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HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;
Spring and winter
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher gaily woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon coos;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rock of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent,-lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Tis November;
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose.
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views;
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

THE HAUNTED HULK;

Or, The Wreck of the Spanish Main.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE PENN.

He was always a great scholar, was Bill, and knowed a power of stuff. While the other boys were lolloping on the deck, smoking or telling yarns, Bill used to be lying flat there, with his chin resting on his hands, reading away for dear life, and the older the books was the better he liked them.

Bill had got quite half a chest full of old voyages and travels, and he could tell you anything about the Dons, who used to come out to the golden Americas to load their ships with bars and ounces and then go back home.

Only get Bill in the humor, and the way he'd talk about Sphnish galleons and doubloons, and silver ingots, why, it would make your fingers itch, being only a poor sailor, you know, with only two or three pounds a month.

"Jack Harris," he says to me one day, "would you like to make your fortune?"

"Like to make my what?" I says.

"Like to make your fortune, man, and have as much gold and jewels as would keep you in comfort to the end of your days?"

"Try me," I says, sharp and short.

Now when we said that we were lying at Hispanetra, which is a shabby little bit of a port in the Carib Sea, right on the top of South America, you know, where the sea's shut in on the east by the islands of Jamaica and St. Domingo, and the rest of them, and surrounded north and south and west by the Americas and the Isthmus of Panama.

It was a shabby sort of a port, as I said; but our skipper who was an artful sort of card, had foraged it out, and, as far as we knew, our ship, the Jane Brown, of Liverpool, was the only one as ever traded there.

The consequence was that we did a fine bit of trade with the Indian chaps, bringing them Manchester cottons, Brummagem guns, powder and shot, Sheffield knives and axes, and so on, with a few pretty beads and bright handkerchiefs for the women, while in return they used to swap dye-woods, and we had leave from the chief—a cacique, he used to call himself—to go into the wood and cut down the great mahogony and ebony trees, which the Indians used to prise into the little rivers, and we floated down to the bit of a harbor, and got the sticks aboard.

There was no town, only a collection of huts, but they used to look very pretty strewed about the tiny bay, with the wonderful green trees and grasses growing about them. There was fruit enough to give all the sailors in the world the stomach ache, and the Indians used to make a very tidy sort of tipple out of a kind of great cactus plant, as grew abundantly in the dry parts amongst the rocks and stones, and then they used to be a simple happy sort of people, good looking two, specially the women, and they'd wear feathers and flowers, and work a little and sing and dance, and eat, and sleep a good deal more, and so life went very easy with them.

We'd been there about a month when Bill came to me, as I said, one day, and asked me if I'd like to make my fortune. The ship was about three parts loaded, and all was going on well, the cacique spending half his time in the skipper's cabin, helping him to empty rum bottles, and we seemed to have about another fortnight to stay before weighing anchor for home.

I'd always noticed that Bill slipped off of an evening as soon as cargo landing or chopping was done; but after running against him one moonlight night talking to a pretty little Indian girl, whose hair was full of red feathers and flowers, I winked to myself, and felt that I knew the reason why.

"Jack," says Bill to me, "you're about the only man on board the Jane Brown as I can trust.

"Why so?" I says.

"Because, mate, you can keep your own counsel, and don't go chattering to every one all you hear and see."

"Laziness, that's all," I says grimly.

"No, it isn't laziness Jack," he says.

"But how about this here fortune?" I says to turn the conversation, for I'm as silly as a gal, when any one gets praisen me.

"Well, Jack," he says, after giving a glance round to see that no one was listening, "you know, I've often told you about the Spanish Dons who used to come here hundreds of years ago?"

"Was it about here?" I says.

"Yes, we're just in the very thick of their old haunts. The people about here in those days used to live in towns and cities, and be very rich in gold and silver, the Spaniards came and killed them, burned their cities, and plundered them of their gold."

"Well?" I says.

