This one is John-that's Cousin Josie; I think she's pretty-do not you? The baby all so plump and rosy Is sister's youngest—little Sue.

Old bald-head! Why, you wretch, that's father: And here is Uncle Jonathan; His ears are long? You needn't bother,

Your ears are too long-for a man. The girl with lovely hair? That's Rena;
She isn't nice—that hair is red.
As pretty as a sweet verbena?
Oh, pshaw! Now, don t be foolish, Fred.

Who is that dried-up-looking creature?
Fred Smith, I think you are a brute!
You know 'tis I by every feature—
You know me by that summer suit.

Well, then, if you're repentant, sinner. I'll pardon you; now, please, please quit.

Miss Jones will notice us at dinner
And say, "They've had a kissin' fit."

Mr. Singleton's Model.

When Cissy Denzil came of age (she was an orphan), she determined that she would indulge her own caprices the fullest extent. She sent for her aunt, an inoffensive old lady of sixty, to chaperone her, and rented a house in Bryanston Square, not for the sake of the commanding situation, but because it was a dull neighborhood, respectably fashionable looking damsel going through a and calculated to exercise a soporific effect on her lively imagination. The agent declared the house to be thoroughly well-drained and upholstered, and, as it happened to please her, in less than a week she was as much at home there as if she had lived in town all her

Cissy Denzil undoubtedly possessed a dangerous originality. Without intending it, she was a constant thorn in her aunt's side. No sooner had Miss Webster recovered from one moral shower-bath than she received another. Now, Miss Webster did not like shower- question, may I ask who you baths; they gave her cold and inter- are?" rupted her in the pursuit of the whole duty of woman, which was, in her case, del." to eat, drink and dress well, to go to church regularly, and to awaken Cis to a sense of her many shortcomings.

But Cissy merrily refused to be roused. She was not at all overwhelmed by her iniquities. "I do like to see things for myself," she would say, "What is the use of living if I am to be always wrapped up in cotton wool, taken out for an airing, and then brought back again like those impossible dolls which children buy in the Lowther Arcade? How can I live my life if I do not know what existence really is like? Owing to my ignorance of the world, I shall make some dreadful mistake, and then it will be all your fault, aunty. Will it not, Mr. Single-

ton ?" Mr. Singleton was an artist who pictures. He was an old man, and had known Cissy Denzil from her childhood. To him she was wont to appeal when Miss Webster became plaintiff. Cissy provided that he saw they were harm-

"I did not know that you had such a taste for realism," he replied. "Evidently Miss Webster will have a bad time of it, unless we can cure you."

"Poor aunty!" said the girl, crossing the room and kneeling caressingly at the old lady's feet. "I am sure that I shall some day give you a fit."

"If you want to get a little insight into what human nature really is," said Singleton, jokingly, "come to my study any morning and study the models. Put on a plain dress and bonnet, and get there early. Ten o'clock will be soon enough. You can easily reach Holland Park Road from here. If you will come, I'll have some of the litter cleared away, and you can watch me paint, sit, or do what you like. I often see twenty or thirty models in a day. Patient Griselda, Cardinal Wolsey, Fair Rosamond, Lucrezia Borgia and other well-known characters come to me by the dozen. If I don't want them, they try the next studio. Artists are clustered as thickly together up there as lawyers are in Bedford Row. do," That bareheaded, disguised, very much disguised, sometimes—a man with a history-French nobleman who sold papers in the Strand was a frequent sitter of mine; he's dead now, poor

fellow." "I am to 'sit' on the usual terms?" asked Cissy. "What are the usual terms, Mr. Singleton ?"

" A shilling an hour, and luncheon found," said Singleton. " In your case, Cissy, the luncheon shall be unexceptionable."

