

Utah Jack.

Jack Halyard was a jolly tar,
Who loved a roving life;
In every storm he found a port,
In every port a wife.

A farmer he was bred on land,
And lived like any lord;
But when he shipped and went to sea
He had to live on board.

He liked plain dealing all his life,
But when he plowed the main
He found his work, as well as board,
Were both a deal too plain.

The use of ropes, of sails and shrouds,
Of masts and ribs and knees,
Like latitude and longitude,
He mastered by degrees.

He made an "observation" once
The captain said was true;
He "reckoned" he was lying still
When they were lying to.

But he resolved one day to quit
The briny deep for life,
And never more to go to sea,
Except to see his wife.

But which wife he should anchor to
For life was not so plain.
He had a "sail" in Portugal,
Another one in Spain.

Another "duck" in Turkey dwelt—
He did not like her rig;
He didn't care a fig for her,
Her figure was so big.

Though Fatima was fat, yet she
Was sweet as any flower;
Jack's taste inclined the other way,
To lean-like Pisa's tower.

He roamed through Italy to Rome;
A nice girl took his fancy,
Then he took in "two Sicilys,"
And then he left for Nancy.

And so, to cut his "true loves' net,"
This Mormon harum-scarum
Collected all his wives, and went
To Utah with his harem.

Like Lot's one wife, should "Utah's" lot
Look back and turn to salt,
With such a lot as his, the price
Would make a summersault.

And "Sal" would then be very dear
At any price at all;
Salt-petre could not save the "saints"
Should such a thing befall.

For women, whether salt or flesh,
The "Church's" pillars are
And Salt Lake saints would let it slide
Without more fresh ones there.

—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May.

A VISION FROM THE PLAINS.

A Thrilling Sketch of California Life.

Early in the summer of 1849 a long emigrant train arrived on the banks of the Platte river, on the way to the newly-discovered gold regions of California.

The weary emigrants had accomplished about half their journey from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific coast, but not the worst half, and they halted on the green prairie till means should be devised to cross the river.

Various plans were discussed. Some talked of a bridge, others of a stationary raft, others of moving up or down the stream till a ford might be found. But every device met with some serious obstacle.

Among the emigrants was a young man named Abram Wilder, who with his wife and two little children—a girl and a boy—had faced the setting sun to seek an independent home.

He was one of those honest, thrifty fellows who like to make money squarely, and who are generally a benefit to any community, and it occurred to him that a temporary ferry might be made profitable.

Hiring two men of the train named Mallity and Sears to assist him, he felled some cottonwood trees and prepared three canoes. These he lashed together, covering them with puncheons, and thus forming a float that would sustain the weight of a wagon.

Thus the ferry was opened, doing a thriving business day and night, till Wilder accumulated considerable money. Was not that enterprise in that wild region?

That he might lose no time, he sent his family on with the train, retaining a riding-horse, with which he proposed to follow in a few days; and, while he accumulated gold and silver, Mrs. Wilder and her children traveled on toward the Rocky Mountains.

A week—ten days—two weeks passed, and Wilder did not overtake them. But, at last, his two hired men—Mallity and Sears—came along on horseback, saying that Wilder would come up next day; then pushed on ahead of the train with singular haste.

Abram Wilder was never seen again. Five years passed. In the summer of 1854 the mining post of Forest Hill, in Placer county, California, had its population augmented by the arrival of a family consisting of a woman, her boy of twelve, and daughter of eight years.

The woman, who had a pale, weary-looking face, was Mrs. Wilder, and she had toiled hard for those children during the last five years. She had spent most of this time in Sacramento, where she had done washing and all sorts of hard work; but, suffering from ague, she had resolved to go up into the mountains.

Her boy, George, was particularly in favor of this, declaring that he would dig gold and make them all rich.

On the second evening after their arrival at Forest Hill, a good-natured miner came strolling by their tent, and accosted Mrs. Wilder, who, as it was very warm, sat outside.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, politely.

