# The Columbian.

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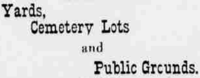

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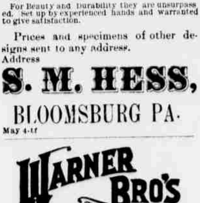

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MSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 2.

## TAKING THE VEIL.

Just there the turbid river assumes even more than its wonted angry appearance and in great eddies, miniature whirlpools and seething currents seems to be undergoing some terrible convulsion of pain at being confined between the barriers of the levees. Immediately above and below this sweeping bend it moved along with something like majesty in its smooth, broad surface, and creates an impression of its Titanic power perhaps far greater than where it bubbles and boils, twists and turns in discomfiture at being forced to change its straight, onward rush to the sea to conform to the idiosyncrasies of the irregular banks. Here and there the branches of partially submerged willows were swaying to and fro moved by the impetuous current, and rafts of driftwood, gathered by the eddy from the great masses floating down, kept up their slow revolution some twenty yards from the bank. Every little while portions of this confused aggregation of trees, branches, twigs, fence rails and other flotsam, always seen in high water on the Mississippi, would be caught by the main current and go sweeping down as if glad to part company with the heterogenous mass it had just left. Deadman's Eddy was known in those days by all the steamboatmen, and few of them cared to put the noses of their boats into it on a dark night, for it had a reputation that was anything but inviting. Numbers of boats had their wheels disabled by the accumulated drift, and one or two had been snagged within the boundaries of this ominously named portion of the river.

Opposite Deadman's Eddy, embowered in a grove of stately live oaks, stood the large plantation house of the Cavellier family, a roomy, comfortable building belonging to the Creole style of architecture that probably affords more shade and ventilation to the square foot than any other known to southern climates.

It stood about 200 yards back from the levee, and the intervening space was laid out in parterres of roses and palms, camelias and sweet olive.

Neither the quiet charm of the landscape, the delicious atmosphere of perfume, nor the ravishing pearl shower of bird notes produced anything like the effect on a visitor to this place that the queenly beauty of Marguerite Cavellier did. A brunette of 22, her eyes had set more guitars thrumming in bachelor's quarters along the river than any other belle ever known thereabouts, and her face had flooded the table of the editor of L'Abeille, in New Orleans, with hundreds of poems, some of them written, it must be admitted, in questionable French, but all warm, passionate and devoted. She was tall, with the figure of some of those delicately chiseled Grecian statues, and possessed of a manner that was so perfectly natural and free from constraint it left with everybody the impression that they had been intimate friends of hers for years. She did not know what guile or duplicity was, and with the naivete of a child would reprove or compliment the action regardless of any thought of the actor. Every negro picaninny on the plantation worshiped her with a blind idolatry as something entirely supernatural and not of this earth. Her voice was low and musical, and when her great black eyes were fixed on the listener the effect was almost magnetic. The French word svelte applied to her most appropriately. To see her on horseback in the morning galloping along the river road, followed by her gayly-dressed negro boy was a sight well worth the trouble of early rising, at least so thought Edouard de Montpre, the struggling young attorney of the parish. No matter how late he may have been pouring over his books endeavoring to fix in his memory precedents and leading cases he never missed his promenade on the levee just at that hour when the young equestrienne came cantering along. A lifted hat and deferential bow was always paid for by a bewitching smile and wave of the hand, and the lawyer for the rest of that day saw that face peering into his own over the back of his Hennen's digest, and out of the panels of his not too well filled bookcase. On his father's death city merchants had sold out the Grand Bosquet plantation under many mortgages, and the only surviving son was left with an athletic form, good disposition and excellent education as the only legacies from the Montpre estate. Everybody along the coast, as the banks of the Mississippi river was called by the residents in those days, esteemed the young man and applauded him in his efforts to re-establish the paternal name.

He visited the Cavelliers once or twice a month, but his self-pride imagined that his receptions there were not as cordial on the part of the venerable host as they might have been, and this he attributed to his own modest purse.

It would be pleasant writing to tell how the friendship between the lawyer and Marguerite ripened into an intimacy that soon developed into a pure and deep love. The Cavellier family, although opposing De Montpre's frequent visits, were all of them under the sweet influence of Marguerite, and could refuse her nothing.

