GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! good-night! good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! good-night! good-night!"

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a queer delight,
"Good little girl! good-night! good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night,"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light!
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head—
The violets courtesied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair
And said on her knees her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work has begun."

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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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Garnet's Humiliation.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Some callers for Miss Westbury," said the well-trained hotel servant, as he presented cards on a silver salver.

"O, mamma! it's those fashionable Mays; just the best people in Washington! John, tell them I'll be down very soon. What *shall* I wear, mamma? please tell me quick. If cousin Stella wasn't so awfully stupid, she might have got my lavender silk out by this time; or my lovely blue one, with the point lace trimmings. Pray, tell me, somebody, what I shall wear."

"The silver gray you have on, with a fresh ribbon, will be prettier than an elaborate dress. I shouldn't think of making an evening toilet if I were you, even for the Mays," said Stella.

"That's because you don't know anything about them," responded Garnet. "What can such fashionable people have in common with you? Probably you'll never speak to them in your life," and she threw ribbons and necklace, watch and chain recklessly on the marble top table, in her haste; while her mother, who had brought a costly, imported dress from the wardrobe, proceeded to array her only and beautiful child in it For Garnet was beautiful, and had been brought up, as her father often said, "without regard to cost."

To please her, the old oil merchant had consented to spend the winter in Washington, at one of the first hotels, and to incur no end of expense, for Garnet was wild to see and mingle with the best society.

There also he had found his niece, the daughter of his dead brother, ill at an ordinary boarding house, and in the goodness of his heart, had insisted upon her leaving an arduous position, and spending the winter with his family.

Feeling the need of rest and relaxation, Stella had accepted the kind offer, much to the spoiled Garnet's chagrin, who saw only in the little plain figure, and somewhat old-fashioned garments, a dowdy and a foil. In fact she was very much ashamed of her cousin, and took no pains to hide her dislike.

"They are very worthy people, I believe," Stella answered, with a flush on her cheek.

"Very worthy! Good patience, mamma, hear her—the very pink and perfection of Washington society! Very worthy people, indeed! Why, there are persons who would give half they are worth to be called upon by the Mays. Do you really think they are *very worthy people*, Stella? How much they would be obliged if they could only hear you."

Her cousin settled quietly into her corner again with her book, but the flush on her cheek had faded into paleness.

"Now, mamma, how do I look? O, but how awfully long to keep them waiting. They probably saw in the papers that I have just come out. I'll wear both diamond rings, mamma. Dear me, I wish the interview was over. They say that Miss Bella May wears an India shawl of almost fabulous value, given to her by some great Eastern magnate, and that Miss Anne is to marry an earl, an English earl; think of that! If ever we go abroad, it will be of such advantage to be acquainted with her."

She swept once or twice back and forth, her splendid train spreading in a peacock glory over the rich hues of the carpet, then taking one last look in the cheval mirror, and posing her head in its daintiest fashion, she walked out of the room like a little princess, conscious of being at her best.

"Isn't she dressed a little too much for a day call?" asked Mrs. Westbury, anxiously, as she saw the last iris glitter of the rich silk vanish at the threshold.

"I think she is," said Estelle, quietly.

"I'm afraid so; but what could I do; Garnet has had her own way so long that I never pretend to dispute her wishes or her taste," sighed the meek little woman—a sad confession for a mother to make, as Estelle thought, with a pitying look.

"Pray, are the Mays so very wonderful?" asked Mrs. Westbury.

"I believe they are of very good family, and I know they are immensely rich," said Estelle; "but what I have heard them chiefly extolled for is their unaffectedness and good sense. Though they are really among the leaders of society here, they are as quiet and unassuming as—well, as true nobility of character always makes one, I suppose. I am glad they have called upon Garnet. It may really be considered quite an honor."

"They must have seen her, and she is so pretty," said the gratified mother.

"Yes, Garnet is beautiful," replied Estelle; adding in her heart, "if only the mind corresponded to the outer shrine."

Meanwhile Garnet, gratified and triumphant, entered the handsome parlor of the hotel. Here and there in groups sat visitors, ladies and gentlemen, and the young girl was delighted by the sensation caused by her appearance. For one little moment Garnet was confused, as going up to a small and well-dressed group of people, she said, speaking to a lady, "Mrs. May, I presume."

"O, no, that is Mrs. May by the window," responded the lady, pointing to another circle with her fan.

"Mercy, mamma," exclaimed Anne May, as the overdressed Garnet came toward them, "We have evoked a rainbow!"

Garnet, a little taken aback at sight of the plain toilets of this distinguished party, sailed up to them with her grandest manner, and to cover her surprise and trepidation, plunged at once into conversation. She scarcely waited for questions, but with the volubility of a school-girl just released from bondage, talked and talked.

Before long, these strangers, as well as others, whose ears were sharpened by hotel experience, knew the principal events of her life; what school she had attended; how she hated Blank, her native city; what sort of a house her father had bought and furnished; that part of her family were traveling on the continent, and had sent her costly presents; how much she, too, wanted to visit foreign countries; and numberless little incidents that kept her visitors staring, and almost silent.

At last she paused, and began the contemplation of her dress. Surely that most exquisite point lace must impress them favorably; and the diamonds on her fingers and in her ears—not many young ladies could afford to wear them; and then the dress itself, how she ached to inform them that it was an importation from Paris, and the work of the great artist Worth, the prince of dressmakers.

"Mamma," said Anne May, in a voice strikingly unlike the high-pitched tone of Miss Garnet, "would it not be as well to mention the business for which we called upon Miss Westbury?"

Garnet's ears tingled so that perhaps a new splendor shot from their pendant jewels, for was not this a prelude to an invitation to their house, to some German or grand reception, where she might see the President, and some of the great men of the country.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. May, in the same low, moduiated tones. "You see, Miss Westbury, we have been searching the city for a missing friend, and having heard, accidentally, that you were a relation, we call to see if you could give us any information concerning Miss Stella Glen."

"Stella Glen! My cousin!" exclaimed Garnet, the blood receding from her cheeks, while she inwardly wondered at the strange question. Was it possible, after all, that this could have been the only object of their visit? Did they not come to make her a call of acknowledgment, or of compliment? Could it be only to inquire after Miss Stella, who perhaps they took for a dressmaker? And who knew but she might have been one—she was such a stickler for the right of women to help themselves; and at the thought her cheek burned.

