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Harmonies.

The murmur of a water fall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dippi g boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow-grass
At evening fall;
Too subtle are these harmonies
From pen and rule
Such music is not understood
By any school;
And when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell
Beyond all human skill and power
To make it well.
The memory of a kindly word
Far long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word:
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
That givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well.

THE WHALEMAN'S DEVICE.

We entered the Arctic Ocean in 18—. Our ship was the whaler St. Michael—an old tub of a vessel, whose timbers had been washed by the sea water for thirty years.

As we now glided easily along, under whole topsails, with the water rippling about our bows, we leaned over the rail watching the stupendous masses of ice which loomed up on all sides, flashing brightly in the beams of the afternoon sun.

Suddenly the man at the mainmast-head, an old boat-steerer named Tom Tirekins, leaned forward from the cross-trees, giving the welcome cry of "There she blows!"

In a moment all hands were called, and soon after we were pulling for a school of bowheads, which had come up far ahead.

"Give it to him!" roared the first mate, Mr. Thomas, when we were within six fathoms of a monster with a great hump on his back.

The boat steerer at once obeyed, driving both irons into the whale.

The monster made a backward rush, a second after up went his flukes, and down they came within an inch of the boat-steerer's temple.

The whale then went down, and away flew the boat, dragged with terrific velocity.

Through the ice we were drawn, the boat scraping and grinding against the smaller fragments, and the line humming and thumping as it ran smoking around the logger-head. The ice through which our boat was now being dragged merely consisted of detached fragments, so that there was at present no danger of our being stoven.

Far ahead, however, were larger masses, some of them in fact looming up as high as a ship's main yard, which must crush our boat like an egg-shell should we come into contact with them.

We hoped that the whale would come up ere we reached that locality, and give our first mate—one of the most skillful lancers in the service—a chance to kill it.

On—still on sped the boat, and we found ourselves drawing alarmingly near the frowning ramparts of ice.

We were within about fifty fathoms of them, and the mate had picked up the boat hatchet, with the intention of severing the line in case of our getting much nearer, when up came the whale, booming out of the sea, scarcely three ship's lengths ahead.

"Haul line!" shouted the first officer.

We obeying, and the boat was drawn rapidly toward the whale.

When near enough the mate sent his lance whistling through the air, and struck the whale in the region of the hump. The moment he felt the point of the lance the monster made the water fly all around him, beat the sea with his flukes, and rolling his head from side to side.

Suddenly, when the movement was least expected, he made a dash for the boat, and just gazed the bow with his flukes, knocking off a portion, to which was attached the boat hatchet.

The dow[illegible] into the [illegible] ch[illegible]

The boa[illegible] began drawn toward those u[illegible]ed.

The mate having, as known, lost the boat hatchet, now called for a knife.

One of the men reached over to hand him one, when a coil of the line caught him around the shoulder, and in endeavoring to regain his balance and escape the coil he lost his footing, falling headlong against his shipmates.

Here was a delay which was attended with peculiar results.

The boat dragged on, seemed about to be dashed to pieces against the bergs, when the whale nulling (turning) under water, it was drawn into a large ravine between two masses of ice.

This ravine seemed very long. We were drawn farther and farther into it ere the mate could succeed in obtaining a kn[illegible]

At last, having procured one, he was about cutting the line, when the passage through which we were drawn having become much narrower as we proceeded, jammed us in, crushing the boat at once.

Two of my unfortunate shipmates, caught in a bight of the flying whale line, were drawn out of my sight in a moment, disappearing, with one simultaneous shriek, into the deep waters.

Never shall I forget the look of their wild, horror-stricken faces, which, for an instant, were revealed to me ere the sea closed over them forever.

The rest of us were, meanwhile, struggling in the cold waters, two of the men holding on to oars, and the mate and I clinging to a spur of ice projecting out from the side of one of the bergs.

To add to the peril of our situation, a thick mist had gathered, hiding the other boats from our view.

We shouted with all our might, but we had little hopes of making ourselves heard.

Now and then, as we still clung to our hold, we could distinguish far up in the mist through the opening in the ice ravine, the form of some Arctic bird wheeling past with rushing winds, while around us fell the eternal roar of the icebergs, as they were washed by the everlasting tides.

