

My Ships.

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me,
Weighed down with jewels and with gold—
Ah, well! the harbor could not hold
So many ships as there would be
If all my ships came in from sea.

If half my ships came home from sea,
And brought their precious freight to me—
Ah, well! I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state—
So rich the treasures that would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea
Should come a-sailing home to me—
Ah, well! the storm-clouds then might frown;
For if the others all went down,
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,
If that one ship came back to me.

If that one ship went down at sea,
And all the others came to me
Weighed down with gems and wealth untold,
With glory, honor, riches, gold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,
If that one ship came not to me.

O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free!
Blow all my ships safe home to me!
But if then sendest some a-wrack
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all, that skim the sea,
But bring my love-ship home to me!

—Ella Wheeler.

DEADLY POLITENESS.

A YOUNG PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

"Nearly every man who ever traveled on the Mississippi river in the old days can relate an interesting experience," said the Rev. Mr. Jackson, a minister whose reputation as an impassioned orator has gone beyond the boundaries of Arkansas. "There was something about a Mississippi river experience that tended to aid in vivid reproduction. The grand floating drawing rooms, the wealth displayed at every turn, and the studied politeness and conventional ceremony of a supposed good breeding which you everywhere meet, all come up at once in reportage of a character which, thus surrounded, you have contemplated. But all of this politeness and exhibition of good breeding, I must say, was but the white foam on a muddy water. It was the courtesy that could grasp the hand of a new acquaintance or shoot an old friend.

"In the spring of 1850 I boarded a grand steamer at New Orleans bound for up the river, I was a very young preacher at that time, and was under orders to repair to a small community and assist in conducting a revival. There was something of a war being waged between two churches, and it stood our church in hand to concentrate forces or loose ascendancy in the neighborhood. These were the days of political and religious vigor, and avowed opposition in religious contests was regarded as being no more out of place and in ill-keeping with the faith than the fierce struggles engaged in by the Whigs and Democrats. I was told at headquarters that another young preacher would be sent to assist me, and that if I needed more help to make my demands known at once. When I boarded the boat I looked around for my companion-in-arms, whose name even I had not learned. The closest search failed to discover my assistant, and concluding that he had either preceded or would come after me, I dismissed the matter and settled down to the quiet enjoyment of the occasion.

"There was quite a number of gamblers—polished gentlemen—on board, and although I was opposed to gambling, I could not refrain from looking on and contemplating with what serenity of countenance the gamblers parted with thousands of dollars."

"'Won't you take a hand?' asked one of the players one evening, addressing a young, pleasant-looking gentleman who stood near.

"'I never play,' he remarked.

"'Won't do you any harm.'

"'I know it won't for I don't intend to play.'

"'The gentleman is a rare joker,' replied a tall man, who handled cards with an ease and lost with a good-will that almost challenged respect.

"'Yes,' replied the young gentleman, 'a rare joker, because it is rare that I joke.'

"'Ah, and a punster,' said the tall man, relinquishing \$1000 with a smile.

"'It makes little difference to you what I am, I came here to quietly look on, not intending to engage in the game or the conversation; and, especially, not to be the butt of any jokes that might arise from ill-luck or success at the table. Regardless of the business you follow, I hope that you are well enough acquainted with the manners of gentlemen to treat an unobtrusive looker on with civility, if not with courtesy.'

"'You speak well,' exclaimed the tall man. 'I hope that I am a gentleman of good birth and education, and I hope that I have not insulted you. If I have, I sincerely beg your pardon. Grant it willingly, and all will be well;

reluctantly, and, as a gentleman, which you undoubtedly profess to be, you know your recourse.'

"But for your last remark, I would have heartily forgiven you of any intention to insult me. As it is, I do not grant pardon, realizing that a gentleman is not expected to have dealings with such a man as you. And, furthermore, let me say that I regard you as a cowardly villain.'

"The tall man sprang to his feet and drew a bowie knife. The quiet man did not even look at him.

"Take that back, or I'll rub your heart over your face!

"Every one arose, but no one felt disposed to prevent bloodshed.

