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Selected Miscellany.

MY BROKEN-WINGED BIRD.

For days I have been cherishing
A little bird with broken wing.
I love it in my heart of hearts;
To win its love I try all arts;
I call it by each sweet pet name
That I can think, its fear to tame.
My room is still and bright and warm;
The little thing is safe from harm.
If I had left it where it lay
Fluttering in the wintry day,
No mate remaining by its side,
Before nightfall it must have died.
It sips the drink, it eats the food;
Plenty of both, all sweet and good.
But all the while my hand it flies,
Looks up at me with piteous eyes;
From morn till night, restless and swift,
Runs to and fro, and tries to lift
Itself upon its broken wing,
And through the window-pane to spring.

Poor little bird! Myself I see
From morn till night in watching thee.
A Power I cannot understand
Is sheltering me with loving hand;
It calls me by the dearest name,
My love to win, my fear to tame;
Each day my daily food provides,
And night and day from danger hides
Me safe; the food, the warmth I take,
Yet all the while ungrateful make
Restless and piteous complaints,
And strive to break the kind restraints.

Dear little bird, 'twill not be long;
Each day thy wing is growing strong;
When it is healed, and thou canst fly,
My windows will be opened high;
And I shall watch with loving eyes
To see thee soar in sunny skies.
I, too, some day, on healed wing
Set free, shall soar aloft and sing,
And in my joy no memory find
Of prison walls I left behind.

—*Christian Union.*

A MOTHER'S SONG.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Mother is holding thee close to her breast,
Close to the warm heart that loveth thee best;
Safe in the mother arms nestle and dream,
Little white lily on life's restless stream.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Dream, baby, dream!
Angels are whispering now in thine ear
Beautiful things thou art smiling to hear;
Souls of the angels are like unto thine,
Beautiful dreamer, and yet—*thou art mine!*
Dream, baby, dream!

Rest, baby, rest!
Beautiful eyes, under eyelids of snow,
See'st thou the things that *mine* eyes may not know?
Eyes of the pansy, both winsome and wise,
See'st thou the secrets of life's mysteries?
Rest, baby, rest!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Child, oh, my child, nestle close to my breast,
Here in the mother arms always is rest;
Rest when thou'rt weary, and love when thou'rt old,
For the love of a mother is always untold.
Rest, baby, rest!

—*American Homes.*

WHEN HARRY WAS LOST.

BY JULIA A. ABBOTT.

HARRY was my youngest, and, maybe, my dearest. Mothers are apt to be a little partial to the "baby," you know; but I had some excuse for being fond of him. Seth and Sam were grown-up men, and of the five that came between them and Harry only the row of little headstones in the graveyard yonder is left to tell the story. So it was we all petted and, maybe, spoiled the child; nobody could help it, he was so sweet and cunning.

It's nigh upon thirty years ago, that day when Josiah—that was my husband—and the boys came up from the hayfield and my baby was not with them. He had followed them down in the morning, and as he did not come back I never once thought but that they'd let him stay to play about in the drying grass till dinner-time.

"Where's Harry, pa?" I said, not worried, but thinking maybe he had stopped to pick berries by the way, or to hide for Carlo to find him.

"Ain't he home?" was all pa said, as he scrubbed his face with the towel.

"No," I said, and then I choked a little and couldn't say no more.

"What makes you so white, ma?" and don't be scared; Harry's round somewhere all right, I'll warrant," said Seth and Sam, both talking together. And Josiah he said a word or two of comfort, too, but I wasn't contented till I'd took a look around the house and hunted it all over and called "Harry! Harry!" all the while they three ate their dinner. But I didn't find him, though I went clear to the hayfield and back, and looked in the barn and the shed-chamber, and everywhere I thought he could be hid away. By the time I got back to the house again Josiah was out on the back stoop to meet me.

"Didn't you find him, mother?" he said, as quick as I came near, and I see he looked a little worried, too.

"No," I said. "When did he leave the hay-field?"

"He hain't been there to-day," he answered, sort of surprised-like. "When did he go away?"

"Early this morning—eight o'clock or so;" and then I felt all through me that the boy was lost.

You see we hadn't a neighbor for ever so far around—the nearest was six miles away, 'cross lots at that, and there wasn't but that one till you come to the Cross-Roads—ten miles, if it was a foot. So I knew he couldn't be gone to any house, the mite—he was only five years old, and small of his age, too.

We'd been on the farm six years that spring, so we'd had a chance to add considerable to the original clearing, but for all that it wasn't much of a walk to the thick woods that a quarter or a half mile back of the house stretched away miles toward the distant mountains.

