

THE GREAT SCANDAL.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches of the Brooklyn Trial.

Roger A. Fryer's Oratory. (Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.)

His voice is shrieking and furious, soft and gentle. His body is elastic as a whalebone, and his movements like those of a cricket. His language is impetuous, yet far removed from rant. He flopped his long, stiff hair with a jerk of his head, and was of like a shot in nervously energetic way, in sentences that began quietly and ended explosively, in a tremulous and fervid that is often found in the pulpit than at the bar. Beside these things, his singular face, fascinating in moments of excitement, added to the effect of his words.

Shearman. (Cor. Chicago Tribune.)

The absence of the Beechers and of Mrs. Tilton was the result, I fancy, of a plan of counsel which was held on Sunday, at which Evaris presided. Mr. Tilton's effect of their presence upon the jury seems to have struck everybody but Shearman, who revels in the sort of theater display which surrounds a man of fortune. Mr. Beecher's weeping for his wife and children, Mr. Beecher's noble anxiety, the feverish interest he took in the smallest contention between counsel, the terrible indications of mental distress which hung their crimson on his forehead—all these things produced impressions of the very reverse of those desired by the crafty little lawyer who is mainly responsible for the equivocations of this trial—who never comes to the surface except to emphasize a technical point or to create a discrepancy in debate or punctuation.

Advent of Tilton. (From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

Tilton at once ascended the witness chair, took the oath, and settled himself down for the slogging work of the day. He looked quite as well as usual, tall to the height of six feet, with a weight of nearly 200 pounds, with his familiar light complexion and long, bushy, blonde hair. A short distance in front of his woolly forehead, with a figure so slight, portly, and abundant as to be marked contrast with his own. He certainly was a curious spectacle to see this husband thus confront his wife as her accuser under the circumstances, and in the peculiar way in which the thing happened to-day. All the half-dozen ladies in court, all friends of Mrs. Tilton, sat like the rest of the spectators, with their eyes fixed steadily on him. Mrs. Tilton wore a slight veil, looked straight at him from the first to the last of his story, and the reporters say that her face was set in sternness and anger. The sharp-sighted reporters also saw that Mrs. Beecher's face was covered with a wonderment and surprise, while Mrs. Beecher looked at him freestingly or sneeringly—especially at his bits of evidence referring to herself.

Five and Six Water. (Dr. Beecher's Telegram.)

Two or three days after the curtain had gone up, a pieman dived upon the smothering congregation. I cannot precisely testify to the quality of his wares, but I can conscientiously affirm that this once-altogether supernumerary and gratuitous person has come to regard himself as one of the indispensable functionaries of the court. From a condition of bare necessity he has successfully aspired to the standing of a necessary, and directly the gavel of his honor falls to proclaim recess, straightaway does the pieman lift up his voice, and chant, in the very temple of justice, the excellence of his delectable wares. During the process of the trial, his dyspeptic manufactory lurked in the undiscoverable retreat; but, the moment the jury have been escorted out of the building, that moment the pieman hurriedly drags them into daylight, and with a flourish of his hand announces the arrival of his wares. Muttons, of a hard yet tallowy consistency, are his specialty. At least two hundred regular customers fall, in ravenous haste, upon his basket; and then they retire, the pieman's tablecloth is laid upon a Kansas orchard after a descent of grasshoppers.

Shortly after the pieman and his basket had been established in the court an enterprising person of African descent took it into his head to supplement the establishment by a new variety of wares. "So, during recess, he circulated among the people who wait rather than lose their seats, and shouts his war-cry, "ice-water!" Some of his patrons give him a nickel, some a nickel, and some nothing at all. Yet the child of Ham is always happy, and bares his ivory in a perpetual grin.

That Famous Interview. IN WHICH TILTON TOLD BEECHER OF HIS WIFE'S CONFESSION. (Extract from Tilton's testimony.)

On the 30th of December, 1870, I had an interview with Beecher. Moulton brought Beecher and retired. I did not salute Beecher, nor he me; I crossed the room, locked the door, and went back and sat opposite Beecher. I began in this way: I think I said, I presume you received from Bowen the letter demanding retirement from your pulpit in Brooklyn. He answered, I did, sir, I told him he need not fear that letter. He thanked me. I said he need not do so. Elizabeth deserved his thanks and not me. He said he understood the object of this interview only in general terms, and asked me to tell him what Bowen had said. I told him it would be better to go to Bowen himself. I told him Bowen said he was intimate with members of your congregation for the past twenty-five years. That you were a wife of a safe man, and had ruined many family households. That you were a wolf in the fold, and should be extirpated, and that Bowen had said that he had it in his power to drive Beecher out of Brooklyn in twelve hours.

