

# South-Jersey Republican

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## Woman and Wine.

Soft was the gay cork flying,  
Sparked the gay champagne,  
By the light of the day that was dying,  
He filled up their goblets again.  
Let this last toast be to woman,  
"Woman, dear woman," said he,  
"Empty your glass, my darling."  
When you drink your six with me.  
But she caught his strong brown fingers,  
And held them tight in her fear,  
And through the gathering twilight  
Her fond voice fell on his ear:  
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,  
By all that you hold dear,  
Pledge a woman in tear-drops,  
Rather by far than wine."  
"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,  
By the children that begged for bread,  
By the face of her whose beloved one  
Looks on the wine when 'tis red,  
By the kisses changed to curses,  
By the tears more bitter than bane,  
By many a fond heart broken,  
Pledge me woman in wine."  
"What has wine brought to woman?  
Nothing but loss and pain,  
It has torn from her heart her lover  
And proven her prayers in vain.  
And her household gods all scattered,  
Lies tangled up in the vine;  
Oh! I pledge no woman  
In the name of so many—wines."

## New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1877.

### THE LAST OF THE TILTON-BEECHER MATTER.

Theodore Tilton called for Europe last Saturday, with his son and daughters, who are to remain in Germany to be there educated. And Tilton and his fast friend Moulton, have quarrelled! Think of that! Think of Frank Moulton's saying that he was "a blasted fool for throwing over so good a friend as Beecher for such a d—d scoundrel as Tilton." What it is all about no one as yet knows. Tilton denies it, but there is no doubt but that there is a coolness between the men, and one that cannot be warmed into the old-time friendship. Moulton suffered terribly by his staunch standing by Tilton, for it not only threw him out of the society that he delighted in, but it ruined him in his business. He was compelled to leave the firm in which he had a controlling interest, and was idle during the entire time of the fight. And now to build himself up, he has commenced business again as the agent of a Liverpool salt house, and is working like a Turk. After making the excellent he did for Tilton he was entitled to all the gratitude a man could show, and if there is a split Tilton must have been very cold blooded towards him. Beecher's salary as editor of the *Christian Union* has been cut down from \$10,000 to \$5,000, which is still too much, considering the work he does. And while Theodore makes his \$20,000 in the lecture field, and Beecher gets \$20,000 from his church, \$5,000 from the *Christian Union*, and \$30,000 from lectures, Mrs. Tilton weeps over her struggling with boards, in a small house in Brooklyn. She is the real sufferer and always will be. She has lost her husband, the man for whom she lost him has abandoned her, and the society who professed to believe in Mr. Beecher's innocence, treat her as though she were guilty. It's a queer world.

### THE MEAT BUSINESS

has been temporarily checked by an advance in the price of beef on foot. There was but a very slight margin when the steamers were fitted up for the business, and a raise of two cents a pound spoiled it. The steamers have been for several trips carrying butter to Europe, on which there is a profit made. And by the way, America exports an enormous amount of cheese to England. The Johnny Bulls have discovered that the American cheese is finer in flavor and very much cheaper than their own, and they take it in large quantities. A cheese dealer in the city told me that ninety per cent. of the "imported" Swiss and German cheese was made on the Western Reserve in Ohio, and in western New York, and that the only difference was, the native product was better than the genuine imported. And speaking of German products, America produces better

### LAGER BEER

than Germany. In this city the consumption of lager beer is enormous, and is increasing every day. Whisky and stronger drinks are being thrown out of the market, and the Americans are consoling themselves with the favorite drink of the Teutons. New York does not make good beer, as her manufacturers find it to their profit to make a cheap beer for the working classes. The beer that is drunk by the better classes, or, rather, the more wealthy people, is shipped from Toledo, Ohio, Cincinnati and Milwaukee, the beer of the three cities ranking the order I have set them down. Our brewer in Toledo ships three car-loads a day, to this city alone, for city consumption, and as much more for suburban use. The effect upon the morals of the drinking people has been good. One can't drink enough of the foaming lager to intoxicate him very well, and if he does the intoxication is not that furious, frantic kind that whisky produces. If men will drink, it is a good thing that they prefer the mild beer to the fiery whisky. Beer is driving whisky out of use. The beer from the west is shipped here in refrigerated cars, so that it lands here in as good order as it left its brewery. The business is increasing every day; all bars keep it bottled, and thousands of whisky bars now draw it from the west, the same as the exclusively German saloons.

