The Sugar Maples.

Along the vale and o'er the hill
I see a blue and misty haze;
The Maples are warm and still,
And sweeter longer, warmer days.
The bluejay, on the cornstalk bough,
Is screaming with discordant note;
The robin bird returns now
The longing heart with trembling throat.

The hills are peeping through the snow,
And buried brooks greet the view;
On here, brown knolls against yonder glow,
Or lingering snows linger in view.
The fresh, new earth now meets the gale,
As rising from the membrane,
She meets anew her merry vale,
And greets her train who wait for her.

The gathered odor of the flowers
That lurk within the maple's veins,
The golden light of summer hours,
The boundless wealth of summer rains,
The general sweetness of the years,
The pulses through the mighty trees,
Avail a wound to flow in tears
Sweet as the hoard of shining bees.

Now stands the drowsy team asleep
Before the bucket-laden stalks,
While sinks the crystal steel full deep
To draw the crystal sap away.
The steady drip from wooden lip
Tinkles musically in the soft spring air,
And soon the laden buckets tip
And yield to the nectar rich and rare.

Again the pungent smoke-wreaths rise
Around the kettle's foaming surge;
Rude poetry, the spirit inspires,
And high the flames with taggots urge.
Ah, transmutation wondrous sweet!
That stands the blast of heat and storm trees,
And in the crackling flames and heat
Has power those golden grains to seize!

A PUT-UP JOB IN MATRIMONY.

How Another "Feller Chipped in" at the Last Minute and Took the Girl.

(From the San Francisco News Letter.)

"I have been a subscriber of the *News Letter* for the last ten years," said a "broke-up"-looking young man coming into this office yesterday and sitting down in front of the managing editor, "and I call upon it for aid and assistance."

The editor looked rather pointedly at the clock, and asked what he could do for the visitor?

"Why, I want you to hold up to public scorn and detestation a fellow called Mooney and a mean red-headed girl named Morrissey."

"Scandal case, eh?"

"A heap sight worse. You see I was engaged to be married to that girl—her name's Maria—and Dr. Stone was to hitch us up the first of the month, so I asked this mean cuss, Mooney, to be one of the groomsmen."

"He consented, of course."

"You bet he did. You see, Mooney has a big black moustache and—and all that—and he's a good deal of a masher, as it were. He said he'd try to make it lively and pleasant for the bridesmaids."

"And did he?"

"Why, he actually made love to all four. Got the other groomsmen furious by flirting with the whole lot. Told 'em it was the correct thing in Europe for the groomsmen to kiss the bridesmaids all round before and after the ceremony, and that they ought to meet and practice to get the thing in good running order!"

"Did they practice?" said the editor, laying down his pen.

"Did they? Why, it was just disgusting the way they went on every evening. To see that villain Mooney pretend to steer down the aisle and back up against the chancel rail, and then, when the music service was over, kiss and paw around the girls, would have made your hair raise a foot. Why, he actually began flirting with my Maria—I mean that Morrissey girl."

"Made love to the bride, eh?"

"Exactly; and she a-letting him do it—mind you. Well, yesterday they said that they were going to have a final rehearsal that night, and to make the thing more perfect they intended to get Bings, the young divinity student, to read the service. And as I was going over to Oakland with a load of furniture for our new house, Mooney said he would call back in my place."

"That was kind of him."

"But wait a minute. When I got back and called at Maria's house about eleven p. m., I found all the party sitting round the parlor looking very serious, except the bride who seemed kinder frightened. 'What's the trouble?' said I; 'what's happened?'"

"Well, the fact is," says that cheeky Mooney; "there's been the most singular accident, and queerest mistake you ever heard of in your life. You see, we were rehearsing the service as usual, and I was a-holding Maria's hand just like this, when young Bings got sorter absent-minded, so to speak, and the first thing we knew he pronounced us man and wife in the regular form, and he now says we are married in real earnest. Too bad, isn't it?"

"'Singular mistake,' said the editor.

"But the worst of it was the way that false-hearted hussey took it. She said it was pretty hard, but what couldn't be cured must be endured, and that she supposed they couldn't get a divorce under a year, anyway, and a lot of stuff like that."

"Feared resigned to her fate, as it were."

"Exactly; and then Mooney chipped in with a lot of stuff about not crying over spilt milk, and said he'd take the furniture off my hands, and pay for the thing. Said he'd give his note for 'em. Cheek? Why, that man is more gall than a pawnbroker's clerk, and I want you, Mr. Editor, to show him and his red-headed, big-footed wife up the very worst way." Accident, indeed! Why, it's the plainest put up job I ever saw in the whole course of my life. Just let 'em have it in italics, if you please, and I'll take 500 extra copies!"

The editor said he'd attend to it, and has since written to Mr. Mooney to say that a position as a reporter was always open to him on his go-ahead journal.

Dufferin's Dog.

