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My Good-for-Nothing.

"What are you good for, my brave little man
Answer that question for me, if you can—
You, with your fingers ready for fun—
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun;
All the day long, with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and roguery driving:
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for. Now ponder it well."

Over the carpet the dear little feet
Come with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
"Good to love you, mamma—good to love you." —*Emily Huntington Miller.*

Now.

Rise! for the day is passing;
While you lie dreaming on,
The others have buckled their armor
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back; strive to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here.
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike you at last
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past!
—*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

Colonel Marshall's Wheatfield.

Just one hundred years ago, on the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, there sat, in the vine-covered porch of a large mansion, on the bank of the Mohawk, two young ladies.

Both were beautiful. One was a dainty little lady with blue eyes, yellow hair, and a plump form neatly attired in a quilted petticoat of dark blue silk, over which was looped a robe of soft gray. A muslin kerchief of a spotless white folded about her neck, and a pair of high-heeled slippers completed her toilet.

Her sister formed a striking contrast. A tall, slender girl, with dark eyes and hair, and an olive complexion, brightened by the vivid carmine of lips and cheeks. She was also attired richly, wearing a robe of crimson silk over a quilted skirt of black.

These two young ladies were the daughters of Colonel Marshall, a noble patriot of the revolution, whose age and infirmities alone prevented him from going forth to fight for a cause, which, however, he strove to support in every other way. His daughters shared his patriotic opinions. In all the wide land there were no women more strongly devoted to American liberty than Dora and Diana Marshall.

On the afternoon of which we speak they had come out upon the porch to enjoy the beautiful scenery and fresh, invigorating air.

"How peaceful it all is," Dora observed, musingly, gazing upon the rolling meadows and shining river.

"Yes," said Diana, "I cannot realize that some day, perhaps not so far distant, all this peace and plenty may fall under the devastating hand of the enemy."

"What!" Is there really a possibility of that, think you?" inquired Dora.

"I fear there may be. Only yesterday black Pete told father that Silas Ambrose, the scout, who has returned wounded, informed him that he firmly believed that it was the intention of the British to send a party of Tories and Indians to ravish our beautiful valley."

"What did father say?"

"Oh, he looked grave, and, I believe, Dora, that his main design in riding down to the Ambroses' to-day, was to question Silas."

"And isn't that father returning now?" hastily inquired Dora, turning her eyes down the road.

"Ah, yes; but why does he ride at such a terrible pace."

"Oh, God!" cried Dora, excitedly. "See! he is pursued by Tories and Indians! And, oh, look! One is raising a musket to shoot! Merciful heaven, spare my father!" and Dora clasped her white hands imploringly.

It was a moment of awful suspense. Dashing along the road, with his noble head bare, his gray locks flying, was the old colonel, and, close behind him in swift pursuit, like a pack of hell-hounds, were the savages, yelling with murderous cries, Racer, the colonel's horse, dashed on as if he knew it was a case of life or death, but, alas! he couldn't outstrip the leaden messenger which now flew from the gun of one of the savages and buried itself in the brave heart of the old colonel, who reeled and fell from his horse just as he reached his gate. His noble horse stopped directly, and stood looking at his fallen master with an almost human expression of pity in his great eyes.

The foremost of the enemy, a brawny savage, hideously painted, sprang from his saddle with the intention of scalping the luckless colonel. Diana, suspecting his design, rushed down the path, crying:

"Stop, stop!"

For a minute he was struck by her beauty and commanding appearance, and then, uttering an "Ugh!" he approached his prey; but like a lioness defending her young, Diana guarded the body of her father. Dora, too, who had now reached the scene, with tears and pathetic gestures strove to ward away the savage.

Just then the remainder of the party rode up—two British officers, one about forty, the other twenty-five or thirty—twelve tories, and eighteen or twenty Indians.

Diana immediately addressed the elder of the two officers.

"Sir," she said, "our father is dead. May we beg the privilege of having his remains unmolested?"

The officer bowed low, and over his coarse face stole an expression of wonder and admiration.

"Lady," he said, "the prayers of the beautiful ought always to be answered; but you know the rules of savage warfare. An Indian always considers himself entitled to the scalp of a fallen foe. But on one condition will I prevent his doing thus in this case."

"What is the condition?" Diana asked, coldly, for she had taken a sudden dislike to the man.

"The condition, lady, is that you will give me one kiss from those red lips of yours. Jove! but they are the sweetest I have ever seen!"

Diana drew herself up proudly,

"Sir!" she said, haughtily. "You are no gentleman!"

"Hey dey! Do you know that I am Major Gridley; of his majesty's army. Pray recollect the uniform I wear!"

