LIGHT.

(The following exquisite poem, by William Pitt Palmer, was some years ago pronounced by one of the most eminent of European critics to be the finest production of the same length in our language.)

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, tried and true,
Came forth among the dead,
With the wondrous gleams of the bridal beams
I bid their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains,
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend.
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of Kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks eve for his lover,
And sinks to a balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted out from the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassionless, dark, lone, weltering bark
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in the dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountains and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their matinal sheen.
Oh, if such the glad worth of thy presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with Deity's smile.

WHO MILKED THE COWS?

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The commission of the crime of murder never produced a profounder impression on any community than did the affair known as "The Hattie Robson Case," which startled a quiet neighborhood in the western part of Pennsylvania about thirty years ago.

And it is singular that the discovery of the perpetrator of the heinous crime should hinge upon the simple milking of several cows on the morning and night of the 27th of April, 1841.

Hattie Robson was the young widow of a farmer, who, after departing this life, left her a goodly sum in ready cash and a farm whose broad acres, noted for their fertility, trended to the banks of the Susquehanna. It was natural that some of Hattie's suitors, during the days of her boyhood, should resume their attentions at the expiration of her time of mourning, for now she was well situated, and could make life comfortable, even luxurious, for the second husband of her choice.

She dwelt several miles from the nearest town, in a neighborhood rather thickly settled. Occasionally she visited some neighbors; but, on the whole, she was not liked on account of certain reports which evil-disposed persons had circulated against her. Hattie Robson, despite her coquetry, was a good woman, and that she died such there is no doubt.

One afternoon, a youth passing the farm-house noticed a peculiar and offensive odor, which seemed to emanate from the building. He stopped and proceeded to investigate, thinking that one of the widow's dogs lay dead somewhere on the premises, and resolving to inform her if his surmises were correct. But, as he approached the house, the odor became so disgusting and full of nausea that he believed it to arise from the decomposition of a human body.

It was a warm day in April, spring being very forward, and a swarm of flies started from the door, which stood ajar. The young man now determined to proceed, and recollecting that he had not seen the widow for several days, though he had passed the house frequently during that time, passed over the threshold. The front door opened into the widow's sitting-room, or parlor, adjoining which was her bedchamber.

It was from this latter apartment that the sickening smell emanated, as the boy soon discovered.

The sight that greeted him as he opened the door which led into the boudoir was enough to appall the stoutest heart.

On a bed, and half disrobed, lay the bloated form of Hattie Robson. A glance told the youth that she was dead, and the cleft skull also gave a startling aspect to the hideous sight.

The daring boy did not investigate further, but left the house in haste and spread the report that the widow had been murdered.

Now, in the community such a crime had never been known, and it is not surprising that the youth's excited description of his adventure should be taken with some allowance. But there were a few who proceeded to the farm-house, and satisfied themselves of the boy's truthfulness. The excitement that followed the confirmation soon became intense, and the medical men who examined the corpse declared that Hattie Robson had been dead for at least three days.

This opinion immediately created remark, for there were people ready to swear that on the day prior to the boy's discovery they had seen the widow milking her cows in the barnyard. Her farm hand had left a week previous to visit relatives in an adjoining State, and the widow had taken care of the stock in person.

It needed no proof that a woman who had been dead for three days could not milk her cows thirty-six hours after the separation of soul and body. The physicians adhered to their opinion, and the particular neighbors would not retract one of their asseverations. Though they were not near the house at the time mentioned, they knew it was Hattie, for the light-blue dress and the gray shawl were the distinguishing features of the habit of the woman who had milked the cows.

The wound in the widow's head had been made by a sharp-edged instrument, and a hatchet found under the front step was declared to be the murderous weapon. There were blood and hair upon its steel, and the marks of bloody fingers on the handle. It belonged to the widow, as was well known. There were few signs of a struggle in the little bed-chamber; but it was evident that the widow had been surprised at her hour for retiring. A broken chair and an overturned stand, with a rent in the widow's underclothes, were the only signs of a struggle left behind by the assassin.

An examination of the premises, made under the eye of the county magistrate, revealed the fact that no article of value was missing save the widow's jewels, of little worth, and inferior metal. This discovery seemed to say that the crime had not been perpetrated for the sake of robbery, for a large sum of money was of easy access. Revenge appeared to have been the motive, and the assassin in his sweep of crime had come across the jewelry, which he had appropriated, perhaps, to appease some recalcitrant mistress.

