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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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WINTER'S HOPE.

The Autumn days are gone—all flown:
The yellowing leaves from off the trees
Are shed, with sad and doleful moan
Of whistling wind and mournful breeze.

The cumbered earth bears far and near
Those saddening signs of Autumn's death;
And leafless forests, moist and drear,
Oppress us with their chilly breath.

But let us look around once more—
Is there no beam to cheer our sight?
No rift in these dark clouds? Ah! sure,
We are not left without some light?

No; 'tis not so! E'en while we gaze,
See, from yon hill the red sun rise,
Illuming with his cheering rays
The earth that all so darkly lies.

And in deserted hedgerow springs
The hawthorn berry, brave and bright;
While perched atop the robin sings
His clear, sweet song with all his might.

Our life will come to Autumn hours,
And all may chill and dreary seem,
But even then we'll find some flowers,
And even then some joyous beam.

Repine not, therefore, that thy youth
And manhood's prime so swiftly flee;
Lo! with advance of years come truth,
New light, new hope, calm joys for thee.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

A Night of Alarm.

My sister Julia was very courageous. In our youth the country was wilder than now; but it might be said of her that she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl. She would traverse the most unfrequented paths, wondering at my timidity.

There was nothing masculine, however in Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or actual danger.

When I was sixteen, and Julia was eighteen, my father hired a laborer named Hans Schmidt, a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who, at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment.

He was a powerful man, with a heavy, imbruted countenance, and both Julia and myself were struck, at the very first, with an intuitive dread of him. The feeling in Julia hardly took the character of fear, but was one rather of the most intense loathing.

One evening she read of a horrible murder that thrilled our blood, and upon turning her eyes from the paper, they encountered those of Hans Schmidt. There was something terrible in that glance, and, from that moment she resolved that the villain should be turned away.

As her wishes and opinions were always of much weight with father, he took her advice, and gave Hans his discharge.

Soon after this Julia and I were left alone in the house, both father and mother being absent upon a visit until the following day, and we happened to be without a servant at the time (for we kept more than one.)

At night we went up to bed and had partly disrobed when Julia turned hastily to the window.

"I declare," she said, "the evening is so pleasant that it is a pity to remain in-doors. I don't feel a bit sleepy; let's go down on the lawn."

We descended the stairs. How little I imagined what was in Julia's heart! Harry Irving came up just as we reached the lawn. He was only casually passing the house.

Julia engaged him in conversation and he joined us. My sister was more than usually lively.

"Where are Tom, and Edgar and Will?" she asked.

"Oh," replied Harry, "they are over to my uncle's. They will be coming back soon."

The three young men soon appeared upon the road; and, to my surprise, Julia arose at their approach and called us aside from the door.

"Now, Mary, you need not be nervous," she said. "Keep quiet and do not speak above your breath. There is a man under our bed—there, there!" and she clasped her hand over my mouth—"a man under our bed, and the young Irvings are going to secure him."

They all provided themselves with heavy sticks, and then, guided by Julia, ascended the stairs.

As to myself, I could not follow them, but remained trembling and leaned upon the doorsteps. Never did I experience a greater sense of relief than when the assailing party descended, looking partly ashamed and partly amused, having found nothing to justify their sudden armament.

Julia was in an agony of mortification and wept piteously; for, although but half convinced that her apprehensions had been groundless, the idea that she, who had never till now feared anything, had placed herself so ludicrously in the eyes of those men was insupportable.

The man, she said, must have taken the alarm and fled out the back door; for she could not have been so deceived.

Our young friends, more in pity for her mortification than from any belief in the reality of the night intruder, offered to remain in the vicinity till morning; but she would not listen to the proposition and they took their departure.

I was sorry to see them go, and watched their forms till they were out of sight, for the affair of the evening had almost frightened me into hysterics.

Julia, however, at once rushed to the chamber, and flinging herself on the bed, continued bitterly weeping. She had exhibited herself in a character which she despised; and her man under the bed would be the talk of the neighborhood. I followed her, but neither of us could sleep.

The clock on the mantle piece struck eleven; and then "tick, tick, tick," it went on for the next dreary hour. Julia at length ceased weeping, and lay in thought, only an occasional sigh betraying her wakefulness.

Again the clock struck, but it had not reached the final stroke when Julia, leaping out of bed, flung herself upon an immense chest at the further end of the room.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "quick! quick! He is here! I cannot hold the lid—he will get out!"

There was indeed some living thing inside the chest; for, in spite of Julia's weight, the lid was lifted, and then, as the instinct of self-preservation overcame my terror, I sprang quickly to her assistance.

Whom or what had we caught? Imagine yourself holding down the lid of a showman's box, with a boa-constrictor writhing beneath; or keeping a cage-top in its place by your own weight alone, with a hyena struggling to tear his way out and devour you.

