THE ROBBER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Beside a lonely mountain path
Within a mossy wood
That crowned the wild, wind-beaten cliffs,
A lurking robber stood.
His foreign garb, his gloomy eye,
His cheek of swarthy stain,
Bespoke him one who might have been
A pirate on the main,
Or bandit from the far-off hills
Of Cuba, or of Spain.

His ready pistol in his hand,
A shadowing bough he raised;
Glared forth, as crouching tiger glares,
And muttered as he gazed:
"Sure, he must sleep upon his steed;
I deemed the laggard near.
I'll give him, for the gold he wears,
A sounder slumber, here;
His charger, when I press his flank,
Shall leap like mountain deer."

Long, long he watched, and listened long;
There came no traveler by;
The ruffian growled a harsher curse,
And gloomier grew his eye;
While o'er the sultry heaven began
A leaden haze to spread,
And, past his noon, the summer sun
A dimmer beam to shed;
And on that mountain summit fell
A silence deep and dread.

Then ceased the bristling pine to sigh,
Still hung the broken spray,
The air that wrapped those massy cliffs
Was motionless as they.
Mute was the cricket in his cleft,
But mountain torrents sound
Sent hollow murmurs from their glens
Like voices underground—
A change came o'er the robber's cheek,
He shuddered at the sound.

'Twas vain to ask what fearful thought
Convulsed his brow with pain.
"The deed I talk not," he said, at length,
And turned to watch again.
Skyward he looked. A lurid cloud
Hung low and blackening there,
And through its skirts the sunshine came
A strange, malignant glare;
His ample chest drew in with toil
The hot and stifling air.

His ear has caught a distant sound,
But not the tramp of steed;
A roar as of a mountain stream
Swoln into sudden speed,
The gathered vapors in the west
Before the rushing blast,
Like living monsters of the air,
Black, serpent-like and vast,
Writhe, roll, and, sweeping o'er the sun,
A frightful shadow cast.

Hark to that nearer, mightier crash!
As if a giant crowd,
Trampling the oaks with iron foot,
Had issued from the cloud!
While fragments of disseverred rock
Came thundering from on high,
And eastward from their eyrie cliffs
The shrieking eagles fly,
And, lo! the expected traveler comes
Spurring his charger by.

To that wild warning of the air
The assassin lends no heed,
He lifts his pistol to his eye,
He notes the horseman's speed.
Firm is his hand and sure his aim,
But, ere the flash is given,
Its eddies filled with woods upturn
And spray from torrents driven,
The whirlwind sweeps the crashing wood,
The giant firs are riven.

Riven and rent from splintering cliffs,
That rise like down in air,
At once the forest's rocky floor
Rides to the tempest bare;
Rider and steed and robber whirled
O'er precipices vast,
'Mong trunks and boughs and shattered crags,
Mangled and crushed, are cast;
The catamount and eagle made
That morn a grim repast!

YAKOB.

It was a saying in the family that "Sue was the poet, Joe the financier, and Charley—had discovered Yakob."

It needs very little wit to give a saying long life in a lonely farm house, and Yakob was as remarkable a novelty among us as a poem or a good deal of money would have been.

He was a very short, very stumpy, very white-headed Dutch boy of 17, whom Charley found on the Battery one winter's day. Charley went to New York every winter to buy groceries for the plantation, and clothes for the slaves, and he had found Yakob on his last visit, in 1859, just before the war began.

Yakob had landed from an Antwerp schooner, and had fallen among thieves, who left him in rags and penniless, when Charley came, like the good Samaritan, to his rescue.

"But what can you do with him?" my father demanded, when the queer-looking creature stood before him, his big eyes staring straight at him.

"Oh, there will be some place open for him on the plantation, sir," said Charley. "He'll be of use somewhere."

"You could make more use of a sea-horse," said Sue pertly, and my mother nodded. Mother said she had an instinctive dislike to Yakob. But whatever Charley did was right in our good mother's eyes, and beside, she would have been gentle and polite to Yakob even if he had been a sea-horse.

So Charley, taking me by the hand, led Yakob around to the tobacco-house, and set him to work there. He stared dismayed for a minute at the black faces (for he had seen but two negroes, and had never been brought in contact with a black man), and then went to work intelligently enough, and never raised his eyes to them again.

Charley and I went back to the house. I was a boy of 9 then, and the torment and pet of my big brothers. We found my father on the portico, reading the Richmond *Examiner*.

"I have brought you a first-rate machine, sir," Charley said, "as steady, and sure, and dumb as if it was made of wood and steel."

"It's your property," said father, with a shrug.

