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Poetry.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is Heaven in our hearts begun,
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Miscellaneous.

Aphasia—Meaning One Thing and Saying Another.

A curious and very elaborate book has been written by an English physician, Dr. Bateman, of Norwich, on the remarkable disease which doctors call aphasia. Aphasia is the general name for a disease, usually, but not invariably, connected with some serious affection of the brain, which causes those who suffer from it frequently to articulate sounds or words very different from the sounds or words they are aiming at. An aphasic lady has been known, for instance, to come forward to meet a guest with a cordial smile and outstretched hand, and then articulate, "Pig, brute, stupid fool!" in the place of the words of welcome really expressing the thought in her mind, while in other cases the words articulated when the patient was intending to read aloud, turned out simply gibberish. Thus of one patient it is recorded:

"In order to ascertain and place on record the peculiar imperfection of language which he exhibited, Dr. Osborne selected the following sentence from the by-laws of the College of Physicians, viz.: '*It shall be in the power of the College to examine or not to examine any Licentiate, previous to his admission to Fellowship, as they shall think fit.*' Having requested him to read this aloud, he read as follows: '*And the be what in the temother of the trothotodoo to mayrum or that emidrum ein einkrastrai mestreil to letra tot abridiel to ra frontreido asthat, kokrites*;'"—where, as the physician remarked, the patient, though unable to articulate the words and letters before him, did yet articulate combinations of letters and words much more difficult.

Again, there is a case registered where a man with this affection lost his way, as one may say, only in relation to a single letter—always substituting *z* for *f*, so that asking (in German) for Kaffee (coffee), he appeared to ask for Kazze (sounded like Katze, cat,) (Dr. Bateman, p. 53.) Again, another case is given (p. 100) of a gentleman who, after a blow on the head, lost his knowledge of Greek, and did not appear to have lost anything else.

In some cases the mind seems to go in search of the right sound or word, and to seize the wrong one, through some confusion in the action of the proper nerves or muscles; in some cases not to know even at which sound to aim at all. Now, what is the proper mental interpretation of such facts as these? How is it to be explained that, without any loss of intelligence, the great "instrument of thought," as language has been called, should so completely defy the power which produced it and defined its exact sphere of duty?

The case of the patient who, by a blow on his head, lost completely the knowledge of Greek, without appearing to suffer any other loss whatever, would to many suggest, as the physician who attended him (Dr. Scoresby Jackson) remarked, that the Greek knowledge was all deposited in a particular square inch of brain, the injury of which just destroyed this knowledge, without invading any other sphere of the intellect. But this kind of fact does not stand alone. A French priest, attended by M. Piorry, after an attack of paralysis lost entirely the power of employing substantives, while retaining in general the full command of all other parts of speech. Thus, when he wanted to ask for his hat, he said: "*Donnez-moi ce qui se met sur la * **" but he could not remember the word for "head" any better than the word for "hat"; and his physician adds, "*mais le mot 'tete' ne lui venait pas*," and goes on to say that he sought to express the same thing twenty times, but that he always got to an insurmountable difficulty whenever he came to a noun substantive.

Again, a Dublin physician, Dr. Graves, had a case in which a patient could not recall any noun substantive (common or proper), but could always recall its initial letter. He therefore made himself a pocket dictionary of the words in the most general use, including the proper names of his children, and servants, and friends, and in conversation would always refer to this dictionary, and run his eye down the initial letter he recalled till he reached the name in which he was in search, "keeping his finger and eye fixed on the word until he had finished his sentence;" but the moment he had closed the book he again forgot the name, though he never forgot the initial letter, and could always again recover it by means of his dictionary. Now, take these three cases together, and we observe that in one case the whole network of associations contained in a single language was lost through the agency of the disease; in the next case, only all the examples of a single part of speech (noun substantives) in one language, in the last case not even this, but all the examples of the same part of speech, minus the initial letter, which was uniformly retained.

There is a case of a patient in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, under Dr. Gairdner, whose loss of language was so complete that he could communicate with other people only by signs. After a time Dr Gairdner observed that the other patients in the infirmary thought this man was shamming, and the reason they gave was, that though he could not speak in any other way, he could swear freely. Yet this patient soon after died suddenly, and his brain was found to be much eaten away with cancer.

