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THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHR.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

"So the foeman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of red Ahr wine—
I never shall drink but this one—

"And fetch me my harness, saddle my horse,
And lead him 'round to the door!
He must take such a leap to-night, perforce,
As horse never took before.

"I have lived by the saddle for years a score,
And I must die on the tree;
The old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

"I have lived my life; I have fought my fight;
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Colne there was never a knight
Lived a merrier life than mine.

"So now to show bishop and burgher and priest
How the Altenahr hawk can die!
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly."

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr wine
As never man took before.

He spurred his old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leaped him over the wall—
Out over the cliff, out into the night—
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen
And never a bone in him whole;
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul.

Blessedness.

SINGLE, DOUBLE, AND TRIPLE.

"I will never marry, never," said William Blake to his father; a patient, weary looking old man, with thin grey hair streaking across his bowed head. He answered, reflectively—"Well, I think you're right; there are men who can manage women, but your mother has been too much for me."

"It seems half selfish to me to go off and leave you alone with her; but what can one do, with work that wants planning, and that continual scolding in one's ears?"

"It's the crying fits that masters me, though," said Mr. Blake, "when she sits sniffling into her apron; looking at me that reproachful, till I'm half brought to believe that I have committed murder, or something in my sleep."

"I sometimes think, do you know, father that in those times it is that she is sorry for her temper, is,—in fact, repenting."

"It's an awfully unpleasant, unfair kind of penitence, then; but I don't know; she's been buzzing in my ears so long, that I get fairly bothered sometimes, and don't feel clear about anything."

"I'll tell you what you must do when she gets past bearing; just come off to me; it won't be far, you know."

"So I will, my boy; so I will."

Accordingly the next morning, when Mrs. Blake began the day with prophetic indications of being what she called "upset," her husband prepared to escape, greatly to her displeasure. She had resented Will's removal and "setting up for himself;" but then, as Mr. Blake remarked, "she couldn't be any crosser than she was before," so he departed in comparative comfort.

"Will's room was a poor little place. He was not earning much as yet, and he said, "Anything does for oneself," with a desolate air that somewhat contradicted his philosophy of loneliness; still, his work improved wonderfully, and in that he was always happy. Will was a designer of mouldings.

Mr. Blake found him busily stitching at an old coat.

"Turned tailor, Will?" he asked.

"Tisn't work enough for a tailor, and I am afraid my bungling would not pass for one, either. I tried glue, but somehow it wouldn't answer, and one must keep oneself decent looking. I am going after orders, by and by."

"Women is of some use, after all, if they wasn't such unreasonable creatures," said the father, with an involuntary glance at the table, which looked rather like the wreck of a kitchen, heaped up, as it was, with a little of everything.

Will was accustomed to have all his tools round him in his work, and so had gradually gathered the household implements together in the same fashion.

"We will have breakfast presently," he said: "it would have been ready before, only while I was gone for a loaf the kettle boiled over."

"It won't do that this time," said Mr. Blake, lifting the tilted vessel from the fire.

"Why?"

"See!"

Then they both laughed; Will had forgotten to put in the water.

But the blunders were soon remedied; there was no one to scold over them.

Father and son were chatting pleasantly over the end of their meal, when a bright young voice was heard on the landing outside, calling, "Willie, Willie."

"Made friends already?" asked Mr. Blake, looking up, surprised.

"No, it is somebody that lodges overhead; her little brother has run off down stairs. He seems to give her a deal of trouble, but she never speaks sharper than that.

"Don't she now? It is a wonderful pleasant sounding voice."

By and by it seemed that the culprit was hunted up the stairs home again; a merry hunt, with much laughing on both sides, and, as they passed Will's door, a quieter "Willie, Willie."

Mr. Blake looked strangely reflective. "I haven't heard anybody say 'Willie' in just that cooing, careful way, not since my sister that died; she was just like a mother to me; it's a terrible long while ago."

"These two are much the same. They live alone; she minds him and keeps him, and sends him to school."

"You seem to know all about her, Will."

"All I am likely to know. I have not seen her. There are no strangers like fellow lodgers, and she is not the kind of girl to meet on the stairs, accidentally, for the purpose.

"That was how your mother and I got acquainted."

"I did not know that father."

Will spoke with an air of regretful apology that was understood and accepted, but silently.

Dreamily, in the hush of old memories, the father walked away to his work.

Will sat down before the window to finish some drawings, but the thick square pencil made idle marks, while the eyes that should have guided it sought the only bit of nature within sight—the strip of changing sky between the housetops. Many a bold design had come from those sweeping cloud-kaleidoscopes. None came now. Will was musing. How could a man work, with that sweet, imperious "Willie, Willie," ringing in his ears? It was a worse distraction than his mother's scolding, for he could not be sure that he really wanted to forget this.

"I am glad I have never seen her," he said, with a long breath that did not sound like content. Then he tried to say, "Willie," in her tones, and, as a look of impatient disgust marked his consciousness of failure, he put on his cap and went out.

The haunting voice became a presence all too soon. As Will came home she met him in the passage; a little, swift gliding figure, with soft dark eyes set in a pale, fair face. "Not a bit like mother," he thought, with a curious feeling of satisfaction; but as she passed, he saw that her eyes were humid with fear and grief.

