

### A BARN-YARD TRAGEDY.

THE ANCIENT AGRICULTURIST UNTO THE SUMMER BOARDER:

Milk's, friend, it's ever taufk—  
So, there, boy, come to your tauf!  
O' course th're's cows that will act roun'—  
That's right, roun' ye, make the pall!

You'd like to try one, eh?—all right!  
The old man, "char, in take that,  
An' here's a gal—she's that white,  
Or, no, stranger, milk that red."

Hey! 't other side, that's the way;  
So, so, honey, steady now!  
She's a gal, and she's your play—  
Ye can't find a gentler cow.

I got her from "Squire Skinner's coh—  
Oh, yes, milkin',—prune fun—  
Honey, she's a gal, and she's your goah!  
Darn it, she's killed him, save's a gun!

Oh, my old fellow, raise yed head;  
Come now, set up, yo' yer sens—  
No, sir, ye ain't a bit dead—  
She's a gal, and she's your fence.

Where are you now? Why in the yard?  
Your haif? sayin' up that tree;  
Well, sayin' up that tree;  
Ye arnest? Why, that's just the trick  
O' milkin' with a lit cigar!

### THE GYPSY COUNTESS.

Romantic Incident in the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

S. A. SMITH.

Paris was wild with enthusiasm, and shouts of "Long live the Emperor" came from every street and lane of the great city. Applause, congratulations, and expressions of confidence came to the great conqueror from all quarters. At the palace the scene was a grand one.

The magnificence of the court, their costly velvets, and flashing jewels, the rich uniforms and court costumes, blazing with gems of the couriers and brave Generals of France, then the thousand gleaming lights, the gorgeous furniture and ornaments, the parade and pomp of royal etiquette made up a bright, glowing picture, equal to a fairy land.

Seated under a silken canopy was the Emperor Napoleon, and at his side Josephine the Empress, whose quiet yet regal demeanor would have marked her anywhere as a distinguished personage. Napoleon, with his pale, intellectual countenance, his dark, piercing eyes, and curly hair, was the picture of the great General and conqueror. The press, noted for her looks and splendor, was attired in a rich, white silk, thickly covered with gold embroidery and costly lace; on her dark, shining hair rested a coronet of diamonds and a necklace of the same gems, flashed like a river of light on the white throat. Her mantle was a rich, yellow, and was bordered by small, white flowers formed of pearls. She was surrounded by a bevy of beauties whose fresh, young charms far outshone those of the creole Empress.

After the affairs of court and camp had been discussed, and the royal pair had received the congratulations and compliments of those by whom they were so greatly admired, the Emperor, Napoleon and Josephine retired to the privacy of their own apartments, and then each one gave themselves up to the gayety and enjoyments of the hour.

"What say you to a visit to the gypsy camp?" said the young Count St. Aubyn, one of the handsomest gallants at the court. "I hear that among the tribe is a beautiful girl, a Queen, to whom all pay homage, and the Empress, for such is her name, has a wonderful gift, seeing into the future, can lift the mystic veil and read a page from each life for those whose curiosity prompts them to peek into the dim beyond."

"With all my heart, say I," exclaimed a bewitched and perfumed exquisite, who stood near the Count; "I am all impatient to catch a glimpse of the gypsy Queen, and to see what the future has in store."

All the ladies were ready and eager to accompany the gentlemen on their visit to the camp, and soon carriage after carriage, with their gay and lovely occupants, rolled away over the shaded avenues out into the beautiful country where the roving bands of gypsies had been quartered. It was a scene in an artist. On all sides an autumn-hued forest, which the declination of the sun was bathing in a sea of liquid, golden light. Through the leafy interstices a picturesque encampment of gypsies could be seen at a little distance. Standing apart from the other tents was a small, one made of alternate stripes of red and white. It was near a silvery stream, the sound of whose running waters made a sweet, low melody. As the party of high-bred court beauties and gay cavaliers approached the tents, men, women and children came out and gazed curiously at the elegantly-dressed group.

Approaching a man who seemed to be the chief, St. Aubyn said, in imperious tones:

"We want our fortunes told. Bring the woman hither, for we are not used to waiting!"

"Indeed," replied the man, laughing scuriously, "as he very deliberately sat down on the mossy ground and took a child in his arms, 'me-thinks, my haughty gentleman, you forget you are away from court, where cringing and fawning is the fashion of the hour. Here you are in the forests, out in free air, not more free than we, whom you address so softly. We are not used to such a man!'"

"I am king here, and brook no commands; I am king here, and brook no commands; I am king here, and brook no commands."