## POLITICAL.

The President's order compelling Federal office-holders to abstain from political management is creating a vast amount of trouble in this city, where the Federal offices have been held as rewards for political work. Several Republican organizations in the city were officered exclusively by custom-house appointees, and they have all resigned their positions—not in the Custom-house but in the clubs—and are now high private. The *Times* grows about this, and predicts all sorts of trouble in the Fall. Boss Kelly professes to see in it an opportunity for carrying the Republican districts in favor of Tammany, and boasts that he will control the next legislature. They will all find themselves mistaken. The citizens who are not office-holders will take the leadership, and they will do the work more effectively than the political bums ever did. In fact, the impudent and arrogant control of the Custom-house has done the party more harm than good, from the beginning. It was not pleasant for a good Republican to go to his ward caucus, and find the machinery all set up by paid Hessians, and a ticket arranged which to him was as distasteful as though it had all been made of Democrats. For these professional politicians are all of them "on the make," and they cared very little who paid them. In the old Tweed days they would bargain with the Boss as to the kind of a Republican they would send to the Legislature, until there grew up a class of Tammany Republicans who had much better have been in the ranks of the Democracy, for they acted with them in everything essential. The assumption of control by these men drove out of politics the better class of Republicans, for they saw the party in the hands of unworthy men, who used their power for their own advantage, and they were unable to cope with the trained cohorts. I predict that the politics of the city will be run to better advantage than ever before, and that instead of losing we shall gain seats in the Legislature. The work of purifying the Custom-house goes on steadily and faithfully. Fifty-six dead-beats were turned out last week, making the whole number discharged come very close to five hundred, and the saving to the government quite \$400,000. And besides, when a being stopped, and men are being put in who will run the business on a strictly business basis. The President has done a splendid work for New York.

### THE DOGS

are still being persecuted, over 1,500 have been drowned to date. The city has paid for over 5,000, the catchers managing to pass the same dog through three or four times, getting the 30 cents for it each time. There is a swindle with everything connected with the city, from drowning a dog to cleaning a street. Yesterday there were 765 dogs waiting identification or death. Their howlings were pitiful. They seem to know what is going to happen to them and they act about as men would. Some howl for mercy, others put on a sivil look and go to their deaths with a bold front, and others fight desperately to the last. One keeper was bitten through the hand six times, and was compelled to go to the hospital. The most vicious biters are the little Spin dogs, which are supposed to be more susceptible to hydrophobia than any other variety. The dogs are getting scarcer in the city, and the catchers are extending their search farther into the country.

### PINBRO.

## Special Correspondence.

MONTREAL, July 17th, 1877.

### DEAR EDITOR:—

Like Brooklyn, Montreal might well be called a "city of churches." To a stranger this peculiarity is most striking. At every turn one is confronted with churches of different denominations; the Scotch kirk, the American Presbyterian, the Established Church of England; as well as French and Irish Catholic Cathedrals. Of these the Jesuit church is one of the finest. All the decorations are in fresco of subdued monotonous tints. Many scenes in the life of Christ are represented, and the figures are generally of life size. As one stands at the entrance deep the effect of the gilded gothic arches with the perfect proportions and the pictures in neutral coloring, is very pleasing. At the side aisles are the confessionals with the easy chair of the priest and the wooden stool of the penitent present a marked contrast. Underneath the church is a large theatre where entertainments are given by the students of the French college—a new idea to an American, at least. The French cathedral of Notre Dame, a fac-simile on a smaller scale of Notre Dame de Paris, is a decided opposite to the Jesuit church in point of interior decorations. The first view is overpoweringly gorgeous. Here the vaulted ceiling of brilliant blue and gold is upheld by green, scarlet and blue pillars in clusters of three. The chancel window is most beautiful. The high altar, however, as well as the numerous shrines on the sides are gaudy in the extreme on inspection, although dazzling at first sight with the oriental covering. The dress of the priests in Canada is different from any we have seen in the States. They wear a black shirt which trails in the house; but for convenience in the street, this is looped up quite short in the back. Over this is worn a plain,

long coat, and a tall hat "completes the costume" as the fashion-writers say.

After Notre Dame the English Cathedral seems almost destitute of ornament. The windows, however, are very handsome, and the Bishop's chair of mahogany with emblematic designs carved upon it, is interesting. There is more or less of this mahogany carrying scattered about the church. The exterior is of two kinds of stone; the building itself of light grey, the trimmings of buff. In the same enclosure are the residences of the Dean and Rector, both built of stone like the church. The Protestant churches are most of them handsome and show various styles of architecture; the material is invariably stone, which comes from the quarries near the city. This is used entirely in house-building, too, giving a most solid and substantial appearance. In summer the outside windows are taken off the houses and Venetian blinds of lightest green replace them; for the summer, although brief, is fierce in its heat, and protection from the sun is a necessary art in a climate further south.

The new Windsor Hotel is approaching completion. It will be very fine when it is finished and will supply a need greatly felt at present. In passing a marble-cutter one day I saw a statue strongly resembling the Goddess of Liberty. I felt some curiosity on the subject, for "Liberty" has no business in the Queen's dominions. I found it to be a votive offering intended to surmount a monument to be erected by the heirs of the late J. A. McMillan, San Francisco, in his native town, Frederickburg, Pa. Designs of this monument were sent from all parts of the Union as well as from Europe and from Canada, the statue being awarded to the Canadian sculptor, who now has it in process of execution.

An interesting ceremony took place at the corner stone of the Deaf-Mute Asylum, the generous gift of a Mr. J. M. Mackay. The situation is delightful, a little out of the city, on high ground, commanding a fine prospect of mountain, town and river, with Victoria Bridge (more than two miles in length) in the distance. Mount Royal, or "The Mountain" as it is called is the pride of the residents. Within a short time it has been laid out as a public park with drives circling to the very top, from which a magnificent view is obtained. No one should leave Montreal without running the rapids of "Laclaire," as the first discoverers called it, believing they had found China. With the Indian pilot at the wheel the little steamer plunges into the seething waters, apparently headed straight for an immense rock, partly visible above the mass of foam; but just as a collision seems inevitable the boat makes a sharp turn and dashes by, leaving the rock a hair-breadth to one side. The ride is exciting, and to those having no fear the ride is delightful in the extreme; timid people, however, I recommend to stay on shore.

