

A Castle in the Air.

I built a castle in the air, it rose at my command.
For fairy builders reared the pile in
Fancy's happy land,
And in its vast enchanted halls there dwelt
my lady fair—
'Twas all for love of her I built my castle
in the air.
I wooed her there with tender words, I
won her for my bride,
And through long years of dreamy bliss I
kept her by my side;
All joy and peace surrounded us, for
worldly wars or care
Had never found the entrance to my castle
in the air.
But years went by, the victor years which
sorely conquer all,
With a tempest's breath and battle's rage
they shook my castle wall;
They wrought the cruel work at length,
and now, in lone despair,
I stand amid the ruins of my castle in the
air.
But beautiful in ruin still its crumbling
walls appear,
To me the very moss that hides its grey-
stone stones is dear;
For tho' its halls are empty now, and
tho' its hearth is bare,
The love that built it has outlived my castle
in the air.

NOT TOLD AT THE INQUEST.

"Sir Francis Falldew, Bart., to Kate, only daughter of Harold Redfern, Esq." The maternal owners of marriageable maidens said there was a dreadful disparity, the bridegroom being quite forty years old, and the bride in the last of her teens. Matured maidens who had lived long enough to have been matrons twenty years ago sneered at the bride for marrying a widower, a man who had disgraced himself by marriage with, as they had heard, a domestic service person. But disinterested critics could find no fault with the marriage. Sir Francis is rich, and Kate Redfern is of ancient lineage, and a beautiful girl, who had refused the offer of an earl the day before she said "Yes" to the baronet. She is not a chemically got up professional beauty, but one of nature's beauties, also a mentally gifted girl, and amiable, too, despite being endowed with a full share of the very naughty Redfern pride. It is a tradition in the family that the Redfern who flourished when James I was King, being rebuffed for his manumour to his Majesty, said, "I pay homage to my Sovereign as my Sovereign; as a man a Stuart owes homage to Redfern." To fully appreciate the real life tragedy I am about to narrate, it is necessary to be mindful that no prouder woman could be met with than my heroine. Not an ignoble pride, for she was only proud of being the descendant of one of the oldest families in Great Britain, and that there was no record of any Redfern doing ought to sully the honor of his name.

The marriage of Sir Francis and Kate was not a matrimonial alliance, a sort of lease for life arranged and adjusted by lawyers, but a matrimonial union, a union of hearts as well as of hands. Therefore, the disappointed maternal owners of the marriageable maidens, and the angry matrons twenty years ago, were not comforted by seeing the discord and unhappiness they had predicted. Sir Francis and Lady Falldew were an exceptionally happy husband and wife, and then came the event that increased their joy. I refer to the birth of their son and heir. The christening was celebrated at Falldew Grange, the seat of Sir Francis in Hampshire.

The reader will readily picture the rejoicing, the outdoor games, the feasting of the tenantry, the tradesmen, the laborers, and of all the world and his wife and his children. In the stately hall of the Grange there was a banquet worthy of the occasion, and the roof rang with the cheers that greeted the toast, "Health and long life to Francis Redfern Falldew."

The banquet was over, the guests were in the drawing-room, when a servant came up and spoke to his master. "I can see no one on any business." "My dear Falldew," said an M. P. and Under-Secretary of State, "you are up for the county, and as soon as you are in office, you will be glad to see anybody on any business, at any time."

In the midst of a chat about the coming contest for the county, the servant returned and put a paper into his master's hand.

"I will wager," said the M. P. and Under-Secretary, "that your persistent caller is a voter who is convinced that the Empire will be ruined unless he expounds to you his views about a measure for storing rain-water and bottling summer heat."

Sir Francis looked at the paper, and his face flushed and then became pale as he crumpled it in his hand.

"I will see the person. Excuse my absence for a few minutes." "Ah," observed one of the guests, as Sir Francis left the room, "he seems knocked over. Perhaps there is bad news from Newmarket about one of his horses in training there."

