears are your answer, proud lady Roskellyn,
Violets, lady, have touched you at last.

—*Hillsboro', N. H., Messenger.*

The Squire's Hired Man.

"More strawberries?" said Mrs. Wylde, with a perplexed contraction of her brows.

"Yes," said old Phillis, the cook. "I've made two short-cakes an' a pie, an' dar ain't nigh enough left to fill the big glass dish for tea."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Wylde, "what shall we do? "Barbara"—to a slender young girl who was curled up in one of the deep window-seats, reading—"you'll have to go."

Barbara Wylde scrambled down out of her high perch.

"Mamma," said she, "what a nuisance all this is! I don't believe Captain Ellwood Severn is worth all this trouble. I don't believe he'll fall in love with either Maude or Lisette. And I think preserved gooseberries are quite good enough for him."

"Hold your tongue, child!" said Mrs. Wylde, sharply. Take the basket and go for the strawberries at once."

And Barbara disappeared, unwillingly enough.

"Strawberries, indeed!" said Barbara to herself. "It's dreadful to be the youngest of a family of girls, and have to pick strawberries for one's elder sister's beaux."

"I wonder which of 'em he'll marry?" said Barbara to herself, as she paused a minute to listen to a robin which, perched on the boughs of a feathery elm beyond the brook, trilled out his barcarolle of glad music. "Lisette is the prettiest, I know, but Maude is the cleverest. Her new books, and can talk about everythingemen like intellectual women"—with a sigh—"that I am actual."

Her little maid fell to work at the strawberries again for full five minutes. Then she shook her basket, and peered down into its depths with eyes of azure despair.

"Not half full," said she to herself; "not a quarter full. Oh, dear me! how I wish some one would come to help me! And there is some one stretched provokingly in the shade under Squire Dallas's big oak by the stone wall where the sweet-briers grow. People have no business to lie in the shade when other people have to be working hard in the sun! And I do believe it's Squire Dallas's new hired man, and he ought to be at work in the hayfield instead of lying there under the trees with a book. And he shall work; he shall help me!"

"Young man!" she called out.

"Young man, I say!" she called out again, this time with a certain accent of the imperious in her voice. The recumbent figure under the oak tree straightened itself up at once, and made haste toward the stone wall that separated Squire Dallas's domains from Deacon Wylde's south pasture lot.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "but—did you call?"

"Of course I called," said Barbara, thinking within herself how tall and straight and darkly handsome Squire Dallas's new hired man was. "Don't you think, young man, you ought to be at work?"

"At work?" repeated the Spanish-browed stranger. "Well, perhaps I ought."

"There's no 'perhaps' about it," said Barbara, brusquely. "Of course you ought. And since you don't choose to work for your master, you may as well be working for me."

"My—master?"

"Squire Dallas, of course," said Barbara. "Dear me, how stupid you are!"

"And how, may I venture to ask, did you know who I was?" he questioned, in an amused sort of way.

"Oh, it didn't require any great exercise of brilliance for that," responded Barbara, with a wise little nod of the head. "I know Squire Dallas has got a new hired man; and if you're not he, who are you?"

"That is the question," said the stranger, gravely.

"But we mustn't stand talking here," went on Barbara, in a business-like sort of way. "Take the basket and go to picking strawberries just as fast as ever you can, because we're to have company at our house—I'm Barbara Wilde, you know, young man—and I must get back with the berries for dessert as quickly as possible."

"All right," said the stranger; "I'm tolerably quick at this sort of thing, I believe."

"I hope you are," said Barbara—intent on extricating a tiny rose-pricker from the point of her stained forefinger—"and at other things too. Because, if you're not, Squire Dallas won't keep you."

"He won't eh?"

Barbara shook her head. "The last man went away because he couldn't endure the squire's driving ways," said she. "Oh, I was so sorry! He was nice. He used to lend me books and things over the fence, and he taught district school in the winters. I used often to come here and talk with him over the stone wall, because, you see, it's lonesome up at the house if I do have two grown sisters. Grown sisters are dreadful," with a solemn shake of the head.

