JOHN G. SAXE ON WISHING.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing."
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not as we are apt to do,
Pervert it, and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse were somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make opinion real,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it.

I wish—that sympathy and love
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That scorn and jealousy and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed the pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence was free
From treachery and slander.
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women not to swear were loers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal
May come erewhile, throughout the earth,
To be the glorious real;
Till god shall every creature bless
With His supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness
And wishing be possessing.

MY BURGLARY.

The bugle was placed in the holder the horses made a graceful turn and we checked up in front of "The Nugget," the leading hotel of Goldtown, a mining camp at an altitude of some seven thousand feet in the heart of the Rockies, and seventy miles by the nearest stage route from a railroad.

After a supper of mountain trout and game I felt rested. I had come to Goldtown in response to Mr. Furber, the proprietor of the general store of the camp. He wanted a bookkeeper and I had answered his advertisement. My references pleased him; he said "come," and I did so. Mr. Furber called the evening of my arrival. I found him a thorough business man and a gentleman, and to this writing, now more than seventeen years later, I have never had occasion to change my impression. He briefly outlined my responsibilities and placed a comfortably-furnished room over the store at my disposal; thus I was a room ahead, and the store had a night guard.

The day following my arrival I began active duty. The work was abundant, but the associations were pleasant and the mountain air exhilarating; so on the whole I was contented. January the first soon came, and with it a handsome increase of salary. Other Januarys followed with greater cares and liberal remuneration. I made friends, was trusted and was saving money. Mr. Furber consulted me regarding various ventures, and seemed to value my opinions.

More than four years of devotion to my employer's interests had passed, when I was informed that I should take entire charge of the financial affairs of the house, involving the managership. "I have been on the lookout for some time," said Mr. Furber to me, "for some investment for you, William, that would be safe and net large returns. I think I can recommend the 'Turkey-point' mine. I was under the ground yesterday and I find good showings for a wonderful future; they are on a vein now that will assay fully twenty ounces of silver and four and a fraction ounces of gold. There is some book stock yet; I will take all that is left unless you want some of it."

I had implicit confidence in the business sagacity and honor of my employer, and on his recommendation I placed $6,000—all my savings—in the "Turkey-point." Two or three dividends were paid, then the mine "went blind;" the vein was only a pocket of ore that was soon exhausted.

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As I was making up the cash one night—several thousand dollars, mostly in gold dust, but some coin—the wealth before me called to mind a report I had read that morning of an express messenger who took some $50,000 from Wells, Fargo & Co.

I weighed the gold dust, counted the coin and placed it in the safe, thinking all the while about the express messenger, tracing him to remote parts and imagining him living in luxury. As I was closing the vault-door a mine-owner came in. "Wait a minute," said he; "there is some gold I want to deposit."

I weighed it, "I'll make you a receipt," I said.

"I don't want your receipt, William," and he was away. His manner and tone so expressive of confidence, made me dislike my thoughts of the moment before. I meditated. "Am I too honest to be tempted? Why was I thinking of the express messenger?" I tried not to.

I went to my room by the only stairs that led to the story above, the foot of which began not three feet from the vaults. My room was in the rear, and below my window flowed a mountain stream, at that season, when the snow was melting off the mountain, swelled to some magnitude. "That skiff," I thought, while watching the waters, "is the only one in camp. It is less than forty miles to where the railroad crosses this stream. By horseback the same point cannot be reached under sixty miles." I shocked my thoughts in horror; what was I thinking of!

I flung myself in a chair and crowded upon it triple my favorite companions, the express messenger and the robber in [illegible]

separable. I took a book and tried to read. My eyes alone traced the words; my thoughts ran on: "Furber introduced me into that 'Turkey-point' mine. I lost all I had—his fault. He owes me something." Then I began to count the dust we were storing for mine owners. "The Crystal Rock" has about eight thousand. "Yellow Dirt" about five thousand, the "Silver Moon" between nine and ten; the house owns over twenty thousand, besides the small deposits."

Was I turning thief? Why I was fighting against my thoughts? Do what I would my mind continued to plan.

Many saloons, blacksmith's shops and small mines deposited in the Furber vaults; they were the only secure deposits in the camp. The store of R. I. Furber sold everything from whiskey to mining engines, besides accepting deposits and doing a kind of banking business.

I found, as several days passed, that I was ridiculing the notion of becoming a robber, and at times disgusted with my self for permitting the idea. Then I would think, "Where would have been my destination?" During such speculations I found myself figuring on railroad connections and the number of hours' start I would have, wholly unconscious of the accurate preparations I was completing. When in my mind I was lost to my pursuers in India, I must have experienced some of the true sensations of a criminal. I had calculated minutely my disguises, aliases and business enterprises when far away.