A bull-dog that was stolen from Lord Dufferin in Ottawa, a year ago, turned up lately in Terre Haute, where she killed a Texas steer in a street fight. Col. Burns, of Evansville, bought her for $110, and fastened her in his stable. The Evansville *Journal* of last Wednesday said—"Yesterday, while the Colonel was leading a horse worth $1,000 past the dog, she leaped toward the horse with such tremendous force that the collar snapped like a string. She buried her teeth in the horse's flesh. Col. Burns seized the dog by the throat with both hands, and, hurling her back, threw himself upon her as she fell. She tore his shirt into shreds. At last, with his heavy boot heel he planted a blow on the forehead which stunned the beast." The *Journal* of Thursday says—"Col. Burns was sitting on horseback at his front gate yesterday morning, when the spotted bull-dog dashed out of the side gate, having snapped the cast iron chain. He whipped his horse into a gallop and followed. Capt. App, of the police, was standing on the street in his carriage when the dog dashed toward his horse and made a leap at his throat. The horse shied to escape the danger, overthrowing the barouche, and hurling Capt. App against a shade tree with such force as to dislocate the right elbow. On Parrett street the furious dog met a lad and seized him by the collar of his coat. Both rolled off the plank walk and down the embankment. Capt. Burns attacked the dog with the butt of a heavy whip and knocked her senseless. The horse ran away during the fight and has not been recovered. The dog was hauled home still senseless. The *Journal* of Friday said—Marshal Langolf went to the stables to see the dog yesterday. She lazily yawned and pretended to fawn, while her great red chops, hanging down, were opened and closed indolently. Langolf went to pat her head gently, when she leaped at his throat. The stout trace held her back, though her paws caught in the Marshal's vest and brought him down on his knees. He drew his revolver and put two bullets through her head. With a few struggles the ferocious beast died."

A PIC-NIC BATTLE.

Volunteers Charge Chicago Roughs—Several Men Severely Wounded.

CHICAGO, Illinois.—The Bohemian Sharpshooter Association, numbering twenty, had a pic-nic to-day at Silver Loaf Grove. One sharpshooter had a quarrel with a visitor, who, after being roughly treated, was ejected from the ground. The crowd outside then threw sticks and stones into the enclosure. The lieutenant of the company, Frank Ladwcie, ordered a charge. The crowd were bayonetted and sabred until they fell back. The company fired three or four volleys. A dozen men were wounded, and three, it is said, have died. The police arrested the whole company on a charge of murder. The company marched under the American flag to the station. The prisoners are now guarded by a heavy detachment of police. It is rumored the Lehr and Wehr Verein will attempt the rescue of the prisoners to-night.

LATER.—The Lehr and Wehr Verein made no effort to release the prisoners. The pic-nic was given by the Bohemian Sunday School. The drunken roughs gave considerable trouble, and finally the sharp-shooters were sent for as a protection. The Lieutenant denies that he gave an order to fire, but says that after he had cleared the grounds by a bayonet charge there was such a rain of stones and bricks that his men began a desultory fire without orders.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

That our daughters and sisters should be afforded the opportunity of obtaining a thoroughly sound and useful education is now a widely admitted fact. Indeed, in intelligent circles, it has come to be deemed an essential that this mental cultivation should be pushed on to a standard sufficiently advanced to enable young ladies successfully to compete with their fathers and brothers in the arenas of law and medicine, and the other learned professions, is a further position which, so far, is by no means so generally agreed upon by those who have looked into it. This much, however, may be said. If there are aspirants, and if there are persons willing to encourage them by patronizing them when they have proved themselves competent to practice in any of these learned professions, there is no incontrovertible reason why any attempt should be made to debar them entering upon pursuits they may deem congenial. This much admitted, however, we presume they may logically claim the right of admission to our legislative halls, houses of government, aye, even to the Bench, and into the Church itself. Superior fitness over their male competitors will have to be assumed before this daring innovation will be recognized as justifiable, and this line may prove to be the defence or bulwark which the men in their desperation will be compelled to draw very closely. Everything will depend upon sterling merit, which, if it is to be the talisman for man, should be no less an open sesame for woman. This is an eminently practical world. Sentiment is rapidly dying out. More is the pity, perhaps, but we must take matters as we find them in this age of work and competition, and if we discover more merit in the members of the softer than in those of the sterner sex, why should we not recognise it as kindly and recompense it as generously in the one as in the other?

