CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY PAUL M. BURGETT.

They say it is foolish for mortals to dream of bliss more complete on life's turbulent stream Than that they enjoy, did they use it sright, Nor cover Sol's rays with ceruean blight. But I think that the man who ne'er dreams of a day When his name shall grow great and his sorrows de-cay.

is unworthy the form that he bears and the mind Is unworthy the form that he bears and the mind finit was made to explore in the mists unconfined. For, when the dark hairs of the dreamer are gray, And his tot ering limbs speak of "passing away," If the castes he built were but at less of oir, Yet pleasant it was when he built them fair; And the memory of days when his fancy had flight Will soften the shadows of swift-coming night, And he'll eagerly turn to that beautiful land Where the castles are built, but not built on sand. ABINGTON, Mass.

THOREAU OUTDONE:

How Jessie and I Camped Out

Jessie and I were not sisters. O, no. Pretty pink-and-white Jessie lived at Beechwoods, some miles out of historic , while I was Cousin Nan, down from the city to spend the summer holi-days in the grand old place, where we two worked our own sweet will through

the long bright days; for was not "Brother Fred" in a distant city practicing his profession, and was not Aunt Kate the most indulgent of hostesses? It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than Jessie and I presented in outer aspect. She, with her fluffy, crimpy waves of golden hair, peachblossom complexion and pansy-purple eyes, beside my glossy jetty braids, my tawny clive face, with a smothered red burning in either cheek, and my large dark orbs, was no more striking differ-

side my own goodly stature.
But, despite all this, our tastes were very much in common, and our minds wont to run in the self-same grooves, though Jessie would persist in looking up to "Cousin Nan" as a very prodigy of learning—a walking encyclopedia, in fact, to the uncalled-for detriment of her

ence than her slight, fairy-like form be-

own well-stored little head.
It was I that brought Thoreau down from the city-the whole set-deeming them suitable mental pabulum for our country summer. We had been reading "Walden," and became thereby so imbued with a love of nature, pure and simple, and such a distaste for the artifi-cial refinements of civilized life as to look with disdain upon such modern appli-ances as cushioned chairs, lace curtains, and temptingly cozy couches; even turning away from the dainty repasts where-with Aunt Kate was wont to regale us, with muttered exclamations such as these: "O, the 'hurry and waste of life,'" "We are 'lost in the whirlpool of pity her father openly for having "in-herited houses and lands," and for be-coming, as she was pleased to style it, "a serf of the soil," until genial Uncle Ned lifted hands and voice in comical amazement, crying out, "What alls the girls, pray tell?" "They read altegether too much," was Aunt Kate's rejoinder; "they must have more company."
Whereat I exclaimed, theatrically,
"Company! What is there that can bring two minds nearer together?" And Jessie chimed in with the assertion of having "" known many coats but few men." And what was there for Aunt Kate to do but leave the field in despair-

ing silence? One morning we received a letter that - Thoreau, notwithstanding - was worth paying the postage on," for was it not from certain other cousins of ours, and did it not contain glowing accounts of their delightful "camping-out" experiences? This communication was the metaphorical "last straw," and we sat in gloomy silence—a silence broken, at last, by a triumphant exclamation

"I have it!" Then, seeing my in-quiring look, she proceeded to a more thorough explanation of her plan. "You know that little cottage down

by Clear brook, Nan, where Jim, the gardener, used to live? Well, it is in good repair, not far away, but quiet and secluded, and just the place for us to

camp out,' Seeing the gloomy delight in my face, she went on: "We can take our books down there and study as well as not, There is my German and your English literature that we've scarcely looked into -what with our drives, our sails, and our toilets"-which was literally true, for Beechwoods was known far and wide for its hospitality, and the "fair women and brave men" of C— were well

content to sojourn there for days at a Of course I gave enthusiastic assent, but queried doubtfully,

"What will Aunt Kate say?" Jessie shared my look of doubt for

an instant, but quickly added: "Never mind; I can coax her over. Which proved to be the case, for hard, indeed, must be the heart that could withstand the pleading look in those pansy-purple eyes—though for one instant the prospect was rather dark, until Uncle Ned came to the rescue with his hearty.

"Let the midgets go, Kate; the old hut is safe enough, and they'll enjoy it." And I think the memory of certain of his boyhood pranks rose very pleasantly before him just then, prompting a half wish to share our retreat.

