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### Kitty White.

I've seen in many a witching mood
Some pretty forms, like fairies light,
But all that's lovely I ne'er viewed,
'Till I saw thee—sweet Kitty White.

I love to gaze on starry skies,
Or pearly dewdrops glancing bright,
But more upon those sparkling eyes,
Of thine, thou charmer, Kitty White.

Upon the waves 'tis sweet to gaze,
And see the moonbeams play, at night,
But sweeter far the smile that plays
Upon the lips of Kitty White.

The rose that's justly Flora's pride
May well comparison invite;
But where's its beauty when beside
The cheek of lovely Kitty White?

If I perfection wished to draw,
And had the skill to draw it right,
To paint a piece without a flaw,
I'd draw thy portrait, Kitty White.

### Kate.

I know her by her angry air,
Her bright black eyes, her bright black hair,
Her rapid laughters wild and shrill,
As laughters of the woodpecker
From the bosom of a hill.
'Tis Kate—she sayeth what she will;
For Kate hath an unbridled tongue,
Clear as the twanging of a harp.
Her heart is like a throbbing star.
Kate hath a spirit ever strung
Like a new bow, and bright and sharp,
As edges of the scymitar.
Whence shall she take a fitting mate?
For Kate no common love will feel;
My woman-soldier, gallant Kate,
As pure and true as blades of steel.

Kate saith "the world is void of might."
Kate saith "the men are gilded fires."
Kate snaps her fingers at my vows;
Kate will not hear of lovers' sighs.
I would I were an armed knight,
Far famed for well-won enterprise,
And wearing on my swarthy brows
The garland of new-wreathed emprise;
For in a moment I would pierce
The blackest files of changing fight,
And strongly strike to left and right,
In dreaming of my lady's eyes.
Oh! Kate loves well the bold and fierce;
But none are bold enough for Kate,
She cannot find a fitting mate.

### RULED BY KINDNESS.

The fact is that there is come a crisis in the lives of my nephew and his wife, and I want to see how she is going to manage it. The crisis is a very simple one; it comes at some time to most married lives, and much of the misery of that state is due to the fact that wives do not always know how to manage it. The crisis is that one which results from the change common and natural to all humanity, when the passion of the lover changes into the purer but quieter affection of the husband in possession. I doubt if any young unmarried readers and married folks yet in their honey-moon will understand what I allude to, but those who have been wedded a few years will comprehend it. It is usual for every lover to swear that though there have been instances where the affection of husbands has become less detaonstrative after a year or two of married life, *his* case will prove an exception; and it is because his young wife, who loves him just as intensely, does not comprehend that he is mistaken, and must of necessity grow less demonstrative, just as fire goes out if more coal is not supplied, that they are so often unhappy. I think my little lady is too sensible to wreck her happiness on this rock, and I have looked forward to this crisis with eager interest.

She and Peter have been married three years now, and he is just beginning to grow cold. I don't mean that he is less fond of Nellie, but he doesn't tell her so as often as he used to. He is not as persistently devoted to her as he was two years ago, and even a year ago. I don't mean that he does not love her as intensely, but that he don't tell her so as often. He used to kiss her frequently before me; he has changed his idea on that subject, as I knew he would, and now thinks that it is unnecessary, not to say improper, to be too demonstrative before folks. Of late, he has even taken to dining out without Nellie, and a couple of weeks ago he joined a club!

The idea of an American gentleman, with American habits, belonging to a club! It's preposterous. Their whole education unfits them for enjoying club life; and the institution would have no existence if our society did not possess an insane desire to imitate foreign society. With hardly a taste, idea, or principle, social, religious, or political, in common with the English or French, we are always imitating them—weakly, of course; and so appear to the foreigners who come in contact with us like parvenus rather than gentlemen. And the most pernicious of our imitations is the social and political club! we shall have religious clubs eventually.

Peter has joined a social club, and he wrote a note from the office to-day saying he would be home to an early dinner this afternoon, in order to attend a club meeting this evening. There is to be some sort of a reception of sort of a person—disreputable character, I suppose, as ladies are not to be present.

Nellie did not get the note until about three o'clock. She handed it to me without a word of comment, and rang the servant's bell at the same time.

"Peter's an ass!" I exclaimed, on reading it, and finding she said nothing.

"Oh, Uncle John!" she cried, "ain't you ashamed to talk so of your own blood relations? What am I to think of you?"

"You might think the same of me—and think just right, too—if I neglected you in this way," I answered, a little timidly, for I wanted to draw her out without making her think I was in earnest. She did not answer for some seconds, appearing to be in meditation; I think she was waiting, however, for the appearance of the servant, who came in answer to the bell before Nellie spoke again.

"Dinner at five to day, Jane," she said, "and the nicest you can get up." When the girl had disappeared she added, "I don't think you do Peter justice. He does not neglect me, I am sure."

"He's not as fond of you—?"

