A BABY MARTYR.

The stage was descending a sloping hillside on the road between Santa Barbara and the Ojal, the horses walking with painful exactness in the middle of the deep ruts, and glancing with occasional nervous distrust at the border of rank looking grass on either side of the way. The constant rains, alternating with fierce suns, had rendered the whole soil a continuous, puffy, spongy mass, and more than once they had passed by the decaying, half-sunken carcasses of stock mired within easy reach of the driver's whip.

As the stage took an extra heavy rut, a faint whimper, from a bundle carried by a woman on the back seat, reminded the passengers of a baby.

"That puts me in mind," said an erect, gray-whiskered man in the front seat, "of a queer experience a lot of us fellows had with a baby away back in—in—"

"In '64, Major," put in a handsome young lady of about 20, who sat beside the speaker, and who had received the undivided attention of a couple of drummers on the back seat, they evidently taking her for the old gentleman's daughter.

"Won't you tell us about it, sir?" said one of the pair, ingratiatingly, all the lady passengers, married and single, indorsing the request.

"Well," said the major, with a retrospective smile, "you see I was stationed at Fort Laramie at the time, and was sent with a detachment of twenty-five men to escort Gen. Whipple, who was visiting the fort, and his staff to another post about 400 miles further north. The country was full of Indians, on the war path, but we didn't mind them so much as the weather, which was simply fearful. Snow breast high, and a steady norther blowing that would cut the eyes out of you. We struggled along somehow for a couple of days, but finally the snow began to fall again and we lost the trail. The whole party was just on the point of giving up for good, when one of the scouts came in to report that he had found, a few miles further on, a certain log house and stockade that we had been aiming for. Of course, that braced us up once more, and we soon reached the house and started up a roaring fire, you may suppose. As the men were bringing in their last armfuls of wood, they heard a faint call for help on the wind. A forlorn hope volunteered to go out and see what was the matter, and pretty soon they brought in an emigrant family whose teams had got snowed in, and who had just about lain down to die some half mile from the house. There was the father, three boys, a little girl carrying a kitten, and the mother with a small baby wrapped in a dozen shawls."

"Dear, dear me," exclaimed the lady passengers in chorus.

"The log house had a small room in one corner and we gave that to the poor family and made them comfortable. That night it blew a gale, and the wind swept the trail so clear that the emigrants decided to push on south. Our party concluded to wait another day for the weather to settle, and well enough it was, as the snow began again. Some time during the next evening, one of the officers happened to go into the room that had been occupied by the emigrant family, when he heard a sort of low cry, and going towards a bunk, something move inside a bundle lying there wrapped up in an old red shawl!—"

"A blue shawl, major," interrupted the young lady, merrily.

"So it was," said the old officer, glancing fondly at his companian. "He was a brave fellow, that lieutenant; but he ran out to us as pale as death. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'in the excitement of getting away, those people have left their baby.'

"You never saw such a scared lot of men in your life. There we were, snowed in, 300 miles from civilization, with a baby!—a grizzly bear would have been more welcome."

"Oh! you horrid thing," sniffed the mother on the back seat.

"You don't seem to grapple with the proposition, ma'am," explained the major. "On canvassing the matter, we discovered that there wasn't but one married man in the whole command, and he, as luck would have it, had never been blessed with a baby. We didn't have any more idea how to take care of a baby than the man in the moon. Oh! it was dreadful!" and the major wiped the perspiration from his face at the mere recollection.

"Had the poor darling been all that day without anything to eat?" indignantly inquired a young bride who sat up with the driver.

"To drink, you mean," said the major. "That was just it. There wasn't even a can of condensed milk in the outfit, so we went into a council of war as to the proper thing to give it to eat. One officer said flour and water was the correct thing. Capt. Brown insisted on milk. Boggs thought that meat chopped up fine would answer. Somebody else argued that the proper ration for a baby was sugar tied up in a rag somehow. A young ensign believed they sucked the juice of a piece of rubber, so to speak, while old Whipple stuck it out that babies were fed exclusively on paregoric. You never heard such a wrangle."

"And the poor little creature suffering all that time," murmured the mother, wiping a tear off her nose.

"The result was that we agreed to make an impartial mixture of all these things, on the theory that if one missed fire the others would sort of counteract it, as it were. So we made a sort of stew in the coffeepot, which included a whole bottle of paregoric from the medicine chest, for the most of us rather leaned toward Whipple's ideas after all. Then we hunted up a small tin funnel used for filling the whisky keg."

"What was that for?" gasped the lady passengers, who by this time had worked themselves into a state of suppressed fury.

"Why, to run the compound into the baby with, so as not to spill it," continued the major calmly. "So when the committee on pap concluded the mixture was cool enough, we started in to feed the—"

"I wonder it didn't kill you," interrupted the bride, looking knowingly at the major's companion. "Of course I can see how it all turned out. You were the baby, and the major brought you up and married you."