Toward the latter part of July, after business hours one evening, I carefully removed the contents of the grip that had accompanied me to Goldtown and with it in hand crept on tiptoe downstairs. I felt that I was acting like a sneak, and stepped more firmly; my foot touched the broom, it fell and I jumped. The noise of a mouse gnawing made me pause and listen. I crept back up stairs and looked out of my window. The skiff was in its place.

Five minutes later and the well-hung vault door swung noiselessly open. I entered, satchel in hand. I was nervous, I turned the combination too far. I tried again successfully. The match I held burned my fingers. No matter, I knew every hole and corner in the safe, and its contents were soon transferred to my satchel. I locked the safe and closed the vault door, thinking, "The fewer signs I leave behind the more start I'll have." I put the now valuable satchel on the floor and went to my room to take a last look out and see if the way was clear.

I heard a sound below like breaking in a window. I stood frightened. Voices were whispering. I staid motionless at the top of the stairs. I could hear footsteps ascending the stairs. I went to my bed and sat on the edge. Two forms were dimly visible passing my window; then the light of a dark lantern appeared and I was commanded to throw up my hands. The gleam of a pistol made me obey. I was told to come down stairs and open the door or be shot. I walked in front, each arm firmly grasped and the pistol at my head.

The meagre contents of the safe angered them; they swore and threatened and finally bound me hand and foot, leaving me on the office floor, where by painful contortions I succeeded in getting my knife from my pocket and releasing myself. My first move after gaining my feet was to place every grain of gold and coin back in the proper place. The following morning the story I felt justified in telling to hide my guilt made me a hero. I simply related how I cleaned out two burglars single handed.

In the hour of silent reflection after the attempted burglary I awoke to the awful crime I had nearly accomplished. The next evening I sat moodily thinking, alone in my room, when Mr. Furber knocked. He brought his chair beside me and said: "William, it was my fault that you lost your money in 'Turkey-point,' I induced you to go into it. Now I want you to accept an interest in the store. I will feel then that you have been paid."

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My benefactor has not given much attention to business for some years. Goldtown has grown to a booming city and has two railroads. The general store is a thing of the past. Furber & Company have developed into a banking concern.

The president's work consists of driving down to the bank on pleasant afternoons at about 4.30 with his daughter—she's my wife—and our children. He devotes considerable time telling his grandchildren stories of early times in the Rockies, one of which is how their papa, all alone, kept two robbers from stealing all grandpapa's money.—[Kate Field's Washington.

A Subterranean River.

Rev. Dr. Foster of Boston in his weekly letter to the Chicago Advance, states that there are reasons to suppose that there is an underground river about a hundred feet below ground, running through Massachusetts and Providence and emptying into the sea. It is supposed that this river, whose waters are ice-cold and exceeding pure, starts from the White Mountain region and finds its way through an old ravine dug by a glacier, then filled with gravel and covered over with hard-pan. Water of that ice-cold quality and of great abundance has been found at about the same depth in Providence, in Foxboro and two miles west of Lowell. In two of these cases it is certain that there is a cavity nearly a hundred feet below ground, through which the water flows, for in each case the drill dropped from ten to twenty feet after reaching water and then struck a ledge. If there is this stream of pure cold water traversing our Commonwealth, it will be hard to over-estimate its value to Eastern Massachusetts in years to come, to whom the problem of a pure water supply is one of great difficulty, but of vital importance.

A Giant Oak Cut in Indiana.

An oak tree, six feet in diameter at the butt and fifty two feet to the first limb, was felled near Castleton, Ind., the other day. Above the first limb was made a twenty-foot log. It produced 8,000 feet of lumber, and, reckoned by its rings, is 360 years old. It is thought to be the finest specimen of its kind in the country, and will form a feature in the Worlds Fair exhibit, Louis Republic.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

BABIES do many queer things, but two-year-old Joseph Wiggins, Jr., of 2026 Mountain street, Philadelphia, beat the record the other day when he swallowed an orange seed and at once proceeded to grow the sprout of a fine Florida orange tree in his throat. The Record says that the experiment would have proved disastrous for Baby Joseph but for the kindly intervention of doctors. The little boy's mother gave him an orange after carefully preparing it for him. Unfortunately, however one seed remained in the pulp and this seed became lodged in the baby's windpipe, causing a slight difficulty in breathing. Little attention was paid to the matter, but next day the child's breathing became more painful and was constantly accompanied by a slight choking. Doctors H. R. Wharton and J. P. Tunis were called in and informed by the mother that the trouble was caused by some of the orange pulp. The usual remedies were applied and some relief obtained, but on the following night the condition of the child became serious. After a careful examination the physicians decided that the only means of saving the little sufferer's life was to perform tracheotomy. Next morning this was undertaken, and a long incision was made in the neck, opening the windpipe. At the point where the latter joined the lungs a hard substance was detected deeply imbedded in mucus. When removed it proved to be an extraordinarily large orange seed. The wound was closed up and dressed, and next day the boy was on the road to recovery. The seed was in a particularly dangerous position and would undoubtedly have caused suffocation in a very short time. While lodged in the throat the heat had caused it to open at one end and to sprout slightly. It was also swollen greatly beyond the original large size.