I told him that after I had this interview with Bowen I told it to my wife, who was distressed and reminded me that I said in the previous summer that I would not break my promise not to hurt Beecher; that if he were driven from Brooklyn, it would be her shame and that of her children. Beecher asked me what I meant by her shame, and I read to him Elizabeth's letter of confession. This confession was approved by Elizabeth two years after. A copy of it was destroyed on this evening.

Tilton then testified that Beecher attempted to speak, but witness said: "Wait, hear me through, and then speak." Witness said to Beecher that Mrs. Tilton was present, unexpectedly, and said to her husband that she wanted to communicate a secret that had long been on her mind and she wanted to throw off; that she had been at the point several times, and once particularly when she was on a sickbed. Before telling the secret she extorted a promise from her husband not to tell any one and not to injure the person concerned. She did it was a secret between herself and her pastor. She said that for a long time a friendship had existed between them, more than friendship. It had been sexual intercourse. It began after the death of her son Paul. She went to her pastor's house, and on the 10th of October, 1868,

she surrendered her body to him in sexual embrace. On the Saturday following she repeated the act at the house of her husband, and on several other occasions at his house and at several other places. It had occurred all through the fall. In the month of July, 1870, she had written a letter to witness telling witness the facts. She had been so greatly distressed owing to rumors as to the condition of Beecher's moral character. She wanted to demonstrate to the honor and dignity of her sex. Until he told her, her love was innocent. She said to Tilton that for a long time Beecher had not been a happy man; that his wife had not been a satisfactory one, and that he wanted Elizabeth to be a wife to him, but she always refused. Beecher's solicitations to her were oftentimes violent. She had gone away from witness in the spring, and witness wrote her a letter saying that until she made a full confession he would never look upon her. She said she had come down from the country on purpose to make the confession. Witness said that he understood that the confession conversation was not given word for word, but as accurately as he could. He furthermore told Beecher that that occasion that Mrs. Tilton had become a broken-hearted woman, and that instead of her usual interview with Beecher, she went to the far West. Also told him in regard to the statement that she had asked Tilton to send to Beecher that he might hold an interview, and she could have the letter about withdrawing from the ministry, and that she had refused to acquiesce, and that she had appealed four or five times, and then she asked witness to carry a letter, and witness refused to do it. She then implored witness to carry the letter, and witness which should not jar his pride. Mrs. T. wrote a letter to Moulton for the purpose of holding an interview. In conclusion, the witness reminded Beecher that he had revoked the demand he made upon Beecher to resign his office, and that he would not resign. Beecher should be prosecuted. At the close of the narrative the witness waited a moment, and noticed that Beecher's neck and face turned red. Tilton went to the door, unlocked it, and said, "You are free to go." Beecher appeared not to hear him, and sat as if in a dream. Tilton repeated it, and Beecher arose and walked to the door, but came back and asked, "May I go for the last time and see Elizabeth?" Beecher said, "Do not chide me, if you smite her with a word, I will smite you in tenfold degree. I did not smite you when I had the power, for my wife's sake, but if you chide her with a word, I will smite you in tenfold degree." Beecher put both hands to his head, and said, "It is all out, all out."

Beecher went down stairs with his hands to his head, and Moulton was at the door, and he asked Moulton if he had seen Elizabeth's confession, and Moulton answered, "Yes, I have seen it, and it will kill me." Moulton and he thereupon went into the parlor.

Moulton. THE MOST REMARKABLE WITNESS THAT EVER APPEARED IN COURT. (From the Chicago Journal.)