"What is the matter?" he asked, involuntarily.

"Willie! cholera! the doctor!" she answered, rushing by, into the street that was wet with a stormy rain.

"Stay! I can go faster," cried Will, following her. "You go back to your brother." She obeyed at once with the quick docility of a gentle intelligence; and he thought again "Mother would have talked for an hour."

The doctor came soon, but not soon enough. Willie was very ill.

Bravely the little fellow struggled, but the foe was too strong for him.

"Strange," the doctor muttered impatiently; "the last cases are so often the worst. I thought it was over for this year."

A week before another lodger in the same house, a gluttonous man, had made himself ill feasting on mussels, plums and beer; he recovered, but the poison thus brought into the house fastened on the weakest there. The child died. There was nothing more to be done for him. All at once, for the first time in his little life, Willie wanted—nothing; not even his sister. She went about her necessary work with an oppressive, bewildering sense of leisure upon her. And Will—if the joyous voice alone had distracted him so, how could he work now—now that it recalled the meek, desolate face of the mourner; now, that the cry had changed into such a pitiful, beseeching "Willie! Willie!"

The day after Willie was buried, it happened that Will paid his rent, and took that opportunity to inquire after his fellow lodger.

"Poor young thing," said the motherly landlady, "it makes my heart ache to see her, up there in the little room, where they were so happy, those two. She says the very walls seem written with his name, and the things he used to touch cry, "Alice, Alice," just as he called for her, at the last; it is enough to craze her; there isn't an empty room in the house, or she should have it for a bit."

"Ask her to change with me," said Will, eagerly; "tell her I should be so glad, if she would not mind; the light there would suit me better."

Alice consented doubtfully. "It seems like deserting Willie," she said; "and yet one has no right to let oneself get ill; tell Mr. Blake I accept his offer gratefully."

She had grown a little stately in her solitary grief, and Will stammered over his premeditated speech. "My name is Willie, too; couldn't you take me for your brother?"

"Oh, no," she answered with direct simplicity, "he was so naughty, the darling; I never could have him out of my thoughts for a moment."

Alice herself had this kind of naughtiness for Will, and now living, in her room, he seemed to be encompassed by her presence; his tools and work felt rough and coarse amidst the little dainty arrangements that marked a woman's hand.

"If it hadn't been for knowing mother," he mused, one evening, "I might fall in love, I do believe; as it is, I know better."

So, "knowing better," he shrunk from an intercourse that might, in some sharp answer, bring Alice down from her pedestal, on which he still chose to place her, justifying his bright dreams to himself by saying, "It is pleasant to 'make believe,' as the children say."

Alice, meanwhile, had found a cheering employment in putting Will's room straight, as she called it. "Such a pity, poor man, for him to live in such a muddle, and him so clever, too."

She had found some torn drawings in the littered fireplace, and carefully smoothed them out as treasures overlooked.

Will, coming for a book, found her thus busy, and said, smiling—

"They are of no use—I don't want them."

"They seem wonderful to me," she said, looking up frankly.

"Ah! just as women's work does to us. I put a button on my cuff, this morning, and it is off already."

"Let me sew it; I have a needle here."

Will muttered something about "troubling her," but she answered, "I ought to do anything I can, you don't know what good the change of rooms has done me. I suppose it is like rich ladies going out of town."

"You have made a grand improvement here," said Will, looking around; the same room, the same furniture; but what had been a dreary confusion was now a fair peace.

"I wish you would stay here always," he added.

Alice was brought to answer, "I do not mind," not understanding him; but something in Will's eye made her own droop, the little fingers trembled over their work; suddenly, Will's hand caught them. "Alice, will you stay here? will you let me love you—be my wife?"

She shrank away from him. "I must not—I must not."

"Why not? tell me darling."

"Mother said, when she died, 'Child, never marry.' Father made her so wretched."

"We are kindred in trouble, then, that is all," said Will; "mother, somehow, tormented my father so, that I resolved to live and die alone—let us both give up our hard purposes—will you, Alice?"

Will's tones pleaded better than his words, they gained him the victory.

From the wreck of the past seemed to spring a bright future, like the flowers from out of last year's dead leaves.

By and by there was a wedding; the motherly landlady gave Alice away, and Will took her as the great gift of his life.

As they came home from church, he said, brightly, "We have both resigned single blessedness, what shall we have instead?"

She nestled close to him and answered, "Double blessedness."

Peacefully and brightly the years went on till even old Mr. Blake learnt to believe in youth and love and happiness; more especially, when a little fairy granddaughter came to clasp his hand and toddle in his footsteps.

One day, when for a wonder, Will's sleeve had no button, he came to his wife for her to sew one on; something in her attitude, as she sat before him with the morning sunshine on her hair, reminded him of that first work of hers when his love grew up almost in a night.

"Do you remember the first button you put on for me, like a fetter round my wrist, cunning Alice?" he said, smilingly.

"Would you be loosed now, if you could?" she asked, with a tender look of defiance.