### TRAVELLER.

## Rural Topics.

[Written for the *South Jersey Republican* by one of the most experienced farmers, gardeners and fruit-growers in the United States.]

### PEAR BLIGHT.

Here is one of the latest "remedies" for pear blight: "As soon as I discover the leaves turning dark I take a pen knife and slit through the outer bark on all the limbs as high up as I can reach, and thus down the trunk. The first time I tried this remedy was ten years ago. Every limb recovered, and I have repeated it as often as any limbs have been affected. My trees are fine and healthy now. The theory is, poison sap escapes where the slit is made; but the slit must be made as soon as there is any appearance of blight." Probably a hundred "remedies" for this disease in pear trees have been published within the last five years, without one of them proving to be real remedies in different soils and localities; and it now seems to be useless to publish any of them, as pear growers generally have come to the conclusion that the cause of the disease has not yet been discovered. One writer says that his trees in a grassy field have never been attacked with the blight, while another says his trees in grassy grounds are as those grown on cultivated land. Then others claim that trees in undrained lands, where water does not soon disappear after heavy rains, are most subject to blight, while others say that their trees in dry soils suffer from it. Again, some claim heavy manuring will produce this disease. With me this disease was thoroughly eradicated by cutting away the diseased portions of the trees, as soon as it became evident that the parts affected would die, and allowing new trunks, or stems, to shoot up just above where the trees were grafted. This was done the first and second year after the trees were set (1875-6) and since that time no trees have been diseased. I allowed two and three trunks to grow to each tree, to be sure of saving them, and they now are all in a very flourishing condition. This proves as far as this experiment was made, that cutting away the trunks of diseased trees at the proper time will save them without doing them any harm, as the two or three trunks now to each do not detract from the beauty of the trees, as grown on my grounds. One trunk,

however, would have been safe; but I was so sure why those with several will not bear as much fruit as those with one trunk.

### TO INCREASE THE FLOW OF MILK.

A Southern lady says: "Tepid water, slightly salted given twice a day, will increase the flow of milk one third; if the cow will not drink it at first trial scatter a handful of bran or meal over the top of it. They soon become very fond of it, and will drink all you give them. I tried this plan three years ago with perfect success. I had one cow, and she was of the common scrub stock of the country, and after she began to drink the water, prepared as above, she furnished me twice a day two ordinary water-buckets full of milk, and by feeding a little corn boiled with cotton seed the milk yielding butter enough to supply my table bountifully, and leave me a few pounds to sell every week. I gave her three gallons of water twice a day."

### PRESERVING FENCE-POSTS.

The "American Chemist" says: "Wood can be made to last longer than iron in the ground. Posts can be prepared for less than two cents a piece. This is the receipt: Take boiled linseed oil and stir it in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot." Like many other sayings and receipts, this statement is made by a man who evidently has never had proof of what he says; yet I am sure that two or three good coats of this mixture, on the parts of posts that go into the ground, will prove a good preserver for them; but a single coat will not suffice. The charcoal should be finely ground or pulverized, and the first coat should not contain much charcoal, as the oil should be free to fill up the pores of the wood, when the charcoal may be freely applied. But let no one expect to thus preserve parts made of wood that soon decays naturally, but use oak chestnut or cedar, and apply three coats of this paint; and your children, probably, will see them in a state of decay—not you, unless you live to be very old.

### KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS.

At a late meeting of the New York Farmers' Club a Kentucky farmer said he had had a great experience in growing blue grass—that it is one and the same with common spear grass varying in size and appearance according to the soil and latitude in which it is grown. The plant is a light green color; and the spikelets are frequently variegated with bluish purple. It flowers in June, but once a year, which recommends it for lawns. The produce is ordinarily small compared with other grasses; but the herbage is fine. It grows in a variety of soils from the driest knolls to a wet meadow, but does not stand severe drought as well as the orchard grass. It endures the frosts of winter however, better than all other grasses, and continues luxuriant through mild winters. Blue grass requires two or three years to become well set, and does not arrive at perfection as a pasture grass till the sward is older than three years, therefore it is not suited to alternate husbandry, or where the land is to remain in grass only a few years. Blue grass should be cut as the seeds begin to open, spread well and protected from rain and dews on the second day stock, shelter and split.

### HOW TO LAY DRAIN TILES.

An Ohio farmer laid 60 rods of drain tile, beginning at the lower end while the men were digging out the ditch above him, and the result was that the whole 60 rods had to be taken up, after the ditch was filled in with earth, in consequence of the tile becoming filled with mud, as any farmer ought to have known would be the result. In laying tile always begin at the upper end, and when there are lateral drains lay them before you lay the main conductors. The man to whom I refer above says in regard to his work, after he had corrected his mistake: "I now commenced with my six-inch tile, at the upper end, took in each branch as I passed by, putting in a branch, till all was finished. I now found my tile all clean, the water running out clear, and all working in first-rate order. Results. The land, almost as soon as the ditches were in, became dry enough to plow—when a horse could not have walked across it before—and is now in good order." Pine boards six and seven inches wide, nailed together at their edges, with three cross strips on the under side to hold them in shape, will last 20 or 30 years when used in the place of tile. Even hemlock boards have been known to make good drains 14 years. The drains should be not over 30 to 40 feet apart, and at least two feet deep; and when the fall is sufficient to allow the drain three feet deep it is better to make it of that depth.