"And I suppose you are not grown," said Squire Dallas's hired man, with a curious gleam of amusement around the corners of his mouth.

"No," said "Barbara, "I am only sixteen, and I haven't got trains to my dresses yet. But perhaps when the girls get married, and one of them is sure to marry this Captain Severn—Oh, tahe care, you're tipping all the berries out upon the grass! Squire Dallas won't keep you a week if you're as clumsy as that."

But the hired man luckily succeeded in righting the basket before its crimson contents were irretrievably lost.

"It's all right," said he. "See how rapidly it is filling up. But suppose this Captain—I forget what you said his name was?"

"You mustn't forget things," said Barbara. "Squire Dallas never will be suited with that. He's a very particular old gentleman. I mention these things, you know"—with an air of mild patronage—"because you seem like a nice, respectable young man, and I should like you to keep the place."

"I am much obliged to you," said the stranger, hurriedly putting a strawberry into his mouth.

"Now you are eating the strawberries," said Barbara, severely. "You shouldn't do that."

"One or two is of no consequence," apologized Squire Dallas's hired man. "But I was going to say, suppose this company gentleman—"

"Captain Severn, his name is," interrupted Barbara.

"Yes—suppose that Captain Severn shouldn't fall in love with either of your grown sisters?"

"Then he'd be a very great disappointment," cried out Barbara.

"He might fall in love with you," suggested the young man, regarding his pretty companion with a sidelong glance from beneath his long lashes.

"With me!" repeated Barbara, "Me!—a little girl that wears dresses without trains, and isn't out of her scales yet! That's a likely thing, isn't it? Now, I tell you what, young man, you are talking a great deal too much and working a great deal too little. Perhaps, if you're very smart with the berries, I'll bring you one of Phillis's tarts, and put it on the stone fence to-night. Phillis does make the deliciousest strawberry tarts!"

"That would be delicious," said the stranger, promptly.

Barbara gave a scrutinizing glance into the berry basket.

"I begin to think we've got almost enough," said she.

"Not yet," pleaded her companion.

"Yes," nodded Barbara. "And mamma will be in a hurry, and Maude will scold dreadfully if I'm not there in time to do her back hair. And as for you, young man," relapsing all at once into the severe Mentor again, "you had better get back as fast as possible to your work; and don't let Squire Dallas catch you loitering again, if you've any regard for your place."

The stranger stood with doffed cap and attitude of chivalrous attention.

"But you'll not forget the strawberry tart?" said he.

"Certainly not."

And off she tripped, with rosy-stained lips, golden hair floating recklessly in the wind, and light, elastic feet bowing down the buttercups and red clover as she went.

"Dear me, chile," said Phillis, as she came into the kitchen, rosy and breathless with the haste she had made, "what a time you's been!"

"Not half an hour," cried Barbara, flinging away her hat, and splashing her face with cool water out of the bucket. "Has he come, Phillis?"

"De company young man, miss?" said Phillis. "No, he ain't. An' Miss Lisette she's a scoldin' 'cause you ain't ben to arrange de roses for de big bokay in de middle ob de table; an' Miss Maude she done can't fix her her hair to suit her; an'—dar's de missus callin' now. Run, Miss Barby, run!"

* * * * *

"There, mamma, I told you so!" said Miss Maude Wylde, the "intellectual" member of the family. "It will be an inconvenient crowd if Barbara comes to the table."

"Let her wait," said Lisette, serenely.

"But I won't wait!" flashed out Barbara, her blue eyes glittering with indignation. "I will come to the first table. After arranging the roses and gathering the wild strawberries, and—Mamma, is it right to keep me in the back kitchen all my days?"

"My dear! my dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Wylde, "you are forgetting yourself."

"And I do so want to see Captain Severn!" added Barbara, resolutely choking down the big sob which rose to her throat.

"What nonsense!" said Lisette, the dove-eyed beauty with the rippling hair and the complexion of rose and snow. "As if Captain Severn would ever look at you!"