"Well," said Bill; "then they used to get back to their ships and sail off, and some used to get safe away while others used to be wrecked in the hurricanes that came now and then—cast ashore with all their rich plunder, and nobody left to tell the tale."

"Hard times for them," I says.

"Jack," said Bill in a whisper, and his voice grew very deep, while the water in the harbor seemed, as it beat softly against the sides of the ship, as full of fire-flies as the rustling woods ashore, where they were darting and gleaming about like dancing stars, though of course, it wasn't fire-lies in the water, but those phosphorous jelly fishes which swarmed in every bucket of water you dipped; so "Jack," says Bill, "it's always been my dream to find one of these wrecked Spanish galleons, and at last I've found one."

"Loaded with gold, Bill?" I says huskily, for he quite took my breath.

"That I don't know yet, but I hope so."

"Where is she?" I says eagerly.

"Wait a bit," said Bill. "You know, Jack, I've scraped acquaintance with a pretty little native lass?"

"Better let her alone," I says.

"She's one of the Cacique's daughters, says Bill; "and if all turns out right, as I expect, I shall charter a vessel somewhere, and come and load up here."

"What with, Bill?" I says, excitedly.

"Gold, my lad gold! and then take her away to England, and make a lady of her."

"And how about me?" I says.

"Your fortune shall be made too, Jack," he says. "Only give me your word to stand by me to the fast."

"There's my fist," I says, giving it to him; "and that's better than lots of words."

So he gripped it fast, and then began to tell me his plans.

Tezela—that was the girl's name—had told him that in an out-of-the-way part of the shore, about eight miles away, there was a great ship lying half buried in the sands where it had been cast ashore. According to her account it was bigger than our vessel; and though it was gradually rotting away, no one ever went near it, for the people of the country said it was full of bad spirits, who would slay the first who went too near.

She had promised to act as guide to her lover, Bill, and was to meet him the next night to show him the way through the woods, and Bill wanted me to act as a sort of helpmate or body-guard.

We talked the matter well over, and decided that the best things we could take with us would be a good spade, a couple of axes, and a pair of Cutlasses, if we could smuggle them out of the cabin.

I undertook to do that, and I got besides a sling keg, that held about a couple of quarts of rum and water, and this I filled and stowed ready.

The spade was the hardest thing to get hold of. I knew there was some in the cargo, but couldn't tell where; so I got hold of the cook's shovel from the galley, and then, with all ready, waited for evening.

Fortunately, we had not had a very hard day, as it had been hot, and the skipper had been very easy with the men; so we were tolerably fresh in the evening when it came dark, and Bill and me skulked over the side, well armed, and ready for our task.

I had got a lantern and candles, matches, and the rest of them slung over my shoulder, so that what with the keg, the ax, spade and cutlass too, I looked a regular Robinson Crusoe sort of a character; only it was in the dark and no one could see me.

Bill caught hold of my hand as soon as we were ashore and led me right away from the little town into the wood, and then taking a path, he went right on for about ten minutes before stopping short under a great tree, whose leaves made everything about as black as the hold with the hatches battened down and tarpaulined.

Here he gave a sort of chirrup like a cricket, and directly after was a faint piping noise from the left like a little bird calling to its mate.

Bill chirruped again, and I could just make out a slight dark figure come bounding along to be caught in his arms.

The girls started away again on making me out, but on a word or two from Bill she put a soft little hand in mine, and then, going in front, she led the way through the woods.

We must have gone on walking for quite three hours, including ten minutes rest by a spring, where, after a drink, Bill and I had a ten minute's smoke, and then on again.

The wood was full of strange noises and more than once we heard a crash and howl, which made us out with our cutlasses and stand ready, but nothing attacked us. Once, too, I trod on something round and soft which glided along under my foot.

I knew it was a snake, and a shudder ran through me, as I expected it to bite; but it got away, and we went on through the hot wood.