Now nobody but Charley understood German, and Yakob could not speak a word of English. It followed, therefore, that Charley had to take entire charge of his "property." He gave him a little wooden shanty, which had been a tool-house, on the edge of the woods, in which to sleep.

The German whitewashed and repaired his dwelling, and in the spring planted vines and flowers about it. Instead of being longer an eye-sore it became the most picturesque spot in the plantation. But "the creature himself," Sue declared, "was an animal." Such mountains of pork and rivers of beer disappeared down his throat!

He showed no sign of interest in any living thing excepting Charley, whom he followed about like a dog whenever he could, never speaking, however, unless forced to do so.

The war came, of which I wish to say little. Our family, like many others on the border, was divided. Joe went into one army, Charley into the other. My father held to the old flag. My mother and Sue presented banners and arms to Southern companies.

The negroes caught the excitement, some of the house servants following their young masters. Yakob alone was unmoved as a stone. Either Joe or Charley would have been glad to take him as a recruit into their companies.

"Never, never!" he grunted. "No fight!"

"But don't you want to uphold the republic?" said one.

"Do you care nothing for liberty?" asked another.

"I care for mein kopf," clapping his hands to his head. "I keeps mein kopf on mein shoulders."

"Beast!" muttered Joe.

Even Charley looked disgusted, which Yakob quickly perceived.

"I come to this country for peace," he said, rapidly, in German, "and the men take each other by the throat. I know nothing of your North—your South."

"You know nothing but Yakob!" with a laugh.

The light eyes flashed a little.

"Ya; und—Yakob's work," he said, doggedly, and turned to the tobacco-house.

Even we who were children remember the times that then followed on the border; the marching and countermarching of armies; the turning of our fields into battle-grounds, and our houses into hospitals; the ravages of the bushwhackers and guerrillas, first of one side and then the other; and, worse than all, the bitterness of neighbor against neighbor.

Two years passed. My brother Joe had been killed at Bull Run. Charley had been a prisoner for almost a year.

I think that Charley's imprisonment was harder for my mother to bear than even Joe's death; for one was at rest, while the sufferings of the other were continually in her mind. Such tales were told of the prison where he was that I believe she would have been glad to know that he, too, was dead.

One July morning she came down to breakfast looking more wan and haggard than usual.

"I had a strange dream last night," she said. "I thought Charley stood beside me, with his rod in his hand, as he used to when he was going out to fish. I was putting up his lunch, and he was joking with his father, as if the war had never been. It was all just as it used to be."

"And it shall be again," said father, heartily. "Don't lose your trust in God, mother."

"I shall never see Charley again," she said; "if he should come home it would be to certain death."

Our house was at that time encircled by troops; not regular troops, but the rabble and followers of a great army that was encamped a few miles to the north. Until now the officers had protected us from outrage; but a change in the position of the forces left us without their authority.

Just as we were rising from the table, Dutton, the coachman, opened the door. The hollows about his jaws were grey with terror.

"Dey's come, massa! Dey's takin' de last ob de hosses out ob de stables!"

My father was an old man and a cripple. He only wheeled in his chair to the door, and waited in silence. A tramping of armed men was heard on the gravel walk. The next moment a dozen sturdy fellows with bloated faces, pistols at their belts and rifles in hand, dashed open the door.

They paused, dazzled by my father's calmness and silence.

"Hubbard! You Judge Hubbard, eh?" blustered the foremost.

"That is my name."

"Well, you've got to deliver up your arms and live stock as for the use of the army."

"I have no arms. You have taken my horses and cattle; not"—his color rising—"for the use of the army, but for thieves and murderers, who plunder on their own account."

"Father! father!" my mother whispered in terror, laying her hand on his arm; "we are at their mercy!"

"The old cock crows well, laughed the leader; "but it is the young fowl we want."

"What do you mean?"

"Your son Joe has been seen prowling about the neighborhood. We've orders to take him and hang him to the nearest tree."

My mother put out her hands before her. "My son is dead," she said.

For a minute even these ruffians were silent.

"We'll soon see that," cried the foremost. "Come, boys!"

They ransacked the house. The family could offer no opposition, being but women and children, with two weak old men to guard us.

My father sat trembling with rage and shame, poor old Dutton beside him. The negroes had all gone. Nobody was left but Yakob, dully at work, as usual, in the stable, for he had turned into a man-of-all-work when left alone.

He came out from the stable now, glanced at the pillagers, and, going to the door of his shanty, sat down and lighted his pipe.

"He would not move if they blew him up with a petard!" cried Sue, whose knowledge of warlike instruments was but hazy.

Presently they came up to him.

"Hi, Dutchy! we've heard of you. What side are you on, Reb or Yank?"