### TOBACCO FOR POTATO BERTLES.

Perhaps we are not using the best destroyer of the potato beetles (*Parsia green*), as a New Jersey farmer claims to have destroyed them with tobacco and lye. Here is his receipt: "Take tobacco stems or refuse tobacco and steep and in the decoction thus prepared add lye from wood ashes or lye from potash, and sprinkle the liquid upon the vines with a common sprayer." He says that he applied this mixture by the advice of a chemist with perfect success, "not only driving away the beetles, but it also destroys their eggs." If it

simply "drives away" the beetles, leaving them to prey on a neighbor's potatoes or to come back again to their original depositions, in a few days, this mixture may not be as "improvement." However, it would be well for farmers to try it.

## Health—Long Life.

The people of this land do not seem to know how much the preservation of health and the lengthening of life depends on their own mode of living. Ignorant of, or unconvinced about this fact, we rush along to the universal about, "Go it while you're young;" and if any one who happened to be a little wiser, and foreseeing the evil thereof, cries out, "You will kill yourself; don't be in such a hurry. Be moderate," our only and indifferent reply is: "We will die when our time comes." There is a grave fallacy in this reply. If the hour of death is fixed, the only conclusion to be made is, that we cannot go beyond or stop this ride of that hour. All the moderation we may employ will not make life longer, nor will all the vice we may indulge make it shorter. This is contrary to the teachings of reason and nature. We find in the whole realm of animated nature a law of growth and decay of life and death, and we must help the one and fight the other. The farmer plants his corn on prepared soil, not on the highway; and when it is up he cultivates it, not leaving it to be choked out by grass and weeds. The infant may be so cared for as to become strong and beautiful youth, or neglected that it will soon dwindle and die. If we have nothing to do in the preservation of health and lengthening of life, the science of medicine is a humbug, doctors are an unmitigated nuisance, the removal of invalids to other climates, and all our efforts for staying the ravage of disease are an out rage against Providence. We are responsible in this matter of health and life. There are laws in the body as binding as those of the decalogue, and we must obey them or suffer. We Americans are not a robust and long-lived people. Our sickly appearance is a thing of ridicule when we go among the people of the old world. This weak physical condition is not a necessity, but is due mainly to our excesses of living. We do not accept the plain fare and mode of life common to most European countries. We ought to do so. It is our duty to avoid all excess of diet, pleasure, exercise and work however right and noble. No one has any privilege to tear himself to pieces and hasten his end by overtaxing his capacities or powers. Few are aware how much useful labor they might do, and how happier they might be were they more observant of the laws of health, over-eating and over-drinking, the eating rich and fixed-up food, the use of alcoholic stimulants, and the many daily neglects, indulgences, and excesses of which we are all guilty, fatigue organism, weaken the forces and sap the sources of life. We must be temperate in all things. Of the people of this country the Quakers have the best health and the longest lives, simply because they have chosen a moderate and quiet mode of life. How to be well and live long is a question for our serious consideration. May these few words excite the reader. JIMMY CHIPS.

Port Republic, July 13th, 1877.

Lippincott's Magazine for August is full of light and entertaining reading, suitable for the country and seaside. Lady Blanche Murphy concludes her pleasant papers on the Rhine, and Mrs. Sarah B. Winter gives a lively account, which is also illustrated, of that most beautiful of Italian towns, Verona. "Irish Society in the Last Century" supplies with anecdotes and racy description, "In a Russian Trunk," by David Ken, gives us a glimpse of life and manners in Moscow; and "Chateau Couronne," by John V. Moore, tells the romantic history of a princely estate near Fontainebleau, long closed to the outer world, which a couple of American artists were recently permitted to explore, and which proved to be full of fine art in the way of art and bric-a-brac. A sprightly paper on "The Paris Opera," by Ullman O. Fisher, gives many details in regard to the most celebrated resort in the gay capital and the tastes of their habitués. Mrs. J. H. Davis's new serial, "A Law unto Herself," promises to be one of her most powerful works. There are several other stories, including a clever sketch of negro character, by Mrs. Lizzie W. Chappay. The poems are by Dr. E. Weir Mitchell, Emma Lazarus, and Emily Paulsen.

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## After Marriage.

MAKE YOUR OWN WAY.

David Speers was taking his afternoon smoke, and his pipe was hooked a little incongruous with the handsomely furnished room and the massive silver plate on the mahogany side-board. But, for that matter, he was an excellent-looking fellow, tall, well-proportioned, very well dressed. Certainly a very wide contrast to the handsome, stylish-looking young fellow who interrupted his reverie by a very frank and noisy entrance.

"Good-evening, uncle. Can I talk awhile with you?"

"That depends, Robin; on what you're game to talk about."