"I reapeat that you are no gentleman. If you were, you wouldn't insult a girl when her only protector lies dead at her feet. Oh, shame!"

"Hold your tongue, you saucy minx!" cried the major, his face red with rage. "Here, Arrowhead," turning to the Indian who had shot the colonel, "finish your business."

With a grim smile and a grunt of approval, Arrowhead stepped forward, and then Dora interposed. In piteous accents, she addressed the younger of the two officers.

"Oh, sir! I beg you, let our honored father's remains be undisturbed, and heaven will surely bless you! Have pity! Oh, have pity!"

The officer, whose face was noble as well as handsome, seemed moved by her appeal, and turning to Major Gridley, he said, in low tones: "My dear sir, had you not better order Arrowhead to desist? I fear General C—— will blame us if we allow this brutality. We must recollect that Colonel Marshall was respected even by his enemies."

"Well, well, Harley, my boy, perhaps you are right," motioning Arrowhead to desist. "Anyhow, that pretty, black-eyed girl looks as though she'd murder us all. And we haven't time to waste over a scene. Our men want their dinner, and after that we must rifle yonder wheatfield of its loaded ears. Jove! what rejoicing there'll be when we carry all that grain back to camp!"

Major Gridley ordered the body of the colonel to be carried up to the house, and Captain Harley and one of the tories volunteered to do this, and Dora assisted them by supporting the head of her father, on whose gray hairs she dropped many a tear.

Major Gridley slighted from his horse and persisted in walking beside Diana, who treated him with the utmost haughtiness. At last, stung by her scorn, he said, angrily:

"I'll break your high spirit, my young lady!" and upon reaching the house he locked her in one of the upper rooms, tell her that when she made up her mind to treat one of his majesty's officers with proper respect he would let her out. Otherwise there was a prospect of her traveling to Canada as a prisoner.

Scarcely had the key turned upon her before Diana's womanly wits were at work to find some way whereby she might thwart the pompous major.

"I have it!" she presently exclaimed. "I heard him speak about the wheatfield. If he thinks the British are going to have the benefit of that he is mistaken."

Going to the window and looking out, she continued:

"I suppose he thought he had me safe up here. Bah! I have climbed this cherry tree too often! It reaches way up to the window. The major and his crew are all in the dining-room on the other side of the house, so they won't see me."

With one little bound, Diana was out of the window and in the tree. Scrambling down among its branches, she soon reached the ground. Stealing cautiously around the house, she peeped into the kitchen; no one was there except old Mammy Lucrece, whose face shone with perspiration as she bent over the fire at her cooking.

"Mammy!" whispered Diana.

"Bress us, chile! Is that you?"

"Yes, mammy. What are you doing?"

"Fryin' flapjacks—and, de Lord preserve us! dis is de sebenth plate of dem I'se made! And de meat and bread and wegetables and cider dem pesky Britishers has done made away wid would make yer brack eyes stare! I'se had to do all de cookin' myself, for Lizy and Sue and Wenus hurried off when dey see red coats comin'. I didn't go, fur I was determined to stand by you gals. Dat pesky Major Griddle does swear so! De oder officer am a gen'leman, and he am helping yer pore sister watch wid de dead colonel. Oh, deary me, that I should live to see my old massa murdered! But what can I do for ye, Miss Di?"

"Nothing, mammy, only give me some lighted brands from your fire. I'll put them in this pan. May I?"

"Sartin. But what be yer goin' ter do, chile? Nothin' rash, I hope?"—anxiously.

"Don't worry, mammy; I'll do nothing that my poor father would disapprove;" and, taking the pan and glowing coals, Diana hurried away, bent on carrying out her purpose.

"She's mad, she is," quoth Mammy Lucrece, as with a dexterous twist she turned another flapjack. "Fur high spirit she is de colonel's own darter. Hark! Dere's dat Major Griddle hollerin' fur more flapjacks. Gracious! I wish he'd done choke hisself wid one!"

Meanwhile, with swift steps Diana was speeding along. She reached the barn, and paused there long enough to gather an armful of dried hay. Bearing it in her arms, she continued on her way to the wheatfield. A pleasing sight of plenty was this army of golden grain.

"What a pity to destroy it!" thought Diana. "Yet better than have the British enjoy it."

She carefully arranged the dried hay in little heaps here and there, and applied the red coals to them. There had been no rain for several days, and it was not long before the whole wheatfield was in a blaze. Seeing that her task was completed, Diana hastened back to the house and entered her chamber by the way she had left it.

