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"For Love is Blind."

Fate counseled her, if she were wise,
To set a guard upon her eyes,
And thus be safe from love's surprise.

But youth, the hero, came ere long,
Came singing through a heedless throng
She listened, breathless, to his song.

"O fate," she murmured, "art thou wise?
I set a guard upon my eyes,
Yet must I yield to love's surprise?"

Auf der Bodensee.

[From the German of G. Schwab.]

Der Bodensee, the Lake of Constance, situated upon the border of Germany and Switzerland, is the largest lake in those two countries, being sixteen leagues in length, four in width, and three hundred and fifty fathoms in depth. It is very seldom entirely frozen over. The incident which forms the subject of this ballad is said to have occurred in the year 1695.

A rider rode through a rugged glade,
A field of snow in the sunshine laid;
His dripping steed through the cold snow hies;
He must reach ere night where Lake Constance lies.
Rider and horse, ere the night comes down,
Should be lodged in the safe little lakeside town.
Rough was the treacherous snow-covered way,
Yet the steed sped on through the sinking day;
Dale and mountain and hill were passed,
And they came to the open land at last.
To an open plain where the snow expands,
Level and smooth as the desert sands;
Behind him vanishes town and wood,
And his road grows even, his footing good.
In the wide expanse nor house nor hill
Nor tree appear; all is cold and still.
Yet on sped the rider, mile after mile,
Hearing the seabird's cry the while;
And the water duck's fluttering wings of fear;
No other sound greets his listening ear.
No traveler came on his anxious sight,
To say if the way he rode was right,
As on velvet, so on through the snow rode he.
"Where dashes the water? Where rolls the sea?"
The evening fell, and then from far
Lights faintly glimmered, like distant stars,
Up rose through the night mist hill and tree,
But naught of the lake could the traveler see.
Stormy and rough once more his course,
Yet onward and onward he spurred his horse;
On, on till he heard the watch dog's bay,
And a fishing village before him lay.
"Welcome, young maid at the window," cried he;
"Can you tell me how far to Constance sea?"
And his heart grows chill as the maid replies:
"Good traveler, Lake Constance behind thee lies.
And were not the water too frozen for oar,
I'd say you had landed and come to the shore."
The rider trembled and paled with fear—
"On the plain behind me rode I here!"
Then answer wild did the maiden make:
"Great God! you have ridden, sir, over the lake!
On the treacherous floor, o'er the bottomless deep,
Did thy horse's mad hoofs safe footing keep?
And crushed not beneath thee the covering thin,
Nor the swerling waters to death drag thee in?
And thou art not devoured by the fishy brood—
The cold dumb pike in the colder flood?"
Then the maiden called, and the village came,
The listening children, the wondering dames.
Old men and maidens questioning round,
Cry, "Thank your lucky star that you were not drowned!
But come, for our evening board is spread,
Eat with us fish, break with us bread."
But the rider answered never a word;
Since the maiden spoke he had nothing heard.
His heart ceased beating, gray grew his hair,
The ghost of the danger past presses him there.
He sees around him the roaring deep,
And the ghastly waters over him sweep;
He hears the ice crushing, and cheek and brow
Grow damp and pale with the mortal throw;
Then he sighed and he sank to the earth and died,
And a dry grave found by the water side!

THE BAVARIAN ROBBER.

Wiesbauer Franzl was the son of a pauper peasant of the Miesbach parish, and had early given proof of his laudable abilities. Constantly in disgrace for poaching, he gradually sank from poetic to prosaic theft, and from petty stealing to highway robbery. Fear is generally unknown to the Bavarian highlanders, but a kind of mysterious horror became associated with his name. He never remained long in one place—he was here, there and everywhere. His haunts were known to none, but he was the dread of every one, far and near, and he at last created a positive terrorism. In the middle of the night Franzl would appear at some house, knock at the door, and arouse the inmates. The mistress must get up, light the fire, and cook a meal for the intruder, while he sat on the hearth and chatted pleasantly to her. He did not steal for the sake of stealing; he merely asked for what he wanted when he required it. His demands were complied with readily enough, for people were intimidated by the boldness of his manner. If he was well received, he behaved like a guest, and made himself at home. He never took from those who could not afford to give; but if rich people showed any hesitation, he would vow, with awful curses, to set fire to their houses and burn down the whole village. He was a genuine freebooter of the old type, generous or revengeful, as it happened to suit him.

After a great deal of trouble, he was at last captured and lodged in the jail of the principal town; but, with desperate courage, he managed to escape by letting himself down outside the prison from a height of several stories. Once on firm ground, he was soon off to the mountains; and again the name of Wiesbauer Franzl was in every mouth, while the old horror returned with redoubled force. It was unfortunate for me that I was now numbered among his acquaintances, for I feared that he would avail himself of the privilege to invite himself to supper some fine night.

