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THE HERALD

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Jacob Vallery, } .....County Commissioners.
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Lyman James, }
J. W. Thomas.....Coroner.

Churches.

BAPTIST—On the corner of Main and Ninth, Rev. T. J. Arnold, pastor. Residence on Main between 10th and 11th. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9½ a.m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN—Service in Congregation Church at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Corner of Locust and 8th streets. Cordial invitation extended to all classes to attend.

EPISCOPAL—Corner Vine and Third streets, Rev. A. R. Graves. Services every Sunday at 11:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

CATHOLIC—North side of Public Square, Rev. Father Robal. First Mass every Sabbath at 8:30 a. m., Second Mass and sermon at 10:30, Vespers and Benediction at 3:30 p. m. Mass at 8 a. m. every week day.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN—North side of Main street, west of 6th, Rev. W. T. Bartle; Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.—Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—West side of 6th street south of Main—
Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Class meetings every Monday evening and immediately after close of Sabbath morning services.—Sabbath School at 2:30.

SONTAG den 24 September hat die Deutsche Ev. Luth. Gemeinde in ihrem Schulhaus vormittags um 11 Uhr Gotteodienst. Ueberhaupt findet derselbe von jetzt an regelmässig alle 14 Tage statt. Minister, Rev. L. Braunwald.
Sabbath school at 1 p. m., Prof. d'Allemand, Superintendent.

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings of Platte Lodge No. 7, I. O. O. F., every Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. Transient Brothers are cordially invited to visit.
M. H. HATHAWAY, Sec. A. d'ALLEMAND, N. G.

I. O. O. F.—PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3. Regular Convocations the 2d and 4th Friday's of each month at Odd Fellows' Hall corner 3d and Main streets. Transient Patriarchs cordially invited to visit.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Scribe. H. NEWMAN, C. P.

MASONIC—PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. F. & A. M.—Regular meetings at their Hall on the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Transient brethren invited to visit.
A. d'ALLEMAND, Sec. R. R. LIVINGSTON, W. M.

MACOY LODGE No. 22, A. F. & A. M.—Regular meetings at Macoy Hall, first and third Fridays
J. M. BEARDSLEY, Sec. J. N. WISE, W. M.

NEBRASKA CHAPTER No 3, R. A. M.—Regular Convocations second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.
H. NEWMAN, Sec. R. R. LIVINGSTON, H. P.

I. O. G. T.—OLIVE BRANCH, No. 2, H. Ellison, M. W. C. T., C. W. King, W. Sec., T. W. Shryock, Lodge Deputy, meets at Clark & Plummer's Hall every Tuesday evening. Travelling Templars respectfully invited.

TURNVEREIN—The Turner Society meets at Turners' Hall in Guthman's Block, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Officers—Weckbaugh; Treasurer—Gus. Reinhackle; First Turnwart—Wm. Hessler; Second Turnwart—Geo. Karger; Warden—John Erhart.

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which will be sent free to all who apply for it. Then give me your orders, and I feel confident I can satisfy you.
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A COCKNEY WAIL.

[From the London Figaro.]

The great Pacific journey I have done,
In many a town and tent I've found a lodgement,
I think I've traveled to the setting sun,
And very nearly reached the Day of Judgment.
Like Lalincelot, in quest of Holy Grail,
From Western Beersheba to Yankee Dan
I've been a seeker, yet I sadly fail
To find the genuine type American.

Where is the object of my youthful wonder,
Who met me in the pages of Sam Slick?
Who opened every sentence with *By Thunder*,
And whittled always on a bit of a stick.
The more the crowd of friends around me thickens,
The less my chance to meet him seems to be;
Why did he freely show himself to Dickens,
To Dixon, Sala, Trollope, not to me?

No one accosts me with the words, *Wa'al stranger!*
Greets me as *Festive Cuss*, or shouts *Old Hoss!*
No grim six shooter threatens me with danger,
If I don't *quickly pass the butter, boss.*
Round friendly boards no cocktail ever passes,
No brandy smash my morning hour besets,
And petticoats are worn by all the lasses,
And the pianos don't wear pantalettes.