So it was settled, and Jessie and I de-

voted the remainder of that day to an inspection of our new home. The cottage, which we christened "Walden" at first sight, in honor of our illustrious prototype, was a small one-roomed edifice, destitute of paint, but mantled with a most luxurious growth of woodbine. A fence, with digarden spot which sloped down to the banks of Clear brook, with the stretch of beech woods on one hand that gave name to the place-said bit of woodland having been left in the earlier days for convenience, but in these later and more degenerate days for "effect," But whatever the cause, the result was one to us, namely, that of producing the re-quired air of retirement as well as the wherewithal to build our morning fire, for we refused all such modern con-veniences as oil-stoves, classing them among the snares of civilized life, and turning in preference to the more-primi-tive camp-fire.

Clear brook was, as its name signifies, a limpid streamlet flowing with dimpling laughter past our sylvan home, and hiding itself in the shady woodland depths. "Walden" was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the house, but, owing to the fact that one was obliged to ascend a considerable rise of ground, and descend its opposite slope before reaching it, gave it an air of complete seclusion.

Jessie, taking command at once, detected the latent capabilities of our newly-acquired possession and issued her orders with the air of a General to the "neat-handed Phillis," our attendant. Clear brook was, as its name signifies,

"Oh, it will be just perfect, Nan, when the floor is cleaned and the windows washed!" cried she, standing in the doorway, wreathed about with woodbine tendrils, as pretty a picture as need to see a adding as one surery more day. be seen, adding, as one spray, more dar-ing than the rest, tangled itself in her fluffy crimps, "I must have John come down and trim those vines away."

The next day was given by the servants to the cleansing of the little cottage, and by us to the ransacking of the wide, roomy garret for suitable furnishings therefor. Wide, dim and low-raftered was the Beechwood's garret, and filled with relics of by-gone days—a very treasure trove, where one might while away the hours.

There was many an old arm-chair, with moth-eaten cushions and carved frame-work, that I would fain have taken, but Jessie was a stern disciplinarian,

and met all my proposals with:

"Simplify! simplify! Nan, remember Thoreau!" until our outfit at the last was limited enough to suit even our oracle. The bedstead was of ancient device, and was to be graced by a most amazing patch-work quilt of the pattern yclept by our grandmothers, the "rising sun," wherein that luminary is seen dissun," wherein that luminary is seen dis-played in the most gorgeous reds and yellows. This Jessie had unearthed from an old chest, saying:

"This will brighten the room up, as

well as being more primitive,'

Then there were the two "rockers"-Windsor one, with ragged patch-work cushions, and a somewhat treacherous cane seat," which two were respective ly christened for "solitude and friendship," while the third, a relentlessly straight-backed affair, was unanimously dedicated to "society." But the triumph of our "setting out" was to be found in "the three-legged table," which we persuaded ourselves to be an exact counterpart of the one possessed by our prototype at the other, and more famous, "Walden," and prized accordingly.

It was a somewhat late hour that afternoon that found us en route for our new home. Before us, down the shaded path, went faithful John, driving the a dinner;" and refused the wonted solace afforded by the morning paper, alleging, in excuse, that "all news, so called, is gossip." And Jessie began to consulting during our retirement,

"Truly, Jessie," quoth I, with my eyes fastened upon the shabby outfit before us, "Thoreau was right when he things, the poorer he is," "

To which Jessie assented as well as night be consistent with the united endeavor she was bravely making to carry the numerous volumes wherewith she was laden, and at the same time keep those sunny, wind-tossed crimps from quite blinding her.

But our journey was soon ended, and all our possessions heaped upon the grass, "like the contents of a gypsy's grass, "like the contents of a gypsy's pack." Nor was it long before order was brought out of chaos, and the faithful John departed, leaving we two girls alone in the forest-shadowed dell, with the echo of his lusty singing fleating pleasantly back to us in the low afternoon lights that flooded the spot.

Very cozy the little room looked with its plain, dark curtains at either window, for we were not quite up to "Walusage yet; its table and chairs, and the neatly-made bed, with its brilliant covering, and very well content were we as we drew forward that self-same table and proceeded to spread upon a half newspaper the daintiest of unches, and with quickened appetites to discuss the same.

"Make the most of this, Nan laughed Jessie, "for to-morrow we bid farewell to the 'flesh-pots of Egypt," and return to life pure and simple.

