GENERAL BREVITIES.

A WILDCAT shipped by Mrs. Gen. Custar to Central Park, New York, escaped from its cage in the United States Express office at St. Paul the other day. A sponge filled with chloroform subdued the beast, and it was secured.

A DECISION has been given by the referee against the Maine Central Railroad in favor of a passenger for injuries suffered at the hands of a drunken fellow passenger. It is held that not to exclude from the cars persons so drunk as to be noisy and quarrelsome is negligence which will make the railroad company responsible for damages.

No French or English woman of cultivation nowadays wears her garters below her knees. The principal vein of the leg sinks there beneath the muscles; and varicose veins, cold feet, and even palpitation of the heart may be brought on by a tight garter in the wrong place. When it is fastened above the knee all this pain and deformity may be avoided.

IT is one of the admirable customs of the Hebrews that the sons and daughters are obliged to learn some practical trade or useful calling; and it is in accordance with this that Mlle. De Rothschild, daughter of Alphonse, has just passed a highly creditable examination at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, and received her certificate of competency as a school-mistress.

NEWSPAPER writers in Japan have been admonished not to disturb or demoralize the minds of the people by attacking the Constitution of the Government, by discussing the laws, or by casting obstacles in the way of the working of national institutions, and even "moral teachings must not be introduced in such a way as to injure or obstruct the Government." Officeholders are protected by a rule providing that editors must not take it upon themselves to publish remarks upon officials during their term of office or upon their official conduct.

JAMES COLTER, a quarry-man in the ironworks at Paducah, Kentucky, and lately a street laborer, has gone to England to get a fortune left him by his uncle, who died about seventeen years ago. The executors of the latter's will have been looking for the heir since his uncle's death, and only found him recently by accident. They are satisfied of his identity, and sent him money to pay his passage to London, where the property is that he inherits, and he left Hillman's for London about two weeks ago. The value of the property is in the neighborhood of $200,000, part of it being a fine residence worth $50,000.

A RAIN-STORM at Hawesville, Ky., the other day, did not excite much comment, but when globules of quicksilver began to be found in the gutters a good deal of interest was felt as to where it came from. The theories were as various as the men who advanced them. The only reasonable solution was that it came from the hills near the town, but this is in contradiction of the statement made by geologists, that mercury is never found in the coal formation. This may be true generally, but minerals are found out of their natural deposits, having been transported with the drifts of the glacial period. Be that as it may, the quicksilver was there, and the question to be answered is: "How did it come there?"

A VERY eccentric newspaper man named James Johns recently died in Starkboro, Vt. He used to print with his pen and issue occasionally the *Autographer and Remarker*, and send his edition, which consisted of from one to half a dozen copies to anybody he pleased. His work was very neatly done; he tried a printing press once, but didn't like it half so well as his pen, and so gave it up. He was very jealous of the fame of his sheet, and had no mercy on the man who said anything against it, or refused to exchange. Among his peculiarities was his abstinence from tea and coffee, and his feeling that he was grossly insulted if they were offered to him. The outrage of urging a man to take a cup of tea when at a friend's table was the subject of many a leader in the *Autograph* of twenty-five years ago.

PIANOS AND EAR TORTURES.—Two great classes of pianos are produced, one consisting of those instruments which are designed to gratify the cultivated musical taste of society, the other comprising those thinly-veneered sham-gotten up to serve the whimsies of folks whose appreciation of style is greater than any devotion they can feel for art. Sometimes, though not often, the unsuspecting disciple of the muse mistakes the second of these classes for the first, and invests the financial evidences of years of self-sacrifice in a gaudy trunk full of noise. Then with it comes home to him the fact that there are pianos which are not pianos, but only a combination of indiscribable junk, pine boards, mucilaginous varnish, and nightmare. It is this species of ear torture that infests the average boarding-house parlor, and on summer evenings disseminate headache throughout whole neighborhoods.—*Golden Age.*

A FEW mornings ago a couple of Pittsburgh policemen found a young man kneeling in the street, with a prayer-book in his hand, shouting and praying in a loud voice. Believing that he was intoxicated, the officers attempted to arrest him, but he struggled so furiously that help had to be summoned befort they could convey him to the station-house. Here the resistance was renewed, and it seemed as if the prisoner was endowed with the strength of ten men. He was finally subdued and placed in a cell, and it then transpired that he was crazy. It seems that the young man came to this country a few days ago with his sister. Shortly after their arrival in Pittsburg the brother and sister became separated, and failing to find her, the young man became crazed with grief. A search was instituted and the sister found, but her brother failed to recognize her, and he is now in the asylum, his reason being entirely wrecked.

