

Artists and Tailors.

Your stories of Hunt remind me of another, hardly less amusing, and, like yours, illustrating his sense of the dignity of his art, and his peculiarly undignified way of showing it.

During the last winter of his life, he one day called upon an artist to look upon a portrait which had been returned with some expression of dissatisfaction from the subject and owner, and to give his friend, the artist, the benefit of his judgment in the matter of changing and so improving the picture that it should "pass muster" as a creditable work of art, even if it did not quite suit the taste of the patron.

The chief defect complained of was the complexion which was thought to be sallow; and it was true that in the process of giving the flesh a warm glow the artist had given an impression of local yellow in the flesh tints—so strongly marked that the complexion was yellow. When Mr. Hunt entered the studio, he looked at the portrait as it stood upon the easel, and said: "They think it is too yellow, do they? They always think it is too something except good. Your yellows are all right with your reds and the general tone of the picture and that is well enough. Look at that bit of sky in your landscape (pointing to another picture). Isn't that good for sky to your trees and foreground? But it isn't much like that," looking up at the light which poured through the window, "and who said it was? The fact is, people don't know anything about art, and the more they know about other things the less they know about that. But they 'know what they like,' and they don't mean to pay till they get it.

"They rank portrait painters with tailors—no fit, no pay. We ought to make a stand against the unreasonable demands of the public, and let the patron share our risk. Of course, we all do the best we can, and we should be paid for our work just as we pay our doctors and lawyers; whether they bring us through or not.

"I would have an order for a portrait mean the best thing that I can do with a reasonable effort, and that should fulfill my obligation and entitle me to be paid. Of course I like to have people satisfied when I am, but I am the one to be pleased. I know something about my work and they don't, and when I am willing to let a picture go, that ought to stand for something, whether they are satisfied or not. But then there is another way. You know we should all paint better portraits if we didn't care a d—n for our sitters. Suppose now when a patron calls to order a portrait I should say: 'I will not take your commission in the usual form, but I will hire you to sit and pay you \$1 an hour, and if you like the picture when I call it done, you can have it for a stated price, and if you don't like it you needn't take it—and there will be no favor either way.

"With a sitter on such terms I think I could turn out something pretty good. I know I should have a good time. I'd manipulate him just as the barber does his victim, and if he dared to open his head about art or anything improving, I'd stop his yop with a paint brush.

"I'd just have my way till I got through, and then he could have his—take it or leave it."

Density of the World's Population.

In the seventh volume of "Die Bevölkerung der Erde," published by J. Perthes, we find that the earth, on a space of 136,038,872 square kilometres, counts 1,433,387,500 inhabitants, making on an average 10.5 inhabitants to every square kilometre. Europe is the most thickly populated portion, with 84 inhabitants for every square kilometre, then Asia with 15, Africa with 7, America with 6, and Australia and Polynesia with 0.5. Of European States, Belgium comes first with 188 inhabitants per square kilometre, the Netherlands with 123, Great Britain with 112, the Azores with 106, Italy with 99, San Marino with 91, Germany with 84, Luxembourg with 81, France with 71, Switzerland with 69, Austria with 61, Liechtenstein and Denmark with 51, Portugal with 46, Roumania with 41, Serbia with 35, Spain with 35, Bulgaria and Greece with 31, Montenegro and Turkey with 26, Bosnia and Herzegovina with 23, Russia with 16, Sweden with 10, Norway with 6 and Finland with 5. Of States out of Europe we take Japan with 95 inhabitants per square kilometre, India with 67, China (exclusive of neighboring lands), 57, Annam, 48. The United States has only 5.4, and Chili, the most thickly populated of South American States, only 4.5. Excepting the Polar regions, the most thinly populated countries are Canada with 0.5, the Sahara with 0.4, and Siberia with 0.3 inhabitants per every square kilometre.

A pair of chalices with patens, in the possession of Brasenose College, Oxford, have been found to have a hallmark of 1502. Only six old chalices are known of in England, and these two now prove to be the earliest.

BACK SEATS.

Take a back seat, thou man who toils for bread:
Although thy limbs, like steel, be tough and strong,
And honest thoughts may fill thy shapely head,
But you lack gold to sway the public throne.

