# THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

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### WEARY, LONELY, RESTLESS, HOMELESS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

WEARY hearts! weary hearts! by cares of life oppressed,
Ye are wandering in the shadows, ye are sighing for the rest;
There is darkness in the heavens and the earth is bleak below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow turn to woe.
Weary hearts! God is rest.

Lonely hearts! lonely hearts! 'tis but a land of grief;
Ye are pining for repose, ye are longing for relief;
What the world hath never given, kneel and ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if you lean upon His love.
Lonely hearts! God is love.

Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling night and day,
And the flowers of life all withered, leave but thorns along your way;
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting till your toilings here shall cease,
And your ever restless throbbing is a sad, sad prayer for peace.
Restless hearts! God is peace.

Broken hearts! broken hearts! ye are desolate and lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your present ruins moan;
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was bitterest alloy,
And a starless night hath followed on the sunset of your joy.
Broken hearts! God is joy.

Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through the dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers, and your way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever ye may roam,
We look away from earthland and ye murmur, "Where is home?"
Homeless hearts! God is home.

### HANNAH BERRY'S THANKSGIVING.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

PART I—IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

NOT a very attractive place for a story? Well, I know it. But the fact is I can't help it, for the story began there, and if I should leave out everything that could shock a fastidious taste, I might as well not begin at all. For it is shocking all through. It tells of common people in a common New England village, and there isn't a person of style in it, from beginning to end.

So now, dear readers—who care to read on after that announcement—let us begin—in the Poor-house.

"Next Thursday's Thanksgiving, Hannah," said old Sally Wilder; "Lotty went to meeting last night, and she says the minister gave it out."

Hannah sighed, and her knitting-needles stopped for a moment.

"Well, well," she replied. "Thanksgiving is not for us. We've got nothing to be thankful for—that I know of."

"Not much, I know," said the first old woman, in the tone of one reciting a lesson; "nothing but a roof to shelter us; enough to eat—such as it is," she added in a lower tone, "and clothes to cover us—mighty coarse ones at that," she added in the same low tone.

"Yes," said her companion, bitterly; "but if we hadn't been so kindly cared for we would have been dead and out of our misery. For my part, I wish I was dead in a ditch long ago."

"Dear me!" said Sally, shaking her head; "I don't. I kind o' cling to life, if it is in the County-house, and I have not a chick nor a child above the sod to bless myself with."

"Much good it would do you if you had," muttered Hannah Berry. "There's no dependence to be placed on the love of children that you've borne and reared, and worked your fingers to the bone for—in this world."

"I can't feel to blame you, Hannah," said Sally, kindly, "for feeling hard like toward children you've brought up and slaved for, who turn you out in your old age, to come on the town. But there's one comfort left us, old friend."

"What is that?" asked Hannah, taking up her coarse blue checked apron to wipe away a solitary tear which took its lonely way down her worn cheek.

"It is the Blessed Book that has so much comfort for us."

Hannah's knitting-needles fairly snapped; her gray eyes—faded with many tears—sparkled, and her voice grew almost fierce as she answered:

"I'm glad you can find comfort in it, Sally—God knows you need it. But for me I can't feel to enjoy it. Don't it say something about the good man, and his widow never deserted nor wanting bread? And can you show me a better man than Captain Berry always was, and haven't I wanted bread many and many a time? Don't tell me! There isn't a speck of comfort for me in that book. Dear me!" she went on, letting her knitting drop in her lap, and rocking back and forth in her wooden rocking-chair, "how my Ben would have felt to know his little wife, as he used to call me, would end her days in the poor-house. Who would have thought, Sally, when you and I married smart young fellows, owners of their own vessels both of them, and set up housekeeping so snugly, with everything so nice, that we would sit together in this place in our old age, and knit coarse socks for paupers."

"Ah, well-a-day!" said Sally, cheerfully; "maybe it's all for the best."

"All for the best?" said Hannah. "Don't tell me! Is it all for the best that my own children that I brought into the world, and took care of them when they were helpless babies, and worked for when their poor father was lost at sea, and tugged and toiled that they might be comfortable, and dress well, and hold up their heads with the best, and spent every cent I could earn, and sold every stick of furniture that their father bought me, even the dear old cottage itself; and left myself old and worn-out and destitute—is it for the best that they should turn me out to starve? or to come on the town, which is worse? No! no! it's no use talking to me, Sally. I know you mean kindly, but you can't understand the sharpness of it. It's a thousand times worse than death," she went on more quietly, "and as I sit here and knit, I think of it every day, and it cuts deeper and deeper into my heart, and I wonder I don't die, just with the ache of it."

She had stopped rocking now, and her head, with its snowy hair closely banded away from her face, lay heavily against the chair, as though too weary to live.

"Don't take on so now," said Sally kindly. "You aint so bad off as you might be. S'pose'n I wasn't here to talk to you, and there's Lotty! that child's a real comfort to you—so kind and thoughtful for you—now ain't she?"

Hannah sat up and resumed her knitting. She could not indulge in the luxury of rest.

"Yes," she said, after a moment, "you are a comfort to me, Sally, and Lotty, too; only my heart aches for the child having to begin in this dreadful place. It's bad enough for us old ones, who have had our good times, to end here."

"O well, nobody knows what good luck may come to Lotty. She's got a neat and wholesome look about her, for all her Italian blood," said Sally, who was inclined to take a more cheerful view of things than her old friend.

"Nothing so good that she'll ever be able to forget her life in the poor-house, I'm afraid," said Hannah, sadly.

"Well, there's worse than the poor-house for a young girl," said Sally.

"Oh, yes! of course there's always something worse," said Hannah, as the door opened to admit a girl of fourteen. She was very dark, and her hair, which was black and very thick, was cut short in her neck.

She closed the door and came up to the fire.

"There's a man in the other room," she said in a pleasant voice, "asking for Mrs. Berry."

"Why, that's me!" said Hannah, retiring as quickly as rheumatism and trembling knees would let her.

"What can he want with me? Maybe it's Johnny come back after his mother, after all," she muttered to herself as she hobbled across the floor to the door.

