TIMELY TOPICS.

The number of visits made to the Paris Exposition was 16,032,735.

During the last fiscal year 802,000,000 letters were mailed in the United States and received from foreign countries. The government failed to deliver one in every 289.

No season within memory has been so unfortunate for the Greenland whaling fleet as that just past. The whole Scotch fleet secured but six whales, and one steamer was totally lost.

In summer London has free public bath-houses, situated at convenient localities. Last session parliament passed a bill authorizing the city to convert these bath-houses into gymnasiums for the winter.

South America is suffering from grasshoppers. The valley of the Cauca, one of the most fertile and populous sections of the republic of Colombia, has been ravaged by them. All growing crops have been ruined, and the people are threatened with famine.

Among the curiosities at the dead letter office, in Washington, is a letter containing $50 and addressed to Hoboken, Sniffy Tiddlewinks & Co., pig dealers, 222 Hoffensnipper's Terrace (corner Fiddlekee avenue and Four Hundred and Fifth street), Nantucket, Mass.

At prominent railroad points in the United States there are now forty-six organizations known as the "Railroad Men's Christian Association." The first was formed in Cleveland in 1872. There is now an active membership of 2,500, and an associate membership of over 100,000 railroad men.

A Parliamentary paper just issued shows that in the year 1877 2,662 lives were lost in England and Wales by drowning in inland waters. Of the persons whose lives were lost 2,140 were males and 522 females; 1,423 lives were lost in rivers and running waters, 637 in canals, and 602 in lakes or ponds.

While a farmer of Monroe, N. Y., was prying up a flat stone in a quarry last week his hand touched something cold and clammy. He raised the stone and found a ball made up of forty-five large black snakes. They were matted together as though they had been braided, and were separated by beating with a club.

A plant christened electricca, in consequence of its curious electrical properties, which are so strong as to cause sensible shocks as from a galvanic battery to the hands of any person attempting to gather it, is described in a Belgian horticultural journal as growing in Nicaragua. The needle of the compasss is affected by proximity to the plant.

Mr. Guy Carlton, a robust farmer seventy-five years old, living near the village of Wyoming, N. Y., has bought his coffin and has it ready for use. He also has ready for erection a solid marble block, chiseled in the shape of a dwelling, with doors and windows. The block will be put over his grave to symbolize by its form and solidity the last long dwelling of man.

The German papers quote some statistics comparing the proportions of married persons in the populations of the different countries of Europe. Germany ranks only seventh in the list. To 10,000 souls in each country, there are in Hungary 6,475; in France, 5,566; in England and Wales, 5,398; in Austria, 5,271; in Italy, 5,270; in Denmark, 5,191; in Germany, 5,107; in Norway, 5,065; in Sweden, 4,952; in the Netherlands, 4,948; in Scotland, 4,678; in Belgium, 4,634, in Switzerland, 4,582, and in Ireland, 4,313.

Pirates are again becoming numerous in the Persian gulf, and the device practiced a quarter of a century ago by an English navy captain is suggested. The English government had made repeated complaints to the king of Muscat regarding the injury to British commerce, but without effect, and the officer in question gave his vessel the appearance of an unarmed merchantman. He sailed to the waters which the pirates most frequented, and was soon surrounded by a swarm of their craft. His portholes then opened, and they were treated to successive broadsides of grape, canister and round shot. Two-thirds of the vessels were sunk, and at least six hundred pirates were killed or wounded.

How to live cheaply is an ever-recurring problem. A correspondent from the province of Quebec tells of a woman who was rejoiced at the increased wages her husband was to receive. On inquiry the amount was found to be $10 a month, and on this the family of four lived luxuriantly, according to the economical woman's idea. Mr. Ward, a Manchester (England) man, does even better. He is lecturing on "How to live on twelve cents a day." He wants people to live altogether on a vegetarian diet, which he thinks would prevent rheumatism, cancer, epilepsy and many other ills that flesh (but not vegetables) is heir to, and besides, the cost of living would be reduced to the economical limits stated.