She drew back a little, mortified to the heart. Had all her fine clothes, her point lace gone for nothing? Had she been called down, it seemed to her now, like a servant, to tell whatever she knew about her cousin.

"Miss Glen is here, with us," said Garnet.

"What! in this hotel? O, mamma!" exclaimed Miss Anne, with sparkling eyes.

"I will go up, and send her down," said Garnet, rising.

"Pray, don't think us so rude," said Mrs. May, and her hand was on the bell-rope.

A card was sent up by the servant, while Garnet sat still, in mute surprise, her high spirits gone, her vanity laid low.

Presently, to her horror, Stella appeared in the door-way, in the same identical black silk dress—rusty at that—which she always wore. But now Garnet saw with new eyes—saw a delicacy and beauty in her figure, an expression in her face, that had been sealed to her hitherto.

What was her exceeding astonishment to note that all the Mays rose, and with outstretched hands welcomed her cousin with the warmest demonstrations. Miss Anne kissed her; Mrs. May patted her cheek, and called her darling; Miss Belle chided her for not coming to see them; all had a kind word, a real welcome, for the girl Garnet had considered a little nobody.

At last the truth came out. Miss Glen was the daughter of one who had been a brave soldier during the war. Her father had died, nobly giving his life up in the heroic effort to save his superior officer—and that officer was Col. May.

Miss Glen had then devoted herself to the sick and wounded in the hospital, and had, singularly enough, succeeded by her devotion in carrying through a terrible illness the son of this same Col. May, a young lieutenant, who had been dangerously wounded at Gettysburg.

From that time the Mays adopted her as nearly as possible until they left for Europe. They had been very anxious to take her with them, but as the young officer aforesaid had made proposals of marriage to Miss Glen, and been rejected, she very wisely declined.

All this Garnet learned afterward. At the time she only felt a burning resentment that this quiet, unfashionable cousin had preceded her in the good graces of one of the most prominent families in town, and it seemed like adding the one drop too much when Mrs. May, after almost literally imploring a visit from Miss Glen, turned as if she bethought herself, and blandly added, "and bring your little cousin with you." Evidently they thought her fresh from school.

"I'll never go—I'll *never* go!" she cried in a tempest of passion, when the cousins regained their parlor. "Why didn't you tell me you knew them?" and she turned upon poor Stella with a perfect torrent of vituperation, blaming her for all she had been obliged to undergo.

In time, however, she thought better of it. Finding that her quiet little cousin had the *entree* into society, she condescended to treat her on more equal terms; but she never forgot the humiliation, or the lesson of that day's defeat. *Youth's Champion.*

The Gypsies' Cup.

The author of "The English Gypsies and Their Language" says: The reader who is familiar with the religious observances of India is probably aware of the extraordinary regard in which the cup is held by many sects. In Germany, as Mr. Liebach declares, drinking cups are kept by the gypsies with superstitious regard, the utmost care being taken that they never fall to the ground. "Should this happen the cup is never used again. By touching the ground it becomes sacred, and should no more be used. When a gypsy cares for nothing else he keeps his drinking cup under every circumstance." I have not been able to ascertain whether this species of regard for the cup ever exists in England, but I know of many who could not be induced to drink from a white cup or bowl, the reason alleged being the insufficient one that it reminded them of a blood basin. It is almost needless to say that this could never have been the origin of the antipathy. No such considerations deter English peasants from using white crockery drinking vessels. In Germany among the gypsies, if a woman has trodden on any object, or if the skirt of her dress has swept over or touched it, it is either destroyed, or, if of value, is disposed of or never used again. I found on inquiry that the same custom still prevails among the old gypsy families in England, and that if the object be a crockery plate or cup, it is at once broken For this reason, even more than for convenience, real gypsies are accustomed to hang every cooking utensil and all that appertains to the table, high up in their wagons. It is almost needless to point out, how closely these ideas agree with those of many Hindoos.

Mirage of Snowdon.

Mr. H. J. Wetenhall, who with a party of friends recently made the ascent of Snowdon, Scotland, gives the following account of the curious phenomena of the mirage observed by them: "The atmosphere was clear until we had reached within half a mile of the summit, when a light cloud rising steadily from amongst the southern peaks enveloped it. Drifting toward us, when very near, the cloud dropped over the eastern shoulder of the mountain just where it dips towards Capel Curig. As we stood watching, great was our surprise and delight as we beheld painted upon it, not the *arc-en-ciel* with which we are familiar, but a complete and brilliant prismatic circle, apparently about thirty feet in diameter, in the very centre of which we ourselves were depicted, the image being somewhat enlarged but clearly defined; as we arranged the party in groups or bowed to each other, every form and movement was faithfully reproduced in the picture. It was now about eight o'clock, with the sun nearly in a line with us. Our guide, who had made some hundreds of ascents, had never witnessed such a sight before."

American Inventions.

The great American inventions, which have been adopted all over the world, are the following: 1. The cotton gin, without which the machine spinner and the power loom would be helpless. 2. The planing machine. 3. The grass mower and grain reaper. 4. The rotary printing press. 5. Navigation by steam. 6. The hot-air (caloric) engine. 7. The sewing machine. 8. The India-rubber industry. 9. The machine manufacture of horseshoes. 10. The sand blast (for carving). 11. The gauge lathe. 12. The grain elevator. 13. The artificial manufacture of ice on a large scale. 14 The electro-magnet and its practical application by Henry and Morse. 15. The only successful composing machine for printers.

Alcohol as Food.