Hattie Robson was buried, and the reward offered by the county failed to throw any light upon the affair. The people who averred that they had seen Hattie milking her cows on the morning and night of the 27th of April still maintained their ground whenever the matter was brought up in their presence. No detective came to work up the case; the reward was so meager that no manhunter with a growing reputation could afford to dabble in it. It was pretty generally believed that for once the medical fraternity were mistaken, and that the widow had milked her cows at the times referred to.

Among the doctors who held the post-mortem over the widow's corpse was a late graduate named Bullock. He was a young man of strong proclivities, hard to convince in argument, and chagrined when disputed. He fought the argument that the widow had attended to her stock on the 27th, and his earnestness soon drew upon him much dislike. His practice began to decline; but he proclaimed his expressed opinion the louder, even going so far as to declare that the person who had milked the cows was the murderer.

One morning the doctor found the following note on his table. It had been slipped into the office by the window during the night:

"DR. BULLOCK: You had better be careful how you talk about the milking of the cows. Are you trying to make out that a woman killed Hattie Robson? If you do not bridle your tongue you must leave the neighborhood, or take the consequences. This is from a friend who does not want to see you get into trouble."

There was no signature to this communication.

"I do believe that a woman killed Hattie Robson!" the doctor said aloud, when he had finished the perusal of the note; "I am not going to leave this community until I find out, and then I may not go."

The next moment Bullock was looking over a mass of papers which he kept in an office drawer. They were orders for medicine which his patrons had sent by their children and others. He was comparing the chirography of each with that of the mysterious note. At last he struck one which made his eyes glitter with triumph, and a comparison showed that the handwriting of both were the same.

The little order ran as follows:

DOCT. BULLOCK: Send me another vial of the neuralgia medicine by Johnny.

MRS. DAVIS.

Having discovered to his satisfaction the author of the mysterious note, he put the papers in his memorandum.

Mrs. Davis was the wife of a farmer and one of the widow's neighbors. Her disposition was not of the best, and it was known that she had upon several occasions taken pains to circulate reports concerning Hattie Robson. Added to this a jealous disposition, a tyrannical motherhood, and a dislike of herself because her beauty was fading, the farmer's spouse was not the paragon of her sex.

Dr. Bullock resolved to devote much of his time to the vexed question of the milking of the cows.

He suddenly stopped talking on the subject, preferring to be considered vanquished than to compromise the success of his plans, and it was not long before a second note in the chirography of the first found its way to his table. It was almost immediately seized, for the doctor had quietly moved his cot in the office, and a minute later he was hurrying through a wood at the edge of the town.

Emerging from the turn at the mouth of the lane that led up to the house of farmer Davis, the doctor-detective stationed himself in the shadows and waited. At the end of half an hour the sound of hoofs was heard, and, presently, the figure of a woman on horseback loomed up before him.

He saw her enter the lane, and, as she leaned forward to open the gate, he stepped from his concealment and grasped the bridle.

An exclamation of surprise hailed his sudden action.

"Mrs. Davis!" he said, looking up into the rider's face. "You need not attempt to escape, for the man who holds your bridle saw *you* milk Hattie Robson's cows on the 27th of last April. You put on her clothes, and undertook to personate her, to disarm suspicion. I am Dr. Bullock, and to me your crime is known."

There was a loud shriek, that echoed far across the country, and the falling figure was caught in the doctor's arms.

Puzzled by his situation, the physician was debating the best course of procedure, when he heard a rapid footstep, and he beheld the husband at his side.

"Your wife has fainted, sir," Bullock said.

"But why are you here?"

"Why? Ask her when she recovers!" and the fainting woman was thrust upon her startled husband's charge.

Bullock started to return.

"Tell me the truth," the farmer said, following him. "There is no love between this woman and I, though we are man and wife. Dr. Bullock, for God's sake, I implore you to tell me!"

The doctor turned and told Isaac Davis all, and, when he had finished, the husband started back with an oath.

"I'll hand the guilty woman over to the law! I'll see her hang!" he cried. "She lied me into marriage, and I'll push her up the gallows steps!"

The farmer was excited beyond control, and when he looked upon the white face upturned to his he uttered a cry of horror. There was something awful about it.

Bullock, attracted by the cry, sprung forward as Davis dropped his wife upon the ground.

He saw the cause of the farmer's horror—the woman was dead.

Two white-faced men went silently up the lane that night, and entered the farm-house. One laid a dead woman on the bed, and together the twain went over the house like specters.

In a secret place they found the missing jewels of Hattie Robson, and several articles of her late wearing apparel.

"She did it, doctor!" the farmer said.