Very soon he gave me fresh uneasiness. I was alone at home one evening, sitting at work near the lamp, when my old maid-servant ran in, and said, in a frightened whisper: "Only think! there's been some one sitting on the doorstep for the last quarter of an hour! I've watched him from the kitchen window, and I'm afraid it's Wiesbauer Franzl. Jesus, Maria, Joseph!" she added, "he's sure to knock presently, and want to come in!"

Annoyed and curious, I hurried up stairs in the dark, meaning to open the window softly and reconnoiter my visitor, as it might be only a harmless journeyman availing himself of a convenient resting-place; but, in spite of my caution, the stranger heard me open the window, and looked up without changing his position or uttering a word.

It was Wiesbauer Franzl. To propitiate him, I spoke first, saying, with assumed friendliness: "Do you want anything, Franzl? Are you hungry? shall I bring you some food?" But the rogue replied, with a stoical shake of the head: "You needn't trouble to do that, Karl; I've had my supper, and I've got further to go to-night. I'm only resting a bit." Soon afterward he got up and went his way.

When the first snow fell I left my summer residence and went back to the town, but my friend Franzl remained in the mountains and continued his requisitions. I did not learn his further adventures until my return the next year.

One day, after an afternoon nap, he fell into the hands of the bailiffs. He was triumphantly lodged in the county jail, and every one breathed more freely, although no one felt perfectly safe then, so indomitable was his bearing.

Fresh alarm was soon created on his account. The very next morning had scarcely dawned before the jailer was at the doctor's door, tugging at the bell like a madman. "Make haste, doctor, make haste!" he cried. "Franzl has hung himself in the night. I was on my rounds, and I've just found him hanging from one of the window-bars. He was stone cold, so I did'nt cut him down." The doctor rushed to the prison and found everything exactly as he had been told. In a fit of wild despair which comes over energetic natures when all escape seems cut off, the bold robber had determined to make an end of himself. The doctor at once cut the linen noose, cold water was thrown into the poor fellow's face; but it was all in vain; he gave no signs of returning animation. The news spread like wildfire from place to place, and people said it was Franzl's first useful action. "If he's really gone," croaked some, "the wretch is not to be trusted until he is actually in his grave."

Meanwhile, preparations were made for the dissection, and the attendants were about to undress the corpse, when, behold! the eyelids trembled, the muscles quivered, and the dead was restored to life. It was high time, for the dissecting knife lay ready upon the table. And so the vital force of the young criminal had triumphed over his will, and, in spite of all his efforts, he found himself still on this side the grave.

He was restored to consciousness with every care, and taken back to his cell, to be forwarded the next day to Munich, as none of the authorities cared to have the responsibility of him; the prison itself seemed unsafe as long as he was in it. He himself was doggedly submissive, and seemed to be in very low spirits. Instead of rejoicing in his restoration to life, he was evidently meditating some other desperate scheme.

The next day a farmer's cart was hired, and Franz, bound hand and foot, was placed in it. The people stared inquisitively at the notorious prisoner, and the equipage slowly ascended the precipitous road above the lake. Suddenly a slight snap was heard, the fetters were broken, the cart jerked violently, and the culprit was gone! Head foremost he plunged into the lake; for a moment the waves closed over him, the next he was swimming rapidly away. As none of his escort could follow, or rather as all shrank from a hand-to-hand struggle in the water, a boat was got ready for the pursuit.

In spite of the start he had had, the sturdy rowers soon caught up with the fugitive. But what then? At first he dived to baffle his enemies, but, his breath being soon exhausted, a fearful conflict ensued. As it was impossible to reach him by other means, some of the men struck him on the head with their oars whenever he came to the surface of the water, hoping by this means to stun him. But his iron skull was not to be cracked, and as for seizing him and dragging him into the boat, that was quite out of the question, for he presently flung himself upon it like a maniac and tried to capsize it. The danger was now all on the side of the pursuers. A storm was rising, and it was found advisable to relinquish the pursuit for the time. With considerable difficulty the little boat regained the shore, while the fugitive found a safe place of concealment among the tall rushes on the banks of the lake. When it was quite dark he crept out, and decided that it would be good policy to disappear for a time. For weeks nothing further was heard of him, and it was thought by many that he had perished in the storm. But suddenly he reappeared as though he had risen from the ground. He was not improved. Indeed, his hatred of all legal and peaceable occupations seemed to have been intensified by his late adventures. He took up the feud with society with greater ferocity than ever, and he was now always accompanied by a four-footed friend—a huge yellow wolf-hound, who followed close at his heels. He would lick the robber's hand lovingly, and look inquiringly up into his face; but he was as misanthropically disposed toward all the rest of the world as his master. The devotion was mutual. Franzl always gave the first mouthful of the food he "requisitioned" for himself to Wolf, and Wolf showed his teeth, without any sign from his master, if any one hesitated to comply with his demands.

