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AWAKE.

The sun gets up in the morning
And lifts his stately head;
Open your eyes, my sleepy skies,
The sun is out of bed!
The moon is very timid,
She dare not meet the sun,
With a heigh ho! the stars must go,
And hide themselves one by one.

The sun gets up in the morning,
The world is all alight,
Every tree is full of glee,
Every blossom bright;
Every bird is singing
A welcome to his King,
With a "Well done, beautiful sun!
You glorify everything."

The sun gets up in the morning,
And so must children, too;
How dare you keep fast asleep,
The sun is calling you!
Mid all the birds and blossoms
Your merry voices raise
With a hurrah! How glad we are
We have got a sun to praise!

A Fiery Steed.

For once May gave promise of being a May worthy of the many beautiful songs which have been sung in her praise. She came dancing along after her sister April—who had just left in a shower of tears—with a bright smile upon her lips and a wondrous rainbow halo about her head.

The young maples began to blush in happy consciousness of her approach, and the delicate pink and white blossoms on the orchard trees opened their dainty leaves and shyly flung a welcoming fragrance on the soft, clear air.

All through the fields and meadows, the vales and woodlands, and over the hills ran the violets and trailing arbutus and May-buds and daisies and their sister flowers, telling glad tidings of sunny days and moonlit nights and lovely butterflies and sparkling rain-drops and busy humming bees, and birds, swinging on slender green boughs, sang in sweet twittering notes to each other:

Neighbor, soon we shall see the roses.

Along a pleasant, winding, lonely country road, with splendid great apple and pear trees standing on either side, and the spring flowers dotting the green carpet so thickly that the green is almost hidden, comes slowly on this poet's May day, a diminutive, old, odd-looking white horse, drawing a small market wagon filled with household furniture, accompanied by an enormous, shaggy Newfoundland dog, and as pretty a country maid as ever milked a cow, or made a pot of golden butter.

The broad-brimmed straw hat she wears shades a low brow to which clings babyish ringlets of hair the color of glossy, satin-smooth buttercups, a pair of innocently roguish eyes, cheeks of brown with an underlying tinge of rose, a charming red-lipped mouth, and a firm, round chin.

Across the brow, however, at this moment flits the shadow of a frown, and a look of comic perplexity comes into the sweet young face. The odd-looking horse has stopped in the middle of the road and remains perfectly motionless, staring straight before him, save when he bends his head to take a nibble at the flower-thick grass, as though suddenly oblivious of everything under the sun except the tranquility of the June-like May afternoon.

"Oh, Charley! Charley! go on—do! that's a dear!" coaxes the girl coming to his side and gently patting his head with her little brown ungloved hand; but Charley merely whisks a too familiar fly away with his forlorn old tail and makes no further sign.

"Charley, good horse, Charley—oh! why didn't I bring some carrots with me?—Charley, you bad, *bad* fellow, if you don't go on, I'll whip you sure as you stand there. Come, be a darling." And thus she alternately begs and threatens, Lion assisting in dog language, with an occasional dash at the heels of his obstinate equine friend, but Charley refuses to be a "darlin," plants his feet more firmly and never stirs; and at last, with an air of resignation, she goes back to the path, seats herself on a rude seat formed by nature of the gnarled roots of a misshapen old tree, and waits patiently for at least ten minutes. At the end of this time Charley looks about with a just-waked-up expression in his eyes, as who should say, "Dear! Dear! I quite forgot there was work to be done," and starts off with a quick step that gradually becomes slower and slower.

With a sigh of relief the young girl arises and follows—Lion bounding back from the wood, where he has been making hasty explorations, having it in his mind that his mistress is not to be left without his protection for more than two minutes at a time, takes his place at her side—and the perplexed look fades away into a smile that brings to light two rows of pearl-white teeth.

But alas! the smile is premature. In another ten minutes again overcome by the beauty and peacefulness of the day, Charley falls into reverie, stops once more, and once more refuses most decidedly to "go on."

And in this manner does that dreadful horse behave for a whole hour, making short progresses and long pauses, until coming to the conclusion that there had been quite enough of this sort of thing, he deliberately drags the wagon to the side of the road, takes up his station beneath a wide-spreading oak and proceeds to munch the young grass at his feet, with a look in his eyes that say as plain as words: "From this spot move me if you can."

"O, Charley! Charley! how can you?" begins the young girl, loudly and indignantly following him with her small brown hands clasped beseechingly. "Oh, you wicked, *wicked* Charley!"

"Did you call me?" asks a masculine voice, to her great astonishment; and as with a slight start she turns in the direction of the voice, she sees a young man walking rapidly towards her the sound of his approaching footsteps having been completely lost in the inquiring bow-wows of her canine guardian.

"Did you call me?" he repeats.

"No, sir," she replies, blushing prettily, and looking at him with frank, child-like eyes. "I was speaking to the horse. Be still, Lion."

"Beg pardon. I thought for an instant you were speaking to me. It seems that I have the honor of being a namesake of your fiery steed. But you are in trouble. What is the matter? Can I help you in any way?"

"There is nothing very serious the matter," she says with a smile. "We are moving to-day, and father went on ahead a long while ago, having some business to settle with our new landlord, and he must be at this very moment waiting for me at the new house, and wondering what in the world has become of me. You see, we have no boys in our family, and the other girls are younger than myself, and father and mother both thought—this being a very quiet road—that Lion and I could look after Charley and the furniture, but Charley, who generally behaves pretty well, has been awfully contrary, and has stopped every few moments, and the consequence is that we have already been two hours on a journey that should have taken us but one, and there's just as long a distance to go yet; and with Charley—oh, you wicked horse!—standing under that tree, I don't know how we are ever to get to Grasstown."