"Edouard," she said, "was so different from the other callers, and she never saw him without learning something—he was so gifted and knew so much."

And so it was within a year after her return from the convent they were engaged, Mons. Cavellier agreeing to give the young man the Belle Colombe place, on the other side of the river, for a start after marriage.

In the midst of that beautiful season of contemplated love and betrothal, the old plantation house was startled by the report brought from New Orleans that the state of Louisiana had seceded, and troops were being raised for a war. The news spread rapidly. People that hitherto had taken little or no part in political affairs began to discuss the situation. Col. Lafferranderie, an old army officer had established his headquarters at the Cut-off postoffice, not far distant from the Cavellier place, and young men were enrolling in scores. The conversation around the dinner tables now was devoted to the new artillery company of Capt. So-and-so, or the splendid chasseurs a-peid of young Molaison of the adjoining parish. Edouard Montpre caught the infection. Forty young men tendered him their captaincy, and in three weeks he and his men were on a steamboat bound for the Crescent City.

The parting of Edouard and Marguerite was most tender and affecting. The men of the company, long afterward, around the camp fires in the mountains of Virginia, frequently talked of it, and not a little of the love and solicitude for their captain was due to their knowledge that he had left behind the most loving and noble girl in the state.

The boat blew a long and discordant whistle, as if impatient of the delay caused by De Montpre's leave-taking. He realized that the supreme moment had come. He bent tenderly over her and whispered, "Ma cherie, I will be with you soon again. It may all be over in a month. Look for my return on every boat. Think of me often, my darling. It is for you and our people I go." He kissed her, muttered a tremulous "Adieu," and started down the steps. Marguerite stood motionless for a moment and then sank to the floor.

Assisted by her father and an old negro nurse she reached the levee just as the boat was backing out. As long as Deadman's Eddy was in sight the flutter of a white handkerchief could be discerned against the background of green willows growing on the bank.

Boats passed and repassed. Sometimes they would stop near the Cavellier place, sometimes they would go on, but none of them bore her lover back to her. She waited weeks, months, years. Each day that figure in white could be seen seated in the shade of a live oak in front of the old plantation house, keeping its watch for that boat that never came.

The Federal pickets near Culpepper court house, Virginia, were surprised just after daybreak by the appearance of a man staggering along alone, without rifle or accoutrement. The mud on his dress completely hid the color of his uniform. His face was bloody and he reeled like a drunken man. There had been a sharp skirmish near there the evening before, and it was thought the solitary figure coming through the misty woods was some Union soldier left on the field who had recovered sufficiently to get up. The men went out to meet him and were surprised to discover that the unfortunate fellow was a Confederate, and a captain at that. He had received a ball in the center of the forehead, which had fractured but had not penetrated the skull. He could not talk intelligently, and his movements showed that his brain lacked co-ordination. The expression had gone out of his eyes, and his countenance was pale and wan. He was escorted to the rear and placed in a hospital in Washington City, from which he recovered from the wound, but the pressure of a particle of bone on the brain left him lacking his memory. He could tell nothing of his past. It was as if it had never existed.

When the war closed he was released from prison. He knew not where to go, for he could not recall from whence he came. An old gentleman of southern proclivities gave him employment as a gardener in the neighborhood of Washington, and he brought to his new position a strong frame, willing heart and happy disposition. He was looked upon with much curiosity by all the neighborhood, for his bearing and features showed he came from patrician blood.

* * * * * * * *

It seemed as if all nature's minstrelsy had joined to greet the beautiful morning. The tinkling of cow bells in the pastures behind the convent, usually the first notes of approaching dawn, were silenced by the twitter of birds in the great pecan trees. Mocking birds and oriole, the cardinal and pape, whistled so cheerily that even the blackbirds, half dozing on last year's cornstalks out in the fields, turned their heads first on one side and then on the other meditatively, to listen to the joyous outburst. Inside the chapel of the Ursuline convent there was gathered a silent congregation, mostly of ladies. The yellow light of this spring morning poured through the windows, adding something of the supernatural to the appearance of the interior. The tender, tremulous notes of the organ, the almost weeping voices of the choir, and the agitated tones of the good priest visibly affected all present.