But we were not long in suspense. Horrid execrations, half German, half English, chilled our very hearts, and we knew that there, in the midnight, only the lid of an old chest was between ourselves and Hans Schmidt!

At times it started up, and once or twice his fingers were caught in the opening. Then, finding our combined weight too much for his strength, it would become evident that he was endeavoring to force out an end of the chest. But he could not work to advantage. Cramped within such limits, his giant power of muscle was not wholly available; he could neither kick nor strike with full force; and hence his chief hope rested upon his ability to lift us up, lid and all.

Even then, in the absolute terror that might have been supposed to possess her, a queer feeling of exultation sprang up in Julia's heart.

"I was right, Mary," she cried. "They won't think me a fool now, will they? I shan't be ashamed to see Harry Irving!"

Poor Julia! under the circumstance the idea was really ludicrous; but nature will everywhere assert itself, and Julia hated a coward. Thump! thump! thump? Lid, and side, and end, alternately felt the cramped, powerful blows. Then came the lift—the steady, straining lift, and Julia cheered me when the cover shook, and rose, and trembled.

"He can't get out, Mary! We are safe; only just keep your full weight on the lid, and don't be nervous, either; it is almost morning."

She knew it was not one o'clock.

But one o'clock came. How I wished it was five! And two o'clock came, and three and four; and we hoped that our prisoner had yielded to his fate, which must now appear to him inevitable.

A small aperture at one end of the chest, where there was a fracture in the wood, supplied him with air, and hence we could not hope that he would become weak through suffocation. He was evidently resting from the very necessity of the case, for his exertions had been prodigious. There was a faint streak of morning in the sky; and there, upon the chest, we sat, and watched for the gleam to broaden.

Suddenly there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final effort. At my end of the chest there was a crash—and immediately the German's feet protruded through the aperture that they had forced in the board. So horrible now appeared our position that I uttered a scream, such as I do not think I ever at any other time could have had the power to imitate.

To get off the lid in order to defeat the movement through the chest end would have instantly been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the chest we caught at the projecting feet. In doing this, however, we partially lost our balance, and a sudden bracing up of the muscular shape below so forced open the lid that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Schmidt were thrust forth, and with a fearful clutch he seized Julia by the throat.

Just then a heavy crash was heard at the door below, the foot tramps springing toward us as if some person were tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daybreak hardly revealed his identity, but I had a faint perception that young Harry Irving had come to us in our hour of peril.

Some time during the morning I found myself in bed with Julia, and several of the neighbors standing about me. Julia clasped me in her arms and cried.—

"We are safe, Mary! Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned after seeming to go home. The least scream he would have heard as he at last heard yours; but I am glad you did not scream before, for now we have had an experience and know what we can do."

Hans Schmidt had decided upon the chest as a safer hiding-place than that in which Julia had first discovered him.

Upon the very morning on which Harry Irving stunned and secured the ruffian in our room, the officers of Justice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel as the supposed murderer, and he was soon convicted and hung.

Julia became the wife of Harry Irving and a most excellent wife she was. Magnanimous and unrevengeful, she was perhaps the only person who felt no gratification at the fate of old Hans Schmidt, but rather pity for the ignorance which had so led him into crime.

Household Miseries.

My entire household, says a writer, I full of satisfaction over the fact that is have just driven the axe handle into the axe and wedged it there, so it cannot under any circumstrices come out. It may read like a small matter to you but do you know that that helve had been loose for nearly five years? Yes, for five years that axe has flung itself across the yaad whenever I struck a heavy blow, leaving the helve in my hand, and I suppose that I decided more than a thousand times to go in and get a hammer and chisel and fasten the helve in. I was thrown down and had my arm broken by the axe flying off, two girls had their noses broken, we spoiled the stove boilers, nearly killed three boys, and yet I didn't fix the axe until to-day. Foster was telling me the other day that he had finally glued the knob on the bureau drawer, and he seemed greatly relieved. I remember when the knob was knocked off—almost seven years ago. I was helping him move the bureau when the accident occurred, and I never was in the house afterwards without hearing Mrs. Foster say—"come, Henry, hav'n't you got time to fix that knob this evening?" —"Yes, Martha," he would reply and yet it was seven years before he got to it.

How Alcohol Enters the System.

