

Some Predictions by Mr. D. G. Croly. The following is an abstract of the predictions developed in the course of an interesting conversation reported in the New York Graphic, the prophet being, we believe, Mr. D. G. Croly, who was lately the managing editor of the journal named.

1. The year 1879 will, on the whole, be a prosperous one for the United States. There will be a general revival of industry, labor will be employed, and confidence in the future universally felt. Before the close of the year there will be a widespread interest in precious-metal mining. A dangerous speculative feeling in other industries will soon show itself.

2. There will be a partial failure of crops this year. Our hay crop on the Atlantic slope will be short. 3. At least two important failures of Wall street magnates will place this year. They will be of persons with whose name every one is familiar. 4. An unsuspected weakness in our national banking system may be developed during the coming year.

5. The disposition between our exports and imports, such as we have witnessed for the past two years, will continue to an end before 1881. Home prices will go higher and foreign goods be sold cheaper. We shall export less and import more. Unless the "unexpected" occurs there will be a drain of gold abroad, and there will be a new treaty established, must be legislated upon anew or it will fail.

6. Resumption has not settled all our financial difficulties. Questions affecting the business interests of the country will be the subject of warm political contests. But the final result will be the establishment of a national bank similar to that of Great Britain or France, but probably called by us by a different name. When that occurs the secretary of the treasury will be stripped of much of the power he now possesses. 7. A foreign war before many years are over is not improbable, due to the weakness of our navy and the unprotected condition of our rich seaport cities.

8. A new pestilence or the revival of an old one, which will affect the people inhabiting the temperate zone, among the probabilities of the near future. 9. A new motor will be discovered which will make air navigation possible.

A Battle in a Printing Office. A letter from St. Petersburg to the New York Herald gives details of the descent by the police of Kief upon a secret Nihilist printing office at that place and the fearful struggle which followed. The letter says: "The Nihilist printing office, the work indicated for the use of the inmates of the house, but were fired at the moment they made their appearance. Seeing themselves in the midst of some dozen resolute and armed youths the policemen thought it prudent to retire, and went to the nearest police station for reinforcements. The Nihilists had no time to remove anything and did not choose to give them over to the police cheaply. They lost no time in getting up a plan of attack, and the police, who were expected to return, were met by a volley of bullets. Three policemen fell dead on the spot; the rest retired for consultation. They determined to enter the house, sending to fall upon the Nihilists, who remained in charge of the books and the presses. One of these, in a large room, was enacted a fearful scene. The fight became general, and the result was as follows: On the side of the police four men received light wounds, and four seriously injured and four killed on the Nihilist side. The police were finally arrested by the press and a great number of interested books of foreign publication. How many people were arrested in all I do not know, as the number of police prisoners is not fully given by the official report.

But the affair did not end here. Simultaneously two other girls and several men were arrested in the neighborhood of the printing office. Then a Mile. Herzfeld was arrested—a daughter of a General Herzfeld, who occupies a high position in St. Petersburg, being a member of the State Council. The young and renowned Countess Panin, belonging to one of the oldest Russian families, was also taken. Her step-mother is reported to be still one of the dames d'honneur, and her great-grandfather was the second Chancellor of State in the time of Catherine the Great. I am told that both young ladies were taken in the act of firing the police with their revolvers. It is not known whether that girls of high families are involved in such disturbances. The women of Russia have repeatedly taken part in the manifestations of national aspirations, as for instance, Martha Kosshizko, of ovgorod; the Princess Sophia, Peter the Great's granddaughter, and others. Russian ladies in the olden times of domestic seclusion could not be kept wholly from taking an active part in popular movements, and nowadays they take a lively share in all that concerns their husbands and brothers, and are quite ready to support them when the occasion comes.

Died in Harness. Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road, stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load; Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes. Watching the frightened teamster goading the beast to rise. Hold! for his toil is over—no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim; See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the head— Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead; After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie With the broken shafts and the cruel load— waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness—died in the shafts and straps— Fell, and the burden killed him; one of the day's mishaps— One of the passing wonders marking that city road— A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad. Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile; What is the symbol? Only death—why should we cease to smile At death for a beast of burden? On through the busy street That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet. What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will? Does He who taught in parable speak in parables still? The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men; That gather and sow and reap and lose—labor and sleep—and then— Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of ever-echoing tread— The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness—dead!