Dr. Richardson's Cantor Lectures have aroused not a little discussion in England, and have led to the presentation in popular form of results arrived at by other scientists opposed to the views held by the lecturer. Notably, Anstie's "stimulants and Narcotics, and their Mutual Relations," and "A Treatise on the Origin, Nature and Varieties of Wine," by Drs. Thudighum and Dupre, have been laid under contribution, very emphatic testimony being therefrom adduced to the beneficial effects of alcohol, under certain conditions, not only as a healthful stimulant, but as possessing absolute nutritive qualities. Dr. Richardson's position on this latter head is briefly summed up in the affirmation that pure alcohol is entirely without nourishing power. Anstie, who gave some of the best years of his life to a laborious investigation of the physiological influence of alcohol, arrived at a conclusion diametrically opposite. In support of his position he adduced numerous cases from his own large practice, the strongest perhaps being that of an old soldier who came under his care at the Westminster Hospital in 1861. This man for twenty years had lived upon a diet composed of a bottle of gin and "one small finger-length of toasted bread per day, and during this long period maintained the structures of his body upon such a remarkable regimen. He also instanced the case of a youth of eighteen so reduced by a severe attack of rheumatism as to be unable to retain food of any kind upon his stomach, who was sustained for several days upon an allowance of twelve ounces of water and twelve ounces of gin per day, and who recovered rapidly under this treatment and almost without any trace of the emaciation which ordinarily follows upon such a disease. The lad previous to his illness, was of a strictly sober and temperate habit, and during the use of the gin the abnormal frequency of the pulse and of the breathing came gradually down to the proper standard of ordinary breath, and there was at no time the slightest tendency to intoxication, Dr. de Lalor mentions a case, similar to this, of an infant fourteen months old, who during an attack of inflammation of lungs, subsisted entirely upon port wine for a period of twelve days, making under this treatment a rapid recovery, showing no signs of emanciation, and never exhibiting symptoms of intoxication. These cases, and it must be remembered, they are not exceptional, afford ground upon which to rest the belief that alcohol does in fact possess nutritive powers, although of a nature as yet undetermined; but, apparently it is only nutritive under certain abnormal conditions of the body. It is a fair assumption, further that it is a negative rather than a positive nutriment; that it supports life less by nourishing than by arresting the waste of tissue resultant upon deprivation of food.

One fact elicited by the discussion of this subject tends to justify the prohibitionists in their denunciations of the insidious character of intoxicating drinks. In the course of his investigations Dr. Dupre discovered that alcohol is apparent in small quantity in the bodies of strictly temperate people; that, as he put it, "the healthy system of the tee-to-taller brews, so to speak, a little drop for itself." It is notable that Steinmetz, writing 20 years ago, advanced as a surmise the fact which Dupre has now established. Alcohol is indeed generated in the digestive process of all animals. All vegetables contain starch, all fruits sugar, and starch is itself resolvable into sugar. Acting upon the saccharine substance the natural heat of the body produces fermentation, and fermentation results in the involuntary introduction of stimulating liquor into the most temperate people's insides! This fact is a proof of the necessity of a small quantity of alcohol to the animal economy, even in a healthy condition, if not as food, at least as an agent tending to assist digestion. To consider the injurious physiological effects of alcohol is not within the scope of the present article, our purpose being merely to set forth briefly certain newly-determined facts in connection with its use, not to discuss the countless evils which inevitably flow from its abuse.

An English Kitchen for the Sick.

When poor patients are discharged from hospital, cured, but sickly—purged of assailable disease, but feeble from its ravages, impoverished in muscle and energy (which mean working power) by the long conflict and wasteful throe and prostration—what they want are the two supreme essentials of good "lying-by" a bit, and good feeding. What they want (putting it in other words) is a gradual acquaintance with their old foregone labor, not a sudden resumption of the full burden of it; and a diet that shall be somewhat more suitable to a returning (and exacting) digestion than dried haddocks, bread and dripping, "pennywinks," bacon-rashers, eel-pies, cheese, liver, and cocoanut. Do they get it? Can they hope, when the doors of the hospital swing back upon their hinges behind them, and they pass totteringly, and nervous and unused, into the open air, that a sunny corner of a quiet room awaits them, that they will be snared into appetite and relish by the light pudding temptingly arranged, by the savory cup with its dice of toast, by the juicy cut from the best-found territory of the hot and and sapful joint? Alas! the answer is so contradictory to the question that the very question jars. We know what the poor have; their void, their tastelessness, their unquiet, their squalor. To look on this picture and on this, suffices. There is no need to duplicate the illustrations. Happily, however, this great and glaring want has been felt; and divers benign institutions have sprung up, that carry as many of the poor as they reach over this bridge, or borderland, separating wan infirmity from robust and rosy vigor. Now, not one among them, surely, can do its kind work more tenderly, or more effectually, than a a little modest establishment in Market street, in the close vicinity of St. Mary's Hospital. "St. Mary's Kitchen" this real Maison-Dieu has chosen for its modest name; its yearly income is £400; it stands, one of a row of little black-built houses, in the very midst of the poor who are its benficiaries; its staff consists of two kindly women; it gives away annually—mark it—10,000 dinners. Taking the 10,000 and dividing it by 300, (the round number of available days; for Sundays and holidays are excluded,) there are as many as thirty-three dinners, on the average, given away daily; as many as thirty-three invalids comforted; as many as thirty-three patients advanced, that certain so much, on the road to restored cheerfulness and helpful labor.—*All the Year Round.*

The Yankee Farmer and His Wife.

But if they are silent they are not surly; give them time and they are amiable enough, and they are first and last honest. They do not ask too much for board, and they show some slow willingness to act upon a boarder's suggestions for his greater comfort. But otherwise they remain unaffected by the contact. They learn no greater glibness of tongue, or liveliness of mind, or grace of manner; if their city guests bring with them the vices of wine or beer at dinner and tobacco after it, the farmers keep themselves uncontaminate. The only pipe you smell is that of the neighboring Irishman as he passes with his ox-team; the gypsying French Canadians, as they wander southward, tipsy by whole families, in their rickety open buggies, lend the sole bacchanal charm to the prospect that it knows. These are of a race whose indomitable light-heartedness no rigor of climate has appalled, whereas our Anglo-Saxon stock in many country neighborhoods of New England seems weather-beaten in mind as in face; and this may account for the greater quickwittedness of the women, whose in door life is more protected from the inclemency of our skies. It is certain that they are far readier than the men, more intelligent, gracious, and graceful, and with their able connivance the farmer stays the adversity creeping upon his class, if he does not retrieve its old prosperity. In the winter his daughters teach school, and in the summer they help their mother through her enterprise of taking boarders. The farm feeds them all, but from the women's labor comes thrice the ready money that the land ever yields, and it is they who keep alive the sense of all higher and finer things, Heaven knows with what heroic patience and devoted endeavor. The house shines, through them, with fresh paper and paint; year by year they add to those comforts and meek aspirations towards luxury which the summer guest accepts so lightly when he comes, smiling askance at the parlor organ in the corner, and the black-walnut-framed chromo-lithographs on the walls.

What is Crape Made Of?

