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The Mother's Song.

I.

O rest thee, baby, rest!
Rocked on thy mother's breast
No harm shall thee bested;
Enwrapt in slumbers deep,
Good angels then will keep
Their vigil round thy bed.

II.

O rest thee, baby, rest!
No wee bird in its nest
Is half so safe as thou.
Then why that start of fear?
And why that sudden tear?—
Thine eyes wide open now.

III.

O rest thee, baby, rest!
But hush! a gentler ditty, lest
I wake thee, darling boy;
Thine eyelids droop, they close—
Thou sinkest in repose—
My pride, my life, my joy!

Miss Edith's Modest Request.

My Papa knows you, and he says you're a man
who makes reading for books;
But I never read nothing you wrote, nor did
Papa—I know by his looks.
So I guess you're like me when I talk, and I
talk, and I talk all the day,
And they only say: "Do stop that child!" or
"Nurse! take Miss Edith away."

But Papa said if I was good I could ask you—
alone by myself—
If you wouldn't write me a book like this little
one up on the shelf,
I don't mean the pictures, of course, for to
make them you've got to be smart;
But the reading that runs all around them,
you know—just the easiest part.

You needn't mind what it's about, for no one
will see it but me
And Jane—that's my nurse—and John—he's
the coachman—just only us three.
You're to write of a bad little girl, that was
wicked and bold and all that;
And then you are to write, if you please, something
good—very good—of a cat!

This cat she was virtuous and meek, and kind
to her parents, and mild,
And careful and neat in her ways, though her
mistress was such a bad child;
And hours she would sit and would gaze when
her mistress—that's me—was so bad,
And blink, just as if she would say: "Oh,
Edith, you make my heart sad."

And yet, you would scarcely believe it, that
beautiful, angelic cat
Was blamed by the servants for stealing whatever,
they said, she'd get at.
And when John drank my milk—don't you tell
me! I know just the way it was done—
They said 'twas the cat—and she sitting and
washing her face in the sun!

And then there was Dick, my canary. When I
left its cage open one day,
They all made believe that she ate it, though
I know that the bird flew away.
And why? Just because she was playing with
a feather she found on the floor.
As if cats couldn't play with a feather without
people thinking 'twas more.

Why, once we were romping together, when I
knocked down a vase from the shelf.
That cat was as grieved and distressed as if
she had done it herself;
And she walked away sadly and hid herself,
and never came out till tea—
So they say, for they sent me to bed, and she
never came even to me.

No matter whatever happened, it was laid at
the door of that cat,
Why, once when I tore my apron—she was
wrapped in it, and I called "Rat!"—
Why, they blamed that on *her*. I shall never
—no, not to my dying day—
Forget the pained look that she gave me when
they slapped *me* and took me away.

Of course, you know just what comes next
when a child is as lovely as that.
She waisted quite slowly away—it was goodness
was killing the cat.
I know it was nothing she ate, for her taste
was exceedingly nice;
But they said she stole Bobby's ice cream, and
caught a bad cold from the ice.

And you'll promise to make me a book like
that little one up on the shelf,
And you'll call her "Naomi," because it's a
name that she just gave herself;
For she'd scratch at my door in the morning,
and whenever I'd call out: "Who's
there?"
She would answer "Naomi! Naomi!" like a
Christian, I vow and declare.

And you'll put me and her in a book. And,
mind, you're to say I was bad;
And I might have been badder than that but
for the example I had;
And you'll say that she was a Maltese, and
what's that you ask? "Is she dead?"
Why, please sir, *there ain't no cat!* You're to
make one up out of your head!

—*Bret Harte in the Independent.*

A NOVEL GIFT.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"

Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quiet village street, as if among the leafless trees on the frost-bound landscape she could find the answer to Harry Levison's questions.

Then, after a moment, she turned her face toward him—a face as fresh and fair in its peachy bloom as many a young girl ten years her junior.

"I—I—am—afraid I can't, Mr. Levison."

Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright blue eyes—such lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that had bloomed in the shade.

"You are—afraid"—you can't, Mrs. Willard? Answer me another question—yes—or no—do you love me?"

She blushed and smiled, and looked bewitchingly.

"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I lo—like you! I always did, ever since I first knew you, years and years ago."

"When Will Willard won the prize all we fellows were striving for! So you liked me then, Nellie, and you like me now? Then why don't you marry me? You've been a widow for three years now. Isn't that long enough to mourn the virtues of the departed?"