"Just wait till I finish," went on the major. "Just as we started for the bunk there was a terrible crash of firing, followed by a yell that would have curled your blood. We were attacked by the 'Paches. They had surrounded us on snow shoes. Of course we had to jump to our guns, and it was just nip and tuck all that night to keep them off. At daylight our repeating rifles were too much for them, and they finally cleared out with a heavy loss."

"And the baby?" cried the whole stage, while even the driver put on the brake and turned around to listen.

"Then we thought of the baby," said the major, solemnly, "and we all went in to look at it. The bundle still lay on the bunk, and it was motionless. The shawl was stained with blood, and we saw that a chance arrow had come through a loop-hole and literally transfixed it."

"Oh, you heartless things," sobbed the bride, while the mother on the back seat hugged her treasure convulsively, and burst into tears.

"We had lost a private, and two others badly wounded," went on the old soldier, softly, "but I can tell you we all felt like murderers as we stood with our hats off in that little room, and a tear stole down over more than one powder-grimed cheek as the old general leaned over and gently opened the little bundle."

"And was it quite dead?" asked a mining man who was pretending not to cry.

"Quite dead—quite dead. But you see it wasn't a baby at all, but the kitten that the little emigrant had forgotten," and—ahem—I thing, daughter, I'll get out and walk to the top of this hill."

And then major got out, followed by some indistinct remark referring to his eyes, on the part of the driver, that seemed to be fully concurred in by the rest of the passengers.

A Clever Artist's Adaptations.

[Clara Belle's Letter.]

A clever artist has caught some of us with his brand new notion. He is what may be called an adapter of the human face He works in water colors, and is really a good dabster with the brush. Oriental scenes are his specialty. That is to say, he made a great many of them, but they remained in his studio, for he hadn't the reputation necessary to make his products saleable. The scenes depicted were Moorish, Japanese, East Indian, and so on, and each had the figure of a native girl, posed in the lazy indolence characteristic of far eastern life. One day a young and fashionable visitor to his studio imagined that the Japanese face in a picture bore a resemblance to her own oval, brunette phiz, and on that account bought the canvas.

"If that's all my paintings lack to render them marketable," said the artist, "the trouble can be remedied. I'll alter the faces into likenesses on demand."

This fancy proved captivating. Every Oriental damsel in his stock was speedily transformed into a portrait of some New York belle, on cash orders, and then he began to wield his brush on new subjects. He is an adept at making a likeness while at the same time preserving the distinctive type a nationality demanded. A little water-color picture hangs before me as I write, in which I am a Mongol sure enough, and yet recognizable, so neatly are the ideal and real blended. In one case a facetious girl has had her olive complexion, pouting lips and inky hair adapted to the features of a mulatto; but generally we order ourselves turned into something more romantic. The Turk holds the lead, and I know a dozen girls who have had themselves put by paint into harems.

The Russians as Tea Drinkers.

[Moscow Letter.]

It would be a very incomplete sketch of Moscow that did not treat of the "traktirs," or tea-houses. They abound in every street, lane, and alley, rivaling in their numbers the public houses of western lands. The drinking of "tchai" is, indeed, a prominent feature of Russian life. Enter a traktir at what hour of the day you please, it always seems crowded. A corpulent little saint, with a smiling countenance, who is supposed specially to provide over tea-drinking, is perched in one corner. The Russians, as they enter, uncover their heads and bow to this patron of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Profusely perspiring, and, indeed, completely saturated with tea, the habitues talk over and settle matters of business or pleasure, strike bargains, or balance accounts. Merchants, brokers and bankers confer and transact business; pleasure-seekers arrange their plans; estranged friends make up their quarrels over the steaming tumblers.

Using a Fish as a Candle.

[New York Tribune.]

"Turn out the gas," said a naturalist, "and I will show the latest thing in light; that is," he added, "the latest thing in that line in British Columbia."

As the gas went out the speaker unrolled several objects that had an "ancient and fish-like smell," and, striking a match, touched one. A moment later a clear, yellow light appeared, issuing from what looked like the mouth of a fish, the caudal end of which was thrust into a large bronze candlestick.

"Yes," said the naturalist, "it is a fish, and nothing else, no tube nor oil within, only the fish just as it came from the water. Take this paper and read a line, and become one of the very few who can boast that they have read by the light of a dead herring."

The light was found equal to that of a candle, and reading by fish light was an easy matter.

The Boy Was Right.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," answered the child.

In a Six-Story Factory.

[Chicago News.]

We have no heart to enlarge upon the enormity of allowing workingmen and women to ply their callings under conditions where their final cremation is merely a question of time.