Again, when taken in by the more ordinary channel, the stomach, it finds its way by two routes into the circulation. A certain portion of it—the greater portion of it—is absorbed direct by the veins of the alimentary surface, finds its way straight into the larger veins, which lead up to the heart, and onward with the course of the blood. Another portion is picked up by small structures proceeding from below the mucous surface of the stomach, and from which originate a series of fine tubes that reach at last the lower portion of a common tube, termed the thoracic duct—a tube which ascends in front of the spinal column, and terminates at the junction of two large veins on the left side of the body, at a point where the venous blood, returning from the left arm, joins with the returning blood from the left side of the head on its way to the heart. It is so greedy for water that it will pick it up from all the watery textures of the body, and deprive them of it, until, by its saturation, it can take up no more, its power of reception being exhausted; after which it diffuses itself into the current of circulating fluid. When we dilute alcohol with water before drinking it, we quicken its absorption: and, if we do not dilute it sufficiently, it is diluted in the stomach by the transudation of water in the stomach, until the required reduction for its absorption is effected. —*Popular Science Monthly.*

—The receipts at the White Mountain hotels last summer were:—At the Crawford and Twin Mountain, $108,800; at the Fabyan, $80,000.

The Neanderthal and Engis Skulls.

Among the thus far discovered human remains referable to the far-distant epoch under notice, the Neanderthal skull, already mentioned, and that of the Engis cavern have chiefly excited interest in the learned, and caused much speculation concerning the physical and intellectual qualities of the primeval inhabitants of Europe. The first-named skull, or rather skull fragment—for it consists only of the upper portion of the cranium—belonging to a skeleton which was found in 1857 in a small grotto in the Neanderthal, or Neander Valley, not far from Dusseldorf, Rhenish Prussia. Quarrying operations led to the clearing of the grotto, situated about sixty feet above the bed of the small river Dusel, which flows through the valley. It contained a horizontal layer of hard loam intermixed with rolled gravel, a drift deposit identical with that occurring in all caves of the Dussel Valley, and in which bones of extinct quadrupeds are sometimes found imbedded. In this gravelly loam of the Neanderthal grotto the workmen found, two feet below the surface, a human skeleton, which they threw out in an unconscious way, and which would have been lost to science but for the interference of Professor Fuhlott, of Elberfeld, who rescued from total destruction on the upper part of the skull, the thigh and arm bones, a collar bone, a part of the pelvis, a shoulder blade, and several fragments of the ribs. These remains are undoubtedly of the highest antiquity, possessing the same qualities which characterize the bones of the mammoth, cave-bear, etc., occuring in the neighboring districts, and enclosed in the same kind of loam that contained the skeleton. Professors Fuhlrott, Vogt, and other anthropologists therefore conclude that the Neanderthal man lived together with the mammoth and other extinct animals of the drift period. The body probably had been washed into the grotto during the high water. The skull was first desribed anatomically by Professor Schaaffhausen, of Bonn. He pointed out its enormous ridges above the orbits of the eyes, behind which the frontal bone is considerably depressed, its elongated, elliptical shape, narrow and low forehead and unusual thickness. The other bones of the skeleton corresponded in length to those of a European of middle stature, but they were much stouter, and exhibited a greater development of the muscular ridges. On the whole, Professor Schaaffhausen comes to the conclusion that the individual to whom the Neanderthal skull belonged must have been distinguished by slight development of brain and uncommon strength of bodily frame. According to Professor Huxley, the skull in question is the most ape-like of the human crania yet discovered, and Professor Vogt expresses himself to the same effect by stating that it has more of the simian or monkey type than any other known race skull. Yet Huxley is far from regarding the Neanderthal bones as the remains of a being intermediate between man and apes. At most, he says, they demonstrate the existence of a man whose skull may be said to revert somewhat to the pithecoid or ape type. Both Huxley and Vogt detect in the Neanderthal skull an approximation to the cranial formation of the Australian.

The Engis skull, likewise fragmentary, but more complete than the one just described, was found, as we have stated, five feet deep imbedded in a breccia, in juxtaposition with the remains of the rhinoceros, reindeer and horse. This skull indicates a higher type than that of the Neanderthal. According to Huxley, "there is no mark of degradation, about any part of its structure. It is, in fact, a fair average human skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brain of a savage"—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Mosaic Distinction of Animals for Food.

Rev. Dr. Wechsler, rabbi of the Jewish church in New Haven, read a very interesting paper on the above topic recently before the body of ministers assembled at the weekly gathering of the Ministers' Association in that city, in part as follows:

In the 11th chapter of Leviticus there are specified the various beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles which are distinguished by the terms clean and unclean. The former are permitted to be eaten and the latter are forbidden. There are also laid down certain rules for distinguishing generally those that are clean from those that are unclean.

First, with regard to quadrupeds. All beasts that have their feet completely cloven, above as well as below, and at the same time ruminate or chew their cud, are clean. Those which have neither, or are one or the other, are unclean.

2. The systematic distinction of fishes is especially clear and simple. All those having fins and scales are clean; all others unclean.