"It's almost as bad a plight as the old woman was with her pig, when he *wouldn't* go under the stile, and she was afraid she couldn't get home that night," laughs the young man—a nice looking fellow he is, with gentleman stamped on every feature of his handsome face. "But suppose I cut you a switch? Perhaps that, used with discretion, might have some influence on the fiery steed."

"O, no, *that* would *never* do!" she says, shaking her head emphatically. "Charley was never whipped in his life. He'd be so scared at the very sight of a switch that I believe he'd run away."

"Wouldn't that be a desirable thing, under the circumstances?" asks the young man, with a broad smile; the idea of the old horse, whose principle desire appeared to be not to move at all, running away, striking him as inexpressibly comic, and thinking "Bless her kind little heart!" he continues: "Well, since you refuse the switch, I will try how a command in a masculine voice will affect him;" and he commanded "G'long, Charley!"

Charley started, turned his head toward the speaker, recognizing a master, backed away from the oak and went off on a quick walk.

"Well, the idea!" exclaimed his young mistress.

"And now with your permission, I'll walk with you to the end of your jou l'rmney, for sure if I leave you, Charley will note my absence immediately, and stop under the first tree."

"O no indeed! you must not," says the pretty country maid. "You were going in an entirely different direction. I could not think of taking you so far out of your way. Many thanks for your kind offer, but indeed, sir, I couldn't. Charley will behave well now. Won't you, Charley?"

"Good heavens! I never knew my name was so musical before," thinks the young man, and then explains: I was going in an entirely different direction because I missed my train at the last station, and, if I had waited would have to hours for another; but being rather impatient by nature, and tempted by the fine day, I set out to walk, my destination being the next village. And now if I return with you I shall have a much pleasanter walk, catch the next train, and lose no time after all. Lion approves of my plan. Don't you Lion?" And Lion usually very suspicious of strangers, comes and lays his startlingly cold nose in his new friend's hand.

And so the two young people walk along side by side, crushing the pretty flowers under their feet as they go, but Charley, looking back every now and then out of the corner of his right eye to see if the masculine voice is still there, never falters, but keeps steadily on his winding way. After a few moment's silence the innocent little maid raises her blue eyes—they have been hidden by the long lashes—and says, in a shy voice:

"You said you were going to Daisyville. I have lived there all my life."

"Not a very long time," says the young man with a smile.

"Seventeen years. I was born and my three sisters were born in the same little farm house we are leaving now." And a tear trembles on the long lashes and rolls down her round rosy cheek.

The young man looks at the tear with pitying wonder.

"And were you very happy there?" he asks.

"So happy," replies the girl, "that we fear we will never be half as happy anywhere else. And"—a sudden light breaking over her face—"I believe that is what ails Charley. He knows it isn't right that we should be going to a strange place, and does his best, poor fellow, to prevent our going."

"Undoubtedly," gravely asserts her companion. "But why, if you will permit me to ask are you bidding farewell to Daisyville?—G'long, Charley," as Charley evinces a desire to listen to the conversation.

"Father didn't own the place. He had it on a long lease, which ran out the very week (a month ago) our old landlady died, and her heir—a nephew—and his mother are coming to take possession of the estate, and they want our farm house for their gardener, Whe Mrs. Marks was alive her gardener had rooms over the stable, and very comfortable rooms they were, too, and the kitchen garden was just back of the big house. But I suppose the new people are more stylish than the old ones, want their kitchen-garden further away than Mrs. Marks' was, and so they take from us our home, and we are obliged to move to Grasstown."

And are your father and mother as much attached to Daisyville as you and your sisters are!" he asks.

"Even more attached to it," she answers, "if that be possible. It almost breaks my heart to see mother's sad face. But I must try to make the new home as bright for them as I can—that is, if I ever get there. O dear! how very unfortunate that Charley should have taken it into his head to be so naughty this day of all others!"

"On the contrary, I think, Miss Grey"—it has transpired that her name is Bessie Grey—"that it is the most fortunate thing that could have happened."

Her blue eyes and her red mouth open in wonder.

"Because"—answering the look—"if Charley had behaved well instead of badly you would have been at Grasstown long before this, and I should not have had the pleasure of meeting you. And now I am about proposing something which will seem extremely absurd to you, although the wisest thing that could be done under the circumstances. Suppose we turn Charley's head in the direction of his old home and see what speed he will make then?"

"But," looking at him half frightened, as Lion bounds forward with a loud cheerful bark to meet a stalwart old man who comes suddenly around a corner, his hat in one hand and a red silk handkerchief in the other, and who shouts the moment he catches sight of her:

"Why, girl, where have you been? What on earth's the matter?"

Bessie leaves unfinished the "But"—begun speech and runs laughingly to him, and, taking the hat from his hand, fans him energetically while she explains: "Charley was the matter, father. You can't think how aggravating he's been. He wouldn't go until this gentleman"—with another pretty blush—"was kind enough to make him go."

The old man looked keenly at the young one. "And pray where did you come from, and who may you be?" he asked sharply.

"I will tell you where I came from, and how I happened to meet your daughter, at some future time. Meanwhile you will learn from this who I am"—handing a card to the old farmer, on which was engraved "Charles Marks, Jr."

"Our old landlady's nephew and heir?"