Recently in one of our churches there was a scene which must have awakened thoughts of an unusual character in the minds of some of the gentlemen who were fortunate enough to be present. The lady graduates of an esteemed institution, in whose honor the exercises were held, and who were the bright particular stars of the evening, acquitted themselves so ably and skilfully that they, no doubt, put many of the opposite sex to the blush. The subjects upon which they wrote were treated in an exceedingly creditable manner. Mr. Edward Blake who was present and who is not given to adulation, was constrained to express himself highly gratified with what he witnessed on that occasion. It is doubtless pleasing to these ladies to know that they have in him such a warm as well as able advocate in the cause of a higher and more liberal education, even though it tend to carry them outside the conventional circle circumscribed for them by custom and the prejudices of society. In these days of progress, reform and advance of civilization, those who, in a fossil and bygone age, were wont to tolerate "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts" as the "weaker sex," have happily been replaced by those who have a proper appreciation of woman's power and mission, and who acknowledge her as their equal—no longer regarding her as the drudge to which she was reduced in less favored times than these. We are free to admit that the innovation of woman, apparently usurping the prominent positions hitherto sacred and peculiar to, and devolving through his own jealous agency, upon man must, at the first glance, be repulsive to some members of the old or conservative school; but it does not follow because it is unconventional it is erroneous. On the contrary, we apprehend that such a stickler would exhibit even in the courts of law a greater amount of appreciation for the learned, straightforward, clear-headed, learned lady counsel pleading his cause than for a benizened, empty-headed, possibly besotted and cranky male pleader, who rigidly adheres to crotchets of his own, regardless of his client's interest, and probably at the risk of losing a suit, in which it is at once plain to the light of day he is undeniably entitled to a verdict; and what is true of one profession is true of another.

Taking the question in its broadest phase, and after careful thought, one is utterly unable to perceive why the women of our day should not be entrusted with positions as big befitting profession or calling which men now hold, *provided* they come up to the standard required at the hands of others. In other words, as we have already said, let the best be merit and merit alone. As we are accustomed to say when men are competitors: "let the best man win;" so with woman, if she can rise to the level of man or above it let her do so. If her enfranchisement in instances where she is at present chained down by deep-rooted and often stupid prejudice will enable her to support herself, rescue herself from the perils, obloquy and bitter anguish of dependency on others, that is a good and sufficient reason why she should be freed and encouraged in fitting herself for those walks of life for which her peculiar faculties and abilities adapt her. But if by her freedom from the trammels of conventionalism, she makes the world happier, wiser and better, the call for her liberation becomes deafening. Too much has already been conceded to permit of drawing back now. Her position has been recognized in the pulpit, the editorial chair, at the bar, at the bedside, in the counting-house, office and store, on the stage, in art and letters, in a word, everywhere, and there is none who will say that the world is the worse. Having gained so much, it is as futile as it is illogical, to attempt to administer a check now, if that were thought of, which is not the case. Mr. Blake, the Chancellor of the University of Toronto, a liberal in every essential sense, is trying to have ladies admitted to its halls and there is hope he will succeed. The barriers to a higher education for women have been pretty generally broken down; and, whatever else may be said, there is no reason why she should be deprived of its advantages should she desire to possess them.

Yet there is a still small voice which urges us to say before concluding this article, that it would be unfortunate, if not absolutely deplorable, if anything should be done in this direction should send to render woman less womanly, deprive her of the chaste, pure and sweet influence which is necessary for her to wield in all its force if her home is to be one where peace, contentment and happiness shall reign. That the possession of an education of the most elaborate character will not militate against this we know well enough, but perhaps so much cannot be said of some of the associations the possession of such attainments might throw around her. This is the worst phase of the problem, but perhaps woman strengthened by the knowledge and experience she would gain would be proof against contamination. Liberal as we are in certain respects in this matter, we are yet conservative enough to wish to see woman preserve intact, unsullied and noble, those offices of daughter, wife and mother, it is her special mission to grace and adorn—the keystone of the family arch, the rallying point for those who much needs go out into the great selfish world to struggle in it day after day, the altars upon which man's purest devotions are offered up.

Bridging Detroit River.

The U. S. House of Representatives has passed the joint resolution introduced by Mr. Newberry, authorizing the Secretary of War to convene a board of officers of the Corps of Engineers for the purpose of enquiring into the practicability of a bridge across the Detroit River at or near Detroit, with reference to its effect upon navigation, and also of enquiring into the feasibility of constructing a tunnel. This is the next best thing to the passage of a resolution authorizing the construction of a bridge at Detroit; and as such authorization is out of the question at this session of Congress, the joint resolution adopted by the House is welcome as a step in the right direction. There cannot be objection to its adoption in the Senate and therefore we hope that either Senator Ferry or Senator Chandler will see that it is brought up for action. We believe that a thorough examination by scientific engineers will show that Detroit River can be bridged without subjecting vessels navigating the river to any inconvenience worthy of the name—certainly to none that can be mentioned in comparison with the great public good which will be subserved by bridging the stream; for this international work is a factor of great importance in the great transportation problem. The Canadian Government having given its assent to the work, nothing is required except the assent of the United States. An enquiry, such as that proposed to be instituted, will, in our judgment, from the favorable report which can hardly fail to follow, facilitate the work of procuring that assent.

An enterprising young man was employed by a San Francisco firm to advertise their condensed chowder. He hired an upper box in Baldwin's Theatre, and placed across the front a big transparency, inscribed, "Try Condensed Chowder." The ushers ordered him to take it down, but he locked the door of the box, and proceeded coolly to light the candles in the transparency. The manager ordered up his forces for an ejectment, but first sent for the young man's employer, who had the advertisement removed just before the commencement of the performance.

