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TOWANDA:

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Selected Poetry.

[From the London Journal.]

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

A father and his little son
On wintry waves were sailing;
Fast, from their way, the light of day
In cloud and gloom was failing,
And fiercely round their lonely bark
The stormy winds were wailing.

They knew that peril hover'd near;
They pray'd—"O Heaven deliver!"
But a wilder blast came howling past,
And soon with sob and shiver,
They struggled in the icy grasp
Of that dark, rushing river.

"Cling fast to me, my darling child,"
An anguished voice was crying;
While, silvery clear, o'er tempest drear,
Rose softer tones replying—
"O, mind not me, my father dear;
I'm not afraid of dying;
O, mind not me, but save yourself,
For mother's sake, dear father;
Leave me, and hasten to the shore,
Or who will comfort mother?"

The angel forms that ever wait,
Unseen on men attendant,
Flew up, o'erjoy'd to heaven's bright gate,
And there on page resplendent,
High over those of hero's bold,
And martyrs famed in story,
They wrote the name of that brave boy,
And wreathed it round with glory.

God bless the child! ay, he did bless
That noble self-denial,
And safely bore him to the shore,
Through tempest, toil and trial.
Soon in their bright and tranquil home,
Son, sire, and that dear mother,
For whose sweet sake so much was done,
In rapture met each other.

Miscellaneous.

Spring, Birds, and Insects.

The following "Talk about Birds, &c.," we copy from the Portland Pleasure Boat. It should be read by every child in the land, and its lessons of humanity and utility enforced by occasional parental preachments on the same and similar subjects:

Well, children, spring, beautiful spring has come to warm your shivering limbs, to strew the earth with flowers, and fill the air with the sweet music of butterfly, bee, and bird.—You have had a good time through the winter, with your books, and schools, and sleds, and skates, and have been cheered with the merry sound of sleigh bells, and have most of you had the pleasure of a ride, now and then; but the scene has changed. If it were always winter, you would weary of your sports as well as your labors, and the world would become a cold, weary place. But the change of seasons brings something new to cheer and enliven, and make you happy.

The snow and ice have disappeared, and the green grass and the sweet, beautiful flowers now cover the barren earth, which has been bound up in chilling snows. The bees, the returning birds, and crickets, and other merry creatures, greet you with their music. The robin, perched on some tall tree, will, if you are not active, commence his songs before you are out of bed.

How sweet his songs! Though I have, for many years been too deaf to hear him, I can remember what he had used to sing when I was a child, and I presume he is singing the same song now. One of his songs used to sound like this: "Farmer, cheer up, cheer up! spring's come; cheer up, get the plow, work, work, be happy, be happy, spring's come."

Then there was the blue-bird, fluttering about to find some hollow old stump or sly hole in some dead tree, to make a nest in; and the little, busy sputtering, fussing wren, that always seemed to me to feel like some uneasy scolding children I have seen. She, also, builds her nest in some little hole in a stump or tree, or in the framework of the barn. I did not like the wren very well when I was a boy, because she quarreled with the swallow; but perhaps she has improved since then, and as she is a busy little thing, she gives you a good lesson in industry; so you must forgive her naughty tricks, and try to love her, for she has a place in the great family, and is necessary, or she would not have been created.

Speaking of robius, reminds me of a lovely pair that came three years ago, and built a nest over my front door, within the reach of my hand. When strangers came to the door, the mother bird would fly from the nest and hide in the shrubbery till they were gone; but when any of our own family went in or out she would not move, for she knew we would not harm her. When hoeing in the garden, these robins would come within reach of my hoe, to pick up worms, and they seemed as near to me as though they were a part of the family. They reared two families of children last summer, and the next spring they came again and repaired the same nest, by building it a little higher and lining it anew; but when they had three eggs, a wicked boy, while passing, threw a stone at and killed one of the birds. The other flew about the nest and garden, mourning several days, and then disappeared forever, leaving the nest and three eggs desolate.

Robins love to live near the habitations of man, if they are not abused, and no good child will try to injure or disturb them. They and other small birds are real friends to the farmer and gardener, and protect the grounds from the ravages of insects.

The gardener has another friend that I ought to tell you about, that you may treat him well.

