

MY WINDOW-FLY.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE.

Over my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars;
But all day long it looks at the sun,
And at night it looks at the stars.

A PYRAMID OF CABBAGES.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

"Why, where are you going, Isabel Eastman? Not into the farm-yard, surely?"

"Yes, Miss Lottie Mayell, I am going into the farm-yard, surely," replied Isabel; with a mischievous light in her grey eyes, and a charming smile on her prettily curved lips.

"You!" laughed her friend. "I think I see you in the dairy, in a neat cambric dress, with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, stamping the pats of butter with your monogram, for that's as near as you'd ever come to churning; and in the hennery, scattering corn to the chickens from a dainty white apron, a curiously-shaped rustic hat meanwhile shading your rose and cream complexion from the sun."

"And for three been most ready to abdicate. By the by"—with assumed carelessness—"have you seen the young farmer, the only child of our host and hostess?"

"Certainly not," and Miss Mayell glanced at her watch. "I only arrived two hours ago, and have seen no one but you and your aunt. But I can see him in my mind's eye,—tall, ungainly, and speaks through his nose, cats with his knife, says 'How!' and stares at you as though you were a being from another sphere."

"Your mind's eye needs an eyeglass, Miss Mayell. His vision is weak. Tall, broad-shouldered, and gainly, if I may use the word as I mean it. I saw him tossing hay to-day, and he looked like an Apollo who had exchanged his lyre for a pitchfork and profited by the change."

"And his table manners are as exquisite as your own, Miss Mayell, and he has a deep, full voice, and does not say 'How!' and has scarcely looked, let alone 'stared' at me. I have an idea that he regards girls of silk with quite scorn, and thinks of us all, as hot house flowers not to be compared with the daisies growing wild in the meadows."

"How long have you been here, Isabel?"

"Six weeks."

"Quite long enough, I think. You'd better go away. You're regarding this young farmer, who never looks at you—I don't believe that, however—too sentimentally. You might come to believe he has fallen in love with me. He is so different from the soft-voiced, perfumed creatures by whom I have been surrounded all my life that to use your own words, with a different application, I stare at him as though he were a being from another sphere."

perhaps, a Pinafore one, executed a pirouette—in honor of my newly acquired freedom. Mamma was awfully angry, but they are awfully happy, and they've named the baby after me. My chains (they were never very heavy I must confess) broken beyond repair, I flirted more than ever, all the time growing as weary as could be of hearing the same compliments and making the same replies, and doing this thing in the morning and that thing in the afternoon, and the other in the evening, and at last I fled from the old familiar throng precipitately one rainy day, leaving my maid to pack my wardrobe and follow. And I determined that this summer I would try pastures entirely new. Auntie had often told me of the pleasant, old-fashioned farm house which she discovered years ago, and I coaxed mamma—promising to take Charley, our youngest, who is the 'worrit' of her life, with me—to spend three of my four out-of-the-city months here. And, Lottie, I have never been as happy before, and I am firmly convinced that here I have found the kind of life that would suit me best. I was born to love cows and chickens, to make butter, to build pyramids of cabbages."

"You!" laughed her friend. "I think I see you in the dairy, in a neat cambric dress, with sleeves rolled up to the elbows, stamping the pats of butter with your monogram, for that's as near as you'd ever come to churning; and in the hennery, scattering corn to the chickens from a dainty white apron, a curiously-shaped rustic hat meanwhile shading your rose and cream complexion from the sun. You born to love cows and chickens!—you, who have reigned a city belle for four long years!"

"And for three been most ready to abdicate. By the by"—with assumed carelessness—"have you seen the young farmer, the only child of our host and hostess?"

"Certainly not," and Miss Mayell glanced at her watch. "I only arrived two hours ago, and have seen no one but you and your aunt. But I can see him in my mind's eye,—tall, ungainly, and speaks through his nose, cats with his knife, says 'How!' and stares at you as though you were a being from another sphere."

"Your mind's eye needs an eyeglass, Miss Mayell. His vision is weak. Tall, broad-shouldered, and gainly, if I may use the word as I mean it. I saw him tossing hay to-day, and he looked like an Apollo who had exchanged his lyre for a pitchfork and profited by the change."