"You wicked man! As if 300 years could ever teach me to forget poor, dear Wilson."

Her bright eyes reproved him sharply, and she accepted with good grace.

"Granting the truth, Nellie, that your deceased husband was a good fellow and a loving partner, I still cannot see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present, Nellie! Why don't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Willard's face grew a little paler, and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because, Harry, because Wilson Willard made me promise never to marry again."

"Stuff and nonsense! What if he did. A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated shield of the stone.

"I know it is," she said, slowly, "but—"

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.

"Yes—'but' what, Nellie? In all respect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone; and you've been true to his memory all these long years, and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said meditatively, "but—but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise never to marry again under penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And don't be angry with me, Harry, will you? But I almost know he would appear to me!"

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a nervous little move nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her and assure her he was not angry with her.

"So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie, if you broke your promise? A sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in such superstitious folderol! And, after having waited for you ten years of your married-life, and three years of your widowhood, you condemn me to hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for the sake of such a shadow as your husband's ghost!"

And Nellie looked imploringly at him again, and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are! You know I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again! Don't be angry—please don't be angry with me!"

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be angry with her, and then went away heaping maledictions on the head of the defunct husband who had been tyrant enough to burden his young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue-gray sky, when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a young gentleman, who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him warmly.

"Fred Willard! Where in the name of goodness did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a long six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad so see you, although for the instant I confess I was startled—you are the living image of your brother Wilson. We've been discussing ghosts, you know—"

Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously, as he interrupted irreverently:

"'We' is good, Lev. You mean my pretty little sister-in-law. I know she religiously believes in 'em. I know I am impatient to see her—for the first time since Will's funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers glowing, like melted rubies, behind the silver bars of the grate; now he turned suddenly to Fred, and laid his hand persuasively on his shoulder.

"See here, Fred; you are a friend of mine; and I am about to put your friendship to the test. I want you to do me a very great favor; will you?"

Fred laughed.

"Will I? Of course I will. What's up?"

And Mr. Levison turned the keys of the doors, and the consultation lasted until the housekeeper rang the dinner bell.

Five hours later the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver-gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs. Willard, with fleecy-white zephyr shawl and her *crepe* brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door, on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage house, which she had personally seen was secure for the night, ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes were glowing like blue fires as she stood there one moment in the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing. Then, with a little involutary exclamation at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in, locked the door after her, for her three servants were all retired for the night, and then gave a little shriek, for standing in the self-same accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband. She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly as she realized that she was looking upon a *bona-fide* ghost—a veritable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows.

"Will," she said, faintly, with her hand tight on the handle of the door, "Will, is it you?"

His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—Will's undeniably, unmistakably.

"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you."

"Yes?" she gasped, "but what for? I have tried—I have done everything that I thought you could wish. There is nothing wrong, Will?"

The pale, moon-lighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it almost paralyzed Nellie, and yet, aided by the very material contact of the doorknob, she stood her ground and listened.

"Nothing wrong with you, Nellie, but with me. I come to bring you a present."

Nellie was startled, and looked at him curiously, wondering what he had brought from the other world.

"I present you," he said, "with your liberty, for I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong I unintentionally committed in binding you to perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to revoke my decision—to give you my full permission to marry again, and my advice to marry Horace Levison. Promise me you'll do it, and I will rest peacefully forever."

"Oh, Will!—if you will say so—if you think it best—yes!—yes, I will!"

Her face was pale enough now to have passed for a ghost herself.

"Go look at the big clock in the dining-room, Nellie, and see if it is near the stroke of twelve."

She went dumbly, mechanically, at his behest; and, when she came back, he was gone, and the moonlight streamed in on an empty room.

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up to her bed room, and locked the door, and covered her head with a shawl, and sobbed and cried hysterically, until her over wrought nerves found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed and crimson with confusion, penciled an answer, assuring him she had changed her mind, and begging him to come over to lunch, to see her, and meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from abroad.

Of course Mr. Levison came, and it didn't take two minutes to settle it, nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience of the night before.

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"

"A jolly old—I mean a thoughtful, pains-taking spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, we'll hold him in eternal remembrance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature, even when he and Nellie and Fred Willard discussed the marvelously obliging kindness of the departed.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs. Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whisker—nor was there any need she should know, for her happiness was secured, her conscience at ease.

According to Mr. P. T. Barnum's own figures he has sold since he began his business of amusement—no less than $83,000,000 worth of tickets.