Matrimonial Superstitions.

The lately revived custom of throwing shoes after a newly wedded couple for luck is a very old one. In the Isle of Man, the shoe is thrown after the bride and bridegroom as they leave their respective abodes, but the ceremony is generally performed elsewhere upon the departure of the hero and heroine of the day for the honey-moon trip. In some parts of Kent, shoe throwing does not take place until after they have gone, when the single ladies range themselves in one line, and the bachelors range themselves in another. An old shoe is then thrown as far as the thrower's strength permits, and the ladies race after it, the winner being rewarded by the assurance that she will be married before any of her rivals. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, the one she hits laying the same pleasing unction to his heart. Something like this is practiced, too, in Yorkshire and Scotland. In Germany it used to be a rule for the bride, as she was being conducted to her chamber, to take off her shoe and throw it among the guests, who battled for its possession, the successful he or she being destined to be speedily married and settled. In some places the threshold is kept warm for another bride by pouring a kettleful of warm water down the door-steps as soon as the bride and bridegroom have taken their departure; the fancy being that before the water is dried up another match will be made up, or "flow on," and that it will not be very long before another wedded couple passes over the same ground. In Prussia, the method of invoking blessings on a newly-married pair used to be the more expensive one of smashing crockery against the door of the house in which they were domiciled.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Dispatches from various points in Colorado are delayed by the inconvenient habit the settlers have of hanging horse-thieves to the telegraph wires.

HOW KAISER WILHELM'S SISTER WAS WON.

It will be remembered that the Emperor William I. of Germany, immediately after the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Versailles, sent to St. Petersburg a telegram in which he expressed to the Czar his gratitude for the friendly attitude which Russia had maintained during the progress of the Franco-Prussian war, and in which he frankly admitted that Germany was indebted to this sincere friendship of her powerful Eastern neighbor for the comparatively limited dimensions of the gigantic conflict. Unquestionably the political interests of Russia, and above all, her well known policy in the Eastern question, have mainly contributed to her partiality for Prussia; but not an insignificant share in this partiality must be attributed to personal considerations—to that near relationship which for upwards of half a century has existed between the dynasties of Russia and Prussia; for Alexander the Second, the present Emperor of Russia, is a son of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the sister of the present Emperor of Germany.

The betrothal and marriage of this Princess with Nicholas, who was then only Grand Duke, but afterward Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic love episodes in the world of European courts, which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would, on that account alone, deserve being remembered, quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to all the members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louisa. Her early childhood elapsed amidst scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobody would at that time have ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might, indeed, make an exception in favor of her mother, who, with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high minded woman, wrote one day to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about her daughter:

"Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under her apparent coldness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dull outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant lustre. Her bearing and manners are noble and dignified. She has but few friends, and these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value, and predict for her a brilliant futture, if she lives long enough."

The young Princess was, indeed, a very frail and delicate creature—one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome; but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just sixteen, when, in the year 1814, the Grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin, and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description which those who saw and knew the Grand Duke at that time have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind makes it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl just budding into womanhood was captivated and charmed by him almost at first sight. Well he might have said, like Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered." The Princess fell in love with him, and fortunately for her the young Grand Duke returned her love fully as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest man of his times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured no less than six feet two inches, was considered unequaled in beauty, not only in Russia, but in all Europe. He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance; his whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty which the devine art of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the features of the Apollo Belvidere. His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and his large, blue, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance, and pride, among which it would have been difficult for the observer to name the predominant expression. Those who would have looked closely and attentively into those remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glances would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a suppliant; but there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of those eyes could be so entirely softened as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness. Among these few was, however, the young Prussian Princess, who had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence the Olympian gravity of his features gave way to a radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible.

In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought, exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian—the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand of a magician, to have been transferred into the youthful Alcibiades.

Such is the flattering picture which his cotemporaries have drawn of the personal appearance of the Grand Duke Nicholas at the time of his arrival at Berlin.

At that time, however, the matchless personal charms of the Grand Duke were not enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not even eventually considered an heir to the imperial crown of Russia. It is true Alexander the First, his brother, had no children, but in the case of his death, which could not be expected soon, the Grand Duke Constantine was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a Prince of the first blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of a family union, greeted the prospect of a marriage between the Grand Duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were very fond of each other.