Well, I felt sure the boy was lost—and just the thought of my baby wandering alone through those thick, dark woods, living on berries, in danger from wild beasts—for bears and wild-cats were still middlin' plenty round about—crying for me when the night came on and dying at last, starved and worn out with hunger and weariness—why, it seemed as if I should go crazy—such horrible sights came up before me.

Pa and the boys wouldn't give in to it at first, but finally, when they'd hunted everywhere around the farm where even a cat could hide, they came back to me with white faces; but stopped only long enough to say Sam was going to neighbor Deane's to get their men-folks to help in the search, while Seth and pa looked along the edge of the woods back of the house. Meanwhile I was to wait, with what patience I might, till my baby was found or they had given up the search. I could not help, they said, and should only hinder them.

Hours went by—how, I know not—and at last neighbor Deane and his four stalwart boys came over with Sam. Then the search began in earnest. Of course he must be in the woods—no one of them all seemed to have a doubt of that—and guns were hastily loaded, torches prepared (for the night was coming on), and the men divided into squads of two, each to go in a different direction. They would signal each other by firing guns.

They had gone, every one, and I walked up and down the floors of an empty house. I shall not try to tell you how those awful hours passed—how in every shadowy corner I seemed to see my poor baby's wide-open, frightened eyes, or fancied in every sound of the night my baby's cries for "mamma."

By-and-by the moon came up; it was nearly full and there wasn't a cloud in all the sky, so that out-of-doors it was almost as light as day. The lonely, darkened house seemed so full of haunting shadows that I could stay in it no longer, and I went out into the bright, cold light outside. There was just the least breath of air stirring; I could see the willows at the foot of the ten-acre lot move their branches lazily as the light breeze swept through them.

Down at the foot of the ten-acre lot. But what besides the willows was there? And a thought came that almost took my breath away—a terrible, sickening dread. A narrow, sluggish brook, more like a muddy ditch than anything else, ran clear across that lot first at the foot, and the willows grew thick on either side—so thick that a child could hardly force his way through to the water—and that was why, no doubt, Joslah and the boys had overlooked the place.

But my Harry was a daring little fellow and a pretty persevering one as well. How could I be sure that he had not struggled through the low-hanging willow bushes and found his way to the water? And if he had—good God! he was drowned, he was dead—my poor little baby! It seemed as if I almost flew across the garden and the hay-field till I stood beside the water. It was a dark, dirty stream, full of slimy, crawling things, and frogs croaked dismally along the banks.

How I shivered as I thought of my blue-eyed boy, who might be lying beneath the hideous green scum that covered the water. I could not bear the thought; but the awful dread of it wouldn't let me rest till I knew for certain, and I tore off shoes and stockings and stepped down in the water. It crept like a living thing around my ankles and above them half way to my knees. It was thick with mud, and I could not see an inch below the surface. So I stooped down and scooped my arms along on either side of me, reaching to the bottom and out to each slippery bank.

It was awful work. Now and then my hand touched a frog's cold, clammy back, and I only knew it was not my darling's dead hand or face when it jumped from beneath my fingers. Reeds and long grasses brushed against my ankles, and my heart stood still while I bent to lift my baby's flaxen curls Once a sharp stone cut my foot and I fancied it must be the metal buckles of Harry's little shoe. Once, too, a water-snake coiled about my arm, and for a moment I dreamed of my baby's clinging fingers. Then I shook off the hideous thing and went on wearily, yet with resolute patience.

After what seemed to me long hours the bottom of the stream grew thick with pebbles, the water grew clearer and shallower, and the willows were gone from the banks. I could walk upright now, and I could see through the clear water all that lay beneath. So I went on faster but more hopeful. I had entered the edge of the woods by this time, and the moonshine penetrated but dimly.

Still I kept on. I hoped for nothing. My heart was sick with utter despair, and yet when I came out into a little open place where the water, sweeping round the foot of an immense pine tree, made the tiniest of little bays, and I saw my boy lying fast asleep on the very brink of the water, I felt no surprise.

Yes, it was my boy—my baby—wet, hungry and cold, but safe—safe in his mother's longing arms. I did not faint. I shed no tears. I only gathered my sleeping boy close to my heart and turned toward home. I had come far out of sight of the house, but I knew the direction in which it lay and I felt no fear of not reaching it safely. And I did get home at last, with clothes torn by the underbrush and bare feet cut and bleeding from stones and rocks over which I had walked unheeding. I went across the threshold of my own door at last, and laid my precious burden down on the settee before the still smoldering fire. Then I took down the great dinner horn and, going into the yard, blew it long and often, till at length the answering shots told me I was heard and understood.