She returned his greeting courteously. "It's late now," said he, "to offer my assistance. I would have come round and helped to put up your tent, if I had known you were alone with these children. Isn't your husband living, ma'am?"

"No—he is dead."

And a shade crossed her pale face, as she recalled the Platte river and the prairies.

Then she recounted the whole painful history, telling how she had worked in Sacramento, saying that she was willing to wash for the miners, and that her boy was determined to dig gold.

"I hope you'll get along well, ma'am," said the good-natured fellow; "and

your boy shall have every show. Washing is hard work, but if you want to do such work for a while, till your boy strikes it rich, you will find plenty to do, and every man in camp will pay you well."

"Thank you," said the poor woman, delighted at the prospect. "I am very willing to do the work. I feel so much better up here already. I should have died if I had stayed in Sacramento."

"It's an unhealthy place, I know," said he; "but it will be renovated in time. By the way, you needn't be frightened, but I must tell you that thieves prowl about our camp. They've been going it for some time, and we can't catch them."

Mrs. Wilder was somewhat startled. "Oh, don't be scared!" said he. "They're not dangerous. They are the sneaking kind. They only pick up things slyly, and get out of camp as soon as possible. They've been seen, but always escaped. Joe Harris saw them one night last week, and says they're Indians. It won't be good for them if they're caught."

"What would be done with them?" "Oh, they'd be hung, of course! We folks hate stealing; and it's the only thing any one has ever been hung for at Forest Hill."

"Would they come into our tent?" asked Mrs. Wilder. "Oh, no! They might reach in at the door, or under the canvas, to see what they could carry off, but they are mighty sly."

"If they come here, mother," put in the little boy, "I'll kill them with the ax."

"What could you do, George? They're big men, you know."

"I'd fight them, anyhow," he said, bravely.

"Good, my boy!" said the miner. "You'll be the right kind of a man when you grow up. But of course you're not very strong yet. If the robbers trouble you, just yell. That would do more good than your ax. It would rouse the camp; and if you should be the means of getting them caught, I'd raise a collection of five hundred dollars for you before the breath should be fairly out of their bodies."

The miner stood talking with the Wilders till the sun had set—then he sauntered on.

"If I can do anything for you or the children," said he at parting, "let me know. My name is Tom Cook. I live in that cabin over there, just next to the one with the sign of 'Choice Liquors.' There is a mess of us—six."

Mrs. Wilder thanked him, and when he had walked away she took her handkerchief and wiped away some tears that were gathering in her eyes. The kind voice of that blunt, honest man had touched some tender chord in her heart, and she wept—she knew not why.

It was far, far in the night. The moon had not risen till eleven, and it was now away up in the bright sky, so that it could look down into the deepest canon. The Wilders had lain awake for hours talking about the robbers, which seemed to have made an unusual impression on them, but at last dozed off into unconscious rest, and the whole camp was wrapped in sleep.

The children slept soundly, but Mrs. Wilder was restless, and awoke frequently from half-feverish dreams.

When I relate the singular circumstances that occurred before the morning, I do not claim that they were directed by supernatural agencies; nor do I aver that they were not. I simply tell the story.

It was between 3 and 4 o'clock when Mrs. Wilder seemed to fall into a deeper slumber than she had enjoyed that night. But it was not free from dreams. Thus far she had dreamed only of the mysterious robbers of which Tom Cook had told her; now her visions wandered away back over years. Again she was on the Platte river; again she saw her husband—so distinctly—building his ferry; again she bid him good-by, and traveled on over the prairies; again she saw the Rocky mountains loom up in the distance.

But here the dream made a digression. Sears and Mallity did not come now; but instead of them came Abram Wilder. She flew to meet him, but stopped, for her husband wore such a strange look on his face. He stood still, waved her off, then pointed to the grass at her feet. She looked down and saw a grave open; saw her husband lying in it, with a ghastly wound on his head; saw two men hastily filling the grave up. They were his hired men—Sears and Mallity.

