

### "Surgit Amari Aliquid."

SOMETHING BITTER RISES.  
If ever at the font of joy  
Poor mortal stoops to fill his cup,  
Still willing fresh to his annoy,  
A bitter something bubbles up.  
So one sang sadly long ago,—  
Sang how the fairest flowers amid,  
E'en where the springs of pleasure flow,  
"Surgit amari aliquid."

And echoing down the vaults of time  
The warning sounds for me and you  
In Latin verse, in English rhyme;  
'Twas true of old, to-day tis true.  
Ah! brother! have you not full oft  
Found, even as the Romans did,  
That in life's most delicious draught,  
"Surgit amari aliquid."

You run the race, the battle fight,  
And e'er seize at the last the prize;  
The nectar in its goblet bright  
Is yours to drain 'neath beauty's eyes.  
Yet are these honors out of date,—  
They would not come when they were bid;  
The longest-for draught is all too late,—  
"Surgit amari aliquid."

Or, haply, in the cruel strife,  
You foully thrust a brother down,  
And with his broken heart or lie  
Purchased your tangle of a crown.  
Wear it; but of remorseful thought  
In vain you struggle to be rid;  
The triumph is too dearly bought,—  
"Surgit amari aliquid."

And so the cup is turned to gall,  
The font polluted at its source,  
Evenom'd and embitter'd all  
By dull regret or keen remorse.  
Well hast thou said, O goddess sage!  
From thee not all the truth was hid,  
Though ever on thy mighty page  
"Surgit amari aliquid."

### The Plague of His Life.

"That girl has done nothing but provoke and annoy me ever since she came from school three months ago. I wish, Carrie, you would send her away somewhere—anywhere out of my sight. She is the plague of my life."

Miss Carrie Ives looked pleasantly up from her reading, her plump finger marking the paragraph that had been interrupted by her brother's impatient speech.

"Why, Fred, what has the child done now?" she inquired.

His fine, pale, grave face flushed a little, and a half confused expression came into his serious, gray eyes.

"This is the young vandal's latest achievement in the impertinent line," he said, with a short laugh of chagrin as he pushed toward her a big volume of some abstruse work and turned the fly-leaf.

Theorems had been sketched an inimitable portrait of himself, sitting in his familiar and scholarly attitude in his leather chair before his library table—an inelegant study gown hanging ungracefully from his large shoulders—and the hand that supported a Websterian head clutching an untidy shock of hair. It was too consummate a resemblance to be gratifying, and altogether too exact for caricature; the dexterous pencil had not in the least exaggerated the peculiarities of Frederick Ives, for he had his own little eccentricities and mannerisms, just as we all have, if we chose to admit the fact.

"It is an amazing likeness of yourself, Fred," was his sister's laughing comment.

"Possibly," he returned in that half mortified, half angry manner; "and I dare say it may be good for a man to see himself occasionally as 'others' see him. But this sort of embellishment is not precisely desirable in a valuable book of science. Jessie Evelyn is becoming quite too mischievous, Carrie; and I fear if you cannot provide a home elsewhere for her, I shall feel compelled to leave you."

"O, Fred!" the gentle little lady cried in dismay. "Surely you cannot mean that? Jessie must really stay with me while she is a minor and remains unmarried. If you would be less captious toward her, perhaps she would be more amiable toward you. You treat her as if she were a little vixen, and she resents it by being as vixenly as possible; but that is a woman's way, I suppose," she added humorously.

Fred, just as she manages to subjugate everything else which opposes her," the lady said admiringly. "Observe her and allow her cleverness. She has metamorphosed my old black cloth mantle into a really pretty habit; with characteristic ingenuity she has arranged your man's saddle to suit a lady's seat; and she has utilized your best silk hat, Fred—it becomes her too with that bit of deep gauze about the tall crown."

"I detest anything mannish in a woman," Fred declared crossly as he resumed his leather chair.