Then I raked down the fire and built it up anew, and warmed and dried and fed my baby, the while his eager prattle told me how he had wandered away till the path was lost and papa's house could not be seen, nor any place that looked familiar to the baby eyes; and how he was hungry and by-and-by so tired, and then it grew dark and he said his little prayer and lay down to sleep—sure, in his childish faith, that papa or mamma would come for him before morning; "because I knew you'd be afraid to have me outdoors all night, mamma," he said, in his childish fashion.

And then I heard the hurried steps of the coming men. I went to the door to meet them with Harry in my arms. Josiah and the boys came first, and I gave my baby into his father's arms and fell down at his feet—for the first time in my life I had fainted dead away.

Afterward I had brain fever, and when at last I went about the house again the snow was lying deep upon the ground and my hair, so dark before, rivaled the snow in hue.—*Rural New Yorker.*

RHODE ISLAND girls are not wanting in the art of gently insinuating that, like Barkis, "they're willin'." It was only recently that a lady walking one evening under the classic shades of Brown University overheard the following conversation between a young lady and gentleman just in front of her: "Charley, did you ever hear it said that if a person found a four-leaved clover, and put it in their shoe, the first gentleman or lady the person walked with would be their husband or wife?" "No—never heard of it before." "Well, I found one and put it in my shoe this morning, and you are the first one I have walked with. I wonder if it is true?"

A BALTIMORE woman has taken time by the forelock. A few days since she brought to the Register of Wills in that city a will made by her husband, and which she desired to file for probate. "When did he die?" inquired the sympathetic clerk to whom the document was handed. "Why, bless you," responded the woman, "he ain't dead yet, but he gave me that" (pointing to the will), "and he drinks a quart of liquor every day, and I guess," continued she, with a laugh, "he'll play out in about three months." The officer had no more to say, and quietly filed away the will.

How Trains Are Disposed Of.

A New York correspondent of the Troy *Times* recently visited the signal office at the Grand Central Depot in New York, and thus tells how 140 trains of cars are received and dispatched every day:

"This is a little room at the northern entrance of the depot, about thirty feet above the pavement. It is reached by a narrow passageway from the west side. Looking down the depot there was a space of more than 600 feet extent by 200 feet breadth, covered with an iron roof and lighted from the top. Trains of cars were coming and going incessantly; but no confusion was perceptible and everything, as my friend said, 'went on like clockwork.' There were two operators in service here, relieving each other during a tour of duty which extends from five a. m. to eleven at night, their motions being regulated by a large and costly clock. The gentleman in charge received us very politely; but before we had hardly thanked him we heard the sharp and rapid ring of a bell overhead. It was marked 'Ninety-sixth to Seventy-fifth street.' 'You see,' said the operator, 'there's a train coming in, and it wants to know if we are ready for it.' 'But how does it ring that bell?' 'By electricity,' was the reply. In a few minutes another bell rang. It was marked 'Sixty-first to Fifty-sixth street.' 'The train now reports itself again,' said the operator; 'and this renews notice either to prepare for it or to signal it to stop.' He touched a telegraphic machine, and then said: 'This throws up the signal to come in.' And sure enough, in a few minutes the train arrived One hundred and forty trains arrive and depart in a day, including the Central Hudson, the Harlem and the New Haven Roads, and hence the signal service is one of incessant activity. The operator then informed us that each road has four starting bells, of different keys, all of which were rung by him by means of electricity. Three started passenger trains, and one ordered out the cars as soon as emptied. 'You see,' said he, 'this train which has just come in. The passengers are gone and I want to know if the baggage is taken out.' He touched a stop and rang a bell (as he said) 600 feet distant. In a moment a bell overhead struck twice. 'Baggage is out,' he said, 'otherwise he would have struck once, and I would have waited. I must order the train out. Do you see the locomotive just ahead? Well, now see it move.' He touched a stop, and I saw the letter Z displayed at a window in a side building. 'He hears a bell ring, also,' said the operator. The engine backed down and hitched to the empty train and the Z disappeared. 'I shall now send him out,' said the operator, as he touched another stop; and the empty train at once moved forward and left the depot. The letters X Y Z (I may add parenthetically) designate the locomotives of the Harlem, Hudson River and New Haven Roads, and are the signals to back down and connect with trains.