This is a question of frequent interrogation—owing, no doubt, to the general discussion consequent upon the recent fraudulent importations—but as often it is indefinitely answered, so thoroughly is the original material metamorphosed by the treatment it undergoes before this curious fabric is ready for the market, the transformation at times being so great that even the most skilful are deceived as to the component material, as we learn that one of, if not the oldest, merchants testified in court that he always supposed that crape was made of worsted—a pardonable mistake, when we consider how wiry and unsilky it not only appears, but feels.

The fact is, however, that the article of chief value in the production of crape is the finest Italian silk, spun and woven in a peculiar manner, and treated to various mechanical and chemical operations—some of which are held in the most profound secrecy—that its manufacture not only calls into play the most exquisite skill and patience, but requires the investment of enormous capital.

At the head of the manufacturers of crape stands the English house of Courtaulds, whose name is inseparably connected with crape of perfect finish and beauty. Many years ago when their goods were introduced in America by Messrs. Brear & Co., the Courtaulds were comparatively small producers, but now Messrs. Hitchcock & Potter, of New York, and successors of the above firm, distribute very large quantities annually, besides the vast transactions in London and other European cities.

Crape is sometimes made of cotton and passes under the names of "Albert" and "Victoria," for such uses as do not require the more expensive article.

The use of this emblem of woe is so on the increase that the diminutive band or rosette that formerly sufficed for mourning purposes has been overcome by fashion, until stricken ones indicate their grief by dense folds of crape that seemingly envelope them in clouds of unconsolable sorrow.

Crape, the civilized world over, is the insignia of mourning, and no other article can fill its place, it being the outgrowth of a refined civilization that, demanding a suitable fabric, has found in it a marvelous adaptibility.

Girls in the Schoolroom.

One of the most melancholy features of this question of middle-class girls' education is that the very children who are now growing up under inefficient governesses, and without even that useful household training which was given to their grandmothers, are to be our governesses of the future. A professional man dies; his daughters are left unprovided for. Friends interest themselves in getting them situations, and have no compunction in seeing them undertake work which requires years of special training. These helpless young women mourn their sad fate, but are obliged to accept a small salary, or even none, for the sake of a roof to shelter them This does not, however, prove that they are fit to be governesses. Many a clergyman sees the children in his parish school getting a really better education than he can procure for his own. He tries to persuade himself that a smattering of European languages, and the power of playing Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" wrong on the piano, will make up for the want of the solid foundation which the certificated master, who has learnt to teach, is able to give to the laborer's child. At any rate, he thinks he has no choice, for he cannot afford to spend more money than he already does. It perhaps cannot be expected that he should dispense with a governess, teach his little girls Latin and cricket, imbue them with a love for the best literature in their own language, encourage them to spout Shakespeare and make their own clothes. After all, it is not so much matter what children learn so that they acquire the power of concentrated attention. When they strike out a line for themselves, as they are almost sure to do, if they have the gift of application they will get on. Lady Duff Gordon was not the less well educated because she was not taught what are called accomplishments. She learned to use her eyes, and her memory, and her reason, and truly valuable she found her desultory but excellent training. The great aim of education ought to be to teach children how to make use of their own minds. The mental activity which is at first an effort will gradually become a habit, and a good and enduring foundation will be laid. The mental indolence which girls now acquire in the schoolroom is fatal to intellectual development. They learn it partly from being helped over difficulties instead of being made to master them, and partly from the dawdling and waiting to say their lessons which it is almost impossible to help when each child of a number is in a different stage of proficiency.

Female Labor in Berlin.

Of the 437,000 self-reliant persons in Berlin, there are 140,000 women, so that they are about 32 per cent. of the whole. Seventy-one per cent, of these women have come from abroad. The terrain of female labor in Berlin is very comprehensive. To judge from the statistics, women prefer that of common service, or hiring out, tailoring, laundry, attendance, millinery, making of artificial flowers and articles of leather, tapestry, manufacturing of cartoons, fancy articles and umbrellas. These branches of industry are sought more by women than men. In the sphere of education and instruction the proportion between the two sexes is nearly equal; there are almost as many male as female educators. The same holds good in the manufacture of laces, fringes, &c, also in attending bathing institutions. The women are largely represented in stores and trading generally, in factories of articles of leather restaurants, hotels, furnishing rooms, attendance on the sick, hair-dressing and cabinet-making, in which they generally as widows continue the business of their deceased husbands.

The Highest Bridge in the World.

At a great outlay of time and money a wagon road has been completed from the highway passing through the Delaware Water Gap to the summit of Mount Minsi, the peak forming the Pennsylvania wall of the gap. The mountain is, 1,600 feet high. A suspension bridge is to be built from the summit of this mountain to that of Mount Tammany, on the New Jersey side of the river. This will be the highest bridge in the world. It will be over half a mile long. The cost of the structure will be about $100,000.

"LET'S LIVE WHILE WE LIVE."

What matters though time has been flying,
If the now we thoroughly live?
The hoards of the past for us buying
Such good as the present can give.

What matters how many years counted,
What matters the journeyings done,
If with each were higher heights mounted,
And by each some haven was won?

Then waste of the present in sighing
No moment, no zephyr of breath;
Half living is also half dying,
And sighing anticipates death!

The Mock Pearls of History.