"You know, uncle, that Aleck Lang and I have long been friends."

"Well, I have never heard of you not knowing it."

"Well, we have. To-day Aleck came to tell me that he is going into the carpet-weaving business."

"Aleck! What! He intends to buy Thomas Blackie out?"

"He'll need some bait for that."

"His father will help, and he asked me to join him. Won't you think about it?"

"How long have you been in 'Hastie'?"

"Five years."

"Good-evening have you saved?"

"Well, to tell the truth, uncle, nothing at all. What with Jesse marrying last year and Rose this, and the presents I had to give, and other things, my savings all went away."

"Humph!"

"I thought, perhaps, that as the business was a new one, and I was as bold as the Laugs would be interested in it, you would lend me two thousand pounds for such a wonderfully good chance."

"You would like a mile nearer to lend money to young men."

"A very unkind rule when it touches me, uncle. You were never unkind to me before."

"You're right, Robin; you not either, Robin."

"Only two thousand, uncle!—And such a chance!"

"Goodness, heavens, hear the lad! 'Only two thousand'! Did ye ever earn two thousand pounds? Did ye ever save two thousand pounds? When ye have, Robin, come to me, and I'll talk ye up about it."

"But, uncle, the thing is not a new venture; it is sure to pay."

"You're going to have new masters; 'an men at sixty are no use now about things; 'paying' as lads of five-an'-twenty are."

"So the young men went away much disappointed, and found themselves, but their friends looked more favorably on the plan."

"The £2,000 were borrowed, and Robert Rae and Aleck Lang bought the old-established carpet-weaving business."

"The first year the concern, in spite of falling prices, did very well. Robert's share of profits was £1,000, and he had a comfortable interest, and allowed him to lay by nearly £100 toward clearing off his borrowed capital; and the next year things were still brighter."

"But, uncle, the business is a failure! Robert Rae called again on his uncle."

"Good-evening, uncle."

"I'm sorry, Robin. How's business?"

"First-rate. I don't come to-night about business."

"What for, then?"

"I want to be married. I wanted to tell you about it."

"That's a mair little risk than Blackie's business."

"I think not, uncle."

"What's the lassie?"

"Jennie Lortimer."

"What's her father's name?"

"Just her beauty and her pothe nature; she is of good family, too, and has had the best of educations. Why, uncle, she can do 'most' of the housewifery, dance, play the harp, sing like an angel, and so."

"I'm feared she'd be a kind of matrimonial nuisance, if she were to come in."

"He's seen her. Yet I don't if she's fit for a pure man wife."

"You'll come to the wedding, uncle?"

"It's a sure thing."

It was a very grand wedding, and David Speers made quite a sensation by giving the bride a £100 present on her trousseau, and he was quite captivated the old bachelor, and he soon began to spend a great many of his evenings in her pretty home.

"The years passed rapidly away."

In Robert's house there had been some pleasant changes; and his uncle danced a pretty lively waltz on the last of the year, looking admirably and wonderfully at his own new make-up in the candle. Down at the mill things were apparently equally prosperous. The mill was doing well, and the very old man of Kilmarlock as a community was seemingly connected with the business of "Lang & Speers." There was a great street in front of the mill, and the mill as a business was only apparent, for it hung upon Robert's entirely beyond the control of the young partners in it.

But he was compelled to borrow largely, and had his interest accounts to meet, and a great deal of their paper being from houses which were not doing well, and he was in a very heavy dilemma. All these things he told much against them, yet so great was their industry and energy that they might have turned their backs on the mill, and have been

[illegible]

articles of the League.

[illegible]

## OF THE PLAINS.

[illegible]

breakfast, and the men

[illegible]

## A BARK IN THE NIGHT

[illegible]

~~The Director of the Office~~

All our food and clothes are supplied by the birds. I have seen a crow pick one after the other. Negro was a great admirer of Richard the Third, and he was not far from the truth in his respect; number of good points in his character, and now we are informed that the digestion of the ostrich is by no means what people imagined. The bird is generally considered capable of enjoying life heartily on a diet of lampreys and eels. In fact, however, it is supposed to possess the happy faculty of assimilating any substance, whether raw or soft, without the trouble of mastication. Whether this theory holds true or not in regard to metals and stones, I now appear to be a complete ass. The ostrich is not supposed to flourish in trifles. His interior economy may be capable, perhaps, of converting door-knockers into food, but it is altogether non-effective with lace and fine linens. This novel fact in natural history is established by a correspondent of *Lancet* and *Woods*, who, about eight years ago, brought me a rich fowl from Buenos Ayres. The interesting pet was duly established in a garden, where he had the run of everything, including the green crops and wall nats. Porcelain these supplies fell short for a time, or the bird may have wished to vary his diet, for he began to show signs of depression on whatever garments were placed out to dry on washing days in the garden. The cook's Sunday cap was the first article missing; afterward other articles vanished, the final theft being that of three lace collars. Soon after partaking of the collars, he began to show signs of indisposition, and in spite of the best medical advice, he gradually wasted away, until death relieved him from further suffering. On a post mortem being held, it was discovered that the lace collar, coupled with two baked potatoes, had proved to be the cause of his death. I am sure His death was thus due—like many human misfortunes—to the love of dainties. In a primitive state of society, such as ostriches are accustomed to strings of beads generally fulfill the purposes of lace collars, and beads are digestible enough—by ostriches. I know that the means which serve civilized belles for the enslavement of men are not equally innocuous? For the future, when it is said of any man that "he has the digestion of an ostrich," it will be necessary to understand that the simile only holds good in regard to substitutive articles of dietary.