It was growing late, and two very tired girls resolved to defer all sentimentalizing in the moonlight until some future occasion, as they locked the door and fastened the windows, thereby disobeying one of the first tenets of "Wallaw, but obeying Aunt Kate, who, utterly oblivious to our reiterated assurances of ample courage, saw to it with her own eyes that locks and "catches" of modern contrivance rendered our little

domicile safe, and retired for the night. Weary as we were, however, we were long in wooing slumber to our eyelids, for the sounds of the night were about us, all, from the chance crackling of a dry twig to the rippling of the little stream, sounding strange to our unac-customed ears. We were aroused next morning by a full flood of sunlight striking across our closed eyelids and awoke at once to the fact that we were too late for spectators of the regal advent of the king of day-that one scene of our little theater had been played to the music of bird songs while we slept. Regrets were unavailing, so we made a hasty toilet, and Jessie, standing in the open door, cried impulsively:

"Oh, Nan! this is delightful; come on!" and the little rogue, kilting still shorter her short gray skirts, sprung down the mossy bank to dip her fingers in the sparkling waters of Clear brook I was not long in following her example, and, as we wandered up the smooth

green slope again hand in hand, Jessie "No wonder Thoreau came out in the woods to 'find what life had to teach.' Nowhere else, I am sure, can one front

the 'essential facts of life. "Essential facts!" quoth I dis-dainfully, "'essential facts!' What fact do you suppose life holds for most of the girls of our acquaintance more essential than the adjusting of their crimps, or the snaring of some knight in their artful toils. 'Essential facts,' in-

To all of which did Jessie assent, her own yellow tresses meanwhile rippling and waving in a manner to distract less fortunate girls, and her own pansypurple eyes a maze where many a heart

ever, we were confronted by the very "essential fact" that breakfast must be prepared by our own hands, and not only that, but the foundations of the re-past must be laid from the very begin-

There was our gypsy fireplace. John had arranged it the night before; two forked sticks with a third one laid across in these natural angles, upon which a kettle swung suggestively over the cool, green sod as yet unscarred by any flame, We had refused, disdainfully, that same functionary's offer of gathering "a bit of brush to start it wid, mum," refused it in the light of long, delightful rambles in that same woodland which now lay white and dewy before us, rambles wherein we would collect dry twigs and lichen-covered bark, wherewith to build our morning fire. But now? Well, "distance lent enchantment to the view" in this as well as many other cases; but there was no time for dallying, for al-ready our appetites were quickened berond their wont, and Jessie, gathering her

skirts about her, cried :
"Fill the kettle, Nan, and go after the roasting ears. I'll get the wood and build the fire," adding, as she vanished in the dewy depths, "You'd better get some potatoes, too, while you are about it; they'll roast with the corn."

The little witch, what did she mean? Had she forgotten that my city training rendered me all unfit for such a task and was she even now laughing at my perplexity? But there was no help for it; so, taking basket and hoe, I started for the field of action, namely, the corn-field, where, nothing deterred by the showers of dew that fell from the broad leaves, I gathered a goodly quantity of that esculent viand, and then turned my attention toward the potatoes. Here, owing to my inexperience, I was not quite so successful, but, after numerous struggles with the unwieldy (at least in my hands) weapon, I came off in some degree conqueror and returned in triumph, bearing my sheaves with me. The scene, however, which met my eye was by no means an encouraging one. Jessie had returned from her woodland ramble, and the evidences of her toil were to be seen in the few dry, knotty twigs scattered about her as she knelt before a very small smoky tongue of flame that flickered in the socket and threatened to expire momently. Hearing my footsteps she looked up eagerly, her pretty eyes red and tear-filled from the eddying smoke, and a half quiver in her voice a she cried :

"O, Nan, what shall I do, this fir "O, Nan, what shall I do, this nry won't burn?"