Hayward, (translator of "Faust,") in his article on "Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," says, "We are gravely told, on historical authority, by Moore, in a note to one of his Irish melodies, that during the reign of Bryan, King of Munster, a young lady of great beauty, richly dressed, and adorned with jewels, undertook a journey from one end of the kingdom to another, with a wand in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such was the perfection of the laws and the government that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes and jewels. Precisely the same story is told of Alfred of Frothi, King of Denmark, and of Rollo, Duke of Normandy. Another romantic anecdote, fluctuating between two or more sets of actors, is an episode in the amours of Emma, the alleged daughter of Charlemagne, who, finding that the snow had fallen thickly during a nightly interview with her lover, Eginhard, took him upon her shoulders and carried him some distance from her bower to prevent his footsteps from being traced. Unluckily, Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma or Imma, and a hundred years before the appearance of the chronicle which records the adventure it had been related in print of a German Emperor and a damsel unknown. The story of Canute commanding the waves to roll back rests on the authority of Henry of Huntingdon, who wrote about a hundred years after the Danish monarch. 'As for the great number of the stories with which the ana are stuffed,' says Voltaire, 'including all those humorous replies attributed to Charles the Fifth and Henry the Fourth, to a hundred modern Princes, you find them in Athenæus and in our old authors.' Dionysius the Tyrant, we are told by Diogenes of Laerte, treated his friends like vases full of good liquors, which he broke when he had emptied them. This is precisely what Cardinal Retz says of Madame de Chevreuse's treatment of her lovers. There is a story of Sully's meeting a young lady, veiled, and dressed in green, on the back stairs leading to Henry's apartment, and being asked by the King whether he had not been told that His Majesty had a fever and could not receive that morning replied, 'Yes, sire, but the fever is gone; I have just met it on the staircase, dressed in green.' This story is told of Demetrius and his father. The lessons of perseverance in adversity taught by the spider to Robert Bruce is said to have been taught by the same insect to Tamerlane. 'When Columbus,' says Voltaire, 'promised a new hemisphere, people maintained that it does not exist; and when he had discovered it, that it had been known a long time.' It was to confute such detractors that he resorted to the illustration of the egg, already employed by Brunelleschi when his merit in raising the cupola of the cathedral of Florence was contested. The anecdote of Northampton reading *The Fairy Queen*, while Spenser was waiting in the ante-chamber, may pair off with one of Louis XIV. As this munificent monarch was going over the improvement of Versailles with Le Notre, the sight of each fresh beauty or capability tempts him to some fresh extravagance, till the architect cries out that if their promenade is continued in this fashion it will end in the bankruptcy of the state. Southampton, after sending first twenty and then fifty guineas, on coming to one fine passage after another exclaims, 'Turn the fellow out of the house, or I shall be ruined.'"—*Russell's Library Notes.*

Old Coaches and Sedan Chairs.

Among the 'wild vicissitudes of taste' few things have undergone a greater change than equipages, private and public. Early in the present century the carriages of the nobility were large, lumbering vehicles emblazoned all over with coats of arms, crests, mottoes, and other devices; the harness was also richly decorated with silver or brass ornaments, the whole very much after the fashion of a Lord Mayor of London's state coach of the present day. These family coaches were driven by very stately-looking coachmen, with curly wigs, perched up on a box covered with a gaudy hammer-cloth, the horses heavy and underbred. At the same period very high phaetons were in fashion, and there is a print in existence of the Prince of Wales appearing at Ascot in a very high phaeton hung upon springs three or four feet high. In addition to the above, there were Sedan chairs, named after Sedan in France, in which the upper ten thousand went to dinners and balls. These chairs were most elaborately ornamented outside, and lined inside with the most expensive silk. At Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and other fashionable places, chairmen plied in the streets as cabs and hansoms now do. Occasionally they were used by spendthrifts, who were anxious to avoid the tipstaves, as they could enter them in their own houses and be deposited in that of a friend. However, it does not appear that the Sedan chair was always a safe refuge against arrest for debt, as in one of Hogarth's prints the tipstaves are seen to be laying hold of one they were in search of, just as he was about to descend from his supposed place of security. One of the best caricatures of the day represented an Irishman being carried through the streets in a Sedan chair by two burly chairmen, with his feet touching the ground, some wag having taken out the bottom of the Sedan, and the chairmen, aware of the practical joke, selecting the dirtiest part of the road. "Bedad," says Paddy, "except for the honor of the thing, I'd as lief walk." The chairmen were fine, robust men; they had little regard for foot passengers, and considered the pavement their own exclusive property. It was rather an amusing sight to witness how the men trotted off, when a chair was required, racing to be first for hire. After a time Sedan chairs got out of fashion, except at Bath, Cheltenham, and Leamington, where they were in favor for many years after they ceased to exist in the metropolis.

Where do the Clouds Float?

For too long a time the scientific world has believed in the idea of De Saussure—that the water particles, of which clouds and fogs consist, are vesicles, analogous to soap bubbles, consisting of a watery envelope, with a vacuum inside, so as to be specifically lighter than the air. It is strange, says the *Manufacturer and Builder*, that the fact is continually being overlooked that if particles are only small enough they may be kept up in a liquid or gas, notwithstanding the material of which they are parts is considerably heavier than the medium in which they float. Powders of heavy material may be kept up in water for days and weeks, as those who prepare polishing powders know. The finest emery is only obtained from water from which the coarse particles have been deposited in different periods of time, according to their fineness, when at last, after collecting the deposits of many hours, and even days, the very finest parts do not settle until after many weeks' rest.

It is the same in the air; if we collect the dust deposited in a room which has been closed for some weeks, and examine it, we will find it all to consist of particles of very heavy materials, and if machine shops are in the neighborhood, even metallic dust will be recognized.

Now when heavy metallic dust can be carried in the air, why not water dust, which is much lighter? In viewing the grand falls of Niagara, we have noticed that, when the atmosphere was not too dry, so as to cause the spray to disappear, while the sky was covered with loose, floating clouds, the spray in ascending formed a cloud identical to the others, with which it floated away.

The height at which the clouds will float depends chiefly on the size of the watery particles—the larger they are the lower the clouds will float. This was recently verified by Mr. Angus Smith in Iceland, where he observed a cloud or fog rolling down the streets like dust. It came from the sea, and the particles were larger than any he had ever seen before, being about one four-hundredth of an inch in diameter. He did not find the particles hollow, but concrete throughout, and in his account refers also to the absurdity of the theory that the cloud particles should consist of hollow spheres or vesicles.

The power which holds small and heavy particles up in a liquid or gas is simply the adhesion, which increases with the surface. The finer the dust is the larger is the surface as compared with the volume, and when the adhesive action of the liquid or gas on this large surface is great enough it may overcome gravitation and the particles cannot fall, but will be kept floating.

That there is a strong adhesion between air and water is proved by the effect of wind on the surface of water, especially when compared with the effect of the wind on a watery surface lubricated with a film of oil; then the air glides over it without causing even a ripple. On this depends the quieting effect of oil when poured on turbulent waves when they are caused by wind. Oil poured on the waves of the rapids of the St. Lawrence river would by no means have that same quieting effect.

Telegraphic English.

We have no difficulty in accounting for the introduction of such words as "collide" and its fellows into popular language. The telegraph is responsible for most of them. The practice of charging for despatches according to the number of words they contain leads careless people to invent verbs which may do duty for phrases, and the daily use of such words in newspapers results in their speedy acceptance by uncritical persons as perfectly good English. Some high authorities in philology tell us, too, that a word once accepted as convenient and useful by the mass of the people is pretty sure to win its way to recognition, in the end, in spite of all that scholars and critics may do to prevent such a result. Therefore we must account the telegraph a sad sinner against the laws of correct speech; but we see things in despatches now and then quite as bad as the use of newly-made verbs, for which no plea of convenience or economy can be set up, and for which we cannot blame the telegraph in the least. For example, when the Emperor William was about to leave Milan a despatch said:

"MILAN, October 23—The Emperor William will depart from this city on his return to Germany at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon."