"'I am now about to send out a passenger train,' continued the operator. 'A half hour ago I struck twice to open the doors and let the passengers pass from the sitting-room to the cars. Now I shall soon close that very door; but first I must stop checking baggage.' A small knob was touched by his finger. 'Now,' said he, 'the next trunk that comes must wait for another train. There (another touch with the finger), the baggage car is hauled out and switched on to the right track. Five minutes more and she is off.' 'Here goes the close-the-door bell' (a touch); no one passes in after this. Now I say: "All aboard!" (a touch), and we hear the distant voice of the conductor echoing through the vaulted roof. Now it moves' (another touch), and the rumbling motion was immediately perceptible, and in a few moments the train left the depot. As the cars go up the road they signal their progress by ringing bells in this same office until they have got through the city streets, and thus give assurance of a clear track for all that may follow. The depot will contain twelve trains of thirteen cars each, and by means to this wonderful system they are all managed with dispatch and safety."

An Impromptu Wedding.

A WEDDING occurred in Memphis the other day. Weddings have before occurred in Memphis, but none like this:

Mr. John Stone met Miss Sallie Belle Martin and a lady friend, and proposed a walk to the bluff, from which point a fine view can be had of the river. A gentleman acquaintance was met, who, after a few minutes' chat, walked away with the lady friend, leaving Mr. Stone and our heroine together. They walked, laughing and chatting, until opposite the Calvary Church, when, the conversation chancing to be on things matrimonial, Mr. Stone, in a tone of raillery, said:

"Miss Sallie, I dare you to go across the street and get married."

The banter was promptly accepted, and they crossed the street and entered the church, in which services were being held at the time. Not seeing any faltering on the lady's part, Mr. Stone whispered:

"I give up; you have beaten me; let us go;" and the two retraced their steps.

They accordingly went to Specht's and bought some confections. Coming out they saw a milk wagon standing near.

"Is not that Mr. Martin's wagon!" asked Miss Martin.

"Yes, I believe it is," responded Mr. Stone.

"I would like to see him," said Miss Sallie, "for I thought him such a nice gentlemen the other night at the party, and would like to see him again."

They went into the store and inquired after Mr. Martin.

Being told that he was somewhere near, they went into the street and met the gentleman on the sidewalk. He is our hero. A few minutes of conversation ensued, when Mr. Stone said:

"Fred, Miss Sallie here has just backed me out on a proposition to get married."

"Well," replied Mr. Martin, turning to the lady, "you can't back me out!"

"Yes, I can," laughingly responded Miss Martin; and then for two or three minutes the parties indulged in laughter and repartee, finally closing with the proposal of Mr. Stone to go off and get a license.

This was agreed to by all parties, and the trio set off for the office of the County Clerk, where the coveted document was to be had. Arriving there they fortunately met Mr. John Overton, Jr., who acquiesced in the proposal to go on the marriage bond, and in ten minutes the license was signed, sealed and delivered by the smiling Clerk, Mr. James Reilly. Coming out, the question was put by Mr. Martin:

"Where will we go to get married!"

In that obliging manner which renders him such a favorite, Mr. Stone proposed to the nearest 'Squire (Hall). That official was not in.

They took a carriage and drove out to St. Mary's, as the most convenient place for the ceremony. The rector, Rev. George C. Harris, was not in, and they, still on matrimony bent, despite the cruel fate which seemed opposed, started back down town. When near Fourth street, Mr. Martin espied Mr. Harris on the street, and at once accosted him, asking his services. With a profound bow the obliging rector expressed himself willing and ready, and the quartet, taking a street-car, again proceeded to St. Mary's, being joined *en route* by two young ladies, friends of all parties, who happened along at the time. Arriving at the church, it being dark by this time, the lights were turned on, and the rather strange-looking bridal party—Mr. Martin being in his everyday working clothes—proceeded at once to the chancel, where in his clerical robes awaited the reverend gentleman who was soon to unite them forever.

Neither the lady nor Mr. Martin, by this time very sober in the expression of their countenances, faltered, but joining hands stood before the man of God. When the question was asked Mr. Martin—

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" he, in low, firm tone, answered, "I will." To the question:

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" etc., Miss Martin promptly responded, "I will," and to the question:

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Mr. Stone stepped forward (as next friend) and taking the lady's hand gave it to the minister.

When that part of the ceremony was reached where, after plighting their troth, the ring is given, it was found that neither of the parties had the necessary article. One of the young ladies mentioned noticed the stop, slipped a ring off her finger and handed it over.