The ladies, when you offer chicken salad,
Don't say *I'm pretty crowded now I guess;*
They don't sing Mrs. Barney Williams' ballad
Of "Bobbing Round," nor add *Sir-ee* to yes.
I, too, have sat, like every other fellow,
In many a railway, omnibus, street-car;
No girl has spiked me with a fierce umbrella,
And said, *You get, I mean to sit right thar.*

Gone are the Yankees of my early readings!
Faded the Yankee land of eager guests!
I meet with culture, courtesy, good breeding,
Art, letters, men and women of the best.
Oh! fellow Britons, all my hopes are undone!
Take counsel of a disappointed man!
Don't come out here, but stay at home in London,
And seek in books the true American.

FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN COUNTY,
REPUBLICAN VALLEY, June 6, '73.

EDITOR HERALD—*Sir:*—Probably a word from this part of the country would in no wise be unwelcome to you and your readers; especially such of them as have an idea of shifting their present abode. For such this letter is intended, that they may be able to judge for themselves, whether this part of the State is suited to their condition and means, as a place wherein to find a permanent home.

The valley of the Republican is so well known to the reading world, that there is scarcely any need for me to describe it. Suffice it to say, that the State has no finer stretch of country within its lines. It is well timbered, well watered, good limestone, hard as well as soft magnesian, (the latter of which needs no burning, but can be used as taken out of the quarry, by dissolving in water as other lime). The soil is rich and productive, capable of growing that which can be grown anywhere else.

Two years ago last March this county was organized. The number of settlers then located here, were not many more, than those necessary to fill the various offices to do business. At the October election following the number of registered voters was about three hundred; but by an unfortunate occurrence one whole precinct lost the privilege of its vote, causing a great deal of inconvenience to the county at large, owing to the location of the county seat having been thrown into dispute between the contending points, which, it is to be hoped, will soon be permanently fixed.

The population of the county, at present, all told, I would judge is not less than 1,500, which, of itself is sufficient evidence to prove its adaptability to settlement; and yet, this is about as thinly settled a county as is in the valley, except Nuckols county, which is owned chiefly by speculators. This, too, is one of the principal reasons why Franklin county is not more thickly settled.

The State owned a great deal of land here, which now belongs to some railroad corporation. This, with every alternate section given to the B. & M. R. R. Co. to fill up a quota, has occasioned many who would otherwise have settled here to move farther west. Nevertheless, there are many good claims vacant here yet; moreover, on the south side of the river, as a great many people have an objection to cross it, the land is as good, if not better, than it is on the north side. The timber is chiefly hard wood—oak, ash, elm and hackberry, with very little cottonwood. Water on the south side is not so plentiful as it is on the north; but can be had by digging, and at a very moderate depth, almost anywhere.

We have the nucleus of all the necessary modern civilized improvements, already. The assessable personal property of the county, this spring, amounted to $70,000, whereas, two years ago we had nothing to assess. Our indebtedness, up to the present, does not foot up to $2,000, all told, and this too in a county which had no property to tax the first year. The rate of tax is about 75 mills on the dollar, which will leave quite a sum in our treasury, at the end of another year. We have nice thriving little towns, three mills, (two of them steam mills), schools, places of worship, a healthy climate, pure spring water, and good, strong, industrious people, which ought to be such a source of in dependence to a young county as to cause her future to appear brilliant.

MIKE.

The editor of the *Home Journal*, published in Houston, Tex., proposes to increase the circulation of his paper by sending it at half-price to all who marry during the year.

THE WALWORTH TRAGEDY.

Further Developments—A Letter Written in Blood and Sanded with Powder.

The New York *Herald* of June 10 publishes and interview of a reporter with a relative of the murderer, from which the following is an extract:

"Now, Mr. ——," asked the reporter, I want to know your sincere impression of Frank's state of mind. May I ask you what you think on the subject?"