Major Gridley and his men had been so busy gormandizing that it was some time before they knew of the fire. All rushed out to check the flames, but in vain; the destroying element had already passed over the wheatfield, leaving only a few black, smoldering remains. "Who did this?" angrily demanded the major, stalking about in an infuriated manner.

"Some of the servants, probably," suggested one of the soldiers.

"Where are Colonel Marshall's servants?" addressing Mammy Lucrece, who, with terrified eyes, clasped hands, and turban all awry, was standing in the kitchen doorway. "Oh, dey all run when dey seed you comin'!" she stammered in reply.

"Then you must have set the wheat afire, you vixen!"

"Oh, Lord bless ye, I didn't! How could I, when I was frying flapjacks all de while?"

"Jove, that's so! But did you see any one set fire to it?"

"No, sah!"

"Do you know who did it?"

This was a poser. Mammy Lucrece was very religious, and not to save her skin would she tell a lie. She did know who was the incendiary—at least she felt certain that it was Diana. But betray her young mistress! Never! And so she stood silent.

"Why don't you answer?" roared the major.

"I can't answer, please, sah."

"If you don't answer in five minutes I'll have my Indians tie you to a tree and give you a good beating!" said the major, brutally. Yet not even this threat made poor mammy speak. She folded her arms firmly across her breast, and stood in respectful silence.

Time passed on. At last Major Gridley said, shortly:

"Time's up. Maybe, wench, you don't think I mean what I say!" and with an oath he ordered two savages to bind Mammy Lucrece to the cherry-tree. They had taken but one step toward her when there was a slight noise overhead as of a window-shutter thrown open, and a clear voice called out:

"Major Gridley!"

All glanced up, and there, at the second-story window, was the face of Diana. With flashing black eyes she continued:

"Major Gridley, you will let that old woman free. She did not burn the wheatfield—I did that myself, sir," with a saucy, defiant bow that set all her jetty curls a-flutter.

"You!" exclaimed the major, in astonishment. "How could you get out of your room?"

"Oh, we American girls can climb," Diana replied nonchalantly.

"Curse you! I wonder if you can walk as well," sputtered the major. "I will give you the privilege of trying, for this very afternoon you will start with us, as our prisoner, for Canada!"

"Scarcely!" said Diana, with a gay laugh. "I don't believe you will start for Canada to-day, my dear major. Allow me to ask you to glance behind you."

Major Gridley and his companions hastily glanced around them. They had been so absorbed in the scene before them that they had not noticed a party of American soldiers who had silently stolen in the gate and surrounded them.

Silas Ambrose, who had known that Colonel Marshall was pursued on his homeward journey, had sent to the American camp for aid. A party had been immediately sent out to the rescue.

To say that Major Gridley was surprised would be to express our meaning very tamely. Resistance was useless, as he and his soldiers had left their arms in the house. A surrender was the only alternative, and this the major accepted with many oaths.

At the request of Dora and Diana, the young officer, Captain Harley, who had been so kind to them, was allowed to go free. After the war was over, he returned to America to woo and win the golden-haired Dora.

Diana became the wife of a general in the American army, and with her wit and beauty was one of the chief ornaments of the circle by which President and Lady Washington were surrounded.

The Malay Sword-Dance.

While on a cruise among the islands of the Malay archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, wholly under the control of Holland; and its Dutch architecture, and Dutch manners of living, make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture, and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged, of their habits, dress and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftain, who had once been in the service of the rajah of Djokjskarta; and for a small fee, Selim introduced our party to the court of his former master.

Here, one day, we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword-dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily, it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year old lads, who are trained to their vocation from a very early age; but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-colored birds, intermingled with brightly gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords; but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely, and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward, while they are in the very act of whizzing and whirling round the room in a rapid gallopade. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, and the turns and thrusts are sudden, none seem taken unawares, nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his own opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advantage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or the other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honorably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed, has to go through an additional season of probation.

The ordinary dress of the lower class of Malays is very simple; consisting for the most part of a long, loose "sarong," or petticoat, in place of trousers, and a tight-fitting jacket of white or red cotton; but the garb of the princess is very gorgeous. The rajahs wore sarongs of heavy silk, jackets of velvet richly embroidered in gold and tiny seed-pearls, and jeweled girdles that seemed all ablaze with diamonds. Both turbans and sandals were adorned in the same costly fashion; and as for the creese or serpentine dagger, without which a Malay, whatever his rank, never appears, those of the rajah's were marvels of costly workmanship. The display of wealth in the palaces of these native chiefs was far beyond what we expected to find; but we learned afterward that Malayan "sultans" are pirate chiefs as well; and though they don't in person rob or murder on the high seas, they derive enormous revenues from the piratical hordes that everywhere infest the Malay archipelago.—*St. Nicholas.*

Six Charlie Rosses in the Field.