"I pronounce that they are man and wife, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Amen," and the romance was completed.

A Sad Story.

A little boy having heard a beautiful story about a little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy wouldn't tell a lie he, in time, got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now it so happened that on the last day of March he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry tree. "My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree!" It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was the tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet — strong, sharp and shining—just the thing for a favorite cherry tree. In another instant the swift strokes of an ax were heard in the still morning air, and before long a small boy was seen running toward the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now. Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry tree!"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry tree is ——"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Better to ——"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father!" he whispered, "*April fool!* I haven't touched the cherry tree; but I 'most chopped the old apple stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you *haven't* chopped my cherry tree? April-fool your old father! will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob that little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, "it is the First of April. Go thy way."—*From Jack-in-the-Pulpit, St. Nicholas for April.*

Balls of Fire.

ONE of our subscribers, Mr. S. H. Oathout, of Iowa, writes as follows:

As the season of thunder, lightning and balls of fire is fast approaching, I will mention two that I saw one evening. It was in the county of Clayton and State of Iowa, in June, 1857. I had been to market, was returning home in the evening, and before me lay to the west a fearful shower, in which all the elements seemed angry without a cause. As I must of necessity pass through this shower, my eye was upon it continually, contriving how to escape its fury. Presently I saw a ball of fire in the front cloud as large as a full moon; shortly it began to move toward the south; it went about half a mile, and then exploded with a terrible crash. In about ten minutes I saw another ball of the same size in the same place, and moved in the same direction, and in like manner as the first, and exploded with a crash that made the earth tremble. These two balls of fire were standing still when I first saw them; I had ample time to view them perfectly before they began to move. They were round as a full moon and very bright, with a thin cloud in front; when they exploded it was as dark as Egyptian darkness. This I conceive to be a rare sight, and but few people have ever seen anything of the kind.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A FEW days ago a New Orleans horse railroad company sunk 47,000 counterfeit nickel coins in the Mississippi River, the receipts of one year. The counterfeiting of these coins is carried on so extensively in New Orleans that the *Picayune* estimates that 1,000 people daily pay the fares on the horse railroad with bogus coin.

—It costs $1,000 to collect $3,000 school money in Idaho; and $1,800 of the remaining $2,000 goes to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the children get the benefit of $200. This, in round numbers, is the condition of the Idaho school fund under the law.

CURRENT ITEMS.

SOMETHING in particular—PsAoRmTeItChUiLnAgR.

YAQUINA BAY, Oregon, is to be geologically examined.

THERE is not a paper in Delaware which wants the whipping-post abolished.

PHILADELPHIA wants a few female barbers. How nice to be lathered by a pretty Quakeress!

THE Rochester *Chronicle* says that the climate of that city gently wooes rheumatic twinges from their lurking place.

NEW JERSEY quidnuncs mention as a rare phenomenon a native four years old who has just learned to chew tobacco.

BRAVE men can term fair women
The "apple of their eye,"
But when they come to office,
"No ladies need apply."

SOME boys at Biddeford, Me., found a woman's head in the water, and the whole of Maine is being searched over to find the body.

A BURGLAR who was found under a man's bed in Philadelphia excused himself on the ground that he was looking for his dog.

TEXAS cattle-drivers are busy gathering herds for an early drive. Cattle are in better condition than ever before at this season of the year.

MRS. MARTHA DUFFY, of Atlanta, Ga., took morphine because she had lost in business the money got on her dead husband's life insurance.

A DOCTOR writes to the Baltimore *Sun* that the nervous disease known as hydrophobia can be produced by the bite of a perfectly healthy dog.

A MEDICAL journal says that it is injurious for one to drink water out of pools and ditches. It is not as convenient as drinking from a glass, either.

THE New York *Sun* says that any man can make a fortune in ten years by raising cabbages, but Greeley's advice to young men can't be covered up that way.

MARYLAND has a new State law fining a barber $5 for keeping his shop open Sunday, but a saloon can remain open all day and incur no prosecution.

A GREEN BAY preacher rode thirteen miles, married a couple on the ice, took fifty cents as his fee, and returned home without losing his bland smile.

A SHOEMAKER out West, with a literary turn of mind, has the following poetical gem attached to his shingle:

"Here lives a man who never refuses
To mend all sorts of boots and shoeses."

THAT is a smart boy baby in Oak Harbor, Ohio. He can walk, talk, speak French and English, whistle and sing, and all at the tender age of thirteen months.