"My answer may surprise you. I have ridiculed the theory of insanity at all times. I do not believe that a man can shoot another down and then be allowed to plead insanity. I have always laughed at the idea. Frank Walworth is no more insane than you are, and if you told him so he would laugh at you, too; and yet he has not realized what he has done. I have seen him to-day, and he still believes he has done a meritorious act. Of course there is not a member of his family who sympathizes with the crime he has committed. Our common feeling is one of horror, and there is not one of us who would not yield up our own life that this terrible thing should not have occurred. Nobody could have dreamed of its probability. You should have seen Frank Walworth before this occurred. A more gentle creature never lived than I saw him at the inquest on Friday last. I could not believe that I was looking at the same boy I knew so well. You remember when Mr. Morehead gave that horrible description of the murder; I thought he would have wilted and cried like a child, but you saw how unmoved he was. No, not even when his father's card, stained with his own blood, was shown him did he betray any emotion, and I warrant that everybody in court was horrified. He grows more apathetic every day, and as this false stocial courage increases, his condition, to my mind, become more critical. The reaction will come, however, some day, and when it does come, and when he realizes what he has done, Frank Walworth will be the most miserable man you ever saw on this earth. His nature is such that should he ever realize the enormity of his crime the effect will be simply terrible, and I pray to God, for his own sake, as does every member of his family, that he may never realize it."

"Now, Mr. ——, to put an end at once and forever to the sensational stories which have been told with regard to the treatment of his wife by Mansfield Tracy Walworth, and the aggravating circumstances which led to this crime, may I ask what you know of your own personal knowledge to be true? There are so many conflicting stories abroad, and from unauthorized sources, that I would like to have your statement for the *Herald*."

"It is a terrible thing, sir, to lay bare family secrets, under such circumstances; and yet, as I told you, we must try to save another life at the expense of the memory of the dead. I am charitable enough to suppose that Mansfield Tracy Walworth was insane on one subject—that of his affection for his wife. I believe that if he could now be asked if he loved his wife he would say that he did sincerely and with all his heart. The fact is, Mrs. Walworth was a handsome woman, of refined tastes. He had low tendencies, notwithstanding his brilliant genius. She lived with him as long as it was possible for a woman to live with a man under such circumstances, and he only missed her when he lost her. He was proud of her as an employer is proud of a confidential clerk, whose value he does not appreciate until better prospects take him away from him. It galled Mansfield Tracy Walworth to the heart that this woman should have left him, and I think the separation cost him his intellect."

"What do these sensational stories about his maltreatment of his wife amount to?"

"We have paid up Mr. Walworth's bill in the house on Fourth avenue, where he resided immediately before his death. We have all his trunks here in which his letters and papers are sealed up. We have there and in Saratoga letters which he has written to his wife, which I hope we may never be compelled to produce in open court, but, should we be compelled, we can, I think, show such aggravating circumstances in this case that will startle the entire community. When Chancellor Walworth died he left his son, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, a simple annuity, and left the remainder of his property to be divided up for the support of his family, knowing the character of his son. This will of the Chancellor's made Mansfield wild with rage. He stood over the coffin of his own father in Saratoga and cursed the day he had been born. He called on God to avenge his upas tree, as he called it, and blasphemed in the most horrible manner. He said that it should be the object of his life that his own father should not be easy in his grave. Of this Mrs. Dr. Backus, the sister of Mrs. Walworth, was a witness, as well as other members of the family. Subsequently Mansfield came to Saratoga, and while his wife was far advanced in pregnancy he beat her and bit three of her fingers to the bone. Her injuries were such at that time as to endanger her life. On the very night of the Chancellor's funeral I alluded to he attempted to break into one of the sleeping rooms of the ladies' seminary."

"I have heard of a story about a letter written to Mrs. Walworth by her husband in his blood. Is there any truth in that?"