Although four years and a half have passed since the kidnapping of Charlie Ross, the father avers he has never given up the search. At the present time he is engaged in looking up six different clews. One of them is in Australia, and he is daily expecting a letter detailing the history of the discovery of the boy. There are two more in England, and a fourth in the mountain fastnesses of Wales. That the interest of the public in the case is not abated is manifested in the numerous letters which Mr. Ross continues to receive. On an average he gets a letter every day from some person who is certain he has seen a child living under suspicious circumstances, or resembling the portraits of Charlie.

In the course of his journeying Mr. Ross says he has found that a majority of these children are the offspring of people who have separated through domestic troubles, and have been placed in some out-of-the-way place by either mother or father in revenge. The boy found in Bradford county, supposed to have been Charlie, was taken from his mother in Vermont.

Mr. Ross has almost arrived at the conclusion that his boy is not secreted in the country. He thinks, if he is alive, it is most likely that he is in New York, in some crowded tenement house, where the people are used to seeing children run around without parents. He said that he knew of one case where an Italian had a child living on the fifth floor of a tenement that none of the other inmates had ever seen. He has not given up all hope, and says that every case presented to him, having the least sign of probability, will be carefully investigated.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Bullet-shaped glass buttons are worn with colored dresses.

White and gold is the fashionable combination this winter.

Rows of gilded pearls, like small combs, are worn on bonnets.

Gloves contrasting with the dress are worn with all the new colors.

Tucks and Valenciennes trimming are used on the best underclothing.

The bands of fur used for trimming this season are invariably narrow.

Feather trimmings are embroidered through the center in chain stitch.

Pearls are now more fashionable than diamonds, and the price has consequently advanced.

Small black satin buttons are used on the waist of the nicest dresses by fashionable makers.

The "Chesterfield," a new coat for street wear, is shaped like an ulster, but has a jacket-back.

Plain ruching set edge to edge with insertion between, is a pretty trimming for the neck of a dress.

Small diamonds set in silver, and arranged in fanciful shapes on bangle rings, are much worn.

Angola hoods looking almost like swansdown, and costing little more than plain worsted, are shown for babies.

Mixed fabrics should never be used as the foundation of a suit, for they cannot be dyed, and are not worth making over.

New combs, in shell and silver, consist of three pins, which may be arranged in a straight or curved line or worn separately.

Belts are very fashionable, and are worn very broad. Some have appeared in Paris of white enameled leather, with steel buckles.

Black satin cloaks, lined with satin or old gold silk, and bordered with feather trimming, are the handsomest winter wraps.

Absolutely plain black velvet bonnets, with a wreath of pale pink roses in a row across the top, are in good taste, and easily made at home.

The Japanese Housewife.

While the mother is busy at needle and thread, near her may be her daughters learning to write or read; perhaps to sew, embroider, make poetry, play on musical instruments, to dance, sing, make tea in ceremonial style, tie up presents, arrange curtains of flowers, or to perform one of the many duties and accomplishments laid down in the book of "Woman's Great Study." Among many others, these comprise lessons in reading, writing, the memorizing and composing of poetry, the entire ceremonial and procedure of courtship, betrothal, marriage, wifely and motherly duties, the cutting and making of garments, care and ordering of a household, complete lady's toilet, moral duties and precepts, the simples of botany, the birth and rearing of children, conduct of household affairs, festival and religious duties, funerals, and of behavior in old age. While the great mass of the children go to school to learn to read, write and count, many are educated at home by their parents or grandparents, older brothers or sisters. Wealthy men employ tutors and governesses. Nearly all Japanese children can read and write.

If the wife is a gossip or gad-about, she is off and out, before the lacquered dishes are washed, to the well-curb to exchange the news with the nursery-maids, old grannies and busy-tongued women washing their rice or rinsing their clothes. Then she may sir herself for an hour or two and then perchance go with the lady to the bath-house up the street to indulge in more gossip, hot water and ablutions. A visit to the temple either for piety, excitement or pleasure's sake may finish the morning, and perhaps allow her to arrive home in time to get up a make-shift dinner for her husband. The children, meanwhile, are neglected, showing more attention from mother earth than from mother woman. If she be a shrew or a virago, husband had better not complain, or he will catch something not in the bill of fare; for a Japanese woman's tongue can distil more than balm or healing oil, when she so wills.