"And his table manners are as exquisite as your own, Miss Mayell, and he has a deep, full voice, and does not say 'How!' and has scarcely looked, let alone 'stared' at me. I have an idea that he regards girls of silk with quite scorn, and thinks of us all, as hot house flowers not to be compared with the daisies growing wild in the meadows."

"How long have you been here, Isabel?"

"Six weeks."

"Quite long enough, I think. You'd better go away. You're regarding this young farmer, who never looks at you—I don't believe that, however—too sentimentally. You might come to believe he has fallen in love with me. He is so different from the soft-voiced, perfumed creatures by whom I have been surrounded all my life that to use your own words, with a different application, I stare at him as though he were a being from another sphere."

"Your mind's eye needs an eyeglass, Miss Mayell. His vision is weak. Tall, broad-shouldered, and gainly, if I may use the word as I mean it. I saw him tossing hay to-day, and he looked like an Apollo who had exchanged his lyre for a pitchfork and profited by the change."

"And his table manners are as exquisite as your own, Miss Mayell, and he has a deep, full voice, and does not say 'How!' and has scarcely looked, let alone 'stared' at me. I have an idea that he regards girls of silk with quite scorn, and thinks of us all, as hot house flowers not to be compared with the daisies growing wild in the meadows."

"How long have you been here, Isabel?"

towards them, asking with loud bows what was the matter.

A few weeks after Miss Isabel Eastman became Mrs. Nathaniel Leigh, her husband lying at her feet in the orchard, and looking up into her face with adoring eyes, said, "I never would have gained courage to have told you of my love, though I loved you from the very first, had I not heard from your own sweet lips that you cared a little for me. What good spirit, my blessed, sent you of all places to the farm yard that afternoon?"

"It was an imp sent me there," she answered, demurely. "Mother's youngest, who whispered to me, as I left the house with Lottie, 'There's something awful jolly way back in the farm-yard—a pyramid of cabbage—and Nat Leigh's fast asleep behind it.'"

The Great Suspension Bridges.

In response to the inquiries of a correspondent, the Niagara Falls Gazette gives the following interesting sketch of the history of the great suspension bridges: In 1848 Charles Ellet, a brilliant rather than a professional engineer, built the first suspension bridge over the Niagara, on the site of the present railroad bridge. The bridge was only for carriages and foot passengers. The towers were only six feet in width, just wide enough for one team. Mr. Ellet in the beginning had offered a reward of \$5 to the first person who should get a string over the river. The next windy day a large number of boys assembled on the bank with kites, and before night one of them, a former townsman, Homan J. Walsh, then a boy of 13 years of age, landed his kite on the Canadian shore and received the promised reward. By means of this string, larger cords, then ropes, and then iron cables, small at first, but increasing in size, were drawn across, till the large cables were thus stretched. This structure served as a most excellent auxiliary in the construction of the present bridge. This was built by America's great engineer, John S. Roebling, and has always been considered one of the greatest of his works. It was commenced in 1852, and the first locomotive crossed it in 1854. The iron basket now hanging under the railroad track near the American end of the bridge, was first used by Mr. Ellet, and in it the first person who ever crossed the chasm alive and of his own free will, was crossed over. There is an old Indian tradition that a resisting chief was once carried to the opposite side by a large bald-headed eagle, who swooped down on the great warrior as he lay in ambush on the ground and bore him over. Ladies have also crossed in this basket. The suspension bridge by Brock's monument was built in 1856 by T. E. Serret. The ice jam in 1856 tore the guys from the rocks to which they were fastened, and before they were replaced a terrific gale broke the railway, severed the suspenders, and left the structure dangling in the air. The new suspension bridge, as it is called, was built in 1868, the cables being carried over in the winter on the ice bridge. Its length is over twelve hundred feet, or a full quarter of a mile from end to end outside of the towers, and is the longest suspension bridge in the world.

Habits of the Cockroach.