"I said that I regarded you as a cowardly villain. Keep cool and I'll tell you why. While we were engaged in insinuating conversation I saw you steal a roll of bills from that man," pointing to one of the players. "Until then, and but for the remark you made, trying to compel a cheerful granting of pardon, I was disposed to pay a little attention to anything you might say. Now, sir, I have made my statement, I have been led into this, and I may regret the consequences—don't hold him—but I shall make no concessions."

"The tall man's eyes actually glared. 'I have killed five men, and all for less than this,' he exclaimed. 'Get out of the way! I'll cut him in two!'

"Get out of the way!" said the quiet man. "It would greatly please me if he were to sit down and conduct himself less dangerously, but if he is determined upon a wicked action, let him be under no restraint."

"You are foolish!" exclaimed one of the gamblers, turning to the quiet man. "You are not armed, and even if you were, Captain Aicle would kill you. I am the man from whom you say he purloined the bills. I saw the action but did not dare to interpose."

"So this is Captain Aicle?" said the young gentleman. "I have heard of him. He has a very unsavory reputation in New Orleans. If well-constructed reports be true, he is not only a thief, but a murderer."

"Get out of my way!" howled the captain, and, struggling, he threw his companions aside and sprang forward. Like a sudden revolution of a wheel—like an action whose quickness cannot be contemplated—the young man drew a derringer and sent a bullet through the captain's brain, killing him instantly.

"Gentlemen," said the quiet man, beginning to talk ere the smoke lifted. "I had more than one reason for committing this deed; I was insulted as you saw, and was in danger, as you know; but, worst of all, that man murdered my father. I did not contemplate killing him, but, as I said, I would have granted pardon for his insulting taunts. From the first, though, I contemplated his arrest, which I should have accomplished, had he not attempted to take my life. I am sorry that I have caused such confusion, and I hope that you all, as I know you will, forgive me."

"He walked away, gracefully bowing to some one who hurried to the scene of the tragedy. The boat was soon landed. The captain's acquaintance took charge of the body, and went ashore. We were soon on our way again, and but for certain little influences that hung around, no one would have known that a tragedy had been enacted. Our band of music, a common steamboat feature in those days, struck up a lively air, and the only suggestive remembrance of the captain's death, was the wet carpet where a boy had mopped away the blood.

"It was late at night when I reached my landing. Alone I made my way to the nearest house, where, after my business was known, I was kindly received. Next day I attended church and was at once escorted to the pulpit, behind which some half dozen preachers were seated. A well-known minister arose and said that two preachers from New Orleans had arrived, Brothers Jackson (myself) and Mableson, and that Brother Mableson would first address the congregation. The gentleman arose, and imagine my surprise when I recognized in the preacher the quiet young man who had killed the captain. He delivered an eloquent, powerful sermon, and after services approached me, and, extending his hand, said:

"You must excuse me for not making myself known to you. I kept my identity under a cloak of caution. When I boarded the boat I recognized my father's murderer, and I thought that if I revealed my identity my plans might be frustrated. As I said, I only intended to follow and arrest him at the next town, but you see how it resulted."

"Years have passed since then, years of intimate acquaintance between the

quiet young man and me. Some time ago, after a successful life, I closed his eyes in death. He smiled with sublime willingness, and went without a groan. I never knew a truer or kinder-hearted man."—Arkansas Traveler.

A PRETTY PROPHETESS.

The History of One of the New York Fortune Tellers.