The lazy, shiftless, untidy, gossiping wife and careless mother, with her house in disorder, her children neglected, her husband henpecked or unhelped, her time and her means wasted, her hair uncombed, her dress always untidily open, her clothes crumpled, slovenly or soiled, her dirty infant slung or held on her back, only half supported under her hands, in slipshod sandal or broken clog, is one type of the Japanese woman. The exquisitely neat, tidy, thrifty, diligent wife who orders her household in beauty with taste and skill, earnestness, patience and irradiating smile, who is a help and cheer to her husband, an affectionate, firm and patient mother, with hair and dress and foot always in order, whose house and garden and table service, or even nursery and sewing-room, are always fit for a visitor to see, who rears her children in honor and dignity, whether she be rich or poor, is another type of a Japanese woman. I have seen them both.—*William E. Griffis.*

Crotchety People.

America knows something of crotchety people. It was a crotchety notion of ours when we made up that tea-party in Boston. We are all the result of crotchety notions. There is no walk in life in which we do not find crotchety people. First, there is your growler, the man who is never satisfied with anything or anybody. His dinner is done too much or it is done too little. He is miserable himself and makes every one around him miserable. Another class of growlers is the crotchety young fellow who comes home to dinner and asks his young wife, "How did you cook that, my dear?" She tells him she did it so and so, and he replies, "Ah, if you only knew how my dear mother used to do it." If you build a house and call in a friend to look at it, ten to one he will tell you how he could have improved it. He would put a door here and a closet there, etc. So it will be seen that no two people arrive at the same conclusion. As proof that the work a person is engaged in has its effect upon the mind, the professor referred to an actor and author of his acquaintance who wrote a farce entitled "Hypochondriac," and through his labors upon it came to be one himself, and afterward wrote the "Black Crook." Then there is the melancholy man, the man with a very long face, as if he hadn't a friend in the world. Give me the man who can laugh—that man who passes through the world like the sun's rays. He didn't mean the man who chuckles, or he who utters the horse laugh, but he of the joyous, hearty laugh.—*From Lecture by Professor Evans in Utica.*

Ralston, the great California banker, according to a rumor on the Pacific coast, is still alive and living in the south of Europe, the drowned body which was found having been the corpse of a man so closely resembling Ralston that every one was deceived, as it was planned that they should be.

SHIPWRECKED HEROES.

Two Disasters of the Sea Recalled—Manly Self-Denial in Time of Peril

It was at two o'clock on the morning of the 26th of February, 1852, that the troopship Birkenhead, having on board a large number of soldiers, with the usual proportion of women and children, 631 souls in all, struck on a rock near Point Danger, Cape of Good Hope, and filled. Captain Salmond was in command of the vessel; Lieutenant-Colonel Seton, of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, of the soldiers. Of course the pins of the davits had rusted and the larger boats could not be launched; but two cutters and a gig were got out and manned, and the women and children placed in them. The colonel "summoned his officers to a consultation and impressed upon them the necessity of composure and of preserving discipline among their men to the very last." At this moment the ship parted, and the fore part went down, and the word was passed that further effort was in vain; let each do the best he could to secure his individual safety. A few men jumped overboard, but the remainder collected on the poop, soldiers and seamen alike, "steady, quiet and resolute." The captain retained his post, cool and collected, as if there was a ship under him, and Colonel Seton, with his drawn sword in hand, stood in the gangway to cut down any one who might endeavor to force his way toward the boats. When the ship reeled and quivered ere going down, Captain Salmond shouted, "Let all who can swim now try to save themselves." One man exclaimed, "Make for the boats!" as he threw himself into the waves, but "the colonel and his officers entreated their men—and not in vain—not to attempt an entrance into the boats, which were already fully loaded with women and children. The officers now shook hands and took leave of one another, when, on a sudden, the vessel broke again crosswise, abaft the mainmast, and the poop, heeling over with a lurch, plunged beneath the water," only twenty minutes from the time she struck. The captain was brained by a falling spar; the colonel was drowned, and of the hundreds so rudely awakened only 184 lived to tell the story of the Birkenhead; but among them were all the women and all the children.

In the other instance to be recorded the men who died lacked the example of superiors who had long commanded them, and to obey whom was second nature; but the circumstances were even more tragic, the agony was infinitely longer, and the heroic triumph perhaps even greater. The story of the Central America was once in everybody's mouth, yet to how many folk of this generation does Herndon's name recall Herndon's deed?

