

DON.
BY J. T. FIELDS.

This is Don, the dog of dogs, sir,
Just as lions outrank frogs, sir,
Just as eagles are superior
To buzzards and that tribe inferior.

He's a shepherd lad a beauty—
And to praise him seems a duty,
But it puts my pen to shame, sir,
When his virtues I would name, sir;
"Don! come here and bend your head now
Let us see your best well-bred bow!"
Was there ever such a creature?
Common-sense in every feature!
"Don! rise up and look around you!"
Blessings on the day we found you.

Sell him! well, upon my word, sir,
That's a notion too absurd, sir,
Would I sell our little Ally,
Barter Tom, dispose of Sally,
Thank you I'll negotiate
For my wife, at any rate?

Sell our Don! you're surely joking,
And 'tis fun at us you're poking!
Twenty voyages we've tried, sir,
Sleeping, waking, side by side, sir,
And Don and I will not divide, sir,
He's my friend, that's why I love him—
And no mortal dog's above him!

He prefers a life aquatic,
But never dog was less dogmatic,
Years ago, when I was master
Of a tight brig called the Castor,
Don and I were bound for Cadiz,
With the lovelest of ladies,
And her boy—a stalwart, hearty,
Growing, one-year infant party,
Full of childhood's myriad graces,
Bubbling sunshine in our faces,
As we howled along so staidly,
Half-way home, or more, already.

How the sailors loved our darling!
No more swearing, no more snarling;
On their backs, when not on duty,
Round they bore the blue-eyed beauty—
Singing, shouting, leaping, prancing—
All the crew took turns in dancing;
Every tar played Punchinello
With the pretty, laughing fellow;
Even the second mate gave sly winks
At the noisy midday jinks.
Never was a crew so happy
With a curly-headed chappy,
Never were such sports gigantic,
Never dog with joy more antic.

While thus jolly, all together,
There blew up a chance of weather,
Nothing stormy, but quite breezy,
And the wind grew damp and wheezy,
Like a gate in too low spirits
To put forth one-half its merits.
But, perchance, a dry-land ranger
Might suspect some kind of danger.

Soon our staunch and gallant vessel
With the waves began to wrestle,
And to jump about a trifle,
Sometimes kicking, like a rifle,
When its slightly overloaded
But by no means nigh exploded.

'Twas the coming on of twilight,
As we stood aloft the skylight
Scampering round to please the baby,
(Old Bill Benson held him, maybe)
When the youngster stretched his fingers
Toward the spot where sunset lingers,
And with strong and sudden motion
Leaped into the weltering ocean!

"What did Don do?" Can't you guess, sir?
He sprang also—by express—sir;
Seized the infant's little dress, sir,
Held the baby's dress up boldly
From the waves that rushed so coldly;
And in just about a minute
Our boat had them safe within it.

Sell him! Would you sell your brother?
Don and I love one another!

A Description of the Famous Idaho Mining District.

Since the wonderful discoveries of gold in the Sawtooth mining belt, we have heard but mere outlines regarding the various camps and vague reports concerning the vast amount of gold brought to light. As our mineral resources are of great importance as agricultural, we conclude our readers must be interested in their development and will give space to the following communication: In Smiley's canyon we have the Emma mine, owned by Levi Smiley, the pioneer location of this district. The Emma mine has an incline shaft upon it to a depth of seventy feet, making a fine showing of high grade ore. A tunnel has been started which will tap the vein at a depth of 150 feet. Average assay, from 100 to 300 oz. per ton, carrying considerable gold. The next is the Vienna Consolidated group of mines, comprising the Vienna, Justice and Alturas. Work upon these mines has been

VIGOROUSLY PROSECUTED.

During the season the developments made showing undoubted permanency of the veins and high grade quality of the ore. Several tons of first-class ore, ranging from 350 to 400 ounces to the ton, having been shipped to Salt Lake for reduction, leaving large quantities of second and third-class ore in the ore yards. The Nellie, Nellie Ex., Hudson and Saw Tooth, comprise the next group of mines, owned by T. W. Smith and others. The Nellie, the first mentioned mine in this group, is by far the strongest, most regular and best defined vein in the Smiley camp, having every characteristic of a true and permanent fissure vein; is bold in its outcrop and carries the clay salvage usually accompanying a valuable mine; considerable high grade ore is in sight and on the dump. But little work has been done on the other mines in this group, enough, however, to show well defined

VEINS OF GOOD ORE.