With a scream that must have wakened every sleeper at Forest Hill, Mrs. Wilder started up from her rude couch, now fully awake, and in the dim light she saw a shadowy figure standing a few feet from her, with a hand still pointing at the earth, for it was the same figure she had seen in her dream. It stood perfectly motionless for a couple of seconds, then vanished.

Within the same two seconds several shadows were described against one of the slanting sides of the tent, on which the moon was shining, and they, too, disappeared simultaneously with the sound of retreating footsteps without; while something fell with a clatter, inside the tent, as though it had actually dropped through the canvas.

"What's the matter, mother?" asked George, springing up and seizing his ax. At the same time his little sister cried out in her terror:

"Oh, it's the robbers! They'll kill us!" and she added a wail to the general confusion.

"Hush, child!" said Mrs. Wilder, who trembled so that she could hardly speak; "they've gone away."

"Oh, they'll come back—I know they will!"

with his weapon, uttering a loud shout. Miners bounded from their tents and cabins on all sides, and hurried to the scene. One or two of them caught sight of two Indians making off into the woods.

Mrs. Wilder struck a light with trembling hands, and hastily attired herself.

"What's the matter? Is that you, sonny?" asked the first miner, hurrying up.

It was Tom Cook. "Yes, sir," replied George. "The robbers have been here. Mother heard them, and I heard them running away."

Mrs. Wilder came out. "Were they here, Mrs. Wilder?" he asked; for he had learned her name in the evening.

"Oh—yes—some one was," she answered, breathlessly. "I've had—such a terrible dream!"

"Maybe you only imagined it, then?" suggested Tom Cook; while the miners were hurrying up from all directions.

"No she didn't," said George, eagerly. "I heard them!"

"You bet she didn't," exclaimed one of the miners excitedly, for he had caught the hurried conversation as he came up. "I saw them goin' for the woods; and they were durned sneaking Indians. I'd swear it!"

The crowd and the excitement increased. Tom Cook was standing where he could peer into the tent, and he noticed that there was a rent in one side.

"What is that, Mrs. Wilder?" he asked, as he stepped to the door and pointed to the aperture.

Mrs. Wilder looked. "Why, it's been cut!" she said, astonished.

Cook went round on the outside, with a number of others, and examined the point of interest. Yes, the canvas had been ripped with a knife.

By this time the whole camp had gathered around the tent of the Wilders, and as they learned the particulars, loud imprecations were invoked on the unknown robbers. All was hubbub and confusion.

Suddenly a scream was heard in the tent. A rush was made for the door. Had one of the robbers concealed himself within, and had Mrs. Wilder just discovered him? If so, Heaven help him!

No, there stood Mrs. Wilder, gazing with a terrified air at something she had picked up near where the rent had been made—and now, with a shudder, she let it fall again at her feet.

"What is it? What's the matter?" was asked, and Tom Cook, followed by others, waived ceremony and entered the tent, while George, with his ax, was without, answering the hurried questions of new comers.

"Oh, Lord of Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilder; "my murdered husband has been here this night! I shall soon go to him, I know! It is a warning! Oh, Abram! Abram!"

Scarcely knowing whether to think the woman sane or not, Tom Cook advanced and picked up the object that lay at her feet.

It was a knife—a large pocket-knife—with two blades, one of which was five or six inches long, and open, and the handle was of rough buck-horn. It was a peculiar, old-fashioned knife, and there was a small brass plate on it, containing the initials "A. W."

"It was my husband's knife!" said Mrs. Wilder, while a tremor ran through her frame.

The men stared at each other. "I saw him in a dream—yes, and I saw him standing in the tent when I awoke—and I heard that knife fall!"

The first thought that went the rounds was to the effect that the ghost of Abram Wilder had visited the window, and left this article, that she might recognize it; but that idea was quickly dispelled by the assurance of one of the miners that he had seen two Indians retreating.