I mean the homely, clumsy-looking toad.—But he is not so homely nor so clumsy as some of you think for. Look at his eyes; see how bright they are! When the sun shines he creeps under the door-step, or some piece of board or turf. He is not very proud or particular about the appearance of his house; if it protects him, he is satisfied.

If you find the toad when the sun shine bright and warm, he looks sleepy and lazy, and some children hate him, and torture and sometimes kill him. This is cruel, and an act that no child should be guilty of. Watch the little, homely fellow, when he creeps from his hiding place, at sundown, to hunt for food.—He hunts and watches for food, as much as the cat does for mice, but most of his hunting is done at night, and this is one reason why he appears so clumsy and sleepy in the daytime. Watch him I say, when he creeps forth at night, and you will like him better, for then he is awake. He hops about till he sees a worm, bug, or some other insect, which he wants for food; then he hops no more for fear of frightening the insect away, but creeps along softly, like the cat when she sees a mouse, moving one foot at a time. When he comes near enough to the insect he throws out his round tongue which is several inches long, something as you would strike with a whip-lash. His tongue is covered with gluten or slime, and when it hits the insect, the gluten sticks and holds it fast, and the toad draws it into his mouth. You often see the toad out hunting in the daytime, after a shower. The reason of this is, that the rain drives the insects from their hiding places, and the toad comes out to take them.

A few of these homely little creatures will protect a cabbage yard or garden from the ravages of insects; and there is no animal—not even the horse, ox, or cow, that is so much profit to a farmer, according to his size, as the toad.

Give him only a bit of board or a turf to creep under, and he will work all summer for nothing, and "find himself;" and when winter comes he does not ask for food, like the horse or ox, but freezes up, like a solid lump of dirt, and there he is till the warm suns of spring thaw him out.

He can do what you cannot. He can see in the night as well as you can in the day.—He can live all winter without food frozen up as hard as a stone, and, it is said, if he is buried up in the earth, he will live for years and years. It has been affirmed that toads have been taken out of solid rocks, alive, far below the surface of the earth. It is believed they became buried up, and there remained until the matter in which they were buried changed to stone.

Now, children, you will not hate the birds, and the toads, and the insects, any more, will you? They are all useful in their places, and if you will watch them carefully, and study their history, you will learn to respect even those that appear the most worthless or forbidding.

Female Beauty.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint black streak around their eyes, and ornament their eyes, and their faces, with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the tat too must be dyed black, to be be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, and inserting them through. Hindoo females, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and keeping the wounds open a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular mutilation is made among them by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand at the second joint. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. In China small round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long.—But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in childhood, are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four small toes are bent under the foot to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in having finger nails so long that cases of bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and large pieces of wood or bone inserted. In the north-west coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plog. In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth and the points resting on the chin.

☞ The truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations walk over it, and know not what treasures are hidden beneath. So centuries of men pass over the Scriptures, and know not what riches lie under the feet of their interpretation. Sometimes when they discover them they call them new truths. One might as well call gold, newly dug, new gold.

☞ That was a wise nigger, who, in speaking of the happiness of married people, said, "Dat ar' pens altogedder on how dey enjoy demselves."

☞ It is an error to think that a long face is essential to good morals, or that laughing is an unpardonable crime.

Mysteries of Howe's Cave.

Doubtless all have had at times, the desire awakened in their hearts to see the mysteries of the "Mammoth Cave;" to listen to the dulf sound of the falling stone, dropped into the "Bottomless Pit," as it goes bounding and leaping on its way towards that vast sea of molten lava, which geologists tell us of, and which must be more easy to imagine than to describe, or to engage the services of Charon, and explore the unknown wonders of the cold, black "Styx," or listen to the tales of ancient "Indian towns" in the interior of the cavern's maw, and wonder how the race lived, and when they died. Indulging such reveries, many have sighed that distance and expense render a visit to this cave to them impossible, nor seem aware that near at hand a cave of almost fabulous proportions and features is found; and even a slight and imperfect sketch of it may prove acceptable to our readers.