LOVE AND WAGES.

An Amusing Case at the County Court.

The following amusing case was recently tried at the Hamilton County Court:

The usual monotony of the County Court proceedings were enlivened last Thursday by a rather queer wages case, which developed some curious facts in connection with William Cleaver's ("Dutch Billy's") hotel, at the G. W. R. Station.

The action was brought by Henrietta Krull against William Cleaver to recover wages for overseeing and domestic services rendered by herself and her daughter, from Jan. 14th, 1878, to June 7th, 1879. H. Carscallen for plaintiff; Thos. Robertson for defendant.

The following is the evidence taken:

The PLAINTIFF, on being sworn, testified that she and her daughter had worked for defendant during the period mentioned, and that her services had been worth at least $1 per diem.

The cross-examination elicited the facts that the plaintiff had been divorced in the United States; that she had never asked defendant for wages, but had asked him for money which she had previously loaned him and that there had been some talk of a matrimonial alliance. To this proposition she had answered "No"; shortly after that Cleaver married "another widow." Of this latter person witness had spoken favorably to Cleaver—"put in a good word for her," as it were. She did not remember whether Cleaver had spoken to her of marriage in English or German.

Mr. ROBERTSON said he supposed she would prefer talking of "those things" in English, but that, at all events, there was more in the "language of love" than mere words—perhaps Cleaver had spoken with his eyes.

No; witness had not noticed any love in his eyes at any time. (Laughter.) Among other duties, the plaintiff had assisted with the "washing"; she had also made up the beds.

Mr. ROBERTSON—Did the defendant go to your house to see you frequently before you went to work for him?

The WITNESS—He did not come to see me; he came to see his pet dogs which my daughter was keeping for him.

Mr. ROBERTSON—Well, Cleaver does look like a dog-fancier. (Laughter.) Now, were you not in the habit of holding the little dogs in your lap?

WITNESS (smiling)—Well, yes I was.

Mr. ROBERTSON—And he used to fondle the dogs, eh?

WITNESS—Yes, he did smooth 'em down.

The next witness called was

Miss KRULL, daughter of the plaintiff, who corroborated her mother's testimony regarding the work done for defendant.

FREDERICK EGNER was sworn and said he was familiar with the work about Cleaver's hotel; the plaintiff's services he thought worth $5 per week and her daughter's $6 per month.

Cross-examined and said he did not know exactly what work the women had done in Cleaver's house.

This was the case for the plaintiff.

Mr. ROBERTSON submitted that there was no case for a jury because no contract of services had been shown in evidence.

THE DEFENCE.

WILLIAM GRAY, sworn—I attended bar for the defendant during the time the plaintiff and her daughter were there; before I went there was a regular bar-keeper employed; I wrote a receipt for Mrs. Krull for all the claims she had against Cleaver; she said she was glad she got the money she had loaned him.

In cross examination, Mr. Carscallen brought out the fact that there was one permanent boarder at the hotel, one Dodson; he could not swear that of the $30 mentioned in the receipt one cent had been paid for wages.

JOHN SMITH, Emigrant Agent, sworn—I had some confidential conversation with the plaintiff; she said she had no idea of marrying Cleaver; I asked her, "How about him?" she replied that she could bring the "old man" around all right; I said, "You can't have any affection for him;" she said, "I don't care, he'll die soon and I have a family to support;" she stated further that she thought she had been fooled; I said, "You can't live comfortably with the old man;" she replied to this by saying she'd put up with that for two or three years; I don't remember seeing her attending bar; I understood she went there for the purpose of finding out what "takings," with a view of buying out the "old man;" I think the girl was worth no more than her board; she did nothing but read novels and sit in her stocking feet; should think Mrs. Krull worth about $8 per month.

This was the case for the defence.

Miss ANNIE KRULL, recalled by the prosecution—The statements of previous witnesses regarding me are entirely false.

The DEFENDANT (Cleaver) was placed in the box by consent of plaintiff's counsel, and created considerable amusement. He testified that Mrs. Krull could not cook or do anything; that she kept all the money she collected, and had "spiled about $200 of sethuff."

Mr. ROBERTSON—Now, Mr. Cleaver, I'm going to ask you a delicate question. Screw your courage up and answer me. Did you ever say anything to Mrs. Krull about marriage?

WITNESS—I raid to her, "When you find me de four tousand five hundred dollars and buy de hotel maybe I marry you." (Laughter.)

Mr. ROBERTSON—You hold yourself high in the market.

WITNESS (impetuously)—She owse me one hundred and four dollars.

Mr. ROBERTSON—Don't mind that.

WITNESS—Yes; vell but I want dat money. (Sensation.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Carscallen, as follows:

COUNSEL—Were you of them up at Mrs. Krull's house?