3. With regard to birds no particular characteristics are given for dividing them into clean or unclean, but judging from those which are specified it must be noticeable that birds of prey as a general rule are prohibited, that is those with crooked beaks and strong talons with which to prey on lesser fowls or animals or on fish are prohibited, while those which eat vegetables are permitted to be eaten.

4. With respect to serpents and insects it is declared that all creatures that creep going upon four, and whatsoever goeth upon the belly, and whatever has more than four feet among the living things, are an abomination.

Besides the general distinction already noticed another is made, relating to whatsoever goeth upon the paws among all manner of beasts that go upon feet, being therefore pronounced unclean. The literal translation of the Hebrew would be "palms or hands," and therefore this probably refers to those animals whose feet resemble human beings, such as apes, monkeys, etc., and all creatures of that genus, together with bears, lions, cats, dogs, frogs, etc.

The Talmud draws very closely the line twixt clean and unclean animals. There have been written various essays upon the dietary laws, which show much research and investigation. There are strict rules laid down how animals should be killed; the knife must be sharp and smooth; the killing must be done at once, and not gradually, and without any interruption. Besides no animal must be killed for food on which there is the least blemish. Then it is necessary that the animal thus slaughtered must be strictly examined by a competent person, who is well versed in the laws which the Rabbis have laid down as a test to pronounce the meat fit for use. Every cruelty to animals should have been avoided, which is in conformity to the laws of nature and civilized society.

A very learned commentator says: "Most of the creatures which are pronounced unclean were in high esteem and sacred among the heathen, as the swine was to Venus, the owl to Minerva, the hawk to Apollo, the eagle to Jupiter; therefore it was decided that all those would be unclean, which were esteemed by the Egyptians and other nations to be the instruments of distinction, and those to be clean which were not so esteemed. The restrictions, therefore, which were made with respect to diet, especially the division of animals into clean and unclean, were eminently calculated to prevent close connections with Egyptians and other idolatrous nations."

To promote health and comfort in the distinction of animals into clean and unclean, particular reference seems to have been made to their suitableness for food, those being accounted clean which afforded a considerable proportion of wholesome nutriment, and those being considered as unclean which were of a gross and unwholesome nature. Solid footed animals, such as the hare and many-toed animals, such as the cat, etc., are prohibited. Beasts which have cloven feet, such as the ox, are considered as proper for food, and therefore permitted. The former are unclean, which is explained as unwholesome, affording a gross nutriment and often the parent of scrofulous disorders; the latter clean, affording wholesome nutriment, and not laying the foundation of any disease. Ruminating animals digest their food better than those who swallow it with little mastication, and therefore the flesh contains more of the substantial juices and is more easy of digestion and consequently of assimilation to the solids and fluids of the human body. On this account they are termed clean, which is explained as peculiarly wholesome and fit for use. The animals which do not ruminate do not digest their food so well and hence they abound with gross and animal juices, which yield a comparatively unwholesome nutriment to the human system. Even the animals which have bifid hoofs, but do not chew their cud, such as the swine, and those who chew their cud, but are not bifid, such as the hare and rabbit, are forbidden, because comparatively innutritive. It is well known the meat of the swine has been considered by many for many centuries as wholesome, and yet of late there has been discovered a hidden disease in its flesh, which demonstrates beyond dispute that the old Jewish law, not to eat the meat of the swine, is not out of date and still useful. On the same ground the wise law giver has forbidden all fish that have not both fins and scales, because they as a rule abound in gross juices and fat which but few are able to digest.

Moses forbade the use of pork, of the hare, etc., of fish without scales and fins, and all kinds of heavy meats, as the fat of the bullock, etc., an inhibition supremely wise in a country where the excessive heat, relaxing the fibers of the stomach, rendered digestion peculiarly slow and difficult. The flesh of the eel and some other fish, says Larcher, thickened the blood, and by checking the perspiration excited all those maladies connected with leprosy. From these and similar views of the dietetic character of the Mosaic distinction of animals into clean and unclean, it is evident that the food allowed to the Hebrew people as a nation were the gentler sort of creatures and of most common use, such as were bred about their houses and in their fields and were, in a sort, domestic. They were creatures of the cleanest feeding, and which gave the most wholesome nourishment, and were of a better taste, and might be had in greater plenty and perfection by a proper care of their breeding and feeding. They seemed therefore to be naturally fit to be chosen as a better kind of food. It surely cannot be a matter of indifference what a person eats and drinks, to develop a true religious character. By prohibiting the eating of those animals which by their gross and unwholesome nature as food would induce or increase any vicious propensities, by symbolizing the dispositions and conduct to be encouraged and cultivated, or to be abhorred and avoided, was Israel to become a holy nation.

A London Romance.