"Howe's Cave" is situated in the town of Coberskill, Schoharie county, in the State of New York, and deserves the celebrity so generally awarded to it of being the greatest natural curiosity in the United States; and many who have visited the cave of Kentucky, prefer to linger here

The town is easy of access either from Cherry Valley or Canajoharie. Having safely landed, (for not being able to describe nature's laboratory as it is, must need give our own experienced,) we booked our names at the "Cave House," and having donned a suit of clothes that seemed to have suffered in a desperate struggle for existence in the old-clothes man, we descended a few stone steps and entered with a shudder (perhaps occasioned by the cold blast that saluted us) this wondrous boudoir of Dame Nature.

In "Entrance Hall" we found ourselves, and after lighting our torches, discovered it to be a rocky passage, two hundred and sixty feet in length, by thirty-five in width. Being satisfied with our view of stone and smell of dampness, we entered "Washington Hall," which is one hundred feet long and thirty wide; here is a beautiful stalactite, resembling the Father of his Country, or what is really imagined to be his statue. His mantle is falling in graceful folds from about his commanding person, while his epaulets, removed from his shoulders, are hanging on the wall beside him. On the opposite side of the wall hangs "Lady Washington's hood," every fold in the ample cape distinctly visible. Near by, at an elevation of twenty-five feet, is an altar, kneeling at which many have taken the most holy ties, that bind for life. The ceremony solemnized in such a place, the walls blazing with the red glare of torches, the solemn voice of the officiating minister, must stamp the memories of the assembled guests and produce impressions lasting as the granite walls that echoed their responses. A little removed is a small statue of a woman, sitting in a chair—also a withered hand, with beautiful stalactite terminations. "Hermit's Cell" is the next object of curiosity, but deserves no particular mention save that all above us, attached to the walls, are images of birds, beasts, trees, and fishes, until one is almost ready to believe that he stands in nature's storehouse of patterns, and these are carved out of black and white marble, in the matchless style of the Creator's hand alone. Passing through the "Tunnel" we enter "Cataract," which is five hundred and forty feet high, and thirty-five feet wide, through the midst of which a stream ripples and murmurs in its darksome way toward a cataract never yet seen by man.

But applying our ear to a fissure in the wall, the distant roar of waters was distinctly heard, its height or depth unknown. The very mystery attending it renders additional interest to the hidden waterfall. At the "Lake," a large body of water reposing in a huge stone reservoir, we step into a large boat, and as the torches' lurid glare falls on the dark walls, the sight is bewildered by the multitude and beauty of the groups of figures on which the light is thrown. Cornices, statues, men, birds, beasts, and fishes, are seen on every side, and excite the wonder and admiration of all who, like us, experience the pleasure of a visit to these enchanted halls. In "Music Hall," near by, is a huge formation, called the "Harp," weighing nearly a ton, which, on being struck, sends echoes through the cavern in tones of finest melody and sounds of deepest pathos and most witching tenderness. The musical education of the water sprites, or genii of this cavern, has not been neglected, and if they could not go to the mountain, the high and towering peaks of the "Alps" have come to them, and from their summits we look far down into a chasm called the "Pirates' Cave." Leaving "Mount Blanc" behind us, we toiled up the "Rocky Mountains," clambering over huge rocks and scrambling through huge chasms, until we gained a height of five hundred feet when we began our descent into the "Valley of Jehosaphat," passing the "Winding Way" a narrow passage hewn out of the solid rock, or, perhaps, channeled by a narrow stream, and just wide enough to admit one person at a time, so crooked that we could see scarcely three feet in advance, while the walls are ornamented with the most beautiful specimens of carving. We came to the "Devil's Gangway," which leads to the "Rotunda," a room six hundred feet in height. This altitude was ascertained by a flight of rockets.—Being satisfied with having penetrated four miles and a half, we commenced our return; when once again the sun's bright rays fell on us our joy seemed too great for utterance.—Those domes and rocked-ribbed halls showed superhuman skill of the great archichect's own inspiring. Those sculptured and wondrous forms of stone seemed angel's work, and not the work of change—the water-drippings of ten thousand years. The Lake and Winding Way excite our interest; the Hidden Waterfall and mystic Harp stir feelings in our breast that gives us pain, and such pain is delicious. But it is the sunshine—the bright, glorious sunshine—the fields, the grass, the trees, that give such ecstatic joy, that only those who live with them around can ever know.

[From Dr. Waterbury's Lectures on Physiology and Natural History.]

Natural History for the Young.

