BALLA[illegible]

[illegible] white dove,
[illegible] a queen apart,
[illegible] beauty, but has she a
[illegible] only discover
[illegible] her I love or hate,
[illegible] should I know my fate.

II.

[illegible] a minute
[illegible] me when away;
[illegible] a trivial toy
[illegible] More bot:
[illegible] Yes, yes, I can see
[illegible] that laugh at me.
[illegible] strife: I'll begin it,
[illegible] laughing all fear away,
[illegible] know my fate this day.
—*Belgravia.*

NA-HO-TA-ISH.

Why an Indian Princess Was Restored to Her Tribe.

Among the old settlers of Texas—those who were there at the time of the revolution of 1835—there are Indian legends and stories of the gentle redskins enough still afloat to make volumes of matter, more sensational than all the imaginary fictions of yellow covered dime novels. One of these is connected with the early history of the now thriving interior city of Waco, central Texas. In 1835 it was but a small frontier hamlet, still subject to the incursions of the red barbarians, just as Bandera and Mason counties are at the present day. While the settlement of Waco county was going on, and in one of the frequent skirmishes between the whites and their copper-colored brethren, there fell into the hands of the "pale-faces" an Indian Princess.

It turned out she was the daughter of the old Chief, or Big Medicine, of the Comanches, then as now, the most warlike of the roving tribes of the "Far Southwest." In the Indian tongue her name was Na-ho-ta-ish, but the very respectable family of white settlers residing in the neighborhood of the present City of Waco, bestowed upon the little waif the more civilized appellation of Maria. At the time of her capture she was but seven years of age, that event having occurred in 1828, two years after the battle of San Jacinto, so celebrated in Texas history and Texas tradition. The family with whom the little Indian girl found a home was one of some refinement, if not wealth. While under the protecting shadow of its roof Na-ho-ta-ish forgot her native tongue, learned that of her captors, and grew up in all the ways, habits, customs, manners, knowledge and tastes, of the white people. At the date to which this brief notice refers, and at the age of twelve, the lost Comanche Princess displayed all the characteristics of face, form and disposition that belong to her race. Of figure slight, yet graceful; the coal black tresses in wild profusion, and kissed by the gulf winds, floated over her childish shoulders, shading a girlish but imperial brow; her eyes were dark as midnight, and in their depths still slept something of the savage ferocity of her proud ancestry; an aquiline nose overlooked lips beautifully curved as those of statues. Hers was the glance of the eagle, the scowl of the savage and the loveliness of the Venus de Medicis blended. She became strongly attached to the family in which she was raised, and was by her white friends treated as a sister. But the ties of friendship had to be broken and forever.

Gen. Sam Houston, the old hero of San Jacinto, the father of Texas, and her Governor at the time here indicated, found it necessary, as a matter of State policy, in some way or another to appease the ruthless Comanches, who were then quite troublesome to the young and short-lived republic. Gen. Houston, who had himself passed much of his life among the Indians, with his usual sagacity, hit upon the expedient of returning the lost Indian Princess to her father, who still lived as the chief of his tribe, the Comanches. Col Eldridge, a prominent citizen of the republic, was selected as a commissioner to carry out the design and thus propitiate the redskins. Col. Eldridge selected such assistants as he deemed necessary, and, seating Na-ho-ta-ish on a beautiful little pony with elegant saddle and trappings, procured especially for the occasion, the party of "pale-faces and their little prisoner set out on their errand. But it was with great grief and many tears she quitted the home of her youth. Coming into the tribe of the "Wacos," more friendly than the Comanches, an escort and guides were obtained from the former.

After a journey of two weeks the party arrived at the camp of the Comanche chief on the great plains bordering on the Rio Pecos. Col. Eldridge, having in view the object of the expedition, caused the prisoner to be attired as elegantly as possible in a calico dress, while her face was stained with red paint and a tiara of prairie roses surrounded her fair young head. It was a State occasion and a council was held in the wigwam of the old chief, who, arrayed in all the solemnity of moccasins, silver ear-rings, snake-bone necklaces, feathers, tattoo and paint, sat amid a circle of grim-visaged warriors. The pale-faced chief, through an interpreter, informed the august assemblage of his purposes and presented to the chief his own long lost daughter. But Na-ho-ta-ish, who, like her white sisters, had been raised up to fear and dread the Indians, shrunk from her savage parents with deep, childish, and unfeigned horror. She shrank back behind Col. Eldridge, screamed, with the tears rolling down her girlish cheeks, and sought the Colonel to take her back to her home among the pale faces. The old chief leaned up against the poles of his lodge, his brow like a thunder cloud, while his warriors shrugged their shoulders, and grunted with stoical indifference to the evident distress of the daughter of their chief.