"Now, I think he *is*, Uncle John; and I must say I don't like you to you tell me he ain't. He's hardly—well, not quite *so noisy* as he used to be; but then you used to preach to us when we were in our honey-moon that we would get over our foolish billing and cooing."

"Well, you have."

"And now you blame us for being economical of our demonstrations. I don't believe he loves me any less; and I am sure I love him more to-day than I knew how to then. He doesn't neglect me because he goes out sometimes without me; and I don't complain of it, and you must not say anything to him about his going out. Do you hear."

"Yes, ma'am, I do; and I'll promise to faithfully obey." And very glad I was to promise, for I felt sure she was going to play the wise wife.

We did not discuss Peter any more, and relapsed into silence, which the arrival of his note had broken. But we had not long to chew the cud of our fancies. I don't know whether they were bitter or sweet to Nellie, but mine were pleasant enough. The door bell rang about half past four, and, instead of Peter, in came Mrs. Perkins, Peter's partner's wife, a very elegant but rather high-strung woman. She was evidently in one of her ill humors, with which we were only too familiar, and I at once anticipated a scene.

"Good evening, my dear," she said, when the servant had shown her into the sitting-room, where we sat before the comfortable fire. "Good evening, Uncle John." She always calls me Uncle John, though there was no relationship between us. Her father and I had been business partners for years. At his death he left his share of the business to Perkins, and I retired in favor of my nephew Peter. "I have come in to condole with you," she added, to Nellie.

"Indeed! And what for?"

"I suppose you are left a widow for the evening. My husband has gone to his confounded club, and he writes me that Mr. M'Lean is going with him. He adds that he will not be back until eleven, and that he will dine at the club."

"Peter is coming home to dinner," answered Nellie. "I expect him every moment. I am just warming his dressing-gown and slippers for him; and now you are come, I'll have a nice, cozy dinner set here instead of the dining-room, and we'll all have a nice time of it."

And the lively little woman rang the bell, and gave orders to serve dinner in the sitting-room.

"Well, if Mr. M'Lean can come home to dinner, I don't see why my husband can't."

"Oh, business may keep him later to-day than usual," said Nellie.

"Oh no; its nothing of the sort. He says so rather often of late, but it's all a fib. Your husband doesn't stay too."

"But he comes late sometimes; we have to wait half an hour for him frequently. He says it's the busy season."

"So it is, so it is," I said. "This is the busiest season of the year. I am glad to see Peter late to dinner occasionally, for I know then that things are going well."

"And then, besides, there are so many things to keep a business man that we don't think of," argued the noble little woman of my choice.

"Oh, that's all gammon, Nellie," said Mrs. Perkins, "and you don't believe it. My husband has said those very words to me a thousand times, and called me inconsiderate because I did not credit it."

"Why, it's business, of course, my dear; if it wasn't for business, you know, they wouldn't go away at all."

"It isn't business which is keeping them to-night, is it?"

Nellie had no answer to this. Mrs. Perkins saw her advantage, and would have launched out into further arguments and assertions, and perhaps indulged in a tirade against husbands who neglected their wives, if the servant had not at this time begun to set the table. She was discreet enough not to talk before the servants: I am sorry she was not wise enough to talk less before us. She had not time to commence her talk after the servant had finished before Peter's key was heard in the lock, and Nellie ran rapidly to the door to meet him.

"Ah, little woman," we heard Peter say in his cheery voice, "am I late?"

"Oh no," she answered; "dinner is not served yet; but it's ready, and you won't be delayed. Here is Mrs. Perkins," she added, as they entered the door. I saw Peter drop his arm from about her waist, and Nellie took her hand from his shoulder, as they did so. "Here is Mrs. Perkins, come to dine with us."

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Perkins?" said Peter. "Glad to see you. How d'ye do, uncle? All well I hope? Any news, Nellie?"

"No, I believe not. The gas man came with his bill, which I paid—$3.75; and I had to have the plumber to open those pipes again. They are *such* a nuisance."

"Well, I am sorry, my dear, but I don't see how I can improve them. Nothing else?"

"No, I believe not. Here's your chair."

"If you have finished your domestic affairs," said Mrs. Perkins, trying to conceal a little the contempt she had for these little things, and also the chagrin she felt that her husband had not come home to her, "will you tell me if you know where my husband is?"

"I left Perkins at the store deep in accounts with old Chamberlain. You remember Chamberlain, of Chamberlain & Gould, uncle, don't you?—St. Louis people. Perkins has sold him a big bill, and is closing up with him this evening. Didn't you get a note from him? He wrote by the messenger. He is to take Chamberlain to the club to-night—reception of John Dutton, big English steamship king. *You* know of him, uncle. I'm going myself. Can't you come?"

I had no inclination, and said so.

"Peter," said his wife, all of a sudden, "if you are going, you'll want to stay late, and you had better take a good rest before you go. Here are your slippers and gown. Your feet must be tired, cased in those heavy boots all day. Take off your boots, and let me have them blacked, and your coat brushed. I've had your gown airing, and you won't catch cold."