" Agreed," gaily cried Cissy. "Do not groan, aunty." (Miss Webster) always made sepulchral noises when she did not approve of anything.) "There is nothing wrong in going to a studio, especially if it be swept and garnished,"

Singleton went away, and speedily forgot all about the matter. Cissy re-

The next morning Cissy started for Holland Park Road, intent upon viewing Rollo with her -- an enormous tawny mas- not ?" tiff, whose head was serenely unconsci-

ous of the mischief wrought by his tail among Cissy's dainty bric-a-brac. Rollo was of opinion that all bric-a-brac should be made of tin, cast iron or other solid metals, and testified his joy at being freed from the dangerous vicinity of eggshell china with many a bark and

gambol. Without misadventure this modern Una and her lion reached Singleton's studio, Cissy's fair face glowing with health and beauty, and Rollo much excited by many a fruitless chase after ca which would slip between railings when he had nearly reached

them. Cissy and Rollo entered the studio.

There was no one there. Singleton's studio (he shared it in common with Hugh Darrell, a young fellow-artist, though Cissy knew not the fact) was a lofty room, some thirty feet square. It was hung round with the usual artistic properties; bits of old oak occupied the corners, a suit of armor peeped from underneath the glowing hues of a Smyrna carpet, and at the urther end of the room was a dais of empty egg-boxes, evidently intended for the models. There was one small picture on an easel, with the face slightly sketched in representing a forlorn-

"Make yourself at home, Rollo," said Cissy; "some one is sure to come presently."

Rollo did so-on the unarmored part of the Smyrna carpet. "What the deuse is that dog-

entering the studio suddenly. "He is my dog," demurely said | sions, Cissy. "Is not Mr. Singleton coming

to-day ?" "No; he has been called away to the country. If it is not a rude

"Certainly; I am Mr. Singleton's mo-

"Then allow me to point out to you, in the politest possible manner in the world, that it is not usual for the dogs-when they have dogs-of young persons who act as models to repose upon a valuable carpet like that,"

"Take him off, then," said Cissy, irritated at being called "a young person," and making a sign to Rollo not to

Darrell approached Rollo, and measured his length on the floor.

"You see, I am afraid that he will not stir," said Cissey.

Darrell dusted himself in silence. There was a perplexed look on his face. No ordinary model would behave so. "I ought to order you out of the studio," he said, "only the fact is, my model has readily commanded a high price for his disappointed me, and I was looking for another when you came in."

"Shall I do?" asked Cissy, very much amused, and picturing to herself Miss Webster's face when she should hear of amused him; he abetted her vagaries, this adventure, "What are your terms?" in her most business like man-

"Ninepence an hour."

"I think that is rather mean. Mr. Singleton always pays a shilling an hour and luncheon. He told me so,"

"Oh! Singleton is rich and famous; I

am not." "I will agree to it if you will give

Rollo some lunch." "Done," he said, laughing at her coolness. He had hitherto regarded her with anything but professional eyes. If he could only transfer that lovely face to canvas he felt certain of success. She was admirably adapted for Œnone, if she would but look sorrowful enough.

"And now, having arranged the preliminaries, what am I to do?" she asked.

"Will you kindly mount the dais?" said Darrell.

"What! Those egg-boxes!" "Yes."

"Are they not rather uncomfort-

"Enone ought to look uncomfort-

"Yes; he abandoned her. She comes weeping through the wood. Now imagine that she has been deserted by him; that he has returned to her,

heal the wound. Realize the situation."

wounded by the poisoned arrow of

deavored to copy. At the end of two hours Rollo leisurely got off the Smyrna carpet and yawned. "He wants his lunch," said Cissy.

"Oh, very good," said Darrell, help-

"What does he generally have?"

"Biscuits," sententiously. "But I haven't any."

"Then you must buy some." "Cool, for a model," thought Darrell, out he hastened to get his hat.

As he was going out she stopped him. "My eighteenpence," she said, holdout a small, white hand. "Are you afraid that I shall not pay

you?" he angrily asked. "You might not come back," she

He gave her eighteenpence and went round the corner to the baker's for biscuits. When he returned, she had disappeared, dog and all. No token of her presence remained, but one expensive little glove on the egg-boxes, and a lovely, mournful face peeping out from the canvas.