"Ah no! this, our life is"—a tender merry voice broke in, calling, 'Father!' —he ended, with a thankful sigh, "Triple blessedness!"—*London Day of Rest.*

The Fabulous Wealth of the Ancients.

The moderns who are showing such extravagant taste for art have by no means reached the appreciativeness of the ancients. Zeuxis grew so rich that he refused to sell more pictures, and gave them away to cities; and Nicias declined an offer from Attalus of £15,000 for a single picture. Apelles received £5,000 for a portrait of Alexander, and gave £12,500 for each picture Protegens had in his studio. Julius Cæsar gave £20,000 for two pictures of single figures, one Ajax and the other Medea; and M. Agrippa paid to the municipality of Cyzicus £10,699 for two more. Lucius Mummius refused £52,000 for a picture of "Father Bacchus," which he had seized in Greece, and Tiberius gave 60,000 sesterces, or nearly £500,000, for a picture by Parrhasius. Cicero argued that Verres had compelled Heius, a rich Sicilian, to part with a little bronze Cupid by Praxiteles because Verres bought it for only £1,663; and Nicomedes offered to pay off the public debt of Cnidus, if the citizens would give him Praxiteles's statue of Venus in return, and was refused because it was the glory of the city. "But what shall we say of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, whose dresses alone were valued at £332,916?" Nero gave £19,000,000 in presents only—rather more than Louis Quatorze spent upon Versailles; and "there was Pallas, the curled darling and lover of Agrippina, who was enormously rich, and to whom Juvenal alludes as a type of wealthy men. He left a handsome estate in land—I speak only of land now—of some £2,921,875. Then there was Seneca, the philosopher and moralist, who always preached the virtues of poverty and self-denial, and the virtues of Stoicism, who left about the same amount, given to him in great part, I suppose, by Nero and Lentulus, whose real estate amounted to about £3,229,166, and Isodorus, who disposed by will of 416 slaves, 3,660 yoke of oxen, and 257,000 other cattle. These were all fairly well off, one might say; but apparently Marcus Scaurus was superior to them all in wealth."

These fortunes are perfectly possible, if we recollect that the wealth of a plundered world was in the hands of a few Roman nobles; but it must be remembered that in those days all statistics were more or less inaccurate, that even now a popular estimate of a man's wealth is often ludicrously exaggerated, and that a Roman household consisting of slaves, and food to a Roman noble costing scarcely anything, his surplus could only be devoted to the competition of luxury.—*London Spectator.*

How Authors Live.

Hippocrates in his celebrated "Treatise on Diet," endeavored to prove that all men were born with equal capacity, and the difference in after life in their mental power was owing to the food which they ate.

A respectable physician asserts that he can estimate the caliber of a man's mind by the state of his stomach.

It is stated that a gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and cream, of which he ate so much his entertainer became alarmed. This celebrated man had always a voracious attachment to a leg of mutton. "At my aunt Ford's" said he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it.

Joseph Addison was very timid in the presence of those he deemed his superiors, and strove to bring his courage up by the use of wine, and finally became very intemperate, which drew from Dr Johnson these memorable remarks: "In the bottle discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence."

Charles Lamb was excessively partial to roast pig, and wrote an essay in praise of it.

Ariosto was so attached to a frugal way of living that he said of himself he should have lived "when acorns were the food of mankind.

Shelley had an ineffable contempt for all sensualities of the table, and, like Newton, used to inquire if he had died.

To counteract a tendency to corpulency, Lord Byron at one period dined four days in a week on fish and vegetables.

Benjamin Franklin contemplated practicing abstinence from animal food. "I hesitated some time, he says, between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that when a cod had been opened some small fish were found in it, I said to myself, if you eat one another I see no reason why we may not eat you. How convenient it is to be a rational animal that knows how to invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has no inclination to do."

The Fashion in Ladies' Gloves.

Dressed kid gloves are rapidly losing favor, especially for Summer use, and fashionable ladies wear undressed kid with their most elegant toilets. Neither the Saxony glove, which closes all the way up, nor the long buttoning gloves will be in favor. To obviate the disadvantages which both these styles present, the gloves will be very long and have a large opening under the palm of the hand near the wrist, this opening allows the hand to pass easily, and, closing with buttons, prevents the glove from creasing. For evening wear in Summer the gloves are of undressed kid, and the length of an ordinary six-button glove; they fasten with three buttons. The colors should correspond with the toilet. For visiting purposes a glove the length of four-button gloves is suitable with only one button at the wrist. White gloves, which have not been in vogue for sometime, are to be the rage for seaside wear and riding on horseback. The white gloves must be of a washable material and not of kid, for white kid gloves should only be used for full dress. There is a glove suitable for this purpose made of Indian tissue, and used only for Summer wear. This glove is quite unlike those of Scotch thread, for it is beautifully cut and sets as well as kid. Gloves of this sort are made in all colors, but white will be chiefly used.

Habit.

"I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed reliance; habit, which makes everything easy and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful. Make prudence a habit and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of our lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or swearing."

The Microscope—Wonders Which It Discovers.