ITEMS OF INTEREST. Son-shine—That made by a bootblack. There are in Texas 175,594,560 acres of land. Approaching a crisis—Walking toward a restless girl baby. The peanut crop this year is estimated at 1,290,000 bushels. There are fourteen ex-governors in the United States Senate. There is a population in the French colonies, and possessions abroad, including Algeria, of 5,498,410. It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her signs. A schoolhouse is to be built at Leadville, Col., which shows that the Leadvillians desire to improve their minds. "Father, is that a goose—that big white bird?" "No, my boy, that bird is the swan—that immaculate giraffe of the wave."

"Smile when you can" is the latest thing we are asked to do by those gratuitously admonitory beings, the poets. No one can smile when he can't.—San Francisco Post. The manufacturers of the State of New Hampshire amounted to over \$96,000,000 last year, among them being \$38,582,200 worth of cotton goods, \$11,766,000 of boots and shoes and \$9,222,000 of woolens. The German government has prohibited lectures on emigration, lest the alluring picture of a better life in the United States on other lands should encourage young men in escaping the detested years of barracks life. A chat with some people makes you feel as if you'd just had a cold shower bath and couldn't find a towel, while a chat with others makes you feel as if you'd had a pleasant walk in the sunshine.—Aunt Prudence.

Half the money that is spent for politics in any country in one year would establish every poor man in the country on a good farm, with all the machinery and a good team, which would support his family comfortably.—Peck's Sun. Prof. Benj. Pierce, of Harvard College, says the whole number of comets which are capable of being seen from the earth, and which are contained in our sun's sphere, may be fairly estimated at over five billion. A comma may be the shortest pause known to man, but from the necessity of the stay of old Tray, who thrust his nose into a dish of milk at which puss was feeding, the other day, we were led to doubt if in the experience of the dog he ever found anything to make a shorter stop than the cat's paws.—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

The largest infant at birth of which there is any authenticated record was born in Ohio on the 12th of last January. The new-born baby weighed twenty-three and three-quarter pounds in weight (the ordinary weight being about six pounds), and thirty inches in height (the ordinary height being about twenty inches). The circumference of the head was nineteen inches, and the foot was five and a half inches in length. Six years ago the same woman became the mother of a child eighteen pounds in weight and twenty-four inches in height. The size and weight of the babe, though extraordinary, are proportionate to the size of the parents. The mother, Mrs. M. V. Bates, of Nova Scotia, is seven feet and nine inches high, and the father, George Keckian, is seven feet and seven inches high. The Cincinnati Museum can boast no longer of its giant infant, which is only twenty-four inches high, with the head thirteen and a half inches in circumference.

Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. The Detroit Free Press says: "The Cincinnati Enquirer deserves the belt for the champion war map. It is a map of the United States, and on every State are three animals, a cow, a hog and a sheep; and each animal is an array of figures denoting the number that there is in the State. In some of the smaller States there is a difficulty in telling which is which, but as a general thing, the cart on the tail denotes the pig, the horns, the cow, and of course it stands to reason that the other must be the sheep. In Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho and Dakota, the three animals have no only one, and so it may be inferred that the pig, the cow and the sheep are the leading in the country. Texas seems to take the lead in cattle, having 4,003,300; New York comes next, 2,100,400; Illinois next, with 1,862,700; Iowa, 1,696,600; Missouri, 1,581,100; Pennsylvania, 1,530,700; Ohio, 1,474,200; California, 1,393,700; Indiana, 1,196,000; Wisconsin, 963,700; Kansas, 800,500; Michigan, 765,300; Ohio next, with 3,788,000; Texas, 3,674,700; Minnesota, 3,000,000; Michigan, 1,750,000; New York, 1,518,100; Wisconsin, 1,323,000; Pennsylvania, 1,307,400; Illinois, 1,253,500; and so on. California is the most sheepish State; Iowa the most hogish; Texas has 2,950,000 hogs; Illinois, 2,900,000; Missouri, 2,585,000; Indiana, 2,422,500; and Ohio, 2,250,000; Michigan has only 556,100 hogs; Kentucky, 1,960,000; Tennessee, 1,800,900; Georgia, 1,586,000; Minnesota, 1,284,100; Arkansas, 1,040,000.