"But I may look at him, I suppose?" cried indignant Barbara. "And I'm sixteen yeers old, and you've no right to treat me like a baby."

"Children! children! don't go to quarrelling," said Mrs. Wylde. "And Barbara can sit just here behind the tea-urn, and I dare say we shall have plenty of room."

"There!" said Barbara, with a triumphant grimace at her sister.

"Horrid little spoiled child!" said Maude.

"Barbara always gets her own way," ommented Lisette.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Wylde, authoritatively. "Here comes your papa up the laural walk with Captain Severn."

Lisette peeped from behind the folds of the fluted Swiss curtains, Maude ran to the Venetian blinds of the bay-window, and Barbrra climbed with sixteen-year-old agility into a chair to peep over her sister's shoulder.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried she, dropping from her aerial perch with startling suddenness.

"What is it?" said Maude.

"It's Squire Dallas's hired man!" gasped Barbara.

"What?" said Lisette.

"I—I don't mind about the first table," said Barbara, turning pink and white, like a York-and-Lancaster rose; "I'd rather eat in the kitchen with Phillis." And away she darted like a scared young doe, before any one could stop her.

"Go away!" said Barbara, indignantly.

She had cried until her eyelashes were all glittering and her cheeks stained with tears to say nothing of the crumpled state of her sash ribbon and white muslin dress, and now she sat crouched under the shadow of the great flowering almond bush, as if she would fain retreat utterly out of the world of sight and hearing.

Captain Severn stood immovable before her, with folded arms and questioning Spanish eyes.

"I shall not go away," said he, "until you have pardoned me."

"How can I ever pardon you?" sobbed out Barbara. "You have imposed upon me, you have practiced on my credulity."

"You asked me to help you gather strawberries—and I helped you."

"You allowed me to suppose that you were Squire Dallas's hired man."

"I claimed no identity, one way or the other," pleaded Captain Severn. "I was trying to find my way by a short cut across the fields to your father's house, and sat down under the oak tree to rest. And when you called me I came, like a true knight of old. Now if you can convict me of any serious offense in all this, I stand ready to abide the consequences."

"You never, never, will be able to forgive me," sobbed Barbara, again retiring behind the end of her blue sash.

"Little Barbara," said Captain Severn, falling on his knees, as if it were the most natural and conventional thing in the world to do, "will you forgive me?"

And what could Barbara say but "Yes?"

Captain Severn insisted upon his strawberry tart that evening, according to agreement, and they ate it together, he and Barbara, like two school-children, out on the lawn, while Maude yawned behind a book, and Lisette acidly wondered "what on earth Captain Severn could find to amuse him in the chatter of a child like Barbara."

And when the red leaves of late October choked up the little stream beside which they had gathered wild strawberries, there was a wedding at the Wylde homestead, and the bride was, not Maude the intellectual, nor the lovely Lisette, but little Barbara.

"Dar's no accountin' for true love," said old Phillis, as she stirred the wedding cake.

HONOR TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS.—His Majesty Oscar II., King of Norway and Sweden, has sent to the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. the Grand Swedish Gold Medal in recognition of the superiority of their cabinet organs. The medal is surmounted by a crown and bears on one side the inscription "Litteris et Artibus," and on the other, around the bust of the king, "Oscar II., Svec. Norv. Goth. Vand, Rex. This honor will be the more valued by the company from the fact that His Majesty Oscar II. is known to be a musical connoisseur of highest attainments.

—There is a Russian proverb which says that misfortune is next door to stupidity and it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill luck are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence or want of application.

—"I wish to ask the court," said a facetious lawyer, who had been called to the witness stand to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild-mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

An English Milk Farm.