"We have letters which Mrs. Walworth has received from her husband, in which he had stated that he had written them in his own blood and sanded them with powder; that he would kill her and her children, and that he would cut off the name of Walworth forever. The Rev. Father Clarence Walworth wrote to Frank last week, saying that he would take him to Europe with him for a tour, and that they would sail on Wednesday of the current week. Frank consulted his mother, and he came to the conclusion to come down to New York and see his father, and get from him a promise that he would not molest or insult his mother or any of the family during his absence in Europe. The father had a bad look when he liked. You should have seen it. He said to Frank, "I promise," when he was asked if he would promise not to insult his mother in his absence. Mansfield Tracy Walworth always carried a pistol in the breast pocket his coat, and Frank Walworth knew it. When he saw him make the motion he fired. I blame him because I think he ought to have got away, and I think he could if he wished; but the boy was aggravated beyond measure. He never intended to shoot his father, and he made that statement of his to the Coroner against the wish of every one of his relatives.

He was not crazy; but reared, as he had been, with no recollection of a fathers love, his earliest years associated with harsh treatment of his mother, his brothers and sisters, and himself, so great a change has come over his gentle truthful nature that you would not recognize him. I believe that this tragedy will cost Mrs. Dr. Backus, Frank Walworth's aunt, her mind.—You have no earthly idea of its effect upon all of us. Mrs. Walworth has always kept her grief to herself, and would allow no one to speak ill of Mansfield Tracy Walworth in her presence.

THE AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS.

Report on the Railway System.

We gave the report on transportation last week, below our readers will find the Report on Railway systems, of which committe our towsman, D. H. Wheeler, was a member:—

The Committe on Railway System submitted the following Report:

WHEREAS, We recognize the railways of the country as an effectual means of developing its agricultural resources, and as having an interest, common and inseperable, with the country through which they pass; and

WHEREAS, We have in times past fostered and aided them by liberal charters and concessions, made by public and private parties, and still desire to encourage further development of the railway system; therefore,

Resolved, That a fair degree of reciprocity would suggest that corporations having a common interest and public aid should in their turn endeavor to subserve the interest of the country through which they pass, by charging fair rate of freights and by the equitable and just treatment of all localities along their lines.

Resolved, That on the contrary, railroad corporations in many instances have been exorbitant in their charges, have discriminated unjustly between localities, and have failed to respond to the generous grants of powers and moneys, that have been given them by our National and State Governments.

Resolved, That the system adopted and now practiced in the building of railroads, viz: The soliciting of stock subscriptions from individuals, corporations and counties, and after receiving these subsides to depress the value of said stock by forcing it upon the market and depreciating its value to such an extent as to enable a few speculators to secure control of the road, thereby depriving those who aid in its construction of all voice in its management; increasing the cost four or five times above the amount it would have cost if those managing it in the outset had had the foresight to have had the funds on hand at the start to build and equip said road; then requiring the producer and shipper to pay dividends upon the fictitious cost by charging excessive freight and passenger tariffs, operates most injuriously to the best interests of the farming class, and calls loudly for reform and restraint by adequate legislation.

Resolved, That we recommend all farmers to withhold their voices and their aid from railway corporations, unless it be fully conceded and agreed that corporations so aided are subject to regulation by the power incorporating them, and will not after receiving the advantages conferred by the public authority, claim the immunities of a private corporation.

Resolved, That we endorse and will support the doctrine promulgated by some of our courts: That a railway corporation in receiving and exercising the State's right of eminent domain and receiving aid raised by taxation from public authorities has thereby accepted and admitted itself to be a corporation with a public function and subject to the power from which it has received its character, in the limitation of its rates.

Resolved, That a railway being practically a monopoly, controlling the transportation of nearly all the country through which it passes; and that as competition, except at few points can not be relied upon to fix rates, "that therefore" it becomes the duty of the State to fix reasonable maximum rates, affording a fair remuneration to the transporter and without being an onerous charge to the producer and consumer.