"I goes for my own side."

"So do we. Stand out of the way. We want to go into this cabin."

"Nein; dish is mine house," calmly.

"Get up, you pig!" prodding him with the point of his sword."

"Oh, yesh! I gets up," slowly rising, and putting his hands into his capacious pocket. He drew out a couple of revolvers, and pointed them full in the faces of his assailants.

"I gets up and—I fires."

He did fire—once, twice, it seemed to me a dozen times, turning sharply from side to side.

The men staggered back dismayed. Two fell and were dragged off by the others. Like all bullies, they were cowards.

For a moment they hesitated, as if uncertain whether to take the German by storm or to take to their heels. A stinging bullet in the leader's arm decided the battle in favor of Yakob.

They fired back scattering shots as they retreated; but did not face the determined Dutchman again. I saw him totter as the last man fired, and he recovered himself, and stood delivering his deadly shots with the same stolidity and regularity with which he hammered in a bean-pole.

With oaths and yells the men hurried down the road.

We ran out. Yakob lay on the floor white and ghastly. My mother raised his head.

"He is dying," she said.

"Why did he throw his life away for the old shanty?" cried Sue, impatiently.

Yakob shook his head. "Not de house."

The same thought came to us both. We pushed the door open. On the bed lay a pallid skeleton of a man—our brave, handsome Charley!

For more than a month Yakob had hidden him there, afraid to trust even his mother with the secret.

If the faithful German had died for his friend, it would have been but one of many such sacrifices which that test-time brought from men.

But Charley lived, and is now a sturdy farmer on the Shenandoah. Yakob is his steward and partner—known to all the country-side as the ugliest, shrewdest, most honest man in the valley.—*Youths' Companion.*

Fashion Notes.

Silver back combs are again in vogue.

It is the style to wear a large bouquet in the belt.

Iceland floss is much used for crocheting shawls and sacques.

Glove flirtations are now added to those of the fan and handkerchief.

The materials most fashionable for the wedding gown of the present are silk or satin brocade.

Rough straw hats and bonnets look well nicely braided, with pipings of velvet between the braids.

Half-flowing sleeves, with old-fashioned lace undersleeves, are seen on some of the new costumes.

White suits have the fronts cut open diamond shape and caught with many-colored loops of narrow ribbon.

Thick fringes of buds falling from under the straw curtains of bonnets is a new caprice of fashion.

A novel bonnet is composed entirely of bunches of purple grapes, with green leaves and tendrils intermixed.

The cheap grade of black glace silks are now being used for traveling suits, instead of the gray bege suitings. These do not retain the dust and are always in taste. A plain linen collar, with cuffs, completes the costume.

WATERLOO bridge, one of the finest and most elegant bridges crossing the Thames, has latterly become so insecure that it will have either to be repaired at an enormous cost or else pulled down. It was built soon after the celebrated battle, and opened with great ceremony by George IV.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

BE shy of patent, high-priced implements of all kinds.

MANY farmers in Indiana have planted from four to six acres each in artichokes for hogs.

IF farmors would dress their land better they would soon be able to dress their families better.

EVERYBODY should keep this important truth fully engraven on his mind—a poor tool or a poor team is always dear at any price, and is one of the sure signs of mismanagement and poverty of soul.

MEN who have farmed for eighty years almost universally testify that they learned more of the business in the last forty than in the first forty of their lives. And yet many think it is easy to learn farming.

"LOOK where you will on the farm, whether at its fruit gardens, grains, or animals, we shall find that whatever reaches the highest fitness for its destined purpose is beautiful; and whatever fails of fitness is simply ugly."—*Welsh.*

PRESIDENT WILDER, of the American Pomological Society, says he should never use tar of any kind as protection against mice without first wrapping the stem of the tree in cloth or other material to keep the tar from contact with the bark.

CASES frequently occur where a man who is too lazy to farm quits and becomes a very successful preacher. But it never occurs where he is too indolent to preach that he ever becomes a successful farmer. That rule will not work both ways.