No repentant son met her eyes as she entered the best room. Nobody but Caleb Bent, an old neighbor. Her face fell—he saw it.

"How de do, Mrs. Berry?" he said briskly. "Ain't over'n above glad to see me, hey? Wall, never mind. I don't bear any grudges—I've just stepped over on business, you see."

"Business," said the little woman, "then you didn't ask for me?" and she turned to go.

"Stop a bit!—but I did though, just that very thing, and I've got some news for you—though I'm blamed if I know how to tell her," he added to himself.

"News?" said she eagerly, "not from Johnny—or—"

"Not from any one of them sons of guns—scamps every mother's son of them I must say," he went on. "But sit down, neighbor, I'll tell you all about it."

"Then it's nothing I care for," said Hannah, hopelessly, "but I don't mind hearing it," and she sat down.

Caleb sat on the edge of a chair, with his hat in his hand, fidgetting about as though he did not know exactly how to begin.

"Wall," he said at last, "I'll tell you the whole on't, and you can take it for what it's worth, and mebby that's just nothing at all. This morning when I got up—a leetle late I was—I found Mariar a stewing round the kitchen like all possessed, just a bilin' cause I forgot to get her any dry wood. That little flurry of snow we had one night, you know, just spiled every stick she had, and she couldn't get a fire no way. Wall, Mariar ain't none o' your soft-spoken critters, Mariar ain't, and she just nipped around there till I thought she'd raise the roof, and jest to pacify her, I went into the shed to see what I could find that would burn. The fust thing I sot eyes on was that old secretary of Berry's that I bought of you a dozen years ago, that I'd put out there cause it was wore out as much as a year ago."

Hannah had been listening from politeness, but now she looked eagerly at Caleb. That worthy took his hat in the other hand, crossed his legs over the other way, and went on.

"Thinks I to myself, the old thing may as well be out o' the way. It ain't worth a continental, and it'll burn beautiful. So I took up my ax and went at it. The fust blow knocked it clean over and the second bust it to flinders. Wall now," said Caleb, getting excited, and rising to come and stand before her, "I'd used that secretary myself, and I'm sure I've opened every drawer a thousand times, and, blame me if I can tell where it came from—but, as it flew to pieces, I saw a piece of yellow paper fly out and drop behind a barrel. It's some old piece I left in, says I to myself, and I stove up the rest of it, carried it in, and made up a rousing fire. But, somehow, I couldn't get the bit of paper off my mind, and finally I says, 'Wall, it won't hurt none to see what it is,' so out I tramps to the shed, leans over behind the barrel, and picks out this paper." Caleb here drew out a yellow package, opened and spread it out before her.

"Now, Miss Berry, fur as I can make out, this here docyment is an insurance on Berry's life. I do' know as it's wuth a red cent, but leastways I thought I'd bring it over, and you can do as you like about it. Mebby it's good, fur there's a payment made the very day afore he sailed on that last v'yage."

Hannah leaned forward excitedly, and grasped the paper.

"Why, I never saw this!" she exclaimed. "Ben did mean to provide for me then. Why, it's for a thousand dollars!"

"A thousand dollars!" said Caleb, "it's ten thousand, and if it's good you're a rich woman, Mrs. Berry, and will ride over us all yet."

"Ten thousand dollars!" murmured Hannah, sinking back in her chair, faint and sick.

"Yes, but don't faint away, neighbor," said Caleb, suddenly; "mebby it isn't good."

That brought her to.

"Sure enough. I must see Lawyer Anthony right away," and she started up eagerly.

"Wall, I thought mebby you'd want to see somebody," said Caleb, "so I brought my horse along, and I'll take you right over."

"Thank you! thank you!" said Hannah, briskly, "I'll just get on my things," and she hurried out of the room, instinctively hiding the paper in her pocket as she went.

"Wall," said Caleb, as she shut the door, "I've heard say that joy never killed a body, but she did come plaguey near fainting away. Jerusalem! what could I do with a fainted-away woman? Thank goodness, Mariar don't faint."

The anxious old woman met no one on her way to her room, where she hurried on a faded old shawl and a wreck of a hood, and in a few moments presented herself at the door again.

"Now I am ready," she said.

Caleb Bent came out, helped her into his sleigh, and in another minute they had left the dismal Poor-house behind, and were speeding down the street at the best speed of the old bundle of bones which Caleb called his horse.

Lawyer Anthony was fortunately at home, and after looking over the document, he declared it to be genuine, and told Mrs. Berry that she was the undoubted possessor of $10,000.

"But how can I get it?" she asked, bewildered by the good news.

"You must go to the office—I'll go with you—and present the policy, and go through certain forms. It will be a few days, probably, before the money will be positively in your hands, but meantime, if you want any funds," he went on politely, "I can let you have any reasonable amount. I believe—" he hesitated, "if I'm not misinformed, you reside—"

"Yes," she said firmly; "Mr. Anthony, I live at present in the Poor-house; but if this is true—oh!" and she fairly broke down and buried her face in her hands.

"I didn't think I could ever shed another tear," she said presently, "and you must excuse me, sir; but I have been through very deep and bitter waters."

"I know," he said, gently. "Make no excuses. Your case is an unusually hard one, and has excited much sympathy in the town. Every one will rejoice to hear of your good fortune."

Of course that policy was good, or I never should have dragged the misery of that most unhappy mother into your notice. The insurance company acknowledged it, and agreed to pay it soon.

Mr. Anthony invited Hannah to make his house her home until she could make arrangements for herself, and she gratefully accepted the invitation. And that very evening, dressed by the lawyer's kind-hearted wife in some of her own clothes, she sat down to tea—as a guest.

Well, how do you think she felt? For my part, I leave the painting of her feelings to those who delight in delving into the secret places in human hearts. I can only tell what she did. And I'll begin by saying that she did *not* close her eyes that night. She went to bed because Mrs. Anthony said she must, but she could not shut her eyes, and the whole night was spent in tossing about, and planning what she would do. In the morning she unfolded her settled plan to her sympathizing hosts, and it met their cordial approval.