EVERY invention that can be produced, and every suggestion that science can make, has been applied in the manufacture of the new Atlantic cable. The core of the new strand is composed of a thick copper wire encircled by eleven fine wires of the same substance, covered with four coatings of gutta percha. The coatings of gutta percha are applied while it is warm and in a dough-like condition. Additional strength and protection are given to the central core by a sheathing of manilla hemp. The whole core is wrapped by ten iron wires, each of which is hemp coated, and the hemp coating is saturated with a preparation of tar. These having been put together, the whole is wrapped in Italian hemp for double security. The gutta percha is a preventive against the ravages of the mollusks, their attacks on this substance being futile. If successfully laid the new cable will in all probability afford uninterrupted communication, whatever may befall the other lines.

A NEW field for feminine enterprise and ability has just been opened in the city of New York. A lady of the name of Mrs. Anderson is the wife of three husbands, all surviving, from whom she is at present deriving support. From numbers one and two she derives alimony, and when number three falls beneath the guillotine of the divorce court she will have added another spoke to her wheel, and be eligible for a fourth. It is not of course every female who possesses the ability and captivating powers necessary to secure the affections of three persons of the male species. Some indeed fail to ingratiate themselves with one. The business is one requiring great tact and skill, an engaging manner, united to a pleasing person, and a shrewd knowledge of law. Success may not follow a first effort, because it does not always happen that husbands are equally blessed with the good things of this life; still a little experience and study may enable the designing woman to make a very respectable figure as an alimony broker. At the same time we would put the men upon their guard, and warn them not to put their faith in princesses, or to trust too much to the wiles of the fair deceivers.

A Woman Instantly Struck Dumb.

The Leavenworth (Kan.) *Times* of May 23d, relates the following: "A remarkable occurrence took place in Salt Creek Valley day before yesterday. Mrs. Chapman, wife of Samuel Chapman, of Pleasant Ridge, went into the pasture adjoining the house for the purpose of catching a horse which she desired to drive to town with. In less than half an hour she was seen making her way back to the house waving her arms above her head, and making all sorts of ludicrous gestures. Her husband, who was standing on the porch, thought it was remarkably strange, that his wife, ordinarily so staid and dignified, should be acting so strangely, but took no further notice of her, supposing she was making fun of him. But when she finally reached the house, a very serious matter was developed, and all the strange actions fully explained. The woman had by some unaccountable means been struck speechless, and has not, up to last accounts, been able to speak a word or make known the cause of her misfortune. It is the general opinion that the spell was either brought on by a fit, or some terrible fright which the woman received while in the pasture, and the nature of which her friends have as yet been unable to learn."

Buried Treasure.

Ever since the story of Capt. Kidd gained currency, there has been no lack of persons ready to invest their money in the pursuit of a shadow; but perhaps the most whimsical of all the searches for buried treasure is that which has just been undertaken, according to a San Francisco paper, by some capitalists of New York. The affair has gone so far, we are told, that a schooner fully equipped has sailed from San Francisco for the Cocos Islands, with a crew under instructions to search for some millions of treasure buried there nearly forty years ago. There has been some little method, however, in the madness of these capitalists, for the crew departed with instructions to proceed, in case of failure to find the apocryphal treasure, to the pearl fisheries and there obtain a cargo.

The expedition is based upon the story of one David Sutherland, which is equally romantic and improbable. It begins with the assertion that in 1835 the brig Mary Deer anchored off a Peruvian fort near Callao. A war is said to have existed at the time between Peru and Chili, and the fort contained a vast amount of treasure which was in imminent danger of capture. Of course the commandant could think of no other means of saving it than to place it on board a foreign vessel, casually but conveniently at anchor near at hand. It may be remarked also that it was perfectly natural that an out-of-the way fort should contain these "glittering millions." This part of the story, like all the rest, is eminently fit to be told to the marines. The treasure was no sooner on board the Mary Deer than the crew were tempted to sail away with it, and immediately yielded to the temptation. No sooner did the thieves find themselves in full possession of their booty than they were troubled about what they should do with it. They might have gone off to New York or Liverpool, and having told some story concerning wonderful riches in some hitherto unknown land, which would not have been half so strange as half the yarns of sailors, have lived rich and respected ever afterward. But they did nothing of the kind. They sailed away westward for thousands of miles, passing by hundreds of equally eligible sites for the concealment of treasure, and finally buried their "glittering millions" on one of the Cocos Islands, which are situated in the Indian Ocean, off the coast of Java. Even the marines would refuse to believe such a story as this, but something even more strange is to follow. In its later phases, the narrative is worthy of the incomparable genius for lying exhibited by the celebrated Munchausen.