Frank Moulton has at last stepped down from the witness chair, and Brooklyn has another cause of honor, and the city not only has the most eloquent preacher in the world, but the most remarkable witness that ever appeared before a bar of justice. For eleven days he has been on the witness stand, and has imposed an array of counsel and testimony which would do credit to any lawyer. And what is the upshot of all his testimony? First, Mr. Beecher admitted to him that he had had sexual intercourse with Mrs. Tilton. Second, he admitted to him that he had had sexual intercourse with Mrs. Tilton. After leading his client through arid plains of negative testimony, he brought him to the very doors of the Investigation Committee. There arrived, the defendant through Beecher's testimony, a battle to prevent any more exposure of the curious museum which Tracy is pleased to call his conscience. But Fullerton was fierce with the desire to finish his adversary, and, therefore, after fighting with numerous wipers, obtained a rule admitting the grotesque story. Tilton, upon this, bore witness that Tracy, with tears in his eyes, while the committee was sitting, approached him and told him that his case was a very solemn one, and with many solemn pledges, assured him that the committee would accept any charge against Beecher except one so grave as to make it impossible for him ever thereafter to appear in Plymouth pulpit. This, coming from Tilton, from Beecher's agent, and involving the committee, Beecher's own creation, first filled the court with amazement, and then directed all eyes at that eminent divine. Beecher did not bear the scrutiny without distress. He ran his fingers through his hair, and a wave of blood rolled over the crown of his head. For some reason the audience appeared to decline the hazard of believing that Tracy wept, but the graver charge that he desired Tilton to testify his admitted true statement, merely to make it possible for Beecher to remain in Brooklyn, struck the towers of Plymouth with such an earthquake shock that they reeled. The hour of recess fairly tingled with the discussion of this grave statement. Tracy's previous operations as a confidential agent for Beecher had been exposed by Moulton and Woodruff. No hesitation, therefore, was expressed in the popular acceptance of Tilton's further and more injurious showing.

Domestic Badinage in Texas. Last evening at the Phoenix Hotel a gentleman and his wife were sitting together, the gentleman cleaning one of his revolvers, from which the cylinder had been taken, which was loaded. The other gun lying on the table in front was empty. The wife in a playful way took up the empty pistol, and said, "Suppose I shoot," he said, "yes." She laid the gun down, and while doing some of her little sewing business, the husband had cleaned his first gun, and then he took the cylinder and had taken up the other. The lady again in a playful way supposed she had need before, and pleasantly remarked, "I make you my mark." He, not thinking of the pistol being loaded, said, "Make me your mark and fire." She did fire, and the explosion made her faint at once, and had not been placed in a certain position, the ball would have gone through his heart. Being in a side position and leaning over, the ball struck the lower part of his chest and glanced away.—Dallas Commercial.

Russia and Germany.—The Russian journals are allowed to talk occasionally of war and rumors of war. Just now they are occupying themselves with the steps Russia would take in case of a rupture with Germany. The first step, according to them, would be to defend Poland against attack, and for this purpose to augment the present garrison of that province 75,000 men by adding 275,000 fresh troops to the reserve Prussian. Yet the two sovereigns and premiers pass for the best of friends.

FARM AND HOME.

Sawdust for Celery. The editor of the London Journal of Horticulture says sawdust is a good thing for earthing celery, placing it between the rows and around the plants after the leaves and stalks have been brought together, pressing down about them, so as to be compact and insure blanching perfectly. It is better, he thinks, than soil, not being so liable to cause the stalks to rot, and is a good protection against frost.

Care in Horse-Shoeing. Never touch the bars, frog, sole, or enter surface with a knife or rasp. Shine with light, thin shoes that allow the sole bars and frog to be brought in contact with the ground, and thus bear their due proportion of the horse's weight. Use small nails, and not cover five of them. Never allow the points to be driven high up the wall of the hoof. For ordinary service in the country during the summer months, use only tins which protect the toe, but leave the entire ground surface of the foot unprotected.