CHARLIE ROSS. It is generally supposed, says a New York paper, that since the fall of 1877, when Moshier and Douglass, the supposed abductors of Charlie Ross, were killed at Bay Ridge, Long Island, all the efforts of the abductors ceased, and that the efforts of Mr. Christian K. Ross were then directed to the finding of his child alive, or to the discovery of his remains, or to satisfying himself that his boy was dead. Few persons, however, are aware of the circumstantial evidence and the dying declaration of Douglass there was little proof that he and Moshier stole the child, while it is evident that there were at least four persons engaged in the abduction and concealment of the boy. Since December, 1874, every effort has been made to confirm the suspicion against Moshier and Douglass, discover their confederates, find out the place where Charlie was concealed and who were his custodians, and to ascertain whether he is now dead. In this detective work Douglass has been done conscientiously, without result. Mr. Christian K. Ross himself, has been equal to a host of detectives. He has been aided by Chief Jones and Captain Heins of Philadelphia, Superintendent Walling and many New York police officers, a great Massachusetts merchant, who has developed a case, and a Philadelphia tradesman, who has been equally generous. To these may be added the thousands of amateur detectives that newspaper reading produces. Dr. Mary Walker credits herself with having aided in the search, and her theory that Charlie was never stolen is well known.

In the search for the boy the widow of Wm. Moshier, who with a confederate, Wm. Douglass, was shot and killed in December, 1874, while attempting a burglary in the hotel of Van Brunt at Bay Ridge, has been constantly present, after, and her time and patience were so taxed by visits from persons who wished to gratify their curiosity that she has constantly changed her residence. She now lives in the Twelfth ward with her little girl, her two boys being away at school. Mrs. Moshier, who is a tall, good-looking matron, is now wretchedly poor. Of one of the amateur detectives she spoke impatiently. Under the pretense of giving her a little money, the detective took her to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where "Pique," expecting that she would betray a guilty knowledge, but she was not moved by the play, the plot of which hinges on the abduction of a child from estranged parents, and their reconciliation through the aid of a nurse. She told him she was offended at the case. He asked her to confess her husband's guilt on the promise that it would help her brother out of Moyamensing prison, where he was sent for alleged complicity in the abduction of the child. She refused to do so, but she had brought her in the paraffin imprint of her husband's hand, purporting to have been molded by the spirits, and said if she had courage enough he would bring her a cast of his face; but she told him that if her dead husband walked into the room in which they were, they would see the imprint. It would have no meaning to her if he had nothing to confess, and thought that after all the trouble that her husband had brought on her she should be allowed to live in peace, and bring up her children, whom she loved as dearly as Mr. Ross loves his.

Of Mr. Ross Mrs. Moshier spoke very kindly. For him she said she had a deep respect. They met whenever Mr. Ross chose to call on her for information, and she told him frankly whatever was in her power to tell, and had concealed nothing from him. In regard to the missing boy, Mrs. Moshier said: "Why shouldn't he be alive? I said that if the boy was alive and well—as I have every reason to believe was—six weeks after the abduction. I was sure I would see him after him, but I would keep him out of sight for six years." About herself the wife of the dead burglar said: "I was quite a young girl when I met Moshier. I am a young woman yet. My father is a gunsmith. He lives and is respected. I do not know of my husband's real occupation for a long time, but this I will say, that if I had to select a husband over again, I would do as I did, for he was a good husband to me, as good as any I could wish for. He was always in a 'trouble,' and in 1873 broke up a Freehold, Monmouth county, N. J., and kept out of the way of the authorities. We moved to Philadelphia, and hired a house dealer, Monroe street. William called for a picture dealer, and was so well liked by him that he could have gone in business with him. I knew nothing of the abduction, but this I do know, that on the 4th of July, 1874, the day that the boy was stolen, I and William sat at the window of our house in Monmouth street, and saw our children going out to the streets, and saw them constantly at this time, and I will remember that while I stood at his side he read with apparently as much interest as I did a placard on a fence in Philadelphia relating to the abduction. We thought I knew that William was wanted by the police, I did not know that it was on suspicion that he was concerned in the abduction. I was with him all the time that his crime was in progress, and he had often walked in the streets, for what did not appear to be afraid. Oh, what useless fellows those detectives are! I stood by one all night while he said that he would give a thousand dollars to know where my husband was; and in Philadelphia I was in a house without avail in which my husband was hiding. I was with him up to the night he was killed. We stopped at an east side hotel near police headquarters. That very night he talked about the Ross case, and said that if one should steal his child he would hold it for ransom. I had not a dollar, but I managed to bury him. A month after I buried my baby—the sixth of the children I bore Mr. Ross.