Resolved, That inasmuch as Belgium has succeeded in regulating the rates upon railways by Government lines, we ask an investigation of the proposition to control the rates upon existing railways by trunk lines built and controlled by the State authorities and run at fixed uniform and cheap rates.

Resolved, That the consolidation of parallel lines of railway is contrary to public policy, and should be prohibited by law.

Resolved, That whenever a railway corporation owns or controls a line or lines in two or more States, it is the right and duty of the General Government to regulate the rates of freight and fare upon such lines, under the constitutional power to regulate commerce between the States.

Resolved, That we commend the thorough organization of the farmers of the county in local, county and State organizations, for the purpose of reforming of the great abuses and dealing out equal and exact justice to all men.

W. H. JACKSON, Tennessee.
W. C. FLAGG, Illinois.
D. H. WHEELER, Nebraska.
C. C. LANGDON, Alabama.
SOL MEREDITH, Indiana.
J. L. NEAL, Kentucky.

The report was then adopted as read.

Quaker Wit.

A Quaker, traveling, arrived at an inn, called for some porter, and, observing the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord: "Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?" "Ten, sir," replied Boniface. "And thou wouldst like to draw eleven if thou couldst?" rejoined Ebenezer. "Certainly!" exclaimed the smiling landlord. "Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the Quaker, "fill thy measures."

Letter From Senator Brownlow.

To D. H. Hill, late Lieutenant-General of the Rebel Army:

SIR:—An article of yours, which recently appeared in the Charlotte (N. C.) *Home*, of which you are editor, I find going the rounds of the newspapers, in which you make an attack upon the character of the late General Canby and other deceased officers of the United States army. In this editorial you do me the honor to bitterly denounce me. I say honor, for I esteem it an honor for any man who has been loyal to his country to be blackguarded and vilified by you. Were I so unfortunate as to be the recipient of your commendation I should feel like exclaiming, as did Socrates, when applauded by a bad man like yourself, "What crime have I committed?"

You exult over the death of the brave Canby, assassinated by savages, and attribute his death with that of Abraham Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton, Geo. H. Thompson, Prof. Mahan, of West Point, ex-Senator Preston King, of New York, and the late Senator Lane, of Kansas, to a retribution of God, because in the late civil war, they opposed the effort to destroy the Government of the United States.

You say of Gen. Canby that while he was in command at Richmond, Virginia, he "personally superintended the hanging of a white man up by the thumbs for kicking an insolent negro." Now, this is your version of Canby's conduct, and the whole editorial you have written breathes so fiendish and brutal a spirit as to make you unworthy of credit.

Besides, this, Gen. Hill, the whole life of Gen. Canby gives the lie to your assertion that he did anything vulgar, inhuman or unbecoming a high-toned soldier. Canby was a man of learning and ability and Christian gentleman, as well as a model soldier. I am not prepared to deny that within Canby's department a white man was tied up by the thumbs. While he commanded at Richmond, a negro, under the Constitution of the United States as amended, which Canby was sworn to support, was entitled to all the rights and privileges of other citizens. As a West Pointer and an officer of the United States army before the war, you know that to tie a malefactor up by the thumbs was a common mode of punishment in the army, and Canby failed in his duty if he made distinction between criminals on account of race or color in meting out the pains and penalties required by good order and military discipline.

While as a matter of form and duty as Department Commander, Canby would approve the verdict of a military court inflicting just and necessary punishment upon criminals violating the laws it was his duty to enforce, he was above being his own executor.—The management of the details he left to a man of brutal instincts like yourself.

Now, Gen. Hill, while you are falsely accusing Gen. Canby of brutality, I propose to enlighten the public as to your military record. While in command in North Carolina, during the late war, twenty-six white men were tried on the charge of being loyal to the United States. No other offense was alleged against them. They were put on trial late in the afternoon, and by the verdict of a drum-head court martial acting under your orders, all were hung until dead, before breakfast the next morning, without benefit of clergy. Are you not a beautiful specimen to assail Canby on the score of brutality? I can think of nothing as supremely ridiculous, unless it would be for you and your friend Cap. Jack to write a treatise on civilization for distribution among the Ku-Klux of North Carolina. Indeed, if I did not know you were in North Carolina, I should infer from the brutality of your assault on Canby, Thomas, and others, that you were in the lava beds when it was written, and that the article was the joint production of yourself and Capt. Jack.