"You needn't wait for your money," said Mr. Anthony, with suspiciously damp eyes. "I'll go with you this very day to carry out your plan, and as I said before, I can lend you all the money you will need."

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Anthony, "and I want the whole thing arranged before Thursday, because that is Thanksgiving Day, and it will be a thanksgiving sure enough."

"So it will," said Hannah, fervently, remembering her conversation with Sally, "and I must get ready before that day."

"Of course you must, and I'll help you," said Mrs. Anthony, heartily.

Meantime there was great commotion in the Poor-house. Not that our poor old woman was of any great value to that important institution, but that she had disappeared so mysteriously. Her absence was discovered about half an hour after she had left. The mistress came into the kitchen, and missing her from her usual seat, asked for her. Sally said she had gone into the other room some time ago to see some one who asked for her.

"Oh, ho!" said the coarse woman, with a sniff. "She's got company, has she! I'll see about that," and started for the door.

The room was empty, and Hannah's knitting lay on the floor. Then the search began. Every room and corner of the place was ransacked, and nothing discovered except that her shawl and hood were gone. Great was the excitement and wonderful the talk about the mysterious disappearance till evening, when the master came home from town, and reported that she had been seen riding to town with Caleb Bent, and there was a rumor that she had fallen heir to some money. That made the talk all the fiercer, and I don't suppose any body in the house, except the very young and the very old, slept a wink that night. Old Sally did not say much, but in her heart she felt hurt that her old friend had left her and not told her a word of her good fortune; and Lotty buried her head in the bundle of rags she called her bed, and sobbed half the night. The next day the wonderful news was corroborated, with the addition, that she was at present the guest of Lawyer Anthony. Nothing more was heard of her till Thursday morning.

PART II.—IN THE COTTAGE.

Thanksgiving was not much of a day in the Poor-house. The old women did not knit, and those who were able usually went to meeting, and sat in the gallery, and they all had a sumptuous dinner of boiled beef and Indian pudding. Naturally there was not much excitement among the recipients of all this bounty. But the excitement of that particular Thanksgiving Day began in the morning, when the handsome sleigh and prancing horses of Lawyer Anthony stopped at the door, and he and his wife and another lady came into the house and asked for all the family.

They came in—a miserable group (don't ask me to paint them)—and seated themselves timidly around the edge of the room.

The lady rose to speak, and then for the first time they knew her. Happiness had rolled the weight of years off from her, and save for the silver hair that showed under her modest bonnet, and the faded gray eyes, with the heart-broken look in them, they would hardly have known her. She was neatly clothed in a black dress of some soft material, and the faded old shawl was replaced by a comfortable cloak.

"Dear friends," she began, but broke down, sank into a chair, and raised her hand to Mr. Anthony, who took her place, and made the remarks she had planned to make herself. He told them of her good fortune. He invited, in her name, her old friend Sally Wilder to come and pass the rest of her days with her, in her own old home, which her husband had bought when she was a bride, and which she had now bought back. He also, in her name, invited the young girl, Lotty, to come and live with her two old friends. And he asked the whole family to take Thanksgiving dinner with her that very day.

Long before he had finished Lotty was on her knees before her old friends, and Sally—but, dear me, I never can tell how people feel. How would you feel in Sally's place?

Of course they all went to the dinner, especially as Mr. Anthony sent his sleigh three times to carry the old folks and little children over. And of course they had a splendid dinner, since Mrs. Anthony gave up her own Thanksgiving dinner to make this a perfect success. It was not in Poor-house style either, but commencing in the regular way with oyster soup, proceeding, according to the time-honored ways of our ancestors—through roast turkeys and chicken pies, flanked by all possible vegetables, and winding up with tremendous plum puddings, and mince pies, and pumpkin pies, and oh, blessed comfort of age!—a good cup of tea.

Hannah sat at one end of the table too happy to eat, and Sally, with a beaming face, at the other.

Poor souls—broken-hearted and tired out, most of them—they enjoyed the day, and went back to their dreary home, already invited to dinner on the next Thanksgiving.

Now commenced happy days in the little brown cottage. Old Sally, nicely dressed in flannels and warm merino dress, was enthroned in the most comfortable arm-chair the village afforded (presented by Mr. Anthony), in the warmest and sunniest corner of the kitchen, while Hannah, more nervous and uneasy, was as comfortably placed in a warm stuffed rocking-chair the other side of the open fire. Lotty, installed maid of all work, and happy as the day was long, went around her dainty housework singing snatches of her own native country airs, and growing plump and handsome every day.

The outer world was represented by Lotty's twin brother Carlo Benini—shortened to Charley Ben by plain Yankee tongues that hadn't time, in the driving business of life, to wrestle with the quirks of Italian pronunciation. He had been left with Lotty at the Poor-house ten years before, when their mother came, a sick stranger, to the town, and died the next day. But for two or three years he had been separated from his sister, and working for his board and clothes.

Now, however, Hannah had invited him to share their home, and his master was induced to pay him wages. So his life was brightened with the rest.

It was a very happy family, as I said, and for genuine, heartfelt happiness you must go to those who have reached some quiet haven after long years of buffeting the tempests of life.

I would prefer not to mention Hannah's sons and their wives. For the credit of humanity I would rather not tell how John's wife came to see her the very day she heard the news, and was "so glad *mother* was going to have the old home! It would seem *so* natural to see her there, and little Benny would be so pleased to come up and see grandma and bring her some nuts he had gathered himself."

And my cheeks burn with shame for him, when I tell how George—who hadn't a room, nor a corner at his comfortable table for his heart-broken old mother in her days of poverty—came over in the evening, and said how sorry he had always been that it was so, and offered to send her milk every day, as they had more than they could use, and also proposed to invest her money for her.

And I shudder to think of the lessons of avarice taught those grandchildren who came up every day with milk or butter, or a few nice apples, for the grandma they had never heard spoken of before.