More than once I was afraid our little guide had lost her way in the darkness; but she kept steadily on, giving a bit of a laugh when Bill asked her if she knew the way, and at last I heard the dash of water; then I caught a gleam of light, and five minutes after we were walking through the soft sand, on which the water, gleaming like gold, kept rolling in.

It was not so dark here, for the sand was light-colored, and the stars shone brightly as the Indian girl laid one hand upon Bill's arm, and pointing with the other, said, in her broken English:

"There it is!"

I could only make out what looked like a lump of rock lying close up to the palm trees which fringed the sand quite fifty yards from the water; and as I started to go to it the girl tried to stop me.

"No, no," she cried. "Bad spirits—eat you."

Both Bill and I laughed, and when she saw that we were going up to the hulk she gave a sort of sigh, and then in a stubborn sort of way she mastered her fears, and keeping close to Bill, walked with us to a weather-beaten, massive old hulk of a very large ship, which had evidently been cast up by some great wave, and since then the sand had been filled up round it, while the sea had evidently retired.

We walked round it and found that it was of a strange, old-fashioned build, what of it was not rotted away; there was a very high stern, and the timbers were, though worm-eaten, heavy and strong.

"An old Spaniard, Jack," my mate says, and then he made to climb on board.

The girl gave a shriek and clung to him; but after a few words she let go, and then threw herself on the sand, sobbing violently.

Bill climbed up and stood on the stern, and I was not long in following him, when I found that there was no deck planks left, as far as I could see in the dark, but there were the cross-beams and ties, while the bulwarks and upright pieces before us had crumbled and gone into dust.

"She's full of sand, Jack," my mate says to me, as he leaned down and probed at the deck with his cutlass; and when I did the same I found he was right.

As to moving from where we had climbed up, that did not seem wise, for everything was so rotten and decayed that a step in any direction would most likely have sent us through the rotten wood into some hole, full, perhaps, of snakes or venomous beasts.

I was for going down and waiting till morning, but Bill was too enterprising for that, and he started slowly off in a careful way, keeping along by the ragged, worn stumps that had supported the bulwark; so, of course I followed.

"She's laden with gold, Jack, for a sovereign," he says, in a whisper.

"Then why has not somebody been here before and got it out of her?" I says.

"Afraid of the spirits, my lad," he said, laughingly.

"Bill, what's that?" I says with my mouth turning all dry, and a horrible shuddering feeling creeping over me.

"What's that, stupid?" he says.—"Nothing. You ain't afraid of ghosts, are you? Jack, Jack, look!" he says, directly after; and he caught me by the arm with a strong grip, as he pointed to where the stern cabin must have been.

He saw it now, as plainly as I did, that there was a curious dull light shining out from that part of the ship, and as we looked this seemed to make plain the whole of the after part, only in a dim, strange way, and instead of looking decayed there was the tall poop-deck all plain, with its great tiller and big lanterns round the bulwarks, all of them burning, while grouped around, standing, sitting, lying or hanging over the bulwarks, were about twenty swarthy-looking fellows, with black hair and hands.

They were all armed with long swords, and one fellow, who had a feather in his cap, had on a sort of puffed breeches, and a steel thing all over his breast, while his mustaches were long and pointed, and he kept on drawing them out with one hand, while with the other he nursed a very large, thin sword across his lap.

I was puzzled at first to make out what he was sitting on, but I saw directly that it was a long bright brass cannon, and that four more of his companion were sitting on big brass guns, only these pointed out of the sides, while the one the black-mustached fellow sat on was a long gun, right in the center of the deck.

It seemed so curious, too, that wherever the strange light fell the deck looked sound, and there were ropes coiled up, though where we stood all was rotton as so much tinder.

We stood there as if turned to stone, and as for me, I felt a cold, strange chill running down my back; while as for moving, I could not have stirred to save my life.

"It's fancy, Bill," I says at last; and as I spoke one of the black looking fellows rolled a little keg up to the one sitting on the brass gun, took out the head, and put in his hand to bring it out full of great pieces of bright, shining gold.