"The same, at your service; and having no desire, in spite of my agent's arrangements to the contrary, to begin my life at Daisyville by turning so worthy a tenant" (in his heart he added "with so pretty a daughter") "out of the house he has occupied so many years, I was just proposing to Miss Grey as you made your appearance that Charley should be stopped in his mad career, and once for all be turned toward his old home."

"Are you quite in earnest sir?"

Never more so in my life. Whoa, Charley, poor old boy!" and around went horse and wagon, and off started the fiery steed so fast that they could no longer follow him, Lion "leaped a yard in the air," in the exuberance of his delight galloping by his side.

"He's all right," said the old man, his face beaming with happiness. And won't mother look wonderfully surprised when she sees him coming up the lane? I don't know how to thank you, sir."

"*Don't* thank me. I deserve no thanks," says Charles Marks, holding aside a low hanging tree branch that Bessie may pass under. "And the new gardener?" asks Bessie, looking back at him.

"Will have rooms over the stable. You know *you* said they were 'very comfortable.'"

"But your train?" persists Bessie, with the first gleam of coquetry that ever sparkled in her blue eyes.

"I'd much rather walk," says Mr. Marks.

Nailed up in a House.

On the border of the Flushingse Madows, in Long Island, in a bleak spot west of the village, near Ireland Mills, is the old Texido mansion, formerly the residence of the late Captain Manuel Texido. On his death the house was sold. It passed into the hands of Senator, now Chief Justice Prince of New Mexico, who now owns the farm. He sold the homestead to Miss Clarkson of this village. The house, a few months ago, was let to a Mrs. Allen, from New York. She represented herself to be the sister-in-law of a prominent official of the last State Government. She was greatly interested in religious matters. She said she had a brother who is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in the western part of the State. About a month ago Mrs. Allen, who had another woman living with her, moved to New York. Before going, Mrs. Allen asked a lady here if it was safe to leave the premises without any occupant. When told that it might not be safe, she said:

"Well, I've got a competent person to live there in my absence."

Miss Clarkson, who did not know of Mrs. Allen's removal, recently went to collect the rent due. Her summons at the door received no response until it was vigorously repeated. Then a window was opened, and a woman's head was thrust out. The woman looked wild, and her hair was dishevelled. She immediately began chattering to Miss Clarkson. She said she had not seen Mrs. Allen, and was starving.

Miss Clarkson not knowing what else to do, came back to the village for assistance. She called upon a lady friend, who returned with her to the old mansion. They took a loaf of bread with them. On their knocking at the door they saw the head again thrust out of the window. The woman made a heart rending appeal for something to eat. The two ladies procured a rail from a fence in an adjoining field, and sticking the loaf on the end, held the bread up to the famished woman. She showed the greatest anxiety to secure the food. No sooner did she get it in her hands than she began ravenously to devour it.

Then she begged for water, saying that a dog that she had with her for company was also famished. The ladies got a piece of cord and threw it to the woman, who by it let down a pail. The ladies filled the pail with water and the woman drew it up.

Still they were unable to get into the house, and once more they returned to the village called upon a Justice, who referred them to County Superintendent of the Poor Sullivan. He, with the ladies, returned to the mansion. Mr. Sullivan tried to get in by a window, but it was firmly secured. He then crawled through the cellar and worked his way upstairs to the room where the woman was. He found the door not only locked, but nailed up with boards, and the handle was tied with a rope to the handle of another door across the hall. Mr. Sullivan tore away these obstacles and burst the door open.

In the middle of the room stood the woman, dressed only in a thin cotton skirt and a jacket of similar stuff. Under her arms was the remains of the loaf, and a dog, barking and snarling at the intruders, was at her side. The only articles in the room were a pile of meadow grass in one corner, on which lay a piece of covering four feet square, and a pail. There was no stove. How the woman lived through the recently very cold weather it is hard telling.

Mr. Sullivan and the ladies questioned her, but all that she would say was that Mrs. Allen had been very kind to her. She said she had some property at Locust Valley, L. I., and had been so importuned by Mrs. Allen that she finally assigned it to her, the deed being on record in the County Clerk's office in Jamaica. The woman had been confined for over a month. She looked like a living skeleton. It was learned that she had a sister in Locust Valley, and after being cared for she was sent there by Superintendent Sullivan.

The Toad.

It has been demonstrated that the toad is highly venomous. Dogs and other animals inoculated with toad poison have soon died. A boy in Paris accidentally seized a toad, received the poison through a wound in his hand, and in spite of the best medical assistance, shortly after died. This poison exudes through the skin of the back when the animal is violently molested, and is the only defence it has against its numerous foes, for it cannot bite like the snake, nor bound out of sight in a single spring like the frog. A toad might be handled a thousand times without ill results, since it is a necessary condition that the skin of the hand should be broken to afford the liquid poison ingress to the veins; yet considering what has been proved by patient investigation, it is not unimportant to warn all, but particularly boys, who are so often inclined to emulate each other in clever feats, not to make a plaything or a pet of the toad, nor, on the other hand, to ill-treat it, but simply to let it alone. Dogs froth at the mouth when encouraged to worry a toad, and cats, it is said can never be got to touch them. The poison has been proved by recent experiment to be exceedingly active, and no one can be too careful in avoiding contact with it. At the same time the creature is perfectly harmless when not meddled with, and useful as a destroyer of insects. When it is overtaken in the lane, or on the footpath, it will always show the greatest humbleness and respect; it will hobble away out of sight as fast as it can, and give you all the road to pass. The eye is the only part of the toad that can be called beautiful, but is seldom observed. The lustrous eye is unquestionably a jewel of rare value, and it is the only attractive feature that the toad is endowed with to compensate for its general ugliness.