The old Comanche chief informed Col. Eldridge he had better take Na-ho-ta-ish back with him if she did not want to stay. But the commissioner knew that would defeat the designs of Gen. Houston, and he informed the chief he must and would leave the girl, as such had been his instructions from the big white chief. The old Indian then stepping forward, while his warriors gave another simultaneous grunt, took hold of the trembling girl roughly. She screamed, and imploringly stretched out her arms to Col. Eldridge. The old chief, however, slung her around as if she had been some animal or other whereupon the commissioner and his attendants left the wigwam, but as they departed their ears were saddened by the continued screams and crying of the little Princess Na-ho-ta-ish.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Vagaries of Pins and Needles.

The vagaries of needles which have been introduced in the body, and have escaped immediate removal, have in all ages attracted the attention of collectors of the marvelous in medicine. Holdauus related an instance of a woman who swallowed several pins and passed them six years afterward; but a more remarkable instance of prolonged detention was lately recorded by Doctor Atkinson, of Detroit—that a lady aged [illegible] to last year passed by the urethra, after some months' symptoms of vesical irritation, a pin which she had swallowed while picking her teeth with it in the year 1835—forty-two years previously. Occasional pain in the throat, was the only immediate symptom, but in 1845 she was seized with severe gastric pain, which passed away, and she had no further symptoms until hematuria in 1876. This curious tolerance of such foreign bodies exhibited by the tissues is often observed in lunatic asylums. M. Sée recorded some years ago the case of a woman who had a penchant for pins and needles so strong that she made them, in effect, part of her daily diet, and after her death, 1,400 or 1,500 were removed from various parts of the body. Another case, almost as striking, has been recorded by Dr. Gillette—that of an [illegible] in whom, from time to time, needles were found beneath the skin, which were lacerated, and were removed by perforator or forceps. Concerning the fingers by which they had got into her body no information could be extracted from her. She was carefully watched, and in the course of 18 months no less than [illegible] needles were extracted, all being of the same size. Most were black and oxidized, but some had retained their brilliancy. The majority were unbroken. They passed out of various parts of the body above the diaphragm at regular intervals, but in a sort of series, and always in the same direction. Most escaped in the region of the left nipple, and a few escaped in the arm, axilla, thigh, temple, and cheek. Sometimes several passed out of the same opening. The largest number which escaped in a single day was sixty-one. A curious phenomenon preceded the escape of each needle. For some hours the pain was severe, and there was considerable fever. She then felt a sharp pain like lightning in one of the tissues, and on looking at the place at which this pain had been felt, the head of the needle was generally found projecting. The needles invariably came out head foremost. No bleeding was occasioned, and not the least trace of inflammation followed. The doctor in attendance extracted 318. They were sometimes held firmly, and seemed to be contained in a kind of indurated canal. It was conjectured that they had been swallowed with suicidal intentions. But, on the other hand, the way in which the needles escaped in series, and their direction with the head outward, suggested that they had been introduced through the skin. That little weight is to be attached to the place at which the needles escape as proof of their mode of introduction is evident from a case recorded by Villars of a girl who swallowed a large number of pins and needles, and two years afterward, during a period of nine months, 200 passed out of the hand, arm, axilla, side of thorax, abdomen and thigh, all on the left side. The pins, curiously enough, escaped more readily, and with less pain than the needles. Many years ago a case was reported by Dr. Otto, of Copenhagen, and mentioned at the time in the "Lancet," in which 395 needles passed through the skin of an hysterical girl, who had probably swallowed them during an hysterical paroxysm; but these all emerged in the regions below the level of the diaphragm, and were collected in groups, which gave rise to inflammatory swellings of some size. One of these contained 100 needles. Quite recently Dr. Bigger, described before the Society of Surgery of Dublin a case in which more than 300 needles were removed from the body of a woman who died in consequence of their presence. It is very remarkable in how few of the cases the needles were the cause of death, and how slight an interference with function their presence and movement cause. From time to time their detection by a magnetic needle is proposed as a novelty; but, as Dr. Gillette reminds us, this method was employed by Smee nearly 40 years ago, and has often been adopted since.—*London Standard.*

Novel Uses of the Telephone.