"More likely bad news about the election," remarked the M. P. and Under-Secretary, "for when a fellow gets into politics he cares for nothing so much, and is almost indifferent to other matters!"

Sir Francis went to the library, and when he had closed the door a woman who had been seated stood up and threw back a thick veil which had concealed her face. She was an old woman with gray hair, a wrinkled forehead, sunken cheeks, and thin, bluish lips.

"It is over twenty years since we met, and I dare say you thought I was dead. So I might have been, only I was kept up with the thought of this meeting. The cat grows slowly, but it grows, and right comes slowly, but it comes. It is seven thousand four hundred and ten days and nights since we met, weary days and weary nights. I have waited and waited, and now the hour has come."

Sir Francis seated himself, looked at the woman, and did not speak. "What do you forget me? I am Mrs. Neve, the mother of Ethel Neve, who married you and became the lawful Lady Falldew, and consequently I am grandmother to Ethel's son, your

son, Francis Falldew. Now do you remember me?"

"Yes, I had not forgotten you. Why are you here? I have nothing to do with you; or you with me. Why do you come to me after so many years?"

"I will explain, also, why I come at this particular time; and on this special day. I have not come to ask you for money."

"I am engaged, and what you have to say must be said quickly."

"I know. Christening party. If you are very busy, go. I can speak to others. This is a pretty way to receive a mother-in-law after being so long parted. For you remember me, and you know I am your mother-in-law."

That woman his mother-in-law. Sir Francis' face flushed when he heard the word, but the tone of his voice was not unkind when he said:

"I am mindful that you were the mother of Ethel. I am also mindful of the dead and unborn past. Why you have come here I know not. I tell you that your visit must not be repeated. The past is passed."

Mrs. Neve laughed, and her laughter was shrill and mocking.

"If you will listen, I'll soon make you understand that the past is not passed as you think; and if you won't listen to me there are other ears that will. Anyhow, the case of the law will hear."

"Mrs. Neve, it will be better for you not to go to a lawyer; but, whether you do or not, you must not trouble me. When Ethel died I gave you a sum of money that would yield you an income of £150 a year, not that you had a claim on me, but for the sake of the painful past. If that money is gone, if you are in need, apply to me through a lawyer, and I may assist you."

Again the mocking laugh. "Well, in all the years of looking forward to this meeting, I never thought it would be half so good. Didn't I say I am not here for money?"

"Then why are you here?"

"I will tell you, if you are not otherwise engaged for a few minutes. Did you ever take me for a fool? I know you didn't, for you said I had tricked you into marrying Ethel. So I did, and it took a lot of tricking to make a baronet lawfully wed the daughter of a party who was then in trouble after being in the coffee-shop line. Oh, what lies I told you about his dying in battle when he was fighting for the Confederates as a British volunteer."

"I remember well how you imposed upon me; and since you do not even now repent your scandalous conduct, but dare to boast of it, you must at once leave my house, and I forbid you to enter it again."

"What is the use of getting in a temper? You had better hear me out. Well, you did not think me a fool, but you did not give me credit for being so smart as I am. Now, by hook or by crook, I found out what you and your father, the old Sir Francis, were at. You were going to try to annul the marriage—and you might have done it, if it were not for the fact that the Lady Falldew, and the baby would not have been heir to the title and the estates. So I again set my wits to work, and again I tricked you."

"I wish to hear no more about your tricks." "But you must. If not from me, then from others. Well, Ethel, I and the baby went to Wales, and then you heard from Ethel that the baby was dead, and soon after you heard from me that Ethel was dead. I sent you certificates of death, didn't I?"

"Yes." "How I quaked lest you should get some one to inquire; but you were so glad to be out of the middle that the certificates were enough for you, and you stopped the proceedings about the marriage since you thought yourself to be a childless widow."

There was something in the tone and emphasis of Mrs. Neve that made Sir Francis look up.

"It is so many years ago, that I dare say you may have lost those certificates, and likewise the letters about the deaths."

