

**YOUNG FOLKS.**

**A Spelling Lesson.**

People, as a rule, are particular about having their names spelled correctly, and they are not to be blamed for their preference. You may take the aristocratic Smythe, a life-long enemy by writing his in the plebeian fashion—Smith. Here is a post-master who was extremely anxious to have the name of his city spelled properly: The post-master at Buffalo, in making up the mail for Binghamton, persisted in inserting the "p" in addressing the package, though the Binghamton post-master had written to him on the subject, explained that the "p" should be omitted, and asked that the correction be made. The Buffalo post-master paid no attention to the request, continuing to address the packages as before, and finally the Binghamton man, a somewhat peppery individual, got mad. He had to address a mail package to Buffalo daily, and, after making it up, he wrote upon the outside in big letters the word "Buffalop," adding beneath it the message:

"There! How do you like to have the name of your old town spelled with a 'p,' oo?"

It is said that this reformed the Buffalo official.

**Steering by Mother's Light.**

He put his hands to his mouth as if he had placed a speaking-trumpet there, and then shouted through them.

"Hal-lo! Hal-lo—oo—oo!"

There was no answer save that of the heavy swash of the sea at his feet. Neither was there anything to be seen, only a vast thick curtain of gray mist falling everywhere over the sea.

He made another speaking-trumpet with his hands and shouted again, but there was no response. Neither did the fog break before his piercing cry. Sullen and gray it hung down over the sea.

"I don't see," said Pierre, "where the fishing boats are. And, of course, it don't do any good to call, but then, when one don't know what to do, why—why he will try anything. Guess I will go into the house and see mother."

He walked up the hard sandy beach, climbed the hummocks in the rear, and then dropped down into a covey valley that several aged willows overshadowed. Under one of these trees was Pierre's home.

"Any word from the boats?" asked a musical voice.

"That is mother," thought Pierre.

She was stooping over the fire of drift-wood that she had begun to make on the broad and blackened hearth.

"Any news from the boats?" she asked again. "It is time for the fishermen to be at home."

"Nothing," he said.

"Three boats went out, Pierre—I saw them go—your father's, your uncle Louis' and your uncle Pierre's."

Yes, three boats had gone to the fishing grounds just off a rough, rocky point—three boats rocking on the restless, surging sea.

"Four of the neighbors went with your uncle Louis."

"I know it, mother. All men in that boat."

"And Cosette went in your father's."

"Yes, and she is as good as a man in a boat."

"Good as a man!" Cosette, Pierre's big sister, could manage a boat better than some men.

Besides Cosette, two others of the family were in that boat—Clem and Victor, Pierre's big brothers, strong and muscular.

"I saw the boats off the point, mother, two hours ago, and I could see Cosette standing in the stern of father's boat. Uncle Pierre's was farther out, its sail set, and the boat was skipping away."

"God keep them!" murmured the mother. "I don't like to have them late when the sea is rough. God keep them!"

"I will go out and see how things look now."

He soon came back and reported that the fog seemed to be scattering and the wind rising.

"Could you hear the waves off the Big Rock?"

"Yes, I could hear them."

The mother sighed again and again. The waves off "Big Rock" meant the surf around a lofty shore-ledge at high-tide; and when a storm was approaching, the agitation of the sea about this ledge was very violent and noisy. She went to the door, listened, and then slowly climbed the worn stairway leading to her little chamber under the roof.

"I think I will go up stairs," she murmured.

"It won't do any good, mother," cried Pierre, who knew what she proposed to do. "I wish you only thought it would, Pierre."

She lighted a lamp, set it in the narrow window and then bowed her head in prayer. It was her habit on stormy nights and Pierre had carelessly joked about it, and yet it was only talk on the surface. The terrible wrath of the sea awed him; and if his pride had not prevented, he would have declared his purpose to look to that God who holds wind and wave alike in his grasp.

While a mother at home was praying by the lighted lamp souls at sea were watching it. The three boats had been bewildered in the fog. Two of them had stumbled on a little island, in one of whose coves they sought shelter for the night. The boat belonging to Pierre's father had not been so fortunate. When the wind rose and the fog scattered, Cosette's keen eyes were turned in every direction, searching for some ray from a guiding light.