"You want more kindling, child," said I briskly. "Here, this fence is all falling down, 'twill not be much the worse for a few more pickets," and, dropping basket and hoe, I seized the hatchet and soon reduced one of the aforesaid pickets to suitable size, through which timely aid the aspect of things was timely aid the aspect of things was changed to such an extent that our ket-tle was soon boiling and bubbling merally away in the most approved gyps fashion. We consigned both corn and potatoes to its depths, being too hungry for any slower method, and unanimously decided it was too late for any furthe efforts in the culinary line, as we drew our three-legged table to the open doorway and prepared to discuss our sorely needed repast. Never, I think, did corn and potatoes taste better than those eaten with laugh and jest that quie summer morning; albeit many an ear of the former, owing to my lack of knowledge, was decidedly young and and many of the latter tubers.

owing to the same cause, were in a state of infancy. "But, Nan," said Jessie, ruefully, in pause of our merriment, as our mornng troubles came back to her; "w can't have all this trouble every day

about a fire. What did Thoreau have for kindling?" "Green hickory, split fine; don't vo remember?" answered I, promptly.
"I'll tell you what we'll do, though
Cover the fire every night; damp grass." and leaves will be just the thing; rake it open in the morning, and star

t with some of this old fence. Which we did, and successfully, too "Nan," said Jessie again, this time

somewhat hesitatingly—"Nan, what will we have for dinner?"
"Dinner!" echoed I, in dramatic tones; "dinner! are we never to be free from that, not even in these solemn woods? What did Thoreau have?"

"Corn bread and molasses : the bread simply meal and water kneaded hard and baked before the fire," answered the little puss, demurely. I winced slightly, for I'm somewhat epicurean in my tastes, and the witch knew it. "I thought that would be pretty dry, though, so I'll make ours thin and bake them fresh every time. See! I've borught a

"And, Nan, I've something else to show you," she said, triumphantly lead ing the way down to Clear brook, where she displayed a small butter jar sunk for more than half its depth in the coo water, and I, firm disciple though I was of Thoreau, uttered no word of protest at this daring innovation against Walder

rules.

After this our days slipped quietly, weetly past; the three-legged table wa well laden with books-so well, indeed that, as meal-time circled round and we removed them from thence to bed or chair, or vice versa, Jessie was wont to refer mournfully to the "two pieces of limestone" that Thoreau had, but threw sway, because he found that he must

Our slight duties dispatched, it was two very prim young ladies in the plainest of garbs and the smoothest of braid guiltless alike of "wave" or "critap —at least, mine were; Jessie's, little witch, were as distractingly pretty as ever—that sat down at that self-same table, armed respectively with "Taine' and "Ollendorf," to "con each lessor o'er." We were but girls, however, and many a pleasant interlude of dreamy wonderment and girlish gossip floated in whenever Jessie found a German verb hard to conjugate, or I paused in some mavailing search after a new authority

bearing on the subject at hand. Happy, helpful days were they, varied by an occasional walk up to the house when the coast was clear, or sometimes standing on the crest of the little ris just behind our cottage, we would sur-vey the graveled sweep of Beechwoods' carriage drive through an old field-glass

had been lost all unrecked of by their owner.

Arrived at our little domicile, howof the cushioned barouches carried away with them upon learning "The girls have gone farther in the country for seclusion and study," for Beech-woods was a most delightful place for a week's sojourn, as they well knew; but Aunt Kate, once won over to our side, protected us manfully, so that none in-

vaded our solitude. But everything must have an end, and so did the pleasant days that had graced our week's stay at Walden, and we awoke one morning to hear a quick shower pattering against the windows, "Dear, dear; our fire will be all out! What shall we do, Nan?"

"Do? I don't know. Go up to the house for breakfast, I suppose. Every-thing will be ioo wet to kindle it again." thing will be ioo wet to kindle it again."
"Go up to the house!" echocd Jessie, indignantly. "Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Haven't they been telling us all this time that the first storm would bring us back? I've no doubt they're expecting us, and that plates are taid for us this very minute (which we afterward found to have been the case).

Go back! I'll go hungry first!" and Go back! I'll go hungry first!" and Jessie looked very determined and pretty, indeed, as she finished her toilet and announced that the rain was over.

"There's blue sky over yonder, Nan : get your rubbers and come on;" and suiting the action to the word she sallied forth, and I followed suit,

Just as we expected, every spark of the provoking fire, that we had covered so jealously the night before, was out. Making the best, however, of a bad matter, we set to work bravely, and that devoted fence suffered as never before. But it was slow work. Everything was drenched and dripping, and we were inexperienced hands—so inexperienced that after an hour of toil breakfast was still a fair but distant prospect; and the faint and struggling flame we had con-jured up flickered dolefully, and threatened every instant to expire in smoke.

