

Duddybanger Paints.

Mr. Duddybanger made some improvements on his place recently, and among them a two-story addition to his house, containing a nice, large summer-kitchen on the first floor, and on the second, an airy sleeping apartment and a nice bath-room.

This arrangement gave both Mr. and Mrs. Duddybanger a great deal of satisfaction and increased the capacity of the house so much that Mrs. Duddybanger immediately invited a dear elderly maiden sister, possessed of property, to visit them, which invitation the elderly maiden sister immediately accepted with the most beautiful alacrity.

This extension had been finished on the inside, but outwardly it yet needed a coat or two of paint, as hitherto nothing but a coat of priming had been given to it. This extra painting Duddybanger resolved to do himself, as he was a little out-door exercise.

He had surrounded the extension with a bank some three or four feet wide on the top and of such a height as to fill in the distance between the top of the foundation wall and the original lay of the land, which was a slight slope from the house, thus rendering the bank rather high in places, and especially at the end overlooked by the bathroom window. Mr. Duddybanger borrowed a nice long ladder and he and Mrs. Duddybanger ascended themselves and two more hours in painting it against the extension, with the top directly over the bath-room window and the feet resting on the top of the bank; and then to procure an easy inclination they drew the bottom out near the edge of the bank as they dived.

Then he proceeded to get into a new pair of sewing-circles made especially for so very small in the legs to make him appear to nobody who didn't know him very well rather constrained and distant and formal, but so very, very ample elsewhere as to accommodate him every movement, and reasonably suggest minitude, or space, or something or other.

Then he got his materials together and painted and laddered and mixed and dabbed till he thought he had about the right thing in point, and then taking the pot and brush he mounted the ladder just three minutes after the elderly maiden sister, stepping into the bath-room, drew the curtain without taking particular notice of the ladder, and began dibbling for a bath.

Mr. Duddybanger's eyes were so full of pain that he couldn't see much, and it was not strange that the closely drawn curtains of the bath-room window escaped his notice; likewise the elderly maiden sister was so very deaf that she knew nothing of the noise of either his proximity or his brother-in-law, to say nothing of the fact that she had just set up and knew nothing of the day's programme, all of which tended to make the situation one of beautiful and blissful ignorance.

Then Mr. Duddybanger, after having mounted as high as possible, hung the paint pot on the top rung of the ladder and commenced to step around with the brush and waste paint and grow weak in the arms and change hands and whistle softly and wonder how much a good painter would cost him by the day and how long paintas lived anyway, and if the smell of paint wasn't rather unpleasant after all and he wasn't better off doing a little more oil or getting a drink of water or something; and it was just as he had concluded to descend that the ladder moved a little and a "Gramp! Gramp!" of swish-swing-swing attracted his attention.

Going down from the dizzy height he held a log belonging to one of his neighbors energetically scratching himself against the foot of the ladder, which by the powerful movements of the animal was being gradually worked into the uncertain soil at the edge of the bank. The situation was appalling and Duddybanger tried to grasp it and the ladder and the paint brush all at once, but failed. He let the situation and the brush go to thumb and claw to the top of that ladder with all the energy of despair.

Then Duddybanger commenced to say, "Hi, you there," and "Stop—won't you?" and "Say—say there, do you know what you're doing?" and then he tried to reason with the animal and to show him the impracticality of the thing, but it did no good.

He dared not stir for fear of helping things too much, so he just held the ladder and his breath and shut his eyes and sat tight and braced himself for the shock; and when a vigorous boot sent the foot of that ladder flying out into the air and brought the top end crashing down over those clap boards with a noise like young thunder, Duddybanger sent his fingers into the wood and his thoughts into the skies and went sailing through the bush of that back-swing wind with the end of a ladder and other things and a pot of paint with a rush that would have done credit to a comet.

The ladder stopped at the windowsill, but Duddybanger and the paint pot kept right on. He looked around for something to step against, but, as he didn't see anything nearer than the bathroom floor, he thought he might as well set the thing through anyhow and get rid of such a terrible suspense, so he just sat on the floor along with a lot of tin and paint, and glass, and wood splinters, and stars, and thunes, and it occurred to him that the party who moved out just as he came in possessed a great deal more judgment than clodius and was remarkably agile and decided for one so old.

The intermission him so that he sat it out and thought over it and some other things until his wife came for her sister's clothes, and then he got up and went down stairs, and after asking his wife to apologize to her sister for him, he went out to the workshop and delivered an oration.

For a week after this Duddybanger divided his spare time between watching for that log and picking little pieces of glass out of his hands, and trying to make up with his sister-in-law; but as he didn't succeed much he cooled himself off and went to work and repaired his fences.

It is estimated that the colored people of Savannah, Ga., lose about \$25,000 per year by the failure of the Freedman's Savings Bank and Trust Co.

Iowa farmers are despondent, because Paris green will not make the locust take trench leave.

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Wonderful Performance.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg and started upon a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gilding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow; and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dire and vast cathedral. The company of monks with whom they had been traveling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when Father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. And now as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument, looking up in the shadows of the great, empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the figure expressed a wonderful reverence. What tones must even now be shimmering in those mighty voices? Tones, which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had shown him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river and the deserted ruin; the sunshiny unfilling and the unfilling shadow at its side. "Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the organ stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have them managed. How the deep tones woke the somber stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring at very joy at the carcasses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was amongst them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale; others crossed themselves; till the prior rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no form of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil himself," cried the first one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle. "It is a miracle!" said another. But when the oldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ front he stood petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hand, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes blazed like stars, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still.

Origin of Printing.

Like all grand discoveries, the origin of printing was exceedingly simple. In the year 1420, a certain old gentleman named Lawrence Coster lived in Haarlem. He was fond of taking solitary walks in the woods, and one day fell idly to work with his knife on a smooth piece of birch bark, and cut several letters so neatly that after he returned home he stamped them on paper; the impression was so good that he naturally fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing. The Dutch writers claim that this grand discovery did poor Coster very little good, as a dishonest apprentice who had wit enough to understand the value of such a discovery, ran away from his master, taking with him a great many of the wooden blocks which it had required so much ingenuity and patience to fashion, and unlawfully appropriate the credit of the grand discovery. It is hinted that the runaway apprentice was John Faust or John Gutsberg; but the Germans justify say there is no proof of this. "It is certain, however," says a contributor to one of our first-class journals, "that there was a Lawrence Coster, of the entomological who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market-places in Haarlem, and his rough-looking books are, some of them, now in the 'State House' of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust or Gutsberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing. As usual, it was for future ages to reap the full benefit of the art of one patient, unappreciated worker."

They make diamonds in Paris now with a very near approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization—a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still, all this may not yield a perfectly deceptive diamond. Another composition is made from silver sand, very pure potash, muriatic acid, calcined borax, and a form of arsenic, varied occasionally by a mixture of strass—a mixture for which an equivalent is paste, and which represents transparent pohles burnt to powder, white lead, and other similar materials. Sometimes rock-oyster is used, with borax acid from Italy, and nitrate of potash. Of these materials is composed the false diamond, which figures so alluringly in the shop-windows of the Palais Royal. The time and labor devoted to these productions might be much better employed.

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