Take a back seat, hard-working woman thou,
The aisle tread softly to uncushioned seat
In church where rustling silk and powdered brow
Have precedence o'er those whom you may greet.

Take a back seat, thou man of courage high;
The flashing sabre in thy hand to lead
The surging host, when war a loud din was nigh,
Sweet peace withhold—'tis money that you need.

Take a back seat, brave woman who hath stood
At sick man's couch when seething fever flame
Subdued coherent thought—thy faithful blood
Course on and thrills at DUTY'S sacred name.

Take a back seat, young man, who guides a plow;
You work for bread in summer heat and sun;
Thine hands all hard, and sweat-drops on thy brow
Are plebeian brands for lucre's torus to shun.

Take a back seat, young maid, with weary hand,
The wash-tub and the kitchen be thy goal;
Imperial custom thy fixed fate commands,
And smites the inspiration of thy soul.

Take back seats, all ye men, who move the world
By labor in the work-shop or the field;
A gilded goddess trails your banner tiered,
Nor waves a fold o'er labor's hidden shield.

To golden sceptres bow the sons of men
In stately hall and in the curiously fold;
But prayer and echoing song are futile when
The path to heaven is sought through glimpse of gold.

Cavanaugh's Trust.

Very few people know the inside history of Bristow's fight with the express companies when he was Secretary of the Treasury. The express companies made what Mr. Bristow thought exorbitant charges for carrying currency to the great distributing point, the New York Sub Treasury. He told the companies that a lower rate must be conceded or he would take the business away from the companies. They were defiant at that time. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were being shipped daily and the express companies offered the only secure way for the carrying of these great sums, and so they charged accordingly, being certain, as matters then stood, that the Secretary could not get along without them. Suddenly the express people were notified that Mr. Bristow had made arrangements for conveying this currency and that they could not save the business unless they came to his terms. For several weeks currency was transmitted to New York in the most mysterious way. Only Mr. Bristow, his confidant in the Treasury, and the Sub-Treasurer in New York, knew the way the work was done. The express companies held aloof upon the belief that Bristow would not dare to continue to assume the personal responsibility for the safety of the carrying of these great sums, but as the work went on undisturbed for several weeks without loss or public scandal, the companies finally gave in and were glad to make new contracts for what Bristow was able to pay them.

This is the way the express companies were circumvented. The Secretary selected a trusty special agent of the Treasury, who simply put the currency in a valise and went over to New York as an ordinary passenger on the night train. Thomas Cavanaugh the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms under gallant Colonel Hooker in the House, was the special agent selected for this work. He is a tall, broad shouldered, deep-chested, manly looking specimen of humanity. His square, resolute, sun-browned face is accentuated by a crisp, curling mustache completely hiding his mouth. His straight nose, clear blue eyes, and square jaws stand out in a face remarkable for its combination of good nature and iron resolution. Cavanaugh used to set out from the office of the Secretary of the Treasury after night with a valise simply stuffed with Government currency. One night he had in his bag \$750,000 in greenbacks. Every dollar ever intrusted to him was safely carried. Not a penny ever was lost. His pay from the Treasury was his regular one, eight dollars a day and his traveling expenses. He gave no bonds for this work, as the law recognized no such way of carrying the funds. The Secretary had absolutely no protection beyond Cavanaugh's individual honor. If he had run away with an odd half million at any time he could not have been prosecuted for more than a breach of trust. In the carrying of this money Cavanaugh carried more than his life in his hands.

If it were even suspected that he was carrying such sums over in a section of a New York sleeper as an ordinary passenger he would certainly have been attacked. If he had been robbed, nothing but his death in defending his trust could have saved him from the scandal of being classed by many as a guilty participant in the robbery. Toward the last Cavanaugh became very nervous. He used

to start out with his money in one hand and a revolver in another hidden in the pocket of his great coat. A close coupe took him down the avenue. In the sleeping-car toward the last he slept but little. Some one was always reaching across his gashed throat for the money placed in his trust. It was a great relief when this dreadful responsibility came to an end, and he was able to go back to his ordinary duties. To-day Cavanaugh is again carrying Government money. He is the official who takes from the Treasury the money needed in the business office of the Sergeant-at-Arms's office, where the members are paid. Bank cashiers and men of high trust could find much to learn in the rugged, unassuming integrity of Thomas Cavanaugh.