FISHING IN CHINA.

The Rod and Line Made Superfluous by the Cormorant.

[New York Sun.]

"The first time I ever saw a fishing cormorant at work under the direction of its Chinese master, I thought it was one of the most amusing and at the same time interesting sights imaginable," said Engineer George Dean, who has spent a number of years in China. "I was walking along the Min river one day soon after arriving in China, and came to a bamboo float or raft moored to the pier of a bridge. I noticed a native squatting on the raft, and saw what at first I thought were a number of ducks grouped at one end of it. They were all faced toward the Chinaman, and he was gazing steadily at them with his hands on his knees.

"I stopped to see what was going on. Suddenly the man extended his right hand, palm upward, toward one of the birds, which I then saw were not ducks, for one that the Chinaman reached his hand to waddled as briskly as it could toward him, and hopped on the open palm. The man stoked its feathers fondly, rubbed his cheek along its neck, which he kissed now and then, and talked to it in Chinese, evidently in endearing terms. The bird seemed delighted. It laid its head on the Chinamen's arm, rubbed its peculiar bill against his face, and returned all his caresses. This lasted at least a minute, and then the man moved with the bird to the further side of the float, and placed it on the edge. Then for the first time it came to me that this was a Chinese fisherman, working with cormorants.

When the cormorant was placed on the edge of the raft it dipped its bill in the water, snapped it together loudly, looked up and down the side of the float, turned its head and fixed its glistening black eyes an instant on its master, and then slid beneath the surface without a sound, scarcely leaving a ripple behind it. The Chinaman seated himself again and watched the disappearance of his bird without any apparent concern or anxiety. The other birds remained standing at the end of the raft, almost motionless, and without removing their eyes from their master. The bird that had dived into the water remained beneath the surface for probably a quarter of a minute, and then reappeared, popping almost out of the water as it came up. The lower half of a fish protruded from its mouth. The bird swam straight to the raft, climbed upon it, and jumping on the master's knee, held its head up for him to remove the fish. The Chinaman pulled the fish from the bird's mouth with one hand, while he stroked its neck and plumage with the other, and whispered words of approval. The cormorant shook out its feathers, and showed its delight in various ways.

"Again its master placed it on the edge of the raft, and once more it glided noiselessly in the water. The other birds maintained their stolidity, apparently unmindful of what was going on around them. The cormorant that was fishing appeared in a short time, and again had made a successful dive. The same caressing was gone through with, and the bird was started in the water a third time. It now seemed to be thoroughly warmed up to its work, and went at it with an avidity that showed plainly the pleasure it took in it. The third time it was gone longer than usual, and when it finally came up it had no fish. The change in its actions was striking. It swam frantically about in the water, twisting and turning and evincing the greatest distress, but turn which way it might, it kept its sharp eyes fixed on its master, with an appealing expression. It made no attempt to approach the raft, and when the Chinaman raised his hand and pointed downward with the fore finger, the bird dived again and as quickly that it was gone like a flash. In a few seconds up it came, bearing in its mouth a large fish. This time it swam boldly for the raft, deposited its prey at its master's feet, and showed plainly by the joyfulness of its actions as it moved its arched neck that it had redeemed itself.

"When the Chinaman placed the third fish in his basket he took the cormorant and placed it in the center of the raft. It seemed to understand that it had done its work satisfactorily and was entitled to rest, for it strutted proudly away and took up its station at the other end of the raft."

The Decay of Will Power.

[Boston Gazette.]

Strong wills are becoming as rare as healthy physical organizations. The world is "fussy," but only because humanity is working itself too much. Brain tissue has increased, but healthy, vigorous thought has diminished. Affectations have become realities, and realities affectations. A toothache converts us into invalids, where our ancestors laughed at the gout. We have beaten the gold leaf so thin that it has lost its own color, and shines with a ghastly green light. Sentiment has carried us past common sense; we have had such a terror of the flesh that we have cultivated brain at the expense of motive tissue, and have produced a giant's skull that is too heavy for the dwarf legs to bear. Emotions have been improved; brain has increased, but strong, vigorous thought has diminished.

Humanity has made a rapid journey toward perfection; but the point has been now reached when rest and relaxation become a necessity. We have conquered worlds; let us now return for a while to the old Greek proverb, and try to conquer ourselves.

Recommended to "That Young Man."

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

The littleness of any one person's knowledge is astonishing. "I do not even know an astronomer," says Mr. Richard A. Proctor, "who is not ignorant in some departments of his own subject; nor any chemist, geologist, botanist, entomologist, or other specialist, who—if really a master—will not admit that there are departments of his special subjects of which he knows very little. How much more ignorant must he be of subjects outside of the few he may call his own."

Mrs. Sigourney: We speak of educating our children; do we know that our children also educate us?