An officer in the army who was going out to India to join his regiment, recently made all his purchases at one of the famed London establishments. The customer was such a large buyer that the proprietor, contrary to usage, stepped forward to thank him and to express a hope that the officer was perfectly satisfied, and had been able to find everything that he required. The captain thanked the proprietor, and and answered, "Nearly all." "Not all!" was the quick query of the proprietor, "not all? I hoped sir, we could find you everything." "Why, it is a little out of your line, Mr.——." "Out of our line? Not at all, sir." "Oh, you are quite sure of that, are you, Mr.——?" "Quite certain, sir." "Well, then," continued the captain, laughingly, "I want a wife." "Step this way, sir," and the astonished military man followed. He went through strange labyrinths and up and down stairs innumerable. *En Route* the proprietor communicated these facts.

About three or four months prior a beautiful, highly-educated girl, of an excellent family, who had lost her parents, and with them all resources, applied to him for employment. He had, after listening to her story, though she was a novice to business, been touched by her friendless situation, and employed her. He had not been disappointed. He had found her a worthy and exemplary girl. The captain was piqued. He saw and admired. He bought of her, and introduced himself. He came often, bought more, and, upon inquiry, found all particulars to have been truthfully stated. On her side his manners and appearance pleased the girl, and when he told her the story of how his last want had been mentioned to the proprietor of the establishment, and been promptly met, it ended in a hearty laugh on both sides—but after the laugh within three days they were married, and she is on her way to India. Finally, this is no romance, but a fact.

The Young Lady of Long Ago.

Speaking of high life in England in the last century, a writer says: The young lady, no longer under the strict guardianship of the lady chatelaine, is taken by her mother from the country as too dull an abode, to shine at court in the metropolis. At sixteen her figure is imprisoned in stiff iron stays, and her head delivered over to the management of a hair-dresser. Her deportment, next to dress, is her first consideration; she learns to walk in high-heeled shoes and to manage gracefully her hoop and her train. The dancing-master instructs her in the stately minuet and gavotte, and she has lessons from another professor in the management of her fan—how to handle, flutter, and furl this necessary adjunct to the toilet. She troubles little about the antiquated occupations of her predecessors, of gathering herbs and compounding mysterious drinks for ailing old women or sickly babes. She gives no thought to the quaint cookery recipes carefully treasured up in the cramped hand of perhaps a great-grandmother. Her only care is to compose washes to increase the fairness of her skin, paste to whiten her hands, and lotions to counteract the effects of tight-lacing and late hours. The great study of her giddy head is how she can best adorn her person, possess costly Mechlin or Brussels pinners and ruffles, and rustle in brocades and satins to captivate her admirers. At length she succeeds, and becomes the bride of some resplendent beau, with wig, patches, snuff-box, cane, and breloques.

Colossal Statue of the God Buddha in India.

Some miles from Calliana lies an ancient seat of Jaina dominion, Karkul, at present a considerable town, with thronged bazaar streets; and a few followers of the vanquished religion still reside near the monuments of their departed greatness. Upon the outskirts of the town rises a rocky hill of generally rounded form, like a basin reversed, approaching 300 feet in height, its base rough and bushy, the upper slopes smooth and steep. Looking up at the hill from a distance, the enchanted castles of fairy tales come back to mind, for on the top is seen a castle-like wall pierced with a wide-arched entrance, and a dark gigantic form towering over it waist-high This is one of three colossal statues that are found in this part of the country—statues truly Egyptian in size, and unrivaled throughout India as detached works. On the hill-top a crenellated quadrangular wall incloses a stone platform five feet high, on which rises the stupendous image, forty-five feet in height. Nude, cut from a single mass of granite, darkened by the monsoons of centuries, the vast statue stands upright, with arms hanging straight, but not awkwardly, down the sides, in a posture of somewhat stiff but simple dignity. The form and lineaments are evidently the same with those which, from Ceylon to China and utmost Tartary, have handed down with unvarying tradition the habit as he lived of that most wondrous of mortals that ever wore flesh, Buddha Gautama; for assuredly no other mere man ever spread so widely, and maintained so long, a supreme influence over so many successive millions of souls. Remarkable it is, too, that though born in India, the features show nothing distinctively Hindoo. The hair grows in close, crisp curls; the broad, fleshy cheek might make the face seem heavy, were it not for the marked and dignified expression conferred by the calm forward-gazing eyes, and aquiline nose, somewhat pointed at the tip. The forehead is of average size, the lips very full and thick, the upper one long almost to ugliness, throwing the chin, though full and prominent, into the shade. The arms, which touch the body only at the hips, are remarkably long, the large, well-formed hands and fingers reaching to the knees; the exigencies of the posture and material have caused the shoulders, where the arms join, to be rather disproportionately broad and massive. The feet, each four feet nine inches long, rest on a stand wrought from the same rock, that seems small for the immense size and weight (eighty tons) of the statue; a lotus stem springing at each foot is carried up in low relief twice round each leg and arm. A brief inscription at the side below tells that the image was erected by King Virapandya in 1432 to Bahubalin, son of Vrishaba, the First Tirthankara, of giant race, himself a giant, and therefore so represented, but still in the shape of the founder of that faith whence the Jaina heresy diverged. A low cloister runs round the inner side of the inclosing wall, and a massive stone rail of three horizontal bars surround the platform. Once in sixty years the scattered Jains gather from all quarters, and bathe the colossus with cocoa-nut milk.