The Central America sailed from Havana for New York, September 8, 1857, with a crew of 101 men, besides 491 passengers, many of them miners returning with their gold or for their families, and many of them women and children. "Many were possessed of large sums; and there were but few whose wealth did not number hundreds, while many reckoned their gold by thousands of dollars." When she was twenty-four hours out a gale sprang up that soon increased to a hurricane; by the morning of the 11th the captain was apprehensive; soon after the vessel sprang a leak, and though all hands were set to work the inflowing water put out the fires and the ship fell helpless into the trough of the sea. Once again by bailing she was freed so that they could start the fires, but the pumps became disarranged and the water gained on them terribly. The captain cut away the foremast so as to make a drag, but when it fell it was dragged beneath the hull, and pounding the ship's wounded sides, made the leak worse. By paying out a hawser they extemporized a drag and brought the ship head on, but it soon parted and left her at the mercy of the waves. The water had gained till the women and children were driven to take refuge in the men's cabin; there there was such a scene as not even the annals of shipwreck can parallel. Gold lay about, minted, in dust, in ingots, by thousands and thousands of dollars. Some men bound it round their bodies with belts and in handkerchiefs to carry them down more swiftly when the fatal plunge came; "others, unwilling to be weighted in the struggle by their burden of dross, were scattering it wildly about the cabin floors. Full ponchos lay untouched upon the sofas. One of the passengers, who afterward escaped, flung about the cabin $20,000 and bade who would satisfy his thirst for gold, but it was passed by." Terrible as the prospect was, the courage exhibited was marvelous, and not even the women shed a tear. On the afternoon of Saturday they hailed the brig Marine, of Boston, which had suffered cruelly in the storm, but promised to do her best to relieve them. "Until her hopeful appearance," wrote a woman passenger, "not a tear had been shed that I am aware of on board the steamer. Till the moment we first espied the sail which we believed brought us relief, we had remained passively awaiting the result. There seemed to be a perfect calmness, which I could not have believed it possible for so great a number of persons to exhibit under such fearful circumstances. But when the brig hove in sight there were tears of joy, and the men worked with renewed energy and hope. The women besought them to work with all their might, and said they would themselves assist in the labor if the men did not do their best. In fact some of them were so eager to help that they even tried to put on men's clothing in order to go and work at the pumps." It was 8.30 when the brig came under the Central America's stern, and, without any unnecessary delay, began removing the women and children. The task was not easy, for the smaller vessel drifted slowly away, and the boats took longer and longer at each trip; besides, so heavy was the sea, they could carry but a few at a time. "The men made no attempt to save themselves until all the women and children were saved. Again and again the boat returned; again and again she made for the brig with her precious freight; yet not a murmur was heard; no exclamation of selfish despair arose! At length every woman had been securely transported to the brig; then came the turn of the crew and the male passengers. About forty of these reached the Marine before the ship went down." Most of the crew and many of the passengers were still toiling at the ineffectual pumps, and the captain stood by the wheel, giving orders firmly and uttering cheerful exhortations. He had declared that he would not quit the ship. "Thank God," he said to a friend, "the women and children are safe; do you take the next boat." He attempted to charge his friend with a farewell message to his wife, but his emotion overcame him; after a few moments he recovered himself, and continued to direct affairs at the boat returned from the brig. It was just eight o'clock when a great wave smote the Central America and sent her down with some five hundred men. When Mr. George, a survivor, came up from what he thought an unfathomable depth, there was in the water "a crowd of heads." But the weaker soon went down, and the waves began to separate the despairing company. "Many were desirous to isolate themselves as much as possible, lest they should be dragged down in some desperate struggle for life. Others, afraid of the loneliness, cried to their neighbors to keep together." One by one they went down and only four of their number were saved some hours later, as if by a miracle. "I was forced by the wind," writes the captain of the bark Ellen, "to sail a little out of my course. Just as I had altered it a small bird flew across the ship once or twice and then darted against my face. I, however, took no notice of this circumstance till precisely the same thing occurred the second time, which caused me to think it somewhat remarkable. While I was thus reflecting about the incident, the same mysterious bird, for the third time, made its appearance and went through the very same extraordinary maneuvers. Upon this I was induced to re-alter my course into the original one in which I had at first been steering. I had not gone far when I heard strange noises, and on endeavoring to discover from whence they proceeded, I found I was in the midst of people who had been shipwrecked."

Thrilling Incident of a Flood.

During the heavy flood at Paterson, N. J., an exciting incident occurred: The hill where the Passaic falls are situated was thronged with visitors throughout the day. Just above the river had stretched across the meadows, cutting off the road, and forming an immense pond. Out of this the water poured into the rocky gorge which forms the approach to the fall, and such was its volume that the chasm into which the fall tumbles, seventy feet in depth, was filled half up with the flood, which roared so as to be heard a mile away, and sent out a spray that fell for many yards around like a heavy rain.