"I can never be impatient or unkind to Mr. Ross, but I wish he and Mr. Walling would help me to accomplish the aim of my life—to free my brother. They have said that he is innocent, and they do not know how I yearn to get him away and then go somewhere where I can be at peace. I would, if I obtained important information for Mr. Ross, take the next train for Philadelphia, and I have never deceived him. He has tried to entrap me, but at last he admitted that it was in vain, and that he believed me. The last time I saw him he said, 'I would like to know if I could remember something which would help to lead him to his child, or if I had heard anything new.' 'Do I believe that the child lives?' 'Why, my faith in his existence is as firm as Mr. Ross's.' 'But the boy is alive, and you'll see that Mr. Ross will one day get him.'"

A Zulu Chief. The military skill displayed by the Zulus is more common than might be supposed among the warriors of Southern Africa, some of whose exploits deserve a wider celebrity than they are likely to attain. One of the most remarkable of these untalented generals was Gribi, the chief named Titus Africamer, for many years the firm friend of Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, Robert Moffat. In their youth, Titus and his elder brother, Christian, never happy except when engaged in excursions upon the surrounding tribes, or the Dutch and English settlers. On one occasion, having been robbed of all his

by his chief enemy, Berend (called Nicholas by the Dutch), Titus made a feigned attempt to recover the booty, but during the night he and a force of extraordinary speed, surprised the enemy's camp, and by sending half a dozen men to fire a volley into one side of it, drove the panic-stricken crowd out on the other, close to where his main body lay in ambush. The moon had by this time risen, and the force of the concealed marksmen was so deadly that only Berend escaped, leaving both the stolen cattle and all their own in the hands of the African party. On another occasion, in the heart of a severe "bush-tig" fight, Titus and Berend suddenly came face to face. Both riders were instantly leveled, and each being the best marksman of his tribe, the death of both seemed certain; but at that moment a stray bullock came between them and received the bullets of both, so that the operations of warriors at once withdrew from the combat. Another of Africamer's recorded exploits was to swim, at midnight, with his gun on his shoulder, to an island in the Orange river, where he awaited the coming of the popotamus, whose hair he had marked, and then he shot at the animal a single shot just as it opened its huge jaws to seize him.

The Credit System in Japan. A New York paper says: "The many Americans who have visited Japan within a few years—Japan is only across the water—have been struck by the big shop of the republic—have been struck by the almost universal prevalence of the credit system in that country. In Tokio, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Kanagawa, Hakodadi—in all cities and towns there is a big store, at hotels, restaurants, shops, bars, grocers, and a custom, so firmly fixed that it is hard to pay cash. When you buy anything, the clerk or salesman presents you with a bill—very much like a pad—on which you write the article, its price, and your name, and the thing is repeated if you go to the same place a dozen times a day. In fact, you need no money for any ordinary purpose until the end of the month, when you liquidate your bills and begin over again. It is counted as a disgrace not to pay your bills. If you do not, your name goes up on the wall of the establishment where you are in debt, and you can get nothing more there. Still, in Japan, as in every quarter of the globe, there are persons, when shut out of a mean capacity, who are another, and make for themselves a system as bad as had can be. Credit widely extended is an evil in any community. It hurts the man who gets it, as well as the man who gives it. Its tendency always is to relax principle, to encourage extravagance, to dull insensibility, to weaken character. Hundreds of thousands of persons in Japan today have lost their sense of integrity, and all ideas of financial promptness, who would have done so but for this pernicious order of credit. The custom arose some twenty years ago, from the necessity of change, which rendered it really necessary. But now, although change is abundant, the custom continues, with no signs of disruption or decay. Tradesmen, who are every body else suffer greatly by it, having at the end of the month a number of debts not only uncollected, but uncollectible. Business never will be, and never can be, on any sound or desirable basis in Japan until a thorough reformation shall have been instituted.

Tripping Up a Tenor. While on a tour in Ireland the tenor fell ill, and was replaced by a youthful aspirant to operate in honor of exceeding diminutive stature and mean capacity, whose birthplace was Dublin, and whose friends had engaged the manager. But the little man could neither sing nor act, and his conceit was, strange to say, rudeness to his ignorance. Mm. Rudersdorf soon lost patience with him, and determined to rid the company of the incubus. The opportunity soon occurred, and in Dublin. It doesn't much signify what opera was being performed, but Mm. Rudersdorf wore a very long dress. This unhappy tenor came in no way avoid the very long dress; in whatever position he placed himself, somehow or other he always found himself standing upon Mm. Rudersdorf's train. He would no sooner disentangle himself and seize the opportunity to strike a picturesque attitude, when to his surprise he found himself in the arms of Mm. Rudersdorf's robe. Madame was exasperated beyond all endurance; her finest features were spoiled by the persistent awkwardness of the youthful aspirant. "If you step on my train again, I give you my word I will trip you up. The habit of standing in horror to another part of the stage. Again he was compelled to approach, in order to sing in a trio—a few bars—and behold, he was firmly but unconsciously seized by the dress once more. Mm. Rudersdorf seized her train with both hands and stepped swiftly on one side. The youthful aspirant's legs were drawn from under him, and he measured his length on the boards. Only those who have seen before an Irish audience can form any idea of the effect this produced in the house. In vain he struggled wildly, in vain he endeavored to sing; he actually attempted a protest—the result was only shriek after shriek of laughter. It is not necessary to add that the tenor never appeared again in Dublin.—The Theatre.