This was the state of affairs when, Jessie having taken her turn in the chopping department, I was bending with an anxious face over the fire, striving to place at the greatest advantage a new relay of kindlings, I was startled by the ringing sound of an unmistakably manly voice, exclaiming:

"Well, I never! if there isn't Jess!" followed simultaneously by an ecstatic little scream from Jessie, of: "Brother Fred, where did you come from?" as she dropped her uplifted hatchet and rushed to meet him. I rose

to my feet hastily, only to find myself confronted by a tall, dark, aristocratic gentleman, whose smile of recognition brings deeper roses to my cheeks; for was not this same gentleman Mr. Archer from the city, and one of the greatest lions of the last season, and my quondam partner for more than one German dur-ing the previous winter? I place my hand in his outstretched one, only, how-ever, to withdraw it quickly as I discover how many and deep are the marks it displays of its recent conflict with that refractory fire, and an added color springs to my face, lest that also bear the same

blonde Fred Cameron, releasing himself from his little sister and turning toward me-"as much of a gypsy as ever, I see"-and-well, his greeting was very brotherly, indeed. "But what does it mean, Jessie? you

traces.

girls out here at this hour on a rainy norning? anything wrong at the house? and a look of anxiety darkened his face, "Nothing wrong, but where have you gentlemen been, pray tell me, and how did you arrive in this out of the way

place, at this time of day?" "Been camping out : took a fancy to ome up home and bring Archer along; walked up from the station to surpris the folks," replied Fred, briefly.

"Camping out! that is just what we are doing, Fred, Nan and L. "Did you ever Archer!" said Fred, appealingly, but that gentleman, with the relics of Boston conservatism still clinging to him, answered Lever a word only smiled aggravatingly-whereat I aroused, answered coolly-using the very words of our oracle-"We came out in the woods because we wished to live deliberately, to front only the essentia facts of life, and find out what it had to teach us." A look of astonishment grew

in their faces. "Yes," chimed in Jessie, quoting from the same source, "We were tired of cabin passage, and wished to go before the mast, and on the deck of the world." "Thoreau, as I live," cried Fred, and the look of astonishment deepened.

"Yes, Thoreau," said Jessie, calmly, but mischievously. "No man (or woman, either) can ever unfold the possibilities of his own intel-

ect who does not at least checker his life with solitude." Mischievously—I say—for the scene was, to say the least, slightly amusing. Time-early morning, and a rainy one at that. Place—the river bank overarched by dripping trees. Properties-agypsy ire-place, a smoky fire—two young adies engaged in attendance upon it, and pausing in this occupation to quote

from the classics was somewhat astonishing! A look of amazement, mingled with interest from Mr. Archer at this last quotation—wondering, doubtless, that a young lady should read other than the latest novel, or the newest society poem.

"So you read De Quincy,—Miss Cameron? He is one of my friends, too!" "Yes, I admire De Quincy very much, but Thoreau is our oracle just now; let me bid you welcome to 'Walden."

And Mr. Archer's eye brightened as e caught sight through the open door of our ponderous volumes, but I inter-rupted here with a dolorous cry, "The fire has gone out; what shall we

True enough, that provoking fire, tak-ing advantage of a luli in our efforts, had disappeared in smoke. "O dear, we'll have to go up to the house, I suppose, after all our trouble. Just see how I've hurt my hand." And

while Fred examined critically the little pink palm I related our "moving ad-"A fire, is that all?" said he at their close. "I have not camped out in vain all these summers," and his ready knife soon reduced another picket of that devoted fence to the requisite size; and ere long a sparkling blaze rewarded his efforts.

queried Mr. Archer. "No one knows we are coming, and I quite long for one more out-door repast. Besides, we have been 'roughing it' so long as to be scarcely wonted to civilized life as yet,"
"Capital!" echoed Fred, "What have you girls got for breakfast?"
"Corn and potatoes roasted in the ashes, and corn-bread and molasses.