At this point in the afternoon an incident occurred that startled beyond expression the thousand spectators there assembled. A boy ten years old was driving an open wagon along the road by the river side, above the fall a considerable distance. At points the road over which he was driving was submerged, but not to a great depth, and he had made several fords successfully. A man walking along the road hailed him and asked for a lift; the boy took him in, and the two drove along together. Presently they came to a point where the lamp posts along the side of the road were almost half buried in the water, but the boy whipped up his horse and drove in. All at once the two in the wagon felt the body of the same lifted up by the water, and they floated off, while the horse continued on with the wheels. The body of the wagon floated out on the broad pond that has been mentioned. The water was comparatively smooth, but still the current was strong, and the wagon body was carried with considerable rapidity in the direction of the fall. Throngs of persons were walking along the side of the stream, and they saw the novel craft borne away. A hundred yards ahead of where the two were a bridge crossed the river, and just beyond that occurs a slight fall in the bed of the stream, and from there on the water rushed like an arrow to the fall, only a short way distant. As the wagon body drew on faster and faster toward the bridge, its occupants could see the spray of the fall and hear its roar. The boy was frightened and tried to jump out, but the man held him tight. The screams of the little fellow could be heard by those on shore. Everybody rushed to the side of the water; a hundred directions were called out, but nobody knew what to do. As the wagon body came nearer to the bridge, women screamed and ran away. The bridge was reached, and the pair seemed now beyond help, and then help came. A man driving over the bridge saw, as everybody did, the strange craft sweeping down, and having his wits about him, jumped from his wagon, unstrapped the reins from his horse, and directed another driver to do the same. The two pairs of reins were strapped together and thrown over the rail of the bridge. The end fell into the water, and as the wagon body, going now with immense velocity, came near, the man above cried out to the pair below to catch hold. The reins were held right in the course of the wagon body, and as this swept by the man, holding fast to the boy, grabbed at them, and caught them, and the two were drawn safely upon the bridge, while the wagon body dashed over the fall.

Female Clerks at Washington.

The first female clerks in the national treasury, says a New York paper, were appointed in 1862 by Secretary Chase, who placed them in the office of the comptroller of the currency at $600 a year. They cut and trimmed the United States notes issued in sheets, and did their work very well. As soon as they had been appointed there were many other applicants, and their number steadily increased, many of them securing places through the peculiar energy and perseverance which will refuse to take no for an answer. There are now more than 1,300 women in the departments at Washington, the majority employed in the bureau of engraving and printing and in the government printing office. They excel as counters, their slender, sensitive fingers turning notes with great rapidity and exactness. They detect counterfeits, it is said, quicker than men, though they do not succeed so well in accounts, as the average feminine mind has little natural love of figures. Counters and copyists receive $900 a year; other women $1,200 to $1,400, several of them $1,600, and one in the internal revenue $1,800. Most of the clerks are well educated and refined, and many have seen more prosperous days. A number are widows and daughters of army and naval officers who lost their lives in the civil war. Very few of the young women or widows marry or resign, and consequently the hundreds who are constantly seeking places in Washington have very slender prospects of success. The most untiring, obstinate place-seekers at the federal capital are women.

Big Grapevines in California.

A San Francisco paper says: California has, probably, twenty vines, each of which produces more than 5,000 pounds of grapes as an average crop. Among these are vines at Coloma and Blakes, and near Montecito and Stockton—representing the Sierra Nevada, the coast mountains north of San Francisco, the San Joaquin valley, the southern coast, the level of the sea and an elevation of 2,000 feet above it. The Stockton vine, a mile southeast of the town, in the yard of Mr. Phelps' house, is a foot in diameter, and has this year produced 5,000 pounds (two and a half tons) according to the *Independent.* We have heard nothing lately of the yield of the Montecito and Coloma big vines. We saw the latter in 1867 when young, and then it bore 1,500 bunches of grapes. The Montecito vine grew from a cutting of the old big vine at the same place, set out in 1795 and cut down in 1875, when eighty years old. It had a diameter of fifteen inches, covered an arbor of 114 feet long by seventy-eight wide, and averaged three tons in its annual yield. The big vine at Blakes separates, at the surface of the ground, into two stems, each six inches in diameter. The vine at Coloma is an Isabella; the other three are of the Mission variety.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF TRANCES.

One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record—Miss Jennie Smith, the Ohio Invalid—Helpless, Blindness, Speechless—Her Sufferings.