The world is crazy for show. There is not one perhaps in a thousand who dares fall back on his real, simple self for power to get through the world and extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is no end to the aping, the mimicry, the false airs. It requires rare courage, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in these days. Unless you consent to join the general cheat, there is no room for you among the great mob of pretenders. If a man desires to live within his means, and is resolute in his purpose not to appear more than he really is, let him be applauded. There is something fresh and invigorating in such an example, and we should honor and uphold such a plan with all the energy in our power.

A Western paper says: "We are living at this moment under absolute despotism." What does he mean? Has he just been married?

An Indignant Head and Neck.

A most extraordinary sensation has occurred in the American colony of London, writes a correspondent from the British metropolis. A young lady from Philadelphia was walking down Regent street with the mother and sister of a young gentleman of rank, when the attention of all three was attracted by some photographs of notable people and others exposed in a window, and they drew up to look at them. Fancy the astonishment of the American girl on seeing her own photograph exposed there among the others, but in the most amazing shape it is possible to conceive. Her head, her face, the arrangement of her hair, the turn of her neck, it was impossible to mistake; and yet, there she was, almost as undraped as the Venus de Medici—in fact, got up in tights and fleshings and labeled "Mazeppa!" "What can this mean?" she cried to the elderly lady, her lips blanched with shame and terror.

"I really cannot tell you," replied Lady Disdain, with steel-hard eyes and icy voice. "You perhaps can tell us whether on any occasion in America you were in the habit of appearing in this dress?"

"Oh, what do you mean to insinuate," uttered the poor girl. "Do you think I ever stood as Mazeppa? Oh, how cruel of you to speak so."

"It is certainly your portrait," added the other lady.

By this time one or two bystanders had drawn up to the window, and noticing the likeness were nudging each other.

"It is some coincidence—of course; it cannot be meant for me."

"You had better take a cab and go home and tell your father about it," said the lady, still with her frigid manner. "My daughter and I have some calls to make."

In a half-dazed state of mind the young Philadelphian drove home and told her father of what had happened. To get back to that shep, to have that photograph out of that window, to demand an explanation of the stationer, was not the work of many minutes for the enraged father. But, though it was easy enough to demand an explanation, it was not so easy to get one. Suspicion falls upon the servants in the house, one of whom might easily have abstracted a photo out of a package of them, which has been kept hitherto in an unlocked drawer of the young lady's writing desk. Of course, it is a "cooked" picture; only the head and neck of the American lady's photograph, the rest that of some one else, and together the picture represents one of the most beautiful women it is possible to conceive. The matter has caused so much indignation and so much comment that it is not impossible it may check the mania now so prevalent among society beauties for having themselves photographed for sale at a shilling a *carte de visite*.

The "Twa Dogs."

A correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, who has been camping at Indian river, Florida, writes about his two favorite setters:

At the St. Sebastian river we remained some time, and here an accident befell which bereft the writer of a favorite setter. Poor Dash could not resist his instinct to retrieve, and while swimming the river one day in hot pursuit of a crippled duck, and deaf to all remonstrances of his master, a huge alligator rose to the surface.

A yell of terror from the doomed dog; the deadly sweep of the reptile's tail, the metallic clash of its jaws; a splash; a struggle, and poor old Dash sank to rise no more. Peace to his body!

It was also here that the surviving setter distinguished himself by a panic. While hunting quail one afternoon, about a mile from the boat, Don concluded to investigate a tangled swamp. In a few minutes a howl was heard, almost human in its agonized expression of terror.

Out of the swamp came the dog as an arrow from a bow, "each individual hair standing on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and, regardless of its master's appeals, sped frantically to the boat. Close behind him came a panther.

Whether the panther would have caught the dog or not must remain a mystery, for a couple of loads of birdshot, poured into the animal at short range, turned its course, and it slunk away into the thicket. As it was nearly dark, and no buckshot handy, the writer declined to follow; but it was many days before poor Don recovered the tone of his nervous system.

A Leading Man.