In front of the altar knelt a queenly figure robed in the habiliments of a bride. From that hour she was to become a bride of the Lord, and henceforth as a nun, to devote herself to the obligation of a recluse. For her the world was to be dead forever. There is always something ineffably sad in the ceremony of taking the veil, and in this case circumstances made it unusually touching. A young lady endowed with wealth, beauty and everything that could make a home happy passed out the chapel door never more to look upon a worldly life again. There were few dry eyes in the little building, and even until to-day many recall the morning when that beautiful young woman gave up the name her family knew her by and was rechristened Sister Ursule. Hope deferred had made the heart sick, and the world had lost its sweetness for her.

That very morning, in the operating ward of the Charity hospital, that skillful surgeon, Dr. Stone, was performing a most delicate operation. A poor fellow, shortly before arrived on a New York steamer, had appled for admission to the hospital, suffering from neuralgia. He complained of his head, and after a careful examination the cicatrix of a wound in the forehead was discovered. The patient told of his lack of memory and could not give anything of his history. The doctors diagnosed the case as one of pressure on the brain by a portion of the frontal bone, and resolved to trephine and remove the cause of the trouble. The operation was successful, and the patient was removed to his cot in another ward.

The next morning he had fully recovered from the effects of chloroform. He called the nurse to him. He asked where he was, and was told. A new light shone in his eyes. He sent for the house surgeon. Everything had come back to him. The vanished years of obliviousness dawned upon his re-awakened memory. He remembered his parting on that front gallery, the war, the skirmish, and his affianced wife.

He begged the doctor to send for his friends in the city. Surely some of them could be found.

On the third day old Zenon Cavellier visited the hospital. In the man with a bandage about his head he recognized one he had known five years before. The sick man turned over on his bed and looked at the visitor. He raised himself on his elbow and his lips moved. "Where is Marguerite?" were his first words.

The old gentleman hesitated, but the invalid begged so hard. At last, with tears in his eyes, the visitor answered: "She has taken the veil at the convent, and has left the world."

The head dropped back, the eye closed, the hand fell listless on the white sheet. The nurse hurried to the surgeon. There was a rapid movement of feet on the sanded floor, and the gray-haired physician appeared. He shook his head sadly. "'Tis too bad," said he; "You have spoiled that operation. Heart disease. That did the work! Some shock to his nerves, eh?"

The driftwood still is carried round and round, in the currents of Deadman's Eddy. The orange trees put on their bridal crowns each spring, as before, and the mocking-birds still warble their orisons in the tall pecan trees, but never more will that queenly figure in white be seen on the broad veranda of the old plantation house. Never again will the young attorney wait on the road in the early morn for the coming of that beautiful equestrienne. From the turbid eddies of life the one has floated into the harbor of religion, the other drifted out into the measureless sea of eternity.—"C. E. W." in Times-Democrat.

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### Without Knot or Blemish.

One plank 9 feet wide and 20 feet long, without [illegible] or blemish of any kind, and another [illegible] feet wide are among the contributions of British Columbia to the Liverpool exhibition.—Inter Ocean.

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It is better to be proud of your descendants than to boast of your ancestors.—Philadelphia Call.

bian.

1886.

THE COLUMBIAN, VOL. XX NO 13
COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT, VOL. I. NO 1

## SELECTIONS.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense
Lie in three words—health, peace and competence.
—Pope.

Patient forbearance and sweet cheerfulness,
And gentle charity that loves to bless—
To hide all faults as soon as they appear.
Without such stores, bought by no golden price,
Winter may freeze the human blood to ice.
—Caroline May.

Some grave their wrongs on marble; he, more just,
Stoop'd down serene, and wrote them on the dust;
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind;
There, secret in the grave, he bade them lie,
And grieved they could not escape the Almighty's eye.
—Dr. S. Madden.