Sir Francis recollected that a long while ago he had lost some papers of no intrinsic value, and that among them were the certificates and letters mentioned by Mrs. Neve. But he instantly reflected that her suggesting the loss was a mere coincidence, and that after all the certificates, if they had been required, could have been replaced by fresh copies. The woman seemed to read his thoughts, for she said:

"Of course copies of genuine certificates can always be had, but those certificates were not genuine. They were shams—forgeries!"

"Forgeries!" "Yes; I suppose that is the lawful word. The baby did not die, and Ethel did not die. I only pretended they were dead to stop your proceedings."

Sir Francis started from his chair, and his face was pallid, for he was stricken with a vague fear and terror. But he became quickly composed, for why should he believe the statement?

In moments of excitement thought is rapid, and as he resumed his seat he reasoned about the matter, and concluded that if Ethel and the child had not died he would have heard of them years ago.

Again Mrs. Neve seemed to read his thoughts, and said:

"Of course it is a wonder to you that if they were not dead you should not have heard about them for over twenty years. I will explain. Witnesses do not die in a few months, and to make it safe that you could not get rid of Ethel and cut off the boy we went to foreign parts, but at every move taking caution on caution to have plenty of witnesses as to where we came from, so that there would be no fear of your getting out of it by denying that Ethel is Ethel, or that the boy is your identical son. Lor, I am careful! The only time you saw the child his foot was bound up, and I told you that by an accident its foot had been crushed, and that the middle and little toes had been cut off. It was no accident. I crushed those toes, so that they might have to be cut off and the child identified if ever you said he wasn't yours. Ah, I'm smart."

"Go on with your story."

"Story! A true one that can be

proved in any court. It was about seven years, and we were coming back, when Ethel got queer in her head, owing to sunstroke, and when we did come the boy was ten years old, and we put him to school, and again Ethel got queer, and has since always been queer on and off, and mostly on. So, thinks I, it will be better to wait and wait until the boy was twenty-one and could do as he liked with you, and not you with him. He will be twenty-one in a few months. And why did I not wait for the few months, eh?"

Sir Francis did not reply to the question, for he felt as incapable of speaking as if he were in the agony of a nightmare dream.

"Of course I heard of your bigamy with Miss Redfern, who is Miss Redfern still, and of course I heard of the birth through the papers, and likewise about this jollification; and, thinks I, Francis is too near the twenty-one to be hurt, and it is just a nice time to let Sir Francis know he has never been a childless widower, but that his wife Ethel is still alive, though just now off her head, and that Ethel's son, who is his son, is just as strong and healthy a young man as any father could own. Likewise, a correct young photo of his is the bonus."

Sir Francis had recovered his power of speech, and was angry with himself for being in any way or degree affected by the wild and vulgar story.

"What is your motive for inventing such a tale I neither know nor care; but I warn you, Mrs. Neve, that if you annoy me again I shall not spare you."

Mrs. Neve greeted the warning with a mocking laugh, and then said:

"When I told you lies you believed me, and now I tell the truth you do not believe me. How strange! I dare say I shall come here again unless I live to see Francis master of the place. Here is a bundle of papers, with all the clues and proofs of what I have told you, and if you don't come forward to do what is right we shall go forward to make a proof. And so good-night to you, from your mother-in-law."

When Mrs. Neve had gone Sir Francis took up the packet of papers that she had placed on the table, and his first thought was to put them in the fire and burn them. Why should he trouble himself any more about the mad story of that vile woman? Yet if she again annoyed him, those papers might be useful, and so he locked them in his iron safe and returned to the guests.