A Story About "Home, Sweet Home"

John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as the celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions west of the Mississippi River, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scourged by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the novel, rain began falling, and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. About midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming: "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," when Payne remarked:

"Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?"

"No," said the soldier. "Do you?"

"Yes," answered Payne. "I composed it."

"The devil you did. You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here. You made that song, you say. If you did—and I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off, and if you can't I'll bounce you from your horse and lade you instead of it."

The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said the composer of such a song should never go to prison, if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne insisted it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross's conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter.

A Railway Story.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind him sat a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir?" said the big man as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah, I thought as much. Refuse and be branded as a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a horsewhipping—what then?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah—I thought so—thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had foolishly slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you; what would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you, and give it a three-quarter twist—just so."

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there was no shooting. The big man turned red—then pale—then looked the little man over and remarked:

"Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And then conversation turned on the general prosperity of the country.

Magnetic Dreams.

One of the fundamental doctrines of Schopenhauer's philosophy is that the world as we know it has not an independent existence. Like Berkeley, he held that it is merely an "appearance." The only real existence, he maintained, is "the thing in itself," and "the thing in itself" he identified with the will. In ordinary circumstances we know the will only as it manifests itself under the forms of space, time and causality; but he contended that there are states of the brain in which we penetrate behind these forms, and come into contact with the will as it is in its own nature. At such times we escape from the system of intellectual illusions, which it is the business of science to investigate; we are in the realm of absolute truth, which constitutes the proper domain of philosophy. Even members of the Society for Psychological Research are not likely to take up higher ground than this; and they will certainly not surpass Schopenhauer in the confidence with which he drew conclusions from his ultimate principles. The states of the brain which lead to such surprising results occur when we are in "a magnetic sleep," and a magnetic sleep may be produced when we are asleep in the ordinary way.

It does not follow that if we fall into a magnetic sleep we shall have magnetic dreams; and, if we do dream magnetically, it does not follow that we shall remember what we have dreamt. A magnetic sleep is far deeper than ordinary sleep, and in the slow process of awaking from it we may forget the spectacle which it has enabled us to see. Sometimes, however, the impression which the vision has produced on our feeling remains; and on these occasions, if the vision has been one of common disaster (as it commonly is in the worst of possible worlds, according to Schopenhauer), we have what is called a presentiment of evil, and our presentiment is sure to be realized sooner or later.

At other times our magnetic dream—that is, our perception of realities—may be transformed into a sort of allegory which is capable of different interpretations. Of this kind were the predictions of the Delphic oracle, which frequently could not be understood until they were fulfilled. Schopenhauer was not of the opinion, however, that our mysterious visions in their original form invariably pass from the memory; and he gives an example of one which he himself had an opportunity of studying. This instance seemed to him all the more remarkable because it related to a matter of little importance.

One day he was writing a letter in great haste, and when he had finished the third page he intended to strew writing-paper over what he had written. In his hurry he seized the inkstand instead of the vessel containing sand, and dashed the contents over his letter. As the ink poured from his desk he rang for the maid to wipe it from the floor. When she was engaged in doing so, she said: "Last night I dreamt that I should be wiping ink-spots from the floor here."

"That is not true," answered Schopenhauer. "It is true," she replied, "and when I awoke I mentioned it to the other maid who sleeps with me." Just then the other maid happened to enter the room in order to call away her fellow-servant. Schopenhauer, advancing to meet her, at once asked: "What did this girl dream last night?" "I don't know." "Yes, you do; she told you when she awoke." "Oh, to be sure," the maid then said, "she dreamt that she would be wiping ink-spots from the floor here." Schopenhauer gravely points out that this anecdote is not only sufficient evidence for magnetic dreaming, but that it establishes the truth of the doctrine that everything happens in accordance with a fixed and necessary order.

Strategy.