She did not give him time to demur; but while he was vainly striving to "edge in a word sideways," she went on:

"Mrs. Perkins will excuse your changing before her. Won't you, my dear? Of course: we are all old married folks now. There! Don't they feel easier now? Let me take your coat now. Here's your gown. I'm sure you will have a good rest now."

"They *are* comfortable, I must say," said Peter, lying back in his easy-chair and stretching his legs. "This is enough to come home for, without the addition of the dinner, which I already smell not so very far off."

"It shall be served immediately," said his wife. "You shall not be delayed at all. What time do you go to the club?"

"It will be time enough to begin dressing at six or half past."

"Oh, then you can chat with Mrs. Perkins an hour before you go. Talk to her while I see that dinner is ready. She is dying to hear you say something about Mr. Perkins." And Nellie ran for a minute or two to the kitchen.

"Oh, Perkins is all right," said Peter, thus urged. "You know what a capital clerk he was, uncle. Well, he is a better partner. He is carrying the concern on his shoulders, I may say, and he is very deep in business matters just now."

"So it would seem," said Mrs. Perkins, "if we are to believe the statements of the business men themselves. You support each other in your fibs."

"Fibs! You certainly don't suppose Perkins is fibbing?"

"White lies—only to deceive his poor trusting wife," she returned, trying to laugh merrily, but not succeeding very well.

"When he stays out of an evening, and says he was at the club, or down town on necessary business, you don't think he is really fibbing?"

"Oh, you know you men do fib to deceive us poor wives!"

"I wonder if Nellie really thinks that of me. Nellie," he added, as his wife came into the room again, "Mrs Perkins is asserting that you wives never believe your husbands' business excuses."

"Of course I don't," said Mrs. Perkins, "and I don't believe Nellie does."

"I don't know," answered Nellie. "You never have any excuses to make, you know, Peter."

"Oh yes, I do. Quite often I am late, or dine out, and go out, as I am going this evening. It isn't business, exactly. I confess I have some curiosity to see this great ship manager. He must be a great man, for he has built up a wonderful business in his day and generation. But I do sometimes make excuses."

"Not excuses, Peter. You sometimes write me not to expect you; but you do it so that I shan't be disappointed in look for you, not because you think an apology necessary."

"That's very true, my dear. Of course I write only because I think you will be uneasy."

"So I would, Peter; but not angry, I hope."

"Nor suspicious, either?"

"Of course not. I should first have to think you were willing to deceive me, and that I know you are not."

Mrs. Perkins had no opportunity to comment on this revelation of mutual confidence and consideration, for dinner was served at this moment. I think she was puzzled at this time for a reply; perhaps she was also confused at hearing herself thus rebuked out of her friend's mouth.—During the meal, which Nellie, by a little effort, made so pleasant, Peter enjoyed himself more than usual, and laughed heartily and repeatedly at her little sayings and doings. He is very proud as well as fond of his wife; and though often when only she and I are present he relapses into thoughtful silence, and is quite absent-minded, he is always attentive and interested when company is present, and takes great care to draw her out and show her off.

And she is a woman who shows to advantage, not only in person, but manners and conversation; and on this evening, by a little effort, I had my eyes and ears open, and I fancied I detected an effort on her part to be as entertaining as possible, not only to Mrs. Perkins, but to her husband.

And wonderfully she succeeded, too.—She talked little domestic matters—nothing high-flown and distant and grandiloquent, but the little bits of domestic and social gossip in which all men are interested, and to listen to which is often a positive relief after a day of dollars and cents, or dry-goods and groceries. And in listening and replying to her and her friend's remarks, with an occasional word from myself, the dinner hour passed rapidly away, an hour after that sped quickly by, and Peter's wife suggested to him that it was time to dress for the club.

"Now, Nellie M'Lean!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, "I think you are really stupid. Mr. M'Lean would have forgotten all about the club; I am sure he had already forgotten it."

"And therefore I reminded him of it," said Nellie. "I know Peter wouldn't go if he did not expect to enjoy it, and I wouldn't have him miss an evening's enjoyment for the world. Of course I would like him to stay at home, since I can't go, if I thought he would enjoy home as much; but I know he is curious to see Mr. Dutton, and I don't want to see him disappointed. Will you go dress now, Peter? Mrs. Perkins will excuse you: won't you?"

"Oh, there's time yet, my dear," said Peter. "I'll rest awhile longer."

"Oh, wise young wife," thought I.

I think Mrs. Perkins was half inclined to think so too, from the way she looked at Nellie as she again sat down by Peter's side, and took his hand in hers, and played with it while she talked as lively as ever.