IN the amphitheater of the Massachusetts general hospital, Boston, on a recent afternoon, one of the operating surgeons, Doctor John W. Elliot, showed a Globe man a little child about three-years-old who had inhaled a bean into the lung, and on whom an operation was performed for its removal. The operation has proved remarkably successful. The bean, which was of the ordinary size of a white bean, had been inhaled into the right bronchus, and, as the right lung was thus shut off from receiving its proper amount of air, the danger of broncho-pneumonia with a fatal termination became imminent and tracheotomy was performed. The incision, about an inch long, was made in the median line of the neck, and after going through the superficial structures of that part the trachea was reached and incised in a vertical line. The incision was made large enough to admit a very long and slender pair of forceps, which were carefully passed down the trachea and into the right bronchus. A short distance below where the windpipe divides, the end of the forceps touched the bean, which was firmly lodged. Grasping the bean with the forceps, the surgeon broke off a small bit of the offending substance and withdrew it. Three attempts resulted in getting only small particles. It had become softened, and the soft part of the bronchus had swollen and closed in about it. The next attempt was more successful. The fine teeth of the head of the forceps buried themselves in the substance of the bean and with careful manipulation it was extracted. Immediate relief was experienced by the little sufferer, and the child is practically well.

"THERE are many queer legal papers on file in probably every court of record in the world, but the only court that ever indicted a man for the murder of a sheep is in Gilmer County West Virginia, said Harry L. Sperry, a Wheeling lawyer, at the Southern, to a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. "In June, 1875, William F. Lively, who has since been prominently mentioned for Governor on the Democratic ticket, and has several times been in the Legislature, was the prosecuting attorney for Gilmer County. He drew up an indictment which went to show that one Jacob Wiatt, with a gun, the value of which was $2, and which was then and there charged with gunpowder and lead or some other destructive substance, in his hand, did willfully discharge and shoot off, to, against and upon the said sheep, the property of one Jacob Burke, and the lead or other destructive substance did strike, penetrate and wound the said sheep, causing it to linger and fall, and that said David Wiatt did set upon the said sheep, and with a sharp and dangerous instrument wound, cut and maltreat it, that it died. All this was according to the testimony of one William Greenleaf, an eye-witness, and against the peace and dignity of the State of West Virginia. Lively got the grand jury to find a true bill, but the case never came to trial, and, legally, Jacob and David Wiatt are still under indictment for murder. The only case of the murder of a sheep on record."

A "CAPE COODER" tells the Boston Journal how he cured a setting hen. "I made," he says, "half a dozen snowballs and soaked them in water. In the morning they were solid ice. I shaped them as near like an egg as possible and then placed them under the setting hen. She smiled. I stood by and watched her. She cuddled the ice eggs under her and chuckled softly to them. In about ten minutes she appeared to get uneasy. She arose and scratched the darlings together and shook herself; then, evidently satisfied, settled down again. Soon she got up once more, this time with evident concern; something was wrong, surely; perhaps the weather was getting cold. She felt net and chilly, but, with great perseverance, she sat down again, and again got up, this time for good. She walked out of the box and then turned and looked in, but she had had enough."

A FOURTEEN-TOOTH plate found some time within the past year by two boys in a gravel pit near Hartford, Conn., has been found upon close examination to belong to a species of mammoth elephant, the teeth of which have been found in Florida, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Mexico, California, Oregon, Washington, Vancouver's Island, Alaska, Siberia, Nova Scotia, Canada, Ecuador, Bogota, Lake Titicaca, Brazil, Patagonia, Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, Yucatan, Cuba, Jamaica, Hayti, Porto Rico, Barbadoes, Tobago, Trinidad, Antigua, Bermuda, Canary Islands, Madeira, Azores, Cape Verde Islands, Canaries, Sicily, Malta, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Persia, Cashmere, Thibet, Thibet, Burmah, Siam, Cochin China, Cochin, Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, Ceram, Timor, Australia, Tasmania, Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Abyssinia, Nubia, Egypt, Algeria, Morocco