A "magnifying glass" used to be regarded as a mere toy to please and amuse children and youth, and with little if any farther practical purpose. But this time has passed, and the microscope is now firmly established as one of the most efficient instrumentalities in anything like liberal culture. In fact, the flood of light which it throws upon physical science is probably greater than all that we derive from other sources. In the departments of botany, geology, mineralogy, chemistry, the practice of medicine, this instrument is now altogether indispensable. It reveals secrets which but for its aid would remain forever hidden from human observation. As a means of instruction the field of knowledge which it opens before us cannot be bounded or described; and for this reason it is especially adapted to enlarge the ideas of children and youth, inspire thought, and develop a spirit of inquiry. Two or three dollars will buy a microscope sufficient for the purposes of ordinary observation, so that it is within the reach of all. But if the purchaser's purse and tastes incline him to something more expensive, he can gratify his ambition all through a scale of prices which run up to $1,700 or $2,000. We can imagine that it would be very gratifying to possess so high a priced instrument as the last named, with all of the little accessories needed for perfect work; but it is quite as gratifying to know that for general and ordinary purposes, a little, simple instrument costing from $2.50 to $25 will answer quite as well. Only professional microscopists or wealthy amateurs need to indulge in the luxury of a $1,500 instrument. One of these cheap instruments should find a place in every intelligent household, where parents are anxious that their children shall neglect no attainable means for culture and improvement. With a little instruction—and there are books not costing over 50 cents to $1, from which it may be obtained—boys and girls will readily learn to work with one of the simpler forms of this instrument. Any one can prepare objects for this inspection, and they are everywhere. In the summer time every drop of stagnant ditch water teems with life. The wing, eye, or foot of a fly is a subject for a world of study. A human hair assumes the proportions of a crowbar; the horns of a caterpillar become as large as a walking cane, and armed with barbs like a fish-hook; in fact, there is no end to the great variety of objects, and they are all around us.

But our purpose at this time was more particularly to speak of the revelations of the microscope, some of which are quite recent. Mr. Nobert, of Pomerania, has ruled a series of lines on glass which have attracted much attention from their exquisite fineness. There are nineteen of these bands of lines, the coarsest of which are separated by the 11,000th part of an English inch. The finest band has 112,000 separate lines to the inch! This extreme fineness is quite incomprehensible if we try to think about or understand it, and yet we believe that they have been resolved by Dr. J. J. Woodward, of the Army Medical Museum at Washington. To do this, of course the highest magnifying power is required, as well as great experience and care in the working of the instrument. Another instance seems to border upon the marvellous. It is called "Webb's Test. It is simply the writing on glass of the "Lord's Prayer;" but it is so extremely fine and small that it is estimated that the Bible, in characters of like size, could be written eight times in the space of one square inch!—and there would be still room to write the Lord's Prayer 2,000 or 3,000 times in the surplus room. How this writing is done, and how Nobert's lines are ruled, are secrets with the gentlemen who have produced them, but the microscope brings out the fact beyond dispute, and the method of measurement is easy enough to an expert. It is a well-known fact that chalk is an aggregation of microscopic shells. The old cretaceous seas were fairly alive with these little animals—soft and gelatinous, and inclosed in beautiful shelly cases. They were constantly dying and sinking to the bottom, where in time they hardened into the substance known as chalk. They were so extremely small that millions of their shells are contained within a piece of chalk one-half an inch square. The microscope brings them out in such plain view that they have been classified in genera and species. A species of rock is found near Richmond, Va., which is made up of the siliceous shells of animalculæ which lived millions of years ago. Take a cubic inch of this rock and "there's millions in it" of these siliceous shells. They are so hard, were so perfectly formed and remain so indestructible, that white heat has no effect in destroying them. Under a magnifying power by no means the highest these shells become very beautiful and interesting objects. We occasionally read of the "red snow," which is found in high northern latitudes. For a long time this redness was supposed to be due to the presence of animalculæ, but more recent investigation proves that the coloring matter is a minute vegetable. Animal substances were found associated with it, and hence for a long time it was deemed to be animal matter; but the microscope has settled the question. It is fully proven that low animal, as well as vegetable, organisms are constantly floating in the air as far north as man has yet set foot, and the probability is that they exist everywhere on the globe. Quite an interesting fact has been recently stated in regard to snowflakes. They settle upon the earth noiselessly, and to all appearance a mass of pure white crystals, but they are the "scavengers of the atmosphere." They absorb into their porous substance the particles of dust which are constantly floating in the air, a study of which has revealed facts of much interest. In a drop of water obtained from a single flake of snow—under a magnifying power of 500 diameters—were found "pieces of coal, fragments of cloth, grains of starch, sandy matter," together with a promiscuous lot of other trash, not a particle of which "exceeded in diameter .0003 of an inch!" These investigations showed the presence of little nuggets of iron—impalpable dust, which one might breathe with impunity—but which, under high magnifying power, gave evidence of having been in a state of fusion, "very probably due to some mass of meteoric iron rendered incandescent, and melted by friction with our atmosphere." In the great Arctic snow fields dust has been collected, which contains not only iron, but nickel, carbon, phosphorus, cobalt, etc. A German investigator has arranged upon a glass slide, 1x3 inches in size, a collection of diatoms—a class of siliceous animalcules, which are believed to be of vegetable origin—which is for sale by most of the dealers in microscopic wares. It comprises about 500 individuals, showing specimens of 392 species and seventeen genera. The price of this little piece of glass, an inch wide and three inches long, with its 500 little specimens, is only the trifle of $40; but if the reader thinks that is too much, let him try and produce one for himself.