Wherever it came from, the cockroach is a true Anglo-Saxon in its capacity for colonization. In Britain it has established itself all over the length and breadth of the land, but chiefly, if not altogether, confined to houses, inhabiting kitchens, sculleries, bakehouses, and such-like places, where plenty of food can be obtained. Nothing that is eatable (and many things that are not usually considered edible) comes amiss to this voracious animal, than whom it would be difficult to find a more omnivorous creature. In addition to almost every article of human food, such apparently unpalatable objects as woolen garments, the greasy rags used in cleaning steam-engines and other machinery, shoes and other articles of leather, and even books and paper, enter into its bill of fare. In warehouses, and on board ships, the ravages it commits are great; whole barrels and sacks of flour, corn, rice, and other articles of like nature, being sometimes consumed by it. Amongst other things, cinnamon is said to possess great attractions for the cockroach palate, and there is a scandal to the effect that those whose business it is to reduce the cinnamon sticks to a powder are not very careful to separate the spice from the insect—which sometimes constitute nearly half the contents of the bags—but tumble them together into the mill. Though its other crimes do not apparently add that of cannibalism, the cast skins and the interior of the egg-capsules are said to be eaten by them, and other insects are occasionally devoured. Amongst the latter is said to be the common bed-bug, which, if true, is a point in favor of the cockroach. In habits it is strictly nocturnal. During the day it hides in crevices in the floor, behind the wainscot, or in any other dark hole, where it lurks till the darkness and quiet of night tempt it forth. It seems to be fond of warmth as it is always found in greater abundance near fire-places and ovens. Though this or some allied species of cockroach was well known to the ancients, and termed by them Lucifuge, because they ran away from the light, it is not quite certain that it is not the sound of the footsteps of the person carrying the light rather than the light itself which alarms them. They fly with great celerity; but, although quite able to ascend perpendicular surfaces, they do not, as a rule, when established in the kitchen, venture upstairs. Probably the larger supply of food, the greater warmth, tend to prevent them from wandering from the kitchen and its adjuncts. When seized they discharge from their mouths a brownish fluid of most disgusting and persistent odor, which, moreover, clings to any objects over which they have crept. This, in addition to their voracity, makes them most undesirable inmates of a house.

EARLY

In February two German women, Frau Schmidt and Frau Feustel, in Prussian Saxony, and in addition to living in the same house and on the same floor, each, on the same day, delivered of three children, and they were all boys. Probably such a singular coincidence never before occurred.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE WILFUL GRASSHOPPER.

BY IMOGENE.

A grasshopper lived in the stable, and did nothing but eat and jump; And often he got into trouble, And had many an ugly bump.

For he gave no heed to the warning, Always "Fly! look before you leap!" His mother repeated each morning, As soon as they wakened from sleep.

One day as he went away hopping, His mother cried out in alarm, "Oh! my dear, you better be stopping In the stable cozy and warm."

But he only laughed at his mother, As he merrily hopped away, Saying "Fly! oh, why will you bother, When you know I'll come back to-day?"

He went along jumping and eating, On nothing but pleasure intent; The bright sunshine tho' warm was fleeting, And the night very cold and wet.

He was stiff and numb in the morning; Unable to hop any more; And was gobbled up without warning, By a hen quite near the barn door.

Now, dear little children, remember; Heed ever your mother's advice, And all pride and self-will surrender; Read the grasshopper's sad fate twice.

GEORGIE AND BOUNCER.

"What shall I bring you from town?" said Mr. Homer to his three children, Jennie, Lillie and Georgie.

"Oh, bring me a book, papa," said Jennie, the eldest, "will you?"

"I don't want a book," said Lillie; "I think—I think I would like a pretty bird that can sing. Will you bring me a bird, papa?"

"Why, Lillie?" said Mrs. Homer, "What do you want of a bird in the house when there are so many sweet singers outside?"

"Oh I didn't think of that, mamma! I guess I don't want a bird, I'll take a well, I'll have some candy," and both papa and mamma laughed as they heard her choice.

"Well, what shall I bring you, Georgie?" said Mr. Homer to his little son, who was busy playing with a toy horse.

"A pony, papa, a pony! Will you bring me a pony?" exclaimed Georgie jumping up and running to his father.

"What would you do with a pony?" asked Mr. Homer.

"I'd ride," replied the little fellow. "But can't you ride my horses just as well?"

"No, I want a little pony, papa, so if I fall off I won't be hurt, you know."

"That is a good argument, Georgie," said Mr. Homer smiling. "I'll bring you something but I don't think it will be a pony;" and kissing them all good-by, he hurried away.