The man on the gun nodded and stroked his mustache, and the others looked on, while the man with the keg put in the head again, and rolled it to a hole in the deck, down where he seemed to hand it to some one else.

"'Taint fancy, Jack," says Bill, hoarsely, to me just then. "Those are some of the old Spaniards who——"

He stopped short, and we two stood holding tightly by each other's arms, as a strange sighing wind swept by us; and there, where we had seen the group of figures only a moment before, there was nothing left but the same faint glare as we had seen it first.

Yo know I don't want to say supernatural things were like every-day things, but that pale, wavy light was just the same as is seen over a fish when it has been caught for a few hours.

"Let's go Bill," I says, as soon as I could get my breath; and not feeling that I should like to go back the way I came, I took a big jump of some fifteen or twenty feet off the side, into the soft sand; and when Bill saw that I had landed safely he jumped, too, and the Indian girl came and clung to him, delighted to see him safe back.

"It's very strange," says Bill. "I should not have believed it if any one had told me."

"Let's get back," I says.

"Get back? What, when we've just seen that I'm right, and that this is one of the old Spanish galleons. No, Jack, we'll wait till daylight if you like, but I'm not going to give up. Spirits can't hurt men, and that gold's no good to them now."

Not when they stop there and watch it?" I says.

"No; and, besides, it's a kind of a fancy. There are no spirits there, only we, getting on board the old vessel, naturally seemed to see the crew as they used to be all those years ago, when they used to live."

"And do you mean to go aboard again?" I says.

"Go aboard? Yes; and make sure of the gold, and then come back and fetch it."

As Bill spoke there came another curious sighing breeze off the sea, and as it swept over the old galleon it seemed to carry away with it the soft, faint light that had been playing over the vessel's stern; and directly after she lay there, black and gray and gloomy, under the shadow of the great, tall cocoa palms.

Being a stubborn sort of fellow, I said no more; only pulled out and filled my pipe, which I lit and began to smoke, waiting to see what was to be the end of the adventure, while Bill sat down on the sand beside his little girl, and began talking to her in a low tone.

[Concluded next week.]

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much of his money he had saved. "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday and it all went."

Letter Box.

[All communications for this department must be plainly written on one side of the paper, contain no personal or improper allusions and be accompanied with the writer's REAL name though it need not necessarily be signed to the article written. Correspondents can do as they like about that, but must inform us privately of their real names.]

CEDAR CREEK, CASS CO., NEB., }
January 2d. 1877. }

DEAR HERALD: — Our Centennial New Year has come and gone, and a very pleasant time we had. At a "meeting" held at Mr. Meisinger's we had shooting at 12 o'clock, by a number of those present, part of whom consisted of Mr. C. W. Snyder, Miss Ahl, Mr. H. Ahl, Miss Snyder, Mr. A. Colman, Miss Jardine, Mr. F. Snyder, Miss Hennings, and many others, too numerous to mention. We tripped the light fantastic toe, to music furnished by Mr. Does, and Mr. Folk. More anon. Respectfully yours,

JOHN REED.

The Effect of Cold on Children.

We condense the following from a seasonable and practical article on this subject in the *British Medical Journal:* The old and the young, whose health and existence depend very much, if not entirely, upon others, are the chief sufferers at this period of the year. It is important, therefore, that those who have the care of either young or old should consider their responsibilities, and endeavor to carry out judiciously such precautions as may oppose the dangers of our winter season. The English mother has a love of hardy children, and thinks fresh air, or even the atmosphere of London streets, is of vital importance to their health. The idea of having no fire in the bed room is another of her favorite maxims; and among the wealthier classes the luxury of seeing the arms, neck, and legs of those just beginning to walk seems to be peculiarly delightful. We do not certainly desire to see the systems introduced into England which prevails in France, nor that our young ones should, like those of Northern Europe, resemble little round bundles of clothes more than anything else. But we seriously think that many lives are sacrified to ignorance and erroneous ideas. Among the poor the scantiness of children's clothing is quite remarkable.—Winter and summer are not distinguished by any change of dress; short sleeves, bare necks and legs, are not the exception, they are the rule. Cotton or thin stuffs are not changed for woolen or flannel, and so on in all other respects; beyond a shawl or some such addition, there is very little difference between their clothing in summer and winter. And yet this system is not the result of carelessness. It has become a custom, and one that has many supporters. There is no doubt that, if used to test the character of the child very much as we see a boy hold up a terrier by the tail or its ear to show its pluck by its silence, it has certain advantages.