After the treasure was buried, and the crew went back to their ship, a storm arose, and it was of such an extraordinary character for these usually placid seas that it blew the crew back, despite themselves, upon the coast of Peru, where they were captured, and eight of the eleven were promptly shot. The other three were pardoned upon a promise to disclose where the treasure was concealed, and were put upon a ship which started for the Gallipagos Islands, where they said it was buried. They counted upon escaping, of course, before reaching the end of this wild-goose chase, and equally as a matter of course they did it. The ship put into Panama without any reason, and there one of the three died, and the other two escaped to an outward-bound wealer, leaving the Peruvians finally in the lurch. On this whaler they remained for several years, but finally deserted the ship at San Francisco, and after some experience in the mines, settled down in California, which seems to be a favorite resting place for all the adventurous spirits of the world.

This is the story in outline which has been gravely told on the Pacific coast. Any one can believe it who chooses, but there is no compulsion in the case. After giving the whole narrative careful study, however, it will be impossible not to admire the prudence of these New York capitalists, who, starting a vessel off for a buried treasure, like good business men, put a second string to their bow, and instruct the commander in case of failure to proceed to the pearl fisheries. There is something tangible about a cargo of pearls. If such an expedition has been undertaken, we can hope, in view of the pearl precaution, that it will end pleasantly for those who are more immediately concerned. Meantime some other ancient mariner may start a fresh and equally original story concerning buried treasure. It will be difficult to surpass the achievement of Sutherland, but with proper preparation, aided by the requisite ability in this line, it may be equaled.—*N. Y. Times.*

A May Story.

A little story was told to us lately which seems to be worth repeating. Some time ago a child ill with hip disease was brought into a certain asylum in New York—a little girl of five years old, who, from fright or weakness, cried bitterly on her admission. Another girl, a little Swede of about nine, heard her. "Is she crying because she has left her mother?" she asked the matron. "No. She has no mother: she is an orphan." "Her friends, then, may be?" "She has no friends. She has nobody in the world to take care of her, unless she finds one here." Jennie, the little Swede, stood for a minute or two soberly looking at the stranger. She was not a pretty child, nor attractive in any way, being homely, diseased and ill-tempered. "I think I will take care of her," said Jennie, gravely. "I'll be a friend to her," and she went over to the stranger then and there and began to soothe and humor her. The matron, thinking it only a passing childish outburst, paid no attention to it, even when she found that Jennie had secured a seat at the table next to the child, and had managed to have her placed in the bed next her own in the dormitory. But when the story was told to us a year afterwards, the little girl had never failed once in her self-imposed trust. As far as was practicable she took the place of mother or elder sister to the child who, still lame and suffering, needed a constant attention and care which the matron and nurses could not give. She cut and prepared her food at meals, humored her peevish fancies during the day, and at night was in the habit of lying down half-dressed, to be ready to spring up at a moment's warning, and she passed many a night, it was discovered, holding the child's head in her arms or soothing her. On any holiday or when visitors came, Jennie's first anxiety was to make her little charge presentable, just as a fond mother would do; and when the children were once given an excursion, or an afternoon's romp on the grounds, Jennie lhd an excuse to account for her not going, and actually, although her tears choked her, she being but a child, would have stayed, patient and cheerful, beside the lame child, who could not go, if her deception had not been found out. The singular part of the story was, too, that the child was not a lovable nor grateful one; but peevish, jealous and tyrannical towards her poor little nurse, who apologized for and made the best of her to others, after the habit of mothers. There were many other children in the asylum prettier and more winning; but Jennie was true to the one whose only recommendation was that "she had no friends."

When we pass through the streets of tenement houses which alternate with some of the most luxurious in the city, and catch glimpses of the thousands of puny, helpless little wretches shut up in their foul garrets and cellars, who have such sure grounds for fear of the coming summer months, which are almost certain to bring a death warrant to most of them, we wish that Jennie was not a poor little pauper in an asylum, but one of the women with means and influence and energy who live just over the way from these houses. If she were, the fact that these wan-faced little beggars have no friends would place them first in her care.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MR. BEECHER advises despondent people to write down the things that trouble them, and inspect the list every month or two, when they will find that their great tribulations have become very small.

Strange Marine Animals.

Every class of the great animal kingdom contains two or three species which, by the singularity of their structure and habits, are entitled to be numbered among the wonders of natural history; but there is perhaps no class which can boast of so many curious examples as that which comprehends the finny tribes of sea, lake and river. Of these, there are none more remarkable than the so-called musical fishes of the East and West, the blind fishes of North America, and the volcano fish of the Andes.