BRILLIANTS.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear;
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
—[Frances Kemble.

O you who linger on the night of toil
And long for day,
Take heart; the grandest hero is the man
Of whom the world shall say
That from the roadside of defeat he plucked
The flower of success,
Bravely and with a modesty sublime,
Not with blind eagerness.
—[W. T. Talbott.

There's always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.
For rougher the way that we take
The stouter the heart and the nerve
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve
For the glory we hope to win
Our labors we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

THE DEPOPULATED HIGHLANDS.

The Country of the "Crofters"—Poverty and Hardship.

[Nineteenth Century.]

There are few Highland glens that do not contain traces of the banished population. In Lochaber, along the shores of Loch Arkaig, the home of the clan Cameron, the remains of which were once extensive townships may yet be seen. The celebrated Glencoe formerly teemed with a hardy population. Famous Glengarry is a sheep walk, and the powerful clan Macdonnell are now in Canada. Round Fort Augustus and far into the country of the clan Fraser is naught but desolation. In hundreds of straths in Ross-shire the wild heather has not even obliterated the green pastures, and the cultivated fields that once belonged to the MacKenzies and Munros, and from whence the different battalions of the gallant Ross-shire buffs marched to conquer at Maidra, at Seringapatam, at Assave and Argaum.

So late as 1849, when the present prime minister had already obtained political eminence, Hugh Miller attempted, but fruitlessly, to draw the attention of the British public to the work of destruction that was going on. He eloquently proclaimed that "while the law is banishing its tens for terms of seven and fourteen years, the penalty of deep-dyed crimes, irresponsible and infatuated power is banishing its thousands for life for no crime whatever." A large number of the depressed tenantry were sent to America; the remainder settled on the seashore, where they were cramped into small holdings, and have since lived. The tourist steaming along the wild coast of the western Highlands and islands may see perched on every cliff, in the most exposed situations and subject to the fury of Atlantic gales, the wretched hamlets that now contain the remnants of the Highland clans. Probably he will wonder how a population can at all manage to exist under such conditions. But there they are, elbowed to the very verge of their country.

For large tracts of that country the proprietors even now can show no scrap of document, their claim to possess resting solely on the fact that it has never been contested. Created and looked upon, like the foxes, as mere vermin that interfere with sport, discouraged and thwarted in every direction, these people, notwithstanding their poverty and the hardships of their lot, have maintained unimpaired the noblest attributes of their race. Crime of any kind is almost unknown among them. Their moral standard is the highest in Britain, contrasting in that respect most remarkably with their lowland neighbors, and not a few of the leading British statesmen, lawyers, divines and soldiers of the past eighty years first saw the light in the crofters' huts. Far behind the strip of inhabited littoral stretch the Blue mountains, the snug and often fertile glens from whence the clans were banished, now turned into silent wilderness, inhabited only by sheep and deer, and an occasional shepherd or keeper. There are the vast tracts, rented by the American, Mr. Winans, as a hunting ground, to be visited by that alien for two or three months and abandoned to solitude for the remainder of the year, where not even a native of the soil may plant his foot.

Portraits on Our Currency.

[Washington Republican.]

"As familiar as people are with money," said Superindent Casilear, "I don't believe one man in ten could tell you what heads are upon the different denominations of bank notes, while even bankers would hesitate before replying if you should ask them what portraits were placed upon the various bonds."

The reporter learned that the heads were located as follows: On United States notes—$1, Washington; $2, Jefferson; $5 Jackson; $10, Webster; $20, Hamilton; $50, Franklin; $100, Lincoln; $500, Gen. Mansfield; $1,000, De Witt Clinton; $5,000, Madison, and $10,000 Jackson. On silver certificates—$10, Robert Morris; $20, Commodore Decatur; $50, Edward Everett; $100, James Monroe; $500, Charles Sumner, and $1,000, W. L. Marcy. On gold notes—$20 Garfield; $50, Silas Wright; $100, Thomas H. Benton; $500, A. Lincoln; $1,000, Alexander Hamilton; $5,000, James Madison; and $10,000, Andrew Jackson.

Grocery Bags.

[Chicago Herald.]

Who has not noticed the increasing strength of grocery bags? A few years ago it was dangerous to attempt to carry heavy goods in them. Manufacturers tested all known paper-making material in their search for greater strength such as grasses, wild rice straw, Kentucky hemp, flax, linen waste, jute, and many others. Manilla was found most satisfactory, but very expensive. An inch ribbon of manilla paper has been made sufficiently strong to support 200 pounds. The same sized strip of cotton sack cloth gives way at twenty-eight pounds. Large quantities of old manilla rope are now worked up into paper bags.

Whitehall Times: Enthusiasm oils the wheels of genius.

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