It does not occur to most people that the air inside their houses, if they are properly ventilated, is as pure as the air outside. We should say that no child too young to walk or run should be taken out when the external temperature is below fifty degrees; that the rooms in which they live and sleep should never be below fifty-eight degrees; and the day room should be three or four degrees warmer. The practice of wheeling children about in perambulators, sitting or reclining in one position without exercise, is particularly harmful. We would earnestly appeal to put aside all feeling of vanity, or what is sometimes miscalled natural pride, and cover the arms, neck, and legs of their children as a simple sanitary precaution. High frocks, long sleeves, and warm stockings should be worn out of doors; hats which cover the head, and boots which keep the feet as warm and dry as possible. On coming in from our streets, nearly always damp, both boots and stockings should be changed; and if the feet be cold, a warm footbath should be used for a few minutes. The equisite pain of chilblains could be saved to many children by this use of hot water for hands and feet. We see that flannel has yielded to merino, chiefly on account of the greater convenience of ready-made underclothing; but there is nothing equal to flannel in the property of preserving warmth.

There is one important point which is the question of the day with mother and nurse, and that is the morning bath. Let the room be well warmed before the child is taken out of bad and let those who think a cold bath an absolute necessity remember that on a summer morning their children enjoy it; and if they keep the temperature of the water the same all the year round, that is about 55 or 65 degrees, they may obtain all the benefits possible. Let them think how unreasonable it is to take water not much above freezing point and attack the nervous system, already depressed, by a shock which is followed by a reaction which requires the whole morning to recover from. We have no hesitation in recommending a warm bath early in the day, followed by a simple douche of cold water, as far preferable to a cold bath; or a warm bath at night for the sake of cleanliness, and none at all in the morning. It may be taken as a rule that, in the case of children, sudden changes of temperature are dangerous, and that 53 degrees to 60 degrees may be taken as the safe average temperature in which they should be constantly kept.

The Modern Printer.

He must be satisfied with about one third of a price for his work, and then he must be willing to do the work over seven or eight times, "just to see how it will look," for the generality of people do not know how a thing will come out in print, and of course want it "a little different." He must be willing to wait six months for his pay, and then take it out in second-hand clothes pins or last year's garden seeds. He must never be so bold as to suggest that a little cash might not come amiss, for people expect him to work for nothing and board himself, and yet always be cheerful and happy. He must at all times be willing to do this or that for nothing, or at least at a greatly reduced price, as "it is for the association you know;" and must throw in a puff gratis also, if he happens to be publishing a paper.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Nose Bleed.—To stop nose bleed get plenty of powdered alum up into the nostril. The powdered alum will thicken the blood. To heal a running sore apply twice daily alum water.

Cure for Burns.—Charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a small piece of charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

Chocolate Caramels.—One pint new milk, one cake chocolate (one-quarter pound); one cup and a half of sugar (white.) Try this on a buttered plate as it will not crisp in water, and when done pour on buttered pans and mark off in squares with a knife as it cools, and then it will easily break when cold. They are very excellent.

Scene in a St. Louis Kitchen.—Mistress—"Come Bridget, how much longer are you going to be about filling that pepper-box?" Bridget (a fresh importation from where they don't use pepper-casters)—"Shure ma'am it's meself that can't say how long it'll be taking me to git all this stuff into the thing through the little holes in the top."