AT Fort Wrangell, Alaska, the average emperature during the winter has been thirty degrees below zero. The coldest snap was in January, when the mercury congealed.

A BLIND and insane inmate of the Rome (N. Y.) poor-house became imbued with the notion that everybody was trying to poison him. He therefore went and hanged himself.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial* says the best way to keep the lid snugly on a tea kettle full of boiling water is to sit on it. Few people would have ever thought of that.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup sugar, one teaspoonful butter, one egg, three cups flour, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, half one of soda. Flavor with lemon.

LAMB.—Lamb should be roasted until the gravy that drops is white; the fore-quarters are the best for a roast; the leg is good broiled or roasted; two hours will roast the fore-quarters well.

WHEN you repeat the proverb, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" you must except, hereafter, Mrs. Chloe Jones, colored, of Raleigh, whose waist, at its slenderest point, measures seven feet in circumference.

IN the stomach of a codfish opened at Boston the other day was found a stone inkstand full of ink. If the fish had only secured a pen and some paper the world might have had a story of life under the sea.

A CALIFORNIA newspaper, speaking of a rich mine, says that on discharging a blast a seam of rock about the thickness of a man's hand was displayed, so yellow with the precious metal as to seem almost solid gold.

OF all jokes, says the Salem (Mass.) *Gazette*, that of the Legislature passing a law to prevent young men under eighteen years hurting themselves by overwork is the greatest. Won't "Young America" enjoy the laugh?

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE.—Three-fourths pound butter, one pound sugar, one pound eggs, one pound flour, one pound raisins, stoned and chopped a little, half-pound citron, small teaspoonful soda, no spice. Will keep all summer.

THE St. Paul *Pioneer* longs for some preventive against breaking the point off a lead-pencil. A very simple and cheap preventive is to roll it up in tissue paper, tie with silk thread and then carry it around in a padded box.

CHERRY PUDDING.—Three cups buttermilk, three eggs, three cups cherries, one teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt. Stir well, and thicken with flour, and bake. Serve with sauce or sweet cream and sugar. Any other fruit is as good as cherries.

A NEW YORK court has decided in favor of passengers on a crowded train occupying seats in a palace car without paying extra therefor, and has awarded a man $400 damages for being put off a train because he refused to pay for a seat in such a car when there were none vacant in the other part of the train.

THERE is no use trying to arouse children in the morning, at this season of the year, under the maxim that the early bird catches the worm. There isn't any worm to catch, and they know it. Just as soon as the frost is out, so that the worm can be caught, the boys will be up and have him to go fishing with.

THE good people of Ipswich, Mass., are pointing triumphantly to the power of prayer in that town. There was a scheme for a grand calico ball, but the church members have been praying unceasingly that it might not take place, and a large number of the young ladies who were going to it have decided to break their engagements, several of them have been converted, and the ball has been given up.

THE "sweetest lass in all this country round" is in Eureka, Nev. She was "not always thus," but a few evenings since she attended a candy pull. She stepped on a chair which tipped her into the warm sirup. It was of such consistency as to affectionately adhere to her golden ringlets. She emerged therefrom "sweeter than the sweetest," but not "neater than the neatest." Eureka, to rival her in sticky sweetness, has no molasses.

Bald Mountain—An Indian Legend.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York York *Evening Post:*

As the telegraph is circulating some wonderful earthquake stories about Bald Mountain, of North Carolina, I am tempted to give you a few notes which I took there in 1848.

From the summit of the pass, as you descend Nan-ti-ha-lah Mountain to the eastward, a number of very imposing scenes present themselves, but chief among all the hills rises the rugged peak of Bald Mountain. It is said to have been formerly covered with forests, and its present baldness is accounted for by the Cherokees after the following manner:

There once existed among these mountains a very large bird, which resembled the green-winged hornet, and this creature was in the habit of carrying off the young children who happened to wander into the woods. Very many children had disappeared in this manner, and the entire people declared a warfare against the monster. A variety of means were employed for his destruction, but without success. In process of time it was determined that the wise men of the nation should try their skill in the business. They met in council, and agreed that each should station himself on the summit of a mountain, and that when the creature was seen the man who made the discovery should utter a loud halloo, which should be taken up by the neighbor on the next mountain, and so continued to the end of the line, that all the men might have a shot at the bird. The experiment was tried, and resulted in finding the hiding-place of the monster, which was a deep cavern on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, and at the fountain-head of the river Too-ge-lah. On arriving at this place they found the entrance to the cave entirely inaccessible to mortals, and they therefore prayed to the Great Spirit that he would bring out the bird from his den and place him within reach of their arms. The petition was granted, for a terrible thunder-storm immediately arose, and a stroke of lightning tore away one-half of a large mountain, and the Indians were successful in slaying their enemy. The Great Spirit was pleased with the courage manifested by the Cherokees during their dangerous fight, and, with a view of rewarding it, he willed that all the highest mountains in their land should thereafter be destitute of trees, so that they might always have an opportunity of watching the movements of their enemies.