A Romance of the Sea.

The British steamer West Indian, which arrived at Baltimore in the early part of January, brought from Jamaica the news of one of the most heartrending marine disasters which even the present tempestuous winter has caused. About the middle of December the British barque Fontabelle, Captain Nixon, sailed from Jamaica for London, having on board a crew of twenty-five men and ten passengers, including the captain's wife and three children, and two young couples, who had been married only six weeks before. The voyage opened with promise; the wind was fair and gentle, and everything indicated a quick and pleasant passage to the English shores. The West Indian seas, however, are treacherous, and when one day out the wind fell and the vessel lay becalmed, rolling lazily upon the long waves. Four days after sailing, when every sail was set to catch the listless breeze, a hurricane of prodigious fury fell without warning upon the barque, and stripped her of masts and rigging in ten minutes' time. The gale increased in fury, and the dismasted hulk was driven violently before it, being repeatedly swept by huge waves, which momentarily threatened to sink it by the very weight of the tons of water which they threw on board. The passengers and crew, abandoning hope, crouched under the bulwarks, and through the long night listened to the howling of the wind and the shrieks of anguish, as, one by one, their numbers were diminished by the relentless seas. Vivid flashes of lightning at times illumined the scene, making its details more terrible. With every flash the passengers who crouched in the stern could perceive one of the young married couples clinging to the wreck and to each other, the husband standing over his wife to shield her from the force of the waves. One wave of unusual power struck the pair and tore from the body of the young wife the night clothing in which she was wrapped, whereupon the husband, stripping off his own clothing, fastened it about his wife, and leaving her bound securely to the side, plunged down into the hold, at the risk of his life, and brought up for her more suitable attire. Just as the dawn was breaking the climax came. A tremendous wave hurled the vessel high in air; it came down crashing upon a reef; another torrent of water struck the deck, and the captain and ten men, with the young bride, were hurled into the sea. As she was torn from her husband's arms the latter appeared stupefied, but the next moment he leaped after her with a terrible cry, and he, too, was swept away and out of sight of the horrified survivors. To these the prospect of instant death was not to be avoided, and they clung to their fastenings and watched with despair the slow crumbling of the vessel beneath the blows of the sea. About noon the storm abated, and the survivors began to gather a little courage. The night came, and the other bride, overcome by exhaustion, died in the arms of her husband. Day dawned again, but only to arouse one of the seamen, who, crazed by thirst, leaped into the sea before the eyes of his horrified companions, and sank forever. In the clear water they could see his body descend, until, thirty feet below them, it lodged in a hollow of the rocks. Toward night the wind again [illegible] storm raged so fiercely that, when the morning came, seven more had been swept away, and only the mate, one seaman and the captain's wife remained alive. Late in the afternoon of this awful day a vessel hove in sight, perceived the plight of the survivors and sent a crew of six men to rescue them. But the pitiless sea had not yet been appeased with victims; a wave overturned the boat when it had almost reached the barque, and the entire crew were drowned in the surf beneath the very eyes of those whom their bravery had vainly attempted to save. Another boat was sent off, however, and at great risk brought on board the men and the woman who had sat with death for eight and forty hours.

This is but one of the terrible tales which are every year brought home by those who go down to the sea in ships, and which make the romances of imaginative writers seem like idle tales. It is rarely that a shipwreck occurs which is attended by more distressing details, but the seas are full of terrors, many of which are known only to those who die in them, and whose fate is never known. Such narratives as these give a lively stimulus to the imagination in thinking of the multitudinous wrecks from which no survivor has ever come, and which go to swell the chapters of romance of the mysterious and threatening deep.

I Don't Care.

At 10 o'clock a boot-black stood at the south door of the Postoffice in Detroit looking across Larned street. A woman came out of the office and banged the door against his head and back and heels and lifted him clear off the steps by the concussion.

"I don't care—you had no business there!" she snapped as he picked himself up.

"Say, that was real mean," he said, as he rubbed his head.

"Well, then, keep away from the doors."

"I was goin' to make you a Christmas present," he remarked as he followed her up Larned street.

"I don't want any."

"Yes, I was goin' to buy you a fifty-pound sack of flour and put it in yer stockin'."

"I don't care!"

"That's what I was goin' to do, but I've concluded not to. Yer see, it would slip down into the foot of your stockin' an' fit so clus that ye couldn't git it out without buildin' a stagin' an' hirin' carpenters an' goin' to more trouble than the flour was worth!"

She gave him one awful look and he fell back, but she had no sooner turned the corner than she halted before a window for no other purpose than to get a sly look at her feet and see if they had swelled any since she left home.

How to Hang Thermometers.

In the first place the temperature of the wall of any building, at any hour of the night or day, is not the true temperature of the circulating air and is of no use to science. A wood wall radiates its heat more rapidly than a brick or a stone, and the amateur scientist who hangs his thermometer on a wood wall can force his mercury down below the amateur who selects a brick wall. The proper way to expose your thermometer is to surround it with a light wood frame covered with slats, like shutter work, and roofed over. This will protect it from the direct rays of the sun and reflected heat. Run a light wood bar across the centre of your instrument shelter, to which you can attache thermometers, which should be, when properly exposed, on the north side of the building and the thermometer at least one foot from all objects. If these directions are followed erroneous reports of extreme cold weather will not find their way into print so often. It is not a very funny thing for the press to report 25 deg. below zero when 15 deg. represented the true temperature of the circulating air. It gives persons a wrong impression of your climate.

Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack.