Passing on to cell No. 4, Bijah brought out Burke Reynolds, who claimed to be leading man in the play of "The Vagrant." When the curtain first went up it revealed Burke in a barn on Woodbridge street, eating crusts of bread on the oat bin. In the second scene the proprietor of the barn entered upon the left, caught sight of Burke, and called out:

"Loafer, who art thou, and what doest thou here?"

"My lord, put a padlock on thy jaw!" was the tender response.

Exit lord in search of an officer, who entered the barn and found the leading man stacked away for the night under a lot of hay. The next scene opened on a knock down, and the curtain fell just as Burke was registering at the Central station.

"I think your drama is a failure," remarked the court as the case closed. "I don't like the scenery at all, and there is too much waiting between acts."

"Yes, I was waiting for the officer," replied the prisoner.

"And now you are waiting to go up for sixty days. You can have a full-dress rehearsal up there every day, if you want to."

"I'll have nothing, sir!"

"You'll have an extra thirty days if you don't go quietly in," remarked the court, and the prisoner entered the corridor in a lamb-like manner, sat down on two old chairs, and in a few minutes was so thoroughly penitent that he turned over to the officers six gimlets he had stolen from some hardware store.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are 226 counties in Texas, of these Tom Green and Crockett are as large as Massachusetts, Pecos as Connecticut, and Harris as Rhode Island.

A MAN BABY.

The Remarkable Case of a Man Twenty-Two Years Old Who is Still an Infant.

A New York paper says: In the second story of one of the low, rickety wooden buildings on the east side of Chatham street, in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy, or man, twenty-one years and six months old, having been born in 1857, that is in all respects, physically and mentally, nothing more than an overgrown infant. Its parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Jenn of No. 165 Chatham street, industrious French people. The child was born on the 10th of June, 1857, and was christened Jule. Up to his eighth month he did not differ from other children, but at that age he was taken sick with the measles, and for six months it was thought that he could not live, one childish disease following rapidly upon another. His ailment, and the one to which his parents ascribe his deformity, was one that baffled the attending the physician, and is described by the father as "the English disease." Both physical and mental growth seemed to be arrested by this disease. The boy is not quite three feet high, but measures four feet around the waist, being inordinately corpulent. His head is well shaped, but looks much too large for his body, being more than two feet in circumference. His hands and feet are exceedingly small, like those of a one year old infant, and he weighs 160 pounds. Every effort has been made to educate him, but he is not capable of learning anything. When he was ten years old he was scarcely two feet high, but weighed almost 100 pounds. The physician who attended at his birth predicted that he would not live to be fourteen years old, but he is now in good health. The boy's skin is remarkably soft and white, like a baby's. All of his habits are childish, and he can speak only a few words, such as "papa," "mamma," "yes," and "no." His extreme corpulence prevents him from walking, but he is very active with his hands and feet. He amuses himself with childish toys, and is very shy when strangers are about. Ex-Police Surgeon Baker, who has watched the case closely for several years, says that it is the most wonderful case he ever heard of. The boy has been examined by a number of scientists, who have all come to the conclusion that he is a perfect baby in mind and body. His father has been approached by many showmen, who were anxious to add the boy to their list of attractions; but Mr. Jenn has declined every offer, not desiring to have his son exhibited to the public.

Who Invented the Steamboat?

Everybody who has visited the national capitol has heard of Brumidi, the fresco artist, whose work ornaments and enlivens every part of the building. One day, while Brumidi was engaged in painting a picture over the door of the Senate committee room on patents, a gentleman entered, and after looking at it for a few moments, asked:

"What is that you're painting?"

"A picture of Robert Fulton, the inventor of steam power," replied Brumidi.

"But he wasn't the inventor of steam power," retorted the stranger somewhat earnestly.

Brumidi, who occupied a platform that raised him almost to the ceiling, stopped his work, laid down his brush, and turning toward the stranger asked in his quiet way: "Didn't Fulton invent the first steamboat?"

"No, he didn't," answered the gentleman.

"Well, then, who did?"

"Why," replied the stranger, "John Fitch. He was a long way ahead of Fulton. I know that, because I've been in Fitch's workshop myself."