Fair and softly Miss Pussy! Come and sit with us a minute. We'll smooth your back until you purr—become magetized, as our friends the mesmerists would say, and then you must let us look at your foot, that dainty little foot of yours, that you take such nice care to keep from the wet.

First let us look at the soft pad at the bottom, on which she treads. How noislessly she steals along through the dark! When she approaches, the long ears of the mouse, though they can detect the slightest rustle, hear no sound. When the ox or the horse moves as swiftly, the very earth trembles beneath his tread; but the whole cat tribe steal on their prey and doom them in death-like stillness.

Both these tribes of animals are alike in this—they walk on the ends of their toes;—that is, what corresponds to the toes in man. Hence they are called *digitigrades;* to distinguish them from such flat footed animals as we, and the bears—the *plantigrades.*

The feet of digitrigrades are made after one plan. In the horse and cow the toe nails are very thick and stout; in fact are hoofs, and enclose the pad, which is almost then as hard as horn, and is called the frog. In the horse there is but one toe, and consequently but one toe nail on each foot; but that one is made very large and hard, in order to bear fast travel on firm ground. In this respect the foot of the horse corresponds in structure to the iron rails on a railroad; while the cloven foot of the ox and other ruminating animals more nearly corresponds to the mechanism of a plank road. Hence the horse prefers dry ground, and shuns wet, swampy places, for when his foot is sunk in the mire is very difficult to draw out.

When the ox, however, treads on soft ground, his split hoof spreads a little as it sinks into the earth, so that when he begins to extract it, it becomes smaller, and comes out more readily. Hence oxen are better adapted than horses to boggy ground or deep snow, and this structure of the foot allows of a habit cows have of frequenting marshy pools in hot weather.

In the reindeer, an animal made to inhabit the polar regions, the two rudimentary toes above the heel, which in oxen and swine are called *dew claws,* are so large as to be used in deep snow, like the other toes; thus making the animal's foot spread over a great surface, like a snow-shoe; yet when the foot has sunk into the snow, it is drawn out as readily as that of the ox. The feet of the birds that wade in marshes are made after the same plan and for the same reason.

When we place the finger on the pad under the cat's foot, and press gently on the upper side of the toes with the thumb, four sharp claws protrude. Their points are like needles. The dog, the squirrel, and the woodchuck also have claws, but they are so exposed to the weather and the dirt that they are dull. How are the cat's claws kept sharp?

By a very simple and beautiful arrangement. The last joint of the toe, that which supports the law, doubles backward and to one side, into the space between two toes; so that when she walks she does not, like other animals, put the joint foremost, but rather the second joint. When the nails, together with the last joint, are doubled back in this way between the two toes, the cords which run to them are placed at such disadvantage that they can only move the toes for the purpose of walking. When the cat seize her prey, however, a little muscle throws the last joint of the toe, that which supports the claw, over into the same position as in other animals, and then the claw is driven by the same muscle and with the same power with which the animal moves the foot. The Tiger wields these terrible weapons with as much force as a horse kicks; so that a single blow from the front side of one of his claws, as the beast was leaping over, has been known to fracture the skull of a man.

In animals like the squirrel, made to inhabit trees, the claws are intended for holding fast to the bark, and so are not retractile like those of the cat tribe. One of the toes also is turned backwards, so as to act like a thumb in clinging to limbs and in holding to nuts.—By means of these thumb like toes, squirrels run down a tree almost as readily as up.

In the sloth, a South American animal that lives almost exclusively in trees, hanging by its fore paws, the claws of the fore feet are enormously large and long—quite too large to be retracted like those of the cat. When on the ground, they must be doubled directly under the foot, so that the animal walks very awkwardly, as it were on its knuckles.

Mr. Jefferson, having discovered some of the claws and bones of the foot of an extinct animal of this sort, supposed they must have belonged to a kind of lion, as large as an elephant. He sent the bones to M. Cuvier, the great French naturalist, who on examining them, could find no marks of the backward and sidewise joint, that exist in the cat tribe, and so concluded the animal to have been rather a huge sloth, than a lion.

☞ Sterne, who used his wife ill, was one day talking to Garrick, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal bliss and fidelity. "The husband," observed Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his home burned over his head." Garrick replied—"I hope you are insured, then."