WITNESS—Ya, I was dere every night to see dose two dogs that cost one hundred dollars. (Laughter.) I was go to see de dogs every night all the time.

COUNSEL—Did plaintiff ever scrub the bar?

WITNESS—No, no; the bar never was scrubbed. (Laughter.)

COUNSEL—Did she cook?

WITNESS—There was very little cooking done—one day for the whole week.

COUNSEL—Who made up the beds and swept the floors?

WITNESS—The beds were never made up; I swept the house myself. (Laughter.) They sometimes wash dishes a little. I paid Mrs. Krull over $100.

COUNSEL—What for; if she never did anything?

WITNESS—Oh, just for the pleasure of lending.

Mrs. KRULL, recalled by the prosecution, said no portion of the receipt was for wages.

This being all the evidence Mr. Robertson addressed the jury and was very amusing in his treatment of the incipient love affair involved in the case. Mr. Carscallen followed with a clear exposition of his case and finished at one o'clock.

A TRIPLE MURDER.

A Father Shoots His Three Daughters Lest They Should Live to Lead Immoral Lives.

SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts.—John Kemmler, at South Holyoke, yesterday shot his three children, Annie aged six, Ludmilla four, Amy one, because unable to support them. He has been out of work since February. He sent his wife on an errand, and called the eldest child into the house and tried to poison her with cyanide of potassium. She threw up the dose, Kemmler then took the second child into the front bed-room and shot her through the head with a pistol. Then he took Annie to a rear bed-room and shot her in like manner. The youngest girl lay on a bed, and he shot her also behind the ear. He left the house and told a saloon-keeper what he had done, and was arrested. After the arrest he was cool. He said he was ready to let the law take its course. He said he could not support his children. He feared they would grow up and enter houses of prostitution, and thought that they would be happier in heaven. He had planned it for ten days to kill them. He is collected and apparently sane. Mrs. Kemmler is completely overcome.

A jeweller in South Royalston, Vt., spied on the finger of an esteemed young lady who was shopping in his store a ring that had been stolen from his stock. She told him, in response to his enquiries, that it had been given to her by a boyish suitor. This led to the discovery of a society of thieves, sons of respectable parents. The boys had secret signs, passwords and oaths, after the manner of a body they had read about in a dime novel, and had committed several burglaries.

LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS; OR, THE LITTLE PUSS AND THE BIG, BIG FIB.—Edwin: "Really, darling, this is too bad. An hour late! We shall miss the race."—Angelina: "So sorry, Edwin dear, but they locked me in, and before I could get out to meet you I had to go for the locksmith!"

PHILADELPHIA.

Irredeemable Money—A Sample of American Justice—"Philadelphia Lawyers"—Fairmount Park, Etc., Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8, 1879.

To the Editor of the Hamilton TIMES:

SIR,—I propose to write you, if you will print it, an occasional letter from this city. It will endeavor to be newsy; it shall contain no known untruth, and in its conclusions it will endeavor to deduce from happenings here lessons which all ought to learn from what is to be seen and heard about them. Allow me to be egotistical enough to premise that I am a Canadian, and that if at any time I should seem to hear a little roughly upon the country of my birth it shall be in the effort to "show the error," in order that there may be repentance and amendment. Not that I would preach, either, but the "powers" always "give the "gifty" to those who are at a distance "to see oorselves as others see us."

The trial of Parr for the brutal murder of his own daughter in this city, and the ridiculous manner in which the trial has been spun out, shall serve me for a text to glorify the administration of justice in our own fair land. Here was a case where the father, after years of endeavor to get his daughter to abandon her husband and squander his evil fortunes, pursues the daughter and stabs her *fourteen* times; takes almost immediately after the commission of the act with blood on his clothes—hardly denying the crime—seen immediately previous to its commission and immediately after, by several women with the bloody knife in his hand; all this, and yet the trial occupied *nine* days. The truth is—wide though the reputation for "oniceness" is of the Philadelphia lawyer, the majority of them, like the majority of the profession throughout this country, can do nothing without a vast amount of sound-eagleism, and the judge is powerless to check this or to urge forward the business of the Court; for, is he not dependent upon the public (of whom those lawyers are an influential factor) for re-election? Not until Canadian ears hear the professional bagpipe—jurymen, the pliant sheriffs, the free-and-easy, blustering lawyers, and the too often under-paid and frequently (in the Western States especially) ignorant judges, will they feel the pride they should in Canadian administration of justice. And this reminds me of the absurd remark recently made by V. C. Blake, and of the countenance the Ohlethian gave it. It makes one's face burn with shame to think that political ferocity should have so carried away educated men that they could have made such an attack upon so distinguished a member of such a Bench.