The agent of a minstrel show, who was traveling over the Pan-Handle Route the other day, happened to take a seat opposite a Boston drummer. Each wore a pin with six diamonds in it, and displayed two watch chains. The coincidence happened to strike a solid, old-fashioned farmer as rather curious, and, hithing along up to the pair, he asked: "Gentlemen, will you give me honest answers to a question or two?" They said they would, and he continued: "What time is it by your four watches?" The agent replied that he only had one watch, and that did not tick, while the other confessed that he had none at all. "One more question: Did you buy your diamond pins at the dollar store?" The two men looked at each other in a troubled way, and then informed the blunt questioner that he had reached the limit. "Oh, well, I didn't intend to be sassy," he remarked, as he fell back; "I'm sparking a widdler up in Wood county, and I was thinking that if I could buckle on a dollar diamond and harness on two watch chains around me she'd either kick or cave inside of a week."

The Massacre of the Mamelukes.

This Citadel, Cairo, was, in 1811 the scene of the massacre of the last of the Mamelukes by Mohammed Ali, a deed of base treachery, but of consummate and successful policy; a coup d'etat, in fact. The Mamelukes had risen from the position of slaves to that of Sultans. The Circassian dynasty produced a race of military princes who waged war with the Ottoman Sultans. The last but one, Sultan Ghoree, was slain in battle in Syria, and his successor, Tomat Bey, was routed on the plain between Cairo and Heliopolis. He was taken captive and hanged, and his head stuck on the malfactors' gateway, Bab Zawayeh. Though the supreme power had thus passed away from them, the Mameluke aristocracy still maintained their ancient valor, till their brilliant cavalry was routed by Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids, and but a small remnant left. These Mameluke nobles had helped Mohammed Ali to the Pashalik, but it is supposed that they had changed their minds, and were plotting to destroy him. At all events, having used them as the ladder of his ambition, he found it expedient to get rid of them. He therefore invited them all to be present within the Citadel, when a Pasha was to be invested with some military command.

Four hundred and seventy of these magnificent beings accordingly rode up in great state, but when they turned to depart they found the gates closed, and from every corner a murderous fire of musketry rained upon them. From this horrible carnage one alone escaped, namely Ameen Bey, who forced his horse to leap the rampart, a fall of forty feet. Happily he landed on a heap of rubbish, and though the horse was killed the man escaped, and, giving himself into the care of the Arabs, found protection during the ensuing days when the houses of the Mamelukes were plundered, and all their relations, numbering about 1000, were murdered, and the gate of Bab Zawayeh literally covered with those ghastly trophies, the heads of the slain. It is said that from this final massacre one other man escaped, Suleiman Aga by name, who disguised himself in the long blue robe of an Arab woman, and, thus veiled, escaped his foes. This man had been the Pasha's prime favorite and the story goes that, without showing any special disgust at his friend's treachery, he returned to his post of favorite, and even repeated the little joke of dressing up as an Arab damsel, who, appearing before his Highness as a suppliant, pleaded her own cause with volubility, and carried her case, whereupon, removing her veil, she displayed the features of Suleiman, who is still named by English eye witnesses to have continued for many years the cordial friend of the Pasha and other great folks in Cairo.—*Gordon Cumming, in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Strange Story.

Josiah Gilbert tells this strange story in the *London Spectator*: A son of a family named Watkinson residing at Lanham, Suffolk, had gone to America. One summer Sunday afternoon they were attending service, and occupying a large square pew near the pulpit. It was hot, and the door of the small building was wide open, and one of the party who sat looking down the aisle could see into the meeting-house yard, which was shaded by tall trees. Suddenly, to his intense surprise, he saw the absent brother approaching through the trees, enter at the chapel door, walk up the aisle, come to the very door of the pew itself, and lay his hand upon it, as if to take his seat among them. At this moment others of the family sitting so that he was only then within their sight, saw him also, but at that moment he vanished.