"Well, you're an old man," replied Brumidi, respectfully, "and I won't dispute your word. I've always thought that Fulton made the first steamboat, but if you say he didn't, it's all right. Have you got a picture of your man Fitch?"

"No, I haven't got his picture, but I've got a book that tells all about his life and his works."

"Will you send me that book?"

"Yes, I will, just as soon as I get home," answered the gentleman.

"Well, you do that, and I'll paint a picture of Fitch, too," said Brumidi. "I won't decide who made the first steamboat. You send me that book and I'll paint pictures of both the men and leave the public to decide who is entitled to the honor. I'm a painter myself and don't bother about inventors."

The stranger left, and in a few days Brumidi received a small book containing a personal sketch of Fitch and an account of his works. From this sketch the artist painted a portrait of Fitch, representing him in his workshop engaged upon the model of a stern-wheel steamer with three paddles as motive power. Those who visit the capitol now will see a picture of Fulton looking upon his first steamer over the committee room on patents, and on the opposite of the hall is the representation of John Fitch in all his glory. As Brumidi said, the people are left to decide which of the inventors is entitled to the honor. The artist does not bother himself about the question at all.—*Washington Post.*

Washington's Rebuke.

Gen. Washington was dignified in manner and speech. He exacted appropriate consideration for himself and his position; but he exhibited a trait rare among men of high station—he was always considerate toward his associates. An anecdote illustrates this high-bred courtesy, and also his tender sympathy:

Stopping one day during the war at a house in New Jersey, he found there a wounded officer. The man was confined to his bed, and was so feeble that the least noise agitated him. Washington spoke in such a low tone, and while at dinner was so quiet, as to influence his officers to a similar consideration for the wounded man.

When he had dined he left the room, and the officers, unrestrained by his presence, forgot in their hilarity the poor sufferer. Suddenly the door opened quietly, and Washington entered on tip-toe, walked to the mantel, took a book, and without uttering a word quietly retired.

The delicate suggestion, too courteous for a hint, was not lost. It was followed by a considerate quietness.

Bismarck as An Eater and Drinker

The London *Times*, in giving extracts from Dr. Busch's book on Bismarck, furnishes the following summary of the accounts of some of his personal adventures:

"The personal incidents recorded in the book are numberless. From his student days he has had no end of duels. He has beaten topers in beer-houses with such a glorious sense of manly elation that he takes two pages to recount his victory twenty-five years afterward. He has been over and over again in peril of his life, from the old Russian days when a sentinel offered to shoot him, to the entry into Paris, where a fierce-looking individual was disarmed by the prince coolly asking him for a light. He has jumped over abysses in the Alps, with a fair burden in his arms; he walks about alone at night in Versailles, revolver in pocket, ready to kill and die; and, to excel his neighbors in everything, does not scruple to tell us that he is the most accomplished diplomatist of his age, so he can also challenge assembled humanity to outdo him in point of drink. So terrific are his achievements in the potatory line that one dreadful day King William IV., happening to witness his libations, had recourse to his sovereign word of command to forbid further display. Then, as regards eating, who can compare with the chancellor in point of discernment and receptiveness? When the crown prince dines with the broad-shouldered chief of the foreign office in the camp before Paris, his imperial highness is astonished at the dainties served up and the rotundity of all his officials present. 'This,' explains the complacent Bismarck, 'is due to donations we get from fatherland. The German nation is determined to have a corpulent chancellor.' To which the crown prince replies: 'Bucher is the only lean specimen here; I dare say he has not been with you long.'

"Columns might be filled with the culinary knowledge displayed in the memorable work before us. The intelligent prince dilates upon every imaginable variety of fish contained in ocean or river. He lays down the law upon crabs and lobsters, discourses freely upon eggs, and claims the honor of being a heaven-sent benefactor to Aix la Chapelle, having taught the benighted citizens how to fry oysters. His discrimination in cheese is perfectly wonderful. He can hold forth by the hour upon wine, and on dire occasion, spirits becoming scarce in the tents, causes a desperate appeal to be telegraphed home as to the strong need of a supply of gin incontinently. Always good-natured after dinner, he threatens corporal punishment to the steward of Baron Rothschild for refusing to bring forth wine for the king when every bottle is paid for. Nay, albeit a loyal subject, he allows the rumor to circulate uncontradicted that he has killed a brace of pheasants in M. Rothschild's park, contrary to the express prohibition of his sovereign. His excuse, it appears, is the paramount duty of self-preservation, the winged victims having been the first to begin the affray."