You remember Thoreau's bill of fare; it is ours, too," replied Jessie, demurely, with a glance at Mr. Archer as she spoke. But the gentlemen professed themselves entirely satisfied, and I said, oracularly, 'He that eats must work, and if you gentlemen stay you must pay the pen-alty. Cousin Fred, there is the basket and hoe, your post will be the corn field and potato patch. Mr. Archer, this fire will need constant replenishing, so you may gather sticks." Having thus as-signed them their station, Jessie and I turned our attention to the matter at hand, and after much merriment and a great deal of waiting, we sat down to a very creditable repast of the above-mentioned articles, further reinforced by Boston crackers and cold tongue from the gentlemen's lunch basket. We had moved the table out under the trees, and what with improvised seats, the novelty of the situation, and the laughter and jesting consequent thereupon,

passed a pleasant hour. Jessie and I dined at the house that day, but, positively refusing any further concession to the world, returned to our solitude and interrupted studies— studies, however, doomed to more than one interruption of the same nature, for the gentlemen professed themselves to be as much in love with Walden cottage and life therein as we ourselves, and countless were the fishing parties they instituted, and delicious the chowders they concocted, and many were the hunting expeditions from which they returned laden with small game, to be cooked in hunter's fashion, but most appetizingly, at our gypsy fire-place, and, I fear me, Taine and Ollendorf were most sadly neglected the while we gained in the art of angling, or took long woodland rambles, from which we returned with happy faces, and brows crowned with wild flowers, It raight also have been noted about

this time that sundry changes took place in our attire, numerous bright ribbons and fresh lawns taking the place of our somber serviceable grays, almost without our knowledge.

It was on one of these self-same ram-It was on one of these self-same ram-bles late in the month, when Fred and I had fallen behind Jessie and Mr. Archer, which, by the way, had happened very often in these latter days, and some way they never seemed to mind it either! It was on one of these rambles, I say, that Fred bent his handsome blonde head very low and whispered—though why should he whisper, there was no one to hear?

to hear? "We are going back in three days Nan; our vacation is more than past, Shall you care very much ?"

And I, startled by the sudden announcement, lifted my eyes quickly to his face, which was not at all prudent his face, which was not at an product under the circumstances, and he read what he chose in their depths, and then what he chose in their depths, and then Georges III. and IV.—it was not often Georges III. and IV.—it was not often the same man he said, that is my secret. I only know that a few minutes after Fred was very near, and I was turning a jeweled circlet on my finger, and seeing it through a mist of tears that dimmed its glitter

strangely. "The time is very near, Nan; you think you had better break up at Walden?" This brought me to myself with a start, as I exclaimed, remorse-

"What will Jessie say?" "There is your answer," laughed Fred, pointing down a long reach of trees, at whose farther end could be seen the glimmer of pale blue lawn, with a most unmistakable coat-sleeve outlined against it, while the jetty locks of its owner were in dangerous proximity to the other's blonde crimps. Foiled at this point, I tried another:

"Three days! why, I could never get ready in the world." Nothing to wear !" said Fred, lightly; "don't tell me. What does your racle, Thoreau, say about it-'If you have any enterprise before you, try it in

your old clothes! So what could I do? And Jessie found herself helpless before the same arguments, and, three days from that time, we were whirling away from C—, on the fast express, ere the inhabitants of that city had fairly recovered their breath at the astounding announcement of a "double wedding in high life," upon such short notice!

Efficacy of Prayer. As an English vicar was walking along the cliffs opposite Truro a gust of wind took off his hat and whirled it away. Some time after a Methodist preacher, some distance away, was discoursing on prayer, and advised his hearers to pray for temporal as well as spiritual blessings, and cited a case in his own experience. He said that he was recently on the shore about to proceed to a neighboring town, and added: "My Christian friends, I had on my head at the time a shocking bad hat, and somewhat blushed to think of entering that harbor town and watering-place so ill-adorned as to my head. Then I lift-ed up a prayer for covering more suited to my head. At that solemn moment I raised my eyes and saw in the spacious firmament on high—the blue ethereal sky—a black spot. It approached—it largened—it widened—it fell at my feet. It was a brand-new hat by a celebrated London maker! I cast my battered beaver to the waves, my Christian friends, and walked into town as fast as I could with a new hat on my head,"

man University of Marburg have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment in a fortress for dueling.

A NEW OBLEANS actress put what she supposed was arnica on her face, in the dark; but it was iodine, and she will not go on the stage again for a while.