THOSE who are using up their farms by constant cropping should study the fate of those republics that once gemmed the shores of the Mediterranean, whose very names are almost forgotten. Their fate can be summed up in a few words. Their lands were worn out by bad farming.—*Des Moines Register.*

SALT IN THE GARDEN.—If cabbages do not head properly, a pinch of salt to each head will be beneficial, or, better, give them a slight watering at night with weak brine—say one table-spoonful of salt to one gallon of water. This may be repeated later in the season. A single watering with quite weak brine is also excellent for watermelons, about the time the fruit is setting.—*Springfield Union.*

A WELL-KNOWN horticultural editor says the objection against watering when the sun shines on the plants is a purely theoretical one, and appears only in the writings of those who have but little actual experience. Nevertheless, the evening *is* the proper time for watering when the best results in the conservation of moisture are expected. Actual experience has taught that plants wilting from the effect of heat should be shaded as well as watered. Experience has also taught that superficial waterings do but little good. The water given should reach the roots of the plants. The great objection to watering under a hot sun is that the exhalation is so strong that much of the water given is quickly evaporated.—*Prairie Farmer.*

PERIODS OF GESTATION IN DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—With the larger animals the periods vary materially. Age appears to have some influence, old animals usually going longer than young ones. The popular notion that males are carried longer in the womb than females is not borne out by our observations. In the case of mares the variation is greatest, and with cows next, decreasing as we descend the scale of sizes and periods. The longest and shortest periods of gestation and incubation given in the annexed table are of rare occurrence:

Animals.	*Average. Days.*	*Known Limits. Days.*
Mare	340	320 to 419
Cow	275	245 to 320
Ewe	154	144 to 161
Sow	122	101 to 123
Goat	156	150 to 163
Bitch	64	55 to 67
Cat	59	47 to 56
Rabbit	28	30 to 35
Turkey	30	26 to 32
Hen	21	18 to 24
Swan	35	35 to 42
Goose	30	28 to 34
Duck	28	24 to 30
Pea hen	28	27 to 29
Pigeon	16	15 to 17

—*Exchange.*

About the House.

WASHING FLUID.—Half a pound of sal soda, quarter of a pound borax dissolved in one gallon of hot soft water; let it settle; pour off in bottles; one gill of this mixture with a pint of soft soap, or half a bar of soap dissolved in hot water, is enough for a washing.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE (SWEET).—Two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of sugar,, one cupful of sweet milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two table-spoonfuls of melted butter bake in jelly pans in two or three cakes, as desired.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Take a pint of sour milk, break an egg into it, stir in a spoonful or two of flour and add Indian meal enough to make a thick batter; put in a teaspoonful of salt, stir it five minutes, then add a heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water; bake in a pan or on a griddle.

PAINT FOR FLOORS.—There is but one paint suitable for floors, and that is French ocher. First, if the boards have shrunk, clean out the joints well, and, with a small brush, give a heavy coat of boiled linseed oil; then putty up solid. Now paint the whole floor with a mixture of much oil and little ocher for the first coat; after it is well dried, give two more coats of much ocher and little oil; finally, finish with a coat of first-rate copal varnish.—*Ohio Farmer.*

TO RENOVATE BLACK MERINO.—Rip the dress apart; then soak the goods in warm soap-suds two hours; dissolve one ounce of extract of logwood in a bowl of warm water, add sufficient warm water to cover the goods, which is to be taken from the suds without wringing; let the dress stand in the logwood-water all night; in the morning rinse in several waters without wringing in the last water; add one pint of sweet milk; iron while damp; it will look like new.

MUTTON STEW.—Take three pounds of breast or neck of mutton, cut in pieces, put in a stew-pan with just enough water to cover, adding a pinch of salt; let it stew gently for one hour, skim off all the fat; peel and slice six potatoes and four onions, then sprinkle and put all the ingredients into another stew-pan in layers, first a layer of vegetables, then one of meat, and sprinkle seasoning of pepper and salt and savory between each layer; cover closely, and let the whole stew very slowly for one hour, shaking it frequently to prevent its burning. This is a good dish for a family dinner, and is easily made.

PLASTER OF PARIS AS A CEMENT.—It is a good plan to keep a box of plaster of paris in the house. Be sure and set it where no water can be spilled upon it. If the burner of a lamp becomes loosened, mix up a little with water and put around the glass top of the lamp, then put the brass on. The whole operation should be performed as quickly as possible, for the plaster hardens almost instantly. A board or some dish you will not wish to use again will be the best thing to mix the plaster on, as it is almost impossible to use it after it sets. Where there are cracks, or large, unsightly nail-holes in the wall, plaster of paris may be used to fill them up.—*Springfield Union.*

Utah Divorces.

The Supreme Court of Minnesota has decided that a divorce granted by a Utah court, where neither of the parties ever acquired a bona fide residence in Utah, and were both during the conduct of the divorce proceeding residents of Minnesota, is not valid in Minnesota, and not a protection against the consequences of a second marriage, and that a belief in its validity is not a defense to an indictment for bigamy.

Hygiene and Consumption.