Various are the surprises which blossom out of that wonderful instrument, the telephone. In France they have applied it for marine purposes. The French war steamer Desaix had to tow out from Toulon the old ship Argonaute. A conducting wire was rolled round one of the towing cables, with an end on board each vessel. The electric current was formed by the action of the sea on the copper sheathing of the ships. A telephone was introduced in the circuit on each and communication established between them. During the whole time of the navigation conversation could be carried on as easily between the officers of the two vessels as if they had been seated in the same cabin. The next step was to apply the telephone to the work of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet is replaced by a copper plate, in which is inserted a telephone, so that the man had only a slight movement of the head to make in order to receive communications or report observations. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. Frequently at sea the necessity arises of examining the keel or bottom of a ship. The diver descends, and is able to give an account of all he sees and does, and receive instructions without having to be brought to the surface to give explanations, as has hitherto been the case. By the use of the telephone a man at the bottom of the sea can remain in constant verbal communication with those at the surface. But the most singular application of the telephone comes from New South Wales, where Mr. Severn, an enthusiastic experimenter, claims that he has made the deaf ear to hear with it. After describing a very simple telephone which he constructed out of a tea pot, the closed end of which he opened and laid over it a piece of parchment, passing a fine string through the center and making a knot inside, Mr. Severn says: "Make a loop over the forehead of the listener (the deaf man), cause him to place the palms of his hands flat and hard against the ears, let the loop pass over the heads, and now the listener will hear the smallest whisper, let him be deaf or not. This fact may appear extraordinary, it is nevertheless true that a deaf man may thus be made to hear the voice, music, etc."

Getting Back to White People.

In Mr. Stanley's forthcoming record of his African travels he thus describes his impressions on drawing near the west coast and seeing white faces for the first time in many long months:

We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills. A buzz of wonder ran along our column. Proceeding a little further we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—ay, truly white men! As I looked into their faces I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. Poor pagan Arabs—Bawenda and Bangala and [illegible] tribes of the Livingstone! The whole secret of their wonder and curiosity flashed upon me at once.

What are to the twanging bow and the deadly arrow of the cannibals? What but the [illegible] pallor of myself and Frank! In the same manner the sight of the pale faces of the Embomma merchants save me the slightest suspicion of an involuntary shiver. The pale color after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now see, I should say they were olive, sunburnt, black. Yet there was something self-possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a kind of self-pride mixed with cordiality. I had not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa.

[illegible] utterance well, also, the words they use, their sense pat without gesture. How strange perfectly intelligible to observe. It was quite delightful to see the intelligent nods of the heads; admirably equal movements were completely clothes. They were come to say immaculate also: I ought straw hats, coly clean. Jaunty leather boots, white ties, patent virtuously clean white clothes, to my people, and [illegible] from them most like being [illegible] fear I felt all that I was not black to the Creator these finely dressed, [illegible], and that claimed me as friend [illegible] who did not dare to place. Yet I equality with them as I [illegible] upon an blue and gray eyes [illegible] calm and the immaculate [illegible] me, clothes dazzled me. I [illegible] their suppose myself a kind of [illegible] to link between the white and [illegible] for the time being.

Uncle Remus on the Phonograph.

"Uncle Remus," asked a tall, ward looking negro, who was one of a crowd surrounding the old man in front of James' Bank, yesterday, "w'at's dis 'ere w'at dey calls de phonograf—dis 'ere inst'ment w'at kin hold de sound like little chillun in de back yard?"

"I ain't seed um," said Uncle Remus, feeling in his pocket for a fresh chew of tobacco. "I ain't seed um, but I hear talk un um. Miss Sally wuz readin' in de papers las' Chuseday, an' she say dat it's a mighty big whatyoumaycallem."

"A mighty big which?" asked one of the crowd.

"A mighty big whatshisname," answered Uncle Remus. "I wazzent up dar close to whar Miss Sa'ah was a readin', but I kinder geddered in dat it was one oh dese 'ere whatshisnames w'at yer holler into one year an' it comes out at de udder. Hit's mighty funny unty me how dese folks kin go an' prognosticate dere eckoes into one er dese yer iron boxes, an' dere hit'll stay ontwell de man comes 'long an' turns de handle an' lets de fuss come pilin' out. Bimeby dey'll git ter makin' shore nuff people, an' den dere'll be a racket 'roun' here. Dey tells me dat it goes off like one er dese 'ere torpedoes."