If there is one common characteristic of all marine animals more marked than an other, it is their absolute silence, or, to coin a new word, voicelessness. The one exception to this, and we believe it is only an apparent exception, is the musical fish. It is found along the southern portion of the coast of the United States; in the West Indies, and on the tropical coasts of South America; in the Bay of Bengal; in the muddy creeks on the shores of India; around Ceylon, and along the coasts and in the wide rivers of Burmah and the great island of Borneo. These are the localities in which its existence is recorded, but it probably has even a wider range, and it is not unlikely that it is an inhabitant of all the sub-tropical seas. Its music is only heard at night, or in the evening after the sun has set; and particular spots, often of very limited extent, seem to be haunted by the fish, for on sailing away from them, the sound becomes inaudible, and, on returning, it is again heard. The accounts of it given by travelers agree as to the main features of the facts, but, as might be expected, they differ in some details. The sound always seems to come up from the surface of the water in long notes, low and clear, and perfectly distinct. Sir Emerson Tennent, who heard it in 1848 at Chilka Lake, an inlet of the sea on the east coast of Ceylon, describes it as "like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibration of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a wet finger * * * not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass." Other and later visitors to the same spot have given a very similar account of their experience there. The fish seem, indeed, to abound off the Cingalese coast, and they have been met with out at sea in deep water at least a hundred miles from Colombo. This strange music has been heard, too, in the muddy creeks near Salsette and Bombay, and at Vizagapatam and along the Coromandel coast. Other travelers record having listened to the musical fishes on a calm night among the islands of the Mergui Archipelago, off the Burmese coast, and in fresh water in the Sarumoth River in Borneo. Of these, some say the sound was a prolonged note, rising and falling like the strains of an Æolian harp; others compare it to music borne on the wind from a distant shore; and with others, again, it was a droning, drowsy sound, all of one pitch, and seeming not only to rise from the water, but to fill all the calm air around. The accounts of travelers in America are to the same effect. M. de Thoron heard the sound in the Bay of Palion, in Ecuador, and in the river Mataje, and he compares it to that of a church organ heard outside the door of a building, when the notes become mingled and indistinct. The fish, which is there called by the natives Siren or Musico, begins its song about sunset, and continues it through the night. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, who visited the caves of the Bacos Islands near Trinidad where the musical fish abound, describes the "song" as a simple drumming, or like the noise of a steamer letting off steam. This appears to be a correct description of the sound of the West Indian and North American varieties, for there the fish has received the unpoetical name of the Drum, the Drummer, or, worst of all, the Grunts. The varieties found in the Indian Ocean and Pacific are, however, capable of something more than this, and are well deserving of their title of musical fishes.

What fish it is that produces those sounds is, as yet, more than uncertain. It is, indeed, a question of some difficulty to determine. American naturalists are generally agreed that the musical fish of the eastern coasts and of the West Indies is a large fish, known to zoologists as the Pogonias chromis. It grows to a length of about five feet, and swims about in shoals. In its gullet there are three movable plates, covered with large teeth, and it is supposed that it is the action of these that produce the drumming sound. Of course, anything like a real voice would be an impossibility; but the least noise travels a great way under water, and would be heard distinctly by any one on its surface. The Cingalese at Chilka Lake told Sir Emerson Tennent that the singers there were shell-fish, and he himself inclined to the same opinion; but it appears very improbable to us that it is so. Other writers have suggested that the musician is a fish furnished with a sucking apparatus, by means of which it can attach itself to the bottom of a ship or boat, and that its musical instrument is the row of suckers on its head. There is, however, very little evidence to support this theory. The fact, that by applying the ear to the side of the boat, the volume of the sound is increased, proves nothing; for, of course, in any case, the timber, by its superior conducting power, would produce this effect. Moreover, the music has been heard in places where no sucking-fish has ever been seen or caught. The fishermen at Salsette, near Bombay, attribute the power to a small fish very like the common perch; and those at the Bay of Pallon say that it is a white fish, with bluish spots on the back, and about ten inches long, which they catch on the spot during the performance. The great difficulty is that the mere hooking of a fish near the boat can afford very little information, for it might have been swimming near the surface, while the real performers were feeding quietly at the bottom. Our impression is that there are at least two species of musical fish—one the *Phogonias*, of North America and the West Indies, capable only of the monotonous drumming described by Professor Kingsley; the other a species not yet determined, and possibly never yet captured. This musical fish, which has been heard alike in salt, brackish, and fresh water, probably, like so many others, ascends the rivers at certain periods to spawn. It is found both north and south of the equator in the Indian Ocean, and all through the Eastern Archipelago; doubtless it exists also among the islands of the Pacific, and thus has an unbroken range from the shores of India to those of Ecuador.