He took up the little glove curiously,

and put it into his pocket. "Aunty, dear," said Cissy, gravely, that evening. "My imagination is quieted at last. I have had an adventure which might have proved a very serious one, only the man was a gentleman. My visit to the artistic world has earned me-eighteenpence."

Darrell took the sketch home and painted with feverish ardor. For some reason, unaccountable to himself even, he never mentioned the matter to Singleton. (Enone was worked at from morning until night. He sent it to the Academy, where it was accepted, and hung in a very good place. The young artist received a dozen offers for it in as many days. He declined to part with beg your pardon," said Darrell, the picture; it was not for sale, he said, but he would gladly execute commis-

> It chanced one day that he took Singleton to see the Enone, explaining as he did so the reason for his reticence. "Something tells me," he said, earnestly, "that I shall meet that girl again. She was as sweet and true as my own sisters. It may seem folly and madness to you, Singleton, but her face haunts me. I shall never forget her."

"I cannot think of any model of that sort, but I know this face," said Singleton, as they halted before the picture. "I knew it when the girl was a little creature of four, and am not likely to forget her now. Where did you see her, Darrell? You have caught the likeness marvelously.

"Enone seeking Paris," read out a clear sweet voice behind them, "I wonder how I shall look, Aunty? That escapade seems to have had a more lasting result than you imagined."

ster, to present my friend, Hugh Dar-

"Time, a year later. Scene, the lake district. Dramatis persona, young ar tist and wife, in whom it is easy to recognize Cissy and Hugh Darrell.

"Oh, Hugh," she says suddenly, taking a locket from her chain, "here is some money of yours." "Money !" He opens the locket

There are the identical shillings and battered, disreputable-looking sixpence which he had given her.

"Yes," she laughs; the money you paid Mr. Singleton's model."-London

Going for the Doctor for Him-

If Shakespeare were alive and living in the United States, he would find scores of queer folks ready to be characterized by his dramatic genius. What an amusing character, for instance, he might make of the absentminded man who took out his watch to see if he had time to go home and get it, or of Job Cadler, the hero of the following incident: Job lived in the little village of Parr, Genesee county, N. Y. His neighbors always said, "Job's a lectle queer," but even they were not prepared for his most eccentric freak. One night Joh was startled out of a restless sleep by a severe pain in his stomach. He had been reading, the day before, an article able. You will be of no use unless you in the paper about the Asiatic cholera, and the pain frightened him. Jump-"I never heard that Œnone sat upon | ing out of bed, he pulled on his clothes egg-boxes. Wasn't she the wife of and hurried to Dr. B---'s house, nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The family were all asleep and it was some time before Job could waken the doctor, who finally thurst his night-capped head out obtained a solution of potassium io- ing to the wants of the customer. He can fatherland was the Subterranean counof an upper window and sharply asked -"Who's there?" "I am," "Who ar Philoctetes; and that he has refused to you?" "Job Calder; and I want you to come right down to our house, at once." it is a very convenient test for alka- acid, it becomes painfully old in a short he had much presumption-he had done "I am afraid that I cannot realize all "Why, what's the matter? Any one oids. that at once," said Cissy, settling her- sick?" "Yes." "Who?" "Why, I self as comfortably as she could; "I am. And you'll come just as soon as Joule deals with a purification of the cents worth of acid. In Berlin pottery and at the same time countless hideous never did think Paris worth crying you can, won't you, doctor?" "You products of coal gas by the employment used by the Romans—all the Casars old fool! Can't you come in and let of lime. It has thus been summarized: can be had by the crate. At home we Darrell got rid of the former face, and me see you here?" "No, I can't; I Slaked lime is placed in a vessel, the make old coins, Queen Anne furniture sketched in the new one. He was a ought to be in bed this minute, and that's bottom of which, about one foot in and other kinds of furniture old as the young artist of great genius, and really where you'll find me." And off the diameter, is slightly domed and perfor- hills. All these facts, sworn to by ing of the devil he is, after Prudhon, anxious of proving so to the world. It obstinate Job trudged, groaning. Back ated with fine holes. The vessel is suswas an exceptional face which he en- to his house he ran, and there the docter | pended about six inches above the who had learned to put up with the burner. It is found that a stratum of who might be robbed otherwise. An his lifetime the most resounding poet conceits of his country patients, found four or five inches of lime is sufficient exchange says that the New York of Germany, and the last who really him half an hour later -- a very sick man. to remove the acid vapors so far as to manufacturers of spurious wares send sang in that huge manufactory of ped-He had, however, the satisfaction of prevent them from reddening litmus their products to the watering places ants-which he beheld transforming seeing him recover from a severe illness, paper. The lime seems in many respects and their find ready buyers. Regency itself into a school of butchers. a new phase of existence. She took lessly. "That's in the compact, is it and that, too, in spite of his "going for to present important advantages over checks are cast by the ton every day in the doctor himself," at the dead of the the zinc previously recommended.