The King then delicately insinuated to his daughter that if she had taken a liking to the Grand Duke, and had reason to believe that the Prince entertained similar feelings toward her, their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young Princess, although secretly delighting in a hope which so fully responded to the secret wishes of her heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the Grand Duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached on which the Grand Duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure a grand gala supper was given in his honor at the Royal Palace, and, by way of accident or policy, the young Princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The Grand Duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His high forehead was clouded, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in the space—vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him, and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the royal Princes had proposed in his honor, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his fair neighbor, and whispered so as only to be understood by her—

"So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow!"

He paused abruptly and looked at the Princess as if he was waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the Princess was fully as proud as the Grand Duke, and overcoming the violent throbbing of her heart, she said politely to him:

"We are very sorry to see your Imperial Highness leave us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?"

"You will all be very sorry!" muttered the Grand Duke, not entirely satisfied with the vagueness of sorrow which these words of the Princess implied. "But you in particular, madame?" he added, after some hesitation. "For it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay here or depart."

"Ah!" replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile, "and what have I to do to keep your Imperial Highness here?"

"You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you."

"Is that all?"

"And you must encourage me to please you."

"That is much more difficult," said the Princess, with a deep blush, but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the Prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

"During my short stay in Berlin," the Grand Duke continued in the same tone of voice, "I have taken pains to study your character and your affections, and this study has satisfied me that you would render me very happy, while on the other hand I have some qualities which would secure your own happiness."

The princess was overcome by emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said. "But here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me?"

"Oh," replied the Prince," you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring whose possession would make me very happy. Give it to me."

"What do you think of? Here in the presence of a hundred spectators?"

"Ah, it can be easily done without being seen by anybody. Now we are chatting so quietly together that there is not one among the guests suspects in the least what we are speaking about. Press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table; I will take the talisman, and nobody will notice it."

"This ring is really a talisman."

"I expected so. May I hope to hear its history."

"Why not? My first governess was a Swiss lady by the name of Wildermatt. Once she went to Switzerland in order to enter upon an inheritance which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. When she came back to Berlin, a few weeks afterward, she showed me quite a collection of pretty and costly jewelry, which formed a part of the inheritance. 'This is a curious old ring,' said I to her, as I put this old-fashioned little ring on my finger. 'Does it not look queer and cunning? Perhaps it is an old relic or talisman, and may have been worn centuries ago by a pious lady who had received it from her knight, starting for the Holy Land.' I tried to take the ring from my finger again, but I could not get it off; for I was a little fleshier then than now," said Charlotte smilingly.

"My governess insisted on my keeping the ring as a souvenir. I accepted her present, and the ring has been on my finger ever since. Sometime afterward, when I was contemplating its strange workmanship, I succeeded in pulling it from my finger, and I was much surprised at seeing engraved on the inside some words which, though nearly rubbed out by the wear of time, were still legible. Now, your Imperial Highness, what do you think were the words engraved upon it? I think when you hear them you will take some interest in the ring."

"Ah! and pray what were they?"

"The words engraved upon the inside were, '*Empress of Russia.*' This ring has undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia to the relative of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of the Czarina, your august grandmother."

"This is really remarkable," said the Grand Duke, thoughtfully. "I am quite superstitious, and I am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as a omen of very auspicious significance."

In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the Princess took a small piece of bread, played carelessly with it, and managed to press the ring into the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And after this adroit exhibition of skill as an actress she continued to eat as unconcerned as though she had performed the most insignificant action of her life.

With the same apparent coolness and indifference the Grand Duke picked up the bread enclosing the ring, took the latter out of its ingenious envelope, and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the auspicious omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golden chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if we are not mistaken, has even descended with him into the vault of his ancestors.

Three years after, in 1817, Princess Charlotte, then only nineteen years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose eye had never looked prouder, and whose Olympian brow had never been more serene than at this happiest moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude who had flocked together from all parts of the vast Empire to greet the young Princess with shouts and rejoicings, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription of the ring recurred to his mind; for, bending his head quite close to Charlotte, he whispered, "Now Empress of the hearts, and some day, perhaps, Empress of the realm."