The dog was the only creature for whom the reckless criminal retained any affection, and it was evident that neither of the friends would care to survive the other. Franzl became more and more overbearing and exacting, and the terror among the people increased in proportion. One night he again aroused the wife of a peasant, and ordered her to cook him some food. Trembling, she appeared at the window, and refused to comply with the extraordinary request. He was standing below the balcony, and as she spoke he flung his great knife into the house with such force that it went through the wall. "You saw it, didn't you?" he shouted, in a menacing voice. "Next time it will go through your body!" and with that he turned on his heel, followed by his dog, snarling and foaming at the mouth.

All search for him was in vain; in fact, it is but labor lost to endeavor to track a rogue in his own mountains. He had long been an outlaw in public opinion, and at last, as all other means failed, a price was set on his head. There was nothing else left to be done.

At a certain spot where two roads meet stands a large, lonely inn, conducted in quite the old style, with oaken tables and earthenware drinking vessels. On the wall of the public room hang the carriers' notices, beneath the stove snores the watchdog, and the host is the despotic sovereign whose authority is never questioned.

One evening a few travelers were assembled in this room, wearing their picturesque hats with the jaunty feather pulled forward. Suddenly the door opened, and a sturdy looking fellow walked in and sat down with the rest. They all knew who it was as well as we do.

It was the very day on which the writ against him had been issued. "Franzl!" cried one, "do you know that a price is set upon your head?" "Whoever takes you will get fifty gulden," added another. "I should think you were glad of that, for folks say you're worth nothing!" Everybody laughed. Franzl, however, did not move a muscle; but stood with arms akimbo, and cried scornfully: "Well, here I am; any one with a knife and no money is welcome to me."

Every one remained seated, but the wolf-dog growled from beneath the table as if he understood what was going on. Without another word, Franzl resumed his seat, and went on drinking and chatting pleasantly as had been his wont of old. He was, however, rather more subdued than formerly, and in about half an hour he laid a kreuzer on the table, and went out into the darkness without a word of farewell, but the dog turned at the door to snarl and show his great fangs.

"He took no pleasure in cards today," observed one who had proposed an interdicted game of chance to him. "It isn't likely," replied his neighbor, "that a fellow whose own game is up is likely to care much for any other." And they drew their chairs more closely together, and whispered: "He won't pull through this time." "'Dead or alive,'" says the writ, muttered one under his breath.

Two days later Franzl once more knocked at the door of a peasant's house. It was in the neighborhood of Gmunden, on that lofty pass which encircles the mountain like a chain, and stretches from Tegernsee toward Miesbach. When the housewife came to the door she recognized the outlaw at once, but, concealing her alarm, she treated him as a poor traveler, and asked him into the house. Meanwhile her husband called in the neighbors to his assistance. Silently they crept through the back door into the stable, and consulted how best to overpower the unfortunate Franzl. No one had courage enough to volunteer, and murmurs arose of "'Dead or alive,' says the writ; how would it do to shoot him down?"

Among those assembled was a young soldier, a capital shot, who had left his regiment but a few days before. He judged the case according to martial law, and was of opinion that the reward would be paid for killing, not capturing, the accused. "He's sure to kill some one else if he lives any longer," thought the young warrior to himself, "so I'd better put him out of the way at once."

"My double-barreled gun hangs behind the stove," whispered the master of the house, and a breathless silence ensued.

"Meanwhile Franzl had finished his dinner, and prepared to take leave. "God bless you!" he exclaimed to his hostess; "and, if you are asked who your guest was, you can say it was the Wiesbauer rogue!"

With these words he left the house, but a slight figure slipped in from the other door, wearing the blue soldier's cap. Noiselessly he took down the weapon, and hid it beneath the window sill. Then the little lattice opened softly, and a voice cried: "Not so fast, Franzl; stop, or I fire!"

Franzl turned round with a scornful laugh: "Any one who wants me had better come out to me; I dance attendance upon no one!"

Another step; a whizzing report; and he fell to the ground like a tree smitten by an ax, the blood gushing from his mouth, and his hands tearing up the earth.

"At him, Wolf!" he cried, with his last breath; and the poor dog dashed at the open window, foaming with rage. Another crack, and the second discharge was lodged in the faithful creature's body. With the death-rattle in his throat, he managed to drag himself to his master's side, and after a few convulsive struggles he expired.

Treatment of the Sick.

Proper clothing, says *Science of Health*, is of the utmost importance to every invalid; and the best clothing is that which is best adapted for this purpose. For this reason woolen or silk is superior to cotton or linen in cold seasons. Yet we do not advise woolen to be worn next the skin, because of its irritating qualities. Cotton flannel drawers and undershirts are superior in this respect; but woolen outer garments, and even woolen socks are better than cotton or linen.

The color of clothing has much to do with its healthfulness. No invalid is justified in wearing colored clothing next the skin. The dye is usually more or less absorbed, and is always injurious, frequently poisonous. Indeed, we question its propriety, on the score of health, at any time or in any place. True, black absorbs and retains heat, while white reflects it, giving to white a less heat-retaining quality than black; yet nevertheless, white or light-colored clothing we consider superior to dark color. For summer weather there is no question as to its superiority, nor for inner garments.