At the tables of how many farmers and mechanics, we wonder, is the buckwheat breakfast gone into disgrace? We readily recall the time when uncounted multitudes of families broke their fast of twelve hours and faced the work of a blustering winter day with nothing but greasy buckwheat cakes and molasses! They might almost as well have eaten sawdust; and what had they for dinner? Boiled salt pork and potatoes, and for supper boiled salt pork and potatoes again—cold, and made palatable with vinegar! Ah, we forget the pie—the everlasting pie, with its sugary center and leathery crust—the one titillation of the palate that made life tolerable. Good bread and butter or milk, abundant fruit, beef, or mutton, nutritious puddings—all these things have been within the reach of the people of New England, for they have always been the thriftiest people in the world; but they have cost something, and they have not really been deemed necessary. The people have not realized that what they regarded as luxuries were necessaries, and that the food upon which they have depended for protection from the climate, and for the repair of the wastes of labor, has been altogether inadequate, and has left them with impoverished blood and tuberculous lungs.

After taking into account all the influence of heredity, which is made much of in treating of the causes of phthisis, insufficient nourishment is responsible alike, in most instances, for the deposit of tubercle and the inflammation to which it naturally gives rise. There are many men who, by a change of living, render the tubercles already deposited in their lungs harmless. Vitality becomes so high in its power that it dominates these evil influences, and they live out a fairly long life with enemies in their lungs that are rendered powerless by the strength of the fluid that fights them. We have seen consumption cured again and again by the simple process of building up the forces of vitality through passive exercise in the open air, and the supply of an abundance of nutritious food; and we have no doubt that it can be prevented in most instances by the same means.

No human body con long endure the draught made upon it by a cold climate and by constant labor, unless it is well fed, well clothed and well housed. Somewhere deterioration will show itself, and in New England—nay, all over the kingdom of Great Britain it is the same, where the people are worse fed than here—the poverty of blood shows itself in the deposit of tuberculous matter in the lungs. There should be, by this time, some improvement in New England, in consequence of the increased intelligence of the people, but, so long as so many of them are running westward, and their places are taken by an ignorant foreign population, it is not likely that the statistics will show much improvement for a great many years to come. If our physicians could only be paid for preventing disease, and could be permitted to prescribe for each family its way of living, there would be but little difficulty in routing from its stronghold that most fatal and persistent enemy of human life which we call consumption.—*Dr. Holland, in July Scribner.*

Value of Government Signal Service.

The system of danger signals, adopted by the United States Government, has proved of great benefit to shipping. All along the coasts are stations, at which plainly visible signals are displayed, to warn ship Captains of approaching storms. The reports of observers at the stations are required to give all instances in which vessels have remained in port on account of official warnings given. In these cases danger is avoided, and statistics show that disasters to shipping have been considerably fewer since the introduction of the cautionary signals.

The agricultural interests of the country also have been greatly benefited by the daily bulletins sent to every farming district in the land by the Weather Department. These bulletins are made from telegraphic reports received at appointed centers of distribution, where they are at once printed, placed in envelopes, and addressed to designated postoffices in the district to be supplied. Each Postmaster receiving a bulletin has the order of the Postmaster General to display it instantly in a frame furnished for the purpose.

The bulletins reach the different offices, and are displayed in the frames, on an average, at 11 o'clock in the morning, making about ten hours from the time the report first left the chief signal officers until it appeared placarded at every center of the farming populations, and became accessible to all classes even in the most distant parts of the country.

The information given on these bulletins has been found especially valuable to those farmers who take an interest in the study of meteorology, or the science of weather, and the facts announced are so plain that any intelligent person may profit by them. For instance, each bulletin now announces, for its particular district, what winds in each month have been found most likely and what feast likely to be followed by rain. Attention given to this one simple piece of information will result in increasing the gains and reducing the losses of harvesting.

Warnings of expected rises or falls in the great rivers are made with equal regularity, telegraphed, bulletined in frames, and also published by the newspapers, at the different river cities. These daily reports give the depths of water at different points in the rivers' courses, and thus make it easy for river shipping to be moored safely in anticipation of low water, when ignorance might lead to the grounding of the boats on sand-bars or mud-banks. The notices of the probable heights which freshets may reach are followed by preparations upon the "levees" and river-banks, to guard against overflows.—*James H. Flint, in St. Nicholas for July.*

The Dead of Shiloh.

