

A Mother's Heart.

A little dreaming, such as mothers know; A little lingering over dainty things; A happy heart, wherein hope all glows...

Clara's Stratagem.

It was an autumn evening. The dead leaves were falling about the garden, and all was still save the noise of the flocks lapping the seaweed on the shore.

was broken only by the loud heart-beats of my superstitious attendants. I crawled noiselessly from below, and hearing a slight rustling in the direction of the shed, I passed over the bow and moved softly round to listen.

Excited Over the War News.

Mr. White, a Detroit of middle age, visited this office, says the Detroit Free Press funny man, to find a war map and to have a chat about the European situation, and it wasn't ten minutes before his enthusiasm was up to the boiling point.

"It will be worth thousands and millions and billions of dollars to this country," he shouted, as he broke through one of the office chairs.

"Did you order the flour?" she asked, in a careless tone. "Flour! What do I care about flour! The Russians have got Kars and half of the Turkish army."

"By the way, John," she softly remarked, as she looked up, "don't you think that summer kitchen will have to be reshingled this spring?"

A Lunatic and a Rat.

While at Campbell court house we looked upon one of the most pitiable objects that ever crossed our path. In a bare cell is confined a human being by the name of James Cassidy, a lunatic.

An Iowa Fish Story.

The Dubuque Times tells the following story: "Two young gentlemen who took a fishing excursion down the river having fallen short of bait, commenced using the eyes of the dead fish already caught.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

"Laying Out" the Farm.

Many farms of the country need reconstruction in plan. In the Middle and Western States we see numbers of them that remain just about as they did when the owners got through clearing them.

Household Notes.

OAT MEAL MUSH.—Should never be stirred after it is "set," but kept tightly covered over a slow fire.

WASHING FLUID.—Unslacked lime, one-half pound; borax, one-half ounce; washing soda, one pound; boiling water, two gallons.

COVERING FOR INVALIDS.—Never use anything but light blankets as a covering for the sick.

GERMAN TOAST.—To use up stale bread, cut the loaf in slices about half an inch in thickness; add a full cup of rich sweet milk one egg well beaten, and a little salt and pepper; dip the bread slices in the milk, and fry them while merely moistened, on a pancake griddle.

ROE FLOUR PUDDING.—Three heaping spoons of rice flour mixed with new milk, until it resembles starch; stir into this a quart of boiling milk; let both boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly to prevent scorching.

A Few Hints About Poultry. Those poultry keepers do best who do the least, providing they are not neglectful.

A Big Haul of Grasshoppers. A Des Moines (Ia.) correspondent of the Chicago Times says: The northwestern county farmers are raiding the 'hoppers in every conceivable manner.

What Eyes Indicate. A writer in the Baltimore Bee is of the opinion that black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous.

THE MURDER OF MISS HANSON.

A New Hampshire Tragedy—A Farmer Employed His Hired Man to Murder a Young Lady.

New England of recent years has been fruitful in terrible crimes, but no tragedy has equalled in deliberate savagery the killing of Miss Susan J. Hanson, of Brookfield, N. H., in November, 1874, as its revolting details are now developed by the confession of Charles W. Cook, of Farmington. He did the killing on the promise of \$500 reward from Joseph B. Buzzell, a farmer of means and reported respectability, a former suitor of Miss Hanson's, and defendant at the time in a breach of promise suit brought by her.

Susan J. Hanson was a native and lifelong resident of Brookfield, thirty-four years old, attractive, amiable and cultured above most country girls. She had known Farmer Buzzell intimately always; they had grown up near neighbors, were engaged before the girl had reached her twentieth year, and several times he had appointed and postponed the wedding day. A few months before the tragedy the lover, to everybody's surprise, married another woman. The friends of Miss Hanson were naturally indignant and outraged, and at their earnest solicitations the deserted girl consented to bring a breach of promise suit against Buzzell.

The legal papers had been served, but the night before the first hearing of the case the plaintiff was killed. She was sitting in the early evening with her mother, brother and a little nephew in their cosy New England kitchen, when a blinding explosion occurred, the lamp went out and Miss Hanson fell dead.

Buzzell was naturally arrested and tried. The imprint of a gunstock near the window through which the shot had been fired corresponded to a gun he had formerly owned but which could not be found; a wagon track from which a man was followed through a piece of plowed land near the Hanson's corresponded to his, the wadding of the gun had been from a newspaper he was known to take—but after a week's trial the evidence against Farmer Buzzell was held to be not convicting. The Hanson house was soon after deserted by its occupants because of its terrible associations, and the local public gave over expecting that the murderer of Susan Hanson would be brought to justice in this world.