Finally the mate pointed out to me an opening in the side of the berg just above our heads, leading probably to some cavern in the very bosom of the iceberg.

How to reach it, however, we could not determine, until at length, unbuckling the long strap around his waist the mate formed a sort of hitch at the end and threw it over a spur of ice projecting just above the hollow. By this, with our half-benumbed hands, we four men contrived to draw ourselves up to the cave.

We entered it to find it comparatively warm; and by exercising, which we now had plenty of room to do, we contrived to infuse some degree of warmth into our chilled frames.

Then we commenced to explore the cave. It was more than four feet deep, and had a sloping roof, from which, like "crystal chandeliers," depended large fragments of ice of almost every shape and hue. There were green, gold, blue and purple, all hanging downward, while at the sides the cave seemed studded with precious stones, gleaming with a beautiful luster almost dazzling to the eye.

"I think we are safe enough now," said the mate. "The boats will, doubtless, be here soon, as they were pulling after us when we got fast."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the boat-steerer; "but let us shout so as to make sure."

We adopted this suggestion, but it seemed to us as if our voices did not penetrate beyond the ice gorge.

Meanwhile we waited vainly for the appearance of the boats.

Night came upon us a dark, glooomy night, and still there we were in the cave.

All night long we there remained without closing our eyes.

In the morning, the mist having cleared, we took a survey of our situation. It was about the same as on the previous night, still with no sign of the boats.

As on the previous night we again shouted, and thought this time we heard a response.

"Hark!" said the boat-steerer; "I think there's the sound of paddles."

We all listened to hear it quite distinctly.

"Dip! dip! dip!"

Eagerly we gazed round the edge of the cave opening, expecting every moment to behold one of our boats coming to the rescue.

Suddenly we saw the edge of a boat come round the corner of the ice gorge.

Not ours, however, but one of a far different kind.

It was about twelve feet in length, and was made of sealskin tightly drawn over ribs of whalebone.

It contained about half-a-dozen Esquimaux, wearing garbs of sealskin and having great rings in their ears and nostrils.

They were a most uncouth-looking set, being short, squat, and armed with spears and lances of fishbone.

The moment they caught sight of us they stopped their boat and stood gazing toward us with a hideous expression of countenance.

By signs we endeavored to make them understand what had happened, and that we were anxious to get back to our ship.

"Celupi — celupi!" they all screamed by which we understood them to mean tobacco, having [illegible] of this region express themselves in a similar manner.

We shook our heads in the negative, implying that we had no tobacco, which was really the truth, as we had chewed up all in our possession during the night.

They seemed, however, to doubt us, and, withdrawing round the angle, they held what seemed to be a consultation, judging by the sound of their voices.

Finally they reappeared, and we knew it was with hostile intent.

A party of whalemen had recently committed an outrage upon their tribe, whom they had driven from their vessel, which the natives had boarded for the purpose of trafficking, and had afterward pelted them with rotten potatoes.

Paddling their sealskin boat to within a few yards of our retreat, they commenced throwing their spears at us pulling them back by means of long warps attached to the handles.

We easily avoided these missiles, however, by dodging back into the cave, perceiving which the natives drew their frail vessel within a few feet of us, now throwing with greater precision.

We contrived still to avoid their darts, by withdrawing behind an angle of the cave, although we had several narrow escapes.

We made many attempts to seize the spears as they came into our retreat; but they were withdrawn too quick for us.

Meanwhile, the sharp missiles coming, as they did, in a perfect shower, were fast knocking away the angles of ice which afforded us shelter, so that we must soon be fully exposed to their [illegible] weapons.

We held a consultation but could think of no way of defending ourselves against a dozen armed men.

"If we could only contrive to reach the summit of this berg we would be safely out of the way," said the boat-steerer.

"Aye, aye, but that is impossible," answered the mate. "There is no way we can get to the top of the berg."

The boat-steerer was a brave fellow from New Bedford.

"The sides of the berg are rough, and in some places protrude like shelves," said he. "I will make the attempt."

"Better not," said the mate.

But the boat-steerer, who in his younger days had been a performer in a circus, and was, therefore, well versed in gymnastic performances, said he would try.

Arrived at the summit he might see something of the ship or a sail, which he would be enabled to signal, and thus, perhaps, bring to our assistance in time.