Faust.

The earliest mention of him occurs easily do so at an expense of less than in a letter of August 20th, 1507, ad- | fifty cents. If the distance is 200 yards, dressed to the mathematician Johann Wirdung, of Hasfurt, by the learned Tritheim von Sponheim, not himself altogether free from the suspicion of dealing in the black art. In a tone of acrimony, perhaps intensified by a touch of professional jealousy he speaks of the rival magician, under his self-assumed | run into the house by boring a hole name of Georgius Sabellicus Faustus, Junior, as a pretentious impostor, who claimed proficiency in all the occult sciences-astrology, magic, necromancy and chiromancy-who vaunted the power of working miracles, and declared himself capable, if all the extant works of Plato and Aristotle were destroyed, of restoring them with elegance surpassing that of the original text. The writer adds that, when accident had on one occasion brought him into close quarters with this adventurer, the latter had shrewdly taken care to avoid an interview, leaving a card on which his various self-bestowed titles of cabalistic honor were inscribed. In the use of pompous appellations, indeed, the gentleman in question sems to have been anything but chary, calling himself on different occasions, 'Prince of Necromancers," "Philosoper of Philosophers," and the "Demigod of Heidelberg," Hemitheus Hedebergensis. From various contemporary documents, which it would be wearisome to recount seriatim, the outline of his career can be gathered will tolerabl clearness. Born of obscure parentage, in or near Knittlingen, in Wurtemburg, in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, he early showed remarkable talents, and was probably educated for the Church, as history and fable are agreed in representing him as a proficient in theology. He soon, however, abandoned the study of divinity for that of magic, in which he perfected himself at the University of Cracow, Poland, being at that time the great seat of necromantic lore. He then adopted the career of a wandering student-a class of disreputable vagrants, whose mendicancy, originally justified by their supposed thirst for learning, was often associated with still more questionable pretexts for living on the public. While they sometimes lawfully earned a night's hospitality, or a few coins to help them on the way, by the innocuous exercise of their wits in teaching, choir singing, preaching or story-telling, they practiced the still however, is to precipitate a concentrated Singleton turned round. "How do more lucrative arts of treasure-hunting, solution of lead chloride with a solution you do, Cissy? Permit me, Miss Web- fortune-telling, various compounding of bleacking powder, which is added and other thaumaturgic operations,

Economies of Science.