He was unusually lively, being resolved to forget all about the visit and the story of Mrs. Neve. But he could not forget it, and the remembrance of it kept him awake nearly all night, and worried and vexed him next day. He said to himself a hundred times over that it was foolish to give a second thought to such a story, but three points were constantly recurring in his mind—that he had accepted the certificates as proofs of the deaths without making any inquiry; he had lost those certificates and the letters about the deaths; and when he had seen the child its foot was bound up, and he had been told that two of the toes had been amputated. Several times he took out the packet of papers, but returned it to the iron safe without opening it. Why should he bother himself to look at the papers which had been prepared to support the impossible fiction? But he could not cease to think of the story, and he determined to mention it to his solicitor, whom he had to see on some other business. Not, as he admitted to himself, that he was in the least alarmed, but the woman might be troublesome, and it would be well to consult his legal adviser as to what he should do to put an end to the annoyance. He prefaced his statement to his solicitor by an apology for repeating such an absurd story, and was rather surprised that his legal adviser listened gravely to it, and was still graver when he had opened and glanced over the packet of papers.

"Surely you are not in the least impressed by the wild story?"

"It is indeed a wild story, Sir Francis, but it is just as well, as you suggested, to be prepared in the event of further annoyance. These papers give names, dates and addresses, and therefore we can readily deal with the matter."

"When shall I call on you again? Do not write to me, as Lady Falldew acts as my Secretary, and might read the letter, and I should not like her to hear about the annoyance."

"Call on me this day week."

"Not earlier?"

"I think not. It will take some days to make inquiries."

The result of the investigation was a crushing blow to Sir Francis. The wild story of Mrs. Neve was true. Ethel, the woman he had by gross fraud been fooled to marry, was alive—at that time the inmate of an asylum for the insane. Francis, the son of Ethel, was alive, and the proofs of his identity were ample.

What could be done? The case was submitted to three of the most eminent counsel in A and B form, as the real names were suppressed, and they advised proceedings for a divorce as soon as the lawful wife recovered from her periodical fit of insanity, as a suit for annulment was out of the question. Divorce! What could that avail? If he succeeded in his suit, as he was advised he was sure to do, he might then form a legal union with his beloved Kate, but at present she was not his lawful wife, and her son and his son was not and never could be the heir to the title.

The lawyer employed by Mrs. Neve became so pressing that something had to be done, and the affair could no longer be concealed from Kate. She heard of the calamity with painful calmness; and when her husband exclaimed, "Oh that by dying I could save you from this sorrow," she said:

"I know you would die to save me and to save the boy from shame, but your dying would not do it. So I am not your wife, and my boy is—"

Presently she said, "Ah! if there were any way—oh, any way—to hide the shame, to prevent the shame."

She did not shed a tear. She did not even sigh. She appeared to have become dumb, and when her husband urged her to answer him, she wrote, "I cannot speak." Yet she was heard once or twice saying to herself, in a

hoarse, stifled whisper, "oh, any way, any way!"

Three days afterwards she was missing from the house, and was found, with her baby clasped in her arms, at the bottom of the ornamental water in the grounds of Falldew Grange.

It had been raining, and the path by the water might have been slippery, and therefore the Coroner's jury held that she had fallen in, and returned a verdict of accidental death; for the story of her great trouble and sorrow was not told at the inquest.

An Experimental Cook.

When Fred Sibley married Alice Wheeler he took her to a well-furnished, comfortable home, and to all appearance life opened out most auspiciously for those two who had become one.

For a time all went well. Mrs. Wheeler, the mother of Alice, lived with the young couple, as had been planned before the marriage. She was a woman of good sense, and effaced herself as much as was consistent with her own self-respect, recognizing the right of the young people to perfect freedom under their own roof-tree.

She did more. Fred's means were not adequate to the expense of keeping a cook, and Mrs. Wheeler was a practical housekeeper. So she accomplished that part of the work with her own hands and furnished the young couple with those admirable meals which reached a historic fame as "Mother's cooking."

Alice Wheeler had been a teacher for some years when Fred married. She was quite familiar with that rigid domestic economy which is the wealth of most women's lives, but she had lived in an atmosphere of love and good-fellowship, where fault-finding was unknown. Her mother had managed the little household with wise provision, and Alice had given her time to sewing and intellectual culture. Of cooking and housekeeping she knew little.