A Forgotten Calamity. The recent inundation in Hungary, though on a larger scale, bears a resemblance to the terrible calamity that devastated the Swiss valley of Martigny half a century ago, which is still remembered as one of the most formidable floods ever witnessed in that part of Europe. In the spring of 1829 the ice and snow melted through the valley, lessened by degrees till its channel was left perfectly dry. A party sent to reconnoiter found the river completely blocked by the fall of a huge mass of ice, behind which the rising waters were drowning the upland villages one by one, while the lower ground was left waterless and parching. It was instantly resolved to avert the threatened outbreak by cutting a tunnel through the ice and running off the water by degrees. The execution of this arduous task was one of the most heroic on record. For five whole weeks the indomitable men, with death staring them in the face, toiled day and night in alternate frosts and rains, till the ice, which lay below, the half melted ice thundering down upon them from above, and the danger of a sudden overflow increasing every hour. By some misadventure, the two sections, commencing from opposite sides, had a twenty-foot difference of level, which cost several days additional labor to rectify. At length the water began to flow, the danger subsided, and when suddenly the base of the ice barrier, already weakened by the growing heat of summer, gave way with a terrific crash, and the whole body of water burst forth at once, sweeping down the valley with the speed of an express train. Its force and volume may be estimated from the fact that a solid bridge, ninety feet above the ordinary level of the river, was torn away like a thread. Of the whole town of Martigny, nothing escaped but the ruined castle on the highest ridge, the destruction of life and property being so great that for the time being the beautiful valley was an absolute desert.

Body snatching, not for medical, but for political purposes, is sometimes practised in Russia under the authority of the government. Recently a Nihilist, who had recently been released from prison, was taken to a house, and his relatives made preparations for the burial, which was to take place next morning. In the night, however, the body mysteriously disappeared from the house; and it was ascertained that it had been surreptitiously seized by order of the authorities, who apprehended a Nihilist demonstration at the funeral.

Everything Goes Wrong. In the bodily mechanism when the liver gets out of order, Constipation, dyspepsia, contamination of the blood, impure bile, and certain to ensue. But it is easy to prevent these consequences, and remove their cause by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the bilinary organ and regulates its action. The direct result is disappearance of the pains beneath the ribs and through the shoulder blade, the nausea, headaches, yellowness of the skin, furrowed look of the tongue, and sour odor of the breath, which characterize liver complaint. Sound digestion and a regular habit of body are blessings also secured by the use of this celebrated restorative of health, which imparts a degree of vigor to the body which is its best guarantee of safety from malarial epidemics. Nerve weakness and over-tension are relieved by it, and it improves both appetite and sleep.

The Physical Paradiso. It has been said that the blood is the source of life. It is as truly the source of disease and death. No life, that is to say, no healthy tissue can be generated from impure blood, and the body can never perform its functions when supplied with impure blood. The fluid that should carry life and health to every part carries only weakness and disease. Blood is the source of life, and it is pure. If it has become diseased, it must be cleansed by proper medication, else every pulsation of the human heart sends a wave of disease through the system. To cleanse the blood of all impurities, use Dr. Keesee's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the most effectual, tonic and cathartic remedy yet discovered. They are especially efficient in scrofulous diseases.

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Franz Liszt is among the most distinguished of musicalists in the world. He uses and prizes a Mason and Hamlin Cabinet Organ, and pronounces it "matchless," "unrivaled," "styling" and "this magnificent instrument, a prodigious instrument." There could hardly be higher praise, or from more eminent authority.

CHEW The Celebrated "M. THOMAS" Wagon Tag and "TOBACCO." THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY, New York, Boston, and Chicago. A FAVORABLE NOTICED.—The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for the relief of Coughs, Colic and Throat Diseases has given them a favorable notoriety. Twenty-five cents a box. Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. Smoke Pogue's "Sitting Bull" Durham Tobacco.

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