## HOW DOES THE BRAIN WORK?

### The True Answer to the Question—A Series of Co-Ordinated Movements.

How, then, does the mechanism of the brain really act? I believe the true answer to this question is the one most fully given by M. Ribot and never yet completely accepted by English psychologists. It acts, for the most part, as a whole; or, at least, even the simplest idea or mental act of any sort is a complex of processes involving the most enormously varied brain elements. Instead of dog being located somewhere in one particular cell of the brain, dog is an idea, audible, visible, legible, pronounceable, requiring for different modes of his perception or production the co-operation of an enormous number of separate cells, fibers and ganglia.

Let us take an illustration from a kindred case. How clumsy and awkward a supposition it would be if we were to imagine there was a muscle of dancing, and a muscle of walking, and a muscle of rowing, and a muscle of cricketing, and a muscle for the special practice of the noble art of lawn-tennis! Dancing is not a single [illegible] is a complex series of co-ordinated movements, implying for its proper performance the action of almost all the muscles of the body in different proportions, and in relatively fixed amounts and manners. Even a waltz is complicated enough; but when to a quadrille or a set of lancers, everybody can see at once that the figure consists of so many steps forward and so many back; of a bow here, and a twirl there; of hands now extended both together, and now held out one at a time in rapid succession, and so forth, throughout all the long complicated series. A quadrille in short, is not a name for one act, for a single movement of a single muscle, but for many acts of the whole organism, all arranged in a fixed sequence.—Popular Science Monthly.

### Beware of the Hoo-Dooed Store-Rooms.

"There is one of the unlucky places of this town," said a renting agent, as he rode along Madison street in a horse car. "I wouldn't want to guarantee to give 5 cents for all the money that will ever be made in that store-room. Within the last year four or five men have tried their hands at running a restaurant there and have failed. The room is now vacant again. I never knew a man to succeed there. At least a score of tenants have been in there since the building was put up, and not one of them has made a dollar. Even a saloon failed. On either side of it business of all kinds is prosperous, but nothing goes there.

"That isn't the only place of the kind I know of in Chicago. There are store-rooms in which I would not start a business if I could get rent free and a subsidy to boot. They are unlucky spots, and a man had better keep out of them. Am I superstitious? Not at all. It isn't that. The unfortunate result of all enterprises started in these places is due to a trait of human nature—to a business law—that trade naturally avoids locations where sheriff's notices and to rent cards are frequently displayed. It isn't superstition, but business. The owner of any one of these fated stores could have well afforded to give rent free and paid out money besides if he could thereby have averted the reputation which his house now has. My advice to any man starting a new business would be to pay some attention to the reputation for luck which the store-room he intends taking has got, just as the prudent man does to the reputation of the partner with whom he joins fortunes.—Chicago Herald.

### How Mme. Cavalazzi Liberated Rome.

The event of my life was the part I undertook in the liberation of Rome. One day while in Rome a young officer belonging to Garibaldi's staff called upon me and asked my aid in inciting an insurrection for the purpose of delivering the city over to his general. The plans were made, and the next night the place of the harlequin in the ballet was filled by the young officer, who wore a rich green costume. My bodice and skirt was of bright red. At the conclusion of an effective dance I fell back upon my partner in the regular ballet fashion, my red dress and white skirts resting against the green costume of the harlequin, thus showing the national colors which were then prohibited on the stage. The effect was electrical; and as the curtain fell the spectators rushed into the street in the wildest excitement. In a short time the city was aroused and Garibaldi entered it in triumph.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### A Troupe of Italian Singers.

A troupe of Italian opera singers are about as great an inconsistency as a flock of untrained animals. The reporters for the press constantly aver that I have financial reason for changing an opera at the last moment. If it were only known what a dealer in macaroni-eating singers has to contend with, all this talk would be stopped. Upon the slightest pretense prime donne will refuse to appear, and in figuring what we shall do we have to select an opera that will not have in its cast one of the soloists who has sung the night before. Most of our best singers refuse to appear twice in succession, and we are compelled to do the best we can.—Col. Mapleson.

### They Had Fish for Dinner.

The member for West Algoma tells a good story about a species of sturgeon from forty to sixty pounds in weight, which is peculiar to Rainy river and lake. On a visit which he paid last summer to a settlement on the river, he had occasion to visit a young bachelor, who, with true backwoods hospitality, insisted that he should stay for dinner. Mr. Connee seated himself and watched the preparations of his entertainer.