The Earl of Dunraven in a late paper, says: I thought I had never seen two finer-looking specimens of humanity, or two more picturesque figures. Both were tall, well-built, active-looking men, with singularly handsome features. Bill was dressed in a pair of corduroys, tucked into his high boots, and a blue flannel shirt. He wore a broad brimmed felt hat, or sombrero, and had a white handkerchief folded like a little shawl loosely fastened round his neck, to keep off the fierce rays of the afternoon sun. Jack's costume was similar, with the exception that he wore moccasins and had his lower limbs encased in a pair of comfortably greasy deerskin trowsers. Round his waist was a belt supporting a revolver, two butcher-knives and a steel and in his hand he carried his trusty rifle, "The Widow." Jack, tall and lithe, with light brown close-cropped hair, clear, laughing, honest blue eyes and a soft winning smile, might have sat as a model for a typical modern Anglo-Saxon, if ethnologists will excuse the term. Bill was dark, with quick, searching eyes, aquiline nose, and delicately cut features, and he wore his hair falling in long ringlets over his shoulders, in true Western style. As he cantered up with his flowing locks and broad-brimmed hat, he looked like a picture of a cavalier of the olden times.

Ah well! it is years ago since the day I first shook hands with Jack and Bill, and many changes have taken place since then. At that time neither of them had visited the States or been anywhere east of the Mississippi. They knew scarcely more of civilization and the life of the great cities than the Indians around them. Afterward they both went East and made money. Cody has, I believe, settled down on a ranch somewhere in Wyoming, and John Omohundro, better known as Texas Jack, has gone to other and better hunting grounds. Peace be with him; he was a good and kind friend to me, a cheery companion, as brave as a lion, as gentle as a woman, always ready for anything, always willing to work, cutting down mountains of difficulties into molehills, always in good humor, never quarreling—a better hunting companion than Jack was in those days, or a more reliable friend, it would be hard to find. There was nothing mean about Jack; he was—to use one of his own Western phrases—a real man.

"Well," said Cody, after the ceremony of introduction had been got through and we had made known our wishes and aspirations, "I guess we will both go along with you gents, if you like, and if I can leave, and I don't know as there will be any trouble about that. You see Jack and I started out this morning to get a load of meat, but there has been considerable of fire down toward the forks and scared all the game off; and as we had not got no stores with us for more than a day or two, we concluded to come right back."

"Oh, Lord," I said; "the game all scared off, is it? what an infernal nuisance! it does not look a very cheery country to ride about in without plenty of game to liven one up." "Never you mind about deer and elk," cried Jack; "you will have no call to worry about that; we will find [illegible] if you can hit them; you [illegible] Well it does seem kind of dismal, don't it, this time of year. Ah!" he added enthusiastically, "but you should see in the summer, when the grass is all green and the flowers is all a-blowing, and the little birds is a-building of their nesties and boo-hooing around and the deer are that fat they will scarcely trouble to get out of your way; and as to eating, they are just splendid, immense! I tell you; ain't they, Bill?" Yes sir, you bet your boots they are. But come on, Jack, let's ford our ponies and skin for the fort; we don't want to stay out here all night, anyhow. "Good night, gentlemen; we will see you in the morning and fix that hunt all right, I guess. And so Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack "ford their ponies and skin out," while we bundle ourselves into the wagon and rattle off as fast as seventeen hands high mules can tear to the fort, where we are most kindly and hospitably received.

Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack were as fine specimens of their race and class as could anywhere be found; and that is saying a good deal, for honest hearts and stalwart frames and handsome features are not rare among the pioneers of Western civilization. It might be supposed that these hunters, Indian trailers, cattle-boys and miners are disagreeable people to come across. That is not at all the case. There are, of course some rough characters, regular desperadoes, among them, and they occasionally shoot each other pretty freely in gambling quarrels and drunken sprees, but to a stranger who knows how to behave himself, they are, as far as my experience goes, most civil and obliging. If a man is civil to them they will be civil to him, and if he does nit interfere about their affairs they won't bother about his, unless he wants their assistance, and then they will be ready and willing to give it.

The manly sense of independence, the self-respect, and that feeling of respect for others engendered by it, which so strongly characterize the American people, are as deeply marked and have as good an effect among the nomads of the West as in any class of the population. Of course if a man gives himself airs he must expect to pay for it. I remember rather an amusing instance of this. I had engaged a hunter and guide, a first-rate man, to accompany a friend of mine. The day before they were to start the guide came to me and said, "Now look here, Mr. Earl, I ain't agoing to back out of this bargain, because I told you I'd go; but I ain't sweet upon the job, I tell you. I never came across a chap with such a lot of side on in my life, and I don't like it. However, I said I'd go, and I'm a'going: but I ain't a'going at the price I told you. I am going to charge him $1 a day more." And so my friend enjoyed his expedition in blissful ignoranc that he was paying 4s 2d extra for "side."

Tracing the Hudson Under the Sea.

The "Atlantic Coast Pilot," published by the United States Coast Surveys explains the origin of the curious deep holes met with along the New Jersey coast, some distance out at sea. Of these "mud holes," as they are termed, nine are known to navigators, the deepest and furthest out being the 145 fathom hole, 83 miles southeast of Sandy Hook light vessel. These remarkable depressions, as the "Pilot" points out, bear the appearance of having been originally a continuation of the Hudson river valley. They were in all probability scooped out by the river being forced to run in narrow gorges. Several of these can still be traced running almost parallel with the New Jersey shore line. In fact the soundings along the coast seem to indicate that the whole coast line, ages ago, was many miles eastward of its position to-day; and then the Hudson river entered the ocean at least 100 miles southeast of its present mouth, and that the whole continent has since subsided, the sea encroaching further and further inland as the country gradually sank.