These statements might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but they are sufficient to show that we are surrounded by wonders, of which we could have no conception whatever without the aid of the microscope. "The very dust on which we tread was once alive," and if we examine it as closely as we may to-day, we shall find that much of it is living yet, and that, living or dead, it is wonderful and beautiful beyond description.

Red Deer.

The deer family, species of which are indigenous to all countries in the world except Australia, are everywhere renowned for their graceful and elegant form and their timidity, their remarkable fleetness of foot enabling them, in open country, to keep away from the haunts of man. The race includes genera of all sizes from the little muntjac to the moose, and the chief peculiarities of the species, the horns, the hairy skin, the habit of rumination, and the feet, each with two principal and two rudimentary toes, are to be found in all of them. The American deer (*cervus Virginianus*) has a long head with a sharp muzzle, with large eyes, and the legs are long and slender. It is easily domesticated but requires a spacious range to keep it in health. The hind produces two or three young at a birth, but no *accouchement* takes place till she is two years old; she conceals her young carefully, visiting them only three times a day.

The red deer formerly found in all parts of Great Britain, but now seen only in the mountains of Scotland and on one or two extensive moors are so exclusive in their habits that they will not feed with inferior animals; they have an especial abhorrence for sheep, leaving the place at once if there are foot prints of sheep on the herbage.

The kind usually kept in parks in England is the fallow deer, a native of Africa originally; but it has been domesticated in England for some centuries. It is humbler in its tastes, and accommodates itself well to a small park or paddock. Like all its tribe, it sheds its horns annually, retiring as if in shame till the new growth appears.

Chinese Bank Bill.

Paper money is known to have been used in China from a very early period. —The native banks of Fuchaufu are quite numerous, and the bank bills in use are noted for their unique appearance, and the difficulty with which they are counterfeited. The banks are not under government inspection or control. Any individual who has the capital, or any company of individuals who can furnish the necessary funds may establish a bank and issue bills, without getting a charter, or applying for any kind of permission from the goverment. The outline of the bill, with various devices to make counterfeiting difficult, is engraved neatly on a solid block of brass in the case of wealthy banks; poor proprietors of banks use hard wood instead of brass. The right-hand margin is made an inch or more wider than the left-hand margin of the block of brass or wood. The value of the bill and the day of issue are filled in with the pen, and one of more words to facilitate the detection of a counterfeit. Various stamps, large or small round or square or oblong, some of which are very curiously and elaborately engraved, are impressed on different parts of the bill, using red or blue ink. These add very much to the neat and handsome appearance of the note, and are believed usually to have some secret and private mark. From these and other causes, the notes are very difficult to imitate with precision and exactness by counterfeiters. But perhaps the use which is made of the wide margin furnishes the greatest security against counterfeiting. On this margin there are stamped or written various words, phrases, or sentences, before the bill is cut off or trimmed and put into circulation. When everything is ready, these stamped or written sentences or phrases are cut through with a sharp knife, leaving the right-hand margin of the bill, about the same width as the left-hand, though it presents a very different appearance. Of course, the edge of the bill, and the edge of the paper which was cut off from it will precisely match each other, but, as the sentences have been cut into two parts, part of the words and stamps will be on the bill, and part on the slip of paper cut off. These slips are all carefully kept in a book form ready for reference, each slip containing the value, date, and private marks of a bill for payment. If there is the least doubt of its genuine, reference is made to the corresponding proof-slip, and the banker or his clerks know immediately whether it is genuine or counnterfeit. A successful imitation of the written sentences and words, the blue and red stamps, which are found on the right margin of a bank bill, and which have been cut through a line parallel with the left-hand margin, it is almost impossible to make so exact, precise and minute as to fit the preserved proof-slip.

A Wonderful Flower.

One of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is the opelet, a flower resembling very much the German China-aster. It has the appearance of the double aster, with a quantity of petals of a light green color, glossy as silk, each petal tipped with rose-color. These lovely petals are never still, but wave about in the water while the flower clings to the rock. So innocent and lovely looking, no one could suspect it of eating anything; certainly if it did, only a bit of rainbow or a drop of dew. But those beautiful waving petals have other and more material work to do—to provide food for a large mouth, which is cunningly hid deep down among them. They do their duty famously, for as soon as a silly little fish comes in contact with those rosy tips, he is struck with a poison, fatal and quick as lightning. He dies instantly, and the beautiful arms wrap themselves about him and drag him into the greedy mouth. Then those lovely petals unclose and float innocently on the water, just like our water-lily. This flower was long talked of, but its existence doubted until the last century. Now the opelet is known to be a thing that really exists.—*Universalist.*

The Red Light of Mars.