THE Pope has appropriated \$60,000 for a complete and splendid edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, his favorite philosopher.

before starting on a foreign tour, orders It is possible for anybody to wear.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE date of the earliest eclipse of the sun, recorded in the annals of the Chinose, when "on the first day of the last month of autumn, the sun and moon did not meet harmoniously in Fang," or in that part of the heavens defined by two stars in the constellation of the Scorpion, has been determined by Prof. Von Op-polzer, of Vienna, to have been the

morning of Oct. 23, 2137 B. C. A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times gives the following singular but interesting information for the benefit of those who are interested in the study of the transmission of hereditary qualities: The following cases are from a list of seventeen candidates for election to an institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children: 1. A. B. has six brothers and one sister, two of the brothers and the sister being deaf and dumb, 2. C. D. has four brothers and one sister, two of the brothers being also deaf and dumb. 3. E. F. has two brothers and one sister. Father, mother, two brothers, grandfather, two uncles and an aunt are deaf and dumb,

A RAPID penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his pen through the space of a rod, sixteen and a half feet. In forty minutes his pen travels a furlong. We make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make 480 to each minute; in an hour, 28,800; in a day of only five hours, 144,000; in a year of 300 days, 43,200,000. The man who made 1,000,-000 strokes with his pen was not at all remarkable. Many men, newspaper writers, for instance, make 4,000,000. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark of 300 miles long to be traced on paper by such a writer in a year,

THE proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good. Any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the stature. The from the wrist to the middle of the forefinger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, is divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

Big Robberles. Lord Eldon, who has just finished shurch at a cost of near \$200,000, and lost valuables worth another \$100,000 by the hands of Bill Sykes and company, that they approved of the same manstarted with little more than a prtty and shrewd wife, for his marriage compelled him to give up his fellowship at Oxford, and his father, an old coal-shipper a Newcastle, albeit well-to-do, was not disposed to lavish money on Jack, more especially after he had dared to elope at 21 with Bessie Sturtees. The habits of cheese-paring and flint-skinning which the pair acquired at their start were never lost in after years; and is well known that when Lord Eldon went back to town on one occasion, Lady Eldon had the shoes taken off his pony and locked them securely in her desk, to prevent wear and tear meantime. Not only did he save the bulk of great earnings at the bar, but those also he had as Chancellor, and for some twenty years he had from £20,000 to £30,000 a year, for in those days the Chancellor was largely paid by fees, which were enormous. Beside all this, the bulk of the fortune of his brother, Lord Stowell, the pillar of the international law, ultimately came to swell the Eldons' wealth. Lord

Stowell, as Judge of the Court of Admiralty during the long war period, positively coined money, and he, too, was exceedingly careful of what he got. No member of the family has since been conspicuous for ability. The present Earl, who is grandson of the Chancellor, is, like his father before him, a quiet country gentleman, whose voice is never heard in the councils of the nation. The jewel and plate robberies which have taken place in England of late years probably aggregate not less than, \$2,500, 000. The usual plan has been to get into a lady's room while the family are at dinner by a ladder to the window. In this way about fifty thefts of immense amount have, within ten years, been accom-plished with perfect impunity. As in England it is illegal to advertise "no questions asked," it is probably more difficult, in the absence of a recognized Jonathan Wild, to come to terms with the plunderers, who, as was shown in the case of Lady Ellesmere's loss of property, worth \$150,000, while on route to visit the Queen at Windsor, often get so little for their plunder from receivers that it would be greatly for their interest to come to terms. There is an ugly rumor that a now well-known firm of He brew jewelers emerged mysteriously from obscurity to importance in the trade within twelve months of the Ellesmera robbery; and there can be little doub! that many jewelers do largely benefit in this manner. The gems once out of the setting, and the setting in the crucible, detection becomes almost impossible. Probably at this moment at Newport and Saratoga hundreds of thousands' worth of these stolen diamonds are being worn, which find here the best market. - New Vork Times.

ABOUT 4,200,000 tons of hot water, averaging 135° Fahreinheit are annually pumped from the Comstock mines. To heat this mass of water by artificial means would require a consumption of over 50,000 tons of coal a year. The water from some of the deepest shafts, 3,000 feet, has a temperature of 157 ° Fahreinheit.

fue amount of butter now made in lows creameries is estimated at 50,000,

Watches.

Watches, by reason of their fragile construction, and the variations to which they are liable, can after all only obtain a limited perfection in their performance; therefore, we must not be astonished to find them subject to certain variations. These variations, which are not easy to correct, need not prejudice the quality of a watch, as will be proved by the following example. Two watches, we will suppose, have been put to the same time by an excellent regulator. At the end of a month, one of these watches is a quarter of an hour too fast; the other is exactly right to time.

