

## A THRILLING DEED.

A correspondent of the San Diego *News* gives the following account of a thrilling deed by a young woman of that city: There was a drove of ten head of cattle passing up Eleventh street, driven by an Indian. At the same time there were two children walking near the cattle, one about five or six years old, and the other about three or four. Some of the cattle were wild and wicked, and one of the cows, a large black and white, seeing the children, ran for them. The oldest child seeing the danger, ran away telling the other to run, but the little one could not run very fast, so was left behind. The half-drunken vaquero turned to head the infuriated cow off, but not being a very good rider, fell off when the horse wheeled around. Miss Mary Lawrence was coming down the street, and seeing the horse running, at once comprehended the case, for she bounded and caught the rope that was dragging after the horse that the stupid Indian let go, and with a strength surprising for one so slender, stopped the frightened horse, sprang into the saddle, and at once was after the cow, which now was within about ten yards of the little child whose fate seemed to be sealed. As luck would have it, the horse on which the heroic girl had risked her life was half bronco, and ran very fast. She, in less time than it takes for me to tell it, was almost up to the child, and it seemed as if in spite of her endeavor, the child was doomed, for the cow was apparently just in the act of putting her horns through the child, when Miss Lawrence threw her cloak over the cow's horns, and screamed to the child to throw herself on the ground. The frightened child, seeing the black cloak flying over her head, thought it was the cow, for fortunately it fell just in time to have the blinded beast jump over her. Before the cow could get the cloak off of her horns, or make a second charge, the brave girl came up to the child, and stooping down on one side of the horse raised the child up in the saddle, and rode away. Now I will say a word for Miss Lawrence. I have heard a great deal about her riding, but never before saw her try her skill. She deserves a great deal of credit for her bravery, and also for her riding, as I do not think that there is another lady or girl in San Diego that would have done what she did—to stoop down and lift a child up into the saddle without getting thrown. To catch a half-tamed and frightened horse that had thrown a man, and ride it is what I call courage.

BOOKS.—On all sides are we not driven to the conclusion that, of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things that we call books? Those poor bits of rag-paper, with black ink on them, from the daily newspaper to the sacred Hebrew book, what have they not done? what are they not doing? For, indeed, whatever be the outward form of the thing (bits of paper, as we say, and black ink), is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book? It is the thought of man—the true thaumaturgic virtue by which man works all things whatsoever. All that he does and brings to pass is the vesture of a thought. This London city, with all its houses, palaces, steam engines, cathedrals, and huge, immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a thought—but millions of thoughts made into one—a huge, immeasurable spirit of a thought embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, palaces, parliaments, hackney coaches, gathering docks, and the rest of it? Not a brick was made but some man had to think of the making of that brick. The thing we called "bits of paper with traces of black ink" is the purest embodiment of thought a man can have. No wonder; it is in all ways the most active and noblest.—*Carlyle*.

GREEK BREAD.—The ancient Greeks used covered terra-cotta utensils, called *cribanni*, which were pierced with holes in their circumference, and were the prototypes of the modern "Dutch ovens." After the dough was put in they were surrounded by burning coals, and the heat, penetrating by the holes, gave a more uniform temperature than an ordinary oven.

## THE CAROLINA PARROT.

The Carolina parrot, or parakeet, shown in the accompanying cut, is the only one of the 200 species of its genus, which has been found in the United States. It is restricted to the warmer parts, rarely venturing north and east of Virginia, though it visits much higher latitudes in



CAROLINA PARROT.

After the reign of Pericles, Athens became renowned for the skill of its bakers and its cooks. They made 20 or more kinds of bread, some of which were very white and of excellent flavor. Plato reports that, a century before his time, a Sicilian baker, named Thearion, had made great improvements in his art. The Cappadocians made a very delicate bread, like Vienna rolls, by adding to the wheat flour a little milk, oil and salt.—*La Nature*.

the West; but it is abundant in the regions of its residence, namely, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, and along the Mississippi up to Kentucky. They are easily tamed, being subdued by repeated immersions in water. But as they cannot be educated to utter words, as their screams are very discordant, and especially as they are exceedingly destructive, they ought not to be regarded as desirable pets.