The Martin, Lion, Lemhi and Montana forms another group, owned by James Forgie & Co. The Martin and Lion locations have had considerable work done upon them. The Lion is a parallel vein to the Vienna, of the Vienna Consolidated group, showing large, bold croppings of remarkably rich ore. The "Albion" is an extension of Emma mine, and although but limited developments have been thus far made, the "Albion" bids fair to rank as one of the foremost mines of this district. The above includes the principal locations of Smiley's canyon, all of which are easy of approach; fuel, timber, water in abundance and natural facilities are unsurpassed. From Smiley's we come over to Beaver canyon, entering the pleasant, centrally located town of Sawtooth. The Columbia and Beaver mines, owned by Cortright & Co., of New York, are situated four miles above the town of Sawtooth. The Columbia has been extensively explored during the past summer, several shafts at different points

have been sunk on the vein in a distance of six hundred feet, all showing remarkably high grade ore; a lot of selected ore from this mine has been sacked for shipment, estimated to be worth from

SIX TO EIGHT HUNDRED

Ounces per ton, leaving immense quantities of one and two hundred dollar ore yards. The Beaver mine lies parallel to the Columbia and about half a mile apart, has an incline shaft upon it, showing a strong vein of high grade, black sulphureted ore. A contract will be let to tunnel the Columbia and Beaver mines, and rich developments may be confidently looked for by spring. This mining enterprise has been under the direct management of Colonel Brodhead, who has been untiring in his efforts in the developments of this splendid property. Three fourths of a mile up Beaver gulch, from the Columbia comes the noted Pilgrim mine. This, so far, is the best developed property in the district, not only having the natural outcrop of rich ore upon the surface, but a well timbered shaft has been sunk upon the vein, to a depth of ninety feet, the whole dimensions of the shaft being in rich ore. Below the shaft in the course of the vein, the ore chute has a perpendicular face of twenty-two feet between the walls; eight feet of the vein is high grade milling ore, with an occasional strata of the very richest ruby and native silver ore.

EXTENSIVE PREPARATIONS

Have been made for the perfect development of the mine during the coming winter; a tunnel will tap the mine at a depth of 350 feet below the surface. The Pilgrim mine is owned and operated by a San Francisco company under the careful and economical management of Capt. E. Green, of Oakland, Cal. Between the Columbia and Pilgrim mines are situated the Sunbeam, Beaver Extension and Custer claims, all showing fine indications upon the surface, with limited developments thus far. We now cross the dividing range between Beaver canyon and Lake canyon, coming first to the Cambria mine. On this fine property there are three openings within the distance of probably 250 feet along the vein. All of the openings show a well defined vein of high grade ore. On the same belt of mineral extending from the Pilgrim to the Cambria, we come to the Wire Silver and Comstock mines. The owners of the last two mentioned claims have exhibited their faith and confidence in their prospects by a systematic course of development. They have extraordinary rich ore, somewhat broken near the surface, but it is safe to predict that they

WILL BE RICHLY REWARDED

For their labor as their prospecting progresses. In a short distance westerly from the above named mine we come to the Scotia and the celebrated Lucky Boy mine, the latter mentioned mine was lately purchased by Col. H. C. Bidwell & Co., of New York, for the round sum of \$50,000. This is one of the richest mines in the district, and probably in the world, as far as developed. The chimney of ore has been uncovered along the surface for a distance of seventy feet, the vein averaging from five to seven feet in width. A tunnel is now being driven which will cut the vein at a depth of two hundred feet. Col. Brodhead has a force of men now at work taking out ore for shipment, the ore averaging about \$700 per ton, some assays running into the thousands. A quartz mill will be erected for the Lucky Boy as early as practicable in the spring. Next to the Lucky Boy, and adjoining the works of the same, is the Scotia mine, upon the same great lode of the Lucky Boy and identical with it. The owners of this valuable property are preparing to extend their developments the coming year.

Saturn's Rings.

We had a view of Saturn a few evenings since through the fine telescope in Mr. Seagrave's private observatory, that will long be remembered for its exceeding beauty. The night is rarely favorable for star gazing, the definition perfect and the atmosphere serene. The picture is one of surpassing loveliness, the most superb telescopic scene in the heavens. The orb is resplendent in coloring, bluish at the poles, pale yellow elsewhere, crossed by two creamy central belts, and flecked with spots that suggest light scudding clouds. There is no appearance of a flattened disc, but the rounded outlines of a sphere, seeming about the size of the full moon stand out in bold relief against the azure blackness of the sky. Around this softly glowing center extend the wondrous rings, opening wide their encircling arms and cradling the planet in their protecting embrace. Every detail of the complex ring system is sharply defined and vividly painted on the celestial canvas. The outer and inner rings, the dusky ring, the space between the outer and inner ring, and even the division in the outer ring, are plainly visible, while six of the eight moons dot the dark sky with points of golden glow. The six moons we see—one of them is larger than Mercury—circle around their primary within an extreme span of 4,000,000 miles. The beautiful rings lie within the path of the nearest moon and span a space of about 175,000 miles. The narrow, dark space between the inner and outer rings is 1700 miles broad, and the dusky or third ring extends 9000 miles within the inner or second ring.