And I blush for my sex when I tell how William's wife came up and pried around in the closets and everywhere, and suggested to "mother" that she'd better be cautious about inviting too many to share her money, because she might not have enough for herself.

It is pleasanter to turn to the old lady herself—my heroine—who received all these advances with quiet dignity, and who answered all this advice and protestation with the remark that "she loved them because they were her sons, and she had held them in her arms when they were helpless babies, and mother-love could endure much; and she loved their children because they were theirs; but her money—what she had—was in Lawyer Anthony's hands, and he would invest it for her; and when she died it would be left to help the destitute."

Let us turn from this humiliating picture of human nature, the worst thing about which is that it is true.

Pleasantly the years rolled by. Lotty—no longer Lotty Ben, but Carlotta Benini—besides making the whole house bright with her cheerful ways all these years, went to school, and grew into a sweet-tempered, self-reliant woman, tender-hearted to all the poor, but tender beyond words to her aged benefactor and her old friend.

Carlo, her brother, advanced from the very foundation to positions of trust in business, accumulated means to commence for himself, and in the course of years married, and lives a useful life in the village.

Gradually the two old friends drifted nearer to the rosy dawn of the heavenly day, and gradually, out of long and earnest talks at their firesides, grew a plan—a plan to make that cheerful nook in the world a perfect home.

Lawyer Anthony was called into the council, and slowly the whole thing took permanent form. The place and the bonds, into which the money had been turned—which were enough to make a comfortable living for five or six people able to help themselves, and with economical New England ways—were left to Carlo and Carlotta Benini, in trust for a specified number of paupers, who were to be selected by them from the Poor-house; as fast as one died or became self-supporting another filling the place. Young people as well as old were to constitute part of the number, that there might always be some one grown up in the house to leave in trust for the next generation and carry out the donor's intentions. Young people were to be taught some way of self support, to give up their place to others.

When this was all arranged to her satisfaction, and when her old friend Sally had passed beyond the gates, and her place had been filled by another broken-down, desolate creature, Hannah seemed to feel that her work was done.

Day after day she sat in her rocking-chair, her little table, with spectacles, and coarse-print Bible (which she had learned to value since the bitter Poor-house days) by her side, always with a pleasant smile and a cheerful word for every body, always knitting soft, gray-colored mittens and tippets for the Poor-house children. Her face grew heavenly in its peace and rest, and her breast warm and tender to all the world.

And at last, her worn-out body was found one evening in her favorite place, the knitting in hand, the usual smile on her lips, and a glorified look on the face—and Hannah was gone.

Carlotta never married, but lived to a good old age, keeping the house full, and carrying on to the day of her death the work old Hannah left in her hands, and leaving young, well-train hands, and willing hearts, to follow in the same path.

Every year—as specified in the will—a Thanksgiving dinner was given to the inmates of the Poor-house, and gradually the place came to be known as "Thanksgiving Cottage."

### The Secret of "Mind Reading."

The St. Paul *Press* says: In Sunday morning's *Press* appeared a long article giving an account of the experiments of J. R. Brown the so-called "mind reader," before several of the learned faculty of Yale College. To say the least, it is somewhat remarkable to see professors of Yale College unduly surprised by the performances of Brown, when the performance of the very same somewhat miraculous feats lies within the power of almost any person. Mind reading, as performed by Mr. Brown, is but a simple parlor amusement, which can be shown any evening, when the proper conditions, which are simple, are complied with. Illustrative of this fact, a little personal experience may be detailed:

More than three months ago a *Press* reporter, spending the evening with a party of young ladies and gentlemen, first saw the same principle exhibited, and the very same feat which Mr. Brown performed upon his first experiment shown. A young lady of the party was blindfolded. One of the party then took a small table mat and carried it into another room, placing it upon a stand. Returning, the lady blindfolded took with her left hand the right hand of the person who had placed the mat in the other room, and she placed her right hand for a few moments upon her companion's forehead. After standing in this position for a very short time the right hand was removed from the forehead, and raising the left hand of her companion, still holding it in her own, to her forehead, she went directly through intricate passage-ways to the very article.

After this experiment, the same was repeated with other members of the party, the articles each time being different and put in a place unknown to the blindfolded person. The reporter was one of the number who took the character of the "blind goddess" for the performance of two experiments. After being blindfolded and the article hidden, he began the search for it, going directly to it at first, and unconscious of his relative position in the house, and believing he was still going forward in a straight line, he suddenly came to a pause and experienced the strangest feeling he had ever known in his life. It is hard to explain it, but it was more like endeavoring to fly without knowing how to begin—a seeming effort to go up after something. This sensation is explained by the fact that the article secreted had been placed some distance above his reach. Instead of going directly forward, as he supposed, he was told he had continued to walk by the article without stopping, going from it for a short time but immediately returning. The experience during the second experiment was much the same. He is told that he passed the article more than a dozen times, then pausing before it. The article was placed below his head, and he only remembers feeling a sensation similar to some one pressing gently on the back of the head, and realized that his head was pressed upon a book—the article of which he was in search—safely deposited in the lap of a young lady.

The only conditions necessary are that the person whom the then blindfolded person leads should keep the mind intently on the object and where it is hidden. The "mind reader" must as well keep his mind intent on the fact that he searches for something. The experiment is a decidedly amusing one, which does admirably to while away an evening. While the reporter has never seen the other experiments detailed in the article in Sunday's issue tried, he has no doubt that they can be performed by almost any one as well as Mr. Brown.

DAN DAVIS of Virginia City paid a visit to Promontory, on the Central Pacific Railroad, and was charmed with the manners and customs—almost patriarchal in their frank simplicity—of the people. He stopped at the principal hotel of the town. It was a nice place, and the landlord was a very agreeable and friendly sort of a man. Says Dan: "When dinner was ready the landlord came out into the street in front of his hotel with a double-barreled shot-gun. Raising the gun above his head he fired off one barrel. I said to him, 'What did you do that for?' Said he, 'To call my boarders to dinner.' I said, 'Why don't you fire off both barrels?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I keep the other to collect with.'"