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the Winter Palace, where Alexander the First, the Emperor, surrounded by a brilliant suit of generals and courtiers, came to meet his beautiful sister-in-law, and conducted her into the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the magnificent palace of the Czars. Who would believe that eight short years afterward the brilliant young Emperor had breathed his last, and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed him on the throne of Russia? Truly the incription of the engagement-ring had proven prophetic!

A Hard Case.—Dying, without money, without property, no life insurance policy in the Washington Insurance Company, of New York, yet leaving a wife and small children.

When does a man feel girlish? When he makes his maiden speech.

Very Little Fellows.

The keenest eyes see but very little of the handiwork of God. Every drop of water teems with life. You can not quench your thirst, even with the purest water, without swallowing scores of puny lives. The ocean is stirred by the huge leviathan, who maketh it to boil like a pot. And therein, also, in myriad varieties, are the lesser forms of life, running down to the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them weigh less than a grain!

The atmosphere is full of life, and the dry land swarms with animals of unwritten names and unknown orders, crawling, burrowing, creeping, boring, leaping, running, hopping and flying creatures. Out of sight and beyond the hearing of men are innumerable living things. They inhabit the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat. They move and have their being in sweets and sours—in the toughest flint as well as the mellow pulp of the peach—in blossoms and fruits, in buds and leaves, in roots and branches, in the bodies of animals—verily, in our own human bodies are tiny tenants—populous colonies of little inhabitants, dwelling and moving in our flesh, all too minute to be seen or comprehended.

Life is everywhere. Little lives are enveloped within large lives. Our little lives are free and isolated independencies. We recently looked through a microscope in the office of Sanford C. Hill, Esq., the almanac maker of East Liverpool, Ohio, and examined a drop of rain water. In that single drop we counted near a hundred playful little creatures, apparently as large as the common house fly, frolicking and frisking about as merrily as minnows in a meadow brook!

Then we reached a hook from the shelf and detected a speck of white insect hurrying off as fast as double-quick to hide behind a grain of dust; for we had opened on him by surprise. The little fellow was retreating rapidly; the shaking of a book leaf, or even as much of a leaf to tremble as would hold a single letter, was to him a commotion equal to a hundred earthquakes. But we pursued him, excited as he was, until we chased him on a bar of polished brass, and, by a grand stratagem, drove him into an entrenchment on the bar.

He was smaller than the dot of an i in your pocket Bible. But we pressed him into our service, a prisoner in his house of brass, and snugly covered him by a glass slide, until we reviewed him beneath the microscope. His prison was less roomy than the eye of a fine cambric needle, yet under the microscope, his liberties, as well as his body, were greatly enlarged. That creature, to the naked eye so small, was now apparently, as large as a bee, and white as snow, with limbs of perfect symmetry and proportion. We were affected by his efforts to be free. He hurried from side to side of his prison-house, and tried to force the walls apart! Through his clear, transparent flesh could be seen the beating of his heart and the purple veins of his blood. His movements were restless and pitiful as those of a newly caged bird. If we could by some magnifier of sound, have heard his voice and understood his language, doubtless it would have been a plaintive cry for liberty.

How wonderful are the works of the Almighty Hand! In wisdom he hath made them all. How vast the lessons brought to our minds by the telescope, from worlds afar, and by the microscope, from marvels so near, that to the naked eye they are all unseen.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

Gesture-Language in Italy.

In Southern Italy there is current a venerable story, which is here given with all reserve, as the diplomats say; in other words, it is totally unworthy of belief. The story is this: A stranger present at a cabinet-council in Naples, after some silent pantomime had taken place, asked when business was going to begin, and was told that it was over.

"But," objected the astonished stranger, "nobody has said a word."

"True," was the answer; "but surely you observed what was going on?"

"I saw nothing going on," said the stranger, "except a few shrugs and grimaces, and the king signing his name. You don't mean to say you call that business?"

"Of course," was the answer. "What's the use of a long talk, when we can express our meaning as well, and more quickly, by signs."