It was eight o'clock when Peter M'Lean jumped up from his chair and said he really must dress. If I could by any means have stopped the pendulum of the clock on the mantle, so that it could not have struck eight, I don't think he would have thought again of the club, for it was the striking of the clock, and not his wife, which reminded him of his engagement this time. He did get up this time, and saying he had half a mind not to go at all, he went out of the room, with many apologies to Mrs. Perkins, to dress. Nellie, of course, went with him; and I had a favorable opportunity of studying the effect of this lesson on Mrs. Perkins.

She remained in deep thought for several minutes. She had woman's wit enough to understand Nellie's tactics, and she was evidently reflecting on what she had seen and heard. But, a little tearful that she did not fully appreciate the moral, I ventured suddenly to ask her if she had ever read or seen the play of "A Woman killed by Kindness."

"My goodness! what a funny question!" she exclaimed. "No. What is it about?"

"Nor 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife?'"

"No," she said more seriously. "But why, Uncle John?"

"They are very clever, sensible things to come from a man; but I fancy Nellie could have told him more about ruling a husband and having a husband than he knew about ruling wives."

"She does get along nicely with Peter," she said. "Doesn't she?"

"Very—and it's just so all the time.—The fact is, Mrs. Perkins, Peter is a man killed by kindness."

She was silent for a moment.

"I know what you mean, Uncle John," she said at length, half angrily.

"I am glad you do," I answered.

"You mean that Mr. Perkins sin't."

"Well, you know best about that, my dear; and since you say he ain't, I believe you. But I think you will find that it's the easiest way to rule any spirited man worth having for a husband, such as I think Perkins is."

She had neither inclination nor time to answer this, for Peter and Nellie came into the room again—he dressed very handsomely, and with his hat in his hand. He was making his apologies to Mrs. Perkins, and about to leave, when the door-bell rang. The servant answered the summons, and admitted a gentleman, who was at once shown to the sitting-room.

"Why, it's Mr. Perkins!" exclaimed Nellie.

"Why, George!" cried his wife, running up to him and kissing him.

"Hallo, Perkins," said Peter; "home so soon?"

"Yes; I came home, found my wife was here, and posted after her."

"But the club! Sit down, sit down.—How about the club?"

"Oh, a swindle! Chamberlain and I went there. The place was so crowded that we got a late dinner, and not the choicest at that. When the reception hour and the distinguished guest came, we found the place so crowded that we looked and felt what vulgar fractions we were, going along with many hundred others to make up a contemptible whole. The guest was a little, dried-up old Englishman, and nothing like our beau ideal of a great merchant. Then the introductions began, and the amount of toadying and stupid, unmeaning and unmeant compliments was so disgusting that Chamberlain, with his usual Western brusqueness, said he wouldn't condescend to be introduced, and left. And so did I too. Don't you go."

And Peter did not. He and his wife chatted with the choice of my heart and her husband for an hour, during which Mrs. Perkins was unusually loving and kind, and then they went home. Then I thought it was time for me to go, and leave my young folks to themselves; but it was not until I had seen Peter back again into his gown and slippers, and domestic as a cat.

P. S.—I wrote all the above a year ago, at the time the circumstances occurred.—I have nothing to add but the fact that M'Lean & Perkins, dealers in wholesale dry-goods, 1000½ Church Street, are not now represented in any social club; and that I do not know of any two husbands more thoroughly and discreetly ruled by kindness in the whole of this great city of New York than they are.

AN ELDER'S MISTAKE.—A United Brethren presiding elder, out in Minnesota, preaching to a strange congregation, was much annoyed by some of the young folks talking and laughing during the service. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man, who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a servere rebuke. After the close of the sevice one of the official members came and said to me, 'Brother—— you made a great mistake. That young man whom you rebuked is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church least I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order.

FEELING FOR IT.—A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hand above the earthwork. His captain asked, "What are you doing that for, Pat?" He replied with a grin and a working of his fingers, "I am feelin' for a furlough, sure!" Just then a rifle ball struck his arm below the wrist. Slowly drawing it down, and grasping it with the other hand to restrain the blood, a queer expression of pain and humor passed over his face, as he he exclaimed, "An' faith it's a discharge!"

A word to the press—"Press not a falling man too far."