Japan, like varnish, must be good to give entire satisfaction, and much damage is done by using a poor article. One way of testing a japan is to spread some on a piece of glass and leave it in the direct rays of the sun. When it has entirely lost its fluidity scratch it ligthly with the nail, and if it falls in powder without cracks its quality is proven good. This, we are told, is also a good way of testing varnish The liquid which. begins to enamel in places is of an inferi-

or quality. Dr. Brown Sequard has proved the possibility of introducing a tube into the larvnx of the higher animals without causing any pain or any subsequent bad result, although the experiment was performed repeatedly, in at least one case, on a single subject. The local insensibility to pain was caused by directing a rapid current of carbonic arid upon the upper part of the larynx through an incision for from fifteen seconds to two or three minutes, After the operation was completed the anesthetic effect lasted from two to

eight minutes. plains the beneficial action of the anti-

If a farmer or merchant is not in reach | bring fabulous prices,

of a telephone company, and wishes to connect his house and office, he can buy some five pounds of common iron stove-pipe wire, make a loop in each end and put them through holes one-half an inch in diameter in the bottom of two cigar boxes and fasten them with nails. The wire is then drawn tight and supported by cords if necessary. The wire can be through the window-glass- Such a home-made telephone will transmit music, even when piano is thirty-feet

away and in another room. The use of sea or river sand is injurious in the cleansing of glass or laboratory vessels, as the sharp fragments of quartz scratch the surface of the glass. Lead shot, which is an excellent mechanical cleanser, is condemned, because it leaves part of its substance on the glass, which has to be removed by dilute nitric acid. Clean wood-ash is recommended by Dr. A. Muller for domestic use, as it acts both mechanically and chemically by its potash. Powdered rock salt is also used. For glass vessels used in the laboratory, he also recommends a piece of india rubber, cut into the form of a tongue or other convenient shape, and

fastened to a flexible wire as a handle. A good lubricant for the preservation of belts is said to be obtained by mixing rosin oil with ten per cent. mica. In the case of a new belt several coatings of this grease are applied with a brush until it absorbs no more. After this the belt may be used without any fear of part of the lubricant emerging from it under pressure or tension, since the pores of the leather hold the grease very firmly and only allow a few small drops to appear on the surface. After a few weeks the operation may be repeated on a smaller scale. Some months may then be allewed to elapse without greasing the belt, to which by that time the lubricant has imparted a good deal of tenacity and power of resistance. The belt thus lubrified adheres very well to the pulleys, and is not affected either by the changes in the moisture of the atmosphere or by corrosion.

Lead dioxide is usually prepared in the laboratory by treating minium (red lead) with nitric acid, or precipitating lead acetate with carbonate of soda, and passing chlorine into the liquid. According to A. Fehrmann in the Berichte, the best and cheapest method, until a portion of the filtrate is no longer colored brown by some more bleaching powder solution. The dioxide is then collected on a filter and well washed, being protected from air during the operation. The dioxide thus obtained is perfectly pure, and forms an almost black powder, which is best kept in the moist state. The ab ve-mentioned preparation of PbO from lead acetate, on the other hand, besides being more expensive, generally yields an impure product, which partly decomposes on keeping.

Bran-New Antiques.

There are thousands of persons abroad in the land looking for avenues of escape for their meney, and an army of handy workmen with wares to sell will who shine in the literary house-of-illdo what they can to make such outlets fame-not to be able to help joking. numerous and easy. It is an old story, He would have sold his soul-supposing that antique furniture, two or three that he ever believed he had one-in hundred years old, dated from any de sired landmark in history, is turned out every year in great abundance by those who are skilled in the business. Old clocks, old dressers, old bedsteads and old everything, even if made yesterday have a great value in the eyes of many | miration for Moses-because Moses had persons satisfied with antiquity in ap- invented God better than anyboby else! pearance. Worm-eaten furniture is He proclaims this fact-admiring himnow one of the rages. This furniture | self simultaneously-in a chapter of A favorite antidote for rattlesnake is easily produced with the aid of bird avowels annexed to his impious book poison in Mexico is, says Dr. Croft in shot which is fired into it. Old houses on Germany, which was written for the Chemical News, a strong solution of torn down furnish worm-eaten timbers Revue des Deux Mondes when he was iodine in potassium iodide. The author of which this set of furniture used by young and strong and so denied the exhas tested some of the poison itself Philip of Spain was made. France pro- istence of God. Such was the retracwith this solution, and finds that a duces old Rouen and Sevres ware by the tion he made! light brown amorphous precipitate is carload. Limoges enamels are plenty. formed, the insolubility of which ex- The new ones nearly all are new are buried in moist earth for a month and dote. When iodine cannot be readily then dated back 300 or 400 years accordchloride has been added, can perhaps be of Henry II.'s time is produced the sion—the Empire of Satan. used as an antidote to snake poison; year round. Treated with flourhydric | Like the other Voltaire, furthermore, time. A vase worth \$5 has been known a great deal of frivolous reading, and A recent communication from Dr. to advance to \$1,500 with the aid of ten made great pretentions to profundity many newspapers, are now going the one of the best demonstrators of God's rounds for the exclusive benefit of those being. In spite of all he was during Paris, but they are very scarce and