The United States Life-Saving Service.

During the year ending June, 1877, the total number of vessels driven ashore was one hundred and thirty-four, having one thousand five hundred persons on board, thirty-nine, or about two and a half per cent., of whom were lost. The total amount of property saved was over one million seven hundred thousand dollars, and the total amount of that lost, over one million five hundred thousand dollars. A brief summary of the operations of the service since Mr. S. J. Kimball took charge of it in 1871 will better show its usefulness, however. Four hundred wrecks occurred, imperiling over eleven million one hundred thousand dollars' worth of property; nearly seven million dollars' worth of this was saved, and of four thousand seven hundred and thirty lives imperiled only eighty were lost. Two thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven days of shelter were afforded at the stations to nine hundred and fifty-nine persons. During 1871 72 the operations of the service were confined to the coasts of Long Island and New Jersey; in 1872-74 they were extended to Cape Cod and Rhode Island, and in the next year they were further extended to the limits of the present districts.

The stations are nearly all alike—simple wooden houses, with steep gable roof, the only projection about them being the lightning-rod, and the only ornament a coat of red-brown paint. From May until November they are unoccupied, though all the apparatus is ready for use; and the rest of the year each becomes the home of a keeper and six surf-men, who are paid forty dollars a month, and are chosen for their experience on the beach. Their duties are concisely stated in the instructions of the treasury department, to which branch of the government the life-saving service belongs. "During the winter months the beach will be patrolled by the surf-men every night. The patrol will consist of two men from each station, one following the beach toward the next station to the right, and the other proceeding toward the next station to the left, and each continuing his walk until the patrol from the adjacent station is met. Each patrolman will carry a beach lantern, also a red Coston handlight; and when an inlet separates the station, he will exchange signals with the patrolman on the opposite shore. On those parts of the coast where the two adjacent houses can not be seen from each other, the beach will be patrolled sufficiently to bring them in sight three times between sunrise and sunset. On the discovery of a wreck or a vessel in distress, the patrolman will immediately burn his red Coston handlight, both to alarm the stations and give notice to the wreck that succor is near, then returning to the station and assisting in the preparation of the apparatus. Boats, etc., will be prepared for immediate service.—*William H. Ridding, in Harper's Magazine.*

An Indian War Dance.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Times* thus describes a general war dance, executed in Chief Joseph's camp above Fort Leavenworth: Chief Joseph and his brethren were decorated in the most gorgeous style, their dresses being something new and in the most varied colors. The dance was given as a token of respect to the memory of one of the most valued chiefs of the tribe, who was killed at the battle of Bear Paw Mountain. The chief was a leading brave, and was one of high position in the tribe. Joseph made the occasion of great importance at the camp, and was himself arrayed in magnificent style. Several fine horses, borrowed from the officers of the garrison, were used on the occasion by the warriors, and each animal was decked in all that can be imagined in the way of Indian notions of beauty. Some were almost covered with skins of various animals, while around their necks were long strings of bells and bead work, which would have put a circus to shame. The tails of the horses were artistically decorated with eagle feathers. Among the horses used was a handsome black steed owned by Captain C. S. Isley, which was made attractive by being caparisoned in elegant style, and rode by a grandson of the late survivor of the original tribe. The latter left his "tepee" with quiet dignity, and, after mounting his horse, joined the procession which circled about the same in concert with the loud cries and wails of the women within.

The ceremony was kept up for a long time, and each one of the warriors seemed in earnest. During the ceremony Chief Joseph told Captain Ilsley, who was present, through the interpreter, Mr. Chapman, that the feeling of the tribe had always been favorable towards the white men, and that their good will had always been looked for, and that if his heart was taken out it would show the truth of the assertion; that the tribe had the same feeling now they always had, and that he hoped when, if he should ever return to his own country, he would be able to show he had told the truth. He then, on behalf of the tribe, presented Captain Ilsley with a handsome buffalo robe as a token of good faith. The ceremonies of the dance were then begun and lasted until a late hour in the evening.

The Navies of Europe.