It was nearly evening, and Mr. Homer was just starting home. He had purchased the book and candy for Jennie and Lillie and stood thinking what he could get for Georgie, when a boy approached him leading a large Newfoundland dog.

"Do you live in the country?" said the boy.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Homer.

"And wouldn't you like a real good dog?" asked the boy; then laying his hand on the dog's head he added, "Bouncer is the best fellow that ever you saw."

"How much do you ask for him?" inquired Mr. Homer.

"I don't want any money, but I want Bouncer to have a good home,—that's all."

"What do you part with him?" asked Mr. Homer now thoroughly interested in the boy and dog.

"Well, you see, sir, Bouncer was father's dog; father is dead now; and father's wife—she aint my mother—says we can't feed Bouncer any more; and if I don't send him away that she will have him killed."

"Well my boy, I will take Bouncer home with me, and if you ever want him again, you shall have him. Here, take this and buy something for yourself;" and Mr. Homer slipped a five-dollar bill into the boy's hand.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy with tears in his eyes; "I will keep this now, for indeed sister Nell and I do need shoes and clothes; but sometime I shall pay it back, for I can not sell father's dog!"

Mr. Homer talked kindly to the boy, and invited him to come out and see how well Georgie would take care of Bouncer; after which the boy parted from the dog, feeling quite reconciled.

When Mr. Homer reached home with Bouncer, the children were delighted. Georgie declared that the dog was a great deal better than a pony, and Bouncer appeared equally well pleased with Georgie.

Bouncer proved to be all that his former master had represented. The children would often harness him to a little wagon which he would draw with one or two of them in it.

But Georgie's greatest pleasure was to ride Bouncer, and the dog seemed to enjoy the fun also.

One day the children were out under the trees playing. Georgie was riding, and Jennie and Lillie walking on either side, when suddenly Bouncer barking, gladly sprang forward.

"Whoa, whoa, Bouncer," said Jennie and Lillie taking hold of him to keep him steady.

"Go on, Bouncer," said Georgie raising his little whip.

Bouncer was only too glad to obey, and he bounded away from the children leaving his master sprawling on the ground. Georgie picked himself up quickly and ran in pursuit of Bouncer.

And what do you think it was that caused this well-behaved dog to conduct himself in such a rude manner? Why, he had spied a boy in the distance, that the children had not noticed, who was no other than Albert Ray, Bouncer's former master!

I can not tell you how glad Albert was to see Bouncer again, and to know that the dog had such a good home.

When evening came, Albert told Mr. Homer how hard he had worked ever since he parted from Bouncer; and that now he wished to return the money Mr. Homer had given him.

"No, no, Albert, keep the money and we will keep the dog," said Mr. Homer.

"I can not, sir," replied Albert decidedly; "so many times my father has said to me, 'Al! no matter what may happen to you never sell a friend,' and Bouncer has been more than any human friend to me."

Mr. Homer took the money, but the next day he found a good position in an office for Albert who, by being honest and faithful to his friends was always respected by them.

When Georgie was twelve years old he came home from school as usual, and leaving his books in the house he ran out to find Bouncer. The dog was

getting old, but he barked and frisked about, and then started for the barn. George followed, and there he found a beautiful, black pony which Albert Ray had sent to him, because he had always been so good to Bouncer.—Young Folks' Rural.

Trained Animals.

Although the training of animals at the present day is an art almost perfected, a glance over some of the trained animals of the past shows that we have not really advanced in this direction. Horses were exhibited in the early part of the thirteenth century that walked and danced on a rope, a trick that at the present day would be pronounced impossible. The ropes were extremely large and pressed into a triangular shape, and the horses' feet were provided with shoes made of a similar substance. Others were taught to lie down, while an ox with a trumpet in his mouth would straddle his back, making a most comical and ludicrous appearance as they marched around. In a Bodleian MS. of the fourteenth century is an account of horses trained to combat. The animal is represented as rising in the air and striking at a shield held by the jocolator, who, in turn, thrusts at him with a short sword, or club, both keeping time, or regulated by some musical instrument.