"I know it now. She was absent for four hours on the night of the 25th of April. She said she was at Weddell's, and from the evening of the 26th until the morning of the day of the finding of the widow's body she was absent again. She thought I liked the widow, and I often heard her say that Hattie's pretty face would get spoiled some of these times. My wife and Hattie were alike in build; their clothes would fit each other. What do you think, doctor?"

Bullock merely said:

"I think we know who milked the cows."

Though the mystery was never positively settled, it was generally believed that Mrs. Davis in a fit of jealous rage had taken the life of Hattie Robson, and had even dwelt in the house with the corpse for several hours, impersonating her victim in order to create dissension and cover her own trail.

But her eagerness to shut Doctor Bullock's mouth had led to her detection and sudden death. Isaac Davis sold his farm, and plunged into the wilds of the West, where he took unto himself another wife.

Bullock, proud of his bit of detective experience, relinquished the practice of medicine and took to hunting criminals with marked success; but he fell at last in the discharge of his duty—shot by a man whom he was attempting to arrest.

I have thus told the story of the Hattie Robson case, as I heard it from the lips of an old man in the little cemetery where repose the murderess and her victim.

A TALK WITH HAYES.

The Only Time His Excellency Was Ever Interviewed.

[From the Chicago Times.]

* * * Very few tarried long enough to exchange more than the common courtesies, and, in a few minutes, the representative of the *Times* was alone with the President. An expression of great relief settled upon his Excellency's countenance, and he immediately surrendered himself.

"You wish to interview me, I suppose?" he remarked.

"If you will allow yourself to be interviewed," replied the reporter.

"Well," he continued, smiling pleasantly, and speaking in a frank and somewhat confidential tone, "I have never allowed myself to be interviewed but once, and then I didn't know it until after it was over. That was at Gettysburg, when George Alfred Townsend stole a march on me and actually got a fair interview without my suspecting what he was after."

"Did he report it correctly?"

"I must say that he did, in the main. He made me pass some censure on Congress, however, that I have no recollection of having done. In fact, I don't believe that I could have made the remark he attributed to me, because I am always very careful. But in all other respects the report was a fair one, and I have never denied it, although I am aware that various parties have attempted to do it for me. None of those denials ever came from me."

The reporter suggested that Townsend's reputation in the West for veracity was not such as to make a denial of anything he might say necessary.

"So I have heard," continued Mr. Hayes, "but in this instance he seems to have made an exception. He told the truth."

"Did he slip up on you unawares?"

"No; I was holding an informal reception, very similar to the one you have just seen here, and was busily engaged in conversation with a gentleman on my right, about as I am with you now, stopping every few moments to shake hands with some new arrival. Presently Mr. Townsend came up and shook hands with me, and I continued the conversation with the friend on my right. He joined in the conversation, and we talked quite freely for some little time."

"Did you not know who and what he was?"

"Certainly I did; I had known him for some time. But, strange as it may seem, during our conversation it never occurred to me that he was a newspaper man. If it had, I should not have said as much as I did; but still I said nothing that I have ever had occasion to regret, although I undoubtedly said many things which I should not have deemed it advisable to say had I known that the conversation was to appear in print. I have never been interviewed in Washington. And yet every few days I see in the papers what purports to be an interview with me. You can always rely upon it that these reports are manufactured. I always treat newspaper men kindly, but invariably decline to express my opinions on political questions in their presence. And I do this, not because I have anything to conceal—for I do not believe in having secrets, except in exceptional cases—but for the reason that it is not generally politic."

The Exchange Fiend.

The Exchange Fiend, after an absence of two weeks in the country, where he lived off his lame and widowed aunt, came into this office yesterday, and proceeded to take possession of our choicest exchanges, with his old-time familiarity.

"I've been out in the country," he said, "for, it seems to me, at least six months, and I haven't seen a paper, excepting the *Christian Monitor* on the *Saints' Rest*, since I've been away. I want to read up this awful yellow-fever scourge which is depopulating the Southern cities. It's the most terrible thing I ever heard of, and I can hardly wait until I get hold of a New York paper to read about it."

"Here's the New Orleans *Times*," replied the exchange editor, drawing a copy of that paper from the pile before him; "it hasn't had anything in it for three weeks but Yellow Fever, Yellow Jack, Saffron Scourge, Bronze John, the Carnival of Death"—

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed the Fiend, throwing up his hands in horror, and retreating to the center of the room. "Why, that paper is printed right in the heart of the infected district, and there is nothing in the wide world that will carry disease through the country like a newspaper. I wouldn't touch it for half of Oil City."