First he set down his home-made bread on the table, with tin mugs for the tea, and then put a big pot full of water over the fire. When the water came to the boiling point he infused the tea and set it aside. Then he seized a gaff about six feet feet long, stepped outside to the river's edge, which was not over ten paces distant, and returned in three minutes with a sturgeon kicking on the end of his gaff, part of which was soon cut off and transferred to the pot of boiling water to be cooked for dinner. This is the usual thing up there. They always have the water boiling before they go to catch the fish, and they use only a common gaff.—Toronto World.

## THE JAPANESE PEOPLE IN 1871.

### The Phenomenal Colored Servant—The Girded Sword—Temper of the Weapon.

Perry's visit to Japan was as complete an epoch for the people of that country as Columbus' to the native of America. The latter disappeared under the alien visitation. Dai Nippon has profited by it. Events are dated in Japan from the appearance of Perry just as we commence an epoch from the birth of the Saviour. The Tenno lived in the Naisu-Maru, part of the Oyeno or fortified palace grounds of the old Tycoon. Horticulturally, I remember, these grounds were perfect, great camellia trees, beautiful flowers of all kinds, handsome drives and the gardening culture. The inclosure was moated and invulnerable to any attack devoid of artillery, sheltered and guarded against any ancient form of warfare. A great covered central gate—the O-te-go-mon, gate of the great hand—was the one we entered by. Shrines, grotesque monuments and queer tiled buildings were in plenty, and men and officers, but no women. Not a female face was seen in or about any of the official residences, except at the entertainment at the Homa-goten, Sawa's palace, when singing and dancing girls gave an exhibition during the evening. Japan is changing, so that I presume in a few years all the old will have disappeared and with it much of rare historical and artistic interest.

When I was in the country, in the interior a foreigner was a curiosity, equal to the first Chinaman or Jap seen by us here. On a visit made to the summit of Fuji-yama in the summer of 1871 I went to the famous hot springs at Hakone; at nearly every tea-house our party was as much of an exhibition as Jo-Jo or the woman with big feet is here. A colored servant, dark as Erebus, whom I had with me, was a phenomenal subject to the innocent Japs. The men and women would come up to him, try to rub the black off with their hands and be surprised they could not, and laugh over it with the contagious and hilarious glee the people so much enjoy. My watch would have been a passport anywhere into the interior, as they never tired looking "at the wheels go round." Insolence and suspicion was never met with among the common folk, but only from the Samural. These fellows are born brawlers and when flushed with saki were dangerous. All wore swords then, now done away with. They set great store by this weapon, and a Japanese noble often wore one worth $1,000. The occupation—alone of all the trades—of swordsmith in old Japan was an honorable one and the members of the guild of gentle blood. Iyeyasu, founder of the last dynasty of Shoguns, left a motto that "the girded sword was the living soul of the Samural." When forging the edge of the blade the ancient swordsmith put on the robes of the Kuge class or nobles of the Mi-ka-do's court.

The temper of these trenchant weapons excels any Toledo trusty. I recall a visit Iwa-kuru and his official family paid the late Admiral John Rodgers on the flagship Colorado. While in the cabin Admiral Rodgers—Fighting Jack Rodgers he was called in the service, to distinguish him from the present Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, whose sailor name is Chesterfield Rodgers, on account of the urbanity with which he could ask the deck officer to take a reef in the topsails or set a lower stun'sail—was showing the Japanese San-jo-dai-jin the mettle of a sword presented to him by the emperor of Russia, when it snapped like a whipcord. Iwa-kuru took his long katana, heavily mounted and rich in cunning metal work—probably an heirloom in his family for centuries—bent it hither and thither and almost tied a bowknot in it. Our admiral was not a little chagrined at the bad behavior of his Russian weapon. Afterwards, however, the San-jo-dai-jin sent him a superb native sword, probably equal to his own in temper. I remember hearing one of the court officers say that it was not considered a good sword that would not at one blow cleve through the dead bodies of three men. Young noblemen were wont to try their maiden swords by bribing the headsman to use them at public executions, and fierce, inhuman Yakonins tested theirs not infrequently in the old times on dogs and lazars on the public highway.—Ex-Naval Officer in Philadelphia Times.