A Raft Among Breakers.

Mr. Tornado Raft has recovered from his injuries. The way he got hurt was this: Mr. Raft was appointed by a certain up-town missionary society to investigate the theatre and see if it is really a wicked thing. He came to Boston and called on a manager and expressed his business, and the manager told him he was at liberty to go behind the scenes of his theatre and witness how things were done. Mr. Raft accepted. The piece being produced that night was a spectacular one, and Mr. Raft wandered about among the imps and goblins and fairies until he got under the stage, and, unperceived and unawares, stood upon a trap. A devil was to be shot up through that trap to the stage, and, just as he came up, somebody on the stage was to make a vicious whack at him, which he was to dodge. The machinist who worked the trap just glanced at it, saw that a man was on it, thought that it was all right, and shot it up. Raft felt himself going and gave a wild yell, but it was too late. Up he went, and the man on the stage was all ready to make the welt at the devil, and made it. But Raft, bewildered by his novel position, was not prepared to dodge it, and got the blow, a powerful one, over the head. It sent him flying clear across the stage. It was in the play for everyone to kick at the devil, while he was to dexterously dodge every blow; and the man whom Raft fell near didn't in the excitement of the moment, notice that it wasn't the devil, and kicked at Raft, and, as Raft didn't dodge, he got hit, and was lifted clear up the stage to where another man kicked him, and he was terribly scared, and began to yell; and the audience, which thought it was part of the play, cheered, and then another man kicked him, and then another, and another, and, shrieking loudly, he flew about like a foot-ball until finally he rolled at the heels of a trick mule on the stage, and the animal kicked him into the orchestra; and as he fell he broke two fiddles and a trombone, while his head got stuck into a kettle-drum. This wildly excited the orchestra, but by that time the actors had found out that there was some mistake, as the real "devil" came up through the trap. So, proceedings were stopped, while Mr. Raft was extricated and taken to the green-room. The manager went to him, and asked him what the Old Harry he meant by getting upon the stage and disturbing the peace, and Raft said it was a conspiracy to slay him. Finally the matter was explained, and Raft was sent to the hospital in a hack. He has reported to the society that the theater is the wickedest place in existence and actors the wickedest people.

Benevolent Mr. Wixham.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent society, held the other day, it was resolved that a committee of four ladies be appointed to canvass for donations, and in the course of their perignnations this committee dropped into Mr. Wixham's office. He received them as a gentleman should, and after the usual formalities one of them began:

"Mr. Wixham, we are asking aid for benevolent purposes."

"Ah! yes. Benevolence is a bump which should be cultivated. [illegible] after poor folks?"

"We are."

"Very proper—very proper. You all have children of your own?"

"Oh, yes."

"All of them are well-fed, well-clothed and well-cared for, are they?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's very proper. I presume their stockings are properly darned, buttons in their places, and they say their prayers when they go to bed? Am I correct?"

The wom n looked at each other in a sly way, and then at him, and one of them said:

"We shall be happy for any contribution."

Yes'm, yes'm. You don't want this contribution for your own families, eh?"

"No, sir!" answered four voices in chorus.

"Well, I am somewhat inclined to benevolence. Hardly a day passes that I don't do something for charity. Here's an old account of $26 against Mr.——, I know he's hard up and having a close time to get along, and yesterday I canceled the debt."

One of the canvassers turned red, white and blue and looked out of the window. That was her husband, but Wixham didn't know it.

"And yesterday I found a poor, forlorn-looking little boy out here crying with hunger and cold. He said his name was Tommy——, and he lived at No. 36——street. He hadn't been washed or combed for a week, and I felt sad for him. I was going to take him home and feed him, but he slipped away.

Another woman suddenly looked out of the window, and her pulse ran up to 120 a minute, but Wixham was as innocent as a lamb of any knowledge that it was her boy.

"Then you won't aid us?" queried the spokesman.

"Oh, yes, certainly I will. I was simply figuring to see how much I could spare. I signed a note with Mr.—— last fall, and I had to pay it yesterday. That makes me feel rather poor."

The third woman didn't turn red, but green, but Wixham couldn't have possibly known that it was her husband.

"Let's see. Let's see. I want to give you all I can spare. Mr.——on——street, owes me four months house rent, and I'll give you an order on him for $20."

The four women rose up. They rushed in a solid body for the door. They went out in a heap. Some were red and some were pale, and all mad. They tried to speak, but they couldn't, and as they hastened to get away from each other, Wixham held up the half-written order and gasped:

"How very, very singular! Perhaps they thought they couldn't collect the money."

Arsenic in Wall Papers.

A law suit concerning the use of arsenic in colors was lately tried in the High Court of Justice, London. Steinhoff, a color maker, sued Woolams & Co., for a small bill for colors furnished. Woollams refused to settle because the colors were found to contain arsenic; they not only refused to pay, but claimed damages against Steinhoff to the amount of nearly two thousand dollars. It was proven on the trial that Steinhoff, when he sold the colors, which were the "imitation azure blue," guaranteed that they contained no arsenic. Woollams showed that his reputation in business was to a great extent founded on the fact that his wall papers were made without arsenic. Believing that the colors of Steinhoff contained no arsenic, he made up a lot of wall papers therewith. Subsequently it was found that the colors contained arsenic to the large extent of fifty per cent. The jury allowed the claim for damages. So the plaintiff, instead of obtaining a judgment in his favor, had a heavy judgment rendered against him, and had to pay the costs on both sides in addition.