The limbs and extremities claim from every invalid and physician especial attention. Not one invalid in a thousand succeeds in having his feet, legs, hands and arms well clad. Among women the dress usually worn is outrageous, considered from the standpoint of health, and among men it is only a little less so. The central portions of the body are overburdened often with clothing, while the limbs are almost always insufficiently clad. The shoes are thin, stockings delicate, pants fine and only lined around the waist, while over abdomen and loins the clothing doubled or trebled. How can any one expect to regain health under such circumstances? Health depends upon a balanced circulation, and the blood circulates from within. As power begins to diminish, the circulation fails in the extremities and the blood is retained in and about the central organs. Clothing retains heat, and heat retains blood; so where most clothing is, there, other things being equal, the most blood will be found. To call blood into the extremities and external capillaries is one of the important objects of all good treatment, and proper clothing is a necessary adjunct.

A Sailor's Life.

A New York paper says: The arrival of the brig Lady Louisa, bound from Shanghai to this port, with a cargo of tea, solves a mystery of the sea, and restores to a family one of its members who has been given up as dead. The commander of the Lady Louisa, Capt. John Fletcher Kimball, went to sea in a whaling vessel from this port twenty-three years ago, and was reported and believed to have been lost, with a boat's crew, while in pursuit of a whale, and was never heard from afterward. Capt. Kimball's father, J. W. Kimball, lived at that time at Hudson, N. Y. Hoping to cure his son of his desire to follow a seafaring life, he had procured him a place in the whaler. When the vessel returned the news of young Kimball's supposed death was conveyed to his family, and they gave up all hopes of ever seeing him again. Several years ago they removed to Elizabeth, N. J., where they now reside. A short time ago a letter was received at Hudson, N. Y., addressed "To the first Methodist clergyman of Hudson." This letter, which was signed by "Capt. John Fletcher Kimball," stated that its author commanded a brig trading between Cardiff, Wales, and Shanghai, China; that he was the son of J. W. Kimball; that he had repeatedly written to his family but received no reply, and that he now took this indirect method to ascertain whether any member of it still lived. He had suffered great hardships, and expecting soon to receive a cargo of tea consigned to New York, he had made up his mind to take the vessel into British waters, dispose of his interest in it, and abandon the sea forever. This letter was sent to Capt. Kimball's family at Elizabeth, where all its members are still living, and for the first they thus learned that he was alive. A recent telegram from London reported that the Lady Louisa had stopped at St. Helena for water, on her way to America.

A FEW HINTS.—President Porter, of Yale, has a succinct way of stating things. Recently he gave the following laconic advice to the students in the course of an address: "Don't drink; don't chew; don't smoke; don't swear; don't deceive; don't read novels; don't marry until you can support a wife; be earnest; be self-reliant; be generous; be civil; read the papers; advertise your business; make money, and do good with it; love God and your fellow-man." Besides arithmetic and the languages, what else could they teach at Yale?

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

A Lively Description of a Primitive Society.

In May, 1849, there were less than one hundred and fifty wooden houses built, including all shanties scattered over the seven hills; for San Francisco had, at that time, seven hills. Thousands of tents were everywhere erected, and in these people dwelt. The plaza, or public square, had, at one time, one decent wooden house, called the Parker House, which, of course, was a gambling house; while the more pretentious tents were one and all gambling shops. The busiest man in that city, at that time, was one Sam Brannan, a retired or reformed Mormon, perhaps still alive. The nominal ruler of the city was a Mr. Smith, styled "The Alcalde." The real rulers were twenty ruffians, known as "The Hounds," whose chief was one Roberts. They were one and all ex-soldiers in the Mexican war, robbers, cut-throats and cowards; yet the floating mass of inhabitants, numbering no less than fifty thousand, were actually tyrannized over, robbed by and afraid of those twenty thieves. It may seem strange that such a state of affairs could possibly exist for a single day, yet it is nevertheless true that it did exist for months.

There were hotels. One man, whose name was Merritt, had a large wooden house toward the north beach, where his lodgers herded. They slept everywhere—on the tables, under the tables, in every available space; bedding, if the bloated and luxurious guest wanted such a thing, had to be provided by himself. It is, however, but fair to relate that Merritt always exacted $2 a night for lodgings from anybody that sheltered in the house. As for the living, it is almost too ridiculous to be related. A French restaurant, for instance, furnished the best bottle of port wine for $2—some thousand dozen sent from the London docks and sold for the freight in San Francisco, as no owner turned up. The Frenchman charged the following prices for a breakfast:

Beef steak	$1.00
Two potatoes	2.00
One onion	2.00
Coffee	.50
Bread	.50
Total	$6.00

The price of washing a shirt was $1. This was done at the Presidio by some American soldiers who owned (happy mortals) wives. The price of lumber was enormous—$350 per 1,000 running feet measurement. A pair of blankets sold for $40; a pair of long boots cost six ounces of gold. A common rough jacket cost $25. Yet luxuries were cheap. There were plenty of cigars, and good ones, to be had; plenty of the best wines and brandy. Raisins, almonds and nuts were literally found in the streets—somewhat damaged, perhaps. The climate, at that time at least, was not very inviting. At sunrise the weather was mild and serene, as at Naples; by eleven o'clock the eastern winds began to blow—not only dust, but gravel of respectable size flew about like hail; by two P. M. it became bitter cold, and by six P. M. the wind had entirely vanished.