Certainly the gentleman had experienced very little peace since that perverse girl of seventeen—that incarnation of audacity and witchery, had invaded the tranquil country home of his indulgent spinster sister. If he wished a little season of particular quietude, the tinkle of the piano and a distractingly sweet voice would sound through the house. If he consulted his labored notes upon some especially favored historical or poetical work, his equanimity would be disturbed by keen and pertinent interpolations that his own wit had never suggested. If he attempted any remonstrance, she would blunt his censure with a pun and defy rebuke by an ingenious repartee. She would affect scientific themes that she might disconcert him by some problem too difficult for his elucidation; she dared his opinions and challenged his sentiments; she wore the colors, the flowers, the gems she knew he most disliked; and she was indeed the plague of his life.

"Why do you always wear the topaz, Miss Evelyn?" he asked her later that day.

He had glanced up with a ready frown at the exquisite shape and charming brunette face, perceiving only the yellow gem he whimsically abominated, glittering in her coal-black hair and amid the white laces on her bosom.

"As an amulet," she replied quickly, merrily and meaningly. "It is a preservative against poison, you know."

The speech was not quite civil; the laughing glance of the big black eyes was saucy and significant; but her manner was the perfection of innocent playfulness.

Fred's frowning face crimsoned.

"What monster of iniquity would wish to harm so gentle and gracious a lady?" he retorted, with ungallant irony.

She regarded him for a moment with a curiously intent and questioning look, before which his countenance suddenly changed—suddenly he seemed defensive rather than aggressive, as one who feared his own weakness rather than the strength of the enemy.

Perhaps she discerned something in his uneasiness that she wilfully declined to understand; perhaps she comprehended a pain that thrilled her more than she cared to acknowledge—for she, too, changed.

"Mr. Ives," she began at length, with a singular new splendor in her sweet smile and a singular new sweetness in her voice, "any sarcasm is absurd between you and me. The candid truth is so much better always, even if it be disagreeable. I am perfectly aware that you detest me; that everything I do displeases or annoys you. You have given me abundant proof of your dislike, and never yet vouchsafed me a kindness nor a courtesy. It is you who are ungentle—you who are ungracious. Why you are so, I may not inquire; but I shall implore our dear Carrie to send me away, and trust that you may never again be afflicted with the presence of so luckless a person as myself."

"Yes," he answered gazing straight up into her anxious eyes. "I am hurt to death for love of the girl who hates me, who fancies that I have disliked her."

It was an odd love-making, doubtless; but there and then, holding fast the little willful hand, the lover rehearsed the ancient and delectable story.

"Of course I will marry you, Fred," she assured him sweetly. "I always knew I was doomed to be the plague of your life."

### Inhospitable Country.

The report from the Nordenskjöld expedition brings a double disappointment. Hopes had been indulged that the interior of Greenland, at least in the wider parts of that country, would prove more hospitable than the frozen coast line. It was also thought that the steamer Soña might be able to get inside of the ice belt along the eastern shore of Greenland from Cape Farewell northward to Cape Dan, so as to examine a region which has been sealed from the eyes of civilized man for three centuries, and which explanation would perhaps uncover some traces of the lost Norse settlements of Oestre Bygd. Prof. Nordenskjöld himself held the theory that the permanent ice band along the coasts of Greenland might not extend over the whole country, and that the central region might be comparatively clear of ice. There was even a chance that a wooded district might be found in the southern section of the interior. That rose-colored theory has been effectually exploded by his journey inland from Aulovsivick bay. At this point Greenland attains a breadth of some five hundred miles, or within about one hundred miles of its extreme breadth. As the scouts of the exploring party covered two hundred and twenty-four miles before turning back, they may fairly be said to have reached the heart of the country. They found no signs of improvement, but the contrary. Instead of coming upon a wooded district, they discovered that the whole land was one vast sheet of ice, broken by mountain chains which rise, in the region traversed by the scouts, to an altitude of seven thousand feet, and are believed to attain double that height in the vicinity of Franz Josef herd on the eastern coast. So passes into the limbo of discarded theories the idea of a fertile region in the center of Greenland. The attempt to examine the eastern coast also ended in disappointment. The steamer was unable to penetrate the ice-belt which guards that long-hidden shore from the approach of any keel. She had to sail along upon the outer edge of the belt, barely within sight of the shore, so that no light was thrown upon the locality of the old settlements of Oestre Bygd.