"Then, Mrs. Wilder," said Tom Cook, who did not like to give the ghost up entirely, "your husband has appeared to warn you of your danger."

coming all the way from Bear Gap, week after week, to rob us?" asked Tom Cook.

"But how about the Indians?" asked another.

"They may have been disguised. Who could the other be, Tirrell?"

"Don't know, unless it is his bunky. Another man and he live together in a cabin at Bear Gap."

"Who is the other?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

"Sears, his name is."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilder, "the very names! They are the two men who murdered and robbed my poor husband on the Plains, and that is the way this knife came here. Oh, shall they escape unpunished?"

"No! no! not by a jug-full! Not if they're in Bear Gap or in California," was shouted on all sides. "Let's track them home—hunt them down! Who's ready?"

The wildest excitement prevailed. Shortly after sunrise a committee of six started for Bear Gap, and at mid-day they returned with two prisoners, whom they brought face to face with Mrs. Wilder. She knew them in a moment, and they sank down upon the ground, half dead with remorse and terror, as they recognized her.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, wildly. "I know you, Sears—Mallity—you killed my husband! You know it! May you meet with the mercy hereabout at your foul hands!"

Her voice was raised almost to a scream, and she waved her right hand in an excited way, as if invoking the vengeance of Heaven.

Yes, the Vision from the Plains—the ghost of the murdered man that had come from the mountains, and carried the dreaming widow back to the Platte river—that had roused her from her slumber with a shriek that startled the marauders, while in the act of cutting their way into the tent, causing them to drop the tell-tale knife—was the means of hunting down the camp-robbers, and their days were numbered.

A search of their quarters at Bear Gap had disclosed a considerable amount of gold dust, which they had evidently stolen, for they had never been known to dig much; but worse than all, snugly rolled up and packed at the bottom of a sack that was filled with other things, were two complete Indian outfits—feathers, belts, wigs of long, black hair, and materials for staining the face.

Disguised as Indians, the two villains, Sears and Mallity, the murderers of Abram Wilder, had been robbing the various camps in that vicinity for months.

Before sunset that evening they confessed all—including the murder of Wilder—and the gathering shadows of night frowned on two silent figures that were dangling hideously from the boughs of a tall tree.

Mrs. Wilder was avenged! But she spoke with a prophetic tongue when she said her loved companion had called her. Her health failed rapidly from that night, and within two months she left her children there in the mountains and went over the dark river to meet him with whom she had parted on the banks of the Platte.

Foreign Notes.

LIVINGSTONE, the African explorer, has been gone just six years.

A SYSTEM of storm signals is to be established in the West Indies.

FREEMASONS count in their organization every prime minister in Europe.

MANATE, the rich Australian, is dead; he once sent to London an order for a ton of books to fit up a library at his colonial home.

It is stated that when sick persons in Metz have no hopes of recovery, they cause themselves to be conveyed across the frontier in order to die on French soil.

The deposit of rock salt reported to have been found in New South Wales is corroborated. It is the first of the kind discovered in Australia, and very valuable.

The Austrian Embassy, Belgrave square, London, is one of the handsomest in the city, and Count Beust one of the most esteemed and popular ambassadors.

The German papers report the death of a M. Hansel, a farmer, who in 1850 conveyed Kinkel and Carl Schurz, under cover of darkness, across the Prussian frontier.

The new paper money which has appeared in Paris is printed in blue ink on fine tissue parchment paper, and is issued by the Societe Generale for small payments of one, two and five francs.

ENGLAND manages to get along with killing one passenger in 1,256,290 on her railroads; France, one in 1,955,555; Belgium, one in 8,861,804; Baden, one in 17,514,977; Prussia, one in 21,441,488. Those who are about to travel in Europe will see by this that it is much safer to do it in Prussia.

A Popular Poem.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its eyes were heavenly blue;
And if you touch that little lamb,
I'll put a head on you."

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered about,
And waited patiently about,
"Then walked off on his ear."

She put him in his little bed,
And bade him go to rest,
"You bet," the lambkin said,
"I'll do my level best."