England has 162 active war vessels of war and 350 that may be called out when needed. She has 60,000 sailors, 15,000 marines and 3,326 officers. France has 115 active vessels and seventy-eight in reserve, 48,000 sailors with 1,800 officers, and 16,000 marines with 780 officers, three monster iron-clads, and nine smaller coast boats. Germany has sixty-one active and forty-eight in reserve, 8,000 sailors and marines with 500 officers, and three iron-clads. Russia has 158 active vessels, most y small, 60,000 sailors with 2,000 officers, only one-third serving on board ship, and one monster iron-clad. Austria has sixty-eight active vessels, 7,000 sailors with 500 officers. Italy has sixty-five active vessels, 12,000 sailors with 425 officers, and 3,000 marines with 115 officers, and two monster iron-clads, the largest in existence, carrying eight 100-ton guns. Turkey has fifty-seven active vessels and twenty-eight in reserve, 36,000 sailors and marines with 1,000 officers, and seven iron-clads. Spain has 128 active vessels, 21,000 sailors and marines with officers, and three small iron-clads. Greece has twenty-one active vessels, 7,000 sailors and marines. Denmark has thirty-three active vessels, 10,000 sailors and marines. Holland has eighty-seven active vessels, 12,000 sailors and marines.

A Biting Fable.

A viper that had just closed an engagement with a gentleman who had the delirium tremens, entered a learned blacksmith's shop looking for something to eat, being a little disgusted with the drinking business. He found a file and attempted to devour it as a man sometimes will a file of old newspapers. But while the way was open for him to flee into the wilderness of Hepsidam, he made no progress in gnawing a file. "What's the matter with you?" said the file, "Do you expect to gnaw me?" "Gnaw!" replied the viper, spitefully, as he spat out several of his front teeth, which he had broken off. Moral: This fable admonishes you not to attempt to bite off more than you can chew.—*New York World.*

How Sir Wm. Phips Found the Treasure.

While at the Bahamas, Phips was told of a Spanish vessel, wrecked off Puerto Plata more than fifty years before, with a very large treasure. His means not being sufficient for this expedition, Phips sailed for England and made direct application to the admiralty to aid him in his search. So ably did this true son of the sea represent his cause, that he was given command of the "Rose Algier," a ship mounting eighteen guns and carrying a hundred men.

The exact position of this wreck was unknown, and the untrustworthy character of the crew added great difficulties to the undertaking. It should be remembered, also, that diving-bells, diving-armor, and the like, were then unknown. But the courage and indomitable perseverance of Phips now came into play, and he had a capital chance to show the stuff of which he was made.

Soon after they had sailed, the crew came aft, armed, and determined to force Phips to yield to their wishes, which probably were that they should all turn pirates. Without giving them time to deliberate, Phips flew at their leader, hurled him to the deck and dispatched him on the spot—a deed so prompt and daring that it awed the mutineers into submission for the time. One who has never seen a mutiny at sea can form but little idea of its desperate character, and the rapidity of action and unflinching nerve required where men are shut up alone on the wide ocean with a quarrel so deadly in its nature that no compromise can be thought of for a moment, and no quarter can be allowed with safety to him who gives it.

But the next plot to seize the ship was even more dangerous. The "Rose Algier," being in need of repairs, was taken to a cove in a small uninhabited island, and careened on one side in order to reach the damaged place. Most of the stores were moved on shore, the ship was hove down, and a bridge was laid between the deck and the land. Under the pretense of pastime, most of the crew now betook themselves to the woods, and there plotted to return at seven in the evening, seize the ship, force Phips and eight faithful men on shore, leave them there to perish, and themselves sail away on a piratical cruise. But the carpenter was one of the few who stood by the captain, and yet they could not risk putting to sea without him. They sent for him, therefore, on some pretext, and, having him in their power, offered him the choice of instant death or of joining his fortunes with theirs. He begged for half an hour to think about it, and said that at any rate he should have to return on board for his tool-chest. They granted his request, and sent two men with him to watch his movements. Soon afterward, he was suddenly taken with a pretended cramp or colic, and in great seeming agony rushed into the cabin for medicine; there he found Phips, and in a few rapid words revealed the plot. In less than two hours the mutineers would be marching on the ship. Not an instant was to be lost. Immediately the guns were loaded and trained to command the shore and all the approaches to the stores; the bridge was taken in, and when the mutineers appeared they found themselves caught. In tones of thunder, Phips bade them not to stir or he would mow them down with his batteries; nor did they dare disobey. The bridge was again laid down, and the eight loyal men brought back the stores to the ship. When all was safely on board again, the mutineers were told that they were to be left to the fate they had intended for their commander. In despair at so terrible a prospect, the miserable men threw down their arms, and protested their willingness to submit if Phips would but relent and not sail away without them. After a long parley, he agreed to let them come on board, they having first given up their arms. But, with such a crew, further search after the treasure was useless. Phips, therefore, sailed for Jamaica, changed the crew, and again weighed anchor for Hispaniola. There he was lucky enough to find an old Spaniard who told him that the wreck was somewhere about a reef a few leagues north of Puerto de la Plata. Phips immediately went to the spot. But his search for the wreck was long and unavailing, the season was changing, and the "Rose Algier," now about half manned and in unseaworthy condition, was unfit to prowl around a dangerous reef in a hurricane season. So, without having accomplished the object of so much exertion and anxiety, Phips was obliged to return to England, a baffled but not a discouraged man.