The continents of Mars are tinted red with red ochre and its seas present themselves to our gaze under the aspect of spots of a gray-green, deepened by an effect of contrast due to the color of the continents. The coloration of Mars is not due to its atmosphere, for, although the evil extends over the whole planet, neither its seas nor its polar snows yield to the influence of this coloration. Morever, the borders of the planet are less colored than the center of the disk—a result which would not be if this coloration was due to the atmosphere. May not this characteristic color Mars, visible to the naked eye, and which doubtless is the cause of the warlike individuality which the ancients conferred on this planet, be due to the color of the herbage and of the vegetables which must color its champaigns? Are there red prairies, red forests, red rivers there? Are our silent woods with their soft shadows replaced there with trees bearing rubicund foliage, and are our wild red poppies the emblem of the botany of Mars.

The Slavery of Prosperity.

In the full swing of medical practice the pace is tremendous. When once the indefinable stamp of fashion is set upon a doctor every one wants to engage his services. You may go to the great man's house again and again, and the great man will not be able to see you. You may write to his secretary, and the secretary may make an appointment for the week after next, but it by no means follows that he will be able to keep the appointment. As soon as the clock strikes two he makes a dash for the consulting room, swallows an apology for a lunch, and you presently observe him driving past the windows. In vain the unpunctuality is notorious, in vain the consulting fee is doubled. People are determined to have the great man, and the great man they accordingly get. They will bring him down 200 miles, though they have to pay 200 guineas for the journey. They will have him, though the patient may be *in articulo mortis.* For there are circumstances under which some rich men think that no consolation is too costly. They will have him and no one else, although the case, scientifically considered, may be as simple as a cut finger. Sometimes they resort to him because the case has really baffled the average skill of the average practitioner and it not unfrequently happens that the celebrated physician makes a diagnosis and suggests a remedy that sets his brethren to rights. On the other hand, the practitioner has his revenge in repeating stories of extraordinary blunders perpetrated by fashionable physicians. But when the fashionable physician has really obtained this immense practice the charm of the practice must depart. The great physician becomes a great slave. He lives in a state of gilded captivity. He cannot call his house his own, or his hours his own, or his family his own. He is at the beck and call of the public. He takes his meals with his loins girded; or, rather, he may be obliged to exist on Liebig's extract for want of time to partake of solid food.

When the tide of fashion steadily sets in he is almost submerged beneath the wave. He bids farewell to leisure, friends, private life, all that make existence endurable. The guineas accumulate, the checks, the bank notes; there are plethoric investments, a lordly income. But a man's income for all purposes of enjoyment is not what he gets, but what he spends. Many men who imagine that they are in the enjoyment of a stately income are often, like children playing with little bits of paper that come in and little bits of paper that go out. There is not so very much use in a man getting £15,000 a year if he can hardly spend £1,500. But as a rule we acquit great physicians of any mean love of the filthy lucre. They hardly know the sums which roll out of their pockets when, worn out and harrassed, they tumble into the uncertain bed from which the night-bell may arouse them. They would willingly take less of lucre for more of leisure. This was a strong idea of the late Sir Henry Holland. He early fixed the modest limits of his professional income at £5,000, and would allow no professional business to interfere with his three months' holiday. He had his reward in living to a Nestorian age, with all the reputation of Nestor's wisdom.

The fashionable physician who reciprocates the firm belief which the London public have in him with a corresponding belief in himself is goaded on by two considerations of supreme weight. In the first place he believes that he is conferring a great amount of good on suffering humanity which no other physician could render equally well with himself. In the next place he believes that he is steadily enlarging the limits of medical science. Each patient is a book, and his practice represents the library of medical knowledge. He is willing therefore to endure any toil, although he knows how dangerous is such toil when carried beyond the endurable limit. Such a course is especially likely, if he is a believer in the boundless future of medicine, in new methods of diagnosis, in new systems of therapeutics, and has the "enthusiasm of humanity" in his soul.—*London Globe.*

The Coming Man.

Look at his honest face; his firm lip; his speaking eye! The elements of manhood are his! he has good health, which is essential to the most successful manhood. We venture he uses neither pills nor stimulants. Neither rheumatism, nervousness, nor dyspepsia troubles him. The day to him is a happiness, and the night a blessing. His sleep is sweet, and his dreams are like angel whispers.

He has learned the habit of attention. He does one thing at a time and that well. See how intently he reads—how eagerly he gives his whole mind to the thing in hand.

Then he loves knowledge. He is not a rich man's son, as you see by his clothes. He has to work for a living, and this he is not ashamed to do. He means to be one of the world's producers. He does not intend to be ignorant; his time of leisure he spends, not in reading silly tales, but in storing his mind with the literature of his father's profession, or in mastering the knotty problems of science, in learning a language, or in kindling his moral faculties by seeking "as for hidden treasures," the knowledge of God.

Life and Death.

The Carlisle table of mortality comes as near the truth of the grave fatality of a community, perhaps, as at present possible. This table is the result of observations, continued for many years, as to the population of Carlisle, a city in England, and is used as an authority in life insurance calculations in America and Europe. According to this table, of 10,000 children born:

3,540 die	in	10 years.
3,910 "		20 "
4,358 "		30 "
4,915 "		40 "
5,603 "		50 "
6,357 "		60 "
7,599 "		70 "
9,047 "		80 "
9,848 "		90 "
9,991 "		100 "
9,999 "		104 "

Leaving one of the 10,000 persons living at the expiration of 104 years.