All this had to be explained to Fred, who declared he wanted a wife for a companion, instead of a drudge. Alice gave up her school and married him on these conditions, and intended taking private lessons from her mother in all the minutia of housekeeping matters.

Why are people never satisfied to let well enough alone. Fred Sibley had been married less than three months when he came home one day and found the usual well-cooked, nicely-served dinner, and his wife presiding in her accustomed neat home toilet.

I believe there is always a certain person—unnamable to ears polite who ever since the days of Job has gone to and fro in the land, involving families in domestic broils. He must have been at Fred Sibley's elbow that day and prompted him to say:

"Alice, I wish you would cook a meal occasionally."

"But Fred," reasoned Alice, gently, "you know I cannot cook. I have always been either a student or a teacher."

"Every woman ought to know how to cook," continued Fred, in the grandiloquent tone a young man uses when he asserts his authority.

"You might as well say that every man ought to make his own clothes, or build his own house," answered Alice good-naturedly, but with a strained inflection of voice. "Do not the meals suit you now?"

"Certainly," with a deferential bow to Mrs. Wheeler, who—wise woman—took no part in the conversation, "but I want my wife to know how to cook. Suppose your mother should be absent or ill, what would become of me then?"

"What would become of me?" thought Alice with a quivering heart, but she answered quietly.

"I shall learn sometime, Fred; you must have patience."

She had it in her mind to surprise him some day with a delightful meal.

"Some day is not the time, Alice. I wish you would cook the dinner to-day without the help from your mother. Roast a chicken, cook peas, asparagus and potatoes, and make my favorite birds'-nest pudding," and the new advocate of the breakfast table went to his business leaving his wife with a heightened color and displeased expression, for this sudden assumption of authority was distasteful to her.

For this husband of hers was only her senior by a year, and they "didn't know everything down in Judea," where he came from, either.

Mrs. Wheeler scarcely glanced at her daughter as she rose from the table and removed the pretty breakfast service. When the dishes were all in their places she went up to her own room and locked herself in. Once during the long forenoon she heard a sound of weeping, and opened her door.

"What is it?" she called anxiously.

"I've cut one of my fingers off, but it's no matter," was the tearful answer. Dinner time came, so did Fred. Mrs. Wheeler came down after he was seated. Alice was in her own place, very much flushed, with the black, symbolic characters of the "key of the kitchen" inscribed on cheek and chin, and the half-amputated finger tied up in an old glove sheath. Fred's greeting was not very reassuring.

"Why, Alice! You look like a chimney sweep!"

"I feel like one," was the answer. Fred began with an attempt to carve the chicken. Neither knife nor fork made the slightest impression. He laid them down.

"Did you parboil it?" he inquired.

"I didn't suppose chickens needed to be parboiled?"

"Chickens don't," retorted Fred; "old fowls do. Nobody living can dismember this one."

Then he removed a cover and his lips began to curl.

"What in—what sort of a mess is this?"

"Peas on toast," answered Alice, with a brave swallowing of some obstruction in the throat—her heart probably.

"Cats on toast," snapped Fred; "who ever heard of cooking peas in that way?"

"You have forgotten to ask a blessing," suggested Alice, with a wicked twinkle of sarcasm in her eye.

Fred instantly dropped his head and mumbled:

"For what we are now about to receive the Lord make us thankful. Amen—what sort of a stew is there in this dish?"

"That is asparagus."

"What's it all chopped up for like

that? Well, I suppose I must dine on potatoes w-h-e-w! they're burnt as black as my hat."

"I believe they did scorch a little," said Alice coolly; "they boiled dry. What's that a sign of, mother?"

But at that moment Mrs. Wheeler excused herself, and without answering her daughter's question went to her room.

"Give me some pudding!" Fred commanded in the martial tone in which he might have said, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

He devoured a plateful while his wife regarded him as if he were some new zoological specimen.

"Is the pudding good?" she inquired timidly.

"It doesn't need any praising," remarked her lord and master. "Give me another dose."