### The Prairie Police.

Co-operative with the regular soldiery of the frontier forts in the West and Southwest, for the pursuit and capture of Indian depredators, half-breed outlaws, white horse-thieves, and other criminals of the plains, are a class of civil officers known as Deputy Marshals of the United States, whose skill and daring in the arrest of desperate savages, the recovery of stolen stock, or the slaying of defiant desperadoes, are often worthy of the most heroic song of a Joaquin Miller. Not long ago one of these emissaries of justice, familiarly known as "Joe" Peavy, was glorified in a telegram to the press for having captured, single-handed, and brought into Fort Smith, Arkansas, no less then seven lawless white adventurers, who had been guilty of slaughtering and plundering the friendly Osages. That was deemed a brilliant exploit; but the Memphis *Appeal* thinks it hardly equal to the same officer's less published prowress with the Indians in times not long past. Once, when a noted chief of the fierce Kiowas, a stalwart and bloodthirsty aboriginal called "Leaping Panther," had brutally murdered and scalped a whole family of a settler on Canadian River, a strong military force from Fort Smith scoured the country for miles around in futile search for the assassin, and it was resolved to try what the individual tracking skill of a deputy marshal could accomplish. Peavy, who knew "Leaping Panther," and was familiar with every rod of the Indian country, volunteered to work the case up; with the stipulation, however, that he should be allowed to prosecute the adventure alone. The projected feat was full of mortal peril; the red slayer was with his warriors in the heart of a country murderously hostile to the pale-faces, and the idea of attempting to capture him single-handed seemed sheer madness; but the indomitable prairie policeman confidently undertook the achievement, despite the misgivings of his own usually dauntless professional brethren. Armed with two "navy sixes" and a well-worn bowie, clad in a fox-skin cap, hickory shirt, and buckskin pantaloons, and mounted on a tough little mustang, Deputy United States Marshal Joe Peavy started forth upon his deed of high surprise, as sure of his foeman as any knightly Orlando of the olden times. Entering the Indian nation on its northern verge, he made a circle of the Kiowa country, so as to enter it from the extreme west, and come into "Leaping Panther's" woodland encampment as a wayworn refugee from the fatigue of a hunt. The wary chief looked on him with suspicion at first, but by a skillful use of his whiskey-flask, a tobacco pouch, and the guttural Kiowa tongue, the more astute intruder quickly lulled the warrior's distrust, and even persuaded him into a confidence not often exacted from red men. After some days of tactical tarrying in camp the tamed Panther consented to accompany his white guest on a visit to a neighboring tribe, with no more of a train than two favorite squaws who clamored for the privilege. The possibility of this feminine complication did not enter the calculations of the wily prairie detective, yet he accepted it stoically and was even able to turn it to eminent advantage. In his curious fatuity the chief allowed himself to be led by a detour out of his own Kiowa country into the neighborhood of Fort Sill, where, without a moment's warning, he found himself halted in mid-road by one of the pistols of his treacherous guest, while another revolver held the astonished squaws at command. Thus at the mercy of their suddenly unmasking enemy the terrified wives of the Panther were ruthlessly compelled to take from the entrapped chieftain his now useless arms, bind his hands behind his back with a buckskin thong, and place him a helpless prisoner upon one of their own ponies. This accomplished, the marshal turned the horses' heads, and drove his captives toward the east. The journey of captivity extended over 200 miles through the heart of a wild and hostile Indian country, and lasted nearly two weeks. From the moment of his arrest the Kiowa preserved a sullen silence. At night, when they rested in the woods, the captor tied the squaws to separate trees and bound the fettered chief's right arm to his own left. Every hour's march or halt was at peril of discovery by roving Indians and the exemplary dispatch of the prairie policeman; but on the twenty-eighth day after his departure from Fort Smith the deputy marshal reappeared there, bringing "Leaping Panther," bound hand and foot, to expiate the fearful crime with which he stood charged. He had practised for his purpose a craft which had seemed both cowardly and cruel, but for the consideration that it was his only resource as one man against a nation of foemen.

### Gored to Death by a Bull.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: A shocking tragedy occurred on the farm of John Maney, twelve miles out on the Pontiac Road, Mr. Maney was the owner of a very fierce bull, the animal being so violent at times that no one dared to go into the field where he was kept. The farmer had often threatened to shoot the animal, as no one would purchase him. It seems that the bull broke out of his field and got into the barn-yard, where he was annoying a pair of steers to such an extent that Maney decided to risk the chances and drive him out. He entered the yard, armed with a stout club, and had succeeded in getting the animal nearly out of the yard, when he turned short about and charged back at Maney. The unfortunate man ran for his life, and had nearly reached the fence when the bull overtook him and tossed him several feet into the air. As he came down the animal ran one of his horns clear through the man's head, pinning him fast to the earth, and causing his death in a moment. His wife and daughter witnessed the affair, and they did not hear even a groan from the poor man after striking the ground. They were, of course, terribly excited, and both ran into the yard and tried to drive the animal away. Still more maddened, the bull pursued them so closely, that both came near being impaled on his horns. He then had the yard to himself for a time. While the neighbors were being summoned, he charged back and forth across the yard, tossing the corpse on his horns several times, and tearing up the fence in his rage. After help arrived, it was some time before the dead body could be rescued, and it presented a sight so shocking that it made the stoutest heart faint. The bull was allowed to live two days after committing the deed, his fit of fury lasting him all that time. Mr. Maney was a well-to-do farmer, and much respected by all his neighbors.

A SCENE IN CHURCH.—The place is a sacred edifice in Bath, Maine. The pew is crowded. The sermon is long. A respectable citizen goes to sleep. In close proximity to him is a lady. The preacher was in the midst of the closing prayer, when the slumberer astonished the congregation by grunting in a tone of complaint: "Come, come, Sarah! lay along; don't crowd so! lay over! lay over!" "Sarah," who was fortunately in the pew also, never for a moment lost her presence of mind, but administered a timely poke with her parasol, which awakened her dormant lord, and prevented any further remarks on his part. WA arning to sleepy auditors.