### The Use of Condiments.

A French physician has been making some interesting experiments on the effects of condiments used with food. They show, among other things, that in cooking meat only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat. If more is employed it will do one of two things: it will modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre so as to render it more resistant to the action of the gastric juice, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation—the very ground work of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh. Vinegar, it appears, may be used with good effect, provided it is not in a quantity to irritate the stomach, and is a pure dilution of acetic acid, freed from sulphuric or hydrochloric acids the latter of which, though an active principle of the gastric juice, must not be in excess of the stomach, or it will retard digestion.

### No Visible Proprietor.

There is one very singular feature about all the hotels on the continent, writes a correspondent. You never see the proprietor. The whole establishment is conducted utterly differently from ours. A bustling, active fellow with a blue cap and brass band on it, and the always misspelled label "portier," stands in the entrance way gives you your welcome, tells you if you can have a room and for what price, and so on. Then the waiter in the dining room takes the executive charge of that branch of the business; and when you leave, you find still another department, that of the cashier. But if you dislike your room, your fare, your treatment in any way, you can no more find the proprietor than the king. He probably does not stay long around the place. Few owners of gold mines hang about the premises, and to own a foreign hotel must be very like possessing a mine, not mining stocks.

### TRUE SPANIARDS.

Pictures of the Inhabitants of Sicily and Spain.

I remember, a decade ago, sailing from Palermo to Valencia, then coasting along, stopping at each port, until, passing the Pillars of Hercules, we came to the fair city from whence I send you this. We sailed from Sicily, with her wondrous soil and climate still, as it was a thousand years ago, one of the grandest in the world; where everything tells of material prosperity; where even the constant civil wars and private feuds, the ever-present armies of some ruler foreign to her soil, and seeking only to force from her fruitful hills and active people the largest possible tribute; Sicily, which has never been free since the fall of Syracuse, which has borne the armed heel of one conqueror after another upon its willing neck, through ancient as well as modern times; a land peopled by a race of slaves, who have, it is true, now and again shown the true servile instinct of revolt, as when in Messina, they rose, not sword in hand, but with the secret dagger, and smote their masters on that night known to history as the Sicilian Vespers. A vile breed, yet the men are the most stalwart of all who people Southern Europe, and the women might be handsome had they what they lack, and lack because the men have no manhood—the feminine something that makes women charming and raises them above the brutes. The Sicilian is an acute trader, with the instinct of Phoenician and the Greek for commerce; a tireless worker, whose fields bring forth year by year, corn, wine, oil and fruits in vastly greater quantities than the demand of the people for food; whose steamers are not monopolizing the Mediterranean trade; whose roads throughout the wild, hilly country, are as perfect as engineering, toil and expense can make them; whose cities, though not now boasting the million classic days, are beautiful, clean, well paved, well-lighted, comfortable, abounding in trim parks and gardens, flowers, trees and fountains.

The man who inhabits this paradise is a cowardly slave. To tell one of them he is a thief or a liar brings only a smile of white teeth, a shrug of the shoulder and a "ma che voi!" The woman has, it seems to me, lost the coquetry of her sex. I have seen carriage after carriage in Palermo bring its load of expensively dressed young women to walk in the garden near the arbor, and have noted with amazement that they were shod with dreadful mushy-looking shoes of what I believe, is called black lasting, a stuff somewhat like a thick bombazine or alpaca. These came but to the ankle-bone. On each side they had triangles of rubber fabric, to prevent the necessity of fastening and a great tag or strap front or back with which to pull them on. They always bulged out where the elastic came; the strap stuck out, and the prettiest foot was unsightly to look upon. Then the stockings, of which a careless display was freely made, were generally ill-drawn and wrinkled; the skirts hung in places lower than at others; the walk was ungraceful, and the freshest young face seen in a carriage lost its charm before the owner crossed the threshold of the garden. I have, in other countries, seen old women thus, and pitied them as having done with life. In no other did I ever see the young so seemingly indifferent to what a proper instinct should teach them.