It is just possible that Emperors, instead of leaving places as common people do, "depart from" them; but in a republic manners are supposed to be simple, and so we have no possible theory by which to account for the following despatch sent from Paris recently:—

"PARIS, Oct. 22—The Council of Ministers to-day decided not to take the initiative looking to repressive measures in regard to M. Rouher for his recent speech at Ajaccio, as the Government desires to leave the Assembly complete freedom of action in the matter."

We know what it is to "take the initiative," although as a rule we have found it much more convenient to begin instead; but we are wholly unable to guess what "repressive measures in regard to M. Rouher for his recent speech" may be. The phrase sounds well, however, and looks dignified in print and so we have no disposition to quarrel unduly with it, but we really wish we could know what it means.

Unfortunately there is no available remedy for the evil of which we have just given examples. However conscientiously a daily journal may labor to exclude inflated rhetoric and incorrect usages from its columns, it is constantly forced to become the unwilling agent of the ill it condemns. There is usually no time for the revision of despatches. They must be hurriedly printed and published precisely as they are, however grievously they may outrage good taste or offend against the laws of correct speech. The persons who send news by telegraph are almost the only writers for newspapers who have license in such matters. In any other capacity they would have to curb their propensity to clothe small facts in high-sounding phrases, else their 'copy' first, and themselves afterwards, would be excluded. As press agents they are freed from the law by the operation of circumstances, and their inflated phrases find a place in the columns of the most carefully edited journals.

The Lion of Lucerne.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes from Lucerne, Switzerland: The one great attraction of Lucerne is the celebrated lion cut in the solid rock by Thorwaldsen. The figure is twenty-eight feet in length. Penetrated by a broken lance, he shelters the Bourbon lily with his paw. The reclining position, the agony expressed in the face of the dying animal is certainly as wonderful and touching as any work Thorwaldsen ever executed. The carving was done in 1821, in memory of the Swiss Guard who fell in defense of the Tuileries in 1792. Unfortunately the action of the water on the sandstone has splintered some layers off on one hip. This does not yet destroy the symmetry of the figure, but it gives promise that in time the influences of nature may destroy this work of art unless some protection can be attached to the solid rock. A spring from above flows down one side, forming a dark pool of water that reflects the agony of the transfixed lion still more painfully. Vines and shrubs creep round the base under shadow of the overhanging trees, and the effect of the whole is very impressive. Seats are arranged in the shade of the trees, and one can spend an hour very profitably and pleasantly, either in rain or shine, in studying this work of a master-hand.

The Egg Dance in India.

A much more pleasing performance, and one which might perhaps have been mentioned in connection with the exploits of the jugglers, is the "egg dance. This is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip nooses and, with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip nooses until they make a horizontal aureole or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid so rapid in fact that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl; the moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way,—that is, to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg, and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are successfully removed; the dancer suddenly stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by this dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, she advances to the spectators with a firm step, and presents them the eggs, which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick about the performance.

Mistakes—Reporters or Printers?—

Not long ago a tailor stood in the dock for misappropriating his employer's property, and the latter, we were told, deposed that "the materials were to be returned made up on a Thursday, and on the Sunday following he discovered that the deceased had left his home, and he did not see him again until he was in custody." The "deceased" was sentenced to a month's hard labor. The following is a curious sample of printers mixture which the *Daily Telegraph* once set before its readers. This purported to be a report of a case in the Bankruptcy Court, and after stating that the Register ordered a Receiver to be appointed, but declined to restrain the action of the creditors, went on thus: "A good deal of evidence was given, and in the course of the case his Lordship expressed an opinion that a juror should be withdrawn, and that the case was one for only a farthing damages. It was, the Judge said, a sad thing to to see a young man in such a position, which there no doubt had been brought about by habits of Intemperance, and but for the recommendation of the jury he should have passed a very severe sentence. He advised him to abstain from drink for the future, and sentenced him to be imprisoned and kept to hard labor for six months." Some of the industrious gentlemen whose avocation it is to hunt up news for provincial journals have a very odd way of putting things. Under the heading "Death from Drowning" we read: "On Saturday Mr. J. C. Jarrold, Deputy Coroner, held an inquest at the Hazard Arms, Mill Lane, concerning the death of Thomas Shipp, who was drowned on the following night." Chronicling the coming to grief of a young trapeze performer, the reporter says: "It was afterward discovered that the boy's collar-bone was broken, but unfortunately his injuries are not of a dangerous description." Another announces, without a word of protest against the vivisectionists, that "A British Workman is about to be opened at Morpeth." A third tells us: "A pony-carriage was passing along New Bond street, Bath, when, in turning into Northgate street, it fell down and broke both of its legs." Recording some steeple-chase doings at Monaghan, the *Irish Times* said: "A very nice day's sport was carried on over an excellent course, all grass, over the lands of Mr. Henderson, whose hospitality was unbounded. It consisted of two walls, two bank drops, a water cut, and two hurdles." Telling of a man who lost his life in a riot, a Belfast paper ended the story with: "They fired two shots at him; the first shot killed him, but the second was not fatal." He was not blessed with a couple of lives, like the deaf man named Taff, "who was run down by a passenger train and killed; he was injured in a similar way a year ago." The Irish journalists, however, cannot be accused of monopolizing the manufacture of bulls; their English brethern are equally clever that way; as they proved by sending the Princess Louise to Wimbledon "to witness the shooting of her husband;" describing the prince of Wales' second son as "an amiable boy like his mother;" and announcing that the Duke of Hamilton would shortly take to wife "the late Lady Mary Louisa Elizabeth Montague." —*Chamber's Journal.*

Seeing Six Generations.