### Cora.

Cora! let me hold thy hand,
Hand so lightly touched to mine;
Pace along the smiling strand,
While the ruddy waters shine.

O'er the beaches stepping slow,
Stately in thy gracefulness,
Still I see thee gently go,
Flowing with thy dark sea-tress.

Cora! let me hold thy hand,
Generous hand still prest to mine;
Slowly fill the sunny strand
With that faithful heart of thine.

She's ours, dear Cora! yonder boat,
Mark her clean spars that leaning stand,
Her taper waist that lightly stirs,
And the dark ropes, a prudent band.

She's ours—let's off and roll away
Beyond the line that walls our view.
Without the fetters of delay,
Dear Cora! joys are all our crew.

Come! let us fly the long low beach,
The cherished islet, havens green,
And from our bark bold lessons teach,
Dear Cora! to the dark sea-brine.

### A Boy's Troubles.

Harry was a good little boy, but he would get into trouble. Having played a trick upon some boys, they retaliated by locking Harry in the cellar, where he had hid. Harry took things coolly and knowing that it would be two hours before he could be released, laid down and went to sleep. He awoke very much refreshed, but, very hungry. There was plenty of food of various kinds in the cellar on a swinging shelf, but it was too high for him to reach. So he jumped up and stood on the edge of a soft-soap barrel. He leaned forward and grasped an apple-pie. As he was leaning back he slipped and went souse into the soft-soap up to the neck. Then, in floundering around, and trying to get out, he tipped himself and the soft-soap over.

They both came sprawling out simultaneously. In struggling to get up from the floor, which was very slippery, Harry stumbled against the now empty barrel. Exasperated, he drew up his foot and gave it a smart kick.

It rolled back, and knocked out the faucet to a barrel of molasses. Now followed a great flood—molasses and soft-soap, in great quantities, mingled together—enough to float the little City of Ragusa. But the best of it, or rather the worst of it was, that Harry did not know that the molasses barrel had been broached. It was very dark in the cellar, and even if it had not been, he might not have discovered the leakage; for the barrel which he so unfortunately kicked lay close up the stream of molasses which was running, so that Harry did not then discover it, and it slid into the soft-soap so easily that he didn't hear it running. The fact is, the boy's mind was on his new suit of clothes during all this catastrophe. They were completely saturated with soft-soap. He was afraid they would be entirely spoiled, or at least the colors would come out, if they were not immediately rinsed clean.

It was impossible to get out of the cellar, and there was no water to be had in it. He had spoiled three suits of clothes lately, and now, at the fourth one, he was afraid mother's patience would give out. What should he do? O, what *should* he do! A happy and original thought struck him. The door boy showed real genius. He said, "I will wash them out with cider!" He stripped naked to the skin, laid his soapy clothes under the cider-barrel faucet, and then turned it. When they were well saturated, he took them, a piece at a time in his hands, and rubbed them back and forth over his knuckles like a regular washerwoman. Just then the father and I came home.

We were told by some boys whom we met that Harry was asleep in the cellar. As soon as we arrived we lighted a lantern and went down, and there we found him, stark naked, standing before a barrel and washing his clothes out with cider. O, he was the most comical and laughable sight that I ever beheld! His face was as black as a negroe's, the burnt cork not having been washed off since the performance, and in contrast his delicate little body in the gloom looking as white as marble. The cellar floor was covered with soft-soap, molasses and cider, and in these mixed liquids floated pies, cakes, cookies, apples, pears, peaches, three loaves of bread, and two lumps of butter. All this we discovered in an instant. I was making the whole house ring with laughter, but my husband had thus far kept on a sober face thinking, I suppose of the damage. He looked terribly cross at Harry, and said, sternly, "Come here, sir, and tell me what you made all this mess for: You will catch it, young man, I can tell."

Harry was frightened and ran. He went racing around the cellar, still naked with his black face, and swinging his pants in his left hand. My husband caught him by the shoulders. The little rogue gave a dive headforemost through his father's legs, and they both went down into the soap, molasses, and cider. Harry was up in an instant. He made for the stairs; but his father headed him off, and the little fellow was obliged to take refuge in the ash-bin. His body being wet, the ashes stuck to him, which made him the most ridiculous thing in existence. I was so nearly killed with laughing that I expected to fall down from sheer weakess.

Just now Harry came up and clasped his arms around my knees. He had just time to say, "O, mother! mother! please don't let father whip me!" when like an avalanche, his father bore down upon us. The floor was so slippery, and he had got under such headway, that he could not stop. The consequence was we all went down together into the slippery flood. The lantern went out, and we were left in almost total darkness. My husband now began to laugh; I joined him; Harry came in on the chorus. We all laughed together for fifteen minutes. Harry now stood up, and putting his greasy arms around his father's neck, said, "Dear father, I did not mean to; indeed I did not!" There was silence for a moment and then father answered, "Well, Harry, since you are not alone in it we will be forgiving and let you off this time."