Stranger still are the blind fishes of North America, which dwell all their lives in the utter darkness of subterranean rivers, where sight would be useless to them, and a beautiful development of the sense of touch takes its place. In the central portion of the United States there is a great tract of country which yields abundant supplies of coal, and underlying these coal-bearing strata there is a vast system of limestone rocks. These are traversed by hollow veins, fissures, and caves, through many of which flow underground streams, forming here and there miniature lakes. It is in these dark waters that the blind fish are found. In the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky there are four species of these singular creatures. These are known as the *Amblyopsis spelæus*, and its ally, the *Typhlicthys subterraneus*, which are totally blind, and two other varieties, the *Chologaster cornutus*, and the *Chologaster Agassizii*, which are partially so. The *Amblyopsis* and *Typhlicthys* resemble each other very closely, the chief difference between them being that the former is more than twice as long as the latter. The *Amblyopsis* is four or five inches in length, and perfectly colorless. The eyes are imperfect and sightless; indeed, they can only be found by removing the thick skin which covers and conceals them. But another sense performs their office; all over their heads are minute papillæ or feelers, communicating by nerves with the brain; and so delicate are these new organs that the slight movement of the water round them, as another fish swims by, is enough to indicate to the *Amblyopsis* how far distant it is, and in what direction; and it darts upon and seizes it as easily as a pike captures its prey in a sunlit river. The little *Chologasters* possess imperfect sight; indeed, they have been found living in wet ditches in the fields of the Southern States; but in the caves it is useless to them, and the *Amblyopsis* feels for them in the dark and hunts them down with perfect ease and certainty. Probably there is in the whole range of natural history nothing more wonderful than this development of a new sense by the fishes of the Mammoth Cave.

Our third example, the volcano fish is remarkable more on account of the circumstances in which it is sometimes found than of any great peculiarity of structure. This fish is an inhabitant of some of the mountain lakes on the slopes of the Andes, in some instances as high as 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is known to the natives as the Pregnadilla, and zoologists have bestowed on it the name of *Arges Cyclopum*. The fish is small in size; the head is large and round, with prominent eyes and a large tentacle on either side. From this the body tapers away to the tail, which is broad and forked. The dorsal fin extends along almost the entire length of the back, and the ventral and pectoral fins are large and well developed. In the lakes where it lives, it appears to be by no means numerous, and we would perhaps never have heard of it, but for its connection with the volcanic phenomena of the Andes.

In 1691, during the eruption of the volcano of Imbaburu, thousands of pregnadillas were thrown out by the mountain, and fell in showers in the streets of the town of Ibara, which stands at its base, and in the fields around. They accumulated in immense heaps, and putrefying under the tropical sun, spread a fever all through the district. A few years after, when, on the 19th of June, 1698, the cone of Carguarizao fell in, fissures opened in the sides of the mountains, streams of mud and millions of fish came pouring out, and the same disastrous effect ensued. Again, on the 4th of February, 1797 during the earthquake which destroyed Ribambao in Ecuador, chasms opened in the lower part of the volcano of Tunguragua, which overlooks the city, and emitted vast quantities of water and fetid mud. In some places the valleys were filled to the depth of hundreds of feet, and in the mud and water there were thousands of dead pregnadillas. But the most remarkable instance on record is that of the eruption of Cotopaxi in 1803, which was witnessed and described by the illustrious Humboldt. On that occasion the mountain threw out a shower of fish, some dead, and perfectly cold and raw, others half baked, and a good many alive and uninjured, notwithstanding their fiery flight from the loftiest crater in the world.

Writers on the subject have tried in vain to fully account for these strange occurrences. One thing is evident—that the chief abodes of the pregnadillas are not the open lakes, but subterranean waters, perhaps communicating with them, but hidden away within the Andes. Here they dwell in countless numbers in dark obscurity, until the volcanic force working out for itself a new path through the mountain, or the earthquake cleaving its sides asunder, breaks into their retreats and pours them out on the surrounding valleys.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Breaking it Gently.

"Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Maltby. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the Court-house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. B., but to be very guarded and discreet in his language, and not break the news to her at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to the door.

Then he said, "Does the widder Bagley live here?"

"The *widow* Bagley? *No*, sir!"

"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does *Judge* Bagley live here?"

"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."

"I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in?"

"No, not at present."

"I jest expected as much. Because, you know—take hold o'suthin, mum, for I'm a-going to make a little communication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum, I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to *him*."—*Mark Twain.*

Water as an Explosive.