Very naturally, it was impossible for our adventurer to obtain another English ship-of-war, although he received much credit for the courage and skill shown in controlling the mutineers, and one would conclude that the treasure of the old Spanish galleon would after this have remained at the bottom of the sea, the exclusive possession of the sharks, the turtles and the barraculas. But with rare pertinacity Phips returned to the charge, and at last persuaded the Duke of Albemarle and several other wealthy noblemen to his views. They formed a company and obtained a patent from James II, giving them the sole right to all wrecked treasure they might find during a certain number of years. Then they fitted out a ship and tender, the latter to cruise in coves and shoal water, and Phips invented several rude contrivances for dragging and diving, far inferior to the means now used for such purposes. Thus prepared, he sailed once more for Hispaniola. There a small, stout boat was built, and with it and a crew of Indian divers the tender was dispatched to the reef where the wreck was said to be. The tender was anchored in good holding-ground at a safe distance from the reef, and the men then rowed slowly in the boat around it, carefully examining the depths below for signs of the wrecked galleon. The waters in the West Indies are very clear, and during a calm objects can be seen at a considerable depth. The rocks were of singular form, rising nearly to the surface, but with sides so steep that any vessel striking them would be liable to go down many fathoms below the reach of the most expert diver. The only hope was that the wreck might have lodged on some projecting ledge. But the closest observation, long continued, failed to reveal any sign of the object so eagerly sought, although the water was perfectly calm.

At length, a curious sea-plant cropping out of a crevice in the sides of the reef caught the eye of one of the crew, and he sent down an Indian to bring it up. When the diver returned to the surface he reported that he had seen a number of brass cannon lying tangled among the sea-weed on a ledge. That was enough. Inspired with the greatest enthusiasm, diver after diver plunged below to be the first to discover the treasure, and ere long one of them brought up an ingot of silver worth several hundred pounds. Transported with success they left a buoy to mark the spot, and made all sail to carry the glad tidings to Phips. He would not credit the tale until he had seen the ingot, when he exclaimed: "Thanks be to God, we are all made!"

Every man was at once enlisted in the service of fishing for the treasure. The bullion was discovered first; after that, in the bottom of the hold, the seaminers found the coin in bags, which had been so long under water that they were encrusted with a stony shell, hard as rock. This was broken with crowbars, revealing gold, jewels and "pieces of eight," in glittering abundance. The last day's work brought to light twenty massive silver ingots, and the whole amount recovered was somewhat over three hundred thousand pounds, a sum equal in the values of our time to five millions of dollars.—*S. G. W. Benjamin, in St. Nicholas.*

Juvenile Jack Sheppards.

At Hawick, England, recently, William Laidlaw Emers Hemsley, aged sixteen years, and John Turnbull, aged fourteen years, had been detected in the act of shoplifting, and were apprehended. After their apprehension, Superintendent Morrison searched the house in Tivlot crescent, where Hemsley lives with his father. In the closet in the house he found a large quantity of various articles, supposed to have been stolen. Two MSS. were found, in which the young culprits had made most business-like records of their transactions. One of the books is a sort of journal. It had been only a few days in use, and on the title page is written, in a clear, bold hand, "W. L. Emers and John Turnbull's secret and memorandum book. Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1878. United Order of Outlaws." It is understood that the entries are all in Hemsley's handwriting. The first page is headed, "What I have stolen in money." The first theft recorded is one of one-penny "from mother." There are trifling sums entered as taken from neighbors, obtained by altering the figures in a shopkeeper's pass-book, and abstracted from the till of an office where he was formerly employed. Another page has the heading "How many locks I have stolen," and then follows a list of the places where they were taken from, such as stables, garden and field gates, with the owners' names when they were known, and in other cases the locality where the theft was committed is minutely described. Next comes, "What I have stolen out of shops," which list includes, besides many of the articles recovered, tins of beef, jars of jam, shop weights, twenty-eight keys from one ironmonger's shop, etc., etc. Under the heading "What I have stolen from persons and places," there is a list of a number of places, including factories, schools and the theatre, where thefts had been committed. The booty includes half a barrel of ale from a hotel door. The MSS. volume also contains sketches of plans and operations for the future. Lists of "What I have to steal," "What I have to buy and make," including a variety of articles, useful and ornamental, from a steam engine and boiler to a musical-box. And then there is a memorandum of "What I have to write for." This includes, singularly enough for such apparently cool hands, "A cure for the nerves," besides several medicines and cosmetics, and a volume of poetry. Further on in the book is an inventory of their ill-goten possessions, and another of "Tools for housebreaking," among which are enumerated seventy-seven skeleton keys. The other headings, "What I got by housebreaking," and "What Turnbull has got by housebreaking," have no entries appended, the interference of the police having suspended the bookkeeping as well as other contemplated operations.