ACCORDING to a Pittsburgh newspaper, the gray squirrels in the Allegheny Valley are engaged in a general migration. They draw their recruits from all points, and may be seen daily swimming the river in large numbers, and pursuing an easterly course. Old farmers say that such a migration has not taken place since 1846, and regard it as the forerunner of an extremely severe winter.

LUTHER MCCOY, an eccentric old man of Troy, and for many years accounted rich, has been a source of great anxiety to his relatives by his habit of making and destroying wills. First one kinsman and then another was made his heir, and alternately hope and fear were intensified by his valuation of his property at over $200,000. The truth has come out, however, that he hasn't much to leave to any body, and the exposure of his cruel pastime has made some laugh and others weep.

A BILL has passed the Oregon Senate which provides that husbands and wives without children may be considered divorced by simply ceasing to live together.

### Feeding the Animals in Central Park Menagerie.

The New York Central Park menagerie, says the *Sun*, contains about 900 creatures, equally divided between mammals and birds. The animals are obtained for exhibition by purchase, by gift, by breeding, and by loans. Whenever Mr. Barnum or Mr. Van Amburgh goes out of the city for a season he places his more valuable specimens in the Park Museum, where they are sure to receive good care. The more prominent donors are the American foreign consuls and the officers of the army and navy. Of late years it has been found possible to breed lions, camels, tigers, hyenas, and bears, as well as deer and other American animals, though the greatest care is required to protect the young.

The lions, nine in number, are fed about eight pounds of raw beef every afternoon except Sunday. On Sunday they get nothing. The tigers, wild cats, hyenas, and the little jackal, the only one in America, are all fed in the same way, but they get smaller quantities. The tapirs, grizzly and black bears, prairie dogs, and some of the birds are kept on bread and milk. The sheep get turnips during the winter, and pasture during the summer. The camels, zebras, antelopes, yaks, llamas, and buffalo are pastured until late in October, and then housed and fed on hay and grain. The tall slender giraffes are light eaters; a quart of grain and a handful of hay per day keep them in excellent condition. The eagles, hawks, and ravens get raw meet, and the many varieties of pelicans, the cranes, storks, and ducks get fish. The cassowary, celebrated by the rhymester in

The giant cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
Swallowed a missionary,
Bible, and hymn book too,

is a large, strong bird, of ostrich-like build, covered with long black feathers as fine as hair. He has a bold stride, and good, muscular development, maintained on bread and water. The swans have grain during the summer, cabbages when housed for the winter. The doves, pheasants, and chickens are fed grain and bread, and the small birds get canary, hemp and rape seed, and red peppers at intervals.

The special pets are the elephants, the little sun bear, and the monkeys. Hay and vegetables are all the management allow the elephants, but children never weary of feeding them bits of apple and cake.

The little sun bear, "Jenny," is provided with a dish of bread and milk every day, and depends upon visitors for delicacies. She is a favorite, and nine out of ten of the visitors give her something. She knows her friends, and if they pass her by without notice she utters an affecting cry. The monkeys number about fifty, and are of many species. They have a room to themselves, and it is always crowded. Their bill of fare is the most elaborate of any in the menagerie. They have bread every morning, crackers and apples during the day, carrots twice a week, and onions once a month. Corn and peanuts are scattered in the straw on the floor of their cages, which they can obtain only by active search.

The reptiles are by far the lightest feeders of all. The alligators eat only about three months in the twelve, and during that time the largest one consumes less than thirty pounds of meat. Once in two weeks the rattlesnakes, recently captured from the Black Hills by Gen. Custer, awake and swallow one or two sparrows apiece, and about once a month the boa-constrictor uncoils himself and strangles and bolts down a rabbit or a pair of pigeons.

For the care of the animals four men are required, who keep the cages clean and the food supplied. Twice a week the cages are thoroughly washed and the animals cleaned. The temperature of the rooms is carefully regulated by steam pipes, running from the same boiler which heats the large building.

At half-past two every afternoon the carnivora are fed. They are all confined in cages in one room, and as the hour approaches for their dinner, they show clearly that their appetites mark the time well. At two o'clock they lie almost sluggish on the floor of their prisons; at a quarter past they are up on their feet pacing their narrow bounds hastily; at twenty-five minutes past they are almost wild, and lash themselves against the bars of their cages. One lion only of them all is calm, and he is the one whose place commands a view of the out-house where the men are preparing the meat. He watches eagerly, and when, exactly at half-past two, he sees the men, heavily laden, approach the building, he gives the signal cry, and the room straightway is filled with the roar of lions and the shrieks of tigers and hyenas. A large chunk of beef is thrown to each one, and quiet reigns again. Sometimes there are terrible fights between the inmates of a cage. The old lion "Parker," thirty years of age, has to eat slowly, and he is cursed with an active spouse, who speedily finishes her allowance and then harasses her lord for a share of his. It requires all the efforts of the keepers to restrain the couple from a disgraceful family quarrel.

### A Sanguinary Battle with the Indians.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* sends that paper the following from Wichita River, under date of Nov. 7: The most gallant, trying, and desperate Indian fight of the campaign occurred yesterday, about thirty miles from this place, on the Aranoso or McClellan Creek, conducted by Capt. H. J. Farnsworth, commanding a portion of Company H, Eighth United States Cavalry, numbering only twenty-eight men.

The engagement commenced at half-past 1 o'clock p. m. with 100 Cheyenne or Arapahoes and Kiowas, exceedingly well mounted and in full fighting trim, and having the advantage of higher ground, equal arms—breech-loading—and a more abundant supply of ammunition than Farnsworth's plucky fellows. The latter fought like tigers, disputing every inch of ground until dark, losing one man killed and four wounded, ten horses killed and two wounded, and killing fifteen Indians, a large number of ponies, and wounding fifty or more of the savages. The exhaustion of his ammunition and the desire to care for his wounded men even compelled Capt. Farnsworth to retreat reluctantly, under cover of night, to this point, whence he had been sent out by Major William Redmond Price, of the Eighth United States Cavalry, commanding the Wingate battalion, to discover the whereabouts of the Indians. They were supposed to be in the vicinity, as a Cheyenne spy had been captured by Major Price individually, and others had been seen near this point.