We learn that Sarah Bernhardt has filled up odd corners of her trunk with about 360 pairs of old shoes. If she is making a collection of old shoes, like a French actress recently deceased, there is a Bohemian in this city, who on notification will send her by express a pair worth preserving as relics.

Reminiscence of a Driver.

Drifting around in quest of something of interest to the public, a Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* reporter dropped into the Union depot of that city. At the entrance ensconced on one of the benches, attired in a heavy overcoat he found a hackman who had grown grizzled and gray in the service, and who, as the reporter approached, drew himself up as though he was sitting on the box behind a fast going span of nags, and snapping his whip with the air of a connoisseur he said, "Business is getting dull in my line. I don't make the good hauls that I used to. I s'pose, young man, that I have hauled more people of note in that hack of mine out there than all the rest of the hackmen in this town together." "How is that?" required the reporter. "Well, I have hauled all the great actors and actresses that have come to this city for the past twenty years. Seems to me that the profession is getting to know me, and whenever I see Lawrence Barrett get off the train I says, 'How are you, Mr. Barrett?' And he turns around and recognizes me. Barrett is a good fare and pays double, so he don't forget the hackmen. The last time that he was here I hauled him to the hotel and then to the theater, and when he got out he felt in his pocket and found he hadn't a cent with him. I says, 'All right, Mr. Barrett,' and he told me to call at the hotel the next day. I went around and he gave me a gold piece. Barrett is generous to us hackmen, and always had a joke or a kind word to pass with us. He is not like old Forrest, who is dead and gone. I hauled him down from the depot once, and my front axle broke at the corner of Grant street. I thought old Forrest would kill me. He jumped out of the hack and stormed and raged and swore like a madman. I tell you he was not a nice customer to handle. Alice Oates in her palmy days used to be a very dainty customer. She would come out and look into my coach very carefully before getting in, and was dreadfully afraid that the cushion would soil her dress; then she would look at the horses and the rig to see if it was stylish. Within the last few years, however, she has not been near so particular. She has changed a great deal since those early days. Formerly she would come dancing out in a vivacious, sprightly way, that made her look very pretty; but now when she comes here she walks to my hack with her head down, as slow and demure as a priest. She don't seem to care now whether the cushions soil her dress or not. She always paid me well, and I rate her among my best fares. I suppose you remember when that old Italian Salvini was here. Well, he was a curious fare; he couldn't speak English, and when I started for the hotel would rattle on the window and stick his head out looking at the buildings. He stopped me on Smithfield street, and pointed to the smoke overhead—it was rather misty that day—and he did not seem to understand what caused it. Fechter was a mighty particular man about driving, and would almost always make me drive slow. When he came here to open the Opera House I hauled him from the depot, and he began rehearsing some part in the hack and got very much excited. I guess people on the sidewalks who heard him and saw his gestures thought, I was hauling a mad man. Henry Ward Beecher is a nice fare. I get him every time he comes here to lecture; always has a kind word and a joke and never gets mad if I get stuck in a crowd of wagons. He always gives me a pass to his lectures. Theodore Tilton is a cranky sort of a fare, and never would say much to me. I tried to draw him out two or three times when I have hauled him, but he would always tell me to mind my own business. He always saw that he gave me the right fare and no more. I tell you what it is, taking them all in all, lecturers and professionals make the best fares. I have got so now that I can tell as quick as I see my old customers whether their fares are good with them or not, and while they always pay well, they pay better when they have a good run of luck.

"I could go over a long list of stars that I have hauled, but those I have given you will do for samples." Clara Louise Kellogg is a curious fare to haul. Every time I have hauled her she finds something to scold about. And one time she had a terrible row with Miss Carey in my hack about something. I tell you I expected to see a hair pulling match, but they quieted down before we reached the hotel. I see by the papers that Ole Bull is dead. Poor Ole, he was a mighty kindhearted man. The first time I hauled him I looked a little hard up, and he talked and chatted with me about my business, and gave me a \$10 bill. He was a mighty good man, so he was.