Your assumption that the death of the noble George H. Thomas, by apoplexy, and the sudden deaths of Lincoln and other loyal men are a retribution of the Almighty for the side they took in the late war, could be inspired only by the malignancy born of disappointed ambition, and the spirit which possessessed the devil, the founder of Secession Democracy, of a preference to ruling in hell to serving in heaven.

I am happy in the belief that many thousands of the honest masses in Tennessee, North Carolina, and elsewhere, who were misled and coerced into rebellion by just such men as you, Gen. Hill, now repudiate your leadership and loathe your teachings.

If I was disposed to imitate you, I could give a long list of men in civil and military life supporting the rebellion, who have come to sudden and, in many cases, dishonorable deaths, but I prefer not to do so.

You rejoice over my paralysis as a punishment of God, because, as you say I "cast my lot with the Abolitionists." I recognize the hand of God in my case, but I regard Him as interfering in my behalf. Probably not one man in a thousand would survive the exposure and hardships to which I was subjected while driven by rebel cavalry into the mountains and incarcerated in a rebel prison, in mid-winter. While I am now in improving health with a clear conscience, nearly all the men who were instrumental in my imprisonment, and who insulted me while in prison, are dead. Most of them died with *delirium tremens*, or in some other unnatural way.

I would not parade their names before the world, as you would, for when God lays his hand on a man I take mine off, and I mention the fact in defending myself from your attack.

I have noticed that you and others, who have assailed Canby and Thomas since their death, never insinuated a charge reflecting upon their personal characters while they were living.—To make accusations against a man after death, which you dared not make while he was living, would indicate to unprejudiced minds that you are falsifiers or cowards.

As to myself, I shall go on in the even tenor of my way, and, at the expiration of my term in the Senate, two years hence, I expect to revive the Knoxville *Whig* for the especial benefit of men of your stamp.

I am &c., W. G. BROWNLOW.
KNOXVILLE, Tenn., May 27, '73.

"A good square meal, $1; a perfect gorge, $1.50." [Sign in Michigan.]

WIVES' COLUMN.

BREAD OF BROWN OR GRAHAM FLOUR.—Measure one teacup of flour into the pan the bread is to rise in and on that pour one quart of boiling water, and let it cool till you can bear your finger in it, then add a dessert-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of sugar, a piece of lard as large as a walnut, the lard must be perfectly sweet and nice, two tablespoonfuls good yeast, and as much more flour as you can stir in with a stick; put in a warm place to rise all night; in the morning grease well a cast iron baking pan (*sheet*-iron burns too readily) pour the risen dough into it, smooth it nicely on the top; bake, in half an hour's time, just one hour.

FOOD MEDICINE.—Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and a feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed and cooled by the lemonade and the fast. His theory is that food will be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures cases of spitting blood by the use of salt; epilepsy and yellow fever by watermelons; kidney affections by celery; poison, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas; pounded cranberries applied to the parts affected; hydrophobia, onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat—not to know what medicines to take.

Rigging a Spring Hat.

[Max Adeler in Saturday Evening Post.]