Some one says "the lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only *red* after its death."

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

☞ When Charles V. read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman, "Here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily replied, "then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

☞ The little needle will draw a long tail of thread after it.

"I Have not Begun to Fight Yet."

The above language of the gallant and brave Paul Jones, when the British commander asked if he had struck his flag and surrendered, are memorable words. Although his deck was slippery and streaming with the blood of his gallant crew, his ship was on fire, his guns were nearly every one dismounted, his colors shot away, and his vessel gradually sinking, Paul Jones, with an immortal heroism, continued to fight. "Do you surrender?" shouted the English captain, desirous to prevent further bloodshed, and seeing the colors of the Bon Homme Richard gone, supposed that the American hero wanted to surrender. And what was, and who can imagine his surprise, so receive in reply to this question, the answer, "*I have not begun to fight yet!*" The scene is thus described: There was a lull in the conflict for an instant, and the boldest held his breath as Paul Jones, covered with blood and black with powder stains jumped on a broken gun carriage, waving his sword, exclaimed in the never to be forgotten words, "*I have not begun to fight yet!*" And the result was that the battle changed, and in a few minutes the British ship struck her colors and surendered, and Paul Jones, leaping from his own ship, stood upon the deck of the British vessel a conquerer and a hero. What an admirable watchword for the battle of life, does the above stirring incident give to every man. Reverse may overwhelm for a time, despair may ask hope to strike her flag, but planting the foot more firmly, bending the back more readily to the burdens imposed, straining the muscles to the utmost tension and bracing the drooping heart, let him who is driven to the wall exclaim, "I have not begun to fight yet." They are words of energy, hope and action. They deserve, they will command success. In the darkest hour let them ring out and forget the past, the years wasted and and gone by, and give them as an inaugural address of a new era. When the misfortunes of life gather too closely around, let your battle cry forth from the thickest of the conflict, "I have not begun to fight," and you will find your foes fleeing before the new strength imparted, and yielding the vantage as you press forward in the battle strife.—*Springfield Register.*

Conclusion of a Watch-Night Sermon by Rev. Mr. Spurgeon.—"May grace be given you, that ye may be able to pour out your hearts this night! Remember, my hearers, it may seem a light thing for us to assemble to-night at such an hour, but listen for one moment to the ticking of the clock!—(Here the preacher paused, and amid solemn silence every one heard the clock tick with its tick, tick, tick.)—It is the beating of the pulse of eternity. You hear the ticking of that clock! it is the footsteps of death pursuing you.—Each time the clock ticks, death's footsteps are falling on the ground close behind you.—You will soon enter another year. This year will have gone in a few seconds, where will the next be spent, my friend? "In heaven!" says one, "I trust." Another murmurs, "Perhaps I shall spend mine in hell!" Ah solemn is the thought but before that the clock strikes twelve, some here may be in hell; and blessed be the name of God some of us may be in Heaven! * * * And now I appreciate the power of silence. You will please observe strict and solemn silence until the striking of that clock; and let each one spend it as he pleases.- [It was now two minutes to twelve and profound silence reigned, save where sobs and groans could be distinctly heard from penitent lips, seeking the Savior. The clock having struck Mr. Spurgeon continued:] You are now where you never were before; and you never will be again where you have been to-night."

Dark Hours.—There are dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in many of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time.

And there have been cold and stormy days in every year. And yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hour disappeared and fled heedlessly. The most cruel fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm.

And what a parable is this in human life—of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labors! Here, too, we have the overshadowing of the dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only in the darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and the storm bears it more rapidly on to its destiny. Despair not, then. Neither give up; while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointment will not realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only be honest, and struggle on, and it will work well.

Rarey's Method of Taming Horses.—Having haltered your colt and caressed him, fasten his near fore-foot with a strong strap round the pastern and radius fore-arm, fasten his foot up safe, make him hop round on three legs till tired. When he is tired, put a strap with noose round the off pastern, make him hop, then pull the strap that's on off pastern and he will come on his knees. When on his knees keep the strap tight that he cannot get his foot slack to get up. Bear against the horse's shoulder with your's steadily and he will lie down in a few minutes. When he is down stroke him the way the hair lies. Take off the straps as soon as he is down. You can now do anything with him you wish, or beat a drum on him, &c., without alarming him. Operate on your horse in this manner as often as occasion requires.