The Old Greek Goldsmith.

Tho skill in beating out and inlaying gold and other metals to which Homer so often alludes is attested by the remains found in the tombs at Mycenæ, of which perhaps the most Homeric are the designs on the scabbards of swords, which at the time when Dr. Schliemann's book appeared were too much incrusted with the rust to be made out. but which have been recently engraved and described by Mr. Koumanouder, The subjects represented on the scabbards are a lion hunt, a lion attacking a herd of deer winged monsters, tisk and plants. The manes of the lion are of red gold, their bodies of paler gold, probably electrum. So with the flowers -the stalk, leaves and branches are of gold, the calyxes of electrum. The same distinction of color is observed between the sea and the fish swimming in it, and also in representing the birds -in which the color of the blood flowing from their wounds is discriminated from color of their feathers. Further variety is obtained by the use of enamel in portions of the background. In the description of the plowing on the shield of Achilles the poet says that the furrow behind the plowman was black, as plowed land is although being of gold. Probably to produce a change of color, a dark enamel, such as that found in the scabbards, was combined with the gold. Homer therefore, so far from inventing the shield of Archilles out of his imagination, as was formerly contended, derived many details both of subject and technical execution from words of art which he had actually seen, and which inspired him with the conception of what a work by the god Hephæstos himself might have been. So, again, in regard to the choice of subjects on these scabbards, and throughout the Mycenæan antiquities, they proved that when Hesiod describes the crown of Pandora as ornamented with "all manner of creatures such as the sea and land breed," he borrowed these ornaments from the art of his

Veuillot's Idea of Heine.

Louis Veuillot, the distingished journalist, who died recently in Paris, left among his writings this striking tirade against Heinrich Heine, the German foe to Catholicism: Heine spent his whole life in blaspheming. He was a great poet and gifted with nearly all bad moral qualities. He never strove to conceal them; piquing himself on his frankness in order to give himself the advantage of being cynical, by which his sort of talent gained in biting force. He blasphemed in the pride of life, commenced his damnation while alive, and continued to blaspheme up to the very moment when he descended into the regions of eternal blasphemy. If he ever once glanced up to God, ever uttered one sincere sigh, there is nothing in all that remains of him to show it.

Stricken with a species of repentance into which he was equally forced by physical pain and mental pride-pretending to have returned to ideas of religion-he still continued to blaspheme. Perhaps he thought he was only laughing. He possessed that stupidity especially characteristic of Voltaireans-more particularly of those order to utter what they call a piece of wit. Nevertheless, people have talked about his "return to religious ideas"indeed, he talked about it himself. The simple truth was that he had read the Bible, and had become seized with ad-

He was the German Voltaire: Following the example of the French Voltaire who hated France, the German Voltaire hated Germany. His true dide, to which a few drops of ferric be suited as to age. The famous ware try-the country of negation and deri-

grimaces-his ignorance was immense, his insolence immense, but lighted with mighty lightning flashes. To those who can listen without danger to the preach-

THE Court has overruled a motion for a new trial in Major Phipps' case.