The dead were buried on the spot; the wounded removed to camp; the rebel camp destroyed, with a large amount of property, and this was the last of the fighting at Shiloh. The losses sustained by both armies exceeded the frightful number of 25,000 men. Four years after the battle, a writer, visiting Shiloh and Corinth, gave a hideous picture of the condition of things. He stated that 12,000 Confederate soldiers lay unburied on the two fields. After the battle of Shiloh, Gen. Grant ordered the dead of both armies to be buried. The inhumation, however, consisted of little more than a thin covering of earth, which the heavy rains have, long since, washed off, and the remains of brave men, who periled all for their country's sake, lie exposed to the elements. This fact is disgraceful to the Government and the people, and should be remedied with the least possible delay. Instead of squandering means over idle parades, it should be our duty and pleasure to give the bleaching bones of our gallant dead the rites of decent burial. It is respectfully and earnestly suggested that Congress adopt some measure for the preservation of the remains at Shiloh—that a cemetery be established and graves properly marked; also, that the church of Shiloh be rebuilt as a national memorial.—*Col. De Hass, in Philadelphia Times.*

THE custom of kissing the Pope's toe was introduced about 708.

LEWIS CASS' ONLY SON.

The Romance in the Life of the Most Beautiful Daughter of Michigan.

[From the Detroit News.]

Emily V. Mason was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in the Northwest. Her family were patrician and all her associations were elevated. In 1838, when her father was Secretary of the Territory of Michigan, she enjoyed a political as well as a social distinction, and later, when Michigan was erected into a State, her brother, Stevens T. Mason, became the first Governor, and she presided over the household, and dispensed a liberal and graceful hospitality. The gubernatorial mansion was the center of the culture and fashion of the Northwest, and Miss Mason was at the head of the society of the Wolverine metropolis.

While Miss Mason was discharging the duties of first lady of the State, Maj. Lewis Cass was at West Point. During his vacations he visited his home and was thrown much into the society of the brilliant Emily. He was younger than she, and if he was smitten by her beauty and accomplishments he never summoned the courage to propose.

The sudden death of Gov. Mason and the breaking up of the Mason homestead and the reverse that followed obliged Miss Mason to look about for means of support. She was a girl of proud, independent spirit, and with the remains of her property she purchased a market farm in Fairfax county, Va., and began business like a practical woman. She developed energy and commercial foresight, and soon enjoyed abundant prosperity. She supported herself and her orphaned nieces in elegant style, worked hard, and acquired a competence.

At the outbreak of the civil war her home was one of the most delightful in all Virginia, and she was enabled to devote a considerable portion of time to literature. The war, however, scattered her fortune to the winds, and left her all but destitute. She was now a fully matured woman, over 40 years of age, strong, resolute and energetic. Driven from her home, she went to Richmond and became a nurse in the hospitals. The Federal prisoners who came under her ministrations were objects of her especial care.

On the close of the war she devoted herself to the education of Southern orphans, and published several works of an educational character. She dwelt in Washington for a while, and her home in Pennsylvania avenue was the resort of some of the most brilliant men and women in the capital. She occupied a position in one of the Government offices for a time, and everywhere commanded respect and admiration. She finally took up her residence in Paris.

Many years before this Maj. Cass had established himself in the French capital, and had become a Frenchman in his tastes and methods of life. The two met, and the concealed passion of early years, rekindled in the breast of the old gentleman, led him to offer Miss Mason his hand and fortune, but she said that she had resolved never to marry, and the Major asked her to do him the honor of granting him her friendship. Then, until his death, which occurred rather suddenly, Miss Mason was his companion in that friendship in which the French in the decline of life know so well how to associate, and she closed his eyes and took charge of his remains. Under the terms of his will his body was embalmed and brought to Michigan. A plain tomb, to cost not more than $200, will mark the resting place of Lewis Cass, the self-expatriated descendant of Michigan's greatest son. The will of Major Cass bequeaths to Miss Mason $6,000, three diamond rings, which the testator dearly prized, and makes her the joint executrix of the instrument.

Drinking Brandy in England.

I took the train to Birmingham at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. My carriage companion was a beautiful woman, and her beauty impressed me the more because of its delicate character, and because she was the first really pretty woman of her class that I had yet seen in England. She was just tall enough to be noticeably so, and the noble elegance of her figure could not be concealed by her traveling dress. This was a long garment of a soft texture and light color, buttoned from the throat to the lower hem with buttons of the same tint as that of the dress. Her hat, or her bonnet, was also of the same material, and without ornament of any kind. In her dainty ears were small dull-gold earrings, set with turquoises, which were matched by the brooch which confined the lace frill around her lovely throat. Her eyes were blue, her brow fair; her mouth had the child-like sweetness which Murillo gave to the lips of his virgins; in expression her face was cherubic. She apparently had no other luggage than a small Russia leather bag, which she put into the rack above our heads. We sat in silence, for there was no occasion for my speaking to her, and she looked mostly out of the window.

After we had passed one or two stations she took down the little hand-bag, opened it, took out a bottle and a small silver cup, and, turning herself somewhat more to the window, poured something into the cup and drank it off at a draught. I did not see what she drank, but in an instant I knew. The perfume filled the whole carriage. It was brandy; and the overpowering odor with which I was surrounded told me of the strength of her draught as well as if I had mixed her grog myself, or had joined her in a sociable cup. At this I was not so much astonished as I should have been two or three days before, for at the Birmingham festival I had seen, during the interval between the two parts of a morning performance, potations of the same kind by ladies of whose respectability there could be no question.—*Atlantic Monthly for July.*

Trials of Newspaper Men.

One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession is that its members see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the vanities that want to be puffed; all the revenges that want to be reaped; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers that want to be thought eloquent; all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising columns; all the men who want to be set right that never were right; all the crack-brained philosophers with stories as long as their hair; and all the bores who come to stay five minutes but talk hours. Through the editorial and reportorial rooms, all the follies and shams of the world are seen day after day, and the temptation is to believe in neither God, man, or woman. It is no surprise to me that in this profession there are some skeptical men. I only wonder that journalists believe anything.—*De Witt Talmage.*

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.

AT the recent fishmongers' banquet in London, Mr. Gladstone declared the French and Italian cooks to be the best in the world, and hoped that the English would learn to imitate them, and stand out against the traditional bloody roast beef.

Insolvency Laws.

The repeal of the national Bankrupt law, to take effect Sept. 1, puts the question of bankruptcy back into the hands of the States, whence it was taken by Congress. The old State laws will be revived, or, in many cases, new ones are likely to be made to meet the emergency, as in Rhode Island, and the merchants in the trade centers must familiarize themselves with the differing existing statutes throughout the country. Only twenty-five of the States have insolvency laws which will become operative, and there is little uniformity about their provisions. The twenty are: California, Connecticut, Dakota, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, North Carolina, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont and Wisconsin.

The Emotions in Education.

One large department of psychology is made up of the classification, definition, and analysis of the emotions. The applications of a complete theory of emotion are numerous, and the systematic expansion must be such as to cope with all these applications. We here narrow the subject to what is indispensable for the play of motives in education.

First of all, it is necessary to take note of the large region of sociability, comprising the social emotions and affections. Next is the department of anti-social feeling—anger, malevolence, and lust of domination. Taking both the sources and the ramifications of these two leading groups, we cover perhaps three-fourths of all the sensibility that rises above the senses proper. They do not indeed exhaust the fountains of emotions, but they leave no other that can rank as of first-class importance, except through derivation from them and the senses together.

The region of fine art comprises a large compass of pleasurable feeling, with corresponding susceptibilities to pain; some of this is sensation proper, being the pleasures of the two higher senses; some is due to associations with the interests of all the senses (beauty of utility); a certain portion may be called intellectual, the perception of unity in variety; while the still largest share appears to be derived from the two great sources above described.

The intellect generally is a source of various gratifications and also of sufferings that are necessarily mixed up with our intellectual education. Both the delights of attained knowledge and the pains of intellectual labor have to be carefully counted with by every instructor.

The pleasures of action or activity are a class greatly pressed into the educational service, and therefore demand special consideration.

The names self-esteem, pride, vanity, love of praise, express powerful sentiments, whose analysis is attended with much subtilty. They are largely appealed to by every one that has to exercise control over human beings. To gratify them is to impart copious pleasure, to thwart or wound them is to inflict corresponding pain.—*From "Education as a Science," by Prof. Bain, in Popular Science Monthly for July.*

Death by Hanging Painless.

All the evidence goes to show that death by hanging is painless, and there is positively no fact or well-founded opinion to the contrary. If this be the case, then, what is the explanation of it? Simply this: That in every form of strangulation the blood-vessels of the neck are compressed, as well as the air-passages. A large part of the blood is returned from the head by the external jugular veins, which are very near the surface, and in which the current can be checked by slight pressure. Most of the blood from the brain itself comes back through the internal jugulars, which lie near, but a little outside of, the carotid arteries. The walls of veins are lax and yielding, so as to be easily compressed, while those of the arteries are firm and elastic, and it requires considerable force to approximate them. Pressure, then, which is sufficient to close the jugular veins only crowds the carotids a little farther inward, and the blood is still poured through them into the brain, whence it cannot escape. When this pumping process is going on at the rate of seventy strokes a minute, it is easy to understand how the engorgement of the vessels of the brain, in a very brief time, reaches a degree which causes insensibility. To explain why this congestion causes unconsciousness would involve a technical discussion which would here be out of place. It must suffice to say that it does; so that, as the cerebral congestion in a hanged person brings on insensibility within a minute, while the physical agony of suffocation does not begin until later, it follows that the victim does not feel any of the pangs of asphyxia. He first becomes insensible, with accompanying pleasurable feelings, from cerebral congestion, and then is choked to death while unconscious.—*Dr. R. S. Tracy, in Popular Science Monthly for July.*

A Girl's Fight with a Rattlesnake.