Dr. Plot, in his *Natural History of Staffordshire*, mentions old Mary Cooper of King's Bromley, who lived to see the sixth generation, and could have said; "Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for her daughter's daughter hath a daughter." This was either an imitation of, or suggested by, a statement made by Zuingerus to the effect that a noble matron of the family of Dolburus, in the archbishopric of Mentz could have thus spoken to her daughter: "Daughter bid thy daughter tell her daughter that her daughter's little daughter is crying." Horace Walpole speaks of an ancient lady whom he visited, one Mrs. Godfrey; she had a daughter who had a daughter, (Lady Waldegrave,) who had a son, (Lord Waldegrave,) who had a daughter, (Countess Dowager of Powis,) who had a daughter, (Lady Clive,) who had an infant son! Horace Walpole saw all the eight generations at different periods of life. The secret here was—early marriages, one after another.—*All the Year Round.*

Good Advice.

Be proud of your calling; if a shoemaker, strive to make a better shoe than anybody else.

Look well to the ways of your footsteps; never let one be inside a bar-room or gaming saloon.

With a clear eye and an upright heart resist every wrong.

"If thou hast a truth to utter, speak, and leave the rest to God.'

Touch not, taste not that which will corrupt.

Go not to your grave one-third whiskey, one-third tobacco, and the other third a composition of corruption so filthy that graveworms will shun the place where you sleep.

Be something—be somebody. Set your mark high in the world, and then move towards it.

Don't wait for somebody to lift you up to the place you aspire to—lift yourself.

'Act; act within the living present, heart within and God o'erhead.'

Look for something to do—don't stand on the corners waiting for 'something to turn up.'

How Opium is Smoked.

The pipe in which the Chinese smoke opium has a stem probably two feet long, made of cane such as certain fishing rode are made of; about twenty inches from the mouthpiece, which is an inch in diameter, in the bowl. This appears to be made of boxwood, and is not unlike a small low coffee cup, large at the top and small at the bottom, with a tight cover fitting in it. In the center of this cover is a small hole. The opium is not put in the pipe, as might be supposed, but in a little wad on the top of the cover over the hole. The smoker takes a long needle and on the end of it gathers from the little jars a piece of opium the size of a bean. This he holds over the lamp, and thus melts and burns it until it is of the proper consistency. Then he places it over the hole in the cover of the pipe, and with his needle punches a hole through it, which joins the hole in the cover. Then he lights it and smokes away. When it is gone he repeats the process.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

The Owl that Thought He Could Sing.—"What can bring the people into the groves to hear those nightingales sing?" said an owlet to his mother.

The old owl didn't know, neither did she care—she was very busy watching a bat.

"I am sure I have as fine a voice as a nightingale, and far stronger."

"Stronger, certainly, my son," said his mother, with a blink, for the bat had escaped.

"Well, I shall go into the grove tonight, and give them a 'song,'" said the owlet.

The owl opened her round eyes very wide, but said nothing.

Accordingly, when night came, and the hour for the sweet trilling of the singing birds drew near, he flew heavily along, and placed himself in a conspicuous part of the grove, that he might be seen and heard to a proper advantage.

Now, the nightingales did not by any means admire the prospect either of his company or his co-operation in their concert; so those who were bent on singing sought another grove, while those that were content to be quiet for the night kept snugly at roost.

"Where can the nightingales be tonight?" said the people who came to hear them.

Upon this the owlet set up a hoot so loud that it nearly frightened them into fits.

"That creature has terrified them, and scared them away," said one. "I'll soon dispatch him; where's my gun?"

But the owlet took the hint, and before the gun came he had got back to his mother.

"Your feathers are ruffled, my son. Have you been singing?"

The owlet reluctantly related his disgrace and narrow escape.

"It is just what I expected, and I am glad you are safe back.

"Then why did you let me go? said the owlet, angrily.

"Because I was sure it was a point on which nothing but experience could convince you. I dont understand music, and cannot tell why people should take the trouble to go and hear nightingales sing, and at the same time shoot owls for hooting, but I know it is so. There is much difference in our voices, which I can myself discern every time I hoot. Ours may be superior, for anything I know; but as the prejudice of the public mind is strongly on the other side, I shouldn't think of disputing the point. And, probably, now that you have experienced the effect of your performance on their ears, you will be satisfied, with me, to leave them alone in their mistake."

Just my Luck.—"Did you get the place, John?" asked his mother anxiously.

"No, ma'am; just my usual luck; Mr. Adams had engaged a boy half an hour before."

"I am sorry you did not apply last evening, or very early this morning, as I advised," she said sadly.

"Well, but, mother, I did not suppose any other boy knew of the vacancy," he answered as he started for school. When he reached there it lacked ten minutes of nine, and the boys called him to come and play ball.

"All right!" he replied; "here, girls, put my arithmetic on my desk, will you"—and he hastily threw it at the open window.

Crash went the glass. John stopped in dismay. He knew just how much those broken panes would take out of his mother's scanty earnings.

Just my luck," he muttered sullenly.

"No, not your luck, my dear, but your carelessness," said a voice behind him, and he turned and saw the teacher coming.

"You are too apt, John, to shield your neglect and haste under that expression. Some one says, that every man is the architect of his own fortune, and if you would only grow careful and prompt, you would not complain so often of ill luck."

They are a great many Johns in the world, and I hope they will remember this too.

The Magic of Silence.—You have often heard "it takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell you how one of my little friends managed. Dollie never came to see Marjorie that there was not a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly made her so angry that she soon would speak sharp words too. "Oh, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie. "Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma; "the next time Dolly comes in, seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly, gently snap the tongs without speaking a word." Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her little friend. It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled and her voice was raised, and as usual she began to find fault and scold. Marjoire fled to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently. More angry words from Dolly. Snap. "Why don't you speak?" cried Dolly, in a fury. Snap went the tongs. "Speak" said she. Snap was the only answer. "I'll never, never come again, never!" cried Dolly. Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No indeed. She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone, they would quarrel no more forever and ever.

Johnny's Composition.—Onst thair wuz a boy woodent mind hiz payrouts, and yu cee what becum ov him. His kine father and mother, which he had one uv each, tried to get him tu have his fotygraff taken to remember him by wen he grode up, but wen the pickter man pointed the Kimera obscurity at him, he got skeered and jumped down and run off an plaid in the water an got the knowmonia and died, so his folks don't know tha ever had a little boy enny more. This maiks me cri to think uv it. If he wood set still an let Mr. Hayfle taik him, he wood now be a old gra heded man which we is bowned to respeck wether tha got any sense or not. Some ole codjers don't kno ennything cept what tha dun wen tha wuz a boy wich I don't beleeve ever happined. But this other boy I knode mi-self an it is troo. I wood not live alwais, but i want to gro up an be a dekin furst, so i obey my payrents; and git Hayfle to take my pickter, an my days are gettin longer in the land.