During the Centennial so many Canadians visited this city that any effort to describe the "Quakers' Headquarters" would seem superfluous, but there must be many of your readers to whom a few items about the city would not be uninteresting. The glory of Philadelphia is her park—"Fairmount Park"—on the portion of which west of the Schuylkill were laid out the Exhibition grounds. Do but imagine no less than *twenty-seven hundred* acres devoted to this one park, with every diversity of hill and valley, stream and waterfall, of cave and spring, rustic bridge and leafy arbor, lovely drives and shady walks, with the stately exhibition buildings in the distance on the west side. Add to all this, along the Schuylkill are the quarters of about twenty boat clubs, some of them elegant buildings, with every variety and build of pleasure boat, from the tiny dingy to the eight-oared barge and the miniature steamer. It is a lovely creation and the Quaker City may well be proud of it. *Apropos* of the Park and the Tom Moore celebration: In this Park, in a plain one and a half storey cottage, the poet lived while in this neighborhood and of it he sang:

While I winged the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way thro' banks of flowers,
Tho' few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my charmed soul forgot its wish to roam.

The distance one may drive in one general direction from the Green street entrance to the end of the Schuylkill drive is twelve and a quarter miles. Time and your space do not permit me to even mention the many points of interest in this, the largest and most beautiful park in the country. The regularity with which the city is laid out quite disgusted Dickens when in this country, but this very regularity, with the simple system of numbering the houses makes it the easiest city possible for a stranger to find his way through. To each block 100 numbers are devoted, whether there be enough houses to use the numbers or not. The numbers commence at the Delaware and number west, and at Market street (which cuts the Delaware at right angles) and number north and south. Thus, if one wishes to find 2,100 Market street, he knows it is just twenty-one blocks from the Delaware, and the city covers so vast an area that it has gradually absorbed, not a township, but the county, though, of course, this is not all built over. It is a well-governed city, municipally, its Mayor having almost direct control over the police force—and being a firm and sensible man. The horrors of the detail of the New York force are unknown here. Mayor Stokley has held the position seven years. I say it is a well-governed city, and so it is, *comparatively*, and yet staid, respectable Canadians would find plenty to horrify them on Sundays. Germans make, in the main, good citizens, but where there are numbers of them it is almost impossible to observe even lax Sunday laws. I should like to take you with me to the "Treaty" House and to Franklin's grave, to the Mint, to the University, to the new public buildings, to the Zoological Gardens, (Girard College, the Academy of Arts and a half hundred of other places of interest, but the number of my sheets warn me that I must not too far try the patience of your readers or yourself.

If you think this wandering letter of sufficient interest to publish and give me further space in some future issue I shall be glad to have the company of your readers on a further jaunt.

H. Y. A.

SAD CASE OF SUICIDE.

A Montreal Woman Severs Her Windpipe with a Razor—Her Agonized Children Weeping Around Her Lifeless Form.

MONTREAL.—Shortly after noon on June 18, Dr. Mount was called upon to attend a woman who it was said had made an attempt upon her life by cutting her throat. He went to her residence, and upon being shown into the room where the poor woman was lying, found she had effectually accomplished her design, as the windpipe was completely severed, and beside a slight throbbing of the blood vessels in her neck no other signs of life existed; in fact, she was beyond all human help. The doctor could do nothing for her, and took charge of the unfortunate woman's dead husband's children and friends loudly crying around her lifeless form. On the floor between the chest of drawers and the bed were many stains of blood. A razor had been found by the side of her bed covered with blood. It was quite evident she had gone to the looking-glass, razor in hand, with the deliberate intention of taking her life and with one fearful gash, given with all the strength of a maniac, had inflicted the wound. The maiden name of the deceased was Sophie Marie Pool. She was the wife of Humphrey Bysdell, blacksmith, and leaves, besides her husband, four children—three boys, aged eleven, nine and seven years respectively, and a girl five years, whose tears attested the sorrow they felt. This forenoon at eleven o'clock she had gone to the grocer to make a purchase and her behavior did not strike any one as strange. No one in the house was aware of the suicide until her husband came to dinner, when he entered his chamber and beheld her in the position before described. Those who knew her best ascribe the cause of this deplorable act to a melancholy state of spirits. The coroner will hold an inquest.

HIS WAY OF DOING BUSINESS.—One cause of Nathan Rothschild's success was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the skilful manner in which he contrived to deceive those who watched him the keenest. If he was in possession of news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker, who acted for him, to sell half a million. This move on his part naturally caused those who followed his lead to sell with him. Once the news spread through Capel Court that Rothschild was bearing the market, then the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully on one another; a general panic ensued and the price sank two or three per cent. This was the result anticipated, and other brokers, who acted as his secret agents, bought all they could at the reduced rate. Naturally, on the arrival of the good news, the funds rose, and Rothschild reaped a golden harvest.

Henry A. Linthicum died yesterday from the effects of arsenic. His father died recently. It was supposed he was very rich, but the estate proved almost bankrupt. Young Linthicum was also involved in a divorce litigation with his wife. These are supposed to be the cause of the suicide.

THE FARM.

With cows it is questionable if the largest are the best, when the cost of feeding is considered.