.....The Right to be Hanged.

The curious case of Mrs. Sarah M. Victor, who was hanged up for the execution of the right of a person, convicted of capital crime, to be hanged instead of suffering a life imprisonment. The facts of the case are as follows: The woman was convicted of murder in a trial in which no doubt was left of her guilt. In consideration of her sex the governor had granted her a reprieve, and she was in prison for her life. This did not satisfy her, and her friends have ever since been working indefatigably for her full pardon. At a recent interview between some of them and the governor he told them positively that he would not so far forget the law as to grant a full pardon. He would, however, be willing to revoke the commutation, and she would be tempted to die and to let her be hanged. Now a court, to which she had appealed from her present sentence on the ground that she did not seek or consent to the commutation, has decided that the governor's act of mere reprieve was not a pardon, and, therefore, in a legal sense, an escaped prisoner. From this it must follow that, unless this opinion is overruled, she will be put again in the death cell to await a warrant of execution. We do not know what the provisions of the Ohio law on this subject are, but in this State a governor is not required to await a request for commutation before granting it.

One of the most curious aspects of the case is the woman's choice of death in stead of imprisonment. It may be that she is acting only under the advice-cunning channel who hope to pile up complications which will eventually result in complete escape. —*New York Evening Post.*

A Doctor of Grit.

Reading, Pennsylvania, has a doctor who is a terror to robbers. Dr. Wm. Harris keeps a drug store and he and his wife live over the store. The other night he woke and saw a man in his room. He asked the intruder what he wanted. The intruder replied: "You have a good life here, don't you?" Dr. Harris said, "Life is life, but I don't care." The intruder screamed and the robber said if he didn't "shut up" he would kill her just instantly." Mrs. Harris shut up and the doctor got in his work very handsomely. He grappled with the robber and while they were at it the robber saw that he should win the ceiling and he got down. He knew that he was down with a rocking chair, and as he didn't show any more fight the victor picked his adversary up and flung him out of the window, to which he had succeeded by a ladder. The doctor then simply threw down the ladder and went about his business, and was later on found with his wife. He got a comfortable night's rest after all.

.....NEVER DESPAIR.—One of the Boston judges, noted for his light touch in the matter of meritorious punishments, had recently sentenced a man, convicted of sheep-stealing, to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month. The prisoner was being conducted out of the dock, turned round and said to the judge, who was looking at his papers previous to leaving the court, and cried out: "My lord, my lord, I haena got justice here the day I was sentenced." The judge, looking up from his occupation with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, consolingly answered: "Weed, weed, weed."

## LEUNG A GREAT SAW-FIS

A Florida correspondent writes: "On Saturday, February 10, 1877, I was at Fort George, near the Commodore Thomas Paine, where a shark had made a run-down the Indian river in the Loniae, a trim little sailing boat, against a skiff head wind. Our guide was Edwin Jones, of Port Orange. Falls is an enthusiastic fisherman, and his boat was fitted with the most costly tackle. A pair of shark jaws and a chilled steel particularly attracted my attention. They were of the most approved pattern. The points were rounded like the points of an oyster knife, and as sharp as a razor. The flukes, which were hidden in little grooves at the sides, and had an arrow-like shape, and were said to hold fast if fish had been struck. The iron was fastened to a wooden handle, ten or twelve feet long, and the line was reeved so that the handle would come out after being thrown. The spud would thus be left in the body of the fish, and the line paid out until the shark was well away was played out and secured. Falls told me he brought down these miniature harpoons to catch minnate, sharks and sawfish. He also hoped to pick up an occasional alligator.

The day was bright with a fair breeze. The rest of the ocean was audible, but the water was calm. The boatsmen of the mangrove islands nestled along the beach. The water was clear, and the half submerged sand bars were covered with terns and shearwaters. Falls proposed that we should go out and try to strike a saw-fish. Shipping Tom Paine and myself went aboard, and were headed for Barker's cove, and the dozen channels leading to Indian river inlet. The river here is about three miles wide, its bottom ridged with oyster beds. Many of them are so near the surface of the water as to be dangerous. They would take the bottom out of a boat if it were struck with speed. The oysters, however, are the largest and fattest south of the Chesapeake. They grow in great clumps or bunches. A Prince's bay oysterman would find his tongue of little use. The natives stand on the beds, in water up to their knees, and toss their boats with the bivalves. As we passed, the oysters on the water beds disappeared, and the water became shallow. The bottom was sand, and the channel very narrow. Tom Paine resigned the tiller to the commodore, and went forward and rigged his lily iron. The anchor was stowed under deck, and everything else was made ready. "Now, keep her off a little," whispered Tom. "There's a big fellow bearing right down on us. Don't move. He hasn't seen us yet."