The story, though an exaggeration, is, nevertheless, not so utterly absurd as it seems to the English reader. Southern Italians use a great deal of gesture while speaking; not because they are deaf or dumb, for they are quick of hearing, everlasting talkers, and remarkably intelligent, but because they have picturesque instincts and are not satisfied with expressing their ideas by feeble words; while they satisfy their natural impatience by using gestures in lieu of whole sentences, and can, and do, occasionally carry on conversations without any speech at all. For example: I have seen a man in a balcony near the top of a house narrate entirely by gestures his day's adventures to a friend on the ground floor of a house on the opposite side of a street.

The gesture-language is believed to be, in the main, the same all the world over; still, in places widely apart, in which the habits of life are very different, it is natural to expect a corresponding difference in a language which is plainly imitative, and nothing else. In Mr. Tylor's work upon the "Early History of Mankind," which contains a very interesting account of this language, it is stated that, according to the general practice of mankind, shaking the head is the sign for the negative "No." In Southern Italy, however, shaking the head never means "No," but always, "I don't understand you; what do you mean?" while "No" is expressed by elevating the chin and protruding the under lip a little; and a still stronger negative by the same movements, to which is added scraping the under-side of the chin with the tips of the right-hand fingers, holding the knuckles outward, and the fingers slightly bent. In the curious affidavit in support of the will of a deaf-and-dumb man, unable to read and write, quoted by Mr Tylor, which explains the signs used by the testator to express his testamentary wishes, it is to be observed that the testator expressed his death by laying the side of his head in the palm of his right hand, and then lowering the right hand, palm upward, to the ground. In Southern Italy, a Catholic country, death is expressed by making the sign of the cross with the first two fingers of the right hand held together, upright, before the face, that being the final action of the priest when administering the sacrament to a dying person. The gesture by which the English deaf-and-dumb man expressed his death would, omitting the lowering of the hand, mean, in Southern Italy, sleep. In this country we beckon a person toward by holding a hand or finger with the tips upward. In Southern Italy, however, the tips are held downward, and the English manner of beckoning is used for salutation. The verb "go" is expressed in Southern Italy by holding the open hand, the palm perpendicular, to the ground, and pointed in the intended direction, and shaking the hand up and down from the wrist; while in this country we simply point with the index-finger. In Sothern Italy, hunger is expressed by extending the thumb and first finger, keeping the others closed, over the mouth, and giving a rotary motion from the wrist. The reader is at liberty to try this upon any organ-grinder he meets, and mark the result. "To-day" is expressed by closing all the fingers of the right hand except the index, then pointing downward, making a rapid slight movement of the hand up and down; "to-morrow" is the same, except that the movement is greater, and from the elbow. Numbers, of course, are shown by holding up the fingers.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Reminiscences of Old Bob Carson.

In the town of Arrow Rock, on the Missouri River, the celebrated mountaineer and trapper, Bob Carson, yet lives; is hale, stout and hearty, able and willing to make many more like trips. He is full of anecdotes, and gives us many hair-breadth escapes from mountain storms and Indian fights.

He says the last tight place he got into was in the year 1849, during the Mexican war. The Mexicans were committing depredations, and had stolen some of our government horses and mules. Captain Price—afterward Gen. Sterling Price—was in command of a company of United States volunteers, who were ever ready for a scout or a fight. He was ordered to make a detail of twelve of his best men and send them in search of the stolen property. Twelve choice and tried men were chosen. Then came the query—who is able and willing to take command of this squad? It must be some man who can talk with the different Indian tribes through which they may have to pass in pursuit of the Mexicans.

Luckily for the squad, at this moment Bob Carson rode up, well mounted on his favorite hunting horse, Leo. A shout from the twelve brave men bid him welcome; their object stated and requesting him to take command. Nothing suited Carson better than this.

He told Capt. Price that he could follow a cold trail as fast as any living man could, and to give himself no uneasiness, that he would bring his twelve men back and not lose a scalp.

The sequel shows how he succeeded.

The second day out they struck the trail; late in the evening they saw in the distance a large party of Indians, and as they were on friendly terms with the different tribes, Carson and his band hurried to overtake them, hoping to gain some information concerning the stock.

The Indians saw them approaching, and halted for them to come up. As Carson and his men came up, his keen eye discovered that they were on the war-path, but knowing no fear, he rode up, and the Indians, four hundred strong, closed wings, and completely surrounded them. Sandivere, the chief, rode up to Carson, exclaiming:

"Leds tadely"—you are my prisoner.