Then the worm turned. Alice rose from the table and all unconscious of her chief-cook-and-bottle-washer appearance confronted the would-be household tyrant.

"Mr. Sibley," she said in a clear, firm voice, and with what Samantha Allen would call a "majestic mein." "I have cooked the first and last dinner I shall ever cook for you. If you had given me one word of praise or encouragement I should probably have gone on slaving and drudging to the end trying to pamper your despotic appetite with impossible cooking. Now I shall do my own work in my own way. And I will never again debase a professional cook of her just perquisites."

She was as good as her word. The next day a red-handed daughter of Osian was installed in the kitchen, and Alice resumed her situation of teaching, with more satisfactory pupils than pots and pans. For a week Fred sulked and felt himself aggrieved, but he has long since decided that his wife is a better helpmeet than his cook, and very wisely they never discuss by-gones.

Verdi's Spinnet.

Verdi's inclination for music manifested itself at a very early age. An old spinnet is still preserved in his villa at Sant' Agata, on which he practiced when a child. The instrument bears a curious inscription which shows the date at which the great composer practiced on it. The translation of the inscription, which is in Italian, is worth giving here: "By me, Stevano Cavalletti, the hammers were restored and covered with leather for this instrument, to which I have fitted a pedal; and I have made these hammers gratis, seeing the good disposition that the young Giuseppe Verdi shows for learning to play on the instrument; this being sufficient to satisfy me. Anno Domini 1821." As Verdi was born in 1814, he was, of course, only 7 years old when the spinnet was repaired for his benefit.

His first master was the organist of the village of Roncole, in which (and not at Busseto, as is generally supposed) the composer was born. After three years' instruction the child had made such rapid progress that he was appointed organist of the church. His father, desiring to give him a better education than could be obtained in his native village, sent him to the neighboring town of Busseto. Here, after two years' schooling, he obtained a situation in the house of Antonio Barezzi, a distiller, who exercised an important influence on his subsequent fortunes. Barezzi was an enthusiastic amateur who played several instruments, and whose house was the headquarters of the Philharmonic Society of Busseto, of which Giovanni Provesi, the organist of the cathedral, was conductor.

In such an atmosphere the genius of young Verdi rapidly developed. Provesi was so impressed by the promise he showed that he offered to give him lessons. Of these such advantage was taken that at the end of two or three years the master frankly owned that his pupil knew as much as himself. When, in consequence of advantage, Provesi gave up the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society, his place was taken by Verdi, then sixteen years old, who at once began to compose pieces for the society, which were produced under his own direction. These early works are still preserved in the library of the society at Busseto.

A Natural Petroleum Refinery Found.

Entering through a crevice between two gigantic rocks, the explorers found themselves in a circular basin 300 feet in circumference and lofty in height. The floor of this basin is regularly paved with broad flagging as if done by the hand of man. From three parts of the basin arose a thin, bluish vapor, spreading through the underground chamber a close, oil-like smell. On investigation this vapor was found to arise from deep seams in the rocky floor. One of the party produced a long cord and, attaching it to a small stone, attempted to gauge the depth of these seams. No bottom could be reached however. On the stone being withdrawn it was in every instance found to be covered with yellow sticky matter of glue-like consistency, strongly impregnated with a petroleum odor.

One of the party stumbled on a second, opening, and this led into a third and smaller chamber, in the center of which was a working, bubbling oil fountain. This was the pure oil itself, clear as if fresh from the best oil refinery. In fact, it was the product of a natural refinery, and the most potent forces were engaged in its manufacture. From deep down in the bowels of the earth came a sound as of a steady churning, and the oil mass heaved and shook at intervals, as the continued product of the natural refining process was poured in.

Thread has recently been made from the bolls of milkweed, which is said to have the consistency and tenacity of flax or linen thread. The fibre is long easily carded, and can be adapted to spinning on an ordinary flax spinner. Easily grown, the plant, hitherto a worthless weed, may prove a rival to the cotton of the south.