About dark our soldiers slowly emerged out of the hollow, where they had been hemmed in, and, making a "neck-or-nothing" charge, succeeded in reaching the plains. All the wounds were received at this time. The Indians did not dare to pursue, and they showed evident signs of severe punishment and of having enough of it for the time. Capt. Farnsworth immediately struck out for this place, where we are resting, after having marched forty-five miles between dark and sunrise through a terribly cold night, causing the wounded men to suffer greatly. The horses had not eaten any thing since morning, and had performed a full day's march of twenty-three miles before the action.

Immediately upon receipt of the news Major Price, who had fought these same Indians on Sep'. 12 near here, started out at once for the late scene of action, with Capt. C. A. Hartwell and Lieut. Morris, and their companies, K and L, Eighth United States Cavalry, accompanied cavalry co-operating at the request of Major Price and by directions of Gen. J. W. Davidson.

While the fight made by Capt. Farnsworth and his brave men was throughout full of individual acts of bravery, dash and daring, Private Daniel Haggerty of St. Louis, who killed the first Indian, and First Sergeant Owen Conway, deserve mention.

Women and children brought up fresh ponies for the Indians, to replace those killed or disabled; and their arms were sometimes of longer range than those of the troops.

### Up Among the Mountain Tops.

The *Rocky Mountain News* says: Mr. A. D. Wilson, of the geological survey, speaking of the San Juan country, which was explored by him and his assistants this season, says that they had a very successful and interesting, but, at the same time, extremely severe summer's work, owing to the very elevated position of most of the region. They explored about 6,000 square miles, the main features of their examination being the topography, geology mineralogy, climate, soil, drainage, and other matters of interest coming under their notice from time to time, as they progressed in their specific investigations. One of these was the strange, and, sometimes, painfully perceptible phenomenon, electricity, which never failed to manifest itself whenever the observers attempted to work on the higher peaks. Indeed, several times they were driven from the higher barometrical stations by it; and Mr. Wilson says that rocks, perforated with its currents, are frequently found scattered over the summits of the peaks, leaving evidences of their work in glassy streaks over and through the rocks. Another feature was the great height and perpendicularity of the walls of the canyons, which enabled the mineralogist and geologist to investigate them to a depth of thousands of feet.

The district explored by this division embraced the head waters of the Rio Grande, Animas, San Miguel, Rio Dolores, Los Pinos, Florida, and many smaller streams, which have their origin in this great central mass of lofty mountains. Mr. Wilson regards the district in question as the highest portion of country embraced within the limits of Colorado, as is shown by the fact that his party was not below the altitude of 9,000 feet for three months, while many times they camped far above timber line. A large number of the peaks, when measured, will show an altitude of from 14,000 to 15,000 feet. They ascended about sixty points within this topographical district, thirty of which will probably show a height of from 12,500 to 14,000 feet. These estimates are given only from barometrical readings made in the field.

The general appearance of the country is that of extreme ruggedness, which arises from the bluff-like walls of the canyons, some of which tower up almost vertically to the dizzy height of 4,000 feet. In many places these walls are composed of highly colored trachytic strata, which, when combined with the deep green of the forest trees, presents a most beautiful scene.

The San Juan mining district lies in the midst of this high mass of mountains, and there are now but two routes of communication with the railroad at Pueblo or Canyon City. One of these is the southern route, which passes from Howardsville up Cunningham Gulch, crossing the divide and following down the Rio Grande to Del Norte. Seventy or eighty miles of this route is a fine wagon road, though many of the supplies taken over this route at present are transported on burros. The pass through which this road crosses is about 12,000 feet above sea level, and will often be obstructed in winter by snow. The country surrounding the high mountains on the south is quite low, being about 6,000 feet along the river bottoms; and, being sheltered, is quite warm, the growth of vegetation being very rich, and indicating a fine agricultural district. But much of this fine land is on the Indian reservation, thus preventing its useful occupation at present.

There is a trail leading from Baker's Park to the northwest, near the sources of the San Miguel. This, however, is a difficult pass, and only practicable for lightly loaded animals. The altitude is about 3,500 feet. San Miguel Lake is located near this pass, and is about 9,800 feet high, and surrounded by many lofty peaks, with bold, precipitous walls, rising in some instances to 4,000 and 5,000 feet; while immediately around the lake the forests and meadows are brought together, forming a beautiful landscape.

Following down the San Miguel the country gradually opens out into a rich, grass-producing region. In this district sixty-five topographical stations were effected. The heights of all camps, valleys, passes, and many other points were taken, barometrically; also, all points not visited, but which could be seen, were triangulated. Many valuable panoramic sketches of a topographical and geological character were made, which will be important to the geologist and geographer in working up their field notes for the report of 1874. As this region has lately excited considerable interest, we look forward with anxiety for accurate reports touching its resources, both for scientific and economic results.

### How a Student Became a Thief.

The case of Samuel Alexander, a student of the Rensselaer Institute of Troy, who was caught thieving, is interesting. The students do not lodge in the Institute, and Alexander had a room by himself over a book-store. Late one night while sitting at his window he dropped a gold ring, which struck on a roof below. It was a young lady's gift, for the young student was a favored and flirting beau, and he disliked to lose it. So he took the cord from his bed, made a sort of knotted ladder, and climbed down to the roof. The ring was found, and just as he was going to reascend he caught a glimpse through the crack of a shutter of the lighted but uninhabited interior of the book-store. He saw costly volumes lying around, and the sight ruined him. He pried open the shutter and went in. There he found scientific instruments used in his studies of the handsomest patterns. Making up a bundle of what pleased him most, he climbed back into his room with the plunder. His adventure kept him awake all night, but on visiting the store next day he found that the theft had not been discovered. His own social position would in any event have protected him from suspicion. He might have stopped here had not his love of female approbation asserted itself. The stolen books made excellent gifts for his fair acquaintances, who belonged to families of high social position. Three more midnight visits to the book-store were made, and Alexander soon got a reputation for princely liberality and elegant taste. The book-store folks, too, finally connected that liberality with their losses, and a patient investigation exposed the amateur thief.