### Action of Acids on the Saliva.

The influence of acids in retarding or arresting salivary digestion is further of importance in the dietetic use of pickels, vinegar, salads, and acid fruits. In the case of vinegar it was found that 1 part in 5,000 sensibly retarded this process, a proportion of 1 in 1,000 rendered it very slow, and 1 in 500 arrested it completely; so that when acid salads are taken together with bread the effect of the acid is to prevent any salivary digestion of the bread, a matter of little moment to a person with a vigorous digestion, but to a feeble dyspeptic one of some importance. There is a very widespread belief that drinking vinegar is an efficacious means of avoiding getting fat, and this popular belief would appear from these experimental observations to be well founded. If the vinegar be taken at the same time as farinaceous food it will greatly interfere with its digestion and assimilation.—Nineteenth Century.

### Symptoms of Pen Paralysis.

There is such a thing as pen paralysis, sometimes called "writer's cramp," and it is a very inconvenient affection. It is a weakness of the nerves of the hand, caused by the constant contact of metal, a kind of electrical action upon the nerves and produces uncontrollable tembling. Writers who use steel pens a great deal, and telegraph operators, are subject to it. It is treated by electricity applied to the nerve centers and by nerve tonics, and readily yields. I have had it, but am in a fair way of recovery. Professional clerks should not use steel penholders if they desire to remain free from an attack of the disease.—E. P. Walsh in Globe-Democrat.

### Incorrect Opinion of Steamboat Mates.

The impression the public have of steamboat mates is not the correct one. The mate who looks the fiercest and swears the loudest is often the best to his crew. A mate is noisy from mere force of habit. He deems it necessary to indulge in expletives, and the average roustabout would be a worthless ornament without the encouraging tirade of of the competent mate. Once away from the boat, the mate, as a rule, is like any other man, and I have known many noisy mates who were quiet and orderly as a Sabbath-school teacher on duty when they were off duty.—Capt. Asbury in Globe-Democrat.

### The Three Tunnels of the Alps.

The Alps are pierced by three remarkably long tunnels entering Italy from France, Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol. They are the Mont Cenis, seven and three-quarters miles long; the St. Gothard, nine and one-quarter miles long, and the Arlberg tunnel, only six and one-half miles long. The projected Simplon tunnel, by which the railroad from Geneva to Martigni will be carried through the mountains to Dumo d'Ossola, will be twelve and one-half miles long, and the estimated cost $20,000,000.—Chicago Journal.

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## THE HORNET'S NEST AT SHILOH.

### Carrying the Confederate Colors Forward —Miraculously Preserved.

I witnessed the various bloody and unsuccessful attacks on the "hornet's nest." During one of the dreadful repulses of our forces, Gen. Bragg directed me to ride forward to the central regiment of a brigade of troops that was recoiling across an open field to take its colors and carry them forward. "The flag must not go back again," he said. Obeying the order I dashed through the line of battle, seized the colors from the color-bearer, and said to him: "Gen. Bragg says these colors must not go to the rear." While talking to him the color-sergeant was shot down. A moment or two afterward I was almost alone on horseback in the open field between the two lines of battle.

An officer came up to me with a bullet-hole in each cheek, the blood streaming from his mouth, and asked: "What are you doing with my colors, sir?" "I am obeying Gen. Bragg's orders, sir, to hold them where they are," was my reply. "Let me have them," he said. "If any man but my color-bearer carries these colors, I am the man. Tell Gen. Bragg I will see that these colors are in the right place. But he must attack this position in flank; we can never carry it alone from the front." It was Col. Allen, afterward Governor Allen, of Louisiana. I returned, miraculously preserved, to Gen. Bragg, and reported Col. Allen's words. I then carried an order to the same troops, giving the order I think to Gen. Gibson, to fall back to the fence in the rear and reorganize. This was done, and then Gen. Bragg dispatched me to the right, and Col. Frank Gardner (afterward major general) to the left, to inform the brigade and division commanders on either side that a combined movement would be made on the front and flank of that position. The movements were made and Prentiss was captured.—Col. Lockett in The Century.