Profanity.

We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there never was a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this clings the most closely, and increases with years. It is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Mark Twain's advice to little girls.—Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offence. This retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravating circumstances. If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with sawdust, while one of your most fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

You ought never to take your little brother's chewing gum away from him by main force; it is better to "rope him in" with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grind-stone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster. If at any time you find it necessary to correct your brother, do not correct him with mud—never on any account throw mud at him, because it will soil his clothes. It is better to scald him a little, for then you attain desirable results; you secure his immediate attention to the lessons you are inculcating, and at the same time your hot water will have a tendency to remove impurities from his person, and possibly the skin, also, in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter, according to the dictates of your better judgement. You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parent that you are indebted for your food and nice bed, and for your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on that you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little prejudices and humor their little whims, and put up with their foibles until they get to crowding you too much.

Good little girls always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to "sass" old people unless they "sass" you first.

How Mr. Trip Weighed the Children.—Mr. Trip is a good, simple-hearted man, who tends in a small grocery-shop in our village. The children all like him; but sometimes, I am sorry to say, they play tricks on him.

For example, the other day, our four girls, with their brother Sydney, went to Mr. Trip's shop, to get weighed. "How much do you think I weigh, Mr. Trip?" asked Mary, the eldest of the girls.

"About a hundred and twenty pounds said Mr. Trip.

Mary stood on the platform; and Mr. Trip, much to his surprise, found by the figures that she weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. "Well, I wouldn't have thought it!" exclaimed the good man.

Then our Emma was weighed. Mr. Trip guessed she would weigh sixty-five pounds; but, to his amazement, he found the scale said a hundred and fifteen pounds. "Well, well, who'd have thought it?" said poor Mr. Trip.

"And how much do you guess this smallest one weighs?" inquired our Sydney, who could hardly help laughing.

Mr. Trip lifted little Agnes with his hands, and replied, "Well, she can't weigh over forty pounds any how." But, strange to tell, the notch of the bar showed ninety pounds as she stood on the platform.

Mr. Trip now began to suspect that something was wrong; but where was the trick? Oh, ho! It was the mischief of Master Sydney, skulking behind the little girls, and pressing on the platform with his two hands.

Trip did not get angry. He was too fond of fun himself to object to a little bit of fun on the part of a little boy. Besides, it was the first day of April; and might not children, on that day, play a few harmless tricks?

But Mr. Trip revenged himself; and this was the way in which he did it. Holding up a fine bunch of raisins, he said, "Who speaks first?"—"I!" cried Sydney. "Well, I thought you would," said Mr. Trip, putting the raisins back into the box. "There! I've paid you off," he added.

Mr. Trip, you will perceive, was not a vindictive man.

One Little Worm.—Two men were at work together one day in a yard where ships were built. They were hewing a stick of timber to put into a ship. It was a small stick and not worth much. As they cut off the chips they found a worm—a small worm not more than half an inch long.

"This stick is wormy," said one; "shall we put it in?"

"Yes," replied the other; "I think it it may go in. It will never be seen."

"That may be," said the first; "but there may be other worms in it, and these may increase and hurt the ship."

"No, I think not; never mind, we will put it in," said the other.

So the stick was put in, and the ship was built and launched. She went to sea, and for ten years she did well, but at last it was found that she was weak and rotten; her timbers were eaten by worms.

But the captain loaded his ship and filled it with passengers, and went across the sea. On their way a storm came on. The ship tried to mount the high waves, but at last she sprung a leak. They had two pumps, and the men worked at them day and night, but the water came in faster, until at last she sank under the waves.

Haven't failed yet.—Little Allie D. ran to meet her father on his return from business every evening for months, and with joy beaming in her countenance would exclaim, "Haven't failed yet." She had each day attended school and diligently studied the lessons assigned her, and perfectly committed them to memory, and when the time for recitation came she was ready to answer all the questions put to her correctly. So when evening came and the day's duties were performed, she could with a joyful heart and a pleasant smile run with buoyant feet to meet her loving father, and exclaim, "Haven't failed yet."

If all the little boys and girls who attend school would put forth all their powers, and strive to learn their lessons correctly, so that when evening came they could meet their parents and exclaim, "Haven't failed yet," how many happy little children there would be in our land, and how many parents would be glad too!—*Congregationalist.*

A lesson.—Every man has this lesson to learn in life: to *depend on yourself.* Don't wait for your father to start you in the world. Start yourself! I'll risk that you will do well enough if you look all obstacles square in the face and say "Get out my way, or I'll move you out of it!" And having said that, if it don't go, make it go.—Dont give up to it. Don't be put down by it.

There are 348 theatres in Italy, 337 in France, 191 in Germany, 168 in Spain, 152 in Austria, 150 in England, 44 in Russsia, 34 in Belgium, 22 in Holland, 20 in Switzerland, 16 in Portugal, 10 in Sweden, 10 in Denmark, 8 in Norway, 4 in Greece, 4 in Turkey, 3 in Egypt, and 1 in Syria, making in all 1,522 theatres.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The past winter was mild in Iceland.