How different is all this from Spain where the men are formal, stately, dignified, grave of discourse, courteous, and demanding as their right courtesy from others. They are poor, living in a land by no means fertile, where the lack of trees has made each stream by turns a whelming torrent or an almost waterless bed of sand and pebbles; where the provinces have never yet been truly united, and their own name of La Espanas, the Spains, is the only true one; where faction and revolt and foreign war have brought unrepented ruin; where the changes of the century have been so few as to have the Spaniard seemingly behind in the haste of modern improvement. But the race is proud, stern, unbroken in individual manhood, truthful by instinct and because too proud to lie, a race with a future before it because it is strong. Not wise at self-government, and long in accepting changed conditions, the Spaniard of to-day is the same as his fathers who marched under Cortez and Pizarro, the same as they who formed the Spanish infantry which strode in triumph over so large a part of Europe.

We in America are apt to judge of the Spaniard by the Mexican and Cuban. Nothing can be more different. Whatever their faults or virtues, the Hispano-Americans seem to have taken nothing but the language from what of the conqueror's blood they may

have. All else has come from the native. Unbroken in pride, unbowed by evil habits, self-respecting, sober in speech as in food, the Iberian needs only a leader to again take his rightful place in the family of the nations. And the woman? Is she beautiful? I hardly know; but she is the most bewildering, bewitching, fascinating of all Eve's daughters. There is a magic in her step, a poise of foot, a grace of rhythmic motion, a proud tenderness in her dark eye; a something voluptuous, which is yet chaste; a magic in her smile, such as no other race or clime can show. Beautiful? A man whose blood runs red within his veins may see beauty elsewhere, but he has never felt the perfect charm of woman's womanliness until he has met love looking from the melting brightness of those matchless orbs which none but Spain's dark-glancing maidens bear. There is no neglect here. The dress may not be rich, but there is not a fold ill-placed. To her is paid the reverence of passionate devotion. Still is Spain the land of romance and of song, because her men are brave, her women worthy to be loved. The lover who, having listened to a slanderous tale—they were of the working classes and could speak together as lovers higher placed may never hope to do—having listened to a slanderous tale, wrote in the heat of passion to his love, harshly upbraiding her, then found she had been blameless and cut from his wrist the hand which had penned the lines and had sent it to her begging forgiveness for what remained, was a true Spaniard.—*Corr., Boston paper.*

### The Discovery of Coffee.

An Arabian legend gives the following account of the discovery of coffee: About the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was travelling in Abyssinia, and finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stepped near a grove. Then, in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a dead tree which happened to be covered with berries. His meals being cooked and eaten, the traveller discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and, on crushing a number of them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to great extent. While wondering at this, he accidentally let fall the substance into a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo, what a miracle. The almost putrid liquor was instantly purified. He put it to his lips—it was fresh, agreeable and in a moment after the traveller had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered a few berries as he could, and having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the Mufti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor, that, in gratitude to the tree, he called it cahuah, which, in Arabia, signifies fuel.

### Art in Japan.

Dr. Dresser gives an interesting account of the methods employed by Japanese artists in their work. Five of the most celebrated native draughtsmen were invited by Sir Henry Parkes to the English embassy for the purpose of exhibiting their skill to the visitor. Each competitor had a long slender piece of charcoal on a bamboo holder, some broad, flat brushes of deer's hair and round ones of vegetable fiber. On a slate was a quantity of Indian ink. The artists who were called on proceeded each in turn to carry out an original composition. The first produced a tree and cock and hen, a second a peony flower and leaves in natural colors, the third the shaded body of a duck. In each case they commenced by marking out on the paper a few almost imperceptible dots with the charcoal point, and then putting in what appeared to be random dashes of color, beginning at the top of the paper and working downwards. The bodies of the birds were merely in shaded outlines, but the flower-painter, after making one leaf with a sweep of his brushful of green pigment, varied the shades of each successive one, leaving them finally of an even color. The peony he shaded by merely putting a little water upon it before the color was absorbed.