Satisfying the Barber.

One time there was a barber. And one day a feller he cum into the shop fur to git shafed, and he handed the barber a card which was wrot on like this way:

"For my Hair—Taller, clone, lard, bergmot, pomatum, oil, tonnick, restoratif, pitchooly, gum, beeswhacks, kerriseen and tar.

"For my Face—Cole creem, cam frice, powder, ham fat, sof sope, glissern, poltice; rooje nammel, giant cement, shoo blackn.

"For my Wiskers—Sames for the hair, only more taller.

"For my Muchtash—Do., starch, glew, morter and sodder."

When the barber he red it he was just dlited, and said to the feller: "You are the most sensible man which has ever set in this chair; yes, indeed. I never see a man of such good taste."

And then the barber shafed the feller, and tole him all the news which he cude think, and never stopt tockin, the barber didnt, while he shafed, cos he was dlited. But, jest as he got dun shafn the feller, and was getten reddy to put them things on him, cordin to the memmy randem, a man wocked in and took the feller by the ear, and he sed to the barber, the man did: "This feller's got to go now, cos he is a escape; if you want to finish him you must fetch them things over to the def and dum ward of the lunattic sylum."—*Little Johnny.*

Disturbed by an Earthquake.

The newspapers long ago had their laugh over the deaf old lady who said "Come in" when the third shock of an earthquake had roused her just enough to fancy that "somebody rapped." Speaking of the late earthquake felt in Westphalia, a correspondent of the *Katholishes Volksblatt* writes:

Some of the effects of the earthquake were very laughable. A government official, as he went through his house on a tour of inspection after the first shock, found one of the maid-servants lying on the floor. She had a broomstick in her hand, and was groping about with it under the kitchen cupboard to strike that "horrible cat," which, while she was in the sitting-room, had been rattling among the dishes. She did not find any cat. The rattling had been caused by the earthquake.

An old man stood writing at his desk in his somewhat rickety house when the shock began. A crackling sound was heard through the house, and the walls appeared to tremble. At the same instant he heard a loud knocking at the door. He hastily tore open the window, and saw a beggar standing at his door.

"Stop shaking my house! Now you'll get nothing at all!" he exclaimed; and it was the work of an instant to slam down the window angrily, as a rebuke for such wickedness.

The Russian *Invalide* puts the number of troops engaged in actual fighting during the last war at 282,000 infantry, 37,000 cavalry, or 319,000 men, with 1,288 field guns. The artillery used 204,923 charges, and the infantry and cavalry 10,057,764 cartridges. The Turks are reported to have lost altogether nearly 150,000 killed and wounded.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

News and Notes for Women.

Edmonia Lewes, the sculptor, used to sell moccasins and pincushions at Niagara falls.

New York has a society, founded in 1797, for aiding poor widows with small children.

Mrs. Evart, of Colfax, Oregon, owns a hotel, for which she has paid by keeping a little inn.

Carlotta, the widow of Maximilian, is still at Tervueren, near Brussels' hopelessly insane.

One lady still remains at Judge Hilton's hotel in New York for the original price of $7 a week.

In Paris black, narrow velvet ribbons are braided in the hair. It is a very old fashion revived again.

India and French cashmere shawls are no longer worn in Paris. They are used for table cloths and for furniture covering.

Miss Grace C. Bibb has been appointed a member of the faculty of the State university, at Columbus, Mo., at a salary of $2,000.

Egypt cannot be a paradise for ladies, for travelers tell us that women are old there at twenty, and very old at thirty years of age.

The first daily paper in England was started seventy-seven years ago. It was called the *Daily Courant*, and was edited by a lady.