The Venetian Navy.

In the sixteenth century Venice kept in permanent employment about sixteen thousand men. The pay of these was exceptionally good, and their privileges were great; their sons, at an early age, were entered in the workshops, and instructed in some one of the many trades carried on in them; they themselves, when old, were pensioned or admitted into a hospital established especially for the navy. On the other hand their work was severe. They were not only workmen, but soldiers, trained to the use of arms and the strictest discipline; their leading men, foremen and overseers being in turn their sergeants, lieutenants and captains. The government, in all working details, was in the hands of practical men, chosen from the workmen themselves, the highest of whom, with the title of Grand Admiral, exercised superintendence over the whole. But the supreme command was vested in the Proveditor General, a noble of high rank and distinguished service, either as commander afloat or as statesman ashore. It was a marked peculiarity of the Venetian Constitution that untried men could not hold any important office; their public men had to serve a long and laborious apprenticeship in subordinate positions before they were considered qualified to take any prominent part in the affairs of the State; and amidst a people so peculiarly nautical few could mount the several steps of a long career without obtaining an insight into the conduct of naval business. At the end of the fifteenth century the control of this enormous establishment was found to be beyond the power of one man, and two assistants were appointed, one as Proveditor of the arsenal, who had more especial charge of the armory; the other as Proveditor of artillery, whose title explains itself. Contrary to Venetian usage, which limited the duration of public office to sixteen months, these three were appointed for a term of three years, one going out each year in rotation, so that the majority of the three were at all times thoroughly conversant with the details of the administration.

Character in Caligraphy.

At a recent meeting of the Psychological Society of London, the Vice-President, Mr. G. Harris, read a paper on "Caligraphy as a Test of character." After commenting on the various modes by which character is exhibited, and upon the infinite diversities of handwriting, the author proceeded to point out the peculiarities of the latter which display the distinctive qualities of the writer. His theory was illustrated by the exhibition of a number of original autographs, including those of Napoleon I., Wellington, Nelson, Brougham, Horn Tooke, Southey, Cowper, Sheridan, Cobbett, Bulwer Lytton, and Charles Dickens, the contrast between the writing of the last two being especially dwelt upon. A lively discussion, we are told, followed the reading of the paper.

There is no gainsaying the fact that character may be read from handwriting, but not by any means from all handwriting. In the first place, there must be character in the writer, and among the millions of mankind who use the pen there are lamentably few marked and distinctive individualities. The multitude of people have no aim but to be copies of each other, to do and to be in every event of life just like their fellows. It is impossible to expect from these handwriting that will show anything save an absence of character. Hence it is that the idea universally prevails that mere caligraphy means nothing. Nevertheless it does convey a great deal of meaning. The old saw that "Straws show which way the wind blows," finds a just application in this as in many other things, and masterful traits assert themselves in the penstrokes as in every other act of a human being. When you see a notably prominent, vigorous, reckless style of caligraphy, you may be pretty sure that the writer is a person of a bold, dashing, independent disposition, that overrides all barriers and thrusts aside all impediments. A penmanship full of flourishes indicates a character fond of ornament and addicted to vanity. Cramped writing and crowded lines proclaim that economy, perhaps parsimony, is a strong attribute of the writer. A distinguished American scientist whose passion is study with the microscope forms such minute letters when writing that there is almost a necessity for using a magnifying-glass to decipher them. Is there nothing more than a fanciful significance in the connection between this man's writing and his dominant passion?

It requires training to interpret handwriting, and very seldom is any attention whatever given to the subject. Yet, when once the mind has been led to it, there is opened up an interesting and prolific source of entertainment. Nothing is more delightful, and it might be added more novel, than to meet with a consistent, complete, and harmonious character that expresses in all its operations the symmetry and wholeness of its nature. The chirography of such a character will be a clear, certain commentary, telling its story as plainly as a perfect picture or a piece of sculpture.

Speculations Derived from a Skull.