This strange occurrence naturally raised sad forebodings, but in course of time a letter arrived from the subject of them of later date than that of the vision, and it appeared that he was still alive and well. He was then written to and asked if anything peculiar had happened to him on that particular Sunday. He replied that it was odd he should remember anything about a Sunday so long passed, but that certainly something peculiar had happened to him that day. He had come in, overpowered with heat, and had thrown himself on his bed, and had fallen into a sound sleep, and had a strange dream. He found himself in front of the country chapel; services were going on; he saw them all, the door being open, sitting in their pews, he walked up the aisle, he put his hand on the pew door to open it when, suddenly, and to his chagrin he awoke.

It would be interesting to know whether such a story is known to any one else. If authentic the question arises—can sleep release the soul like death?

Scientific Notes.

Canterbury Cathedral is soon to be lighted with electricity.

A diamond weighing four and a half carats and enveloped in its native rock has been given to the Paris Museum of Natural History by the Director of the Campagne du Cap.

In New Zealand, Mr. A. T. Urquhart states, earthworms not only leave their burrows but climb up trees in search of food in the night or at a late hour if the morning is damp and warm.

By the end of spring it is thought that the whole of the new pipe line from the Bradford, Penn., oil regions will be finished. Already five or six miles have been completed; it will strike the Delaware at Philadelphia.

Japan is keeping fully abreast of Western nations in the introduction of new inventions. One of the latest signs of this is the extensive use of the electric light in several of the Government establishments at Yokohama.

Four German expeditions are now prosecuting their researches in Africa, two from the east and two from the west side of that continent. Very interesting and accurate reports of the several journeys are looked for after the explorers have revised their journals.

Dogs, under favorable conditions, live to an age much beyond that which is assigned to them. Mr. R. Cordiner, of Oxford, England, knows a black retriever aged 31, and there is no doubt that others are acquainted with like aged individuals of the canine species.

France, says H. Herve Mangon, produces milk which, if collected, would make a stream 3 feet 4 inches wide and 1 foot 1 inch deep, flowing night and day all the year round. Man, young animals, and the butter and cheese factories utilize this immense product of the farm.

Papers read last month before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, go to show that the several electrical systems of Jablochhoff, Jamin, and Debran are now much on a level from an economical point of view. The data from which the results were obtained had been collected during the late exhibition of electricity in the French capital.

Altogether from the reports received, the late transit of Venus was observed under what may be called very fair atmospheric conditions, and it is needless to say that the men employed to note the facts which the phenomenon presented did their task well. A good long time must elapse, however, before the actual results can be ascertained.

Among the discoveries made during the botanical tour of Mr. John G. Lemmon in the mountain ranges along the Mexican frontier of Arizona were two or three varieties of indigenous potatoes. They were found in abundance in very elevated meadows, walled round by peaks, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. In size they did not exceed that of walnuts.

Death from cold may be simulated for a longer time than is usually supposed in the case of the higher animals. Rabbits were shaved by MM. Richet and Rindeau, and inclosed in flexible tubes through which there was a flow of salt water, cooled to 7° C. until breathing and the action of the heart ceased. After suffering these mammals to remain in that condition for half an hour vital functions were restored.

China, instead of seeking for outside means of educating her youth in what is valuable in Western systems, has begun to establish curricula at home similar to those observed abroad. In the Pun-yen district of Canton a modern school, as it may be called, has been successfully established by the native population under Government auspices. Other institutions of a similar type are likely soon to be established.

M Hartig estimates the specific volume of green-wood constituents as follows: Hard green-wood, fibre stuff, 44; water, 247, and air, 813. Soft green-wood, fibre stuff, 270; water, 335, and air, 395. A certain amount of water, varying from 7 to 8 per cent. in all, is included in the fibre stuff, showing that about one-third only of the mass of the timber is really solid woody fibre and that the remainder is filled either with water or air contained in the cells.

He Preferred Poker.

"No, I never invest in stocks," answered the fat man, as he blew his nose with a loud report and leaned back in his seat. "Perhaps you prefer dealing in grain?" "No, sir; when I feel like speculating I go to a regular poker-room, conducted in a first-class manner, and lay down my money. It is far more satisfactory to me." "How?" "Why, I know just how long it will take me to lose \$500 and get back to the office, and I don't have to waste time, put up margins, run to the broker's or lose any sleep."

If a tree were to break a window what would the window say? Tremendous.