Among these magicians in New York there is a pretty little woman who gets into trances and calls herself a clairvoyant, although she admits quite frankly that she does not know who she is. Years ago, when a little child, she recollects clasping her arms around a swing and looking dreamily into space until it seemed to her as if her soul was dissevered from her body and she had visions. They were not of her own future, but of the future of others, and when she awakened from this dream or trance only the latter part of the closing chapter was remembered. Her father, a stern old puritan, was at a loss to know how to exercise this devil, for whippings and punishments were of no avail. She seized every opportunity to test this power. As she grew older, however, and went to school, the girls rather shamed her out of what they called "such nonsense." At eighteen, having a heart like other women, she fell in love, married and became the mother of two children. With busy hands and a happy life the old pernicious tendency towards dreams and visions was well nigh forgotten. No trance warned her of the approach of that unrelenting visitor, death. He came as to the most ordinary mortals, unexpected and unannounced. One morning while she stood on the porch of her little house, with her babe crowing in her arms, four men approached with a horrible burden, the inanimate form of her husband mangled by machinery. Then came sickness, poverty, debt and despair. Her children were looking at her with hungry eyes. She grew wild and unlike herself—and was beset anew by visions and dreams. She saw visions of the future happiness until finally she told a credulous woman one day her fortune. Then another came and another, and presently the desolate widow became known as a clairvoyant—a woman with power to divine the future. She went to sleep with rigid muscles and staring eyes and saw people's lives unrolled before her as an immense panorama. She told her visitors, how friends, professing to love them, really were implacable enemies. She told of coming sickness, of good fortune for those who invested money in such and such a manner. And all this was given forth with such burning and rapid intensity that she never failed to convince. It is not too much to say that whole lives have been ordered and altered upon this woman's word. Friends have been separated and brought together; wives and husbands have been rendered happy or miserable; money made or lost; residences changed; business put aside; journeys taken from one part of the country to another. The woman herself, meanwhile, has made money, educated her children, set up her son in a lucrative business, and owns her first little happy home for the summer's rest and recreation. But while she has been busy averting the misfortunes of others, has she kept her own sky free from clouds? Ah, no! The light of her life has gone out. Her beautiful, accomplished, cherished daughter is dead. Neither trance, nor vision, nor spell, warned her, and yet it was no illness, but an accident which could it have been foreseen, might easily have been prevented. The girl went to ride, the horse took fright, and she died of internal injuries. If spirits come to her mother and tell her of the destiny of others, are they not cruel devils which hover around and leave her powerless to protect her own?

But it is nothing, nothing at all, except that she is a highly strung, overwrought, diseased woman, who needs treatment by a competent specialist in her own diseases. She calls the people who come to her, appropriately enough, "her patients." One man has been to see her once a week for eleven years. She limits herself to three trances a day, and she charges \$5 for each trance. Then she tells fortunes by cards, and, in one way and another makes, strange as it may seem, from \$15 to \$20 regularly a day. Even her own sorrowful experiences, which she relates quite unreservedly and pathetically, do not deter the people who consult her from returning again and again. Reason is not the strong point with those who find it possible to believe in divinations.—New York World.

Twenty-seven million barrels of petroleum are pumped from the wells every year.

REMARKABLE REMEDIES.

How Cures are Sometimes Effected.—The Power of the Imagination.

Faith is a rare wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor, an old Arab, who had been partially blind from birth, pestered an English traveller into giving him a heidilitz powder and some pomatum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had for twenty years.

A sea captain, when one of his crew craved something for his stomach's sake, on consulting his book, found "No. 15" was the thing for the occasion. Unfortunately there had been a run on that number, and the bottle was empty. Not caring to send the man away uncomfited, the skipper, remembering that eight and seven made fifteen, made up a dose from the bottles so numbered, which the seaman took with startling effects, never contemplated by himself or the captain. That worthy jumped too hastily to conclusions, like the Turkish physician of whom Mr. Oscanyan tells the following story: Called in to a case of typhus, the doctor in question examined the patient (an upholsterer), prescribed, and departed. Passing the house the next day he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead, and to his astonishment heard that he was much better. Indoors he went, to learn from the convalescent that being consumed with thirst he had drunk a painful of the juice of pickled cabbage. Soon afterwards, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a painful of pickled cabbage. The man died next day; and the doctor set down this memorandum in his book for the future guidance: "Although in cases of typhus pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer."

Lady Barker's New Zealand shepherd found a somewhat similar potion of infinite use. When his mistress expressed her surprise at his possession of a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, Salter said: "You see, ma'am, although we get our health uncommon well in these salubrious mountings, still a drop of physic is often handylike, and in a general way I always purchase myself a box of pills—of which you do get such a lot for your money—and also a bottle of painkiller. But last shearing they was out of painkiller, so they put me up a bottle of cayenne pepper, and likewise that 'ere condiment, which was very efficacious, 'specially towards the end of the bottle. It always took my mind off the loneliness, and cheered me up wonderful, especially if I added a little red pepper to it."

Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce, spent a whole Sunday selecting twelve stones from twelve south running streams, with the purpose that his sick master might sleep upon them and become whole. Scott was not the man to hurt the honest fellow's feelings by ridiculing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be told that the recipe was infallible; but that it was absolutely necessary to success that the stones should be wrapped in the petticoat of a widow who had never wished to marry again, upon hearing which the Highlander lost all hope of completing the charm.

Lady Duff Gordon once gave an old Egyptian woman a powder in a fragment of the *Saturday Review*. She came again to assure her benefactress the charm was a wonderfully powerful one; for although she had not been able to wash off all the writing from the paper, even that little had done her a great deal of good. She would have made an excellent subject for a Liama doctor, who, if he does not happen to have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with his mouth, rolls it up in the form of a pill, which the patient tosses down his throat. In default of paper the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught. These easy-going practitioners might probably cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of their method.

Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, once gave a laborer a prescription, saying: "Take that and come back in a fortnight, when you will be well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fortnight's end, with a clean tongue and a happy face. Proud of the fulfillment of his promise, Dr. Brown said: "Let me see what I gave you." "O," answered the man, "I took it, doctor." "Yes, I know you did; but where is the prescription?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of the paper, and faith in the physician's skill had done the rest.

In some Lancashire districts the country people believe that to cure warts the same number of pebbles as

warts should be placed in a bag, which is to be dropped where three or four roads converge, and that the person who picks it up will obtain the warts in addition. Warts are also said to disappear soon after they are rubbed with a black snail, but that it is essential that it must afterwards be impaled on a spike of the hawthorn or no effect will be produced.

Persons afflicted with tumors of any kind are advised to rub them with a dead man's hand.

Whooping-cough is supposed to be cured by passing the patient nine times around the body of an ass.

Those who suffer from rheumatic pains are advised to carry small potatoes in their pockets, which are believed not only to cure, but to prevent a return of the disease.

Facts Concerning Lightning Rods.

There can be no doubt, says the *Culturist*, that well constructed lightning rods are a great protection. Lightning is the discharge or spark that passes between two highly-electrified clouds, or from a cloud to some other object in its vicinity. If, when one of these electrified clouds approaches an object, the electricity be drawn from it by any means, the lightning cannot take place. This should be the action of every lightning rod—to silently draw off the electricity from the clouds before the stroke would take place. If lightning strikes the rod, it is proof that the rod is a poor one. A poor lightning rod is a constant source of danger. It may often serve to conduct the lightning into your building rather than away from them. The principles upon which commercial lightning rods are constructed are entirely wrong, and fail to accomplish good for the purchaser.

In the first place your buildings may not need protection. Any pointed object projecting into the air is a conductor of electricity to a greater or less extent; hence the great numbers of points presented by trees tend to draw off the electricity from the clouds and air. A building among high trees has ample protection against lightning. The buildings of cities act as so many lightning rods to draw off the electricity. Buildings with columns of hot or moist air escaping from them need especial protection, because these columns are conductors of electricity. Hence the kitchen chimney is most liable to be struck; also barns filled with freshly-cut hay or grain.

Iron is preferable to copper for lightning rods only because it is cheaper. To convey a certain amount of electricity an iron rod should possess four times the bulk of a copper rod, but the large iron rod would be cheaper than the smaller copper one. One important principle in regard to the motion of electricity of high tension should be constantly borne in mind—electricity passes through the whole mass of the rod and not over the surface alone.

A Blind Person's Sense of Touch.