The blood began to jump in our veins. Off the leeward bow I saw a rolling swell, as though a big fish was surging along, and water was being thrown just astern, and the waves were crawling over the sand flats. The fish showed a disposition to leave the channel, then turned, as though dissatisfied with the depth of water, and the rolling swell again moved toward the Loniae. Tom stood beneath the jib, all life and animation. His black eyes kept her off as crochets in wait for his prey.

"Luff a little, commodore. Steady, steady—ay," he whispered, as the rolling swell came within reaching distance.

Suddenly he arose, poising himself on his tip-toes, and brandished his lance. The great fish rose from him, and swerved, but not back. Tom leaped forward into his black two-foot beam from the boat. It took him under the dorsal fin, where the hide is tough, and there was no possibility of its pulling out. The monster never broke water. In fact, nobody but Tom had seen him. He could tell where the fish was by its swell. After he was struck, however, the swell went, and the fish like a tidal wave, and the line hummed in the hawser hole.

"Shlok the jib sheet!" yelled the commodore; and we came about with a rush.

Apprehensive that the line might foul, we took in the jib and, some confusion followed, as the Loniae watered badly under a mainsail alone; but Tom paid off his royal highness with excellent judgment, testing the full strength of the line, and playing him like an old fisherman. The fish began to tow the boat, whereupon down went the mainsail, and he pulled her up. Within three minutes the monster began to sulk. He had run out into shallow water two or three times, and had again reached the main channel.

"Quick, Edwin, my rifle!" shouted the commodore, now thoroughly warmed to work. And Tom slowly pulled to the beach, where he waited, and another mollusks turn to the bow with a forty-six bore Remington. We could see the great fish lying on the sandy bottom, awaiting further developments. He was at least seventeen feet long, and as big around as a whisky barrel. At the crack of the gun the water died. The sawfish broke, but for the moment, and the tidal wave rolled away as smoothly as the boom of a gun. Once more the monster ran into shallow water, and began his tremendous flounders. His long scow flashed in the sunlight, and the surrounding waves were tugged with black and white. This time the sign of his weakness. He did not retaliate, nor show any temper. All his efforts were bent toward escape. A second time he sulked, and a second time the commodore tickled him with a bullet. The blood began to flow more copiously, but the circling, lunging, running floundering did not cease under an hour.

Eight rifle shots exhausted, but did not kill the great fish. He turned on his side and began to blow like a porpoise. His struggles at length became so feeble that we held him at the stern with a rope. He was now so near that we could see the scales of his body. He was now so near that we could see the scales of his body. He was now so near that we could see the scales of his body.

ed that gushed from his throat  
of crulls had been witnessed

the fight and were dashing around us with wild screams. For some minutes the monster had lain without a movement. We landed him dead, and used the peak halibut blocks to raise him from the water, so as to secure his jaw as a trophy. He weighed about 1,000 lbs. lay several feet long, bringing the gun-boat well down to the water. We were grouped around the commodore, and just as he had raised a hatchet to chop off the jaw, the great fish made his final struggle. He seized the Lioness with his enormous jaws, barely missing the commodore's head and Snow's legs.

In a twinkling, every man was under cover. We had a narrow escape, for the saw was five feet long, a foot wide, and serrated with teeth that would have done good service in a saw-mill. While we were crouching under the gun-boat, the splinters fly, the sail rip, and the commodore swears, Tom Paine stunned the monster by striking the point of the saw with an ax, producing concussion of the brain. The saw is the most sensitive part of the fish. Nostrils seem to run along the length of the body, and form like an extension of the backbone. We chopped off the saw, and rolled the mass of flesh back into the water. Within ten minutes a school of sharks were snapping their jaws and fighting for the pieces.

The saw-fish would have weighed eight hundred pounds. The fish is not good to eat. The liver is very large, and is valuable for its oil. See lumbering along beneath the water, sweeping the bottom with its saw, the fish resembles a submarine man-of-war. On shoals, both back fins cut the water, and look like oars churning in a mill. The shark is very dangerous to the saw-fish.

I have seen a dozen sharks and a saw-fish shot in a narrow creek at low tide. A single shot would terrify the whole body, and the sharks would take the shore before they would face the saw-fish.

Artful fishermen look upon the saw-fish as a mortal foe. When caught their nets he causes great damage in a few minutes. A year ago last winter a very large one struck a two-hundred yard net near Turtle Mound. His saw being fast, he made a systematic effort to get away, and began rolling over and over like an arm on wheels, until he was strangled. The net was twisted into ropes not much larger than a clothesline.

Without its saw the fish would starve. On meeting a school of mallet it creates great havoc, striking viciously right and left, and scattering their dead bodies over the water. Afterward it gorges at its leisure.