"Oh, there! See!" she cried, pointing toward a dim flash of gold off on the water's edge.

"Make for that," replied her father.

The bow of the boat was pointed toward that golden spark. Slowly but steadily they advanced through the rough waters, and the boat was beached in a little sheltered nook not far from the home under the willows.

"Here we are!" shouted Victor, at the door of the house.

"Oh, thank God!" cried the mother, coming down the stairway, her lamp in her hand. "Oh, how did you get here?"

"We steered by mother's light," said Cosette. "We saw it in the window,

though we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought Pierre, "it is time I were steering by mother's light." When he lay down that night, he first knelt and asked God to guide him over life's rough sea. The months went rapidly by. The cold, hard blasts of winter drove across the sea, and like plows they turned up the dark waters. Then came spring, with its softer airs, and the longer days kindled in the sky that longer light in which the sea rolled and flashed like a vast crystal. Spring, though, did not soften the cough that had attacked Pierre and with which he vainly wrestled.

"He can't live long," said the old doctor of the family; "he may go any day."

One stormy night the boy lay dying; father, mother, Cosette, Victor, Clementine, gathered in tears about his bed. Pierre was wandering in his thoughts; he fancied he was far off on the sea. The waves, he said, were running high.

"Don't you be afraid for me," he said, in low tones, looking round on those who wept at his side. "I shall—make—harbor; I'm steering by mother's light; and guided by prayer, steering by a mother's light, the fisher-boy quickly reached heaven and home."

**HACKED TO DEATH.**

**An Express Messenger Murdered in His Car.**

The express car of the Rock Island train which leaves Chicago at 11 p. m. was boarded by robbers at Joliet at 1 o'clock the other morning. Kellogg Nichols, express messenger of the United States Express Company, was killed, and money and jewelry valued at about \$35,000 were stolen. Nichols attended to his duties at Joliet, but when the train arrived at Morris, twenty miles beyond Joliet, he did not open the door of the car.

The local agent at Morris forced open the door, and found Nichols lying dead on the floor of the car, with his throat cut from ear to ear and his head horribly cut and crushed. The baggageman was found bound and gagged in the next car. The safe was broken open and its contents gone. As the train does not stop between Joliet and Morris it is approximately certain that the robbers boarded the cars at the former place.

The facts of the express robbery as learned from the baggageman are that, shortly after the train left Joliet at 12:45 a. m., he heard a rap at the baggage car door. Thinking it was the express messenger he opened the door and was confronted by masked robbers, who covered him with revolvers and forced him to give up the key to the express car. The baggageman was guarded by one of the robbers, while the balance turned their attention to the express car.

It is supposed they obtained entrance to the express car by rapping and explaining that the baggageman wanted to get in. At any rate the express car door was opened and the desperadoes entered; and then ensued a battle for life and the property entrusted to his charge on the part of the express messenger.

The interior of the car shows that he fought the robbers from one end to the other, but at last the blows that they rained on his head with an iron poker forced him to succumb, and he was left dead in the car. The thieves rifled his pockets of the keys of the safe, which they robbed of all its contents, variously estimated at from \$20,000 to \$25,000. Checks and valuable packages not containing money they left scattered on the floor. In one hand the dead man clutched a lock of dark hair, which must have been torn from the head of one of the assassins. Sheriff Metz and Chief of Police Murray have organized a posse and are scouring the country in pursuit of the robbers.

The Rock Island Railway will offer a reward of \$10,000 for the capture of the men who committed the express robbery, and \$5,000 for the arrest of any of them. The baggageman has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated.