The excitement because of the murder was somewhat revived, however, in the spring of 1876 by the burning of the fine farm buildings of one of the witnesses against Buzzell in the murder trial, and again in the fall and last winter by the incendiary firing of buildings belonging to two more men who had given evidence unfavorable to the defendant. Reward of \$1,000 was offered for the arrest of the incendiary, and Boston detectives began to "shadow" Chas. W. Cook, who had been Buzzell's hired man for years.

The officers became workmen in the shoe factory at Farmington, whither Cook had removed, and a few days ago arrested him as Buzzell's accomplice in the murder and incendiarism. Overcome at finding agents of the law in his new friends, the young man has made a voluntary confession of the means employed by Buzzell to revenge himself on Miss Hanson and his neighbors. He says:

We went up across the hills and pastures leading to the Hanson house to a little knoll where the barn used to stand, about three rods from the house. I think Buzzell then asked me if I would kill her, and I told him no, that I would rather be killed myself. He said he would give me \$500, and that he had witnesses who would swear we were not on the road. We went to the front side of the house and looked into the windows and saw Susan, her brother and mother and a little boy. Buzzell wanted me to shoot, and said I had got to do it or he would blow my head off. I was afraid he would. He leveled the gun and told me to fire it. I took it and fired at Susan Hanson, and went back of Sordridge's barn. Buzzell went directly for his house.

The wretched lad was made to testify to an alibi in Buzzell's favor at the previous trial and was then sent out of town by the farmer, who subsequently allowed him to burn the property of those who had sought to justify fasten upon him the killing of Miss Hanson.

Fighting for a Home. A woodpecker's hole is such a very convenient place for a nest, that many other birds are glad to find one unoccupied. Sometimes pair of wrens will watch the motions of the woodpeckers while they are at work, until an unfinished hole is left unguarded, when they will take possession of it. As soon as the lawful owners return, the thieves are driven off, but they are so persistent and so troublesome that, although a woodpecker is larger and stronger than twenty wrens, the owners sometimes abandon the place, and make a new nest. Still, wrens are not always allowed to keep the house they have stolen, for the blue birds are equally covetous of it, and sometimes fight fiercely with the wrens in their attempts to gain possession of it. Occasionally, both wrens and blue birds are driven away by the martins, for these birds also prize woodpecker's holes very highly. The fierce battles between these various birds over an abandoned hole are very amusing, and often last several days; for they all are very obstinate birds, and as each one is determined not to give up, the matter is not very easily settled.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

A Church Restaurant. There is probably only one church in the United States that has a thoroughly-appointed kitchen in its basement. It is the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng's, at Madison avenue and Forty-second street, New York. Mrs. McGoun is the presiding genius of this clean and well-appointed anomaly in church auxiliaries. Every Sunday afternoon, under the auspices of the Andrew and Philip society, she ladles out savory hot coffee and ten and stewed oysters, and serves great fishes of hot meat and bread for hundreds of hungry men. Every Tuesday afternoon, at the cost of the Mary and Martha society, women are as bountifully fed.

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is worth.

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, who thinks himself superior to others.

There is not one among us that would not be worse than kings, if so continually corrupted as they are with a sort of vermin called flatterers.

Folly consists in the drawing in of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

He seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.

Look upon every man as a suicide from the moment he takes the dice box desperately in his hand, and all that follows in his fatal career from that time is only sharpening the dagger before he strikes it to his heart.

Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue. The proofs to which the people are submitted, as with individuals, are necessary then to draw them from their lethargy and to disclose their character.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change, no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character.

I love a serious preacher who speaks for my sake, and not his own—who seeks my salvation, and not his vainglory. He best deserves to be heard who uses speech only to clothe his thoughts, and his thoughts only to promote truth and virtue. Nothing is more detestable than a professed declaimer, who retails his discourses as a quack does his medicines.—Massillon.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can—and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to them, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

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A Chinese Bath House. A Shanghai correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, writing of a visit to a Chinese bath house, says: William we were accosted by a damp looking specimen of humanity, with a face shriveled up like a washerwoman's and thumbed up like a proprietor.

He consented for a consideration to allow us to examine the workings of the establishment. Pulling aside a dirty curtain we were ushered into a large room in which a half dozen tallow dips made feeble effort to illuminate the surrounding objects. A tank some fifteen feet long and ten wide was sunk in the floor to the depth of four feet, and possibly contained 500 gallons of water, heated by means of underground furnaces to quite a high temperature, and in which I counted fourteen bathers at one time, while at least twenty others were either preparing to enter or completing their toilet prior to departure.