It is commonly supposed, says Dr. Carpenter in the *Medical Journal*, that the exaltation of one sense which occurs (as in the case of Laura Bridgeman) when other senses are wanting is due to an improvement in its organ. But I shall be able, I think, to show you that it is chiefly, if not solely, attributable to the complete restriction of the attention upon the one kind of sense-perception which remains open. This you will know, in Laura Bridgeman's case, to be the touch, as to which she has not only an extraordinary acuteness of discrimination, but an extraordinary recollection of differences so slight as not to be even perceptible to ordinary people. Thus, she can not only at once recognize by a slight touch of the hand all the persons with whom she is intimate, but, when she has once held the hand of a new visitor for a short time, she can recognize that visitor again after an interval of several months, just as any one of us would do by our sight. It was a visit which a brother of mine paid her some years ago that put me in possession of that fact. He brought an introduction to her; and, his relationship to the writer of that introduction having been explained to her, she took one of his hands into her own, so as to take in from it the impression of his personality which the seeing person derives from looking at the face. He called on her two or three times, I believe, during his first visit to Boston, and had conversations with her through her interpreter, and afterward travelled for about twelve months in different parts of the United States. On coming back to Boston before leaving for England he paid her another visit, and she immediately recognized him, after that interval, when she took his hand into hers.

The largest milk pan on record, holding 600 gallons, has just been made for an Iowa creamery.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Idleness is the door to all vices.
Success is a fruit slow to ripen.
Egotism is the tongue of vanity.
Many are esteemed only because they are not known.

Conscience warns us as a friend before it publishes us as a judge.

Hints are like thistle-down. You cannot tell where they will light.

Those who set up a standard must expect to be judged by that standard.

Lose not thy own for want of asking for it; it will get thee no thanks.

Thought is slow-paced—imagination often reaches the goal ahead of it.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.

You may depend upon it he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

The light of friendship is the night of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

We seldom find people ungrateful so long as we are in a condition to render them service.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame, that nobody ever had the confidence to own it.

UNDER WATER.

Diver's Experience With Sharks and Other Creatures of the Vasty Deep.

Harry H. Ballard, of New Orleans, one of the eighteen marine or salt water divers of the United States, was found confined to his room in the pay ward of the Cincinnati hospital by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, caused by exposure as a diver.

"Did you not fear the sharks in your diving expeditions?" asked an *Enquirer* reporter.

"That is a subject about which there is a great deal of humbug. Old sailors with lots of idle time on their hands love to spin yarns about the ferocity of sharks. The shark is a cowardly fish. He never attacks you unless you provoke the quarrel. I have met thousands of them and had them swim all around me, with their horrid, glassy, deathlike eyes glaring at me and their huge mouths under their belly snapping as though ready to swallow me. The noise that the air makes roaring into the shells frightens them and then they see that the man is moving about. At Callao harbor, which is a regular sharks' nest, I went down forty feet or more and met lots of these ocean devils, but none of them offered to molest me.

Divers have various expedients for avoiding these animals, and one was told me on the Peruvian coast. A diver was at work on the wreck of a Spanish man-of-war in West India waters. A safe containing \$3,000,000 was the object of his search, and after hours of patient labor the treasure was found. While he was shackling heavy iron chains to the treasure box a dark shadow, long and motionless, suddenly attracted his attention. Looking upward he saw a huge spotted shark, twenty feet long, poised above and watching every movement as a cat does a mouse. The diver for got about the \$3,000,000, and walking a short distance, was on the point of signaling to the tender to pull him up, when a glance convinced him that it would be sure death. The shark watched his every movement, and with a scarcely perceptible movement of his tail, overshadowed his victim with its huge proportions. Never before had the diver more need of coolness and nerve, together with his wits about him. He spied a long layer of mud close at hand, and he moved toward it. The shark followed, gliding stealthily toward him, while a thrill of horror ran through his veins. With an iron bar he stirred the mud, which rose thick and fast above him; the clear, golden light of the water disappeared, and the diver escaped.

"The only scare I ever had with a fish was when I first went down off the South American coast. I had a great big crowbar in my hand, which perhaps fell about a foot or eighteen inches below my feet. Just beneath me lay a huge cuttle-fish fast asleep. Of course I did not see him, and the crowbar went clear through him. The cuttle-fish has a peculiar mode of attack. He discharges a black humor which makes the water look like ink. The first thing I knew it was so black all around me I could not see my hand before my face. I couldn't imagine what had broken loose and I signaled to pull me up. The natives all laughed and told me it was only a cuttle-fish. Not long after the cuttlefish was worked ashore and there was my crowbar gone clear through him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.