One day last week, Miss Mary Fleshman, daughter of Mr. Perry Fleshman, living two miles east of Platte City, had a thrilling adventure with a rattlesnake. She was riding on horseback along through the woods, when she dropped her glove. She dismounted to secure it, and, as she was stooping to pick it up, she discovered a large rattlesnake at least six feet long, coiled and in the act of striking. It did strike, but failed to reach her and fell at her feet. She sprung back with a cry of horror, but almost instantly the snake recoiled and struck again. This time the venomous fangs struck in the front part of her bonnet, and, the hold tearing out with the force of the blow and the weight of the snake, it fell on the ground at her feet. Instantly it reared up in front of her, its venomous breath right in her face. Scarcely knowing what she did, she seized the snake just below the head with both hands, and, holding for a moment, with desperate energy she slung it from her and fled. It was a narrow escape, but we are rejoiced to say that Miss Fleshman sustained no other injuries than those which result from violent excitement and nervous prostration.—*Platte City (Mo.) Landmark.*

A Sun Dance.

The young men at Spotted Tail's camp are just concluding their annual sun dance, and the barbarous festival has been one of more than ordinary success. Forty-eight candidates passed through the terrible ordeal of self-torture and are entitled to full diplomas as warriors of unquestioned bravery. The candidate for honors cuts two longitudinal slits down each breast; one end of a lariat is passed under the strip of skin and flesh left between the incisions and tightly tied, and the other end is made fast to the top of a high pole. The candidate then throws himself backward with his weight upon the lariat, and the dance goes on until the flesh gives way. Should he fail to break loose in the manner prescribed, or should he faint during the operation he is forever disgraced. The sun dance just closed was held about fifteen miles back from the Missouri river, and was witnessed by about 7,000 Indians and twenty-five whites. Old Spotted Tail was master of ceremonies.—*Yankton (Dak.) telegram.*

Perfection in Cookery.

The nearest approach to perfection in articles designed for kitchen use is that of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER. With very little experience the housewife or cook is always sure of delicious biscuits, rolls, bread, cake, etc., every time.

DON'T FORGET that the country is full of tramps and thieves, and that you ought to be provided with a weapon of defense. See advertisement in another column headed "DON'T FORGET IT."

DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR is for the cure of Palpitation, Enlargement and Spasms of the Heart, Trembling all over and about the Heart, and all tendency to Ossification of the Heart; also, Rheumatism and Debility of the Heart, and General Debility and Sinking of the System. Also, for Nervous, Sleepless and Restless Patients, and for all complaints arising from Heart Disease, either organic or sympathetic. Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is recommended for only the cure of Heart Disease, and it does its work. Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, etc.

For sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

WILHOFT'S TONIC is not a panacea—is not a cure for everything, but is a catholicon for malarious diseases, and day by day adds fresh laurels to its crown of glorious success. Engorged Livers and Spleens, along the shady banks of our lakes and rivers, are restored to their healthy and normal functions. Health and vigor follow its use, and Chills have taken their departure from every household where Wilhoft's Anti-Periodic is kept and taken. Don't fail to try it. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LIFE is full of disappointments. We recently offered to cure a bad case of Rheumatism for a year's subscription in advance, but just as we were on the point of lifting the shekels a sympathizing friend suggested *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, and the money and the patient vanished instanter.

AFTER you have read all of the important news in this paper read the advertisements, and the "DON'T FORGET IT" advertisement in particular.

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The Celebrated
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HANDY TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE.—There is nothing like GRACE'S SALVE for the immediate relief and speedy cure of Burns, Scalds, Flesh Wounds, Cuts, Felons, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Erysipelas, old Sores, &c. 25 cents a box. Sold by druggists generally.

FOR upwards of 30 years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

PARSONS' *Purgative Pills* make new rich blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill a night from one to twelve weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the Hair.

DON'T FORGET IT—That you ought to read the advertisement so headed in another column of this paper.

**The Greatest Discovery of the Age is Dr. Tobias' celebrated Venetian Liniment! 30 years before the public, and warranted to cure Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic and Spasms, taken internally; and Croup, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throats, Cuts Bruises, Old Sores, and Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, externally. It has never failed. No family will ever be without after once giving it a fair trial. Price, 40 cents. DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in Pint Bottles, at One Dollar, is warranted superior to any other, or NO PAY. for the cure of Colic, Cuts, Bruises,