—The grasshoppers are at work in Clinton county, Missouri.

—It is stated that of the 221,042 teachers in this country, 127,713 are women.

—A maple sugar factory in Vermont, the largest in the State, annually taps 3,350 trees.

—At the funeral of Mayor Barret, of St. Louis, eight ex-mayors officiated as pall bearers.

—Blackberries are selling by the street hawkers in Savannah, Ga., at 10 cents a quart.

—The Fisk university jubilee singers, colored, have sailed, for a second tour, through Great Britain.

—Liquor to the value of $250,000 has been seized in Boston, and the war on the Whiskey ring continues.

—The only real popular drinks this summer will be "True Inwardness" cobblers, and "So-So" slings.

—It is very unkind of the Savannah News to speak of Harpers' Weekly as "a journal of snivelization."

—The Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain has elected Mr. Peter Cooper as an honorary member.

—Carl Schurz is applied for as a lecturer in all directions. He will begin his tour in New England November 1st.

—A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature providing for the erection of a College of Music in Central Park.

—Ex-Attorney General Williams and ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue Douglass have hired a law office together.

—It's about time for the farmers to think of planting their apples and plowing for black berries if they are ever going to.

—A prominent gentleman of Cincinnati offers to give $125,000 towards the erection of a capacious music hall in that city.

—Daniel F. Davis, of Reading Pa., is the smallest man in Pennsylvania. He is forty-four inches high and weighs only fifty-six pounds.

—Dr. Brown of Springfield Ill., has sold his boa-constricter, twenty-three feet long, for $2 200. It has been purchased "for the British Museum."

—Two commissioners to represent France at the Philadelphia Centennial, one to reside in the United States, and the other in France, will be appointed.

—The directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad have voted to allow the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company to extend its service over their entire lines.

—It cost a round million to build a single story of the Chicago Custom House with rotten stone, but it will take only $100,000 to pull it down and begin again.

—The sides of the steamer Schiller have caved in, covering up the specie, cargo, and probably a number of bodies but blasting operations will be soon begun.

—The receiver and superintendent of the Utica, Ithaca and Elmira railroad have discharged a sufficient number of employes to reduce the expenses $1,000 per month.

—Thirty-seven foreign nations have already signified their intention of participating in our great Centennial. Good. Crowd up in front there. Plenty of room for more.

—Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, will deliver the oration at the unveiling of the bust of the late Bishop Campbell, at Bethany College, West Virginia, in June.

—A rival for Weston has turned up at Chicago in the person of O'Leary, who has walked 256 miles in sixty-seven hours, and has undertaken to walk 500 miles in 152 hours.

—The vote of Democrats in New Hampshire to refer the contested election cases to the Judges ot the Supreme Court doesn't look as though they were desperately wicked.

—At the Philadelphia Mint the coining of new twenty-cent pieces commenced, and the dies for the same pieces have been forwarded to the Carson City and San Francisco Mints.

—The latest thing out in the line of celebrations is a reunion on the grounds of Dr. Bullard of New Haven, a practicing physician for fifty years, of about 1,000 persons at whose birth he professionally assisted,

—The Boston Traveller reports that the members of the Bunker Hill Monument Association are seriously thinking of presenting the monument and grounds to the city of Boston, after the celebration this year.

—Be careful how you celebrate your centennial. Nathaniel Eaton of Warner N. H., whose centennial birthday was celebrated a few days since, died soon after of pneumonia, the result of exposure on that festive occasion.

—The Iowa grasshopper is recognized as a civilized being compared with the grasshoppers of Wisconsin. It pays some respect to death, and, when a member of its lodge dies, wears the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

—James Lick, the San Francisco millionaire, whose gift of a fortune to public objects was revoked and renewed under another deed of trust, has been sued for $53,000, the honorarium claimed for twenty-two year's medical service.

—Michael Lahy, the no-armed graduate of the Pittsfield, Mass., high school has been appointed by the selectmen to take the census of persons in town between the ages of five and fifteen years. He writes a "good hand" with the pencil in his mouth.

—Mr. Carl Rosa's troupe of singers of opera in English are gaining great favor in English provincial cities. This company includes Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Julia Gaylord (formerly of New York), and a Mr. F. Packard, who is advertised as an "American tenor."

—An editor having remarked that he never saw but one king in his life, the Richmond *Enquirer* is led to think that his education must have been wofully neglected. It touchingly says: "We saw four of 'em once ourselves, and never care to look upon their like again.

—The culture of trees in the U. S. is quite extensive. Under the act of Congress offering 160 acres of land to any person who would plant 40 acres of them to trees and cultivate them for eight years, about 1,100 persons, it is stated had taken up 170,000 acres of land in Minnesota up to January.. The demand for young trees to set out this spring in California is quite great.

—The last Legislature of West Virginia ordered the removal of the State Capital from Charlestown, on the Kanawha, to Wheeling. The State Supreme Court enjoined the removal. The Governor ignored the Court and was about to make the removal. The Secretery of State Treasurer, etc., have now concluded to obey the Court rather than the Governor, and the case is pretty badly complicated as it stands.