"You hear dat, don't you?" said one or two of the younger negroes.

"Dat's w'at dey tells me," continued Uncle Remus. "Dat's w'at dey sez. Hit's one er dese yer kinder w'atsiznames was sasses back wen you hollers at it."

"W'at dey fix um up fer den?" asked one of the practical negroes.

"Dat's w'at I want er know," said Uncle Remus, contemplatively. "But dat's w'at Miss Sally was readin' in de paper. All you gotter do is holler in at de box, an' dar's yo' remarks. Dey goes in, an' dar day are tooken an' dar dey hangs on twell you shakes de box, an' den dey drops out des ez dese yere fishes w'at you git from Savannah, an' you ain't got no time fer ter look at dere gills, needer."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Cross of the Editor.

The cross of the editor, constant as cruel, is the evanescence of his productions. The most brilliant articles seem like the fire fly of June. It flashes and then expires. Collected editorials are the dullest of reading. They are salt that has lost its savor. The most promising experiments of this kind have been failures. Dust is on the leaves and publishers are vexed. But to what hard-working editor does there not come the hope that at some time, with propitious circumstances, when the collar shall no longer chafe, and the strain shall be relaxed, of doing something that will have permanent utility, upon which he may felicitate himself, as Gibbon paused beneath the ancients of Lausanne, or as Allibone, with holier emotions, returned his profound gratitude to that Almighty Being, without whose help all labor is ineffectual, and without whose grace all wisdom is folly?—But the vision never receives the halo of realization, hardly the hue of anticipation. The grinding toil endures, and to the last he tugs as at a windlass, letting buckets down into the wells of thought only to draw them up full—not emptiness.—*Troy Times.*

The Same Old Story.

She was reserved. She was so reserved that she didn't want to come out of her cell to be tried. She wanted the people of the great state of Michigan to try her in a cell four feet by eight.

She was very solemn as she stood before the desk, after being Bijah's chum to the lodge. She seemed to have buried several husbands, and a hand wagon load of brothers and sisters, and a news boy hitched around and got a position from which he could see if her nose grew red as she wept. But she didn't weep.

"Madam," began his Honor, "why did you meet your dear husband at the door last night and hit him on the head with a piece of pine flooring of the following dimensions, to-wit: five feet long, six inches wide, in the clear, and one inch thick, and known to the trade as C. L., or common lumber? Was that a proper way to welcome an honest son of toil who had been down to the lodge to pay his dues and help put a candidate through the O. K. P. H. degree?"

"I'm sorry," she replied, in a voice so solemn that a cane asser for a Rochester coffin factory, at once opened the street door and came in.

"After greeting that innocent man in that vigorous manner," continued the court, "after knocking him over four flower vases and a bust of 'don't you forget it,' you hovered over him and scratched his face and pulled his hair, and put him in such a shape that he can't come outside the gate on the glorious Fourth. What history offers a parallel case?"

"I was mad because we were out of wood," she explained, now for the first time viewing the awful weapon with which she cracked him over the thinking machine.

"Out of wood! Woman, can a man go to the lodge and buy wood, too? Could you ask a man who was on his way to his lodge to think of beech and maple stove wood?"

"I'll never hit him again!" she whispered, shuddering a little as she reflected that if a tenpenny nail had been driven through the board it would have made a hole in his skull which the doctors couldn't have corked up.

"Victim of midnight assassination, come forward!" called the court, and the husband obeyed. He was a small man, head bound up, eyes wearing a mournful look, and his long hair showing a lack of interest in the next Centennial.

"Let her go," he replied. "She did wrong, but she seems sorry, and I druther put up with this sore head than to make my own bed and cook my own meals."

"Thomas, you are my pet," she whispered as she walked over and took his arm.

Tableau.

"Go, my children, go," said his Honor, and they sloped, followed to the outerdoor by Bijah, bearing the blood stained weapon on his shoulder.

The Penniless Man.