Effect of Emotion Upon the Brain.

In New York, recently, Dr. Hammond delivered his second lecture on the nervous system. During the course of the lecture he said that emotion is the most important of any of the functions of the brain. The physiological signs of emotion are blushing, palpitation, increase of the salivary secretion and other bodily changes. Emotion is the most difficult to control, such as anger, grief, fear and anxiety, and these are produced by too much blood flowing or rising to the head from other parts of the body. He explained the means by which these emotions could be controlled, and quoted instances which came under his own observation which led to disastrous consequences. Sometimes the bite of a man under strong emotion of passion was poisonous; at all events, he was sure that the bite of animals, such as rats, cats and dogs, was sometimes fatal. He said he had received several letters since his last lecture, criticising what he had said and explained to the audience. One asked him what is genius, and was it synonymous with intellect. The doctor said that there was a vast difference, and that many erred much in their idea of genius. Hardly any man has accomplished anything great by genius. It was by intellect that Napoleon, Fulton, Franklin and many others had accomplished great things; not at all by genius, as many believe. He gave some sound advice as to how much and how long the brain should be exercised by men of study as well as by men of labor, and how important it is that regular and sound sleep could be obtained by simple remedies. When the nervous system is impaired by emotion, excessive labor or anxiety of mind, a person cannot sleep, and without regular sleep the brain must suffer waste of tissue. He instanced the case of a Chinese merchant who had been convicted of a great crime, for which he was condemned, and the punishment was to deprive him of sleep. His sufferings exceeded any torture that could be devised, and the man died in nine days.

Shakespeare and the Bible.

Read the following curious parallels between Shakespeare and the Bible. They will be found interesting:

Bible—"But though I be rude in speech."—2 Cor. xi. 6.

Othello—"Rude am I in speech."

Bible—"Consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart."—Samuel ii. 35.

Macbeth—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible—"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death."—Psalms.

Macbeth—"Lighted fools the way to dusty death."

Bible—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me."—Solomon Song i. 6.

Merchant of Venice—"Mistake me not for my complexion; the shadowy livery of the burning sun."

Bible—"What is man that thou art mindful of him! For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands."—Psalms viii. 4, 5, 6.

Hamlet—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

Bones as Egg Material.

Bones should not be thrown away but saved for the hens. When fresh they may be pounded into a fine powder and fed with dough or may be thrown into the hen house to be picked up as wanted. But as they will not keep in good condition very long it is sometimes best to burn them. Then they can be kept any length of time. Burning injures the bones as it destroys all the organic matter which they contain and leaves only the inorganic materials of which they were composed. But these materials are valuable and hens which are supplied with them are better layers than those which cannot obtain a supply of lime, of which bones which have been burned are largely composed.

REMARKABLE CRIMES.

Desperate Assault upon a London Jewel Merchant—Two Old Stories Revived.

A daring attempt at murder was made in London not long since. It seems that in Woodbridge street, Clerkenwell, there resides a Mr. Hamburger, who is in business with his two sons as a jewel merchant. One of the two sons was on the afternoon in question walking along Holborn Viaduct when he met a general dealer with whom he had some slight acquaintance. After a little conversation his friend asked to be allowed to see a certain parcel of pearls. "Where can I show them?" was the reply. "At my office, just here," was the answer; and the speaker took young Mr. Hamburger across the road and led him up several pairs of stairs into a back room in one of the large houses which have recently been built on the Holborn Viaduct. The moment Mr. Hamburger had entered the room his companion slammed the door, fired a pistol at him, and drawing a large, bowie-knife made a murderous attempt to stab him. A desperate struggle followed; but Mr. Hamburger managed to overpower his assailant, unlock the door, get down into the street, and had sufficient strength left to hail a cab and drive to his own residence. Medical assistance was promptly called in, and it was found that Mr. Hamburger had been severely cut on the wrists and face, and that a bullet had lodged in the left side of his head. His own opinion is that his assailant, knowing that he carried with him a considerable amount of valuable jewelry, and possibly also of cash, had determined to murder and rob him.