"Lucille Western was a strange fare. She was always beaming with kindness. I hauled her down to the hotel one night, and she told me to wait and take her to the theater. The front window was open, and she would ask me all sorts of questions about Pittsburgh and its people. After she got her supper she came out to get into the hack, and I noticed she had been drinking. She spoke very kindly to me though, and when she got to the theater told me to keep my hack at the door for her. I told her all right, and was driving away when she called me back and asked me if I wanted to see the play. I told her I could not afford to waste the time, and she said, 'Oh, never mind, I'll pay you double.' She gave me a pass and I went in. She played 'Leah' that night, and I tell you she played it for all there was in the part. When she came to the 'curse scene' she beat her face on the floor. She was very much excited, and I don't think I will ever see a woman play that part as she did that night. Poor Lucille, she didn't live very long after that night."

Keep Ahead.

One of the grand secrets of success in life is to keep ahead in all ways possible. If you once fall behind, it may be very difficult to make up the headway which is lost. One who begins with putting aside some part of his earnings, however small, and keeps it up for a number of years, is likely to become rich before he dies. One who inherits property, and goes on year by year spending a little more than his income, will become poor if he lives long enough. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of persons to ruin in our generation. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the defalcations which have disgraced the age. Bankers and business men in general do not often help themselves to other people's money until their own funds begin to fall off, and their expenditures exceed their receipts. A man who is in debt walks in the midst of perils. It cannot but impair a man's self-respect to know that he is living at the expense of others. It is also very desirable that we should keep somewhat ahead in our work. This may not be possible in all cases; as, for instance, when a man's work is assigned to certain fixed hours, like that of the operatives in a mill. But there are certain classes of people who can choose their time for the work which they are called to do, and amongst them there are some who invariably put off the task assigned them as long as possible, and then come to its performance hurried, perplexed, anxious, confused—in such a state of mind as certainly unfits them for doing their best work. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure.

Two Figures of Christ.

Our guide, a rather venerable person with a shuffling gait, then conducted us through the trim and yet luxuriant garden up the steep to Calvary—a mound crowned by a crucifix upon which the counterfeit of our Lord appears. This poignant spectacle is set upon a mass of rocks, and the cross stretches far above the monastery roof and its thickly wooded desmesne; the feeling with which one approaches it is a strange one of religious awe and of the solemnity inseparable from such an intimate reproduction of Divine agony. We stood on the steep rocks at a considerable height and enjoyed the fair view of the spreading country for miles around, but with it all, was a feeling such as one experiences on entering the chamber of death. The guide then offered to conduct us down the rocks to the sepulchre, assuring us there was nothing revolting about the spectacle. We descended a winding path to an open space, like the entrance to a vault, and there lay the dead Christ in effigy, his breast and hands and feet bearing the marks of the cruel spikes. The figure is a colored one of plaster of Paris, and some desecrating vandals have actually chipped off bits of one hand as souvenirs; the manner in which the arm is disposed conceals this mutilation. The sepulchre is furnished with iron bars and set in a rock. We stood before it with uncovered heads for a time, and then turned away.—[*Corr. Pittsburgh Telegraph.*]

TRAINING A DOG.—A Newfoundland, or any other dog, should be trained just as one would a child. Train according to capacity for learning, temper and general disposition. Train according to the requirements. If for a special purpose, familiarize him with what he must act upon eventually as his duty. Good, common sense is all important. A large share of patience is needed in all trainers. There should be an ingenious mixture of kindness and prompt decision. There should also be some severity, and judiciously applied, but no earnestly under any circumstances. Caress and otherwise show appreciation of obedience on the dog's part. Chastise when negligent or disobedient, but do it coolly. Never overlook for the time being, a fault which should be corrected. This will spoil any animal intended to be trained properly.

A FUNNY FACT.—Sol Smith Russell tells the following story of his experience as an entertainer. At a small Ohio town, where he had given his performance the previous night, he met at the depot the following morning an elderly granger, who, while he peacefully manuevered a quid of tobacco, intently eyed the humorist and finally said: "Say, Mister, bent you the fellow wot gin the show up to Smoot's Hall last night?" "Yes," replied Russell, "I did give an entertainment at Smoot's Hall, last night." "Wall, I thought you was the chap. I wanted to tell you 'bout a boy of mine; you ought to have him; he's just the fellow for your show; he's the d—dest fool I ever see."