In the management of a milk dairy, the profit is made up of a number of very small items. A few of these small matters are sufficient to cast the balance upon the side of loss, instead of that of profit. It is, therefore, important that every detail in the work of a milk farm should be carefully scrutinized. Only one-tenth of a cent per pound in the cost of the milk, in a year, amounts to three or four dollars per cow, and a loss or gain of one quart per cow, per day, will amount to ten dollars in the year. The objects to be gained in a milk dairy are: to keep the expenses as low as possible, and to increase the product as much as possible. Everything tending to secure these objects, is valuable to the dairy farmer. There are few farms from the management of which we can learn so much as from some of the best conducted English milk farms. Generally the best milk farms in America are managed very much upon the same system, because there is no secret in selecting the best cows, or in choosing the best milk-producing food, but we do not make so much use of roots and oil-cakes as do the English farmers, and these are the cheapest and best milk producers. An outline of the management of an English dairy, which is of great interest, is given in the "London Live Stock Journal Almanac."

This farm is in South Derbyshire, a limestone country, in which the grass is the best and most nutritious pasture in the world, and with which none of our pastures can bear comparison. With this exception there is nothing in the system of which we cannot avail ourselves if we wish. The cows are nearly all purchased when fresh, and sold off for fattening when failing in milk, but are not fattened on the farm. No calves are reared, except a few bred from the best milkers. The cows are well fed the year round, to keep up a regular and maximum supply of milk. In summer the feed is pasture, in the fall, the aftermath is fed, along with cabbages, until winter feeding begins. This consists of hay, brewer's grains, roots, cut straw, and 5 or 6 pounds of oil-cake, or cornmeal, per day. The roots (Swedes and Mangels) are pulped and mixed with the grains and the chaffed straw; 8 cents a bushel is paid for brewer's grains. Tares are sown in May for soiling, and if the grass is abundant, these are not fed, but are cured for winter feed. A large portion of the farm is [illegible] only 40 cows are kept on the 300 acres. A large quantity of purchased food is used, but, as may be expected, very little of fertilizers is purchased. The advantage, upon milk farms, of this system of using artificial foods of the richest character, is very great, because the larger portion of them is returned in the manure, and that which is carried off in the milk is quite inconsiderable. Thus a well managed milk farm does not deteriorate in fertility, but both it and its owner grow rich together. The consumption of milk is steadily increasing, and upon those farms from which there is easy access to the large cities, their production can, by good management, be made profitable, both in its immediate returns, and in the indirect addition to the value of the land.

A Real Romance.

A genuine romance in real life occurred in Cincinnati a few days ago. The heroine was an intelligent but unpretending girl, who was forced by circumstances to work for a living. She sewed in a store at a salary so meager, and with work so laborious, that she gladly accepted a position as waiter-girl in a popular boarding-house. She had previously been offered a position as governess, but preferred the other. The only advantage the boarding-house afforded over the store was that of a family sympathy. She was not so lonesome, had the sympathy of the family she served, and although the wages were less remunerative, she had less hard work, and besides had the friendship of the family served.

Among the boarders was one probably as poor as herself. He was advertising solicitor for a city paper, with a very moderate income. Believing themselves poor, but yet able to keep the wolf from the door, an attachment sprang up, which developed into an engagement. Of course in their case, as in that of all other lovers, the course of love did not run smoothly. There were doubtful faithfulness and the consequent quarrels, until, a few days ago, the young lady learned that she had fallen heir to an estate in Germany valued at $50,000, and a personalty worth $40,000 more, making in all about $100,000 in American money. The young lady remained true to the lover of her poverty, and their marriage took place a few days ago. It was a case of genuine affection, and as such deserves the sympathy of all lovers.

—A medical quack at Bombay has been enjoying a lucrative position and achieved quiet fame by curing, or pretending to cure, all kinds of diseases by extracting in some mysterious manner a grub from the patient. A skeptical English physician seized the quack by the throat and demonstrated by actual exhibition that the rascal carried a supply of the grubs in his mouth. The quack was kicked out, and now, with typical Oriental insolence, brings suit for damages against the man who exposed him, and what is more, owing to some inexplicable defect in the law, is not unlikely to get them.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

A Statement Made by John T. Ford, of Baltimore.