**"Do You Mean Me?"**

"An unprecedented affair (writes a correspondent) happened at a little country church on a recent Sunday evening. A young man, accompanied by a female, attended service there, as they had frequently done before. It appears that the young man, either for convenience (the pew being crowded) or from force of habit, placed his arm on the top of the seat behind his companion. Judge his surprise, and that of the congregation also, when the minister, having offered up the prayer, exclaimed, 'Take your arm from that woman's waist, will you?' Of course, at this there was a general look to discover the guilty one, the young man himself being unable to realize his position. Giving another look at the minister, he was met with the words, 'You, I mean; don't you hear!' As there could be no mistake this time, the young man answered, 'Do you mean me?' The minister said, 'Yes take your arm from that woman's waist!—I beg your pardon, sir, replied the young man; my arm is not round her waist.'—'Don't answer me in church,' said the reverend gentleman. 'Very well,' replied the young man, 'I will leave your church; and picking up his hat, he did so.'

**A Ghastly Token.**

Sadie Hayes, the colored woman under sentence of death for the murder of Police Sergeant Jenks, at St. Louis, has a lover named Wm. Looey, who is as black as she is. She wanted some tangible proof of his love, and said that if he really loved her as he professed, he would, before their final separation, present her with a ring he wore, with the finger on which it was worn. The other day he was taken to the penitentiary, having been sentenced to a term of three years for burglary. The same evening his sweetheart received the desired proof of his love—the little finger of his right hand adorned with the ring. Looey had actually sawed or cut off his little finger at the joint with a steel shank taken from his shoe and sharpened on the iron bars of his cell. He wrapped the bleeding stump of the finger in his handkerchief, and later it was amputated and dressed by a surgeon.

A drunken Louisville man went into a broker's office where there were three boys employed. He ordered them to "fall in" at the point of his pistol, marched them to a back room, and there, under threats of immediate death, forced them to drink wine until they were all drunk and very sick.

**PERSONAL.**

Mr. F. Marlon Crawford will presently return to America for a visit.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison will spend six weeks in Florida with his bride, and probably will not return to New York city before the middle of May.

Jackson J. Hill of St. Paul, Minn., is said to own the finest collection of diamonds in the United States, and his friends speak of him as the "Jack of Diamonds."

U. S. Secretary Lamar, is credited with having lately rebuked Colonel Ingersoll for his aggressive infidelity, and expressed a hope that he will some day become a Christian preacher.

Queen Natalie is said to be the most beautiful woman in Serbia; but unless she is grossly libeled by the lately extant pictures of her, the statement is pretty rough on the other Serbian women.

Mr. John Drew, the father of the young clergyman to whom Miss Mary Gladstone was married, is one of the most active and ardent Conservatives in Devonshire, and a Tory of the stern and unbending type.

It is said that Theban, the ex-King of Barmah, never touches liquor, and that the officers of the vessel which took him to his place of exile tried to tempt him with every kind of drink, from gin to champagne, without effect.

A celebrated Italian actress and singer, Bianca Donadio, intends to take the veil. She belongs to a devout Parisian family, and during her stay in Florence, where she has been lately acting, she sent all the flowers given to her on the stage to the churches.

Justice Chitty of London was recently trying a case when a large piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the canopy under which he was sitting. "Flat justitia, rust celum," he exclaimed; and went on with the trial.

Count Herbert Bismarck is not to go as German Ambassador to England. He is the right-hand man of his father in the Berlin Foreign Office, and will stay there, ready to become the head of the department on the Chancellor's death or retirement.

Mr. James E. Murdock, the veteran actor, at the age of 76 enjoys good health and the possession of unimpaired faculties. He has a pleasant home at Cincinnati, where he likes to receive visitors and discuss the past and the present of the American stage.

The Pall Mall Gazette is being sued for libel by Mrs. Broughton, at whose house Jarrett made the arrangement which led to the abduction of Eliza Armstrong and her subsequent imprisonment by Stead and his associates. His enemies assist the woman with her suit.

Police Justice George A. Meech of Chicago, who has brought a libel suit against the Rev. Dr. Kittredge, is a son of the officer who in the War of 1812 commanded the privateer "General Armstrong," and through his mother a descendant of William Brewster, who was one of the company of the Mayflower.

Miss Cleveland has adopted for use in her correspondence a crest which is a copy of the new seal recently provided for the President, and shows the bald-headed eagle, not with wings outstretched as formerly, but with his wearied pinions at rest; upon the breast of the eagle rests the familiar shield, with its thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. The crest is printed in dead gold and below it appear the words, "The President's House."