"Beg pardon," said the editor, tossing the paper in the direction of the Fiend, from which that individual leaped as from a snake about to strike; "beg pardon; here is yesterday's Memphis *Avalanche*, damp from the press, with the smell of the bayous still upon it; sixty deaths occurred there the day before its publication, and it will give you elaborate details"—

"Take it away, take it away!" yelled the Fiend, retreating to the door, breathing hard, and looking like a man with the horrors; "please throw me over a New York or Boston paper, and I'll read it at home."

"For real information," continued the editor, unmoved, "I would recommend this little paper; it's editor and pressman died of the disease day before yesterday, and two reporters and seven printers are now down with it," and the young man twisted the paper into a ball and hit the Fiend in the face with it, remarking, "It's the Grenada *Sun*, and hasn't a blessed thing in it but yellow fever and ads."

Before the editor had finished the Exchange Fiend uttered a shriek like a lost soul, turned a back handspring out of the door, and disappeared down the stairway, seven steps at a jump.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Fish Story.

The pleasing picture of the Iowa heroine, who had two pickerel under harness, and was drawn up and down a pond in a beautiful little boat, was the sweetest story ever clipped with an exchange editor's shears. But who shall say that the ingenuity of the local chronicler has got to the end of its tether and devised the sweetest possible fish story? Here is the Whitehall *Times*, for instance, with a romance of the queen of the speckled beauties. A man has an artificial trout pond with at least 3,000 fish, each weighing from half a pound to two pounds, more or less. He also has a little girl, 5 years old, who has succeeded in training the fish so that she can go to the edge of the pond and, with a handful of crumbs, feed them from her chubby hand. They have learned to jump out of the water and snatch worms from her fingers, and they are extremely fond of their little mistress. One day she lost her balance, and pitched headlong into the water where it was deep. She says that when she went "way down" she called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed to the water's edge and reached out for his pet, and, as he raised her from the water, a perfectly solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her, and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave.—*New York Tribune.*

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

ACCORDING to a French horticulturist, the occasional bitter taste of cucumbers is entirely due to immoderately slow growth. The prevention is judicious watering in time of drought, but when cold is responsible for the mischief treatment is not so clear.

A VERY prominent leak on a great many farms is found in the careless manner in which the owner allows his stock to destroy both the growing and matured crops, and it is no uncommon thing, where this kind of a leak is allowed on a farm, to find the farmer first-rate in helping to drain his neighbor's farm in the same way.

NOTHING can be done for black knot in plum trees but to cut out the diseased part, or the parts showing any kind of disease, and burn them. If the trees are very badly affected, burn all of them. It will be of no use to try to grow healthy plums if your neighbors have diseased trees, so you should induce them also to cut out and destroy the black knots.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE most active fertilizers for wheat in the autumn are Peruvian guano and nitrate of soda, but it is not advisable to use these as early as October, except in small quantity, as they are very soluble and quickly washed away by the fall rains. One hundred pounds of either are sufficient at this time, and an equal quantity may be used in the spring.—*American Agriculturist.*

I WOULD recommend the following as a sure cure for gapes in chickens. It has been tried repeatedly by myself and several others in the neighborhood, and has always proved effectual: To every 100 chickens take three teaspoonfuls of tincture of assafœtida and mix it daily in their food. There is no patent on this—it is an old remedy for the ailment.—*Cor. Moore's Rural.*

DURING the past week, a couple of days have been devoted to destroying caterpillars, which at this season infest the orchard. We used a wagon, driving it between the rows, and severing the nests from the tree, then throwing them into a box, when they were afterward burned. If every orchardist would follow this system up, in a few years we might almost free our State of these pests.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

"WALDO" says, in the *Ohio Farmer*, that the more he experiments with it the less he likes the drilled corn. If he could always do the plowing himself, and choose his own tools, he could get a field of drilled corn tended well, but it is hard to get hands to do it rightly. He is satisfied that there will be less corn drilled in the next five years than in the past five. In traveling on the cars, three or four years ago, he paid careful attention to the corn, and found it the rule to drill and the exception to hill. Recently in traveling he counted 100 fields, 83 of which were hilled and 17 drilled.