John T. Ford, of Baltimore, who was manager of the theatre in Washington in which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, expresses the opinion, in a conversation reported in the Baltimore *Gazette*, that it was not until noon of the day of the commission of the crime that Booth decided upon it. As is well known, he had for six months been a party to a conspiracy to abduct Lincoln, but the surrender at Appomattox had ended all chance of accomplishing this. On the morning of April 14, 1865, says Mr. Ford, Booth breakfasted at the National Hotel, and, sauntering out about eleven o'clock, went first to the Surratt House, where he found Mrs. Surratt, who had just returned from the Good Friday religious services, about to drive out to the Calvert estate. He asked her to get him some small articles that he had left at the country tavern, and went on down to the theatre. Mr. Ford continues: "There he heard for the first time that both President Lincoln and Gen. Grant were to visit the theatre that night. The private box was in the process of decoration. The White House messenger had been there an hour before to secure its use. I believe—and all reliable written or oral testimony confirms that belief—that then and there the terrible thought of assassination first suggested itself. It came like this: 'If I failed to serve the South in my conspiracy to abduct, I can now be her Brutus.' This thought fastened on his brain—led him to go from the theatre toward the Kirkwood House to have a conference with some of his old conspirators. John Surratt was away, O'Loughlin was in Baltimore, and Arnold was in a sutler's store at Fortress Monroe. They knew the abduction conspiracy had been abandoned, but Payne, Atzerot, and Herold were in Washington. These latter he got together, and conspired with them to kill the President, the victorious General, and some of the Cabinet. He must have written between the time when he parted with his co-conspirators and the hour he again appeared at the theatre a long statement for publication, excusing his intended crime by Roman precedent. When dying he referred to it for his justification. He gave on the evening of the 14th a package to an actor [illegible] his delivery the next day to the [illegible] *National* [illegible] he, frightened at the risk he ran, broke the seal, read the inclosed matter, and at midnight burned it. If that package had been preserved it would have revealed the declaration that until noon that day its writer had not premeditated murder, but feeling deeply the humiliation of the South, to the people of which he bore all the love that Brutus ever felt for Rome, he would strike down that night the leading men of the victorious hosts who were then shouting their pæans of triumph. When dying, just at the break of day on the morning of April 24, he muttered some words; a soldier bent over him and caught them from his fast ebbing breath. First a message for his mother, 'Tell her I did it as I thought for the best,' and then he said, 'Tell others that the communication I wrote, addressed to the *National Intelligencer*, will explain why I did what I did.' During the conspiracy trial at the Arsenal, Hon. Joseph Holt, the Judge Advocate, called John F. Coyle, then the publisher of the *National Intelligencer*, and asked if that communication had ever been received. His reply was 'No.' It was," continued Mr. Ford, "burned in the grate of a chamber of a boarding-house, and a Catholic priest now living in Washington had the fact confessed to him soon afterward. I had the occurrence revealed to me—with the added information of the confession—by the party who was the custodian of the package."

A Matrimonial Romance.

Some months since a well-to-do farmer residing near Geneva, in New York State, having lived in single blessedness until the snows of over forty winters had fallen upon his defenseless head, suddenly concluded that it "was not good for man to live alone." After arriving at this most sensible and correct conclusion, and not being able in his own immediate neighborhood to find a congenial partner with whom he would be willing to risk the tortuous and intricate journey of life, he advertised in a prominent journal requesting a correspondence with some heart-free maiden with a view to matrimony. He was soon after overwhelmed with epistles from all quarters of the country, and was almost demented at the thought of the terrible mental effort to be expended in answering them. He selected from the number, however, one, the style and chirography of which pleased him greatly, and thereupon mailed a responsive communication to a young lady, and if we are correctly informed, the address was Warwick, Orange county, N. Y. A further correspondence effected a mutual understanding as to social and pecuniary positions, and an interchange of photographs. The lady was pleased, the gentleman delighted. The parties met for the first time a few days since not far from Port Jervis, and were united immediately in the holy bonds of matrimony. Warwick will naturally deplore the loss of one of its fairest daughters; Geneva will rejoice in a beautiful and blooming bride, and the farmer's home will be no longer desolate.