Such are some of the earthquake ideas which formerly prevailed among the "scientists" of the wilderness, and we must wait patiently for what is to be promulgated before long by the wise men of our scientific institutions. In the meantime I give you a few facts, which I obtained among the mountains of Carolina, bearing somewhat on the great commotion now going on.

I was once piloted by a mountaineer to a spot in Haywood County, on the side of a mountain where, it was stated, a water-spout had occurred many years ago, the bursting of which caused a very great noise and the shaking of the earth. What seemed the pathway of an avalanche was said to be the effect of the water deluge. Within the recollection of persons now living, this mountain, which is a brother of Bald Mountain, has been violently agitated and broken to pieces. The first shock occurred in 1811 or 1812 and the last in 1835; and it is asserted that another mountain, about forty miles distant, was also convulsed in like manner in 1881. Solid granite rocks were rent asunder, and the fissures generally took a northerly direction; and as seen with the eye of the geologist the entire region here alluded to seems to constitute a hypogene formation.

How the Dog Had His Likeness Taken.

As the story we are about to tell may seem incredible to some of our readers, we will preface it by stating that its literal truth is vouched for by a well-known lady of Lowell, Mass., Mrs. C. A. Richardson, a sister-in-law of President Grant's Secretary of the Treasury.

Cæsar was a fine Newfoundland dog of great intelligence, owned by Mrs. R. One morning she took the dog, with some of the children of her family, to a daguerreotype-room, with the view of having a picture taken of the group.

For nearly an hour Mrs. R. tried to place Cæsar in a posture suitable for the purpose of getting a likeness; but, when she thought he was all right he would slowly get up, shake his huge body, and, of course, spoil the picture.

Annoyed at his conduct Mrs. R. opened the door, and in a stern voice said to Cæsar, "Go home, sir! You have displeased me very much; you shall not stay with us any longer." Hereupon poor Cæsar slunk away with a crest-fallen look; and Mrs. R. made no further attempt to put him in the picture. But the next day, much to her surprise, Cæsar came home with a box tied around his neck. What could it mean? He seemed to be greatly pleased and wagged his tail expressively while waiting for the opening of the box.

His mistress was still more surprised when she found that it contained a fine daguerreotype of Cæsar himself.

At her earliest convenience she called on Mr. S., the daguerreotypist, to inquire how he had succeeded in enticing the dog into his room and keeping him quiet. Mr. S. said that, on the morning following the failure, he heard a noise in the entry as if some one was thumping on the door.

On opening it he found Cæsar standing there with wistful and eager face. Mr. S. tried to drive him away, but the dog insisted on entering; then walked to the old place directly in front of the instrument and sat quietly down, as much as to say, "Now, sir, I am ready to make amends for my undignified behavior of yesterday.'

Seeing at once what the dog wanted, Mr. S. took the hint, placed his instrument aright, and the result was a very fine picture.

As soon as he saw that Mr. S. had done with him, Cæsar rose and stretched himself with the satisfaction of one who had wiped out a disgrace by making reparation. He then waited for the daguerreotype, which Mr. S. tied around his neck, and trotted home with it to his mistress.

After this specimen of his sagacity Cæsar was more a favorite than ever. He died many years ago; but the daguerreotype likeness which he obtained is still treasured in his mistress' family; and we are glad to be able to record this story in our pages as a tribute to his memory.—*Nursery.*

The Fur Seal of Alaska.

MR. H. W. ELLIOT, who resided over a year on the islands of Alaska as an officer of the Government, returned in the early part of the winter and has submitted to the Secretary a valuable and interesting report, from which the facts narrated below are taken:

The young seal or "pup," as it is called, for the first three months after birth is jet black in color. The young are treated with the greatest apathy, and if one stirs ever so short a distance from its station it can be picked up and killed before its mother's eyes without causing the slightest concern. The males protect the pups with great courage so long as they remain on the station, but never beyond its limits. In September the pups begin to leave the station, and gather in immense masses and clusters, completely covering the ground, and sleeping and playing together by tens of thousands. The mothers go off to sea for a day or two at a time, and when they come back each is able to recognize her own pup by the sound of its cry, or bleat, which resembles that of a lamb, and to single it out from thousands; and she will suckle no other than her own. The pups cannot at first swim, but they succeed after a few efforts, and then delight in the water, twisting, turning, diving and swimming in endless evolutions. When they become tired they go on the beach, shake themselves like ducks, and sleep or engage in lazy frolics. About the end of October, or 10th of November, nearly all the seals have gone off to sea, though some remain until January, and are only driven away by the cold and ice.