The Queen has taken the recent lecture of the Standard to heart and is emerging from her long seclusion. Being in town for the drawing-room this week she drove three separate days in the park. She has further promised to attend public conventions in the city, and if she will consent to ante-date her jubilee, that celebration may take place this summer. It is hoped that she will undertake royal progress through the great towns.

Sir Henry James, London *Truth* says, is the victim of a smart repartee. His opponent at Bury said that he so greatly respected Lord Salisbury, that if he were to propose Home Rule, he should vote in favor of it. Sir Henry replied that he respected Mr. Gladstone quite as much, but that if a hundred Gladstones were to propose Home Rule, he should vote against it. Sir Henry wrote to the chairman of his committee to ask him whether, under the present circumstances, this utterance precluded him from joining Mr. Gladstone's administration. The chairman replied that it did.

Prince Krapotkin, the learned and famous anarchist, recently released from a French prison, has decided to make his home in Hampstead, Eng., and expects to spend there in peace and quietude the closing years of his adventurous and troubled life. He intends, however, before resuming his duties, to make a tour of England and America for the purpose of delivering a series of lectures, in which he will define his own views upon socialism and describe the present aspect of the revolutionary movement throughout the world as viewed from the inside.

Prince Pascal de Bourbon, brother of the ex-king of Naples, has just figured in a police court, being charged with fraud in giving a mortgage for \$150,000 upon his villa which he had already mortgaged to its full value of \$39,000. The Prince set up a defense that he received no money consideration for the mortgage, but wine which he sold and only realized \$10,000. The mortgagees tried to sell the villa and extort the full amount of the mortgage, but the prince was acquitted on the ground that he intended to commit fraud had been proven.

Lord Wolsley's refusal to pay fees to the Herald's College for his new title and to Ulster King of arms and his officials for the insignia of St. Patrick, calls up a story of how a similar exhibition of independence was dealt with by George IV. A certain knight of Windsor received the order of St. Michael and St. George, and after the investiture a bill for the usual amount of fees was sent to him, which he swore nothing would induce him to pay. There was no precedent for such a case, so a memorandum was sent to Sir William Knight at Windsor, in order that the King's pleasure might be taken. The document was returned with the following endorsement by the King himself: "Stop the d—d fellow's pay: till the claim is cleared."

**THE WORLD OVER.**

Cresdy, a French horse that was looked upon as the coming racehorse when two years old, will soon appear in the new French circus as a trick horse. No one can ride him.

The most brilliant soiree given recently in Paris was that of the Princes: Youriocky, formerly the Princess Dolgorouki, widow of Alexander II. All the swell world was there.

An aesthetic Worcester horse will tear any cheap blanket that may be thrown over it into shreds, but seems immensely pleased when covered with one that is costly and beautiful.

A colored rail-road porter says of traveling brides: "Sperience teaches me dat dey is tickled mightily ef you mistakes dere husbands for bradders. I does it ebery time, now, an' hits 'em fo' a dollar, shuah."

Robert Morris, a Georgia murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged on April 16. When the Judge sentenced him he laughed, and to the Sheriff he said: "Send me plenty to eat, so that I will be heavy enough to break my neck when I fall."

A new gun, 50 calibre, has been tested in Kalamazoo, which, with one ounce of powder, drove a steel bullet two inches long through four 3/4 inch iron plates, and dented the fifth. It is said a cannon made on the same principle will throw a ball fifteen miles.

Barbara Robinson, a little uneducated nine-year-old negro girl of West Point, Ga., bids fair to rival Blind Tom as a pianist. She plays with wonderful correctness any composition that she has once heard. Like Tom she seems oblivious to everything else when listening to music or playing the piano.

A Georgia farmer, who was carefully rearing a nice litter of Berkshire pigs, couldn't account for the disappearance of all but three. One day he heard one squealing shrilly in the air and saw a big buzzard sailing off with it. The farmer shot the buzzard, and buzzard and pig fell to the ground dead.