The following is told of an exhibition given near Pall Mall, London, in 1700: "A number of little birds, to the amount, I think, of twelve or fourteen, being taken from different cages were placed upon a table in the presence of the spectators, and there they formed themselves into ranks, like a company of soldiers; small cones of paper, having some resemblance to grenadier's caps, were put on their heads, diminutive imitations of muskets made from wood, secured under their left wings. Thus equipped they marched to and fro several times, when a single bird was brought forward, supposed to be a deserter, and set between six of the musketeers, three in a row, who conducted him from the top to the bottom of the table, on the middle of which a small brass cannon charged with a little gunpowder had been previously placed. The deserter was placed in front of the cannon and his guards divided, three retiring on the right side and three on the other, while he was left standing by himself. Another bird then immediately came forward, and a lighted match being put into one of its claws, he hopped boldly on the tail of the cannon, and applying the match to the priming, discharged the piece without the least appearance of fear or agitation. The moment the explosion took place, the deserter fell down and lay motionless, like a dead bird. But at the command of his tutor, he rose again, and the cages being brought, the feathered soldiers were stripped of their ornaments, and returned to their respective orders."

A story was told, many years ago, of a sheik of one of the wandering tribes of Egypt, who, when laughed at by some of Napoleon's soldiers for living in a country that would not support even a bird, retorted that he would send his storks for some French birds who would bring them over on their backs, as his people would have to carry the Frenchmen before they left, and bidding them watch at early dawn the next day he departed. Some of the men were curious enough to remember his words, and watched. The next morning a flock of storks flew over from the sea, having on their backs several European birds that left their foreign consorts, who had evidently borne them over the Mediterranean, and flew down among the men, who were much impressed with the supposed power of the old chief. He had, however, merely taken advantage of a peculiar habit of these birds to test the credulity of the Frenchmen; and it has been proved within a few years that the tale is not an exaggerated one, as small birds are frequently observed sitting on the backs of storks on their southward trips, which is perhaps as remarkable as if they had been trained to do it.

A Fable.

One day a troop of Jackals were astonished beyond measure at the appearance of a Lion in their midst, and their surprise could not be imagined when his countenance assumed a pleasant expression and he remarked:

"Friends, I have come to settle among you and be a neighbor. I want to be friendly with each and every one and think well of all, and I trust we shall dwell together in harmony."

"Hoary!" for the Lion! Hurrah for the old man-killer!" cheered the Jackals, and they were tickled to death at their good luck.

But the Lion had scarcely got his den in order when one of the Jackals came sneaking in and began:

"I—that is—delicate subject, you know—embarrassed, you see—ha hum."

"My friend, if you have anything to say to me be at your ease," replied the Lion.

"Well, I simply wanted to drop you a hint. Don't be too sweet on John Jackal. His great grandfather was banished for cause, and his wife's second cousin is a wall-eyed villain."

The Lion received the information without remark, and the caller went away, chuckling over the idea that he had sowed good seed. Next day a second Jackal appeared, beat around the bush for awhile, and then observed:

"I feel it my duty to warn you against Joe Jackal, who lives over the creek. He beats his wife, cheats his neighbors, and is a double back-acting hypocrite by the watch."

Soon another appeared with a similar story about some one else in the community, and in the course of a fortnight the Lion felt it his duty to call a public meeting. When the Jackals had gathered around him he said:

"I find, by your own statements, that you are a community of thieves, liars, dead-beats and swindlers, and henceforth you can fight your own battles and hunt your own bones. Sneaks, skulks and vagabonds, farewell!"

MORAL: He who tries to climb up by pulling his neighbor down makes poor headway.

INTERESTING new discoveries have, Nature says, been made in Pompeii. A store has been excavated which was in course of construction when the terrible catastrophe occurred, and which differs materially from all other Pompeian houses in its plan.

SIoux INDIANS.

Some Accounts of Their Social Relations and Superstitions—The Custer Massacre.

Deadwood Pioneer.

On Sunday last a Pioneer reporter enjoyed a lengthy conversation with Joe Hoskiss, lieutenant of Indian police, stationed at Cheyenne river agency, who is now in attendance as a witness upon a United States district court. Joe is a half-breed, who has lived with the Sioux a greater portion of his life, yet he is a very intelligent person and a ready and entertaining conversationalist. He was educated at St. Louis, speaks several languages fluently, and elias had extensive experience on the frontier.