Warm Bedding for Cattle. It is quite important at this season of the year to provide a sufficient amount of warm bedding for cattle, and for other animals, and for the purpose of this purpose, at other and warmer seasons, and makes a very clean and useful litter, and we like to use it freely, but it does not impart that warmth that is needed in extreme cold weather. Leaves that were collected in the fall are excellent for this purpose, and they have the advantage that they are not so full of weed-seeds as the coarse hay from the mangers. If we had plenty of clean, warm bedding, we should be able to make capital manure also, and if any farmer neglected to store up a lot of them it was a mistake that ought to be borne in mind to correct next year.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Profits in Grape Culture. We are often asked the question as to whether grapes will pay. Good varieties, raised on the fair side, are sure to be unprofitable. Beecher and Tilton are both unconsiderate, but while the former in his ardent feeling frequently enunciates half-truths with tremendous emphasis, which he afterward qualifies, the latter sometimes advocates questionable doctrine with elaborate argumentation and persistent enthusiasm. Beecher has the more devout nature. Tilton the more inquiring and skeptical one. In dangerous crises, imperiling his character, Beecher gets alarmed, and the illudence in himself, and commits his cause to the care of his friends. Tilton, when best, looks out for his own interests, and is as watchful as a hawk of every advantage that he can gain. Beecher excludes from his hearsay the disagreeable verdict of men about him. Tilton opens his ears to listen to what is reported of him from the four quarters of the earth. Beecher is crafty in concealment. Tilton is cunning in disclosure. Beecher depends upon his public reputation and rests in the verdict of the past. Tilton strives to repair a reputation which was badly damaged, by an explanation of the past that shall re-assert his judgment that his conduct is not only just, but also commendable in character. Tilton is the finer genius. Beecher has been foolish in the management of his case, and time will show whether or not Tilton has been foolish in giving him a case to manage.

Average Wheat Crops of England. Mr. Thos. C. Scott, King's Arms Yard, Moorgate street, London, writes as follows to the leading journal: We have now sufficient data to enable us to state the average yield of wheat in 1870 or not the wheat crop of this year is under or over an average crop? In regard to wheat, thirty bushels an acre is the rate usually adopted; but it is only an assumption, based upon individual observation, and may vary in the different areas. To arrive at a sounder solution of the question, I have taken the areas under wheat in each county in England, multiplied them by the generally admitted normal rate of produce of each county, and the number of bushels thus obtained, divided by the number of acres to which they apply, gives the nearest approach our present data admit of to a satisfactory answer to the question, What is an average crop? and this tested, it turns out to be 29.1 bushels an acre.

Clover Hay for Horses. The New York Herald says: "Many farmers are strenuously opposed to not clover as feed for horses of any kind, as they contend the poisonous dust which rises from the dead stalks and dry leaves frequently causes the heaves. For many years we have kept horses exclusively on clover hay, and have never observed the heaves, and if the clover was cut when green, and if the blossoms had turned brown, and the hay mostly cured in the cock in good weather, so as to retain most of its leaves and heads, and green appearance, we have never observed the heaves, and we know of no remedy why it should produce a cough in horses, any more than red top or berla grass. Clover, when cut early for hay, as it generally should be, from succulence, if not well cured, will certainly produce the heaves in large quantities, and the very fine hay in the mow or on the scaffold; this process produces some injurious chemical changes in the hay. The starch, sugar, gum, etc., first assume the vinous fermentation, producing a saccharine quality in the hay. If the change here be arrested no bad results would follow, the nutritive and healthy quality of the hay would not be lessened—but generally the vinous runs into the acetous fermentation, and is followed by sourness, moldiness, and dust. Such a mixture of clover, made from clover or any other kind of grasses, would be very likely to produce a stubborn cough, frequently ending in the heaves. It is no wonder, then, that farmers have a prejudice against clover hay."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS. DROP CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, six cups of flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Drop into a pan with a spoon and bake in a quick oven.

MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, one cup and a half of sweet or sour milk, two eggs well-beaten, one egg will not do, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda in the milk. Rub the lard and cream into the flour. If the milk is sour, put only one teaspoonful of cream tartar in the flour, bake in rings.

Good Hints for Everybody.—The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance; appearances are deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriors; rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain; trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who lies into a passion, or being dummed, but make him pay quickly; there he is virtuous in the law. Whenever you meet a man who is fond of argument, you will meet one profoundly ignorant of the operations of the human heart. Mind your own affairs. Let all the errors you see in other management suggest correctness in your own.

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Pianos and Organs.

Fine new rosewood pianos for \$300. Fine walnut organs, six stops, \$125. Good second-hand pianos, \$150 to \$200. Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago.

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?—When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medicinal herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system, and cure every form of disease, his incredulous auditors shook their heads. Yet his VINCIGAR BITTERS is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. Under the operation of the new remedy, Dyspepsies regain their health; the Bilious and Constipated are relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recover; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers are broken; the Hereditary taint of Scrofula is eradicated; Scurvy is routed, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative and Blood Purifier ever advertised in America. We don't sell Run under the guise of medicine. We advertise and sell a pure medicine, which will stand analysis by any chemist in the country.

In the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what he had done with the first place they stopped at. "Four glasses of ale," was the answer. "What next?" "Two glasses of whisky." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight."

CARPENTERS, read the advertisement of SIMMONS' SASH SUPPORTERS.

Treating the Wrong Disease. Many times women call upon their family physicians, with dyspepsia, another with indigestion, and another with trouble of the breast, and another with the headache, and another with all present alike to themselves and make capital manure also, and if any farmer neglected to store up a lot of them it was a mistake that ought to be borne in mind to correct next year.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Profits in Grape Culture. We are often asked the question as to whether grapes will pay. Good varieties, raised on the fair side, are sure to be unprofitable. Beecher and Tilton are both unconsiderate, but while the former in his ardent feeling frequently enunciates half-truths with tremendous emphasis, which he afterward qualifies, the latter sometimes advocates questionable doctrine with elaborate argumentation and persistent enthusiasm. Beecher has the more devout nature. Tilton the more inquiring and skeptical one. In dangerous crises, imperiling his character, Beecher gets alarmed, and the illudence in himself, and commits his cause to the care of his friends. Tilton, when best, looks out for his own interests, and is as watchful as a hawk of every advantage that he can gain. Beecher excludes from his hearsay the disagreeable verdict of men about him. Tilton opens his ears to listen to what is reported of him from the four quarters of the earth. Beecher is crafty in concealment. Tilton is cunning in disclosure. Beecher depends upon his public reputation and rests in the verdict of the past. Tilton strives to repair a reputation which was badly damaged, by an explanation of the past that shall re-assert his judgment that his conduct is not only just, but also commendable in character. Tilton is the finer genius. Beecher has been foolish in the management of his case, and time will show whether or not Tilton has been foolish in giving him a case to manage.

Average Wheat Crops of England. Mr. Thos. C. Scott, King's Arms Yard, Moorgate street, London, writes as follows to the leading journal: We have now sufficient data to enable us to state the average yield of wheat in 1870 or not the wheat crop of this year is under or over an average crop? In regard to wheat, thirty bushels an acre is the rate usually adopted; but it is only an assumption, based upon individual observation, and may vary in the different areas. To arrive at a sounder solution of the question, I have taken the areas under wheat in each county in England, multiplied them by the generally admitted normal rate of produce of each county, and the number of bushels thus obtained, divided by the number of acres to which they apply, gives the nearest approach our present data admit of to a satisfactory answer to the question, What is an average crop? and this tested, it turns out to be 29.1 bushels an acre.

Clover Hay for Horses. The New York Herald says: "Many farmers are strenuously opposed to not clover as feed for horses of any kind, as they contend the poisonous dust which rises from the dead stalks and dry leaves frequently causes the heaves. For many years we have kept horses exclusively on clover hay, and have never observed the heaves, and if the clover was cut when green, and if the blossoms had turned brown, and the hay mostly cured in the cock in good weather, so as to retain most of its leaves and heads, and green appearance, we have never observed the heaves, and we know of no remedy why it should produce a cough in horses, any more than red top or berla grass. Clover, when cut early for hay, as it generally should be, from succulence, if not well cured, will certainly produce the heaves in large quantities, and the very fine hay in the mow or on the scaffold; this process produces some injurious chemical changes in the hay. The starch, sugar, gum, etc., first assume the vinous fermentation, producing a saccharine quality in the hay. If the change here be arrested no bad results would follow, the nutritive and healthy quality of the hay would not be lessened—but generally the vinous runs into the acetous fermentation, and is followed by sourness, moldiness, and dust. Such a mixture of clover, made from clover or any other kind of grasses, would be very likely to produce a stubborn cough, frequently ending in the heaves. It is no wonder, then, that farmers have a prejudice against clover hay."

HOUSEHOLD HELPS. DROP CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, six cups of flour, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Drop into a pan with a spoon and bake in a quick oven.

MUFFINS.—One quart of flour, one cup and a half of sweet or sour milk, two eggs well-beaten, one egg will not do, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cream, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda in the milk. Rub the lard and cream into the flour. If the milk is sour, put only one teaspoonful of cream tartar in the flour, bake in rings.

Good Hints for Everybody.—The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much