Fowls need charcoal when in confinement, and the best way of furnishing it is by charring an ear of corn.

The common method with manure now is, to keep it as near the surface and to intermingle it with the soil as much as possible.

A horse fork should be in every barn. In the hurry of haying the cost of a horse hay fork may easily be saved in one week, by rapid unloading.

A little dry sand covered over potatoes when they are put in the cellar will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry, air-slacked lime will mitigate a tendency to rot.

When transplanting from the hot-bed or cold frame, put a double handful of compost about each plant, on the same principle that you mulch a tree. It will prevent the drying of the roots before they have taken hold of the soil.

To have a fine velvety turf, the mower must be used frequently, usually as often as once a week. Use the sickle in corners near trees and shrubs, and other places not reached by the mower.

Stale bread moistened with sweet milk is recommended very highly as good food for young chickens the first few days. Even a week old they may be fed on cracked grain scalded. When old enough to swallow grain give them plenty of it.

The average quantity of pure milk needed for a pound of cheese is ten pounds. It varies during the season, and also in proportion to the amount of cream in the milk. A smaller quantity of rich milk than of poor is required to make a pound of cheese.

A farmer who has had ten years' experience in Colorado claims to have found a sure remedy for the potato bug scourge. His plan is simply to plant one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes. He says that the bugs will shun it every time; and for ten years he has thus been successful in raising potatoes while others have failed.

To make a wire fence hog proof, it must have five or six wires, strained very tightly, and have posts not more than sixteen or at most twenty-four feet apart. A good post and rail, or board fence, is preferable to a wire fence excepting where lumber is very costly, or where the snow drifts badly.

When the horse shows signs of shying at an object, do not beat him, but lead him up to it, allowing him to stand and look, as he comes almost; and after he examines it a little he will not fear anything of the kind again. In passing by hedges with a colt, throw in stones and stop him until he takes no notice of the noise.

It may be granted that a stable well filled with large, showy Dutch or short-horn cows, is a very pleasing exhibition. But when we come to figure up the cost of the product, it may be a question if the same amount of food were expended upon an equally good-looking hard of Ayrshires, the milk might not be more cheaply produced.

Hens should not be allowed to disturb the sitters by laying in their nests. Broken eggs and a bad hatch will result. If the sitting hen cannot be isolated in any way, cover her with an empty coop, basket or box, being careful to have her come off every day for feed, water, exercise and dust bath.

A poultry breeder says farmers will feed a bushel of corn to produce six pounds of pork, worth 60 cents, while this bushel would keep a hen. She would lay at least twelve dozen of eggs, which, averaging 18 cents a dozen, would equal $2.19, and she would rear a brood of chickens worth as much more, making a total of near $5.

A most valuable remedy for heaves, and said to be a sure cure: Forty sumac buds, one pound of resin, one pint of ginger, half a pound of mustard, one pint of unslacked lime, one pound of epsom salts, four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces cream of tartar. Mix thoroughly and divide into thirty powders, and give one every morning in their feed before watering.

Warbles are the larvæ of the insect *Œstrus bovis* placed under the latter part of summer. They are generally located along the back of cattle. When present in large numbers they may be the cause of considerable irritation and annoyance to the animal. In small numbers they do not appear to be noticed by their owner. They may be removed by squeezing them with a darning needle, or small penknife, and squeezing them out with the fingers. No other treatment is necessary.

Prickly comfrey is recommended for the feeding and fattening of all farm stock and for increasing the milk of cows; it grows more rapidly and luxuriantly than any other green soiling plant, producing five or six crops of fifteen to twenty-five tons each per acre each season. To teach stock to eat it, confine them, and, fasting over night, prepare a mixed chopped feed of cornmeal, bran and hay, grass, corn, fodder or like palatable food. Sprinkle with meal or bran and a little salt.

Fruit farming is largely on the increase both in England and Scotland, the novelty of strawberry farming on an extensive scale having been going on for sometime in the latter country. On the Muir of Blair, an extensive tract of land lying between Blairgowrie and Coupar-Angus, there is a community of about seventy-five strawberry farmers who earn a living for themselves and families at the business of strawberry growing. The fruit is usually sold *en masse* to the preservers, and in some years as much as £46 an acre has been realized by the sale; but the average income from a Scottish strawberry farm is seldom more than £27 an acre.

The phraseology of gardeners is curious. In a recent pamphlet we are informed that "Mr. Disraeli" is "an elegant grower, and of most excellent habits," "Lord Elcho" is a "bold fine sort, very suitable for exhibition," while the "Prince Alfred" is a "free sort, and must be well stopped when young." The ladies, too, often suffer from gardeners' nomenclature. One young lady is too fastidious to struggle, and must be sharply pinched; a celebrated actress is libellously spoken of as a "blotchy pale-colored sort," and an eminent duchess, not certainly in her first youth, as "very robust and of great substance." But at least the line should be drawn at flowers; when the gardener is extended to fruits, we find a celebrated lady (melon) described as "green flesh tightly laced."