THE marked success which has attended the seeding of timothy in the fall is making that the favorite season for sowing meadows. Some, however, make a mistake by not making the ground as rich as possible. We should prefer to manure heavily, plant to early potatoes, and dig them early in September. Then, by plowing the ground well, and sowing and rolling at once, we should, in favorable seasons, have a meadow that would yield a ton and a half of fine hay the first season. When manure is not attainable oat stubble may be turned under with good results. Should the grass grow too large before freezing, it may be slightly pastured; but too much will do it injury.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

COWS ACCUSTOMED to a great variety of food are invariably good eaters, and almost always heavy milkers. Thus, the best cows in the neighborhood are usually those of poor men, whose one cow is made a pet of, and has all sorts of food. Such cows are usually a good bargain at almost any price, though they rarely do as well when taken from their own old homes and turned in with the less-varied fare accorded to larger herds. Milkmen have learned that it is important to give cows a variety of food. Hence their purchases of bran, meal, roots and oil-cake. It may not pay farmers to take so much pains, but they can promote the thrift of their herds and their own profits by changing the animal's food as often as possible.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

ORCHARD IN GRASS.—An old friend writes us: "There is a great deal of nonsense talked and written about apple trees requiring cultivated ground. The reason why the trees do not do so well when the ground is in grass is because it is not grazed and kept short as it is in England, where all the orchards, or at least ninety-nine out of 100, are kept in grass, and never, under any circumstances, plowed. But the grass is grazed with sheep and calves and never mowed, as it is well known to be wrong to grow what is not returned to the soil in some shape. Americans do not understand the difference between the fine old permanent sod, which is never plowed, and the timothy and clover temporary grass here. When the sward is grazed in England, there is nothing to prevent sun and air from benefiting the roots, and the sheep lie a good deal under the trees and leave droppings and urine.—*Rural New Yorker.*

About the House.

BAKING POWDER.—Eight ounces of flour, eight ounces of bicarbonate of soda, seven ounces of tartaric acid; mix thoroughly by passing several times through the sieve.

FROSTING WITH GELATINE.—Dissolve a large pinch of gelatine in six tablespoonfuls of boiling water; strain, thicken with sugar, and flavor with lemon. Enough for two cakes.

TO WASH LAVENDER ORGANDIE OR LACE.—Put a table-spoonful of sugar of lead in the water, and let it soak for an hour before washing it. Wash carefully and hang in the shade to dry.

SWEET OMELET.—Beat four eggs very lightly, add a little salt and one spoonful brown sugar; pour all into a hot, buttered fry-pan; when well set, lay in two spoonfuls raspberry jam, cook one minute; roll up, and dish it, sprinkling well with powdered sugar. This is a very delicate and rich dessert.

GRATED PINEAPPLE.—Peel them carefully; cut out the eyes, and then weigh them; to each pound three-quarters pound of sugar. Grate the pineapple on a grater; put all in the skillet together and let boil until the juice is thick and clear; don't add any water to them, but save all the juice as you grate them.

BAKER'S POUND-CAKE.—Two large cups sugar, one and three-fourths cups butter, six eggs, three-fourths of a pint of cold water, seven teaspoonfuls, or one-half ounce, even full of ammonia, six coffee cups, even full, of flour; to be baked in small tins, or patty pans; half the recipe is enough for any common family.

BERRY PUDDING.—Stew a quart of blueberries and whortleberries; sweeten to taste. Take stale bread, and butter each piece; immerse each piece in the berries, and lay in a pudding-dish first a layer of bread, then a layer of berries, taking care to have the last layer one of berries. To be eaten cold, with milk and sugar.

BOILED HAM.—Having soaked a well cured ham in tepid water over night, boil it until it is perfectly tender, putting it on the range in warm water; take it up in a wooden tray, and leave it to cool. Afterward remove the bone carefully, and press the ham again into shape; return it to the boiling liquor, remove the pot from the fire, and let the ham remain until it is cold.

BAD BOYS.

A Little Boy of Six Beaten Almost to Death by a Lad of Nine Years.

A most horrible affair lately occurred at Squirrel Island, a favorite summer resort near Augusta, Me., the following particulars of which we glean from the Boston *Globe*: "It seems that the other day a little 6-year-old boy, J. Howard Butterfield, son of Henry R. Butterfield, of Waterville, who is stopping at the island, in company with quite a number of other boys, the most of whom were older than himself, were playing in the water. They were throwing stones into the water to notice the effect of the splashing made. A stone thrown by the Butterfield boy happened to splash water upon a boy 9 years old, who became angered, apparently, and told Butterfield if he caught him he would 'give him a licking.' The threat was carried out with a terrible vengeance. On Saturday morning Howard Butterfield was missing; his mother became alarmed, called loudly for him, but there was no response. Finally a search was instituted, and, after some time, the little fellow was found in the water-closet in the rear of the bowling alley. His clothing was stripped from him, his body was covered with blood, and the poor child was nearly dead. He was tenderly taken up and carried to the house, and, after being partially restored, was able to tell something concerning the transaction. Coaxed and questioned, he said, in substance, that the boy to whom reference has been made induced him to go to walk with him, promising to give him some candy. He consented, and, as they were passing the bowling alley, the boy seized Butterfield and dragged him into the water-closet. He then forced him to undress, assisting him at the same time to strip every particle of clothing from his little body, threatening to kill him if he screamed. He then beat him with a stick and kicked him violently in the stomach. The boy heard his mother calling him, but dared not respond for fear of still harsher treatment. The body of the boy was badly bruised, and the marks of the kicks were plainly visible on the bowels, and it is feared that he will not live."