A question brought before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester by Professor Osborne Reynolds will perhaps rescue an important fact from the region of forgetfulness. It is the explosiveness of water. If water could only be got to explode it would be far more powerful than gunpowder; but that is the difficulty, for the water, instead of exploding, flies away in steam. Professor Piazzi Smyth, writing on the subject, states that he has tried to explode water by pushing a drop into melted lead; but the drop could by no means be persuaded to go below the surface. But "when he took a small iron ladle, put a drop of water on the bottom of it, and gave therewith a little pat to the surface of the melted lead, instantly the whole contents of the great ladle were scattered to the winds, and only a few grains were recovered. Explosion of water had apparently taken place with excellent effect." Here is a problem for some enterprising mechanic. A machine to explode water drop by drop would economize all the heat of the coal, and have great power. It is on record that certain large copper-works were blown up by one of the workmen spitting into a ladle of molten copper. In that case the fluid exploded, instead of passing off in steam.

The Latest Literary Forgery.

For some time past a poem entitled "Binley and '46" has been going the rounds of the press, purporting to have been written by Bret Harte. Of course the average editor on seeing a poem by Bret Harte grabbed his shears and cut it out to reprint. It finally reached *Frank Leslie's*, and was given the benefit of a full page illustration by Matt. Morgan. The poem appeared for the first time in the *Open Letter*, and its history is as follows:

Some weeks ago one of the editors of the *Open Letter* made the assertion that a poem written in the style of any well-known poet, no matter how absurd, would be copied clear to the Atlantic seaboard. This point was disputed, and accordingly the poem was written in the *Open Letter* office as a contribution by Bret Harte, and published as such. The result was as expected. The papers were sold, and we now take the opportunity of informing them that, as the joke has gone so far, they might as well know all about it.

In the first place, the complete absurdity of the poem ought to strike anybody. It represents an engineer rushing through the snow blockade without any stoker, and at last freezing to death by the very side of a blazing fire and steam up. The publication of the literary fraud had two results—first, that of proving how much the acceptation of matter depends upon the name it bears; secondly, that the discriminating and critical powers of the average American editor are of the lowest.—*San Francisco Open Letter.*

Another Hero Gone.

Hero after hero departs; who hath not lost a hero? Barbara Fritchie is now proved by very competent authority not to have said anything like: "Shoot, if you like, this old gray head, but spare your country's flag;" but simply and forcibly to have remarked: "Don't muss my porch; get out of that, you lousy pack!" And now comes a Gettysburg correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and says:

"I must not write of Gettysburg without mentioning John Burns—John Burns who walked arm in arm with President Lincoln before the assembled citizens—Bret Harte's hero, who, gun in hand, went out with his old white hat, and before the sun went down shamed the soldiers who laughed at him. His little house is still standing, but he is gone. And alas for heroes when too closely known! We all know how badly prophets are treated by their countrymen. Well, old John Burns had no better fate at home—for the good people here who knew him declare he was as arrant a coward as ever lived, and that his wife, who was a Xantippe even were he no Socrates, drove him out over the meadow that morning to look for the cow! Such is fame!"

—The Hon. A. H. Stephens weighed seventy-two pounds when he reached his home in Georgia, a few days ago.

HOME INTERESTS.

CAYENNE pepper is death to bed-bugs. Dust the bedsteads, crevices and niches well with the condiment.

BAKED FLOUR PUDDING.—1 quart of milk, 6 eggs, 12 tablespoonfuls of flour, a little salt. This recipe makes a capital steamed pudding. Steam it one hour.

COCOANUT CAKE.—½ cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 cups of flour, whites of 5 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 4 teaspoons baking-powder. Bake in 5 tins; whites of 3 eggs with sugar, 1 teacup cocoanut.

A GOOD remedy to remove warts is a tincture of cantharides, with a few drops of iodine. Apply to the warts with a small brush three or four times a day. In a short time they will disappear.

LAMB STEW.—Take hah a shoulder of lamb, boil it in two quarts of water for two hours. Then put in potatoes, onions, turnips, cut in quarters, salt and pepper to the taste. Ten minutes before serving put in the dumplings.

WOOD charcoal is an excellent absorbent of the disagreeable flavor of garlic in milk. Every spring drop a piece three or four inches long and two inches thick into each pan of milk, or into the pitcher in which milk for table use may be kept.

LEAKING teats have been closed by the application of collodion to the teat immediately after milking. To apply it wipe the teat perfectly dry, and with a small brush or camel's-hair pencil paint the end of the teat over with three or four coats of the collodion. It dries instantly, and contracting as it dries, closes the orifice. Collodion is gun-cotton dissolved in ether.