Without further prelude he did actually start, and had got up beyond reach of the natives' lances ere they could get ready to hurl their weapons.

From our position, through a wide chink in the berg, we saw Tom Tirekins—such was the boat-steerer's name—finally ascend so far that he was beyond the range of our limited vision.

At the same moment whiz came another shower of lances, and the column of ice, which had been our only shelter, gave way.

Thus in a moment we found ourselves fully exposed to the weapons of our assailants.

There they stood—the whole party—their hideous faces convulsed with demoniacal triumph as they glared upon us.

We gave ourselves up for lost, for, at so short a distance, our enemies could not help hitting us.

Apparently, fully aware of this, they set up an exultant shout, showing their teeth, which were long and hooked, as they did so.

We all stood awaiting our fate like men, although, had the canoe been near enough, we might have concluded to spring into it, so as, at least, not to die without a struggle.

We saw the wretches take aim, saw them about hurling the deadly missles, when there was a crash like thunder, and a huge mass of ice fell upon them, beneath which boat and all vanished in a moment.

We never saw those Esquimaux or their boat again, but we now heard above us the shout of our gallant shipmate Tom Tirekins, who explained to us that he it was who had rolled the mass down upon our assailants.

He had also seen and signaled our vessel, which soon picked us up, and to the occupants of which we related our hazardous adventure.

WHAT A HOAX DID.

The Chicago *Times* lately indulged in a sensational hoax by getting up a column with glaring head-lines, giving a detailed account of the destruction of a theatre in that city, to which it added a list of the "burned alive." The proposed object of the hoax was to show what would result were one of the theatres in that city really to take fire. This was one of the results: A gentleman just out of Chicago left his home the night before for the purpose of attending this theatre with a friend who was visiting him. They were to stay in the city over night. The next morning, at breakfast, the wife of this gentleman took up the morning paper, and was greeted by the display head-lines of this infamous hoax. In horror she turned to the list of "killed," and found the name of her husband. She shrieked and fell to the floor. The man's mother, who lived with him immediately seized the paper to find the cause of her daughter-in-law's distress. On finding it, she fell to the floor beside her, and expired. The wife became a raving maniac. Surely, there must be some form of retributive justice that will reach the causes of calamities such as these.

Jones, who is a very small man, bet Smith, who is a ton man, that he could carry him twice around the hippodrome. A large number of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the proceeding.

"Now, Smith, I am ready. Take off your clothes."

"What! strip myself? You don't mean it?"

"I bet to carry you, but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed. It won't do to disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But Smith was inflexible. He blushed at the bare thought of showing himself in the thin costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Jones had won the bet.

A COAL MINE HORROR.

A THRILLING STORY OF A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN AN ABANDONED MINE.

DUNMORE, PA., July 27.—Through the brutality of a miner in the employ of the Pennsylvania coal company, at this place, a mule boy in the same mine was recently put to a terrible experience in one of the company's abandoned mines.

The miner's name is James Barrett. The boy's name is James Gallagher. The man Barrett, it seems, was in the habit of abusing the lad in a most shameful manner, having no apparant cause save a mere personal antipathy. The boy stood in mortal fear of Barrett. A week or so ago the latter had been tyrannizing over young Gallagher with more than usual cruelty, and finally swore that if he did not quit his sight at once he would kill him, at the same time running towards the boy with his pick raised as if to strike him. Gallagher ran screaming away from his persecutor, and made directly into the abandoned chamber, never stopping to look where he was, in his fright only thinking of getting out of the reach of Barrett. After running for some time the boy stopped, and for the first time saw that he was in the worked out mine. In putting his foot forward he found no rest for it, and before he could recover his balance he fell headlong into a pit. His head came in contact with one side of the excavation. He attempted to regain his feet, but he was overcome with a sense of numbness, and fell back into the slime and ooze that covered the jagged bottom of the pit. How long he lay there unconscious the boy did not know. He came to himself with a knowledge of a peculiar pain in his fingers and toes. At first he did not realize where he was, but the impenetrable darkness and cold, damp atmosphere soon recalled his situation. He drew up his hands and feet to make an effort to rise, when an army of rats scampered away from about him. They ran over his body and trailed their cold, slimy tails in his face.