Mary had a little lamb,
And snow-white was his skin;
But when he followed her to school,
The boys said: "That's too thin."

She missed it from her side, "Alas!"
She said, "my lamb's a gone,"
But he was only nibbling grass,
By the "Little Church round the Corner."

Mary had a little lamb,
Its tail went with a jerk,
So she cut it off between the ears
To "see the old thing work."

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And every time it heard a "ba-a-ah,"
It bleated "Not for Joe."

Mary had a little lamb,
It drank cold water freely,
And looked so innocently wise,
She called it Horace Greeley.

—Godey's Lady's Book.

Varieties.

JERSEY CITY youth keep the policemen in a proper state of subjection by stoning them regularly.

THE reason why Horace Greeley opposes female suffrage is doubtless because the ladies are all free-traders.

THE base-ball fever is breaking out all over the country, and promises to assume an epidemic form again.

A MAN carries a pound and three-quarters of phosphorus about him, and it's no wonder he sometimes gets light-headed o' nights.

If some one would only get up a sewing machine to collect rents, mend manners and repair family breaches, what a sale it would have.

A LITTLE ROCK, Ark., paper takes pleasure in announcing the erection of a penitentiary as an evidence of the material progress of the city.

A NEWLY married couple from Iowa Falls, Iowa, on arriving at the hotel at Fort Dodge, left their marriage certificate on the office counter by way of a guarantee.

A MINISTER who thought that reporting sermons was all vanity, afterward concluded that if the thing must be done it should be well done, and slipped a greenback into the reporter's hand, saying, "Do not condense me."

NUMEROUS residents of Lafayette, Ind., have established a Druidical "grove," and their wives have got from the circulating library all the copies of the "Mystery of Edwin Druid" to learn what sort of doings are contemplated.

HORACE GREELEY having heard a certain man alluded to as the leading milkman of Connecticut, wrote to him to know whether he was at present cultivating coconuts or cows, and which he found most profitable for butter and cheese.

WHY should an autograph-hunter naturally call on Messrs. Edward Eggleston, E. E. Hale, Emerson Etheridge, or (were they living) Edward Everett and Col. E. E. Ellsworth for autographs, with reasonable hope of success. Because they all write their names with great E's (great ease).

SAN FRANCISCO has grown to be a great mart for raw furs. The furs imported last year were valued at over two millions. All the Alaska furs and those from Eastern Siberia now pass through San Francisco as the nearest route to their market, in this country or in Europe, and the trade is rapidly growing.

MR. LINCOLN used to tell a story of a boy who was ordered by his father to scare a stray urchin off the premises. He departed on his mission with a "turkey gobble" strut, and shortly returned with a discolored optic, bleeding nose and very much demoralized, and told his father the "darn'd boy didn't scare worth a cent."

"HOME AND SOCIETY," in Scribner's, is to be enlarged and improved. Some of the most accomplished of American women writers will here contribute to the edification of their country-women, in matters of household economy, dress, social ethics, the culture of flowers, home decorations, etc., etc.

SOME twenty unfortunate young Philadelphians were arrested in the City of Brotherly Love on Sunday last for lounging on corners. Considering that Philadelphia deems it sinful to keep open libraries or other places of innocent recreation on the Sabbath, and that its bar-rooms are closed on that day, it would really seem as if the average dweller in boarding-houses had no alternative but to lounge on corners.

Unaccountable Phenomena at a Party.

The following story is told of a young lady and a gentleman at a fashionable party in Nashville: The young man was handsome and happy, the young lady arrayed in lavender, rose, &c., with gold-powdered hair flowing over her swanlike neck. Finding the heat of the room too much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, time flew on silver pinions, and after an absence of at least an hour, our young friends reentered the brilliantly illuminated parlors. The lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slightly taken aback by his next neighbor informing him that round his neck was the unmistakable print of two arms in chalk and diamond dust, on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust, bloom of youth, and yellow powder mixed up generally. The lady's hair was observed to be several shades paler.