The Sioux are very superstitious, are controlled by legends in whatever they do, and never embark in an undertaking without first having the assurance that they are in the right. In their way they are very religious people cherishing the greatest respect for the rights both of property and person, of every member of the tribe. The chastity of their women is also noteworthy, and even their mode of warfare is in accordance with the teachings of the great spirit. True, they are often accused of great atrocities, but if history was searched, it would be found that members of the tribe had suffered similar torture and death at the hands of the whites, the circumstances of which had been remembered and retailed at the first opportunity. The Indian has the utmost reverence of the "Great Spirit," but no belief in the existence of an evil one. They use no profanity, nor anything corresponding to a white man's oath. Their ideas of the hereafter are vague, but impressive nevertheless.

They believe that every act and episode of life below will be repeated in a happy hunting grounds, even to the minutest details, hence the burial of implements of war and toil with every deceased.

Probably one of the noblest actions in Indian history was the rescue, in 1862, of eight persons—two women and six children—from the Santee camp, at the mouth of Grand river, by Four Bears, now in this city. The captives were adopted into the tribe, and one, Julia Wright, forced to marry a son of Black Hawk, then a prominent chief. Four Bears procured their liberation partly through purchase (giving four horses), and partly by strategy, and after passing through many perils, returned them to their homes. For this noble act Four Bears was promised remuneration by congress, but the promise has never been fulfilled. During his recent trip to Washington he brought the matter before Secretary Schurz, when assurance was again given that the reward would soon be forthcoming.

The relation existing between members of a family are very peculiar. For instance, brothers and sisters do not fraternize—are very distant, scarcely recognizing each other. Mothers-in-law are also ostracized immediately upon the marriage of their children.

Marriage is nothing more than purchase and sale, negotiated by the nearest friends of both parties, but the relations assumed are considered sacred, and are seldom violated.

The Custer massacre, in which many of the Cheyenne agency Indians participated, is seldom mentioned, and never only in the most cautious manner. It was not at the time considered a victory, nor is it remembered as an event reflecting honor upon the tribe. On the contrary, such few accounts as have been gleaned from those who participated, indicate that a rout of the Indians was really accomplished, and would have resulted had Reno not shown the white feather. His Battle, head warrior of the tribe, is very emphatic in his denunciations of Reno, and says that Custer's death and many of his command is attributable to his (Reno's) cowardice. A map is now being prepared at the agency showing the position of the Indians, both when the charge was made, and soon after, when Reno attacked from the south. Custer led the charge to the head of the draw and ordered a volley fired into the lodges opposite. Immediately two thousand bears arose from the sage brush in the rear of the soldiers and began their terrible work. Custer gave the order to about wheel and charge, and with the three hundred, galloped towards the foe. The latter were too numerous and too thoroughly armed; the onslaught was checked; the enemy came up with a yell; the field became a scene of the wildest confusion and death. Custer's horse fell mortally wounded, and as the gallant officer endeavored to extricate himself from the entanglement, a bullet passed through his leg, and, while sitting there bewildered, faint, and helpless, a boy quietly approached from the rear, and delivered a death-blow with a clubbed rifle. The battle was over; annihilation was complete, and the search for plunder began.

Almost the first body examined was that of the heroic officer, from whose pockets they took a package, carefully opened it, and beheld the long album locks so characteristic of the general, and which had been cut only a day or two before. The Indians at once recognized their victim, and, respecting him in life, they covered with a blanket and left unmolested. The Indian loss was very heavy, exactly how great is not definitely known,—but Joe believes that it equalled our own.

A California Mirage.

A correspondent of The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press, under date of Feb. 1, thus describes a mirage seen at that place: "Whoever chanced to be near the old mission last evening between 4 and 5 o'clock, saw, looking seaward, an unusual sight—a mirage of the long wharf and the three-masted schooner lying alongside—not dim and indistinct, but as plainly silhouetted against the evening sky as the hills or the islands. The tops and base of the mountains were hidden in a mist—a sort of evanescent fog, through which the outlines of the hills were dimly seen. Glancing toward the ocean, the long wharf seemed actually suspended in the air, and close above it the outlines of the ship lying alongside, with the masts particularly well defined. I am sure that no observer standing on the Calabrian shore and looking westward upon the Strait of Messina (where the most remarkable mirages are witnessed) ever beheld one surpassing this. The horizon was much depressed, the wharf enlarged and duplicated, with the sea-

ward end much elevated, and the figure of the ship, also much enlarged, hanging, as in mid-air, above it, while the sky surrounded these objects with a yellowish color. My friend and I could hardly believe our eyes, and I proposed to drive to the beach to see if there really was any three-masted vessel lying alongside the wharf. We found all just as we had seen it in the air."