He Heard Too Much.

Lewis Gaylord Clark, the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, used to tell the following story with great delight:

Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is a primitive sort of a little village called "The Centre." Here not long since the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a dance, "and dance they did," said our informant, "with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux." One interesting young man, having imbibed rather too freely became "fatigued" in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to retire for a short rest.

A door ajar near the dancing hall revealed, invitingly, a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession, with a prospect of an undisturbed "snooze."

It happened, howbeit, that this was the ladies' "withdrawing-room," and no sooner had he closed his eyes than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like most of their sex) which ran on in this wise:

"What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?"

"La, yes, Sally! Jim Brown says he never see you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say anything about me?"

"About you! why, sartin; I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you were the prettiest dressed girl in the room."

Whereupon the dear things chuckled, fixed up a little more, and made off toward the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door, when our half-conscious friend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired:

"Have you heard anybody say anything about me, gals?"

"Phancy their pheelinks" at this juncture!

In The Depths.

The Chicago *Journal*, says: There are many sadly interesting pages in the history of some of the unwilling visitors to police courts that are never opened to the public. A few days ago the name of "Kate Sullivan" was called at the [illegible] and a woman about thirty years [illegible] of age, and clad in the faded relic of a [illegible] dark dress, appeared [illegible] charged with disorderly conduct, but something in her manner commended her to Justice Summerfield's better feelings, and she was discharged with a few words of good advice. This morning the woman again appeared on a charge of vagrancy, and was fined $10 and committed to the Bridewell to work out the fine, as she had not the wherewithal to settle. And yet a few months ago that woman's monthly allowance of "pin money" would have paid the fine. Two years ago her husband failed for $250,000 and paid considerably over 50 cents to the dollar, and was assisted by his friends to resume business. The husband, with whom the writer is acquainted, is a prominent citizen and well known business man of Louisville, Ky., and his family are numbered in the best society of that aristocratic city. The same time there were whispers of domestic turmoil, and gossip variously accredited it to a "man" or a "woman in the case," and it is difficult to tell which theory was nearer the truth. There were probably both an intruding man and an intruding woman assisting the wrecking process in the household. Finally, about a year ago a separation took place, but it was followed by a short lived reconciliation, and then the wife came to Chicago and was lost sight of until her appearance in the police court with the traces of dissipation of every character plainly visible and scarcely a trace of a once queenly beauty left. She is now suffering such pangs of remorse that it is strange she has not found a suicide's grave. Her education, refinement and pride, qualities that adorn in their proper sphere, only serve as curses in her new life, and in a few months she has reached a lower level than a less accomplished woman would in as many years. She expresses a determination to reform now, and says she would never have thrown herself away if she had not utterly failed to secure an opportunity of earning a respectable living.

Flour Mills.

A correspondent of the London *Miller* states, as the result of some thirty years' experience with flour mills, that he has seen and known many mill fires, the majority of which have taken place in the night, and most of them after the mills have shut down several hours, many of these breaking out of a Sunday morning, and even as late as the evening, or after midnight—that is, on Monday morning. The cause of such a long interval he attributes to the smouldering of dust around some hot bearing until it has assumed a body of fire and charred wood, when a slight draught produces a flame, which, before being noticed, is spread too far to be stopped, the mill and its contents becoming a heap of ruins. The remedy for this, of course, is an inspection of all the bearings, before locking up at night.

—Even a barrel hoop will turn when trod upon.

A STORY OF ONE DAY

"The diver found in the cabin of the wreck
two boys, locked in each other's arms, as they
had leaped up and clung to each other for protection."

Two little lads on a coaster's deck,
As she crawled on against the breeze,
Far from the land on that white-winged speck,
They joyed as the dancing seas.

Two little forms in their crib asleep,
The stars kept their watch on high;
A grating shock—and the hungry deep
Shouted its triumph cry.

Two little figures closely knit
With a smile on each marble face;
Deep 'neath the wave where the fishes flit,
They gave their last embrace.