LOVE CAKES are made of three eggs five ounces of sugar, six of flour, a little salt, some rose water; drop them in the pan and sprinkle with sugar before baking.

MADE IN IRISH HOVELS.

Where the "French Embroidered" Handkerchiefs Come From.

The prettiest girls in all Ireland, excepting perhaps those of Galway, may be found in Donegal country. They are tall, straight and walk with a vigor and elasticity that comes from constant exercise. Their hair is abundant and is of a purer black than can be found elsewhere in the kingdom. The eyes are sometimes dark, but generally a dark blue, shining forth from under the blackest brows, which contrast with a clear and rather too colorless complexion, the result, probably, of want of animal food. As I was jaunting along the other day I heard two voices singing which seemed to emerge from a green hillside until the car came close upon the singers, a couple of girls with just such hair, eyes and skin as I have described, nestled down in the deep grasses, thick with, fairly thimbles, busily at work "sprigging." Jumping off the car, I asked to look at the work, and with the civility which marks their race they arose and handed me their little frame, upon each of which a muslin handkerchief was pinned.

In taking up one of them I recognized the embryo of what we call in the United States a fine French embroidered handkerchief. On the square of delicate lawn had been stamped an elaborate pattern of tiny flowers and leaves, and at the edge a scalloped border. This was being worked in fine linen thread; the "sprigging" proper being the over-and-over stitch, in which the flowers are wrought. Variety is given to the pattern by the introduction of other stitches known technically as "pointing," "lace stitching," "reining," and "spoking." The other handkerchief was of coarser muslin, a simple pattern worked in gay colors, and, judging from its size, for child's use.

On inquiring where they got this work I was informed that they went every week to the "sprigging" agent in the adjoining town of Kilecar. The price paid by the agents for working these handkerchiefs varies from two or three pence (four or six cents) for the common ones to ten pence (twenty cents) each for the more elaborate. But this work, requiring close application, great skill, and undragging industry, these girls can earn in a week from half a crown (sixty-two and a half cents) to three shillings (seventy-five cents). I don't mean that they can make this amount by filling up odd moments at the work, but by close application ten or twelve hours a day for six days. And in this way the most beautiful French handkerchiefs and ladies' wear are made in hovels, along the roadside and in the fields of North Ireland.

The Eyes of the Bee.

There is the bee's eye, with its hundreds of facets, each presenting the same image—this is proved by separating the many-sided cornea and looking through it with a microscope at a candle flame. The bee, moreover, besides its pair of faceted eyes, carries on the top of its head three simple eyes, very convex, for short-distance vision. Then there are its antennae, whereby it feels its way in the dark hive, and which give it moreover its exquisite power of smell. Bees can hear, too, though Sir John Lubbock thinks not. They seem deaf because, like wise people, they only attend to such sounds as concern them; their own hive's "roar" the stragglers can hear a very long way off, and Mr. Cheshire thinks that the old key and warming pan music at swarming time is by no means exploded. Their impassiveness under many kinds of sounds he compares with that of most human beings in a thunderstorm; we are as if we heard not, whereas if a child cries for help we wake into activity.

Bees are clearly not given to waste emotion or nerve force. They have a nervous system, with ganglions—i.e., knots or lumps where the nerve threads meet. A bee's brain is a larger ganglion placed in its head, divided like ours—into two lobes. In queens and drones the brain is small. The worker has proportionately twice as much as the ant and more than twenty times as much as the cockchafer. Intelligent though it is, we need not suppose it to be a high-class mathematician because its cells are hexagonal.

Mr. Cheshire says that if you put a soap bubble on a bit of slate one side gets flattened. Put another close to it and the contiguous walls become flat, owing the equal tension on both sides. Now add five more bubbles, so that the first occupies the center; a cross section of this central bubble will now be perfectly hexagonal all the contiguous walls of the seven bubbles being flat, the free ones curved. This is the case in the hive, the free walls of the comb always running in a sweep, and the hexagonality being simply due to the pressure of one bee against another as they are working.

Half Cents Wanted.</