—The pecan crop of Texas just gathered is unprecedented.

A Buffalo Hunt.

The second afternoon out, a buffalo-herd was discovered feeding far to the south, resembling a flock of black sheep in the distance. A halt was at once called, and preparations made for a descent upon the game in the morning. The horses were tethered by long raw-hides, and the men proceeded to put their guns and ammunition in order. The next morning dawned fresh and clear. The buffaloes were still in sight, though farther away; and, as the wind blew from the hunters toward the herd, a long detour was made in order to approach them from the opposite side. At length, the hunters dashed among them and commenced the work of destruction. Will's horse, the unreliable Bonanza, behaved well while among his companions; but no sooner did they scatter than he became unmanageable, and his rider heartily wished he had taken his father's advice in relation to the animal, as he found he was going to be left out of the sport. There were no breech-loading guns in the party, and it would astonish a crack sportsman—with his repeating Winchester and ready loaded shells in a convenient belt—to see a horseman charge a muzzle-loader from the saddle. The report of the hunter's rifles gradually diffused uneasiness among the buffaloes, which numbered two thousand or more, and they began to move, followed by the relentless horsemen. In their course they again approached the horse of our disappointed friend. Will tried desperately to get close enough for a shot. He succeeded, but a scared bull, with a shaggy front and furious, twinkling eyes, charged toward Bonanza, and that animal turned and fled ignominiously. The now terrified buffaloes closed in upon the panic-stricken horse, and soon Will was surrounded by the shaggy herd. He tugged vainly at the bit; and the loud laughter of his companions, who remembered his boast on starting out, grew fainter as he was borne swiftly away. He was not at all alarmed till he looked back and saw that he was fast leaving the men out of sight. Then flashed upon him the thought of how powerless he was in the midst of the unwieldy herd. He was completely surrounded, and the frightened buffaloes were running at their swiftest speed, which they would probably continue for hours. He thought of stopping his horse by taking off his coat and putting it over the animal's eyes. But then, should the horse stop, he would be knocked down by the buffaloes, and then both of them be pounded to death beneath the feet of the herd. So powerful are these clumsy beasts that in a large herd they are almost invincible. They leave a track behind which much resembles a plowed field. Should one of the number lose its footing it is almost sure to be killed by its companions, as those in the rear, crowding upon the forward ranks, makes a pause impossible. Crocker observed his son's peril first. He was heard to cry out suddenly, and then, applying his spurs, he galloped in the rear of the fast-retreating herd. Leciere and Dutch followed hard upon his heels, but the cooler-blooded Mexicans remained to skin the buffaloes the little party had slain. Meanwhile, Will had given himself up for lost. But he looked his peril in the face, with a courage begotten of a life among dangers. Suddenly a desperate thought occurred to him. He had heard drovers and trappers tell of Indian hunters whose mode of killing buffaloes was by running on their backs, and spearing them as they ran. Why could not he escape that way? The animals were close together and, though a misstep would be fatal, to remain in his present position was certain death. A dense cloud of black dust hung over the herd, through which naught was visible but the tossing sea of beasts near him. He, therefore, had no idea how many animals intervened between himself and safety. His chances of escape seemed not one in ten, but the stumbling of his horse decided him to make the attempt. More thoughtful than most boys would have been in the face of a danger like this, he unbuckled his horses bridle and tied it around his gun (which he carried strapped to his back), and then, getting off his saddle on to the horse's withers, he loosed the girth and let it fall to the ground, intending, should he make his escape, to go back and pick it up. He now rose to his feet on the horse's back, holding to the animal's mane, and in an instant leaped to the nearest buffalo, holding his gun, like a balancing-pole, in both hands. The animal plunged, but he jumped to the next and the next, like Eliza, crossing the Ohio on the ice, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He had accomplished half the distance, when one of the buffaloes, seeing him coming, jumped to one side. The boy fell between, but dropped his gun in time to grasp the animal by its long hair, and with difficulty he climbed upon the terrified and plunging creature, and jumped desperately on till he reached the outside of the herd, when he fell to the ground and rolled over and over, with his head swimming and a heart leaping for joy. He was yet in danger from the stragglers on the edge of the herd, but the cloud of dust and the animals it obscured passed by, and faded into a smoke-like billow, leaving him uninjured. Ten minutes after, Crocker and his two followers galloped up and, to their great joy, found the boy unhurt beyond a few bruises. Will rode home behind his father's saddle, but whether or not the adventure had any effect for good on his stubborn nature, the chronicle saith not.

Stories.

Cap. V., of Yankee Fork, began to tell about the lakes and fish of the Lemhi country. He told of ice lakes in the Middle Fork in which were trout weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds. Then he told about the red-fish lakes. Said he: "There is something in this red-fish business that astonishes me. At a certain day in the early spring they leave the Pacific Ocean, and travelling up the Columbia River without a halt turn up the Salmon River, and never turn to the right or left till they reach Red-fish Creek, in Lemhi County. They form fours at the mouth of that creek and march up to the lakes, where the boys and bears have a high old time on fish for the summer.

"The bears! What do you mean!"