By a singular coincidence, the casual finding of the mutilated skull of a ruminant helped to evolve, independently, from the minds of Goethe and of Oken, full and distinct conceptions of a new theory of the bony framework of the head. Each of these thinkers conceived the idea that the skull, instead of being [as had been universally supposed] an altogether peculiar structure, was in reality similar in composition to the backbone, or spinal column. The backbone is made of a series of rings of bone mutually adjusted, called vertebræ. Goethe and Oken conceived that the skull was also made up of a series of vertebræ—much altered, however, as to size and shape, from those which form the spinal column. This idea, once emitted, was rapidly taken up by Oken's countrymen [as at later periods they have vehemently taken up the ideas of Schwann and of Darwin;] and Spix, Bojanus, and C. G. Carus further developed and modified the original idea. Nor did Oken's countrymen by any means stand alone, for De Blainville and Geoffrey St. Hilaire in France, and Goodsir, Maclise, and Owen in the British Isles, more or less accepted and modified, in different ways, the hypothesis propounded. Oken, indeed, at once pushed his speculation to extremes; expecting, on *a priori* grounds, to find the whole trunk, with its appendages, represented in the head. He was by no means content with assimilating the skull to the backbone, but insisted on finding the arms and legs, the hands and feet, even the fingers and toes, of the head; imagining that the last-mentioned members [fingers and toes] were represented by the teeth! Such a conception may be taken as a good example of those fanciful notions before referred to, which, not being sustained by objective facts, are surely destined, as was this, to die out and to disappear.—*The Contemporary Review.*

The Speed of Railway Trains.

Trains are now run at about the rate of forty miles an hour, sometimes much faster, and generally somewhat slower. The fastest trains in England run at sixty miles an hour. To run at this rate, the piston or driving rod of the locomotive must travel at the speed of 800 feet per minute, or so rapidly that it cannot be seen to move at all. George Stephenson, the first to claim that the locomotive could run at twelve miles an hour, was called insane until he proved it. It was but a few years after this that prominent engineers said that railway trains could be regularly run at the rate of 100 miles an hour; and Stephenson was again called insane because he said that 50 miles an hour was as fast as trains could be regularly and safely run. But it is now discovered that he was nearly right, and locomotive-makers are no longer building engines to run faster than at this rate. But they are trying, instead, to save the time lost in taking coal and water for supplying the engines. On some lines a long open trough, forty feet long, is laid between the rails. This is filled with water. As the locomotive passes at the speed of fifty miles an hour, a pipe or scoop is lowered from it into this trough; the water is thus dipped up and placed in the water box for use by the engine. Another invention is a huge box raised above the road and filled with coal. As the locomotive passes, it touches a spring, the box turns instantly upside down, and the coal drops into the tender, which runs behind the locomotive. The time which is thus saved will, of course, make the the trips shorter, without calling for an increase of speed. It may be that when you are grown, railway trains will not be run any faster than they are now; but, in spite of what George Stephenson has prophesied, I suspect some future American engineer, who is now a boy, will find means of running them twice as fast as they are now run, and I hope with greater safety to the passengers. —*St. Nicholas for December.*

Tell-Tale Lips.

I have observed that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such movements. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can't conceal in the least its sensations. We can neither hide ill-temper with it nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose on them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotion, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles, and of trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, or a full, breathing joy; of candor, of reserve, of anxious care, or liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens.—*Leigh Hunt.*

French Courtship.

In France the parents of the interested ones first consider the matter of their marriage. "Look, Monsieur," says Ma'ma, "here is my daughter, and all her graces and accomplishments, and her good heart; and here, is the dower I will give with her." "And here, Madame," says Monsieur, who is very likely her neighbor or friend, "here is my son and his probable inheritance; his education has been what you know; his profession and talent, what you know, also; as to his amiability you shall judge, for I'll give you every opportunity of observing; and moreover, when he marries, I will give the boy—so and so." The youngsters meet and, unless they are very difficult to suit, are obliging enough to further their parents' plan. And, on my word, I believe them more dutiful in the Old World than in the New.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Love Wins Love.—"Mother, the birdies all love father," said a litttle boy of five years as he stood with his mother watching the robins enjoying their morning meal of cherries from the old tree that overhung the house.

"Does anybody else love father, Charlie?"

"Oh yes—I love him, and you love him; but we know more than the birds."

"What do you think is the reason the birdies love your father?"

Charlie did not seem to hear this question. He was absorbed in deep thought.

"Mother," at last he said, "all the creatures love father. My dog is almost as glad to see him as he is me. Pussy, you know, always comes to him, and seems to know exactly what he is saying. Even the old cow follows him all round the meadow, and the other day I saw her licking his hand just as a dog would. I think it is because father loves them, mother. You know he will often get up to give pussy something to eat, and he pulls carrots for the cow, and pats her, and talks to her; and somehow I think his voice never sounds so pleasant as when he talks to the creatures."

"I think his voice sounds pleasant when he is talking to his little boy."

Charlie smiled.