Cashmere ribbons and Breton lace are used in combination for neckties, the ribbon being fastened on plaitings of the lace by tinsel bees.

Miss Sarah H. Leggett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has opened a home for young women, where, for four dollars a week, they enjoy the social life of a family.

The crown princess of Prussia is a sensible woman. When she visits an exhibition she goes in a simple black silk gown, with a straw hat with black band and a vail.

When the daughter of a Russian nobleman goes into an institute for her education, she is not allowed to go home until she leaves for good; so that she has no home life in her girlhood.

A writer of fashions observes that the head-dresses of ladies among the Greeks didn't destroy the contour of their heads. The dressings of the hair of some of the modern girls have a decided tendency that way. Fists and other designs applied to the heads produce awkward bumps.

Miss Maxwell Graham, an ancient and somewhat eccentric maiden of England, has left one hundred thousand dollars to four charitable societies, wherewith to relieve poor Protestants who are named Hutchinson or Maxwell, and to educate their children.

The French government, during the summer, sent the school teachers, composed largely of ladies, to visit the Paris exposition, and paid their expenses for them. They went in batches of one thousand at a time, holding conferences in the morning and then dividing into parties to visit different points and study systematically.

Misses Roxanna and Elizabeth Lowd, sisters, and Miss Elizabeth Whitcomb, are farmers in Warner, N. H., who own and work profitably a farm of one hundred and sixty acres. They superintend personally the farm work, do not hesitate even to take hold of a scythe, hoe and plow, and are seen almost every day in the field hard at work.

The princess of Wales has been ordering from Paris a number of gloves embroidered in gold and silver, with monograms and crests, some having as many as twenty-six buttons on them. Swedish kid gloves were formerly celebrated for their delicate odor, derived from a scent called Rander's water. The French glovemakers have discovered a perfume which is very similar, and with it the kid is now scented.

Miss Louise McLoughlin, whom the Cincinnati *Commercial* describes as a young Cincinnati lady, slender, with large eyes and a delicate, bright face—a peculiarily American face, full of intellect and refinement—has discovered the famous process of underglaze painting pottery, which, if not the identical Haviland process, is one so similar that it appears to produce the same effect. The *Commercial* wonders, in view of that city's having almost everything else, why it should not have a famous art pottery.

Fashion Notes.

Chignons have gone out of fashion altogether.

Maroon, sapphire and dregs of wine are the three colors most in demand.

Shoe-buckles of colored cut steel are much worn both in the day and evening.

Babies' afghans are knit in the plain afghan stitch and embroidered in stripes.

Little girls' cloaks are long, close-fitting sacques, with cuffs, collar and pockets of contrasting shades.

Velvet overdresses, bordered with embroidery in silk floss, are shown by the New York importers. They are to be worn over black satin skirts.

Steamer hoods of gray flannel, with scarlet tassels and scarlet pinkings, and sleighing hoods of white worsted garnished with white floss, are among the pretty things shown for winter wear.

A superb bridal dress, imported for a Brooklyn lady, is of white satin and brocade silk. The corsage of satin is basque shape, pointed back and front, with heart-shaped neck, and trimmed around the neck and down the front with heavy fringe of crystal jet. The sleeves are long. The front of the skirt is composed of white brocade, woven in large roses and leaves, and at the back a court train of satin falls. The lower edge of the front breadth is finished with looping of satin and crystal fringe.

The Sanguine Bride.