#### \* Musings by the Blue Danube.

A war correspondent writes: Notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, I have sat quite late in my military room writing this letter. There is no postal service here, and they all expect to be good soldiers. All letters are sent privately to the British consul at Yama, who forwards them to the English postmaster at Pera. It is a beautiful moonlight night, and there is a hush everywhere like that which precedes the storm. From my window I can hear the low, sullen wailing of the wind, and I can see the dull outlines of the Turkish gun-batt lying above the town. Hence it will move down to where its mate is patrolling for Russian pontoons, and will steam back before daybreak. I am told that the Turks have thirty thousand troops assembled, mostly with Henry Maudslayi rifles. They all appear to be good soldiers. I saw one of the best regiments this evening that I have seen in Turkey. It was composed of stalwart fellows with their heads shaved in the Mussulman style, with the tuft of hair on the apex for the angle to seize them by and lift them from an old-fashioned horse. I can see the dull outlines of the Turkish gun-batt lying above the town. Hence it will move down to where its mate is patrolling for Russian pontoons, and will steam back before daybreak. I am told that the Turks have thirty thousand troops assembled, mostly with Henry Maudslayi rifles. They all appear to be good soldiers. I saw one of the best regiments this evening that I have seen in Turkey. It was composed of stalwart fellows with their heads shaved in the Mussulman style, with the tuft of hair on the apex for the angle to seize them by and lift them from an old-fashioned horse. I can see the dull outlines of the Turkish gun-batt lying above the town. Hence it will move down to where its mate is patrolling for Russian pontoons, and will steam back before daybreak. 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## Fashion Notes.

the Chinese comb, shaped like a fan, and to the other side, is used to comb the hair. It is loosely confined in a variable net.

French princess dresses are made of light silk at front, with darker silk forming a square train. It is said pointed dresses are being worn abroad.

Embroidery in Pompadour colors, mixed pinks and blues, edges the new French coats and collars.

The latest importations are linen gowns with a square piece turned over at the neck, while the front has standing collar, and sharp points.

Roses, instead of buttons, fasten the skirts of high-necked corseges of evening dresses. Tufts of ostrich or of marabout feathers are used in the same way.

Vests of white Marcellines wrought all over with colored roses are worn with black silk dresses by Parisiennes. Striped silk vests and striped pavenings are part of plain silk dresses. For evening dresses the silk is entirely covered by the diamonds.

Black silk is necessary for its abundance. Natural oaks strung on shellfish is the new wrings for trimming black and cream-colored grenadine dresses. Feather-trimmed haves netted headings in trellis patterns, with marabout feathers hanging below.

Worth has just introduced a new scarf, at passes over the shoulders high behind, and hangs down in front to the knees, in a straight line. It is called the striples mantle, and has a very clerical look. It is made of black satin, and very elaborately trimmed with rich broad lace.

The prettiest dresses for bride-maids wear at summer weddings are made of gingham muslin over white silk, and trimmed with Mechline lace. The silk is entirely covered by the diamonds.

Black silk is necessary for its abundance. The corsege is a square-necked, and with elbow sleeves. The silk is cut low, and the thin organza, with its full frills of lace, is very high, and the silk skirt has a fan train, and is entirely hidden by the flounces of gathered organza, the knife-plaiting, and the lace flounces. Above these are two or three diagonal aprons edged with lace, while the back is covered by soft draperies of muslin, held up by many bows—of loop and ends—of white satin ribbon.

A comfortable and stylish arrangement for the back hair has the suggestion of the Mameluke. It consists in an elongated piece of hair, nearly a yard long, which is brushed in shape over a long metal cylinder made for the purpose, and arranged in various ways, as to form a very graceful obignon.

It is especially liked for summer use, on account of its lightness and the ease with which it is arranged. For winter dresses two puffs are required. An inviolable net is usually worn over it, though it is not indispensable.

**Weak Eyes.**

A very simple remedy for weak or sore eyes, is recommended by a writer in the *Tribune*, who says:

Get a five-cent cake of elder flowers at the drug store; wash with a fine pill of water; it must be steeped in bright water or earthen ware; strain nicely, and add three drops of laudanum; bottle it tight and keep in a cool place; use it as a wash, letting some of it get in the eyes; follow this, and relief is certain. If the eyes are painful, or inflamed, make a poultice of elder flowers in the mixture, and bind over the eyes at night. I can warrant the above harmless and sure, having tried it in a number of cases where other skill and remedies had utterly failed. If the eyes are badly inflamed, use it very freely, and a teacup of elder flowers and elder bark would help cleanse the blood. Pure rock salt and water will strengthen your weak eyes if you bathe them daily with it. I would earnestly advise you to avoid mixtures or washes containing minerals or other poisons.

**The Great Wall of China.**

Khalan commands one of the passes through the Great Wall of China. It is a ruin built of large stone, cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and ninety-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of mountains, and through the most rugged angles, blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about three thousand three hundred miles, but in parts more remote from Peking the wall is of inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, so vulnerable to fire, that it is in the hands of the Tartars and Kanais. It is said to have been built toward of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the invasions of the neighboring nomads; but it is periodical irruptions of the barbarians were never checked by this artificial barrier.

**A School Girl's Fate.**

Mary Ella Harrington, a Boston school girl, went to visit a friend in Newton, and her family never saw her afterward. Her movements after she parted from the Newton friend could not be traced. Four days after her disappearance her body was recovered from the water in a scullery tank. "I send you this note so that you needn't worry for me. There wasn't a friend and I am never coming back any more, at least for a good long while. My friend is writing this because she has burned my hand." The police were hunting for the girl, but did not find her. This was the last, and the final letter in the case was thoroughly aroused. Her body was found in the river at Lowell, the other day, and the truth seems to be that she was murdered by the man who sent the note, whoever