"Father loves me," he said, "and I love him dearly. He loves the birds too, I am sure. He whistles to them every morning when they are eating cherries, and they are not a bit afraid of him, though he is almost near enough to catch them. Mother, I wish all things loved me as well as they do father."

"Do as father does, Charlie, and they will. Love all living things, and be kind to them. Do not speak roughly to the dog. Don't pull pussy's tail nor chase the hens, nor try to frighten the cow. Never throw stones at the birds. Never hurt or tease anything. Speak gently and lovingly to them. Feed them and seek their comfort, and they will love you, and everbody that knows you will love you too."

"And wouldn't that be sweet?" said Charlie, the smiles breaking all over his face. "How I would like to have all the dear little birds coming about me, and not being a bit afraid! I'll try to be just like father."

The Story of a Little Princess.—Queen Victoria's daughters have all been very carefully educated indeed; and as for Queen Victoria herself, why, when she was a little girl there seems to have been no end to the things that were expected of her little ladyship. It was not until she was twelve years old that she understood that she might come to be queen. Being only a neice of the reigning monarch, William IV., who had no children, her wise mother did not want Victoria's head elated with dreams of a crown she might never wear. However, she one day discovered it by what we may call an arranged accident, for a genealogical table was slipped into her history and there little Miss found it. She took it up, so her old governess told the story, and reading it said:

"I see that I am nearer the throne than I thought. I never saw that before."

"It was never thought necessary that you should, Princess" replied the governess.

"Now," said the child, after some moments of thought, "many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility." The princess lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, and then putting her little hand into her teacher's said: "I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin. My cousin Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and all the elegant expressions, and I learned it, as you wished it, but I understand it better now. I will be good."

The Sound Bearers.—The birds make great fun of human music. Do you know why? Because it has laws! Now, their music has laws, too, but the dear little things don't know it. A robin friend of mine, sitting on a window-sill lately, heard a music-master giving a little girl her music lesson. He thinks it the funniest thing in the world, and assures me, on the authority of the music-master, that human music is made entirely by little hobgoblins, who carry the sounds up and down the musical scale or ladder, slowly or rapidly, according to orders. Mr. Semibreve, he says, is the slowest of them all. Next comes Mr. Minim, who is only half as slow as Semibreve; then Mr. Crotchet, who is half as slow as Minim; then little Quaver, who is half as slow as Crotchet; then Semi-Quaver, half as slow as Quaver, and finally Demi-Semi-Quaver, the liveliest little chap of them all, who can run up and down the whole flight, while slow old Semibreve is rolling to the next step.—*St. Nicholas.*

Finger-Nails Six Inches Long.—At first I couldn't and wouldn't believe it, but when I heard the little fellow say that he read the statement in Governor Seward's book, I gave in, for of course a governor is expected to tell the exact truth on all occasions.

What was it?

O, did n't I tell you? Why the little chap said that rich Chinese mandarins wear long finger-nails, sometimes as long as six or eight inches, as a sign that they do not have to work. When nails are as long as this, they are protected by cases of bamboo or of gold. The nails are polished and stained like tortoise-shell.

This is good news for lazy boys. All they have to do is to work their way to China, make their fortune there, and let their nails grow.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Wink Of Time.—You never heard of such a thing? Why I'll warrant you've alluded to it often and often, without knowing it. Didn't you ever speak of such or such a matter coming, going, or happening in "the nick of time?" Very well. The little School-ma'am says that nick comes from the German word *Nicken*, to nod or wink. So the nick of time, is the wink of time, or my name is not Jack.—*St. Nicholas.*

Origin of Sur-Names.

It is interesting to trace some surnames back to their original meanings. The name Latimer is a writer of Latin; Barker is synonymous with tanner; Milner is an old form of miller; Lander is a contraction of lavandier, a washerwoman; Banister is the keeper of a bath; Tupman—a name familiar to the readers of the Pickwick Papers—means a breeder of rams, which used to be called "tups." The names Spinner, Fuller, Tucker and Dyer are derived from the wool manufacture carried on by Flemish colonists, who settled in New England. As a general rule says Mr. Lower, all names terminating with er indicate some employment or profession; er is believed to come from the Anglo-Saxon wer, a man; hence Salter is saltman, Miller mill-man; Webster is the old feminine form of webber, Spinster of Spinner, Brewster of brewer.

—The New York Produce Exchange has adopted the rule that a seller of property has a right to demand payment for that property on delivery of the title to the buyer.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The annual sale of Florida curiosities is said to amount to $100,000.

—One hundred and eighty wells are now going down in the oil regions.

—The late William B. Astor had $1,000,000 invested in Massachusetts bonds.

—Harry Meiggs, the Californian and South American railroad king, is dying of softening of the brain.

—There are 23 more seniors at Harvard than at Yale, 70 more juniors