When he reached the first cross corridor he sat down on a jutting piece of coal, and for the first time found that the rats had gnawed two of his fingers to the bone, had eaten away the uppers of his shoes and the flesh of his two great toes. He followod one of the cross corridors and wandered about in the maze of chambers for hours. Once he thought he heard his name called and he shouted in reply, only to hear it repeated for minutes by the echoes.

While wandering about in this way, a prey to the tortures of hunger and thirst, and to both mental and physical agony, he saw a light flash, for an instant, across the corridors in which he was groping. It was a long way off, but he knew it was a miner's lamp, and felt that parties were searching through the deserted chambers for him. Regardless of the hard, jagged floor, the strong walls, the ever-accompanying throng of rats that kept in his rear, or dangerous pits that might lie ahead of him, he ran rapidly towards where he had seen the light, shouting until he was hoarse.

His answer was heard, and in a few moments sturdy miners had found the boy. But he did not know that he was rescued. He had fallen to the ground unconscious, his strength having gone out with his last wild cry. The people were wild when it was announced that the boy was found, and his brave rescuers were borne aloft by the crowd. It was a long time before young Gallagher was restored to consciousness, and then it was only at intervals that he was in his right mind. In these sane intervals he related the story of his fearful sufferings, and learned that he had been nearly two days and one long night wandering among the horrors of the mine.

The moments in which he was sane became less frequent and finally days passed without one gleam of reason lighting up the darkness of his mind. The surgeons found it necessary to amputate one hand and three toes that had been gnawed by the rats and to perform other painful operations to save the boy's life. One day last week his physical condition being such as to permit it, they decided that he must be taken to an asylum for mental treatment and expressed great doubts of his permanent recovery. The brute Barrett, when the result of his cruelty became known, was compelled to fly the place in the night to escape the fury of the exasperated populace, and personal effects left by him were burned as an expression of the indignation of the people against him.

A CAUDAL TALE.—Amos Smith is a very particular Friend, and very much opposed to all wordly titles; but a certain correspondent was not aware of this peculiarity, and "hereby hangs a tale." This correspondent had directed a letter to Amos Smith, Esq. Friend Amos replied punctually, and added the following postscript: "I desire to inform thee that, being a member of the Society of Friends, I am not free to use wordly titles in addressing my friends, and wish them to refrain from using them to me. Thou wilt, therefore, please to omit the word 'Esquire' at the end of my name, and direct thy letters to Amos Smith, without any tail." By the return mail came a reply, directed in precise accordance with the request of the particular Friend—"To Amos Smith, without any tail, Philadelphia?"

The Boy at the Soda Fountain.

A STARTLING TALE THAT HE TOLD TO A POOR OLD LADY WHO WAS THIRSTY.

He was rinsing the glasses when the old lady entered the store. It was hot weather, and the soda fountain looked so tempting that she conquered her avarice and walked over and told the boy that she would take a glass.

"Do you wish for a fly in it?" he inquired in a whisper.

"A fly? grashus! no!" she replied, a look of disgust on her face.

"Just as you say, madam," he went on as he drew some lemon syrup. "People are so different in tastes, you know. Some object to flies and some don't. I'll mix some pineapple syrup with this lemon, and now will you have a great deal of gas and a little water, or a great deal of water and a little gas?"

"I'm purty thirsty," she said,

"Well, then you want more water than gas, and there won't be so much danger of an explosion."

"Explosion?" she queried.

"That was the word, madam. We have had but few such accidents here this summer, and I truly hope that we may have no more."

"Does soda water blow up folks?"

"That depends on the state of their health. Some people could stand here and drink all day, while others might get the glass tipped up this way, and boom! they'd go!"

"Bust?"

"Yes'm—fly into a thousand pieces. You never saw a human being explode, did you?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Well, you don't have the least warning. They may be laughing or talking, and all at once the store is filled with false hair, monogram garters, bustles, corsets, feet, teeth, and rolled plate jewelry. It makes a great muss around here, and if we hadn't three of the smartest negroes in town to pick up and sweep out we'd have to shut up the store for a whole afternoon after an explosion."

He stood with the glass in his hand agitating the syrup and waiting, and she said:

"I didn't suppose it was dangerous stuff."