ORANGE CAKE.—1 cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 3½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls baking-powder, 5 eggs (leaving out the whites of three for frosting), and the juice of 1 orange. Bake in jelly tins. Between layers spread an icing made of the three whites, and sugar enough to make stiff; add juice of 1 orange and grated or chopped rinds of the 2 oranges. 3 oranges make 2 cakes.

PHILADELPHIA COTTAGE CHEESE.—Take one or more quarts of sour milk, put it in a warm place and let it remain until the whey separates from the curd; then pour it in a three-cornered bag, hang it up and let it drain until every particle of whey has dropped from it; then turn it out and mash with a spoon, add milk or cream, with salt or sugar as preferred. This is a healthful and delicious addition to the breakfast or tea table in summer.

BAKED FISH.—Small fish, which are usually fried, because of the difficulty of cooking them in any other way, may be baked as follows: Stew and strain canned tomatoes, and add an equal measure of fine wheat-meal bread crumbs, or enough to make it keep its shape when placed on a dish. This may be salted and seasoned with minced onion and thyme, or not, according to taste. Then lay it half an inch deep on pie-plates, and in shapes to correspond with the size of the fish, and lay a fish well washed and cleaned on each, and bake in a moderate oven until tender. Serve with tomato sauce. This mixture of tomatoes and bread crumbs can be used as stuffing for larger baked fish.

TO IMPROVE the appearance of furniture take a soft sponge wet with clean cold water and wash over the article. Then take a soft chamois skin and wipe clean. Dry the skin as well as you can by wringing it in your hands, and wipe the water off the furniture, being careful to wipe only one way. Never use a dry chamois on varnish work. If the varnish is defaced and shows white marks, take linseed oil and turpentine in equal parts; shake well in a vial, and apply a very small quantity on a soft rag until the color is restored; then with a clean soft rag wipe the mixture off. In deeply carved work the dust cannot be removed with a sponge. Use a stiff-haired paint brush instead of a sponge. For unpolished furniture linseed oil is the best; rub in thoroughly.

A Blind Leader of the Blind.

The remarkable faculty of James Moore, a man thirty-five years old and blind from his birth, is thus described by the Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald:*

"One year ago Dr. D. B. Smith of this city removed the balls of his eyes from his head and Mr. Moore has been employed in his office since that time for the purpose of receiving visitors when the doctor is absent. He appears in every respect different in his movements from ordinary blind persons, and, as he wears green glasses, few persons who meet him are aware of his infirmity. When desired to go on an errand, he finds his way without difficulty, and he has rendered himself so familiar with the streets of Cleveland that he rarely has to inquire. Although he carries a cane, he hardly ever permits it to touch the sidewalk, seeming to be guided by intuition away from contact with obstacles. His sense of hearing is so acute that he is able to state whether a street is narrow or broad by means of the sound of the footsteps of persons passing along on the opposite side. When crossing a street he manages to avoid the vehicles, stopping and waiting in the mid l if necessary until the way is clear, it being indicated to him by sound. He is frequently sent to conduct blind patients who do not possess his wonderful faculty, to Charity Hospital from his employer's office. Sometimes he will walk, guiding their tottering steps, and at others will take a street car, stationing himself on Euclid avenue and inquiring before stepping on board if it is the right one. He can remove every speck of dust from the furniture of an office or parlor, handling the most fragile articles without breaking or damaging them in the least."

Some Facts About Horses.

It seems to be the fashion just now to record the good qualities of particular horses. We are told of one animal which, abandoned in a California snow-storm, was kept alive with food furnished by the railroad men at a desolate station near, and finally brought out of the snow safe and sound after a three weeks' imprisonment. So much for endurance. As for gratitude, here is an animal in Kentucky which recently became painfully and dangerously entangled with a cart, and which, after being rescued, considered the matter a moment, and then quietly rubbed his nose against the shoulders of the one who was most active in helping him. A horse with a memory is described as having been in the habit of going to a river about one-third of a mile from his stable and there bathing, afterward rushing off to a common to roll on the grass, and then with the freedom of air starting for home. If he met his master he would show some coltish pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to the manger where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable, and after sixteen years his owner saw driven up to an inn door one which looked exactly like him. The driver agreed to give him up if he would go through the performance detailed above. Accordingly he was taken to his old yard, looked over the premises a little while, then started for his old bath-tub, then for his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, won for himself a good meal and for his old master his favorite horse. If longevity be a good quality, then here are several animals deserving recognition. One living at Bradford, N. H., is forty-nine years old, and doesn't look like departure yet. Another, exhibited last fall at the Pennsylvania State Fair, is a white-headed veteran of forty-one, which has never been sick a single day. Another in Kentucky is thirty-three years old, and might live to be a great deal older were it not for entire loss of teeth. An excellent old pony in New Haven has come to thirty-five summers, and is still active and useful, though somewhat gray.