Carson, after questioning the chief a short time, found that they were also in pursuit of lost stock, stolen, as they considered, by the United States troops.

The Mexicans had told him this tale to screen themselves. But all of their intrigue could not induce Sandivere to release him and his twelve men.

The next morning the old chief commenced making preparations to shoot and scalp his prisoners. Carson called him aside for a talk, and finally persuaded him to send one of his best runners to Captain Price's camp, and if things were not found just as represented, that on the fourth day of departure of said runner, at twelve o'clock, he might do with his prisoners as he pleased. The runner started. Carson and his men, sanguine that everything would prove satisfactory to the chief, remained their prisoners cheerfully and happy.

On the morning of the fourth day all were momentarilly expecting the runner to appear. Ten o'clock came and no runner in sight; 11 and no runner in sight. Everything in camp was excitement and commotion. Sandivere was certain that his runner had been foully dealt with, and in his anger made preparations for summary vengeance. Twelve o'clock, and no runner in sight as far as the eye could reach.

Carson thought his hour had come, as preparations were made; and, well knowing the terms would be complied with, he called Sandivere and told him he would like to have a talk with him before he and his men were shot. Carson and Sandivere commenced their talk, Carson in the meantime walking slowly and leisurely from the camp, telling the chief that the horses, saddles, blankets, etc., were all donated or willed to him, the great chief, and that he was not compelled on account of this donation to divide them among his warriors.

The chief was much interested and pleased with this donation, and by this time they were eighty or one hundred yards from the Indian camp, when Carson, with the dexterity of an old mountaineer, pulled from his boot leg an ugly-looking holster pistol, cocked and presented it directly at the face of the old chief, exclaiming:

"Stand, sir, you are a prisoner."

"What do you mean?" asked Sandivere.

"I mean just what I say—if you move one inch you are a dead man."

The Indians, seeing their chief in danger, started to his rescue, but Carson told him to motion his men back, or he would shoot him on the spot. The old chief, well knowing the man he had to deal with, instantly complied, and motioned his men back. Carson then told him to order up his twelve men with their horses just as he had received them, and Leo with them. This was instantly complied with.

Carson then mounted the old chief behind one of his men and started for Capt. Price's camp, where Sandivere found things as represented by Carson. The runner had been there but had lost the trail, which had caused the delay. Capt. Price gave the chief many presents, and escorted him to his tribe. He afterwards was a true friend to the whites, and in many instances did very valuable service.

Thus by the coolness, cunning and downright bravery of Bob Carson this devoted band of twelve brave men were rescued from certain death.

Benefits of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessel of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter, shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric or vital condition is instinctly modified—it conveys a different expression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life, by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter," to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they do now that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock, and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.

The Salt Lake City *News* says that, a short time since, while some men were engaged in clearing out a spring in that region from which the people obtain water for irrigation, they found, standing erect, in the spring, what had been a two-year-old heifer, in an advanced state of petrifaction.

A German waiter at Bingen on the Rhine has displayed a talent for fraud worthy of Saratoga. A lady found a chicken in her egg, and called his attention to the circumstance. He charged her for a boiled chicken.

Turning Everything to Account.

Neither large salaries nor extensive facilities for making money ensure a competence for man. What one's future material condition will be, depends not so much upon what he receives as upon what he saves. Generally speaking, the difference between the individual who becomes independent and the one remaining dependent all his life, represents that difference between careful saving and reckless spending.

Some become rich on what others throw away. During the last century, a poor emigrant and his wife who had landed in New York, finding nothing else to do, began to gather cigar stumps about the streets and bar rooms, and manufactured them into snuff. They were industrious, prospered, and laid the foundation for what is now one of the largest tobacco houses in the world. The gardener enriches his soil with the dressing given away by the improvident neighbor. The Celt fattens his cow and hog on the slops thrown out at back doors; and many chiffoniers, in large cities, fish out snug little fortunes from waste barrels and gutters. There is scarcely anything in the house that cannot be turned to account sooner or later, no matter how valueless it may appear at the moment.