The big snow storm in Maine packed the principle streets in Dixmont with a drift fifteen feet high, and so solid that horses could be driven over it. The young men and boys of the village tunneled this drift, and after two days' work, made a tunnel 175 feet long, 7 feet high, and 8 feet wide, through which teams were driven for several days.

At a recent Dunkard baptismal service at Jones' Falls, Md., one of the baptized persons, a young woman, was nearly strangled at the second dip, and so prostrated at the third that she had to be carried to a neighboring house and revived. A thirteen-year-old girl endured the ordeal with a smiling face. Each was in the ice cold water at least ten minutes.

Dr. Henry Collier, a Georgia dentist, was set upon the other night by three negroes, who demanded his money. Putting his hand in his pocket and saying, "Well, I suppose I'll have to give it to you," Dr. Collier pulled a pistol and did give it to them. He killed one, wounded another, captured the third and marched him to the lockup. The fourth footpad was lucky enough to get away.

A huge California hawk swooped down on a sleeping cat at Santa Rosa the other day, and bore it squealing and scratching high in the air. When about 500 feet high the hawk lost its grip, and the cat came down with fearful velocity, but the hawk caught it again just before it struck the earth, and was carrying it off, when suddenly both fell like lead to the ground. The cat had bitten through the hawk's head killing it instantly, and the fall killed the cat.

R. B. Swankin of North Manchester, Ind., had the reputation of whipping his wife and abusing his children. One night a mob of men and boys went to his house and told him he must quit the town at once. They gave him time to pack two grip-sacks, and then they marched him down the main street, a big fellow walking behind and cutting his legs with a cattle whip. When the town limits were reached he was stripped and soundly whipped with blacksnake whips. This is the second occurrence of the kind reported from Indiana within a few weeks.

Steamboat Frank, a Modoc Indian who was captured at the time of the Modoc war, and who is still a prisoner of the United States, is attending, by permit of the Government, the Oak Grove Seminary in Maine. He now calls himself Frank Modoc, and is studying for the ministry. He is making good progress in his studies, and is apparently a devout Christian. He is proud of his descent from a long line of Modoc chieftains, and conducts himself with true Indian dignity.

The prevention of decay in wood is said to be effectively accomplished by exhausting the air from the pores and filling them with a gutta serena solution, a substance which preserves the wood alike from moisture, water, and the action of the sun. The solution is made by mixing two-thirds of gutta serena to one-third of paraffine, this mixture being then heated to liquify the gutta serena, when it is readily introduced into the pores of the wood, the effect of the gutta serena being, when it becomes cool, to harden the pores.

A goose farm is one of the curiosities of agriculture on the eastern shore of Virginia. Within an area of about 3,000 acres live 5,000 geese, of several varieties, attended by herders and regularly fed with corn, &c. The object is the collecting of down for quilts and pillows, and once in about six weeks a plucking takes place. Only the breast and the sides under the wings are plucked, and it requires the yield of nearly 100 geese to weigh a pound. The raw feathers are sent to Philadelphia for cleaning and sorting.

One of the clergymen of Louisville is at any rate consistent in his opposition to Sunday newspapers. To a church notice which he had printed in a Saturday evening newspaper he added a request to the Sunday newspapers not to copy it, and in a note to the editor wrote: "I learn that my church announcements frequently appear in the Sunday papers. They are copied from the Saturday evening papers. I am conclusively and out and out opposed to Sabbath desecration, and do not wish to appear to encourage Sunday papers by using them even in this way."

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**Plain and Practical.**

**DOUGHNUTS.**—One cup of sugar, two eggs, three spoonsful of cream of tartar, one spoonful of nutmeg. Beat the sugar and eggs until light, then add the cream of tartar. Mix with flour as soft as possible, and roll it stiff enough to roll out.

**STEAMED BROWN BREAD.**—For a loaf take one-half pint of rye meal, one pint of sifted Indian meal, one quart of sour milk, one-half gill of molasses, one spoonful of salt, and one large spoonful of soda. Mix all the ingredients together, and add last, stirring the mixture thoroughly. Grease a brown bread tin, or putting a clove lid, and having put the tin in, set it into a kettle of boiling water for four hours. Remove the lid, and pull in the oven a few minutes before the top of the bread.