A Child Fratricide.

East Cambridge, Mass., furnishes another instance of youthful precocity in crime. Johnny Lane, 13 years old, stabbed and killed his brother Timothy, a lad of 15. The boys, the sons of a blacksmith, had purchased a rabbit, and were amusing themselves with it when the fatal quarrel occurred. Two carpenters, at work on a neighboring house, observed the elder boy sink down close to the fence, back of which the rabbit's box was. His face was dreadfully pale, and black-clotted blood was oozing from his breast and running over his scanty clothing. In answer to the shouted inquiry of the carpenters, the wounded boy replied that his brother had stabbed him. The youthful murderer had in the meantime run away. The victim was immediately visited by the carpenters, who had raised him in their arms to carry him into the house, when he vomited, and immediately afterward expired. The tragedy was soon known throughout the neighborhood, and hundreds of curious spectators thronged around the body as it lay upon the grass awaiting the arrival of the medical examiner. The youthful murderer was tracked by the police to Boston, and was arrested in the house of an aunt, where he had taken refuge.

A Boy of Sixteen Kills His Mother.

Hiram Pixley, aged about 16, recently shot and instantly killed his mother, at her residence, near Tucker's Corners, N. Y. Mrs. Pixley lost her husband during the war, and was left with this son, Hiram. She had a sister who, a few years ago, married M. J. Bower, and they have lived in common at the place above named. The neighbors have witnessed many bloody fights between the two sisters, the meek man Bower and this boy Hiram now and then taking a hand in. It appears that the women were engaged in one of their spasmodic fights, and this boy got his shot-gun and told his mother if she didn't dry up he would shoot her, and, after a few more words, he lifted the gun and shot her through the breast, and she died instantly. He had threatened to shoot her many times.

Leather.

Leather has a long history. If it is a too exclusive motto that "there is nothing like leather," few manufactured things are older. It was probably the very first bit of manufacture—rude, yet suited to its purpose, the use of bark for hardening and preserving skins having, no doubt, been practiced in pre-historic times. Even your progenitor—the ancient Briton—used a strong hide thong to throw his stones with, and was scantily clad in leather—anticipating the odd desire of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. Within the period of authentic history leather has been legislated for and protected, and has often been included in sumptuary regulations. It is very odd to read that in England in the sixteenth century complaints were made that skins were tanned in three weeks (thus unconscionably shortening the period of use and wont, which had been about one year), and that in consequence an act was passed in 1548 prohibiting tanners from selling hides that were not attested to have been nine months in the tan-pit. And the jealousy of rival guilds, which did something in old days to secure the division of labor, if nothing more, is also seen in the history of leather. In 1439 tanners were prohibited from being shoemakers, while in 1562 butchers were precluded from becoming tanners under a penalty. Some of the restrictions which surrounded the leather manufacture actually remained until 1830, when they were completely removed by an act of George IV. Free trade in tanning, then introduced, gave an immense impetus to the application and extension of the chemical discoveries which had been made by Seguin in 1795, and by Sir Humphry Davy in 1803.—*Good Words.*

An Angel Unawares.

A few days ago a couple of young bloods entered the smoking car of a P. W. & B. R. R train and tried to turn one of the seats before sitting down. The seat was locked, but the bloods didn't mind that, and one of them took out his knife to pick the lock. While he was at work an elderly gentleman, seated behind the bloods, quietly remarked that they ought not to do that.

"That's all right, old man," returned the blood, "we know what we're about, so just keep your clothes on."

"Don't you know that you are liable to prosecution for that?" continued the old gentleman, mildly. "It's the same as burglary, in the eyes of the law. If you want the seat turned ask the conductor, and he will do it for you."

"You talk as though you knew a good deal," said one of the bloods, looking up with a sarcastic smile. "How long have you been in the railroad business?"

"About twenty-five years," returned the old gentleman, gently.