"Well, as I told you, it depends on the state of the system. If your liver is torpid and your digestion impaired, one glass of soda water would blow you higher than Gilderoy's kite, and the coroner would be lucky to find as much as your spectacles to hold an inquest on. If your system is all right, you might drink a hundred glasses and feel no disastrous effects. Now, then, you'll have a good deal of water and but little gas, eh?"

She made a deprecatory motion and asked:

"How's the stuff made?"

"Well, I can't go on and explain all the process. There's marble dust, acid, gas, sugar-coated pills, giant powder, cologne water and kerosene all mixed together and then distilled. The distilled liquid is placed in a retort, where a chemical action separates it, and the gas forces it up separate pipes."

"Kerosene and pills!" she gasped.

"That's what I said, madam. You look innocent and honest, and I hope you won't say anything about it. I tend this fountain in order to support a widowed mother and seven fatherless children. If you should say anything I'd be discharged, and if I were discharged I should commit suicide. You'll have plenty of water el?"

"No, sir, I won't," she replied. "Do you suppose I'd drink acids and kerosene?"

"Not in their crude state, madam, but this process——"

"I don't care for the process!" she snapped; "I wouldn't touch the stuff!"

"It is a mild beverage, madam, and the doc——"

"Well, I don't want any. When I go to swallering tar and lard and kerosene you'll know it! S'posen I drank some and exploded!"

"Don't mention it!" he whispered. "Don't speak of it!"

"I'm sorry for you, young man, but there's a constable living right in sight of our house, and I think I—I—I"

"You'll drive me to a suicide's grave, you mean!"

She lowered her spectacles, took a look at him, and went out without replying.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE are no wooden houses, not even barns and sheds, in the British Islands. The patent cause is a want of native "lumber." Englishmen who visit the United States wonder at the immense quantity and terrible waste of timber throughout them. Mr. Watson, Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, mentions in his report this year to the Foreign Office in London that "in traveling through Nevada by railway he observed a snow-shed or tunnel constructed entirely of timber, which took an hour and twenty minutes to traverse, and which is said to be twenty-nine miles in length." If we do not plant, to compensate for our infinite use and abuse of timber, a time may come when we shall grow as little of it as England does. Nearly all the timber used in England is brought from Canada, the United States and Norway.

THE MOTHER'S BOY.

"Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me sir," calmly answered the boy, "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said: "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though, half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left," answered the boy, quietly.

"But you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with a half reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice: "My boy, what is your name? You shall have the first vacancy that occurs in the bank. If, meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied: "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends.

SAYINGS OF CHE-FOO-TSIN.—I dreamed last night that I had three friends. How crazy we are in in our sleep.

Since my eyes became dim, and I do not read any more, I find myself growing daily in wisdom.

We knew a man who did not like to have his name in the newspaper. I have not seen him since he was a boy. I think he is dead.

When I was young I had thoughts of marrying, and I began to look for a wife whom all women would speak well of; but I never found her. I have wasted my time.

There was a place set apart in heaven for good wives who could judge a wicked thing as harshly when a man did it as when a woman did it. But it has never been occupied, I believe.

I foolishly applied myself to the study of the laws. It is fortunate that I gave the study up for I should have been sorry to lose all sense of justice.

I am told that our breath poisons the air and the trees have to keep it pure by sucking the poison out. It seems to me that a great many people are put into the world for nothing but to make hard work for the trees. I do not understand it.

There is an awful catastrophe that I am in dread of. I am afraid that we shall some day learn to read one another's thoughts. That will be the end of society, and of marriage, and we shall have to live alone after that.

I should like to see a world peopled with men alone, just to see what kind of creatures they would become, but I never expect to. There could not be but one man in it at a time. He would have eaten all the rest.

I should like, too, to see a world peopled with women alone, but I never shall—I would not dare go near it.

I have some ambition to be a perfect man—but not till after I am dead and in another state of existence, for it is a sad thing to have no character among one's fellows.

I wish I had ingenuity enough to steal without being caught, because it is pleasant to acquire reputation and respect in the world.

THE following puzzle is again on its rounds: "To five and five and fifty five the first of letters add; 'twill make the thing that killed a king and drove a wise man mad." It was published first about twenty years ago and has never been correctly answered. But they say there is an answer.

THE Rochester *Chronicle* indulges in this awful prophesy: In six months from now—mark the prediction—the ladies will have two small legs to their pants instead of one big one.