Thomas R. R. Stebbing, of Tunbridge Wells, England, writing upon fascination, seems to strike upon its rationale in these words: "In moral as distinct from physical perils there is good reason to suppose that too close a construction of thought upon a danger has a tendency to overpower the will and bend it to the commission of the very acts which the intellect pronounces unchoiceworthy. But the acts so committed carry with them present gratification. To use the common simile, men fly at them as moths at a candle, not because they are panic-stricken, but because the sense of the danger is lost in the pleasure that attends it."

M. Jamin has effected an improvement in the Gramme machines employed in his system of electric lighting, so that they can be driven at the high rate of 3000 revolutions a minute.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Apple Snow.—Bake six large apples; when cold scrape the pulp and put in a bowl with one teaspoonful of sugar and the white of an egg; beat to a snow.

Delicious Pumpkin Pie.—Pumpkin the size of a two-quart bowl, steamed and sifted, three pints of milk, one cup of cream or two tablespoonfuls of butter, four eggs, quarter of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of ginger, half a nutmeg, sugar and salt to suit the taste. Bake in a slow oven one hour and a half.

Dishes should always be rinsed in clear, hot water after having been washed in soap-suds. Nothing is more unpleasant at the table than to notice a certain stickiness that the soap is likely to leave. It is necessary also from a sanitary point of view; the caustic alkali is corrosive and unwholesome, and the grease is often impure.

Peach Fritters.—Make a smooth batter of one-half pound of flour, one-half ounce of butter, one-half salt-spoon of salt, two eggs, and enough warm milk to make it of a proper consistency. Pare, halve and stone the peaches, dip them in the batter, and fry in hot lard from eight to ten minutes. The lard should be brought to the boiling point before the fritters are dropped in.

Green Tomato Pickle.—One peck of green tomatoes, three onions, six green peppers; chop fine; squeeze the water off through a colander; salt to taste; put on enough vinegar to scald up once; then let it cool, and drain off the vinegar. Make a dressing of one cup sugar, one quarter of a pound of ground mustard, two teaspoonfuls black pepper, with vinegar enough to cover the whole; heat and pour over.

Grape Catsup.—Five pounds of fruit, three pounds of coffee sugar, one pint of vinegar, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of black pepper, one-half of cloves, all ground, and one-half of salt. Pulp the grapes and boil the skins in clear water until tender; boil the pulps separately, and strain to remove the seeds. Mix your spices in a little cold vinegar; put all together, and boil about five minutes. This is excellent. The recipe will answer for any sour fruit.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take large, smooth tomatoes, take out a little of the inside at the top and stuff with a forcemeat made thus: Fry some minced onion in butter and add some bread crumbs, some cold chicken chopped very fine, some chopped parsley and a little stock to moisten, and pepper and salt, mix well; take from the range, add raw yolk of egg, stuff the tomatoes and bake them in the oven. Broil your chops nicely, butter them hot and arrange them around a platter with the stuffed tomatoes in the center.

A Weird Legend of the Last Century.

Dean Stanley tells the following story in *Fraser's Magazine*: In the middle of the last century the chief of the Campbells of Inverawe had been giving an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up and Campbell was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with torn garments and disheveled hair, demanding admission. I have killed a man and I am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—upon the eruchan or hip where your dirk rests—swear by Ben Cruachan—that you will not betray me. Campbell swore, and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of his guests, who said, your cousin Donald has been killed, where is the murderer? At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer, and sent off the pursuers in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said, You have killed my cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here. The murderer appealed to his oath, and persuaded Campbell to let him stay for the night. Campbell did so, and retired to rest. In the visions of that night the blood stained Donald appeared to him with these words: Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer. In the morning Campbell went to his guest and told him that any further shelter was impossible. He took him, however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan and there left him. The night again closed in, and Campbell again slept, and again the blood stained Donald appeared. Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer. In the morning he went to the cave on the mountain, and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept, and again the blood stained Donald appeared before him and said, Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. We shall not meet again until we meet at Ticonderoga. He woke in the morning, and beheld it was a dream. But the story of the tripple apparition by him, and he often told it among his kinsmen, asking always what the ghost could mean by this mysterious word of their rendezvous.

In 1758 there broke out the French and English war in America, which after many reverses ended in the conquest of Quebec by Gen. Wolfe. Campbell, of Inverawe, went out with the Black Watch, the 42d Highland regiment, afterward so famous. There, on the eve of an engagement, the general came to the officers and said: We had better not tell Campbell the name of the fortress which we are to attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga. Let us call it Fort George. The assault took place in the morning. Campbell was mortally wounded. He sent for the general. These were his words: "General, you have deceived me; I have seen him again. This is Ticonderoga."