A not unusual kind of bride is that sanguine creature who believes that life is now to be all honey and butter, and that never a cloud will cast its shadow over the sunny sky. All is so new—and it will never grow old? Holiday time has come in perpetuity, and there are to be no more painful lessons of duty to learn, and no more disagreeable tasks of self-suppression to fulfill. Tempers, disputes, peevishness, anxieties, are buried beneath the sugar and the almond of the wedding-cake, and life is to be a fairy tale, where "they live happily for ever after," finishes the picture. All the buttons will keep sewed to the shirts, and there never will be a pair of socks to darn. If children come they will be born like so many little doves, and give no more trouble than a covey of cherubs flitting about the house. She looks forward to a halcyon sea which not the faintest ripple is to disturb, and in her world blight and storms are to be unknown. Her also we pity, poor, self-deceiving creature—taking life as she does at such a false angle, and looking at the dust and ashes of inevitable decay or sure disappointment through spectacles of such deluding rose-color. She has not the faintest idea that her husband will ever cease to be her lover, and she imagines that the poetic exaltation of the courtship—the raptures of honeymoon—are to continue far into old age. Of the sense of reality she is absolutely destitute; and her reasoning faculties are lost for the time in the rainbow-lined cloud of hope and exultation. Perhaps her marriage has taken her from an uncongenial home, and she is elated and full of hope in consequence. Reality will waken her up soon enough, poor soul! Meanwhile we, who see the fool's paradise in which she is living, feel sorry for her, and anxious to know how she will bear the waking which has to come to her as to others—aye! as sure as death has to come to us all.—*London Queen.*

Byron's Island.

The castle of Chillon, a thousand years old, and which looks as if it could last thousands of years still, with its grand architecture, its towers and moat, its drawbridge and dungeons, is in itself apart from its history, one of the most interesting castles in the world, rivaling in picturesque beauty the castles of the Rhine. But it was the heroic self-sacrifice of Bonivard to the love of country and of truth in Chillon's dungeon which constitutes its true interest, and around which the genius of Byron has thrown a halo of glory. The name of Bonivard could never fail to command the admiratien of students of history, but it is Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" (Francois de Bonivard), which attracts the multitudes as pilgrims to a shrine. Immediately opposite the castle of Chillon is "Byron's island," a tiny spot, thirty paces long, twenty paces wide, with three small trees, which Bonivard could see from his prison window—from his silent dungeon lower than the surface of the lake.

A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three small trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young trees growing.

This little island was a favorite resort of Byron, where he passed whole days, and often the whole night. It is said that the beautiful verses on night, in Canto III., of "Childe Harold," were the results of a night passed on this island during a thunderstorm. Here in this region, beautiful as a dream, Byron lived for months, winning the affections of all by his genial manners, kind feelings and liberality. The room he occupied is still shown to strangers. Madame Pauly, in whose house he dwelt, esteemed him much for his charming manners, his guineas and his fame, but considered him "a kind of fool, who walked the room all night."

Words of Wisdom.

Much is written without sincerity, and more read without profit.

Exemption from care is not happiness; on the contrary, a certain degree of care is essential to promote enjoyment.

If anger arises in the breast, instantly seal up the lips and let it not go forth; for, like fire, when it wants vent it will suppress itself.

True dignity abides with him alone who, in the silent hour of inward thought, can still suspect and still revere himself, in lowliness of heart.

Nothing, says Brodie, in all the world, is so good as usefulness, which gives to the individual's own character a finish and an influence which mere station cannot give, which also binds him to his fellows and them to him.

We are apt to be very pert at censuring others where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shows our weakness more than to be sharp-sighted at spying other men's faults and so purblind at our own. Those have a right to censure who have a heart to hel the rest is cruelty, not justice.

Frugality is good if benevolence be joined to it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses, the last bestowing them to the benefit of those that need. The first without the last brings covetousness; the last without the first brings prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where that is found.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity; for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once; while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

Two gentlemen who were passing a house in Worcester, Mass., recently, were attracted by a large Newfoundland dog which kept running toward them, and then returning in the direction of a pond in the grove, where something was evidently wrong. They followed the dog to the pond, where they found another dog in the water and unable to get out. His front paws were on the curbstone, but he could not get sufficient hold to draw himself up. He was nearly exhausted, and would probably have been drowned had not the gentlemen assisted him. The dogs showed their gratitude in unmistakable signs.

One of the highest compliments a man can receive is to hear a friend say to him: "The very sight of your pleasant face is enough to drive away the blues."—*Crystal.* But the satisfaction with which one hears such speeches is marred by the anticipation of the remark that is almost certain to ensue—"By the way you haven't got two dollars that you," etc., etc.—*Boston Traveler.*