There is no waste in Nature's laboratory. In the numberless transformations and combination of things, material and immaterial, nothing is lost or laid aside as valueless. By how much man imitates Nature in this respect, by so much he increases his worldly substance. Corporations and companies amass fortunes, through the application of genius and inventive talent to what is looked upon as refuse and of no account. An article of commerce is now made from the water employed in gas works. Sawdust, which was once cast into streams, blocking up their channels, is now extensively used in manufacturing oxalic and formic acids, paper, gun-cotton, volatile oils, and blasting powder. It has proved highly serviceable in curing hams, polishing jewelry, cleaning furs, and for a variety of other purposes. Ivory dust, iron filings, seaweed, coal dust, and bones, which were once cast away, are turned to good uses. It is now proposed to utilize the slag of iron furnaces for block pavements. The dead body of a horse, which owners were formerly in such a hurry to put out of sight, is now converted into a vast number of uses. The mane and tail, says a contemporary, are serviceable for hair-cloth, sieves, bow-strings, and brushes. The skin is converted into leather for cart-harness, for boots and shoes, and strong collars. The hoofs are used for combs, horn-work, glue, and in old times were the chief source of hartshorn, now obtained from the gas-house. The flesh is boiled down in the rendering vat, and much oil and fat is obtained from it. The stomach and intestines make valuable strings and cords for musical instruments. Out of the bones are manufactured buttons, toys, tweezers, knife-handles, rules, cups, dominoes, balls; and the residue from all these things is burnt into bone-black, to be used by the sugar refiner, who puts in a second claim on the dead horse; and some parts of the bone-black is burned white, to be used by the assayer in testing gold; and when the assayer and refiner have finished with it, it is converted into superphosphate to serve as a valuable manure on our land. The teeth are used as substitutes for ivory. Some portion of the bone-black is converted into phosphorus for the manufacture of matches, and lately a valuable bread preparation is made of the phosphate, and medicines are prepared for the cure of consumptives." Ingenuity and economy of this character have but to be exercised in our household affairs in order to ensure a competence, however limited may be our incomes.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Gospel of Correct Living.

I am sometimes lost in delight as I read the confident and generous directions of some man who has solved the problem of correct living and given his gospel to the world. How much better for any imagined millennium will that be when we conform all our vile bodies to his body; what a sweet uniformity when we all eat and drink and sleep and dress and exercise exactly as he has found it best for him. The process of natural selection has been carried quite far enough. Let us be of one mind and one diet; bran of one bran, flesh of one flesh. We shall all go to bed at one hour, and that right early—except the editors of morning journals, who will have dispensation to die early. We shall all rise, like a bed of crocuses in the spring, at a very early hour, and all together. Sickness will not excuse us, for there will be no excuse for sickness. At the same moment we shall all be engaged in taking an air bath, a sponge bath, a dry rub; and then, dressing according to a tabular system of figures, furnished by the central authority, showing the proper weight of each garment according to the temperature indicated by the thermometer, we shall all take a brisk walk of eleven minutes. We shall all saw wood for half an hour, if we have no lifting machine, and then sit down to breakfast, to consist of half a pint of filtered water (free from all animal substances) and two quarters of a dried apple, or any other fruit in season, to be eaten with the utmost cheerfulness, and even with a little moderate hilarity. A dried apple without hilarity is to be avoided.

After breakfast, we are to go to our various occupations with a clear mind and an elastic frame. By 12 o'clock we shall be quite ready for dinner. This meal is to be varied every day in the week—different kinds of bran bread, different kinds of cracked wheat, different kinds of dried apples, and other sorts of fruit which do not contain a certain kind of acid which is hostile to the standard stomach of the reformer whom we follow, to be eaten with a great deal of merriment (no matter who has died or who has gone into bankruptcy), to be eaten in large quantities. In fact, we are to eat all we want at this king meal, with one restriction. We are to leave off hungry and hilarous. Our dinner is not to cost over eight cents, except when you dine with a friend, and he pays the bill. After dinner you may take a siesta of twenty minutes and nap in your chair; but do not lie down and sleep with your mouth open in fly-time, for animal food is absolutely prohibited. These directions may seem unimportant; but nothing is trivial to an immortal man, as you will feel when you go to your business with a springing step, a sparkling eye, glowing cheeks, fire in every limb, exultant blood in every muscle, and the consciousness that you have no butcher's bill, grocer's bill, or milkman's; that you owe no man a dollar, and can keep all the commandments just as easy as you can wink. As you walk along the street, you occasionally jump into the air four or five feet, or leap over the boundary fence and back, and laugh aloud.