Hundreds and thousands of white rats, with fiery red eyes, ran about in the streets and disputed the right of inhabiting each tent or house. What flies are to Egypt, fleas were at that time to San Francisco. There was no use of seeking a remedy. No sleep could be got until the million fleas got literally drunk on the blood of the restless sleeper, which was generally by five in the morning. Then the little vampires took a rest themselves. The city boasted of but few horses; as for carriages, there were none worthy the name. Such was the city of San Francisco in 1849; yet everybody was busy, everything was sold and bought for gold dust. Everybody had scales and weights, and everybody seemed somehow to have gold.

A Dog's Remorse.

The following interesting letter is published in a London paper: Being accustomed to walk out before breakfast with two sky terriers, it was my custom to wash their feet in a tub, kept for the purpose in the garden, whenever the weather was wet. One morning, when I took up the dog to carry him to the tub, he bit me so severely that I was obliged to let him go. No sooner was the dog at liberty than he ran down to the kitchen and hid himself. For three days he refused food, declined to go out with any of the family, and appeared very dejected, with a distressed and unusual expression of countenance.

On the third morning, however, upon returning with the other dog, I found him sitting by the tub, and upon coming towards him he immediately jumped into it and sat down in the water. After pretending to wash his legs, he jumped out as happy as possible, and from that moment recovered his usual spirits.

There appears in this instance to have been a clear process of reasoning, accompanied by acute feeling, going on in the dog's mind from the moment he bit me until he hit upon a plan of showing his regret and making reparation for his fault. It evidently occurred to him that I attached great importance to this foot-bath, and if he could convince me that his contrition was sincere, and that he was willing to submit to the process without a murmur, I should be satisfied. The dog, in this case, reasoned with perfect accuracy, and from his own premises deduced a legitimate conclusion which the result justified.

Sinbad's Stories.

All of us as children were delighted and absorbed by the stories of Sinbad the Sailor, but as we grew older we only accorded to them the character of romance. Yet modern developments go far to show that these well-written tales were founded in many instances upon facts, and the revelations made by the early navigators. For instance, the valley of diamonds actually exists in Ceylon, and the great roch once built its nest in Madagascar, and flapped its wings to and fro, between the islands and the main land. Now it appears that the story of the great burial place of the elephants has been discovered to be a reality on the table lands of Central Africa.

In the original story it will be remembered that Sinbad, who pretended death, was carried by the elephants and thrown into their burial place. Here after they left him he built a raft, and loaded it with a cargo of the richest tusks, made his way with them to Bagdad, and so finds himself a rich man. From the very region described in Sinbad's story, there is now found an almost exhaustless deposit, believed to be the burial place of elephants, and affording ivory as plentifully as the fossil beds of Siberia, from whence are dug up the huge mammoth tusks which have so long supplied the ivory turners of England and this country. Talk about history repeating itself! Why, seeming fiction is repeating itself in the literal form of facts.

BLIGHTED.—The most thoroughly blighted being is the man who has been deceived in a meerschaum. When he has expended his money in purchasing the costly comfort, when he has consumed tobacco enough to unsettle the nerves of a rhinoceros, and the stubborn pipe still refuses to color, demonstrating to him the fact that he has been sold, then does the hollowness of this world and all therein become fully and disgustingly apparent.

A PLUCKY BOY.

Tramping from Texas to Massachusetts.

A bright looking lad of sixteen applied for lodgings at the police office in Worcester, Mass. He gave his name as Wm. H. Reed, of Abington, Mass., and according to the custom was told to place in his hat whatever articles he might have about his person. He promptly drew a good sized Bible from under his coat, and placing it in the hat, said that the book was his all. It is not usual for lodgers to have a Bible in their possession, and this, coupled with the intelligent appearance of the lad, interested the officers in the case. The boy when questioned told the following interesting story:

With the consent of his father he left his home the 1st of last October, and shipped from Boston on board the bark Mary F. Hurlburt, Capt. Dudley, which was bound for Galveston, Texas. He was subjected to severe treatment during the voyage, and on the arrival of the vessel at Galveston he escaped, but was captured by the police some twelve miles up the country, and returned to the ship. As a punishment for running away he was locked in the forecastle by the captain, but in the night time he broke out, and by means of a hawser reached the pier and was free again. He had $1 in money, the suit of clothes which he had on, and a sailor's bag containing a number of trinkets. He left Galveston on November 17, resolved to reach his home. The distance from Galveston to Boston is 2,289 miles. Of the whole distance young Reed has traveled 563 miles on foot. The rest of the journey he accomplished by obtaining rides on railroad trains and in teams which he met on the road. His route has been as follows: Galveston to New Orleans, 310 miles; New Orleans to Cairo, 638 miles; Cairo to Decatur, 203 miles; Decatur to Toledo, 323 miles; Toledo to Cleveland, 113 miles; Cleveland to Erie, ninety-five miles; Erie to Buffalo, eighty-seven miles; Buffalo to Albany, 298 miles.