This crime recalls to mind two other desperate attempts at murder in the British metropolis. Nearly fifty years ago a gentleman named William Howard was sentenced to transportation for life for an attempt to murder. The circumstances of the case were very singular. Mr. Mullay, an Irishman, had come up to London in search of employment, and had offered, by advertisement in the newspapers, a loan of £1,000 to any one who might be able to introduce him to a situation such as he wished. In reply to this announcement, he received a letter requesting him to call upon Mr. Howard, No. 36 Red Lion square, Holborn, between mid-day and four in the afternoon. He went to the house indicated, and saw a person purporting to be Mr. Howard, and it was arranged between them that on a certain day appointed Mr. Mullay should come with the £1,000 mentioned in his advertisement. Although he had his suspicions, Mullay provided himself with the money, and attended at the appointment, which was held in a small room at the back of the house, on the third floor. No sooner had he appeared than Howard locked the door, and made a murderous assault on him with a clasp-knife in one hand and a heavy cricket-bat in the other. A terrible struggle ensued. Mullay, however, being the stronger of the two, managed to overpower his assailant, the neighbors rushed in, Howard was given into custody, and, as we have said, he was convicted and sent, according to the custom in those days, to the colonies. Mr. William Howard has been long forgotten. His bold attempt to rob and murder stands upon record in the *Newgate Calendar*, and in Capt. Benson's *Remarkable Trials*. But such interest as attached to him was surpassed by the public excitement caused by the celebrated "Northumberland street tragedy." About seventeen years ago a man named Roberts, commonly reputed to be a usurer, occupied chambers in the street above mentioned. For certain reasons Roberts conceived a violent hatred against an officer in the army, Major Murray, and resolved to take his life. The major one day met Roberts, who had hitherto been a stranger to him, and was induced to accompany him to his chambers. Roberts pretended to be looking for some papers, and while Murray had his back turned, shot the major in the neck, and again in the head, with a revolver. Murray fell to the floor stunned, and as soon as he recovered consciousness found Roberts kneeling over him and feeling his heart Hereupon he grappled with his assailant, and seizing a pair of tongs literally beat Roberts to death with them. At the inquest which was held a verdict was returned to the effect that Major Murray had committed justifiable homicide in self-defence.

A Queer Convention of Crows.

This is from a recent issue of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) *Eagle*: Passengers on the 8:35 train bound south Friday morning looked with wonder upon a flock of about five hundred crows all huddled together on the ice south of Low Point, and about six hundred feet from the shore. They faced each other about half and half, and were so close together that they jostled against each other in hopping about. About ten feet west of them sat a large bald-headed American eagle perched upon a cake of ice which had been thrown up on the main body of the ice by the action of the wind and tide. It looked as though the eagle had by common consent been appointed chairman of the convention, and that something of an important nature was taking place. So intent was this strange convention upon the business in hand that neither the roar of the train nor the shriek of the engine's whistle disturbed it in the least. The sun shone full and bright upon the singular spectacle, and the dignity and solemnity of the presiding officer were remarked by all. On no part of the ice surrounding for a long distance, could be seen a dead carcass of any kind, nor was there any open water visible, in which the crows or eagle could fish. It was perhaps a labor convention, devising ways and means for appeasing immediate hunger. We watched them till the train shot out of sight around a curve, and the chairman was still on the platform, and the members of the convention were still huddled together. It is probable they were in "executive session" and we shall never know of the cause of the novel gathering.

Great Muscular Power.

Mr. Gosse relates the following anecdote in *The World of Wonders*, of a three-horned beetle, which is not larger than an ordinary English stag-beetle: "This insect has just astonished me by a proof of its vast strength of body. When it was first brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it until I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I clapped the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it.

"The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 pounds, and to move it to and fro on a smooth pavement by pushing with n."

Fashion Notes.

Everything is to be beaded in the spring.