**SALLY LUNN.**—One quart of flour, one cup of butter the size of an egg, three spoonsful of sugar, two eggs, two spoonsful of cream-tartar, one spoonful of saleratus, and a little salt.

Sift the cream-tartar, salt and sugar into flour; add the egg, the butter and one-half of the milk. Dissolve the rest in the other half of the milk, and mix together very thoroughly. Bake in pans.

**WHITE ROLLS.**—One cup of granulated sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one level teaspoonful of soda, one cup of flour; add the egg, the butter and one-half of the milk. Dissolve the rest in the other half of the milk, and mix together very thoroughly. Bake in pans. Use Dover egg-beater to whip whole mass to a creamy lightness at the moment.

**A GOOD CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of powdered sugar, one level cup of flour, two eggs, one cup of one level teaspoonful of soda, one level cup of extract of vanilla. After the other ingredients, add last the flour, and the raisins rolled in flour. Bake until it is creamy, then pour in the bake at once.

**Hints and Suggestions.**

How many women there are, with small families to do for, who adopt hard ways to do their household work impossible for them to enjoy any day.

Allow thirty minutes for boiling and forty five minutes for baking them, if for boiling, and put the water which shall just cover them. Do not pour off every drop of the water, but put a towel over the kettle a few minutes before the water boils.

Elder down is much used this winter for lining the old-fashioned quilted pumpkin hoods, and the old-fashioned fish pelisses that are being imported.

Cover house plants with newspaper before sweeping; also give them once a week in the water you put in.

No prettier fashion of wearing hair has been seen, than a simple coronet, with hair being combed to the middle of the loosely braided, and pinned so as to be a graceful, fluffy appearance.

One bushel and twelve quarts of corn, or its equivalent in other grain, will keep a fowl a year. And that a hen will lay ten and a half dozen an annum makes it certain for you to profit of \$1.20 to \$1.75 per year according as the prices of eggs, poultry grain are varied by the market of a locality.

Sometimes a wick becomes too long to carry up the kerosene and the lamp out. If you have not time to put in a wick, a piece of cotton rag pinned to the will answer every purpose and be a good feeder. If a hole should be in the glass chimney paste on a piece of paper, which may often be done in a per, and it will answer its purpose as well, or until you can get a new one. Sometimes the burners of the lamp get gummy and prevent the wicks from burning. Boil them up in soda over a fire and they will become entirely new and work well.

A little turpentine in the wash-bucket makes clothes very white, and will move incommensurable stains from white goods. A tablespoonful of turpentine to a quart of water or a teaspoonful to two gallons of water. There is no smell, the boiling water will do it.

If ink is spilled on the carpet, wash enough salt on it to absorb it, and then put on more salt, rubbing in with the ink-spot. Repeat it until all is taken up, then brush the salt well and properly done not a trace of ink will remain. If coal-oil is spilled use the same manner described (above). Both these remedies used with success.

Toothing, feverish children can be quieted by bathing them in warm water which you have dissolved a large quantity of saleratus.

**My Mother.**

AMANDA L. BARTHOLOMEW.

A simple paragon—plain and lowly—Where I've rambled up and down—With sweet-brier roses—Nor left, 'ill shadowed by the night—The Night anointed.

Two here who wrought with patient care—A life whose income filled the air—With gladness only—Here heard her call to center seat—And left the home, a broken seat—Beret and laces.

To children's hearts, and hearts grown old—With anguish, 'tis a lesson long—And all the learning—That prayers not heavy as our sins—The loved ones drift to distant lands—Beyond returning.

We've learned farewell to dear ones—She welcome—where there was no home—Put joys upon me—And closely folds each loving hand—Within the house not made with hands—Secure, eternal.

O Mother, with the soft brown eyes—In thy fair home beyond the seas—Am I expected—Can't thou not tell me what to do—When 'cross that threshold I should go—I shall not be returned!