There is a large and interesting class of seals that are not permitted and do not come upon the breeding grounds during the season. They are called by the Russians the "holluschuckie," or "bachelor seals." They are the yearlings, and almost all are male seals under six years old. It is this class of seals from which those are taken that are killed for their skins. The "hauling-grounds" for these seals are mostly at English Bay. While the full-grown males occupy the "rookeries" they will not allow the bachelors to remain on the breeding-grounds. Still, by common consent, they have roadways or paths open through these grounds, by which the "hollushuckie" pass back and forth to the higher grounds further back from the sea. To get to their resting grounds these seals climb an abrupt cliff, crawling up places where clumsy men would scarcely venture. Any day during the season fifteen or twenty thousand seals can be seen lying on the cliffs. These seals also repair to beaches on which the breeding seals do not come, where they "haul up" by hundreds of thousands. Mr. Ellott saw at one time three miles of beach covered, in places a quarter of a mile back from the water, with these seals; the entire number in sight, by a low estimate, not being less than a million and a half.

The "bachelor" seals are the most restless animals in the world. They frolic and lope about over the ground for hours together without a moment's cessation, and no ill-humor is ever exhibited in their plays. They are the champion swimmers, going through thousands of evolutions, and driving through the water with the rapidity of a bird on the wing. The "bachelor" seals do not fast like the breeding seals, but go frequently into the sea, and maintain their condition throughout the season, being as fat in the fall as in the spring when they land. The shedding of the fur begins about the middle of September, and the skins are no longer valuable for fur.

The capture of the seals begins with their first landing on the island. In the first of the season the bachelor seals do not "haul up" on the island far from the water. The natives approach slyly and run between the sleeping seals and the river, when the seals, startled by the sight of men between them and the water, turn back by thousands upon the land. The natives walk leisurely on the flanks and rear of the drove thus secured, directing and driving them like a flock of sheep over toward the killing ground. A drove of seals are driven at the rate of about half a mile an hour. They can be urged along a mile or a mile and a quarter an hour, but this is done at the sacrifice of many lives in the flock. They are permitted frequently to rest and cool off. A few become overheated and die on the drive.

The seals, when brought upon the killing ground, are herded there until rested and cooled. Then squads of about fifty are driven out from the main herd, and are surrounded and huddled up one against another by the natives, who carry long, heavy clubs of hard wood, with which they strike down the seals by blows upon the head. A single sharp blow upon the head of a seal is sufficient to cause death, but usually each seal is struck three or four times. Only seals of such an age and condition as are valuable for their furs are killed, the others being allowed to escape and take themselves back to the water.

When all the valuable seals in a squad have been killed, the men drag their bodies out from the heap in which they have fallen, and spread them over the ground singly, in order that their bodies may not become heated. As this is done, into the vitals of each seal a sharp knife is thrust, that the killing may be complete. Squad after squad is separated out and treated in the same manner till thousands have been slain, or until the whole drove has been disposed of. This work of killing is rapidly performed. So also is the work of skinning. Forty-five men of St. Paul's Island during June and July, in less than four working weeks, drove, skinned and salted the pelts of 72,000 seals, and could have managed in the same time 100,000. The "blubber" of the fur seal is of a faint, yellowish white, and lies entirely between the skin and flesh, not being deposited between the muscles. It possesses an odor exceedingly offensive and difficult to wash from the hands. The flesh of the fur seal, when carefully cleaned of fat, is cooked and can be eaten by most people. In quality it resembles poor, tough, overdone beef. The skins are taken from the field to the salt-houses and here they are laid open, one upon another, "hair to fat," with salt previously sprinkled upon the fleshy sides. After lying a week or two salted in this style the skins are ready for bundling and shipping. Two skins strongly tied with cord, the hair outside, make a bundle. The proper killing season is from the first arrivals of the seals in a body in June up to the time of shedding, which begins early in August.

A ROCHESTER firm has found sale for 50,000 pounds of dried and sliced potatoes.

IMPERFECT PAGE