When you ask in a more fitting way to see my daughter, I may comply with your request," and, rising, the man was about to retire, when Blanche Devigne, the belle and beauty, the rarest flower amid all the court exotics, came forward, and with a smile upon her lovely countenance and a sparkle of mischief in her violet eyes, said, in her well-bred tones:

"Monsoon, pardon; but you would not disappoint so many, especially the ladies? We are all so impatient to know our fortunes told by the pretty queen who is said to have the rare gift of second sight. Surely your majesty will decide to notice my request, made in the most humble manner possible?" and the man, making a low, sweeping courtesy to the stock-brokers who stood before him, who, for a moment, hardly knew whether to be pleased or vexed with the merry girl; but at length, vanquished by the lovely, smiling face, and more by the shining gold piece she slipped into his hand, he answered:

"You think, perhaps, that my child is not, ignorant and coarse; that she is nothing but a poor, weathered vagrant like her tribe. You are much mistaken; it is fit to mate with the eagle, and she shall. But you shall see her," and putting a whistle to his lips the man blew a shrill call. The flowing drapery of crimson and white at the door of the tent occupied by the queen was drawn aside, and at the entrance stood the slight, glistening figure of Tara; a dark complexion, but with vivacious eyes, her cheeks and lips. Her hair was bluish black, and was braided in massive braids, falling far below the slender waist; her eyes were intensely dark and full, her teeth white and beautiful. Her dress was crimson, and around her waist a sash of crimson and orange; on her neck and arms were bands of gold, and a small wreath of orange was bound across her forehead. In coming forward, with a light step, she bowed, but very distantly and somewhat haughtily, and waited for her visitors to speak. All, both ladies and gentlemen, were astonished at the beauty and apparent refinement of the gypsy fortune teller.

"Will you oblige us," said the hand-some St. Aubyn, "by telling our fortunes? We have come far for that purpose, and hope you will refuse?" And for once, the happy gallant was quite humble in his demeanor, for the charms of the girl before him had subdued the

anger he felt at the insolent conduct of her father.

"I will read the future of those who wish it. Let one at a time come to my tent, ask me no question, but listen to my words and follow my advice." The girl spoke in low, musical tones, standing gracefully and in a careless attitude before the Count. At length, turning, she entered the tent.

Blanche Devigne, her costly silk robe trailing over the bright-hued leaves, and her white hands flashing with gems, looked the very embodiment of beauty and patrician birth; yet even she felt somewhat awed by the imperious manner of Tara. Entering the tent, she found the girl seated on a high, ornate cushion, and as Blanche entered, the girl fell at the entrance. Tara, with one little hand, motioned the court lady to advance. She did so; and the fortune-teller, taking the snowy, jeweled hand within her own brown palm, examined the lines very attentively.

"You are fated to see many changes, and a foreign soil will end your days. You will wed with one whom you love, but he will prove false to you; but, lady, you may avoid all the sorrow that will come if you will give up your right to him. And I will tell you of a man one who truly loves you but is too bumble for one so haughty as you to notice. You will meet him soon; marry him and be happy, or wed the noble and your life will be full of shadows."

Ending abruptly, the girl motioned her visitor away, and Blanche followed as a fly, after the last of her presence. In each one the sibyl predicted coming events, gave them warning and startled even the most sceptical by her wondrous skill. That night there was great rejoicing in the encampment, for Tara had received a large pile of shining gold from those who had come from the palace.

About a week after the visit of the court party to the gypsy Queen, Tara, at the close of a warm October evening, was seated in her favorite haunt, near the silvery stream. The moon slowly rising above the distant hills, reflected in the water, the trees looked motioned with silver, while their shadows lay underneath in great black patches; now and then could be heard, the sweet notes of the whip-poor-will and the merry chirp of crickets. Deeply lost in thought, the girl noted not the beauty of the night, nor heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

"I think, I will be great, I care not by what means, but rich and powerful I will become; my father tells me that my mother was a lady, the daughter of a wealthy land owner in the north of England, that she was well educated but silly and romantic; meeting the handsome gypsy lad at a fair she fell in love with him, and, in a fit of狂热, ran away from home. After a life of exposure and her rude wandering life, she was recognized, was arrested, but through some unknown influence, was released, but was condemned to wear a cord about her neck for the remainder of her days.

Thus ended the life of the Gypsy Countess, and Napoleon, once her friend and protector, died in exile. Truly, our sirs will find us out.

### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE POST-MASTER GENERAL.

The annual report of the Postmaster General begins with the remark by Mr. Maynard that he took charge of the department only on the 25th of August last; he speaks of it historically and as he finds it, with little reference to his own administration, which did not commence until after the expiration of the fiscal year with the transactions of which the present report is chiefly concerned. The report presents a large amount of statistical information. Attention is called to the statement of Assistant Postmaster General Brady respecting the star service transportation and last year's deficiency, as "worth careful consideration. That he has restricted the postal service to the mail only, and accelerated the delivery of mail to the extent that the post office has rendered it inadequate to the wants of the people." He further says that he has carefully reviewed the estimates submitted by General Maynard, and approves them.

The report is in all respects well arranged in its entire scope, and approves all of them as being in accordance with the problems of the department.

It is recommended for continuance of special mail facilities on railroads, such as extra trains with mail only, and acceleration of regular mail service, and the use of express and private interurban mail.

The report totals \$2,617,175.

The appropriation for 1861 was \$2,600,000.

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