"Why, I mean just what I say. A salmon river man never thinks of fishing with a hook, line, or spear. We make the bears do our fishing up there, you bet. By carefully studying the habits of bruin we find that in the summer season, from 5 o'clock till 7 in the morning, he is busily engaged fishing. The way bears fish up our way is this: Eight or ten bears will sit in a row on a riffle in the river; the bear in the middle by a quick motion of the right paw, pulls the fish out of the water; he then throws it to the bear next him, and it is thus passed one to the other until it is thrown on the bank. They throw the fish to each other like you see men pass brick. Well, all we've got to do is to just go along quietly, sack the fish as fast as the bears throw them out on the bank, and go off about our business. Maybe you don't think bears are suspicious? I've seen eight bears jump the bear that was nearest the bank, because one of our boys stole one fish out of their pile, and the bear that kept tally missed it when the fishing match was over."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Ohio Legislature is thinking of employing girls as pages.

—Mississippi has 198,000 voters, of whom 105,000 are negroes.

—Lancaster can boast of 76 good substantial tobacco warehouses.

—In 1851 Wisconsin had ten miles of railroads; now it has 3,133 miles.

—A hundred of the French Jesuits have appeared in Constantinople.

Boston's original area was 783 acres; its present territory includes 23,661.

—Over two hundred deer were killed in Forest country during the past season.

—It is said that the wine crop of California this year will be 10,000,000 gallons.

—The loss by fire in New Orleans during the past year has been only $121,740.

—The Pittsburg pension agency pays out two million dollars annually in pensions.

—Charles O'Conor aged 76, has become a citizen of Nantucket, where he is at work on a law treatise.

—It is stated that it will cost over $31,000,000 to run the New York city government the coming year.

—General Walker has already estimated that in 1900 this country will have a populatian of 65,000,000.

—Thirty thousand square miles of pine timber are now awaiting the saws at Beaumont, Texas.

—The statement of the Imperial Bank of Germany shows a decrease in specie of 74,000 marks.

—The duke of Westminster, the richest man in England, was raised to his present title by Mr. Gladstone.

—The Washington banker Corcoran has given away $4,000,000 and has only about $1,000,000 left for himself.

—There are 40,000 negroes in Washington, of whom not more than 5,000 are steady at work during the year.

—It is estimated that the Indian river country of Florida will alone produce this year 70,000 boxes of oranges.

—A farmer in Chilton county Alabama, raised 408 bushels of yellow yams on a half acre of common pine land.

—Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee are the three most populous states of the South. Georgia ranks next to Tennessee.

—The wife of Gen. Sherman is in such uncomfortable health that she will not perform any social duties this season.

—The Colorado bullion production for 1880, is estmated at $22,000,000, of which Leadville is credited with $15,000,000.

—A silver dollar of 1798, "in excellent condition," is worth about $1.50. Half dollars of 1812 are worth about sixty cents.

—Commissioner Le Duc has located his experimental tea farm 20 miles from Charleston on the South Carolian railroad.

—Kansas harvested 25,000 acres of Egyptian or rice corn last year, the average yield being twenty-five bushels to the acre.

—It takes two and a half million dollars to pay the annual expenses of the 20,000 hounds said to be owned in Great Britain.

—During the past seven years the mines of the United States have produced $280,000,000 of gold and $271,500,000 of silver.

—The total coinage of all coins, gold, silver and minor, from the foundation of the Government to the present time, is $1,438,719,935.

—We have now outstanding in greenbacks, $332,588,424, national bank notes, $343,219,933—total, $805,808,367 in paper currency.

—The first turnpike ever made in the United States was that constructed between Philadelphia and Lancaster in 1793, costing $500,000.

—The first time the White House, at Washington, was thrown open to the public was at the New Year's levee of President Adams, in 1801.

—The Russian Army has 25,000 officers, which just equals the whole army of the United States, counting in hospital stewards and the rest.

—Nearly $9500 has been contributed in Cincinnati for the benefit of the families of five firemen who lost their lives at a recent fire in that city.

—The number of croquet sets sold in this country during the past five years, is estimated at 8,000,000, and still we continue to send missionaries to Africa.

—Vanderbilt draws $510,000 from the government every ninety days, that amount being the quarterly interest on the 4 per cent. bonds held by him.

—The gross earnings of the Missouri Pacific railway for the year ending December 31, 1880, were $25,404,106.08, an Increase of $4,884,401.34 over those of 1879.

—An English writer places the number of horses in the world at 49,000,000, of which the United States and Canada have 11,000,000, and Russia 21,000,000.

—Eastport, Me., exported 65,000 cases of sardines last year, worth $650,000, against 25,000 in 1879. Seven new factories were erected, making thirteen now in operation.

—It is estimated that the railroads of the country have required this year 1,595 new locomotives and 68,420 cars, worth $65,679,920, and $71,146,000 worth of new ties and rails.

—The exports of grain from the port of New York during the year 1880 reached 107,000,000 bushels, an excess of nearly 15,000,000 bushels over the exports of any previous year.

—The most careful estimates, allowing for the losses by bad weather and the scarcity of labor, puts the cotton crop of 1880 at 6,017,.164 bales, an increase over 1879 of 256,000 bales.

—The Personnel of the German Navy comprises 10,000 men, of which number during the twelve months ending on the 1st of April last, on an average, 5,107 were afloat and 4962 on shore.

—The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the well-known East Indian prince who lives in England, advertises 3,000 pheasants and 1,000 hares for sale, at on the E vedon estate, near Thetford.

—The Moccasins, necklace and other barbarous personal property of "Don't Know-How," a member of the Yanktonnais tribe of Sioux, have been received by Secretary Schurz by mail, that Indian having no further use for them.

—The total number of paupers in London on the last day of the third week in December was 92,262, of whom 51,566 were in workhouses, and 40,706 received outdoor relief. Compared with the corresponding week in 1879, these figures show a decrease of 3,550; but as compared with 1878 and 1877, they show an increase of 6,061 and 6,605 respectively.