The man who never says nothing to nobody, was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

☞ He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the world a benefit when he dies.

Effect of a Change of Heart.

In the Editor's Table of the *Knickerbocker* for June, we find the following:

The incident mentioned below actually occurred in a little western town, not long since.

"We had, some time ago, a protracted meeting held here; and among the converted was a certain Mr C——who had always been considered a "first rate" horse jockey; in fact, on *that* subject, he was always "well." At the time of his conversion he was proprietor of a very fast trotter; and what to do with his "2 40 nag" he was at a loss to know; but one day, shortly after he had become a pillar of the church, he met his old friend L——, a noted dealer in fancy horses. "Friend L——," he said, "I have awakened to a sense of the evil course I have formerly pursued; I have realized a change, and joined the church; and I intend to lead a different life in future."—L——replied that he was glad to hear it, for you know, C——, that you have "lifted" me in our trades many a time; and now I hope you will be a little easier with a poor fellow." "Well," says C——, "you know I am the owner of the fastest trotting-horse in this country, and the change that I have exerienced will not admit of my keeping such an animal. To make a long story short, I will sell him to *you (as we have always been good friends)* for seven hundred dollars!" L——objected, and gave as a reason, that he had not that amount of money just then to invest in horse-flesh.—"Never mind that," replied C——, "I will sell you the horse *on time,* and you can *win* that much with him before next fall!"

What is Gold Lace.—Gold lace is *not* gold lace. It does not deserve this title, for the gold is applied as a surface to silver. It is not even silver lace, for the silver is applied to a foundation of silk. The silken threads for making this material are wound round with gold wire, so thickly as to conceal the silk; and the making of this gold wire is one of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable. In the first place the refiner prepares a solid rod of silver, about an inch in thickness; he beats this rod, applies upon the surface a coating of gold leaf, burnishes this down, applies another coating, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is about one hundreth part the thickness of the silver. Then the rod is subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, it is passed through a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it, and shares all its mutations; it is one hundreth part the thickness of silver at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill; but the most remarkable example ever known was brought forward by Dr. Wollaston. This was an example of solid gold wire without any silver. He procured a small rod of silver, bored a hole through it from end to end, and inserted in this hole the smallest gold wire he could procure; he subjected the silver to the usual wire-drawing process, until he had brought it to the finest attainable state—being in fact, a silver wire as fine as a hair, with a gold wire in the centre. To isolate this gold wire he subjected it to warm nitrous acid, by which the silver was dissolved, leaving a gold wire one thirty-thousandth part of an inch in thickness—perhaps the thinnest round wire that the hand of man has yet produced. But this wire, though beyond all comparison finer than any employed in manufactures, does not approach in thinness the film of gold on the surface of silver in gold lace. It has been calculated that the gold on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary leaf gold.

Insect in the Lungs.—The Evansville *Journal* relates that a young man of that city had been for some months afflicted with a serious cough and hemorrhage from the lungs so that it was feared he was entering into a fatal consumption. But he was relieved in a singular manner. One night he was attacked, while in bed, with a violent fit of coughing, which was followed with a copious hemorrhage, and as the blood flowed from his lips he felt a solid substance of some size pass them. On examining the blood thrown up, a bug with six horny legs, and incident delicate wings, was found in it. The head of the insect was out of proportion to its body. The former was of the size of a small pea, with eyes distinctly perceptible, while its body was only the size of a large grain of barley. The thing was alive and active. Since this occurrence, the unpleasant sensations have passed off, and the cough has ceased, and the only trouble has been one slight hemorrhage a day or two after expectorating the bug. The sufferer is of the opinion that he inhaled the larva, or egg of the insect, and that it entered the substance of his lungs, and then hatched, as the sensation of expelling the creature was like tearing away a portion of the organ.

☞ What are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sidling along a room, and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room, without letting the gentleman see it—he wants him to think he's out."

☞ A man sentenced to be hung was visited by his wife, who said: "My dear, would you like the children to see you executed?" "No," replied he. "That's just like you," said she, "you never wanted the children to have any enjoyment."

☞ A parson once prefaced his sermon with: "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.