The Cat.

The cat is called a domestic animile—but I never have bin able tew tell wherefor.

You kant trust one eany more than you kan a case of the gout. There is only one mortal thing that you kan trust a cat with, and cum out even, and that is a bar of hard soap.

They are as meek as Mosis, but as full of deviltry as Judas Iscaraft.

They will harvest a dozen of young chickens for you, and then steal into the sitting room as sotily as an undertaker, and lay themself down on the rug at your feet, full of injured innocence, and chickens, and dream of their childhood days.

All there iz about a cat that is domestik, that I kno ov, is that you kant looze one.

You kant looze a cat—they are as bad to looze az a bad reputation iz.

You may send one out ov the State, done up in a meal bag and marked "C. O. D.," and the next morning you will find him or her (according tew sex), in the same spot alongside ov the kitchen stove, ready to be stepped on.

Cats have got two good ears for melody and often make the night atmosphere melodious with their opera musik.

But the most wonderful thing about a cat that has been discovered yet is their fear of death.

Yu kant induce one, by any ordinary means, to accept ov death—they actually scorn to die.

Yu may kill one, az yu hav a mind to, and they will begin life anew in a few minetts, with a more flattering prospektus.

Dogs I love, they carry their kridenshuls in their faces, and kant hide them, but the bulk of a cat's reputashun lays buried in their stumuk, az unknown tew themselfs az tew enny boddy else.

There is only one thing about a cat that I like, and that iz, they are very cheap—a little money, well invested, will go a grate way in cats.

Cats are very plenty in this world just now. I counted eighteen from my boarding-house winder one moonlite night last summer, and it wan't a fust-rate night for cats neither.—*Josh Billings.*

Oysters Growing on Trees.

A correspondent of the Hartfort *Times*, writing from Cuba, makes this statement:

No doubt the reader will open his eyes at oysters growing on trees. Often have I seen the sneer of unbelief on the face of the ignorant when the fact has been mentioned; but grow they do, and in immense quantities, especially in the southern part of the island. I have seen miles of trees, the lower stems and branches of which were literally covered with them, and many a good meal have I enjoyed with very little trouble of procuring. I simply placed the branches over the fire, and when opened I picked them out with a fork or pointed stick. These peculiar shell-fish are indigenous in lagoons and swamps on the coast, and as the tide will rise and the spray fly so will they cling to the lower parts of the mangrove trees, sometimes four or five feet deep, the mangrove being one of the very few trees that flourish in salt water.

WILHOFT'S TONIC!—A SAFE, SURE, AND SCIENTIFIC CURE!—The unprecedented sale of this world-renowned medicine proves incontestibly that no remedy has superseded the use of this reliable Tonic. No spleen has been found so hard as not to yield to its softening influence, and no liver so hypertrophied as not to give up its long-retained bilious secretions, and no Chill or Fever has yet refused to fall into line. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & Co., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HABITUAL constipation leads to the following results: Inflammation of the kidneys, sick and nervous headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite and strength; all of which may be avoided by being regular in your habits, and taking, say one of *Parsons' Purgative Pills* nightly for four or six weeks.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment may be used to advantage where any Liniment is desirable. In cases of severe cramps and pains in the stomach, it is undoubtedly the best article that can be used internally.

ATTEND to the first symptoms of Consumption, and that disease may be checked in its incipiency. Use immediately Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, a safe remedy in all diseases of the lungs.

A PROTRUDING toe is not a pretty sight, and is never seen where children wear SILVER TIPPED Shoes. They will save half your shoe bills. For Sale by all Dealers.

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHŒA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from Teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

Children Often Look Pale and Sick

From no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS

will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors,
No. 215 Fulton street, New York.

Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and Dealers in Medicines, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

The Secret of Captivation.—Features of Grecian mould, a well-turned neck and beautifully-rounded arms, are no doubt very nice things to have and ladies who possess these charms have reason to be thankful to Mother Nature; yet, after all, the most captivating of all womanly charms is a pure, fresh and brilliant complexion. This superlative fascination any lady may secure by using HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

Reanimating the Hair.—When the hair ceases to draw from the scalp the natural lubricant which is its sustenance, its vitality is, as it were, suspended, and, if not promptly attended to, baldness will be the certain result. The one sure method of avoiding such an unpleasant catastrophe is to use LYON'S KATHAIRON, which, when well rubbed into the scalp, will speedily reanimate the hair and prevent it from falling out.

The Grand Revolution IN MEDICAL TREATMENT which was commenced in 1860 is still in progress. Nothing can stop it, for