Jim Smith, who was released recently from the Tennessee state-prison, is a master mechanic and toolmaker, who can earn \$4 a day. He worked in the machine shop 2,836 days, and his good behavior cut two years and eleven months off his term of ten years for robbery on the highway. Deducting the cost of his support, estimated at eighteen cents a day, he earned \$10,746.94 net for the state.

### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Both in Elche and Alicante, on the south-east coast of Spain, groves of date palms flourish in soils saturated with sea-water.

A resident of Egypt is credited with the statement that the birds had been observed to depart before the approach of cholera, and that a town might be considered safe so long as the birds remained.

Relative to the Java ice story Mr. J. D. Banner says in the Buffalo Courier: "The tremendous evaporation of water from the surface of some subterranean lake near the volcano, and communicating with it by a channel, abstracted heat so quickly and in such enormous quantities from the body of water that it was frozen to a great depth before the eruptive power of the volcano reached it, and consequently there were belched forth immense fields of ice."

Mons. Faye has shown that the whirlwinds of dust observed by Prejevalsky in Central Asia, like those of Mexico, India and the Sahara, have the same origin and mechanical action as the tornadoes of the United States, and all waterspouts. They are all spiral movements descending with upright axis and always travelling horizontally in a nearly straight line. The general belief that the dust on land and the water at sea ascend from the surface high into the air is due, Mons. Faye tells us, to an optical illusion.

A 30 years' investigation of the subject has convinced M. V. Burg of the efficacy of copper as a preventive and curative of cholera. The metal absorbed into the system, he says, acts as an almost perfect prophylactic, the exceptions not being more numerous than in the case of vaccination in defending people from small-pox. Among other precautions he recommends the external application of copper in metallic form, the burning of dichloride of copper in alcoholic lamps, wine mixed with the natural mineral water of St. Christan, and the use of vegetables rendered green by sulphate of copper.

### New Stamps.

The American letter writer has for so many years had his patriotic sympathies harrowed and his reverence for the Father of his Country sorely tried by the painful caricature of George Washington, with its swollen jaw, brutal features and drooping neck, swathed in an untidy dinner napkin, on the three-cent postage stamp.

In the new two-cent stamp it is to be seen that the aching molar has been pulled, and the facial swelling has subsided, while the head and face bear some resemblance to the Gilbert Stuart portrait in the refinement of the lines and expression of the features. There is an improvement in the arrangement of the hair and queue. The engraving is by Alfred Jones from a copy of Houdin's cast taken from life.

The new head rests in an oval medallion on an heralric shield. The lettering shows more sharply and distinctly than in the present stamps; at the top, the legend, "United States Postage," and below the medallion, "Two 2 cents," standing out clearly on groundwork darker than the body of the stamp, while the color, a pale carmine red ink, in which oxide of iron is a powerful component, sufficiently distinguishes the denomination without blurring the design.

The double rate, or four-cent stamp is of a green color, and bears the head of the Hero of New Orleans, some what less unkempt and frightful than other government caricaturing of the grand old democrat. If Andrew Jackson actually resembled his postage stamps, he needed neither military skill nor equipment; he had only to go forth and look upon his foe "and the red field was won."

The process of printing these stamps differs essentially from that of England and continental nations who continue to make their plates directly from the original die, and to print from raised designs on blocks like types. The American Bank Note Company's process is, however, to cut the original die on soft steel in sunken lines, and from this, being hardened, a roll of raised transfers like type are obtained, and from these, in turn, are produced plates of two hundred steel copies of the original die, in sunken lines, from which the stamps are finally printed.—*New York Sun.*

A man living at Minneapolis has a pet pig which follows him about like a dog. At one time pigs were made pets of by Spanish ladies, and very, very long ago dogs and pigs roamed the streets of towns in England and Scotland, and were petted alike.