A SINGULAR CASE.—While the workmen on the Shepany railroad were blasting on a rock culling in Washington, they threw out a slab of rock too large to be loaded on the drag. The foreman directed one of the hands to break it with a sledge. A few blows parted it, and also liberated a frog that was encased in the solid rock. The frog was alive, gave a few gasps, and then died. It was of a color closely resembling that of the rock. The animal was enclosed in an irregular oval pocket about five inches high and four inches in diameter. The rock was perfectly solid. Immediately around the pocket where the frog was confined the stone had the appearance of having been injected with nearly pure quartz. Mr. Steven, the engineer of the road, placed the frog in a bottle of alcohol and took it to Mr. Ford's house, intending to send it to Yale College for examination. Most unfortunately one of the contractors on the road found the bottle, (it is supposed), drank the alcohol, and threw the bottle away. At all events it was lost in some unaccountable way. A spider was recently discovered similarly encased at the works at Hallett's Point.

The new shapes in bonnets are still made very high, but are somewhat larger than they have been for some time. A new style is made of seal skin, trimmed with feathers the same color.

### Death in the Air.

A correspondent writing from Paoli, Indiana, says: Should I live to be a hundred years old the horrible scene witnessed by me on Saturday last will never be effaced from my memory. I see it before me now, and since that day have been haunted ever since in dreams by a sea of upturned faces and anguished eyes, straining to watch in its descent through the air the body of a human being, which in a few seconds was dashed, mangled and bleeding, upon the earth at my feet. I would have written of it before, but the sight so unstrung my nerves that I was rendered utterly incapable even of collecting my thoughts, much less of putting on paper a deliberate account of the facts in the case. To see a man whom scarcely a minute before I had spoken to as a friend jerked up into the clouds and then hurled down again, his hair streaming wildly behind him like that of Lucifer, hurled over the battlements of heaven, falling, falling, whirled, doubled up, and then spread out, his arms apart as if rushing to embrace death, might well unstring the strongest nerves, and when to this are added the agonized cries of the dying man's wife as she clutched by arm and shrieked: "My God! My God, will he die?" I wonder that even yet, with these things in my mind, I am able to record what I heard, felt, and saw.

You have doubtless received by telegraph a brief dispatch telling how Professor Wilbur, the well-known aeronaut, fell while attempting to climb into his balloon and how he was killed, but facts so meagre are but an aggravation. I will therefore state the affair simply as it occurred. The Agricultural Association of this county had been holding its annual fair for some days, and no greater interest attached to it than is commonly connected with such exhibitions of the industrial products of a large and flourishing community. The farmers came in their wagons, bringing with them their wives and daughters, all dressed in a gorgeous array as their circumstances would permit. The large pumpkins and enormous squashes, the new patent churn and washing-machine, and the country boys lounging about and gazing in open-mouthed admiration of the voluble gentleman who displayed with all the eloquence of a Cicero his infallible toothache eradicator, received their due share of attention, and before long the interest in the fair was on the wane. But it had been announced that on Saturday, the last day of the exhibition, Professor Wilbur, the great American aeronaut, would make an ascent in his balloon, as he had done one week before at Croydon. It is not often that the inhabitants of Orange County have an opportunity of witnessing such a sight, and, curiosity being on tip-toe, it is not to be wondered at that when Saturday arrived the fair ground was full almost to suffocation, while on the outside of the enclosure a large crowd had assembled to witness the flight of the great ship of the air. It was the gayest day of the week; everybody was in holiday dress, the girls looked their prettiest, the farmers their florid, and the country beaus were be-necktied and invested in colors trying not only with the rainbow but with the utmost powers of anoline. The center of attraction was, of course, the enclosed space where the balloon was to be inflated, about which gathered an eager crowd, looking at everything connected with the expected event, studying the ropes, peering about to find where the gas was to come from, and pestering the amiable professor with questions as to how the gas was made, what made the balloon go up, and other things of the sort. The professor laughed good naturedly, explaining as much as possible, and everybody was jolly in the anticipation of witnessing that to them most unusual of things—a balloon ascension.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the inflation of the balloon was commenced, and as the bag swelled out almost to bursting and struggled to be free, everybody was on the *qui vive*, those remote from the spot straining their necks, climbing into carriages, and even upon the fences, to see the car. It had been announced that the editor of the Orange County *Union* would accompany Professor Wilbur in his ascent, and great things were expected from the report which his well-known ability as a descriptive writer gave every reason to believe would be forthcoming in the next issue of his newspaper. I was standing beside the professor, laughing and holding a necessarily disjointed conversation with him, for he was busy with preparations for his flight. He had just nodded his head and said laughingly, "Well, good-by, old fellow. I'll see you again soon." Then Mr. Knapp stepped into the car, and the professor, who had hold of the rope fastened the car to the body of the balloon, shouted "Let go!" But he had spoken too soon and was unable to reach the cart but still unwisely kept the rope in his hand and endeavored to climb to his place, succeeding only so far as to get one arm over the rim of the basket, where he hung dangling and struggling. His motions and the fact that the basket came in contact with a rope which had fastened the balloon to the earth while it was being inflated, upset the car when it was about twenty-five feet from the ground, and Mr. Knapp fell stunned to the ground. But there was no time for caring for him, for terror held every body spell-bound. A shout of admiration went up from those who were too far distant from the scene to know that an accident had befallen the adventurers, and who supposed that the ascent was being made *sans contretemps*. But to those in the immediate vicinity of the car the sight was an awful one, and for a moment everybody seemed paralyzed with terror, and stood rooted to the spot without uttering cry or word. The balloon lightened by the fall of Mr. Knapp, shot upwards with dreadfully increased velocity, and a scream of terror which chilled the blood of the hearers came down from the upper air, where the doomed aeronaut hung utterly hopeless of escaping death. At my side stood a woman who, as I afterwards heard, was the professor's wife. Her eyes were bursting from their sockets, and her face pallid and ghastly with fear. She clutched the air as if for support, and with one hand grasped my arm, still looking upwards at the balloon which, swifter than an arrow shot through the air. Up, up, it went, growing smaller and smaller in its flight, and then, with increased velocity it gave a sudden start and shot yet faster towards the clouds.