The blood looked just a little bit surprised as he asked: "And, pray, what position do you hold now?"

"I am President of the road," returned Mr. Hinckley, "and if you disobey any further rules of the road I shall call upon the officers to arrest you."

The young bloods took the rear car, while the passengers smiled.—*Chester (Ill.) News.*

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

CYPRUS is the home of the cauliflower.

MR. SANKEY is singing his way through England.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's favorite wife, Amelia has married again.

FAILURES in England have been heavier this year than last.

A WEALTHY East Boston widow has eloped with her milkman.

ONE can live on $2 a month in China. The thing is to get the $2.

CERTAIN locomotives are deemed unlucky, and drivers dread to travel on them.

COLORADO will have a surplus of only 40,000 bushels of wheat to export this year.

MR. JOHN WALTER, of the London *Times*, is among those selected for the British peerage.

MOSQUITOES are so thick in Stratford, Ct., that some of the farmers find it difficult to harvest their crops.

A FRANCO-JEWISH company has obtained a monopoly for the extraction of bitumen from the Dead sea.

AT Bath, Me., recently, a young couple were introduced, engaged, married and divorced—all within a week.

IT costs the English Government $50,000 a year to repair the damage to insulators and telegraph wires by stone-throwing boys.

OLE BULL is delivering farewell concerts in Norway, after which he will come to the United States and give a new series of them here.

THE Mexican *Combate* states that a strong force has been ordered to the frontier to prevent future invasions of Mexican territory by American troops.

SWARMS of venomous flies have made their appearance in and around San Andres Chalchicomula, Mexico, which have caused the death of whole flocks of sheep.

A MAN was hung recently at Union Springs, Ala. Before the procession formed the military band played "Dixie" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Ex-Gov. HENRY H. HAIGHT, of California, died at the office of his physician, in San Francisco, where he had gone for medical assistance on account of sudden illness.

A STRANGER had to carry his child's body in a coffin through the streets of Portland, from the wharf to the depot, the other day, as the city fines any one not a licensed undertaker who conveys a body in a carriage.

A BREAD-FRUIT tree has been acclimated in the State Capitol grounds at Sacramento, Cal., and is in healthy bearing. The fruit is pear-shaped, four inches long and three in diameter, with a cantaloupe flavor.

QUEEN VICTORIA has her carriage seat arranged in such a manner that the motion of the vehicle sets it rocking. In this way she can keep up a perpetual bowing to the populace without exerting her royal spine.

THE earliest known English epitaph recorded is that inscribed about 1370 in the parish of Brightwell-Baldwin, Oxfordshire, to—John the Smith. Anagrams were considered rather the thing up to the time of James I.

HORRIBLE murders have of late become as frequent in France as in the United States. A whole family, consisting of a man, his wife and two children, were lately found murdered in their rooms at Ribiere-au-Gay.

A BALTIMORE lady, who had been exceedingly annoyed by boys who rang her door-bell and then ran away, set a trap for them by which a pail of water was to be spilled upon the next person who rang the bell. In a few minutes her pastor called and was deluged.

THE Scotch papers report that Mr. Rankin, a young Kilmarnock gentleman, has just completed a journey to London and back on a bicycle. The distance, 439 miles, was run in about six days, making allowance for stoppages. The longest run in one day was 112 miles.

A GIRL in a disorderly house in Edinburgh, learning that the police had been sent in, leaped from a second-story window, and her leg came in contact with a spike on the iron railing, which ran quite through the limb and held her suspended in great agony until a blacksmith could be got to cut the railing.

A NUMBER of unemployed young men in San Francisco have combined to establish a laundry in opposition to the Chinese, who made laundry-keeping one of their chief industries. Some unoccupied public buildings have been offered them by the Common Council without charge for their experiment.

EACH Speaker of the House of Commons receives a pension of $20,000 a year, with remainder to his eldest son, at whose demise it terminates; but there is only one ex-Speaker—Viscount Eversley, Charles Kingsley's friend and neighbor—who has such pension, and he has no son. His successor, Mr. Denison, created Viscount Ossington, refused a pension. He died childless.

AMONG the candidates for the Presidency of the French republic in 1880 are Duc d'Aumale and Leon Gambetta. Marshal MacMahon will be pushed for re-election by one party, d'Aumale by the Orleanists or Monarchists, and Gambetta by the Radical Republicans. The Bonapartists hope that the political differences of 1880 will bring the Prince Imperial to the front as a sort of compromise candidate.