A \$200,000 BET.

Nineteen Hundred Miles Across Mountains and Plains by Pony Express.

St. Joseph (Mo.) News.

In 1859, St. Joseph was the western terminus of railroad communication. Beyond, the stage-coach, the saddle-horse and the ox-trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky mountains and the Pacific slope. In the winter of 1860 there was a Wall street lobby in Washington trying to get \$5,000,000 for carrying the mails overland one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and William H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd resolved to give the lobby a cold shower-bath. He therefore offered to bet \$200,000 that he could put on a mail line from Sacramento to St. Joseph that should make the distance—1,950 miles—in ten days. The bet was taken and the 8th of April fixed upon as the day for starting. Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of business upon the plains, Mr. A. B. Miller, now a citizen of Denver, and stated what he had done, and asked if he could perform the feat. Miller replied, "Yes, sir; I will do it, and do it by a pony express." To accomplish this Mr. Miller purchased three hundred of the fleetest horses he could find in the west, and employed 75 men. Eighty of these men were 1500 feet high. These he selected with reference to their light weight and their known daring and courage. It was very essential that the horses should be loaded as light as possible; therefore, the lighter the man the better. It was necessary that some portions of the route should be run at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The horses were stationed from ten to twenty miles apart, and each rider would be required to ride sixty miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents sufficient to hold one man and two horses were provided. Indians would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies made but sorry show in their stern chase after Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a single mile in a minute and fifty seconds.

All arrangements being completed, a signal gun on the steamer at Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 15th—the hour of starting—when Border, Ruffian, Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills of the Sierra Nevada, and made his ride of twenty miles in forty-nine minutes. The snows were deep in the mountains; and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow-storm; and after the Salt Lake valley was reached, additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time. From here all went well until the Platte was to be crossed at Julesburg. The river was up and running rapidly, but the rider plunged his horse into the flood, only, however, to mire in the quicksand and drown. The courier succeeded in reaching the shore, with mail bag in hand, and traveled ten miles on foot to reach his next relay. Johnny Fry, a popular rider of this day, was to make the finish. He had sixty miles to ride, with six horses to do it with. When the last courier arrived at the sixty-mile post, out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain set in and the roads were slippery. Two hundred thousand dollars might turn up on a single minute, or thirty minutes in three hours and thirty minutes in which to win. This was the finish for the longest race, ever run in America. When the time for his arrival was nearly up, at least five thousand people stood on the river bank, with eyes turned toward the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood—one mile from the finish. Tick, tick went thousands of watches! the time was nearly up! But nearly seven minutes remained! Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled multitude: "He comes! he comes!" The noble little mare, Sylph, the daughter of little Arthur, darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in one minute and fifty seconds—landing upon the ferry-boat with five minutes and a fraction to spare.

A Loud Call.

A man kicked up a big row on the most fashionable street in Galveston. He was tried for disturbing the peace and quiet of a neighbor. The accused denied having been so vociferous, and testimony was heard on the subject. A gentleman who lived in the neighborhood swore: "I should say I raised a row. My house was four blocks off, and he whooped so loud that my oldest daughter quit reading the testimony in the Christianian divorce suit and went to the window to see what was the matter, so you can judge for yourself what a fuss he must have made."

"That settles it," said the recorder, and he found the man guilty, and ordered him to be put to work on the streets for disturbing the peace and quiet of a whole neighborhood.

At the annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping held in London, February 18, the chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, was able to show that there is no present danger of England ceasing to be the general carrier. The English effective tonnage at the present time is 16,000,000, while that of all other flags put together is only 11,000,000, and the increasing activity of English shippards may be gathered from the fact that on the 31st of December, 1879, the tonnage under construction was but 430,000 tons as compared with 695,000 tons at the end of 1880.