Miss Jennie Smith was born in Clark county Ohio, in 1842, being one of a family of nine children. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, entirely reputable in character, and attendants at an established church. From a child she was seriously inclined and disposed to meditate upon religious themes, which was caused, doubtless, by the number of alarming maladies to which she was subject. At the age of sixteen she had the typhoid fever, which settled in her back and resulted in a spinal disease. From this time Miss Smith was a confirmed invalid, possibly in part by reason of a great variety of domestic calamities, a broken marriage engagement, the attempted suicide of her father, the loss of property and a number of deaths in rapid succession in the domestic circle. She was under the treatment of several physicians, but grew rapidly worse, and at last became perfectly helpless. Lying upon her back in bed, occasionally she had what she calls "sinking spells," in which she was seemingly lifeless, but was filled with remarkable visions of heaven, "seeing the green pastures and being led by the still waters." In February, 1862, her physician told her that she could not live another day, at which she rejoiced, as her sufferings had been so great. The prolongation of her life was considered a miracle, as she had lost her speech, and could only move her hands. As her mother—to whose care and support she seems to have been left at this period of life—was in very great poverty, all the invalid's strength was employed in making fancy work, which was purchased by her friends, and afterward, when she recovered her speech, she had some pupils whom she taught from her sick bed. The excitement of teaching made her much worse, and in 1865 she was carried to Urbana, O., to be placed under the treatment of Dr. Newton, who had some theories in regard to medical practice at that time which were quite novel, especially in the treatment of patients by electricity. No good results, however, were produced in Miss Smith's case, as her back was so paralyzed that after using the battery for three or four hours she was insensible to its effects. From this time Miss Smith kept a journal of her peculiar ailments.

The following year her physical condition seemed to change. Her back and limbs became so sensitive that it was almost impossible to move her, and eyesight failed; but, as she says, "her spiritual sight brightened" as she became physically blind. This blindness came and went, apparently, as sometimes she could see as others see, and again she could not, save in some supernatural way. Electricity was resorted to a second time, and with some success, but she was afflicted with many diseases besides that of her spine, which made her the wonder of the whole neighborhood, it being regarded as so strange that a mortal could be so afflicted and survive. Miss Smith drew the plan of a cot, which a Mr. Blackburn improved upon and afterward patented as an invalid chair. From this time the poor invalid lived in her chair or cot on wheels, going by car or steamer, when sufficiently convalescent, to various parts of the country near her; always having visions and developing the spiritual part of her being, while the material or physical seemed slowly dying. She attended camp-meetings, at which people gathered about her to hear her talk and pray, and to learn that she was fasting as a means of grace. In 1870 her paroxysms increased, so that at times her body was bent nearly double; it often required six persons to keep her in her chair; she suffered also from tetanus; and the more severe her illness, the more remarkably her mind seemed to be affected, and her visions were brighter and more wonderful. The intervals between her paroxysms were occupied in some literary work which had ready sale. In 1873 her brain became incapacitated for mental labor, and again for days and weeks she was entirely helpless, blind and speechless. From this condition she again rallied. In 1875 she underwent a new kind of medical treatment. Her whole physical condition seemed now to change, and she had new and alarming symptoms. One day while her friends were gathered around her trying to alleviate her pain, the terrible twitching of her muscles ceased, her system relaxed, and she breathed easily. She attributed this result to the prayers which were offered for her at the time.

From that hour she gradually recovered, and is now residing in this city in good health.

Miss Smith has written a little volume, which she calls "Valley of Baca; a Record of Suffering and Triumph." There is a picture of her in this book, as she appeared when she lay in her invalid chair. The introduction was written by her former pastor, Thomas H. Peame, of Dayton, Ohio.—*New York Star.*

Aged People.

Persons whose wish it is to live to be old will find a record of interesting facts in the appendix to the returns of the register general of Scotland for the quarter ended September 30th last. For instance, it is mentioned that in the parish of Dunnett, Caithness-shire, the average age of seven out of eight persons who died was eighty-three years. In Clyne, also in Caithness, a "veritable centennarian," a spinister, died at the age of 100 years, who during her long life had never been known to suffer from any illness whatever. In Cromarty parish the average age of ten persons who died was over eighty-one. In Savoch parish, Aberdeenshire, two men who had reached the age of ninety-four years died within a short time of each other. In Eaglesham parish, Ayrshire, the death of a man aged ninety-four and a-half was registered by his nephew aged eighty-four. The ages of nine persons who died in Jedburg parish averaged over eighty-seven years. At Lochmaben a lady died who had attained the great age of 106, and who continued healthy till within two days of her death. In the island of Ramsay the death was recorded of a man of eighty, who fell down a steep hill and dislocated his neck. But for this accident another centennarian's death might have to be recorded.

The Cow Tree.

No tree aroused the