Johnny.

"*No*, dolly," said a little girl to her china baby, as she was going out, "I tan't take 'ou down town 'id me—'ou ain't dot no 'pin-back!'"

Haste and Health.

It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life; people who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot-races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercise; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running upstairs or to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, is extremely injurious to every age, sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run over twelve or fifteen yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the every-day acts with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people; and they are a thrifty folk, the world over.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Words, like sunbeams, burn deeper when condensed.

Good breeding is the best security against ill-manners.

The tenderest heart loves best the bold and courageous one.

Flattery is like a painted armor, designed for show and not for use.—[*Socrates.*

He that lags behind in a road that many are driving on, will always be in a cloud of dust.

If the conscience smite thee once, it is an admonition; if it smite thee twice it is a condemnation.

The mind has more room in it than most people think if you would but furnish the apartments.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Contempt is a kind of a gangrene, which if it seizes one part of a character corrupts all the rest by degrees.

Japanese sleevebuttons of ivory with curious figures and hieroglyphics upon them, are fashionably worn in the morning.

"Centennial brown" is the latest fancy color in dry goods. We can't describe it beyond saying that it looks a little rusty.

Neither the roar of the factory, nor the distraction of business, are so incompatible with prayer, as, in nine cases out of ten you will find the dying bed to be!

A quaint old man, a Boston clergyman of the late generation, was accustomed to say that "bread is the staff of life, but bread and butter is a gold-headed cane."

He smarts not under poverty who has learned to be content, he frets not under affliction who is submissive to the Father's will and lays aside his own. Keep your desires within bounds.

When you hear a good story from the lips of a stupid man, and see a silk umbrella in the hands of a man who does not pay for a newspaper, you may know that both have been borrowed.

Madame de Steel wrote on an album, recently delivered: When two beings truly love each other, they obey without knowing, and that state of mutual dependence constitutes the warmest and mildest of tyrannies."

It is easier to raise a hundred dollars for the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to somebody who does not need it, than it is to collect the same amount for some poor man, from the same person who owes him the money.

Chateaubriand said, "Mme. Chateaubriand would not dine later than five. I was never hungry till seven. But we compromised and dined at six, so that we could neither of us enjoy it; and that is what people call the happiness of mutual concessions."

A new remedy is proposed for sea-sickness, the same being the discovery of an English medical man of Thames Ditton. Three drops of the nitrate of amyl are to be inhaled from a handkerchief. The patient soon falls asleep and awakes ravenous for food.

"That man," said Sydney Smith, "is not the discoverer of art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him.

To detect adulteration in tea, burn the ashes. Pure tea, of any grade, will not leave over five per cent. of ash, while the adulterated article will yield as high as forty-five per cent.

So great a difference is there in individual tastes, hopes and aims, that it is frequently difficult to reconcile the contradictions of human nature. Some people are selfish and cynical while others are generous and amiable. A narrow-minded ambition rules the lives of some, while charitable deeds sweeten the existence of others.

Ask a chemist what winter is? and he will tell you it is the result of the abstraction of heat by nights that are longer than the days, and by the greater declination of the earth's axis; but ask the child, the common citizen, he will point to the leafless trees, to snow-covered hills, to frozen streams, to poor shivering, homeless children, and then say "That is winter."

"I remember," said Mr. King, in the green room of Drury Lane, "that when I had been a short time on the stage I performed one night King Richard, gave two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a hornpipe, spoke a prologue and afterward acted harlequin in a sharing company; and after all this fatigue my share came to three pence and two pieces of candle.

It is only where the flowers grow and are gathered fresh from their beds that their essence is extracted in its purity and retains the distinctive odor of the flower to which it owes its origin. On the southern coast of France, warmed by the tropic waves of the Mediterranean, the flowers come to their greatest perfection, and here the perfumes are distilled that have made the fortunes of the Paris and London perfumers.

Anybody can soil the reputation of any individual, however pure and chaste by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of the idle wind can shake a million of the seeds from the thistle, and do a world of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo. Such are the seeds of a slanderer, so easily sown, so difficult to gather up, and yet so pernicious in their fruits.

A young gentleman lately attended a circus for the first time, and on the Sunday following was taken by his grandmother to church. He gazed around in some wonderment for a few moments. When the organist began to play he turned to his grandmother and said, in a whisper: "Grandma, will there be a circus, so I can see the lion?" "Why, no, Eddie, this is church." "Well," replied the little man, "It's circus music anyway."

The superiority of the wood of the Florida cedar over all other kinds of cedar is well known, and the demand for it in Bavaria, where immense quantities of lead-pencils are made, has induced some manufacturers to take up the question of the acclimation of the tree in that country. Seeds have been sown in the Royal Forest, and about 5,000 young plants have been grown on one private estate. The cultivation of the tree has been attempted also, in other parts of Germany.

The most perfectly shaped man or woman is unsymmetrical—that is to say there is a marked unlikeness between the two sides of the body. The two sides of the face (which is most seen, and therefore permits of more accurate study) will be found always to exhibit considerable differences. Probably no two sides of any human face are precisely alike. It is the same with every limb. No pair of limbs is shaped alike. One hand is almost always larger than the other; so with the foot; so with the leg and arm.

Some persons have had a great antipathy to cats. Such is said to have been the case with Napoleon. A story is told that, after his brilliant victory at Wagram, and while temporarily sojourning at the humbled Emperor of Austria's palace at Schonbrunn, he one night called out hastily in his bed-room for assistance. An equerry or aid de-camp entered and found his potent master half-undressed, agitated, perspiring and dealing intended blows at something or other. In truth, a cat had secreted herself behind some tapestry hangings in the room and Napoleon was making desperate lunges at her through the hangings, almost as much in terror as puss herself.

"Adam."

The Talmud gives this reason why the first man was called Adam. In English the word Adam is spelled with four letters, but in Hebrew it is spelled in three letters, ADM. It says: God did ordain that the world should last as long as He sees good. The first man that was created was called Adam; the second man, who was a man of God's own heart, was called David; and the last man that ever will be born will be the Messiah. The first initial stands A., for Adam; the second, D., for David; and third, M., for Messiah, which they say is the foundation or the reason why the first man was called Adam.