Young Reed, during his journey, encountered hardships which would have discouraged a less plucky boy, but through all he bore up with a fixed determination to reach his home. At New Orleans he had his bag and several articles of clothing stolen from him by a negro. The various expedients to which he resorted to obtain a ride to help him on his journey are illustrated by the fact that he rode on the cow-catcher of the engine from West Brookfield to Worcester. He also rode two hundred and one miles on the truck of a Pullman car on a Western road during a cold, stormy night, when the wood and iron work of the truck was covered with ice. He had a paper in his Bible containing a list of persons in the various cities and places where he had stopped who had befriended him, and to those he said he proceed to write when he reached home. The list is a novel one, as will be seen from the following addresses: "Mary Ann Wilson, the poor fireman's widow and peanut woman at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La." Two policemen in New Orleans housed and fed the lad for a week, and two members of the police at Albany gave him a suit of clothes. The Bible, with which he has not parted since he left Galveston, was presented to him by his father the day before he left home. The young lad was a hero at the police office, and the officers contributed a purse to defray his expenses home.

The Eastern Mountains.

At a meeting of the New York Geographical Society, General E. L. Viele read an address on the physical geography, mountain and river systems and topographical features of the State. No other one of the United States, said the lecturer, possesses such a marked individuality as the State of New York. Whether we regard the magnitude and extent of its rivers and lakes, the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, its broad and productive valleys, its lofty mountain chains, its successful plans of internal improvement, its teeming population and busy industry, we find an "*imperium in imperio*"—without an equal and without a rival. The mountain system of the State is the extension and in part the termination of the great Appalachian chain which forms the easterly range of the continental system of mountains. As it enters the State of New York from the south this mountain range becomes narrowed and depressed, and while a portion of it sinks beneath the later sedimentary formations which overlie the greater part of the State another portion, passing to the east of the Hudson river and across the State of Massachusetts, forms in its continuation the Green mountains of Vermont and the White mountains of New Hampshire. At West Point, on the Hudson, where this formation is developed in all its grandeur, the mountain chain is riven asunder, and the lordly river, whose deep channel would float the navies of the world, passes on majestically to the ocean.

The Seeds Supplied.

The United States Agricultural department is employing an unusually large number of people at this time of packing and forwarding seeds. At the last session of Congress a special appropriation of $30,000 was made for the purchase and distribution of seed to those farmers of Kansas, Nebraska and Southern Dakota who suffered from the ravages of grasshoppers during the summer of 1874. The department has devoted much labor to supplying those sections with the farm seed required, and for some time past has been making large shipments daily. Supplies of seed are still being forwarded. The fact that the Agricultural department has received from the region of country devastated by grasshoppers as many as two thousand letters in a single day asking for supplies of seeds, serves to show the poverty of the people and the extent of the work performed by the department. The urgent necessities of the farmers of the devasted country induced the department to devote the labors of the seed division almost exclusively to their relief, which will account for any delay in receiving seeds that may have been experienced by people in other parts of the country.

A New Jersey Relic.

A cannon ball is preserved in the Treasury department in Washington, which deserves to become historic—if cold iron can be said to deserve anything. It weighs twenty pounds, if our recollection is correct, and is a plain, rough shot, with an iron ring attached to it. In a storm which occurred on the coast of New Jersey, many years ago, it was thrown from a mortar, with a line fastened to the ring, and passing over, fell beyond a ship which was stranded and in danger of going to pieces. The line was tied to a cable on the shore, and the shipwrecked people drew this in and fastened it to the vessel. On this cable a life-car was passed backward and forward from the ship to the shore, by which means two hundred lives were saved. The ball was hauled in and retained. It was subsequently sent to the headquarters of the Revenue Marine department, where it has since been carefully preserved, and where it is always regarded with much interest by people who are informed of its history. It might have sunk a "seventy-four" and never been heard from.

THE BLACK HILLS REGION.

What the Indians Say about their Gold Fields—A Sioux Guard.