To which of these two watches would we give the preference?

Perhaps to the one which is exactly right. But in making such a choice, we nevertheless incur the risk of abandoning a good watch for a bad one. The first watch has, we assume, gained thirty seconds a day; and, according to this rate, it has gained a quarter of an hour in thirty days. What must be done to make this watch go well? Alter the regulator inside from fast to slow, or get a careful watch-maker to do it for you, thereby altering its daily rate. Let us now admit that the other watch has been affected during the month by irregular going, which has occasioned it sometimes to gain, at other times to lose to a certain extent daily. It may easily ocgaining and losing compensate each other, and by this means the watch indicates the exact hour at the time we look at it. Such a watch can never be relied upon. The fact is that a watch which gains in a regular manner or losesin a regular manner is superior to any whose variation is uncertain, and where its variation comes to be familiar the little companion may vie with the most delicately adjusted ship's chronometer. A skillful watchmaker one day thus reasoned with a customer who com-plained of his watch. "You com-plain," said he, "that your watch gains a minute a month. Well, then, you will congratulate yourself when you have heard me. You are aware that in your watch, the balance, which is the regulator, makes five oscillations every second, which is 432,000 a day; so that your watch, exposed to all the vicissitudes which heat and cold occasion it, the varying weight of the air, and the shaking to which it is subjected, has not varied more than a minute a month, or two seconds a day. It has only acquired with each vibration of the balance a variation of the two hundred and sixteen thousandth part of a second. Judge, then, what must be the extreme perfection of the mechanism of this watch! A watch cannot go for an indefinite period without being repaired or cleaned. At the expiration of a certain time, the oil dries up, dust accumulates, and wear and tear are the inevitable results to the whole machinery, the functions be-coming irregular, and frequetly ceasing to act altogether. A person possessing a watch of good quality, and desirous of preserving it as such, should have it cleaned every two years at least. But care should be taken to confide this cleaning or repairing to careful hands : an inexperienced workman may do great

construction,—Chambers' Journal, Bathing After Meals,

injury to a watch even of the simplest

Two cases, reported by Dr. Naegli in the Swiss Medical Journal, illustrate the truth of the prevalent belief that it is dangerous to go in bathing when the stomach is full. The cases were alike in their history. One was that of a boy of 14, who ate a hearty meal and then went in the water for a bath. swimming along with a comrade he suddenly gave a cry and sank under the water. He was speedily brought out on shore, and the usual means of resuscitaion were employed. These utterly failed, however. Fearing some obstruc-tion, the boy's trahcea was opened, and pieces of food were found in it. These were removed in part; but it was not sufficient, and the boy died. The other case had a similar history. At the postmortem a portion of the contents of the stomach were found in the trachea and bronchi.

Stereotyping. William Ged, the inventor of stereotyping, was a Scotchman. He was a jeweler in Edinburgh. So long as he adhered to his original vocation, he was permitted to prosper. When he ventured to exercise his ingenuity by facilitating he printer's art, he was doomed. his making known his discovery of block printing, the trade deemed their craft in danger, and formed a combination for his destruction. Master printers, journeymen and apprentices united against him as a common enemy; they loaded him with invectives; they reproached him with ignorance and assumption, The arrows of calumny hit him on all sides. Who could long withstand such an array of hostilities? Poor Ged, who ought to have made a fortune out of his discovery, sank, under the load of persecution, and died of a broken heart.

Entertaining Company.

Guests cannot be entertained without ome trouble. To entertain people successfully one must give thought to it. At least half of the good companionship of the world comes from the good forethought of somebody. Somebody has planned it. The happy occurrence was not an accident—it was the result of premeditation. All the little and sweet social surprises of life; all the little domestic secrets between children and parents, which, in their unfolding, brim the household with gladness; all the larger and more stately social festivities that keep the life of a neighborhood and village buoyant, are only the natural se-quence of benevolent and good-natured thought on the part of some one who has made an effort in behalf of others.

That Terrible Infant.

Little Nellie was looking at some pictures of wild animals when Mr. Jorkins called, and appealed to that gentleman to explain one of the pictures to "That is a wild boar," and the little lady looked at it thoughtfully and replied: "It doesn't look like you, does it, Mr. Jorkins?" "I hepe not," responded the guest. "Why?" "Because," said the artless infant, "mamma said, when your card was sent up, 'There is that old bore, Jorkins, here again."