At supper it is best for you to eat nothing, except your own cheerfulness. But, if nature will have something, try a little brown bread, raised without yeast, slowly masticating it, thinking about butter, and being careful to call up no image of excessive laughter, for this is the time to begin to tranquilize the mind and prepare for self-satisfied slumber.

Of course it must be understood that all you eat must be carefully weighed. This not only guards against excess, but it induces a careful and methodical habit of mind. When you go out to dinner, you will carry your own scales with you and weigh your own food at the table. It is important to notice that beans, uncontaminated by pork, may be eaten on Sundays and the 4th of July.—*C. D. Warner in Independent.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Pitched Battle—A fight between two tars.

Dogs beat dentists. They insert natural teeth.

Fat men do not seek greatness—it is thrust upon them.

A policy of life insurance creates an estate at once, which cannot be taken from your wife. Insure in the Mutual Life, of Chicago.

An ingenuous youth in the oil regions lately hire hands to commence boring. The foreman asked "what kind of a well he wanted to put down," meaning with large casing or small. "Well," was the reply, "I guess you'd better sock down a hundred-barrel well; that's as high as they run now, ain't it?"

Three young men, not long ago, called at a beer-saloon in New Albany, Ind., for a drink. The keeper of the establishment told them to drink quick, as his daughter, up stairs, was dying. He added, "She will soon be dead, and you can call again in short time." While the party was drinking the girl died.

"Cuffee, what do you tink de mose useful ob de plannets, de sun or de moon?" "Well, Sambo, I tink de moon orter take de first rank in dat 'ar tickler." "Why do you tink so, Cuffee?" "Well, I tell you; kase she shines by night, when we want light, and the sun shines by day, when we don't!"

American readers are often amused with the names of Chinese. To them Li Po Tai and Chy Lung look very funny. But perhaps it is only in the way we print it. Suppose some of our own were given thus: Da Vis and Gree Ley, Schuy Ler Col Fax and Val Lan Dig Ham.—*New York Times.*

Once when Marshal McMahon was colonel of a regiment, he had an altercation with a subaltern and threatened him for disobedience of orders. The officer drew a pistol, but fortunately the cap snapped. McMahon instantaneously ordered him to be confined in the guard-room for fifteen days—for having his arms out of order.

The punishment for drunkenness among the Passamaquoddy Indians in the summer is to strip the victim, bind him hand and foot, and place him on the ground where he is exposed to the bite of black flies and mosquitoes, in which position he is kept until he repents. Some of the offenders have been known to endure the punishment for twenty-four hours.

The following inscription can be seen on a white gravestone in an old cemetery at Newmarket, New Hampshire:

HERE
Lys ye
Body of Is
SIAH HosT
on dyd IVnE
ye 23: 98 A
GE 28.

Truthful James, made so familiar by Bret Harte, is an old Californian product. He appears in John Phœnix's sketch of the return of the Collector from Stockton. Squibob quotes a statement of one "Captain J—— B——," familiarly known as "Truthful James," and in the postcript to the narrative he remarks that "Truthful James" comes to inform him that the Collector did not arrive. The queer character who rises to explain at Bret Harte's instigation, had a name to live in the early days of California, and long before his present manager had any use for him. "Truthful James" is a revival and not an original production.

A country merchant who wanted two tailor's irons, several years ago, ordered them of a firm of hardware merchants in the city. He first wrote this order: "Please send me two tailor's gooses." Thinking this was not grammar, he destroyed it and wrote this one: "Please send me two tailor's geese." Upon reflection he destroyed this one also, for fear he should receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last, in a moment of desperation, he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly posted: "Messrs. So-and-so: Please send me one tailor's goose, and, hang it, send me another!"

A pleasant instance of poetic justice is reported from a town in Oregon. One morning a young man called upon the editor of the only paper in the county, and asked permission to look at the bound files