The Indians have maintained a most dignified and sensible course so far, says a frontier correspondent of the New York *Herald*. They say the Great Father at Washington is their friend and will do what is right. Their confidence in the army is unbounded, and they look upon the soldiers as their allies. Not a move is made by the Indians without consulting the army officers and the chiefs. General Bradley and his officers are on the best of terms with them. The officers, to a man, are in favor of abrogating the treaty and advise the Sioux to give up the country, but at the same time say "the land is yours and no one shall take it from you by force." In return the Indians say "the soldiers are our friends; they are honest and will not allow us to be cheated or driven off our land." I believe an army officer could to-day travel all through the Black Hills and go into every Indian camp with perfect safety to himself. This certainly argues well for the character of our army and the fairness of our soldiers. When the miners began to appear in Spotted Tail's country, he sent word to General Ord that white men were coming into his lands, and wanted to know if he might drive them out. The general replied, telling the chief to pick out fifty of his best warriors, and he (Ord) would employ them as scouts and send a white officer to command them. The chief at once sent the warriors, and they are now along the edge of the Black Hills, under command of Lieutenant Emmet Crawford, Third United States cavalry. It must have pleased the Indians immensely to be employed and paid by the United States to guard their own country. It was a happy thought, too, of General Ord to so employ them, and thus get control of the savages and prevent them from doing anything rash or murdering the adventurous miners, which they probably would have done if led by their own chiefs. With the present amicable understanding between our savage and civilized warriors there is no danger of anybody getting murdered; but if the miners begin to crowd into the Black Hills I fear the truce will soon be broken. There has not, I believe, been a white man murdered in the Sioux country since General Sheridan, over a year ago, ordered the troops into the reservations and occupied Red Cloud and Spotted Tail. The soldiers and Indians were no sooner brought in contact with each other than they made friends, and each party now respects the other. The Indians depend on the soldiers to keep the white men out of their reservation, but if they find the white men are coming in and not expelled by the white warriors, then it is likely the savage warriors will try their hand at driving them out. With the present influence of the army, I believe, if the miners would only keep out for a little while, and be patient, the Indians could be induced to give up the Black Hills. Any attempt at force or too much haste will spoil everything and lead to a bloody and interminable war.

Red Cloud has in his villages and under his control 10,000 Indians, and Spotted Tail 2,000. It is likely these two chiefs, combined for the common defense, could put in the field 5,000 warriors—enough in the natural fortresses of the Black Hills to repel not only the entire army of the United States, but as many more volunteers. Let the rash gold seekers think of this and remember the fate of Fetterman and his party before they start West. The hair on the heads of the youths who are now so frantically rushing to the border will not be safe for one moment after they enter the Black Hills, and the only way to keep it in it its proper place will be to remain quietly at home until the government announces the country open for settlement.

We shall, of course, have all sorts of wild stories about gold, and maps showing how easy it is to reach the gold fields; but let no one believe them, for the gold fields have not yet been definitely found or located, and the nearest point from the railroad to where gold is supposed to exist is over one hundred and fifty miles—too far to run from Indians. Places will be transported hundreds of miles from where they actually exist, and the mines brought almost within the corporate limits of towns and cities to induce credulous people in the East to come West and outfit for these places.

"Sponging" on Newspapers.

Every man thinks a newspaper fair game. If a society or any body of men get up a concert or a ball or other form of entertainment, the object of which is to put money in their pockets, or if the proceeds are to be devoted to charitable purposes to add to their own glorification, they become very indignant if the proprietors of a newspaper do not assist them by a series of gratuitous advertisements for several weeks before the event takes place. These gentlemen should remember that literary men in this practical age work for money as well as for fame—principally the former, however—and the business manager of a newspaper, if he wishes to keep on the safe side of the ledger, conducts his charge on the same principle as the head of any business establishment. People who are getting up a ball would feel charry of asking a present of a pair of gloves from any merchant on that account, yet asking and expecting to receive a gratuitous advertisement is a similar demand. The editor of the Marlboro, Mass., *Journal* states the case very plainly when he informs his readers that "We long adopted the plan of charging our regular reading notice price for all editorial announcements of entertainments to which an admission fee is affixed. We make no exception to this rule. In the way of news topics we freely and gladly insert sketches of all entertainments after they have become matters of history. It is only the preliminary work, looking to the drawing out of increased patronage from the public, for which we expect compensation."

A Little Girl's Terrible Fate.

A letter in the Gonzales (Texas) *Index* says: About four weeks since, a little girl two years' old, daughter of Mrs. M. J. Robinson, living on Peach creek, Gonzales county, was bitten by a little pet dog. The circumstance created no uneasiness at the time, from the fact that there was not the slightest suspicion at the time of hydrophobia, and it was supposed the dog was only in a little accustomed ill humor. Shortly afterward the dog began to have spasms, and finally left home and died in the neighborhood. About twenty days after the child was bitten she became very feverish and fretful, and finally became convulsed with spasms. After three days of most excruciating suffering with the most terrible malady—hydrophobia—the little sufferer was released from pain by the hand of death. In her paroxysms she bit her mother several times while nursing. The mother has been twice to Dr. Evans, of Flatonia, who is in possession of a blood-stone, which was applied to her wounds. The stone adhered tenaciously the first time, and but slightly the last. It is to be hoped that the virus has been entirely removed, and the mother saved from a horrible death.

A Lazy Boy's Load.