Blessed [illegible] is he that is never stricken—[illegible] for he is poor and hath no care. The death-head annoyeth him not. The death-warrant pursued by the book agent is not grasped by the lightning rod. The lunch fiend turneth from him. The trinket vender passeth by. He is not asked to invest in lotteries. He hath no [illegible] "nay," he is poor and hath no money. When he riseth in the morning his stomach is not rebellious from dyspepsia, neither does he clink and clank when shall I get rid of these dime pieces? He eateth he is not vexed by the mutterings of dishes. His lands never [illegible] unto them wings, neither will they devour his water lots.

He is not perplexed about taxes, neither is he for the rise in lumber. He hath no ties for money, therefore, cash no ties for money, nevertheless he is not to demonetize; never will he not refuse, nor turn away from a five-center. Yea, gerkin with a relish, and storm the outworks of steeledad biscuit. He loveth none but himself; he is selfish; yea, fond of clams and chowder; oysters raw and fosters in vinegar will he not despise. He maketh his lair in a bar-room; he sitteth on a keg when it is day, and sitteth in a barrel at night. Where some of whisky is, there he is found; he sitteth the lunch in frenzy, and cri[illegible] ha! ha! and chink of glasses. Liveth like a tailed Mode, and [illegible] like a [illegible] Jehoshaphat.

Fremont at Jessie.

Gen. and Mrs. Fremont, who have been spending a number of weeks in this city, are off and away for their home in the western wilds of Arizona. The General to fill the Gubernatorial chair of that Territory where rain is seldom and the Indians abound. Fremont is one of the most interesting women I ever met, abounding in anecdote, with sparkling narrative and a charming ease of manner. She has a fine figure, portly, without an undesirable degree of *embonpoint*, dresses elegantly, but in perfect simplicity. Her head is masculine in contour, with its broad, finely [illegible] from which she sweeps her [illegible] of snowy hair over a Marthy Washington roll. Her hand is as pretty for a woman of her age as white and dimpled and tipped as a maiden's. [illegible] adopted daughter, who is accomplished, presiding like a [illegible] piano, and being mistress of foreign tongues. The rounds of the press rel[illegible]

trate depths of poverty into which the family were plunged is incorrect. They have been greatly reduced in their circumstances, but not to the extent which necessitated their selling all their pictures and household articles in order to buy bread for their hungry mouths.—*Washington Cor. Detroit Post.*

Short Dresses.

Worth says there are very few women who know how to sit down in one of his dresses, and the remark is even more true of short dresses. Half an hour spent in a Parisian boarding school is enough to make one sigh for the days when dancing masters taught their pupils how to enter a room and take a chair. Lady number one sits down sideways, and looks very pretty until the conductor says, "move up, ma am," and then her face is darkened by frowns and the skirts are drawn about her in shapeless ugliness. Number two crosses her feet, in defiance of the fact that her boots are very obvious; number three. Number three's right shoe peeps out from under a gown about twenty-four inches from her left one, giving her a mother Hubbard air which would be funny if it were not so painfully ungraceful, and number four extends one foot into the aisle as if challenging the world to stumble over it. The long dresses hide these freaks of bad manners, but the short costumes reveal them pitilessly, and unless ladies who unwittingly practice them reform a little more will cry out that the new dresses are ugly, simply because they do not conceal ungraceful features.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Old Business Houses.

There are some old business houses in London which are quite in contrast with the short lived houses of a comparatively new, and fast country like our own. There are some banking and business houses of very respectable age, however. Among the very old ones in London is the firm of Morton & Co., which was established in 1555, and was contemporary with Shakspeare and Bacon. The firms of Messrs. Child & Co., and Goslings & Sharpe were established before 1650. Oliver Cromwell kept his banking account with Child & Co. The Bank of England began business in 1694, and was preceded some years by Messrs. Hoar, Thompson, Hankey, & Co., Barnett, Hoares & Co., and the Hudson's Bay Company. Among the merchants the houses of Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. was founded in 1763, and among wine merchants the firm of Hedges & Butler was founded in 1667. The Longmans, book publishers, have done business without a break since 1725, and the Bentleys have been publishing books more than 200 years.

Twig Blight on Apple Trees.

I have always been slow to believe that term blight. It seems too much like "lucky or unlucky," too much chance. Have not many of you noticed for years, about the time of year, their orchard trees covered by dead twigs and leaves, tops, side, branches, etc.? Twig blight? I have [illegible] gone, and [illegible] natural pithing [illegible] be looked for [illegible] yellow, for, [illegible]