Two little forms on the crystal sea,
Two little harps tuned sweet;
Two mothers waiting what never will be,
The coming of frolic feet.

A muffled knock at two cottage doors,
The sound of burdened tread;
A tiny mound near the church on the moors,
"Drowned,".....so the gravestone said.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a doubt?

—Why ought poultry-keeping to be a most profitable business?—Because for every grain you give a fowl it gives a peck.

—Ole Bull threatens this country with another farewell tour of thirty concerts. His first farewell tour was sixty-two years ago.

—A Columbus man says he started thirty years ago to make $1,400,000. He has got the fourteen, but the ciphers bother him.

—In ten minutes a man can tell a church full of people of more good that is in him than he can demonstrate by deeds in sixty years.

—It is a curious scientific fact that the success of a steam propeller is largely due to the fact that there's a screw loose somewhere.

—The divorce market must be still easy in Indiana. A county paper in that State heads the list of marriages, "Limited Partnerships."

—When does a brass door-knob put you in mind of eminent musical composers and a famous prima donna?—When it has a Verdi-Grisi Handel.

—A Minnesota father who has five grown-up daughters has sued the county. He claims that his residence has been used as a court-house for [illegible] two years.

—The fact that George Washington' wife never asked him where he had bee when he came home late at night goes great way toward accounting for hi treme truthfulness.

—Now let *Punch* print a pic the "Peace Congress," represen the delegates smiling at each other, one hand in each hip-pocket toying with the hair-trigger of a peace-maker.

—Advice to young writers: If you would be clear and forcible, don't use foreign words. Be natural. A man never stops to hunt up a foreign word when he is stung by a hornet.

—The love of glory, the fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of rendering life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men.

—Charles (playfully): "How much really did that hat cost, Jennie?" Jennie: "If you really want to inspect the bills for my dry-goods, Charles, there is a way to do it." And what else could Charles do but propose on the spot?

—"I saw some fresh grizzly tracks out here a little ways," said an honest miner, as he bounced boisterously into camp. "Why didn't you go for him?" shouted the whole camp in a chorus. "O, what would I want to do that for?" says he. "I hain't lost no grizzly."

—"Can you tell me," asked a pompous school committee-man of a modest little girl, "why nature did not make asparagus grow with each end succulent?" "Because, if it had, it would have been impossible for man to hold it in his fingers," was the satisfactory reply.

—Madame asked her husband for a new outfit. "My darling," he replied, "that would make the third in two months, and times are so hard that—" "You will kill me!" exclaimed the lady, bursting into tears, "and my funeral expenses will cost you more than a new dress." "Ah, but I should have to bury you only once," was the comforting rejoinder.

The India Troops.

An English officer who served with a Sikh regiment during the East Indian mutiny writes to the London *Daily News*: "During the campaign of 1845-46 in India, and again in 1857-49, and during the mutiny, no prisoners were made. I was much disgusted on one occasion, in 1857, to find that while marching up a by street in Delhi, two days after the assault, some Sikhs of my regiment had broken open a door, and before I could interfere mercilessly slaughtered in cold blood two old men and three women and a child. I was attracted by their screams, and rushed in too late to save life. These were newly-raised levies, it is true, but I imagine that no Sikhs or Ghoorkas can be trusted on these occasions; and the same may be said of all native troops. They make no prisoners; at least I never saw one during four campaigns in India."

All About Earthquakes.

An interesting paper on earthquakes in Japan was lately read before the Asiatic Society of that country by a native savant. The record of all earthquakes occurring in the larger cities of the country have been kept with considerable regularity since the fifth century of the Christian era. The number of slight shocks is very large, and that of disastrous earthquakes is uncomfortably great. In fifteen centuries 149 destructive earthquakes had been recorded. The recorded average is one great earthquake in every ten years, but the nineteenth century gives one in every five years. Unusually high temperature and strange atmospheric changes have been noticed as precursors of great terrestrial convulsions, especially of the earthquake which desolated Yeddo in 1855. There have been several earthquake shocks in Japan in the early part of the present year; one of them, on the morning of the 23d of February, lasted fully a minute, during which period houses rocked like ships on an angry sea.