LAST year 308,665 British vessels entered at ports in the United Kingdom, 192,003 being sailing vessels and the remainder steamers. In point of tonnage two-thirds of this total were under steam. There entered into British ports from France 10,922 vessels; from Russia, 4,980; from the United States, 4,496. The extent of the Russian trade with England will surprise many. London had 9,253 foreign entered, against 4,184 at Liverpool.

A SUGGESTION is made by a correspondent of a French paper that bodies might with advantage be buried in the sea, which he considers to be the natural cemetery for the dead. He proposes that funeral boats, large enough to contain several bodies, be periodically dispatched from convenient places on the seashore, and that the bodies be committed to the deep at such a distance from the land as will prevent all possibility of their interfering with the public health.

Prairie Dogs.

It has always been a subject of curiosity and inquiry as to how and where prairie dogs, living on the prairie far away from any river or stream, obtain their water. Mr. F. Leech, formerly of Mercer county, Pa., and a frontiersman of experience, asserts that the dogs dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening. It matters not how far down the water may be, the dogs will keep on digging until they reach it. He knows of one such well 200 feet deep, and having a circular staircase leading down to the water. Every time a dog wants a drink he descends the staircase, which, considering the distance, is no mean task. In digging for water the animals display as much pluck as in resisting the efforts of settlers to expel them from the land of their progenitors.

AWARDS TO AMERICA AT PARIS.—The cable announces the prizes won at Paris in fifteen classes of the American section, E. & T. Fairbanks & Co. receive in Class 15 the highest and only award to any scale manufacturer.

Encouragement for the Feeble.

So long as the failing embers of vitality are capable of being rekindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and emaciated invalid. Let him not, therefore, despond, but derive encouragement from this and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in renewing the dilapidated powers of a broken-down system. Yes, thanks to its unexampled tonic virtues, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is daily reviving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored, the blood fertilized and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition, and thoroughly safe. Use it, and regain vigor!

Does the World Move?

The Rev. John Jasper, of Virginia, says, "De sun do move, for in de mornin' it shines on dis side ob de hous, whil in de ebenin, on dat side ob de hous. Now, ef he don't move, how come he dar?" Notwithstanding Mr. Jasper's logic, we yet believe the *world* moves. When Mr. Jasper's ideas constituted the popular belief, people thought that to die of small-pox or cholera was simply fulfilling one of nature's laws. Now, through vacination, small-pox is averted, while cholera, choleraic morbus, dysentery (flux), and diarrhea are readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Does not such evidence tend to prove that "the world moves?" As an external remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, swellings, bites and stings of insects, the Compound Extract of Smart-Weed has no equal. Veterinary surgeons have also employed it with marked success.

The Extended Popularity

Of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is the best evidence of its worth. Whenever you want a light, white, sweet biscuit, delicious pot-pie, elegant cake, or a choice pudding, DOOLEY'S BAKING POWDER should be used. Perfect purity and absolute full weight are the watchwords of the manufacturers.

From the Newburyport, Mass, Herald

GRACE'S SALVE should be in every family, for there is nothing of the kind exceeding it in value. For Scalds, Burns, Chapped Hands, and Sores from Humors or otherwise, it is the most speedy cure known. We speak from facts under our own observation.

NERVOUSNESS and sleeplessness can be cured by the use of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR. A single dose will enable a person to pass a comfortable night who has not known one for years, and for quieting the nerves and bringing the heart into healthy action it cannot be excelled. Try it; thousands testify to its virtues, and it will relieve you as well as others. We know it to be a medicine of great worth.

Among the many forms of Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Spasms of the Heart, Trembling all over and about the Heart, Stoppage of the action of the Heart, Ossification or bony formation of the Heart, Rheumatism, General Debility and Sinking of the Spirits. Send your name to F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., for a pamphlet containing a list of testimonials of cures, etc.

The HEART REGULATOR is for sale by druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER is the only reliable Story Paper published in the West, and is sold for half the price of Eastern papers of the same kind. Three specimen copies sent to any address for TEN CENTS. Address, THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

CHILDREN DO NOT DIE of the croup to whom DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS is administered. Parents will do well to remember this fact and keep a medicine, which saved so many lives, in the house ready for an emergency. The Balsam overcomes a tendency to consumption, strengthens weak and heals sore lungs, remedies painful and asthmatic breathing, banishes hoarseness and cures all bronchial and tracheal inflammation. If you have a cough, use it "early and often." All Druggists sell it.

WILHOFT'S FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—CHILL CURE!—SAFE AND SURE! Dr. Wilhoft's Tonic is curative and protective. It will cure Chills and protect from further attacks. Its re