The proprietor seemed quite proud of his accommodations, and after politely inviting us to take a bath, which we reluctantly declined, gave us the following information: The tank is refilled with clean water every midnight, and is not again changed for the twenty-four hours succeeding. His customers arrived at any hour between daylight and midnight, and usually numbered about one hundred and fifty a day. None were refused admission on any account, either of filth or disease. I tried to impress upon the keeper what a great advantage he would have over rival establishments if he would introduce a toothbrush on the end of a chain, but he was inclined to regard it as an innovation calculated to engender too luxurious ideas, and therefore declined it. Seriously speaking, this frightful system of bathing is the cause of propagating more disease than any other met with in this pestiferous land, if we except epidemics, which can hardly be regarded as causes.

What Came of Using Mexican Spurs. A young man—a stranger—undertook to take a little ride about the suburbs for his amusement, so he said. He had on a large pair of Mexican spurs, and as soon as he got in the saddle he stuck them into the sides of the animal, which immediately made about one hundred yards, sometimes with his head struck down between its forelegs and sometimes with its tail up in the air, as it was trying to walk on its fore paws; in fact, it was a kind of faux pas all around—the young man who was taking a ride for his pleasure contributed his share. He saw a great deal of the country in a very few moments, then he struck the ground as if he had a through ticket to China.

He gathered himself up, and limping to a chair, holding on the lower extension of his spinal column, seemed to be out of sorts.

"Did you get hurt?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Not a darned bit," was the reply, grating his teeth and fondling the afflicted part; "but somebody might have got hurt if I hadn't dismounted when I did; but I would not have ridden that pony in the first place if I hadn't been an experienced horseman."

Verily, "pride knows no pain," but the young man don't wear those Mexican spurs any more, not even when he rides out for his pleasure in a hack, with a careful driver and two horse horses, hired especially for the occasion.—San Antonio Herald.

THE MISSING LINK.—The Berlin gorilla is going to London for a season. His name is Pongo, and he is the only gentleman of his race in Europe. His education has been completed at the Berlin aquarium. He drinks claret and water, turns handsprings, swings on a trapeze, drums on the floor, chases a little dog, and behaves like a gentleman. His manners are very graceful, especially when he has occasion to drink wine with his little cousin, the chimpanzee. Pongo looks like a little boy, and his hands are quite soft and pretty.

RUSSIAN BLUFF.

The Little Difference Between Muscovite and Other Hackmen.

I had arrived at the outskirts of the town and we stopped before a dirty looking wooden cottage.

A tall man dressed in a long coat reaching to his heels, bright yellow trousers which were stuffed into a pair of red leather boots, while an enormous black sheepskin cap covered his head, came out and asked my business. I said that I wanted three horses to go to the next stage and asked him what he would drive there for, the regular postage tariff being about six roubles.

"One of noble birth," replied the fellow, "the roads are bad; but my horses will gallop the whole way. They are excellent horses; all the people in the town look at them and envy me. They say how fat they are! look, how round! The governor has not got any horses like mine in his stable. I spoil them! I cherish them; and they gallop like the wind. The people look, wonder and admire. Come and see the dear little animals."

"I have no doubt about it. They are excellent horses," I replied; "but what will you take me for?"

"Let us say four roubles, your excellency, and give me one on account. One little whole silver rouble; for the sake of God let me put it in my pocket and we will bless you."

"All right," was my answer, "send the horses to the Tzarokoe Solo inn immediately."

Presently the fellow rushed into my room, and bowing to the ground, took off his cap with a grandiose air, then drawing out the money I had given him from some hidden recess in the neighborhood of his skin, he thrust the rouble into my hand and exclaimed:

"Little father, my uncle owns one of the horses; he is very angry. He says he was not consulted in the matter, and that he loves the animal like a brother. My uncle will not let his horse leave the stable for less than five roubles. What is to be done? I told him that I had agreed to take you and even showed him the money; but he is hard hearted and stern."

"Very well," I said; "bring around the horses."

In a few minutes the fellow returned, and exclaimed: "One of noble birth, I am ashamed!"

"Quite right," I said; "you have every reason to be so; but go on, is your uncle's horse dead?"

"No, one of noble birth, not so bad as that; but my brother is vexed. He has a share in one of the animals; he will not let me drive him to the next station for less than six roubles, and the man putting on an expression in which cunning, avarice and pretended sorrow were blended, rubbed his forehead, and added: "What shall we do?"

I said: "Have you a grandmother?"

"Yes," he replied, much surprised. "How did you know that? I have; a very old grandmother."

"Well," I replied, "go and tell her that, fearing lest she should be annoyed if any accident were to happen during our journey, for you know misfortune occurs sometimes; God sends them," I added, piously. "Yes; he does," interrupted the man. "We are simple people, your excellency." "And, not wishing to hurt the old lady's feelings, should the fore leg of your uncle's horse or the hind leg of your brother's suffer and shall not go with you to-day, but take post horses to-morrow."