A Grand Record:

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since Hostetter's Stomach Bitters was first brought to the notice of the American public. To-day it is the most popular remedy on this continent for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, debility, nervousness, urinary and uterine complaints, gout, rheumatism, intermittent and different fevers, and is widely used in South and Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and Australia, as a preventative and remedy for malarious disorders, and for many other maladies to the relief of which it is adapted. The record of its victories is written in the testimonials of thousands whom it has cured, to many of which the widest publicity has been given; it has won the emphatic sanction of leading members of the medical profession, and has repeatedly been made the subject of encomiums by the home and foreign press. The testimony of the above facts is unnecessary. We leave the public to draw its own conclusions.

A Good Hotel.

Something that every traveller who visits New York, either on business or pleasure, is anxious of finding, at the start. Nothing enhances the pleasure and satisfaction of the trip so much as to know that no pains are spared to make life stay both agreeable and comfortable, and that this is all done at a moderate price. The Grand Central Hotel, Broadway, "fills the bill" in this respect, at the price for rooms and board, of $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

Mothers!! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Don't

forget to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children. It relieves the child from pain, the wind colic, regulates the bowels, and, by relief and health to the child, gives rest to the mother. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

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MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET

Wholesale New York market quotations

ASHES.—Prime $1.55@1.60; fair to good $1.50 per bushel.

BEEF.—N. Y. sold at 17c. for choice in and 17@18c. common to good. Western at 20c., and the common Western a

BUTTER.—Factory fancy 8¾c.; do. fair 8c. Dairy, prime 10@11½c.; and do. fair 9@10. CHEESE.—Quotations ranged from 15c. for or- to 17c. for New York, New Jersey and Ohio.

EGGS.—Superfine New York and Western, 14@15; extra New York $4.20@4.60.

FISH.—Shipping 50@55c.; cloves 45@50c. salt, herring 40@45c.

FLOUR.—New York 5@10c. Eastern 5@8c.; Ohio 2@3c., olds 1@2c.

GUANO.—Refined 11½c. crude 7½c. in bulk; March 9½c. Naphtha 6@6½c. in shipping order, and 15@16 in cases and 12 in

HAY.—New mess $10@11.50. Family mess extra prime 8.75, dressed hogs 4½@5.

GRAIN.—Spring No. 2, $1.12. Milwaukee 1.12½. Amber 1.21. White 1.28.

OATS.—State 67@68c.

PORK.—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia 9@9½c.; xx 37@40c.; x 37@40c. No. 1, No. 2, 35@40c.; common, 30@32. New and Western xx 33@36c.; x and No. 1, 2@35c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET

BEEF.—State family $5.50; rye flour 3.00 State 1.14. Amber 1.18. Corn, yellow; mixed State 49c.

GUANO.—Refined 11½c.; crude, 9¼c.

OATS.—State and Western xx 34@36c.; x 34@ medium 35@37; coarse 33@34c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.—Cattle, good quality, $4.80. Prime to good 3.60@3.70 best 4.00.

LIBERTY, PENN.—Best cattle 4.70; good 4.25@4.50; common to fair Hogs, Yorkers, 3.70@3.70; Philadelphia 3.80@3.85. Sheep, 3.50@5.40.

BROWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice 7.50 7.00@7.25; first quality 6.00@6.50; quality 5.00@5.50; third quality 4.50@ Sheep and lambs—wool sheep 3.45@5.50; 3.00@5.50; sheared 3½@4½c.; spring 4@5½c.; veal calves 4½@5½c.

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A Preparation Free from irritating matter.

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Apply with the hand, or a soft brush, once or twice every other day, or as often as the case may require, rubbing it thoroughly into the roots of the hair. To remove *Dandruff, Scurf,* &c., wash the head with BURNETT'S KALLISTON, rub dry with a towel, and apply the *Cocoaine* as directed.

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