A women who is considering the matter of her spring hat, is an interesting subject for contemplation. First she buys a frame that looks as if it had been struck by a hurricane and then sat down on by an entire coroner's jury. After that, when she rides in a street car, she drinks in the details of every spring hat that enters, and learns them all by heart, and does mental sums over the cost of the ribbon, and makes up her mind to have flowers in her's like those worn by the woman in the corner, and lace like that gawky-looking creature in the middle. And when she walks down the street and studies all the hats that come along, and when a woman passes with one on, she twists her neck around to see how it looks behind, and is disgusted to see that the woman also is dislocating her neck, to see how she trims *her* hat.—When she arrives in front of a millinery store, she lingers until she has analyzed all the spring hats in the window, and she determines to trim her's in nineteen different ways, and she decides not to have flowers like those of the woman who sat in the corner. Then she shoots into the store, and asks to "see hats," with an air of a person who has a whole female seminary to rig out with eighty dollar head-gear. She examines every hat in the establishment, overhauls ten bushels of flowers, get about twenty dollars' worth of work out of the sales-woman, and then says she will "look further." Then she goes home with her mind fixed on thirty-eight or nine different styles, in which she wants to trim her hat. After a while she begins to think she ought to have a feather in it, and she passes two or three sleepless nights trying to decide whether to put one on or not. At last she resolves she will. Then she lies awake for two more nights endeavoring to determine whether it shall be red or blue. She fixes on blue. She buys the trimming and sews it on in seventy successive positions, her mind filled with deepest anxiety as to whether the feather should go on the right side, the left side or on top. She puts it on the right side, but just then Mrs. Brown passes the window with a feather on the left side of her's, and so she changes it. The next morning Mrs. Furguson calls, and her feather is on the right side, and then another change is made. At church the next day, Mrs. Smith has feathers on both sides, and Mrs. Johnson has one on top. Then more sleepless nights and painful uncertainty. At last in utter despair she takes the hat to a milliner's and pays ten dollars to have it trimmed. When it comes home she pronounces it "hateful," and picks it all to pieces, and broods over it and worries and frets, and loses her appetite and feels life to be a burden for a week or two longer until suddenly she hits just the right thing, and become once more serene and happy and puts the hat on and goes out to make millions of other women miserable, because their hats are not trimmed exactly like hers. As a wife, woman is a blessing; as a mother, she is an inestimable boon; as an organizer of spring hats, she is simply an object of compassion.

John Stuart Mill's Tribute to His Wife.

The death of John Stuart Mill recalls an incident which revealed the depths of his tender nature. His work on "Liberty" appeared in 1859, soon after the death of his wife, and the memory of that lady's singular abilities and womanly virtue was embalmed by him in the touching and eloquent dedication of the volume. It was as follows:

"To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revisions, some of the important portions having been reserved for a more careful re-examination, which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivaled wisdom."

Mrs. Mill lies buried at Avignon, long the home of the well-mated pair, and in the spring of every year since her death he has made a pilgrimage to her grave. The world now pays to him a tribute as sincere and as just as that which he paid to her.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The spur that caused the Walworth murder—Hotspur.

A drive out of the world—The New Jersey Boulevard.

Emerson will, for the present, enjoy his peace at Concord.

Mr. Beecher's card doesn't display any of the cardinal virtues.

Parricide—The result of a one-sided influence from a wedded pair.

What do moustaches become inevitably?—They *must ashes* become.

There is some difference between the thoughts we associate with the "Last Man" and the "end man."

What the leader of the Chinese army said when he saw his thirty thousand prisoners—I-slay-'em!

Although work is still in progress on the third story of the new Post-office, the next story will be coming forth soon.—*Graphic.*

A powerful jackscrew — Captain Jack's crew.

Mark Twain respects his baby for its father's sake.

Even benevolence must be run on business principles.

The best elocutionists pronounce the "g" in such words as "pudding."

"Home—sweet, sweet home," as the bee said when he entered his hive.

Rather than die without a groan, let me groan without a die. [A. Ward.]

Postal cards will be a delicate and delightful way to dun delinquent debtors.

The *Independent* mentions an "occasional contributor"—a lady—who is not ashamed to earn her living as cook and housemaid, working for month's wages.

A little farm well-tilled,
A little wife well-willed,
A little paper well-filled.

It is rather cool in a San Francisco paper to advise a young man "to go West."

A young husband handed his wife a dozen buttons, the other day, and asked her to put a shirt to them.

An unfort