The man now became alarmed, thinking he was about to lose his fare. He rubbed his forehead violently, and then exclaimed: "I will take your excellency for five roubles."

"But your brother?"

"Never mind; he is an animal; let us go."

"No," I answered, "I shall wait; the post horses are beautiful horses; I am told they gallop like the wind. All the people in the town look at them, and the inspector loves them."

"Let us say four roubles, your excellency."

"But your uncle might best you. I should not like you to be hurt."

"No," was the answer; "we will go; and the knotty point being thus settled, we drove off."

Handsome piques with lace effects are imported. The organdy patterns are gay stripes on dark grounds.

Another mode style has pretty twills of contrasting hues. Lenses for costumes come rather darker this season.

A linen suit is considered dressy, and pronounced in taste for a mode toilet. The "Admiral jacket" is a novelty introduced for wear with a Breton costume.

Lace garniture is employed to trim thin, washable dresses, and lace is used on light all wool costumes. Fringes of all kinds will be in demand. This form of dress embellishment is so much admired that it will continue in use.

Crimped twist, intermixed with "Milan" balls of satin, is a beautiful garniture, and particularly designed for cloaks. The summer cloak, or mantilla, is arranged in silk, and richly trimmed with lace and gallow or fringe.

Handsome silk fichus are gotten up for street toilets. This fashion of top garment is very becoming to ladies with slender forms. Torchon on solid colored cambrics, bunting suits and percales are said to be very dressy. Certainly the effect is picturesque, and hence cannot fail to please.

Old English thread lace is once again in the beau monde. This fashion of lace sets off to great advantage all gauzy textures, giving to the toilet a delicate beauty of finish. Buttons overlapping is a novel dress garniture, and just at present appears to be much in vogue. Doubtless this fancy style will hold favor for some time, since the fashion is one that cannot be copied with cheap materials.

The chip chapeau is termed the one for dress. Tuscan, Leghorn and Milan straws are all "ton" in character. It appears that fashion still favors the close fitting capote.

Cure for Trouble. There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that never can be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficiency ever since Adam and Eve left behind them, with weeping, their beautiful Eden. It is an efficient remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly, without leaving any disagreeable after-effects, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial results. It will cure mental complaints, and any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure all" than any drug or compound found in the market.

Items of Interest.

Yet a few more days, and the earliest green apples will be doubling up the first red boy. As the young lady remarked about the infant in "How sweet, but how bald for one so young!"

An Iowa man put \$16,000 in the rag bag for safe keeping. A peddler came along and his wife sold the rags.

The czar has already had a delinquent commissary shot. He proposes to stand no trifling with the flour of his army.

A San Francisco child has been born without eyes, and without any place for them. The father is "a well known and prominent citizen."

A Rhode Island man, when arrested the other day, was armed with a pistol, a "wood chuck," a sharpened knife, a coil of rope and a paper of poison.

Thirty-three States have made laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The States that have not are Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Nebraska and Colorado.

"I wish I were dead," is a common exclamation with the dyspeptic, and yet no man can get over a fence or crawl under a barn faster when there's danger ahead.

The question now in the male juvenile mind is whether to wait around for his hair to dry, or to walk boldly into the house and risk his mother's finding out that he has been in swimming.

The young lady who forwarded to a newspaper a poetic complaint entitled: "I Cannot Make Myself Smaller," should remember that perhaps he had already "smiled" as frequently as his prudice would permit.

Over two hundred pages of delinquent tax notices were published in a Chicago newspaper. The property affected would seem to comprise the most valuable lot in the city. The publication will cost the taxpayers \$50,000.

The shrinkage in the size of the bakery loaves will soon make, possibly, a scene like the following: Customer—"Give me a pound of those crackers, please." Baker—"Crackers, thank you, a pound, ten cents apiece."

An American citizen was garrotted and robbed recently while traveling from Turkey to St. Petersburg. No diplomatic correspondence will be necessary, as Turkey and St. Petersburg are two small towns in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

The sea holds 60,000,000,000 tons of salt. Should the sea be dried up, there would be a deposit of salt over the entire bottom of the ocean 450 feet deep, and if the salt were taken and spread on the land it would cover it to a depth of 500 feet.

Great place, that Black Hill county. Besides gold and silver, "a mountain of linings" has just been discovered. The accounts do not mention the matter, but we understand that there is a great deal of type metal and a flowing well of hair dye!

A Frenchman, having heard the word press made use of to signify permission, as "Press occasion," he took the time the next day to take a gentleman to take something to eat. "I am ashamed!"

"Quite right," I said; "you have every reason to be so; but go on, is your uncle's horse dead?"

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