### An Incident of the Railroad War in Iowa.

The C. B. and Q. Railroad must be getting a little sick of its policy of making passengers show their tickets before getting on trains. It is a dodge to make them pay full rates, which they might not do if they paid on the cars, and according to the requirements of the new law. There have been numerous conflicts between brakemen loyal to the road, and citizens loyal to the laws, resulting in bunged eyes, bleeding noses, and interviews with the nearest Justice's Court. There have been all sorts of dodges on the part of patriotic citizens to evade the railroad trespass on their rights, not that they care a "continental cuss" for the money difference, but "the principle, my boy." One of the dodges was to purchase a ticket for the nearest station, then once in the car, buy at legal rates the ticket required. The last dodge is thus told by the Burlington *Gazette*.

The other day a party of about twenty passengers from this place put up a new job on the road. One of them went to the office, purchased a ticket, went on board the train, took his seat and slily slipped his ticket out of the window to another, he passing in and repeating the operation, and so on until the whole party were comfortably seated within the car, the sentinel smiling as they passed in and congratulating himself, no doubt, upon the splendid run at the ticket-office and the small amount of trouble he was having with the passengers that day.—*Davenport Gazette*.

### Alleged Spirit Performances in Missouri.

At Memphis, Scotland County, Mo., according to the St. Louis *Globe*, from which we make this extract, there is a medium named Mott, at whose house, it is said, spirits materialize themselves and are recognized by their friends present. A lady of this city has been there about two weeks, investigating the phenomena. She is very critical and went there a skeptic, but is now a believer. She avers that she has had long conversations with a particular friend, who died two years ago. On one occasion the conversation continued an hour, and the spirit-friend told her many things known only to herself and the spirit, or to the spirit and a mutual friend, which the latter has since verified.

Mr. Mott has a little girl, only three years of age, who is a writing medium. On several occasions this lady has gotten long letters written on a slate. They were obtained merely by herself and this child holding a slate with one hand each under a table, no other person being in the room but themselves. A bit of pencil, smaller than a pea, was placed on top of the slate, when the writing immediately commenced. The communications purported to be those of this same spirit-friend, and expressed the characteristic thoughts of the latter.

This lady went to a store, and purchased two slates and a pencil. She had a bit of pencil put between the two slates, and then they were screwed together, so that the two surfaces of slate could not be exposed without using a screw-driver and removing several screws. Not allowing this slate to go out of her possession, she and the child put their hands upon it, and immediately they heard the movement of the pencil writing. On removing the screws, both surfaces of the slate were covered with communications. There was one to her husband from her spirit-friend, and one to a St. Louis lady from her husband. He signed his full name, and it is one well known here. He is a prominent business man, possessed of much wealth, and stands high socially.

This lady on another occasion had a slate letter, through this child medium, from the spirit of this same gentleman, referring to the last conversation which the two had together, and to the subject of it. He also referred to the manner of his death, which was accidental.

Many other mysterious communications have been received by these mediums, who are exciting the wonder of the country round.

### Old Dutch Proverbs.

We must row with the oars we have; and as we cannot order the wind we are obliged to sail with the wind that God gives.

Patience and attention will bring us far. If the cat watches long enough at the mouse nest, the mouse shall not escape.

Perseverance will obtain good cabbage and lettuce where otherwise nothing but thistles will grow.

The plowman must go up and down, and whatever else may be done, there is no other but this long way to do the work well.

Learn to sleep with one eye open. As soon as the chicken goes to roost, it is a good time for the fox.

If weary with waking, your portion soon will be meager.

Fools always will ask what time it is, but the wise know their time.

Grind while the wind is fair, and if you neglect, do not complain of God's providence.

God gives feed to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest; in like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

Rise early; then the fisherman finds his worms.

The dawn of day has gold in its mouth.

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving always will be in a cloud of dust.

### Careless Marrying.

The Providence (R. I.) *Journal* refers to the careless facility with which clergymen often perform the marriage ceremony for any man who comes with a woman on his arm and a fee in his hand, and thinks it was a mistake to repeal the old law which required the publication of banns of marriage. An exception to the custom to which it alludes is the following:

"This matter is brought to our notice by the very proper conduct of a clergyman of this city, who was waited upon last week by two candidates for matrimonial felicity, and, in the course of the inquiries which he deemed it proper to make of them, he readily discovered that the man was decidedly under the influence of strong liquor; and he told him that he would not marry him. 'Why not?' stammered the expectant bridegroom. 'Because you are drunk; come here sober, and I will decide whether I will marry you or not; but in your present condition you are not fit to enter into so solemn an engagement.' The man refused to leave till the ceremony was performed; but he found that the minister belonged to the church militant, and he made a hasty retreat with a boot close behind him. Doubtless he found somebody to marry him."

### A Ghastly Jollification.

Ah Tong Suey, better known as "No Good Suey," who was assassinated in Washington alley on Monday night, was looked upon as a very bad man in the community in which he moved, and they regard his death as a special dispensation of Josh. To manifest their joy at his removal from this sphere, a large number of Chinamen met in the vrious restaurants in Chinatown, and sat down to banquets specially prepared on account of his taking off. Suey was the leader of a gang of bad Chinamen, who resorted to all manner of means to blackmail their countrymen. His murderer has not yet been captured, but it has been ascertained that immediately after firing the fatal shot the murderer ran out of Washington alley into Washington street, and then made his escape. The Chinese, it is said, know him, but they will not tell the officers, or in any way assist them to capture him.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

A LADY who had been teaching her little four-year-old the elements of arithmetic was astonished by his running in and propounding the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies, and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

THOSE who have been in the United States Senate chamber during a heavy shower, remember that the noise made by the rain upon the roof was so great as to render the transaction of business almost impossible. This has now been remedied by the use of lath and plaster under the tin roof.