To Keep Zinc Bright.—I use oxalic acid; five cents' worth dissolved in a pint of water will last a long time. Rub a little on the zinc with a small piece of flannel; it will turn the zinc almost white; then with a larger piece of flannel rub hard till it is bright and smooth. Be careful not to spill any of it on the carpet as it will immediately remove the colors; it should be kept corked in a bottle and labelled "Poison."—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

Women in Colleges.—Dartmouth College has opened its doors sufficiently wide to admit young women to the class recitations and lectures, and to examinations for individual instruction. "Old Harvard's" doors also begin to grate on their rusty hinges. Last year women were granted a six-weeks' course of botany under Prof. Goodall's instructions, with all the advantages of Harvard University in that department. This year they are admitted to Prof. Barker's French course. Truly the "coming woman" is at the gates.

One More Cure.—A German forest keeper, eighty-two years old, not wishing to carry to the grave with him an important secret, has published in the *Leipsic Journal* a recipe he has used for fifty years, and which, he says, has saved several men and a great number of animals from a horrible death by hydrophobia. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

To Tan a Sheepskin with the Wool on.—If you wish to tan the sheepskin with the wool on, stretch it to its full size in all directions, and nail it on a board to dry. Dress the flesh side with a mixture of equal parts of rock salt and alum, dissolved in water, with coarse flour added, to make it about the consistency of thick cream. Spread this all over the skin a quarter of an inch thick or more, and let it dry, after which scrape off with a dull knife. If the skin does not appear to be well tanned, repeat the operation; then, when well cleaned, rub and beat the skin until it is soft and pliable.

Centennial Scrap Book.—Miss Lizzie Cox, of Maysville, has gotten up a most interesting and unique pictorial Centennial scrap-book. The leaves are composed of pure white linen, on which are pasted cuts representing all the principal articles exhibited at the Centennial exhibition, so arranged that they have the appearance of being painted on the leaves.—Pictorial illustrations of all the prevailing fashions in dress during this, the first Centennial year of the nation, have been carefully collected from the fashion plates of periodicals, and would alone make it a hundred years hence an old curiosity shop of interest and value both to the fop and the philosopher of the future. The idea of such a collection is certainly an original one, while the execution of it is artistic in the highest degree.—*Ex.*

Freckles.—Freckles are not easily washed out of those who have florid complexions and are much in the sunshine, but the following washes are not only harmless, but very much the best of anything we know: Grate horse-radish fine, let it stand a few hours in buttermilk, then strain, and use the wash night and morning. Or squeeze the juice of a lemon into half a goblet of water and use the same way. Most of the remedies for freckles are poisonous and cannot be used with safety. Freckles indicate a defect in digestion, and consists in deposits of some carbonaceous or fatty matter beneath the scarf skin. The diet should be attended to, and should be of a nature that the bowels and kidneys will do their duty. Daily bathing with much friction should not be neglected, and the Turkish bath taken occasionally, if convenient.—*Herald of Health.*

Chicken Cholera.—To cure chicken cholera when the disease has become fully developed is next to impossible. Therefore, more is gained by adopting preventative measures. Moving the poultry to another place when the malady breaks out has often succeeded, the strongest and liveliest being emigrated. This measure obviates the effects of overcrowding, which appears to favor the invasion and spread of the malady. Those which manifest the least sign of disease should at once be isolated from the others and kept in a place by themselves. The dead fowls should be buried in the ground. The poultry yard and roosts should be cleansed and disinfected by whitewashing. The diseased fowls may be treated with carbolic acid, which may be given in the drinking water, in the proportion of a dram of carbolic acid dissolved in two gallons of water.—Access to water in which lime has been slaked will be of service, especially as a preventative to the apparently sound ones.

In Queen Anne's days, the Norwich (Eng.) *Postman* thus advertised its tariff: "Price one penny; *but* a half-penny not refused."