Young Coville is bringing in wood, says the Danbury *News*. Watch him. The wood lies by the sawbuck. There are two good armfuls of it, but he is going to bring it all in at once. That is the better way, as it saves one trip. He is getting it upon his arm with great difficulty. The pile rises rapidly. It is all up but a few sticks, and he has to steady himself with a great effort while feeling around for them. Each piece comes harder than its predecessor. The bottom sticks are apparently cutting into the flesh of his arm, and one at the top is pressing most painfully against his cheek. He is sitting on his haunches in a disagreeable position, the increasing weight making his knee joints ache. The dizzy pile is held in place only by the severest effort of both brain and muscle. The slightest false motion would topple it to the ground. He realizes it. All the color in his body is in his face, and the cords thereof are drawn to the utmost tension. His eyes glow like a flame. He can't find that last stick. Slowly the right hand circles around, feeling carefully for it. His eyes are bright, but they are ranged over the load on his arm, and the very nearest approach they can make to the scene is the distant horizon. Still he skirmishes around with the right hand. A moisture is beginning to well up in the bright orbs, making the horizon indistinct. The muscles near the mouth are commencing to slacken, and the under lip slightly trembles. It is noticeable that the right hand is losing its caution and growing a trifle impulsive. Its circles are sharper, and less in symmetry. He has gone over all the ground in reach. He bends apprehensively forward for more territory; there is a waver, then another, a sudden plunge for recovery—and over goes the pile, and a boy with passion-distorted face is blindly kicking the inoffensive sticks. Then the back door opens, and he suddenly stops and glares morosely at the wreck.

"William Henry," exclaims a shrill voice, "are you going to be all night bringing in that wood?"

"Go in the house," he mutters under his breath.

"What's that you say to me, young man?"

"I said I'm comin's quick's I could," he hastily but frankly explains. "Do you 'spose I can help it, cause the wood tips over when I get it piled up?"

"What do you try to carry so much for, then?" she properly asks. "You bring along part of that wood, and go after the rest pritty quick, or I'll send your father out to you," and the door slams again.

Does he take in part of it? Never. His heart may be wrung, and the tears flow like rain, but he will carry all that wood in at once if it takes five years. It was a mere caprice then, but it is principle now. He goes over the same performance again, and he repeats it until he masters every stick, and rises, reeling, to his feet. Then he stumbles painfully up the path, his breath coming quick and strong, his eyes bulging, and his knees almost screaming out with the ache they are enduring. He can't see the stoop, and hardly anything of the house but the roof. He staggers up the steps and kicks violently against the door. It is opened by his impatient and thoroughly disgusted mother, but the exertion has fatally disturbed the poise of the pile. One stick comes thundering to the floor, then another, and another. He makes a desperate effort to reach the wood-box with the rest of the load, but piece after piece comes crashing down, arousing the whole family and nearly driving his mother insane. He reaches the box. He may not have one-half the load on his arm, but he brought it all in at once—thank Heaven.

White Suits, Etc.

Creamy white French nansook, says a fashion journal, will be used for summer costumes, richly trimmed with fine knife plaiting, edged with Valenciennes, and alternating with ruffles of Hamburg embroidery. The skirts of these sheer muslin suits are made wider than they have been of late, and now measure four yards around the bottom; they have two narrow side gores, and two full back widths; the front and side breadths are sewed to a belt, and the back is gathered by a drawing string. On handsome imported nansook dresses there are three scant flounces of Hamburg embroidery, each edged by knife plaiting three inches deep. The overskirt is a deep apron reaching to the toe; this has a front breadth and a side gore; while behind are two long straight breadths draped and puffed on the tournure. An embroidered ruffle edged with plaiting is the trimming. The basque has one dart in front, and an English basque cut square on the tournure. Such French dresses cost from $40 to $45. They are ornamented as a model for the "young girl graduates" who ask for such hints, also for those who are preparing their wardrobes for the summer watering-places. Dealers say that Hamburg embroidery is preferred to expensive needlework even by those who can afford it; also that Italian Valenciennes lace is used in these costumes, and finer real laces are reserved for evening toilettes. Many of the French basques imported with these suits are cut long and square on the sides, and quite short in the back and front. The sleeves are coat-shaped, with knife plaitings and puffs around the wrists. The neck has a standing plaited frill, and the lengthwise trimming outlines a vest. French needlewomen excel in making fine crimped plaitings; their work is all done by hand, and the infinitesimally small plaits are held in position by a thread underneath.

Muslin overskirts and sleeveless basques are also imported. The overskirt is a large apron deeply rounded in front, but square behind, held together by a dark bow on the tournure, but with the square corners behind falling open. Such overskirts are entirely formed of lengthwise box-plaits of white organdy alternating with Valenciennes insertion and edged with lace. Accompanying this is a sleeveless basque, much shorter behind than in front, made of similar box-plaits and rows of insertion. Blue or rose-colored gros grain bows trim the front of the basque, and a sash bow is on the tournure. For a very rich dress for graduation-day this will be worn