CHEAP MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—1 tablespoonful lard, 1 cupful good molasses, 1 cupful boiling water, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 1 of soda, salt and flour. This is a very nice breakfast or tea cake, eaten hot with butter.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

IT was reserved for a Springfield, Mass., Justice, to decide whether ornaments made of butternut shells were jewelry. He said no, and the peddler who had been arrested for selling them without a jeweler's license was discharged.

MRS. VIBBARD suggested, in the Chicago Woman's Convention, that the danger of wearing corsets be obviated by the ladies having their husbands rub them after taking off the garment aforesaid. The Cincinnati *Times* thinks the idea is a good one, and adds: "We have sent Mrs. Vibbard's husband a ream of sand paper."

A DEAF and dumb mendicant was suddenly startled by the shouts of some rude boys while walking down River street, in Troy, and in turning slipped on a banana peel and fell. He gave the lads a severe lecture, much to the amusement of the blind beggar at the corner, who saw the occurrence through his green glasses.

A TRAVELER in Vermont, stopping at a hotel recently, ordered supper. The meal was a very inferior one, and at it's conclusion, which was soon reached, he stepped up to settle for it. "Well," said Boniface with alacrity. "I hope you had a good supper." "Yes," replied he, musingly, "the supper averaged first rate; the butter was strong and the tea was weak."

M. D. CONWAY tells a good story in his entertaining article on "Decorative Art in England," in the November *Harper's*. A fop once bothered one of the Rothschilds by boasting of a set of malachite studs he had just bought, and asking the great banker if he did not admire them. "Oh yes," says Rothschild, "very pretty, indeed; I've got a mantlepiece like that at home."

THERE is probably nothing else on earth that will roll like a hat. A gust of wind gets under your tile, and before you realize the extent of the catastrophe you see it strike a bee line for the nearest puddle of water, into which it settles with an indifference that is highly exasperating. No man yet ever caught his hat until it got ready to stop, which is when in brings up under a wagon wheel, or when he drives it into the mud with his heel.

### To Women Out of Work.

The following characteristic letter from Mrs. Swisshelm appears in a late number of the Chicago *Tribune*:

Permit me to say, through your columns, to all the women in this city who are out of employment, that I am *not* publishing a paper or carrying on any business which requires assistance; and that, when I was, I never employed man, woman, boy, beast, or machine, because he, she, or it wanted work, but always *because the work wanted them*; that, if I needed five hundred women, I would not engage one who came to me with a top-heavy load of feathers, flowers, bugles, beads, bows, and bands, on her head, presented a painted face behind a masque vail, or wore a dress either trailing in the mud or beflounced, befolded, and befuddled, until she looked like a French hen with her feathers all turned up, while she complained of hard times and want of employment.

I do *not* know any one who wants copying done, or wishes to employ a woman to do office-work. I have no influence with any publisher by which I could induce him to publish anybody's letters, or "pomes," or stories. I know no one who has any genteel employment for which he or she is willing to pay large wages; and my time is of importance to me. I am 57 years old; have spent the fortune my parents left me in helping the slave to freedom, and women into a position where they might help themselves. I gave my health, and nearly my life, in hospital-service; am literally worn out, poor, and entirely dependent on my own labor for a living, except when I break down altogether, and am obliged to accept the assistance my friends are always ready to give me. I live in very plain lodgings, and wear a very plain dress and bonnet from ten to fifteen years, because I cannot afford new; for I could not if I would, and would not if I could, do that kind of literary work for which there is a ready market and a high price. One-third of my work goes into editorial waste-baskets because I spoil it with my idiosyncrasies; but I never grumble, and try to owe no man a dollar. If I were out of work and threatened with want, I would go into a family to render such services as I could—cooking, dishwashing, general housework, or any specialty—and take such wages as I could earn, whether it was $1 a week or 50 cents; and no employer should put me out of my place, wherever that was. I should never be found in the parlor when the kitchen was my sphere, and should take pride in being a good servant. Such being the standpoint from which I view life, I cannot, of course, feel sympathy with the fine ladies who come, every day, robbing me of my time and strength in listening to their recitals of sentimental sorrows. So, to all women out of work, I say, take off your furbelows and set about the first honest labor which presents itself.

JANE GREY SWISSHELM.

P. S.—That Detroit *Free Press* man knows very little about bonnets. Mine which he mistakes for a model of patient industry, is only a bit of silk basted loosely over a frame. I made it in one hour, and it cost $1.45. Neither is it ancient, as he hints; for I have only worn it three summers. I take it off in church and all other public places, because anything which protects the head out of doors must be very injurious to the brain if worn in a heated room, and because I would not mock the Apostle Paul by substituting any modern milliner's invention for that covering of the head which he required the women of Corinth to wear when preaching or praying in public, and which to-day finds its only relative in the slat sun-bonnet common in rural districts. J. G. S.

### Won Her Way.

I found here a widow lady—a Mrs. George Peasly—at work in a marble-shop with a number of men. She is cutting grave-stones, taking them in the rough the same as men, and is getting her $3 a days, and puts in as much time as the average of men. She has a number of children. As a short sketch of her history may be an encouragement to other lone women, I give it as follows: "When her husband died she was not able to buy a head-stone complete, but bought a marble slab in the rough and finished it, and it can be seen standing at the head of his grave, near the village of Henderson, Minnesota. She then carved some work and took it to a marble-worker in the city of Minneapolis, and told him she was a widow with a family of children and wanted work. The dealer examined the work, said it was good, and that he would give her work on two conditions. First, she should promise not to work for any other dealer in the city; and, secondly, she should promise not to open business on her own account in the city of Minneapolis. She said she would agree to this if he would agree to keep her in work all the time. But this lord of creation would agree to nothing of the kind. She went to St. Paul and there got work without special agreements. Finally she came to this city, and is now in the employ of Mr. Ed. V. Bogart."—*Winona (Minn.) Correspondence Chicago Tribune*.

### Presence of Mind.

Prof. Wilder gives these short rules for action in case of accident: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours, and cough. For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, then walk erect. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard. For acid poisons, give acids; in case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.