Then a speck was seen far up in the air, growing larger and larger as it fell. "O, my God," cried the woman, who clung to me with iron grasp, "he will die—he will be killed!" Yet her eyes remained fixed upon the falling body. At first it seemed like the stick of a rocket coming down with the speed of light; then it was doubled up like a ball, then seemed to unfold, and whirling about with a gyratory motion, with hands and legs spread out. It seemed an age while the man was falling, for before he loosened his grasp the balloon must have been at least a mile from the earth—and what an age to that poor wife who watched her husband rushing towards her and death with the speed of light. When about half a mile from the ground his body ceased its gyratory motion, assumed a perpendicular position and came down head first. It struck the earth some distance from us, and then rebounded, falling again within a few feet of where it struck. Then, from paralyzing fear, the crowd broke forth into shrieks of terror, women ran wildly about screaming and actually tearing their hair, and a rush was made for the spot where the man had struck the ground. There was an indentation not less that eight or ten inches deep, and filled with blood and brains which had burst from the skull then, like a cannon ball let drop from an immense height, it crushed into the earth. The dead man was then taken up and carried to the Albert House where the poor wife, who had often safely traversed the air with her husband, cared for it.

The excitement in the town was of the most fearful and intense description, as may readily be believed. Those who had come out for pleasure returned home in sorrow, and the town wore the aspect of a place which had been visited by some fearful calamity in which its own interests had suffered. There was no more of the fair that day, and the remembrance of the dreadful occurrence will long be a story told by the inhabitants when those who witnessed it shall long since have died.

### A Good Word for Bridget.

My dear Madam—I might agree with you entirely, that servant girls are a nuisance; that they have followers, that they spend their money for show, and that they gad about the streets just as often as they can steal away; that they will have forbidden shindies in your kitchen, and filch your tea and sugar by the pound. You cannot possibly prevail upon them to tidy up their own room; they inevitably stay out till midnight, when you positively limit them to ten o'clock; you may be sure of impudence unlimited to your very face, and gossip in abundance behind your back; and truth is as foreign to their tongues as tatters or tawdiness is essential to their dress. And then, when, as you truly say, you have given them a home for years and years, and treated them as kindly as you know how, off they go at three days' notice, make fools of themselves by getting married, and take in washing—and yourself. And, in short, to quote your admirable summing up, you really cannot trust them out of sight. But, my dear madam, but—who is to blame? If Amanda, upstairs, with pale, spirituelle face, and delicate, do-nothing hands, is to spend all her time and educated brilliancy in catching a husband, and spending for him her annual ten thousand, why is down-stairs Bridget, with ruddy, healthful face, and stalwart working arms, to be debarred from joining her honest heart and helpful hands to some piece of masculinity more useful, after all, than many an Amadeus of the parlor? If Dulcinea and Floribel and Lilian are to do thus and so in their way, why not Mary and Ann and Margaret in theirs? Your astonished eyes open very wide. "Why, they're only servants!"

Yes, dear madam, only servants—only human beings. For we have heard it faintly hinted—don't whisper it to Mrs. Grundy, it wasn't from her—that servant girls are actually constituted much as we are ourselves. "You have given them a home?" Has it ever been such a home as, poor though you might be, you would for a moment think of for yourself? "You have treated them as kindly as you know how?" Don't you know a much better way for "better" people?