Bronze-brown and bronze-green are two leading colors.

A handsome feather for a dress hat is made of India game-cock's tails and lophomore tail feathers combined.

Skirts are worn short in front and grow longer and longer in the back.

Russia leather fans, mounted with silk or satin, in all the new dark, rich colors, are very popular.

The latest novelty in scarfs are of India crepe, embroidered with silk in all the Oriental shades.

The latest fashion for handkerchiefs is to have them made to match exactly the collars and cuffs worn.

Feathers arranged in bands form a beautiful trimming. A fringe of Maraocut tips is exquisite on an evening silk.

Clasps, such as are worn to fasten wraps, are now used in holding drapery. Insects are also worn in the hair. They seem almost to flutter on their velvety couches.

Gilt and enameled emblems of birds have been introduced on velvet head gear, some pinnioned down by minute arrows, somewhat bent, to show that the missile was light and the prey heavy hearted.

The very latest in hosiery is black silk stockings elaborately embroidered with clair-de-lune beads, presenting quite a sparkling appearance. Many ladies, however, object to these beads, because they hurt the foot, and the pattern gets tatooed on it; for these there are insertions of black lace insteps.

A pretty model of a capote bonnet is quite seasonable in appearance. It is of bronze felt, trimmed with a wreath of thistles, and diminutive fir cones, grasses and moss of every conceivable shade of green, a few loops of satin ribbon at the back, and a double ruche of tilleul silk under the border.

Lace will, if possible, be used even more than ever. While it is always desirable to have it real, there is not an absolute necessity for it. Those who can afford them still cling to real thread and guipure, but for those to whom the real is unattainable, the French is pretty and within reach, and allowable by fashion. The lace used for undergarments is all of one kind, although it is distinguished by a number of names, a few of which are Clevis, Mirecourt and Torchan.

How Indians Hunt Buffalo.

The commandant of a post generally gives the Indians under his control permission to go on a buffalo hunt, about twice a year. A party of from 200 to 300 is allowed to go out at once, and may be out for from thirty to ninety days being, during that time, accompanied by two or three soldiers from the garrison. The party is divided and the herd is surrounded, the circuit being almost a half-mile in diameter. When about half-way around, the signal is given to charge, and the bucks commence to ply their arrows. The excited buffaloes run backward and forward until probably one-fifth of them are killed, when the hunt is temporarily over, at least. The squaws have, in the meantime, come along and picked up their husband's clothing, and follow after to complete the work of the chase. The buck, having shot his buffalo, rushes forward to pass the animal over so that he will not fall on the side which the arrow has pierced and break it. He cuts the arrow out of its place, puts it back in his quiver, and then marks the buffalo with his peculiar brand, which may be a cut in the nostril, in the ear, thigh, or some other part of the body. Here again then the squaw gets her onerous share of the work in. She distinguishes the animal her buck has slain, skins it, cuts the meat away from the bones in the most convenient and hurried manner, and packs it to where the bucks have already made a permanent camp, in the vicinity of the nearest water.

A Human Monstrosity.

One of the most remarkable instances on record of parental devotion and of success in keeping secret a family affliction, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, may be found in the family of a citizen who is keeping a drinking-saloon in the western part of the city. Twenty-seven years ago he kept a house on Western Row. About that time a number of houses in the vicinity were destroyed by fire in the night, including his residence. His wife, in a delicate condition, suffered much from fright, and subsequently gave birth to a monstrosity—an offspring without any of the better senses of a living creature, except that of sight—without toes or fingers; deaf, speechless, without the least spark of intellect or instinct. Twenty-seven years have passed, and the family have kept this creature in the household, secreted in a room, and only a few of the neighbors besides, who are on the most intimate relations, have known of its existence. It eats when food is placed in its mouth, and is kept in a cleanly condition by the most constant care. A long beard has grown on its face. It is about three feet in length. It crawls about some, but moves with great difficulty. That such a creature has lived so long is singular. That a family, instead of placing it in some asylum, has endured its presence in their midst, and nurtured it in assiduous privacy through all these years, is a strange and affecting incident of parental devotion.

A Mayor's Fifteen Cent Dinner.

Miss Juliet Corson, of the New York cooking school, recently gave a test dinner at No. 8 St. Mark's place to his honor Mayor Ely and a select company of invited guests, the object being to show what could be done for fifteen cents for each person. The following bill of fare was figured up accurately, and was found to have fallen within the financial limit by two cents: