Indian Massacres.

Thursday evening the people of Hillsborough were electrified by the intelligence that the Indians had raided the placer camp, about five miles below that town. The news came to the effect that they had ridden into camp in great numbers, mounted on government horses and armed with revolvers and government rifles. They sacked the camp, driving on between thirty and forty head of stock. The miners were mostly all at work on their claims, and having no thought of an attack, had left their arms in their cabins. Some few, however, rushed for and obtained their guns and opened fire on the band of red devils as they were riding hither and thither through the camp. This fire seemed to exasperate the Indians, who immediately shot and mangled several women and children in isolated cabins, as also wounding several men. They rode off in a body, driving the captured stock before them, in the direction of the Parches river. The band numbered seventy-five to one hundred Indians. A number of miners rode pell-mell to Hillsborough, carrying the startling news that the copper-colored devils were heading toward that town. For a while this caused great consternation and excitement. Women and children were gathered together in a common place of safety, and the town, though wofully deficient in arms, presented a stirring and martial appearance. Soon came another courier from the placers, saying that the band had divided into two parties and that both divisions were making south; one toward the Trujillo place, and the other toward McEvar's cienega. A band of twenty Americans, imperfectly armed and poorly mounted, started out at once to intercept them. The band was followed by other smaller parties—starting out whenever they could find horses and guns to go with. The first party which started after the Indians came upon them in a cornfield the other side of McEvar's house, and immediately gave them battle, but the force of the red skins so overpowered them in numbers, and was so much better armed that the American boys were scattered, although fighting in a brave manner, only like Hillsborough boys can do—like chaff before the wind. They broke and separated, each man taking care of himself as best he could, meanwhile many a saddle they emptied of its red skin occupant, and a large number of Indian horses were left riderless before they fell back. The parties going to their assistance united on the road, but were intercepted by a detachment of Indians before they could reach the cienega, where they could hear the battle raging. The relieving party at once engaged the detachment of reds and fought as only men can fight whose lives are at issue, but all to no purpose—the odds were too great, they being outnumbered ten to one. They saw that they were surrounded; a shower of Indian bullets was poured in upon their little company from all sides, and finally they, too, sought each for himself shelter as best he could find. They retreated, leaving a number of their men dead on the field, a larger number wounded, and animals crippled and dying on every side. Small parties made their way afoot, skulking behind bushes and rocks, where they joined those who had first gone out and who had reassembled after the route at McEvar's ranch; others picked up stray horses bereft of their riders and made the best of their way back to Hillsborough, to carry the direful news and obtain reinforcements; and others detected in their flight by the merciless savages, were ridden down, trampled upon, mutilated in every conceivable and inhuman manner, and left dead or dying—food for the vultures and coyotes. In this conflict the Indians are known to have lost their chief, who fell from his saddle, pierced through the heart by a bullet from the unerring rifle of poor Tom Hughes, who paid the forfeit of his own life just one moment after. The savages having now whetted their horrid thirst for blood, and maddened beyond measure at the death of their chief and so many of their braves, and finding no fresh parties to attack, made their way to a Mexican ranch a short distance off, where resided ten souls—three men, a youth, three women and three children of tender years, one a mere suckling babe. All of this congregation were cruelly massacred, the men hacked to pieces with lances and riddled with numberless bullets, the babies hewn with axes and their little innocent heads cleft from crown to chin, and the women, reserved for a still more horrible fate, were left dead and mutilated after atrocities had been committed, the very thought of which compels humanity to shudder. The Indians then gathered up their surplus stock, took all the mules and horses from the ranches in the vicinity, and not daring to attack McEvar's ranch, which was now so well protected by the Hillsborough boys, made for the mountains, one party of them taking a southerly course, and the other directing their march toward the Mimbres river. They will undoubtedly strike for Mexico and dispose of the stock stolen from Uncle Sam, of which they can have no less than two hundred head.—*Silver Record, September 18th.*

The Champion Eater.—Not long ago Mr. A. L. Reid, of this county, stepped into the drug store of Jackson & Son, of this place, in which there were six watermelons, all (combined) weighing about seventy-five pounds, and said if anybody would pay for them he would sit down and not get up until he had eaten the last mouthful of them. Our Sheriff, Mr. Henry Magee, incredulous as to Mr. Ried's remarks, said if he (Ried) would sit down and swallow them all before he got up he (Magee) would pay for them, when Mr. Wm. Jackson, who was present, said if Ried did not eat them according Magee's request he (Jackson) would pay for them. Ried then took his seat and the show began in earnest. The first one he ate weighed fifteen pounds, the next one fifteen; and, after he had eaten these two, his appetite seemed to be as sharp and as active as it was before he had eaten one bite. He then consumed two more, and before an hour had passed he had eaten four and one-half, the weight of which was not less than fifty-five or sixty pounds, and would have eaten the balance, when Magee became satisfield, paid for the melons, told Ried that he could quit, and told the crowd standing by to help eat what remained, when it was consumed in less time than it takes to tell it.—[Mountain (Laurel county) Echo.

"Somebody Loves Me."

Two or three years ago the Superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home in R—— received one morning a request from the Judge that he would come to the Court House. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond even what he was accustomed to see. The Judge, pointing to them (utterly homeless and friendless), said:

"Mr. T——, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly, I can take them all," was the prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them."

The Judge singled out one even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again:

"What will you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T—— repeated, firmly and hopefully.

They were washed and dressed and provided with a supper and beds. The next morning they went into the schoolroom with the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought small. During the forenoon the teacher said to Mr. T—— in reference to her:

"I never saw a child like that. I have tried for an hour to get a smile, and have failed."

Mr. T—— said afterwards himself that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school he called her into his office and said pleasantly:

"Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind lady and gentleman have adopted her, and I should like for you to take her place and be my pet now. Will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, and she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents and told her she might go to the store near by and get some candy. While she was out he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces and scattered them about the room. When she returned he said:

"Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me, and pick up the paper and see how nice you can make it look?"

She went to work with a will. A little more of this kind of management—in fact, treating her as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the schoolroom after dinner with so changed a look and bearing that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant. She went to her and said:

"Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh, I've got some one to love me!" the child answered earnestly, as if it were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was the certainty that some one had loved her and desired her affection that lighted the child's soul and glorified her face.

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people and lives in a beautiful house; but more than all its beauty and comfort, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her adopted father and mother.—*Philadelphia Price List.*

Acting and Reality.—Mrs. John Drew, of the Philadelphia Arch-street Theater, speaking of the simulating emotion of actors, lately said: "Undoubtedly an actor could grasp a situation more readily and represent it more effectively if he had once been in the same position in real life. But how seldom is this the case. Some of the most inhuman villains I ever knew—on the stage—are pleasant, mild-mannered men in private." A listener reminded Mrs. Drew of Manager Bernard Macauley's criticism of Mary Anderson, that she "owed her success to her remarkable beauty and power of portraying characters and passions, which she had no idea of," and might become a great actress after she had been once in love. Mrs. Drew responded: "Miss Anderson's greatest fault is thought by some members of her profession to be want of concentration. They say she is capable of turning round in the middle of an impassioned scene to make some frivolous remark to a brother actor. Mr. Macauley's argument is good, but a good many examples might be cited to prove the contrary. Every one has heard of Miss O'Neil. Forty years ago she was at the pinnacle of fame and success, she was not only unmarried, but her habits and temperament were antagonistic to those natural to her mother. Yet one of her strong points was in portraying a mother's tender love and devotion. Mrs. Bateman has achieved great success in roles requiring a nice appreciation of sentiments foreign to her nature. Many people who have suffered all the pangs of poverty would be mere sticks if put on the stage to act the part of a hero or a heroine who was supposed to be suffering from just such straits. An actor, to carry his audience with him, must be capable of imagining vividly any character he impersonates; actual experience is of use to him, but imagination and self-thoughtfulness are indispensible."—[New York Sun.

Vengeance of a Woman Scorned.

A dashing young fellow arrived at Galveston, Texas, a few months since, and gave out that the death of a relative had left him a small fortune, which he wished to invest in a farm. After a week or two of leisurely retirement, he bought a ranch on Chocolate Bayou for $5000. There, domesticating himself at once as what he termed a "gentleman farmer," he cordially reciprocated the attentions of the neighboring "squires" for due social relations, and though uncommunicative as to all points in his past life, found no difficulty in ingratiating himself with the most select society in that section. A man of his address, apparent property and unmarried condition, could not live under such circumstances without marking or being marked for matrimony, and toward the end of last month certain assiduous addresses he had paid to an estimable young lady culminated in a matrimonial proposition, which was not rejected. The wedding was fixed for an early day, and sumptuary and domiciliary preparations for it were nearly completed, when, to the horror of Chocolate society, the unspeakable anguish of the bride-elect, and the dismay of the bridegroom, the latter received the congratulations of a detective officer from Pinkerton's agency in Chicago, in whose company, after a brief interview, he departed hurriedly for the East as a prisoner of the law.

It seems that some time since a wealthy oil company of Pennsylvania had its burglar proof safe robbed of $17,000, and simultaneously one Norman Spencer, the previously immaculate bookkeeper of the concern, disappeared from his desk, boarding house, and other familiar places. The coincidence permitted but one inference, and no one doubted that the missing man had been the robber. A certain detective, aware that before his crime and flight Spencer had been devoted in his attentions to a young orphan girl in Titusville, decided to keep a strict watch on the young lady's movements, thinking that there would be some communication between them. Two months elapsed before the officer's vigilance found any reward; but at the end of that time, just after receiving a letter addressed in "backhand" from St. Joseph, Mo., the lady suddenly departed for the West, followed and "shadowed," of course, by the detective. Through Pennsylvania and Ohio she journeyed on to Chicago, where, by the direction of his superiors at home, the officer enlisted the services of a noted young detective of that city to continue the "shadowing." From Chicago, under the surveillance of the new watcher, the lady went to Quincy. On reaching that city the lady went to a hotel, and the detective advised his employers of the state of the case. Instructions were sent to change officers, and a Quincy officer was put to work. Remaining at Quincy a day, the lady left one fine morning on the Hannibal and St. Joseph road. Her every motion had been watched, and the officer went on the train with her. At Cameron Junction, she took the cars for Kansas City, with the argus-eyed detective on the same car. Arriving there she went to a hotel, followed by the officer. The morning after her arrival in Kansas City, the detective was seated at breakfast, when a woman exactly resembling the one he had been watching, took her seat in the dining room. She was closely veiled, but the height, figure and dress were the same, and there could be no mistake about it. He quietly finished breakfast, and then resumed his position to watch further developments. The omnibus rolled up in front of the door, and passengers bound on the Kansas-Pacific Railway were called for. The lady he had seen took her seat in the 'bus, he followed, and the two were soon on the train whirling westward. At Junction City the woman got off the car and took her seat in the depot, the officer following. A few hours afterward the train eastwarn came along, and the woman took her seat in one of the cars. Puzzled by this singular maneuvre, the officer followed, and in due course of time both found themselves in the same hotel in Kansas City they had left in the morning. Next morning the astonishing fact was revealed that the woman who went to Junction City was merely a servant in the house, who nearly resembled in face and figure the woman the officer was following, and who had been dressed up in a suit of that individual's clothing as a decoy duck. Convinced that he had been sold, and unable to procure any trace whatever of the fugitive, the officer gave up the chase and reported to his employer. From this time, for some months, nothing was heard of either Norman Spencer or the woman whose wit had foiled the trained pursuers, but, inasmuch as it had been the ingenuity of a devoted woman that had covered the trail of the offender from the hunter, the game was not yet to be betrayed by a woman scorned. It appeared that after having sent off the "decoy," the lady hurried to St. Joseph, where, under an assumed name, Spencer met her. Representing that he had resolved to buy a ranch in Galveston county, Texas, "far from the maddening crowd's strife," assume the name of Norman, and then marry the woman who had been so true to him, he induced her to remain in St. Joseph until he should send for her. She, all trusting, consented, and he returned to his Chocolate Bayou ranch. The man was false to her as to his employers, and his last letter, of comparatively recent date, counseled her to return to Titusville, as he was about to marry a lady of Galveston county. Deservedly for him and happily for the law, she who had once thrown the hounds of the law off his trail, could put them on again, and she did. The result has been told already. The gentleman farmer of Chocolate—no longer Mr. Norman, but Norman Spencer, the felon—was arrested for his crime in the supreme hour of his fancied security, and, like Eugene Aram, went forth to retribution "with gyves upon his wrists."

He was told to remain after school, when the teacher, trying to impress on his youthful mind the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked if they did not tell him in the Sunday school, where bad boys went who told falsehoods. Choking with sobs he said: "Yes, mam'; its a place where there is fire, but I don't just remember the name of the town."

A Night in San Francisco.

[Letter in Sacramento Record, Oct. 1.]

I wish I could give you an idea of last Saturday night at the Mechanics' Pavilion. It was a gala night, as every Saturday night is, in San Francisco, and every one was out, dressed in his best, many of the ladies almost in opera costumes—light bonnets, with waving plumes, white kids and fine dresses. And oh! what ghastly complexions went up and down; some corpse-white, with red-rimmed eyes by contrast, and that peculiar wrinkly look lying underneath the layer of chalk which always strikes me as a flour-barrel effect. That is the dead white complexion, so unnatural, so ghastly, so old that it makes my mouth water with pity for the woman who puts it on. Powder, wash, enameline should always be pinkish white, put on and rubbed in with soft chamois skin, if it must be used at all.

Ninety-nine women out of a hundred you meet on the streets nowadays use some liquid or other for the complexion. Its use never can be concealed; it is patent as the eyes or the nose on the face, for every woman who lays it on, no matter with what art or skill, has that smooth, made look, and her teeth look yellow, and, unless she pencils them, her eyes red and weak and red beside it. On Saturday night a mother and daughter went arm and arm up and down the hall the whole evening long, and the poor old legs of the former must have ached like the toothache when at last her weary, vain promenade was ended. The mother must have been fifty, and the daughter perhaps seventeen, but they had taken a wash out of the same bottle, which evidently contained a dead white mixture. Oh! those dreadful, staring deathly wrinkles, made more apparent by an occasional vain grin meant for sweetness, the old, crinkly wrinkles that went up and down, and up and down by the round, smooth, death-white cheek of seventeen! Bah! how I should have liked to hold both under the spray of the fountain. The fountain itself was encircled by a rim, three deep, of elderly couples, content to sit and look on, while a fourth and outer row of chairs was occupied by young people who could both see and be seen, bowing here and there and exchanging smiles directly after at the appearance of the friend they had just bowed to so politely, criticising the dress. One wondering who her escort might be and such party consisted of five girls, under escort of the uncle of one of them, whom I knew. He was only one man to five, and he was a poor excuse at that, but he was better than none. These girls sat the whole evening long, and kept up a running fire of comment, and when they started home they all said they had had a splendid time, "such fun," and they were so sorry the fair was to close. I must give you the costume of one. Her dress was of ashes of rose, silk and some one of the small-figured stuffs, so much worn, made short with silk polonaise. The flounces of the skirt were box-plaited, a bias band of the other material stitched on an inch from the edge. A fichu of the silk trimmed with fringe went over the shoulders to the front, where it crossed to the back with ends; gloves to match. The hat was of the same silk, made in Normandy style, a flat piece of pasteboard serving for the back frame. The shape is much worn and looks like a dunce cap. This was trimmed with cardinal roses. The young lady was a brunette, and she just thought she was "got up lovely." Her eyes were penciled and had a melting, sighing, languishing look, while enameline made her face soft and peachy, but not nearly so soft as the top of her head, I'll warrant. Her hair was cut and elaborately laid out upon her cheeks stiff and hard, while behind it fell in a long braid, stuck evenly in two rows with gold hairpins painfully conspicuous. This young lady kept her hand sgoing all the time, smoothing down her gloves, feeling of her hat, tenderly touching her horrible hair, patting the ruching at her neck or fingering her gorgeous locket. "How does my hair look?" she whispered to one of the other five under cover of the music. "Nice," said the other admiringly. There are hundreds, silly, vain, shallow, just like these girls, who simper if a youth looks their way, and eagerly respond to all the ogling that may be offered. Every day I am more and more amazed at the blind trust in Providence which San Francisco parents exhibit. If children be small, they are allowed the run of the street from morning till night, and a great hue and cry is raised if one is accidentally knocked over by a passing car or team. Faith, the mystery is that so many escape. When the boy grows he chooses his own associates, hours and habits, and when he goes wrong his parents shake their heads and wonder why the Lord has thus afflicted them. When the girl comes into her teens she is given a carte blanche. She promenades the streets dressed like a young lady, and the glances she meets and returns harden her conscience. Alone or by two and threes she is at the matinees, and conceives a passion for each actor in turn, and if by any means she could attract his attention she would be more than proud. On Saturday night, with a young companion, she is at the fair, never once stopping to examine a curiosity, a work of art or an achievement of labor, but endlessly walking up and down and up and down, wherever she may be most public, her face painted, her hair banged and frizzed and plastered, her hat on the back of her head, her dress be-bowed, be-ruffled and be-laced. She is on the *qui vive*; her handkerchief will flirt across her smiling face at the least opportunity; she is not above coming to a speaking acquaintance upon tempting occasion. No wonder so many mothers find their daughters broken reeds. You may tell me these are not children of good families; that they come of uncultivated mothers and fathers out of society, but I tell you no. They are of the worst and best alike—they are Jewish girls, they are deacons' daughters, they are millionaires' children. More than one scandal is hushed again and again, more than one girl is sent east, more than one boy banished to rigid private academy, and the facts are whispered to few. It is not that worst always comes to worst, but the young person is compromised and ruin lies not far beyond that unlessa rescue is effected. I write this in no spirit of exaggerated gossip, but in solemn warning. Oh! that I might send the cry to the ear of every parent in the land. Your boy seems to be a good boy—by every watch, by every guard by every precept to keep him so. Your girl seems innocent and pure of thought—know her daily life and her companions intimately. Because she is your child is no reason of itself that she is therefore a good child. What of the world's ways must be known to either—and I claim that much must be known—who is so fit as a parent to tell it all? Clear away the mysteries that are so fascinating to youth, rob knowledge of wickedness, don't let your children have the fun of "finding out things." During the eleven years of my life in San Francisco I have been in a position where the follies and sins as well as the virtues of young people have been most markedly brought to my notice, and I should like just once to tell what I know in print and plain language of the results of blind trust on the part of parents, but in large capitals I should like to head it, "To Mothers Only." What a grand thing it is to bring into this life a soul, to feed it, to train it, to fit it for a higher life, and what a wicked thing to bring it to life and fail of the rest. And then at the Fair, when this procession of boys and girls, without any affectionate watch, go roaming at will through a promiscuous assemblage, I tell you it is not strange that the peach is robbed of its bloom, and the sight makes me sick at heart.

Grabbing a Ghost.

George W. Tomes, of No. 61 Broadway, had under his charge yesterday a friend from Pittsburgh named F. A. Tremaine and desired to show him a spiritualist seance. He found one advertised to occur in the evening up town. The two friends went to this number, which they described as a brown-stone house well furnished. They were met at the door by an old man who, after consulting a memorandum-book to see if the seats were all taken, admitted them on payment of $1 each—walking match prices. The front parlor was dimly lighted, and in the back parlor which was dark, there was a small cabinet fixed against the wall. There were three rows of chairs in the room and there were about fifty persons present, of whom four or five were women. At the beginning of the seance the old man who had acted as treasurer announced that the medium and her company would not be responsible for the manifestations of the spirits, and he then requested the audience to sing some familiar air, such as "The Sweet By-and-By." The greater part of the front of the cabinet was concealed by a curtain, but there was room at one side for a small window. When the seance began the medium, a stout woman, entered the cabinet and immediately afterwards a hand was shown at the window and a foot at the bottom of the curtain. Then a youth about the size of the medium, who was designated as "Jimmy the Newsboy," stepped from the cabinet into the room and began to dance. At this moment the two friends agreed with each other to seize the next spirit that should appear. In a few minutes there was a loud knocking, and the spirits asked if they wanted to see any one. They answered "Yes," and one of the two young men was called, but not chosen. Then the old man said the spirits were confused, and the person who was wanted was found and had a conversation with the spirit, who was familiarly called Mary. The subsequent proceedings are best described in Mr. Tome's language. He says: "I moved towards the old man who admitted me, and who was standing at the far end ot the room. He told me I had better take my seat; but I said I'd stay where I was. He repeated his admonition and I went to the room and stood in front of a woman. The spirit Mary then came out into the room about eight feet from the cabinet. The passage was clear in front of me, and I went for her like a streak of lightning and threw my arms around her. She screamed and struggled, and several of the men ran to her assistance. My friend ran to help me, but he fell over the seats, and the spirit got away from me. The ghost weighed 150 pounds if she weighed an ounce, and I fully identified her as the medium. The woman who had been sitting behind where I stood cried out:

"'You nearly killed my daughter and you ought to be shot with a pistol, and I've a good mind to shoot you for treating a spirit in that way.' The spirit had very little clothing on, and her face was whitened to give her a ghostly look. After the confusion caused by my catching her, the seance was declared at an end, and the believers and unbelievers were dismissed."—*New York World, September 22d.*

Virtue and Vice in Contrast.—Vice is most revolting when seen in contrast with virtue. A profane man, belching forth oaths before those who never swear; an atheist, pouring forth blasphemies in the presence of reverent and holy men; an inebriate, filthy and coarse, mingling with persons who never touch the debasing draught; the vulgar libertine, corrupting the air with unwholesome speech, to the disgust of those whose minds are pure; in every such instance vice is not alone as a sin, but as a horrid deformity. It not only brings death, but also shame. It is not only wicked, but vile; it is not only wrong, but unspeakably mean. How lovely, by the same contrast, does virtue appear. How sweet the lips of chastity; how pure the breath of reverent piety; how blessed the example that hides the erring, rebukes the unholy, impresses the young, guides the wanderer, and strengthens the weak by its silent power.

Living With a Broken Neck.—There is living in the Virginia town of Marion a twelve-year-old boy with a broken neck. According to the *Enterprise*, published in the neighboring town of Wytheville, the little fellow's neck was broken several years ago, at which time iron and steel bars were run along the spine and clasped on both sides of the face. The head is thus held in one position. Some days ago the framework broke and the head fell to one side, cutting off the power of speech. The mother put the head in a natural poise until the clasp had been mended, when all went well as before.—[Philadelphia Times.

If the fall of Adam was as cold as the one this year, we don't wonder Eve hunted up a drygoods store.

Stories About Von Moltke.

Some time after the capitulation of Paris, Moltke went to Colmar, and, meaning to stay there a few days, did not disdain to ask for a billeting-order. Mme. R., however, upon whom the Marshal was to have been quartered, would have nothing to say to him, and Moltke was fain to lodge and feed himself at a hotel, of course, at the lady's expense. He asked for four rooms on the first floor, invited people to breakfast and dinner, and treated them to champagne—in short, the Teuton hero lived like a fighting cock. But at the end of three days the landlord, who hated him, quietly took leave to remind his Excellency that the term of the billeting order had now expired. Moltke replied with a dry cough and a demand for a small room on the second floor. During the remainder of his stay he dined friendless and champagneless at the table d'hote.

Moltke is as good a letter-writer as Mme. de Sevigne, and he sent some particularly charming letters from the East to his sister, who had married an Englishman settled in Holstein, a Mr. Burt. Miss Mary Burt, daughter of Mr. Burt by a former marriage, was especially moved by them; and when the warrior came home, his 39 winters were not considered a fatal objection to union with a girl of but 16 summers.

"And their first love continued to the last."

It was the happiest of matches. She died in 1868, on Christmas eve, and it was a revelation to men to see how Moltke sorrowed. Often now he can be observed at his country seat wending his way, in the gray of the evening, toward his wife's tomb—a plain marble monument on the summit of a little hill, crowned with cypress. Beneath the cross, carved on the little mausoleum, may be read this little motto: "Love is the fulfilling of the law."

Moltke has a fine property. It is situated in Silesia, between Schweidnitz and Reichenbach, and called, I think, Kreisau. There he is most thoroughly at home. Rising every morning at five, he begins the day by lighting a little spirit lamp, as the first step toward getting himself a cup of coffee. After coffee, he takes a little turn in the grounds, rather for pleasure than business, which only begins at seven. Between seven and ten the Marshal likes to make a thorough inspection of his domain. He is a good practical farmer and famous for his cabbages, which have won several medals.

On one of these inspections he caught a groom smoking in the stables and gave him a box on the ear, the force of which has been the theme of admiring comment by many a rural fireside ever since. But, as a rule, his subordinates speak kindly of him, and say he is a just and considerate master. Still, no one ever has a chance of forgetting the iron hand which is covered by the velvet glove.

At 10 the Marshal takes a kind of second breakfast, a basin of soup or a glass of wine and a biscuit. By this time the letters and papers have arrived and Moltke works till noon, Sundays always excepted. On "the Sabbath" he goes to church, and reads "good books" during the better part of the day.

At noon, on a regular day, the Marshal takes a nap till dinner time, which central ceremony of every man's day takes place in the Moltke household at 2 o'clock. After dinner, a cigar and more work. By and by a chat with friends, if any are staying with him, and perhaps a stroll. At 8 o'clock tea is served. On a fine summer evening the Marshal will take another turn after tea, but almost invariably goes to bed at 10 o'clock.

A war interferes much less with Moltke's habits than might be supposed. A friend met him in the streets of Berlin in July, 1870, and, after exchanging a few words, muttered something about not trespassing on the great man's time at such a crisis, and was about to withdraw, when Moltke retained him, saying in the quietest manner: "I have nothing to do." It was the simple truth. The work had all been done long before.

He is not, however, much of a talker, this famous soldier, who can hold his tongue in ten languages. A funny newspaper correspondent asked him in that same July how things were going on. "Pretty well," he replied; "my potatoes were never finer." I will not add the superfluous statement that both "Our Own" and "Our Special" are pet dislikes of the Marshal, for I never yet knew a commander who doted on them.—*London Truth, September 11th.*

What Came of Quilting.—Among the pretty romantic stories of these later days in an unromantic land, was the marriage of honest John Simon and pretty Mary Walker, at Camp Spring, a few days ago. Mary's mother gave a quilting, and there came to it among the guests, Mary's lover, John. For several years he had wooed—in summer among the fruit and flowers in the orchard, and in winter beside the hearth—but, like Miles Standish, was a bashful boy and never told his love. At the quilting, the guests, with the bluntness that is born of low degree and affectedness, twitted the blushing pair and said: "Why don't you marry?" John stuttered and stammered (so they say), and, with a face as red as the calico square Mary was stitching on the quilt, blurted out: "I will, if Mary will." It was sufficient. Mary said no, but looked yes, and young Squire Ready, of Boone county, who was present, prepared the papers, and then and there united them in the bonds that make one of two, and all sat down to the wedding supper that had been prepared for the quilting party.

A little fellow in Norwich, Conn., rushed into the street recently to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused the "Original of Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration a few minutes, and then rushing into the house, he met his grandmother, to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady in her usual candid way. "Well," said the grandson, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done."

A witty lady was once told by a gentleman acquaintance that "he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth." She looked at him carefully, and, upon realizing the size of his mouth, replied: "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup ladle."