A great bee-master, the Rev. M. Sauppe, of Luckendorf, makes the following calculation, intended to prove the eminent agricultural and economical importance of the bee: He says that of each of his 17,000 hives to be met with in Saxony, 10,000 bees fly out per diem—equal to 170 millions—each bee four times, equal to 680 millions, or, in a hundred days, equal to 680,000 millions. Each bee, before flying homeward, visits fifty flowers, therefore the whole assemblage has visited 34,000,000 millions of flowers. If only of the ten only one flower has become fertilised, 340,000 millions of fertilised flowers would be the result. Supposing the reward for the fertilisation of 5,000 flowers to be one German pfennig, the united bees of Saxony have obtained per annum a sum of sixty-eight million pfennige—680,000 marks (£34,000). Each hive represents in this way a value of £2 sterling.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The largest cultivated wheat farm on the globe is said to be the Grondin farm, not far from the town of Fargo, Dakota. It embraces some 40,000 acres, both Government and railway land, and lies close to the Red River. Divided into four parts, it has dwellings, granaries, machine shops, elevators, stables for 200 horses, and room for storing 1,000,000 bushels of grain. Besides the wheat farm, there is a stock farm of 20,000 acres. In seeding time, 70 to 80 men are employed, and during harvest 250 to 300 men. Seeding begins about April 9th, and continues through the month, and is done very systematically, the machines following one another around the field some four rods apart. Cutting begins about August 8th and ends the fore part of September, succeeded by the thrashing, with eight steam thrashers. After thrashing the stubble ground is ploughed with great ploughs, drawn by three horses and cutting two furrows, and this goes on until the weather is cold enough to freeze, usually about Nov. 1st. There are many other large farms in the Territory. The average yield of the Dakota wheat farm is from twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre.

Monsignor Capel is in Paris, and preached twice the other Sunday at the English Catholic Chapel in the Avenue de la Reine Hortense. It seems a pity that the Romanists of England do not make a substantial effort to clear away the pecuniary difficulties of the brilliant and zealous "veri"-catcher, especially when his richest neophyte is said to have left him to his own resources. The Monsignor, like many other talented clergymen, is no hand at figures, and it must be said to his credit that his heart is bigger than his purse, and that he has materially helped the poorer members of his flock in an almost princely way. It would be too bad to give him the cold shoulder now, whatever Cardinal Manning or the Jesuits may say.

CONDENSED TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

LISBON, Portugal.—The Cortes has ratified the treaty with Great Britain, establishing a customs union between the British and Portuguese East Indies.

OMSKA, Russia.—Numerous arrests were made at daybreak on the 13th, including students, professors, and municipal employees. Thirty-six prisoners have been sent to Archangel. They are not aware of any offence except that they are Liberals.

MADRID, Spain.—A Socialist conspiracy has been discovered at San Miguel. Seven conspirators have been imprisoned, and a list of their accomplices has been seized.

During the military review here to-day the ammunition waggon exploded. Two soldiers were killed, and two soldiers and several spectators were wounded.

PARIS, France.—The Minister of Marine has decided to send three cruisers to the Pacific Ocean to protect French subjects in Chili and Peru.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.—James Dougherty, of Frankfort, yesterday shot his wife twice and himself three times, through jealousy. The wounds are not dangerous.

MADISON, Wisconsin.—In the Supreme Court to-day Miss Lavinia Goodell, of Janesville, was admitted to the bar. This is the first woman admitted to the bar of this Court.

NEW YORK.—The wires of the District Telegraph Company, which pass over the roof of the Metropolitan Hotel, were cut last night and fell in front of the telegraph office, disconnecting nearly all their local lines and causing the utmost confusion. The Western Union and several burglar alarms there were also cut. An investigation will be made to discover the perpetrators and their purpose.

FLUSHING, Long Island.—George W. Furman, late paymaster of the Long Island Railroad, died this morning from injuries received in the railroad disaster at Fresh Pond, last summer.

HARTFORD, Connecticut.—John Ayres died yesterday from the effects of a bite from a rabid dog three years ago.

A correspondent at Berlin reports that 1,750 conflagrations in Russia occurred during May, occasioning a loss of 2,000,000 roubles.

The reason General Garibaldi seeks to annul his marriage with Mme. Raimondi is that the pension of 50,000 francs annually granted to his heirs would otherwise go to Mme. Raimondi's child, though he is not its father, while his own children, who are all illegitimate, would get nothing.

NIAGARA FALLS, New York.—A Frenchman and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Rolland, from Japan, bound for Paris, France, arrived here on Thursday last. The lady, on stooping to get a drink of water at Goat Island this morning, slipped and was carried over the Falls. Her husband was the only witness. He is apparently unconcerned regarding the matter.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The friends of the late Mrs. Hull, who was murdered in her own house, went to Boston on Saturday, and identified certain