### Watching the Chicks Shell Out.

I was rather surprised last night when I drifted into the fanciers' show to see four indubitable swells sitting in four large wooden chairs in front of an artificial incubator, and staring at a lot of eggs with the most absorbed and interested faces imaginable. They all wore fur coats, leaned on their sticks heavily, and two of them held their watches in their hands. There were dozens of eggs under the glass case, and every few minutes one of the shells would open, and a small and puny chick was born into the world. When the event occurred, the four men would look at each other with eyes that were invariably wide open, and comment upon the size, appearance, and activity of the recent arrival with the solemnity of supreme court judges. Occasionally the two who held their watches in their hands would make bets of some magnitude on the interval of time which would elapse between one birth and another. Once, when four or five of the livelier chicks pounced upon a weary-looking specimen who seemed to object to being born, the very moment the shell was broken the interest of the four men was almost painful. The exhibition was really very much of a novelty to them, and I am told that they had hired the chairs from an usher three nights before, and had attended the show regularly from that time on.—Blakely Hall in The Argonaut,

### The Outcome of Assiduous Care.

When the late Charles Matthews was playing in Melbourne fifteen years ago he received what he considered the highest compliment of his professional career. A little girl in the audience was asked by her friends at the conclusion of performance how she was pleased, to which she replied: "I didn't care for Mr. Matthews' acting a bit; he just walked up and down the stage as papa walks up and down she dining-room at home." It is the fact of this appearance of perfect spontaneity in the highest art, being really the outcome of the most assiduous care, that renders it so truly inimitable and the counterfeit so easy of detection. The "round O of Giotto" was only a perfect circle, but it needed the master hand to execute it with a simple sweep of the crayon.

Ruskin tells us in one of his treaties on landscape painting that in some of the greatest works of genius an effect which is almost magical at the proper focal distance is conveyed by what appears, to the uninstructed eye and viewed close at hand, to be a mere dash of loaded color, but which in reality could not be added to or diminished by the smallest particle without detracting from the effect. Chambers' Journal.

### Appreciation of the California Redwood.

The value for manufacturing and finishing purposes of the richly grained redwood of California is beginning to be appreciated, though not, it would seem, until after immense quantities of it have been diverted to unnecessary uses. Until recently the rich, curley bird's-eye and other peculiarly marked species were cut for rough lumber and the softer, straight-grained kinds being so much more easy to work, less liable to shrink endwise, and not so liable to split in nailing, were the favorite material for building and other purposes for which redwood was used, to the exclusion of the wavy and peculiarly grained varieties included in the first-class redwood list.

Thus trees or logs indicating the very features now so prized in redwood have been used in prodigious quantities, simply because of their size and strength; but it is now a matter of special interest to builders and artisans that, for richness and peculiarity of grain, the redwood is excelled only by the finest of costly hard wood. The shrinking endwise is special to this wood, but does not extend beyond thorough seasoning.—Chicago Herald.

### The Surprise Party in England.

Yet another American social institution is becoming acclimatized in London society in the shape of "surprise parties." Briefly described, a "surprise party" is one in which the guests, who should all be known to each other, swoop down unexpectedly on the rooms or houses of a friend and proceed to enjoy themselves. The gist of the business is that the "surprise guests" take their supper with them, so that even if the surprised host or hostess be actually out the party can still be held. To make "surprise parties" really successful is no easy matter. A perfect organizer of them is well-nigh as valued a member of society in New York as a finished leader of cotillons is in our own capital. But, thanks to the presence of so large an American contingent in London, the "surprise party" is likely to become quite a feature of the current season.—London Figaro.

### The Rattlesnake and the Prairie Dog.

The strange companionship explained thus: The prairie dog's burrow is the only shelter afforded the snake from the intense heat of those torrid plains; and as the dog always sinks a well on his premises, it is the only means of getting water, and I have demonstrated to my satisfaction that rattlesnakes speedily perish without it. In return for this hospitality, the rattlesnake takes charge of the census, and thoughtfully prevents the prairie dog from accumulating a larger family than he can conveniently support.—Scientific American.