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AN OLD BOUQUET.

BY CHARLES STUART WELLES.

Though the flowers wither, love,
Other flowers as fair
Grow upon the heather, love,
To adorn thy hair!
To adorn thy bosom, love—
Than whose modest blush
Never Lily yet hath blown
With a daintier flush!

Though the flowers wither, love,
When their scent has died
We will gather fresher flowers,
To adorn thy pride;
But when chilling winter, love,
Summer flowers shall doom,
Thou shalt bloom yet daintily—
For thy lover bloom!

Though the flowers wither, love,
Listlessly depart,
Thou shalt bloom, thyself a flower,
Fragrant as thou art—
Blushing as a fresh rose, love,
In the morning light,
Pure as waxen cereus,
Blossoming at night!

Though the flowers wither, love,
Building hopes arise,
Whispering that a Spring of Love
Shall delight thine eyes—
Bend thy fond eyes nearer, then,
With thy gentle art,
And rare flowers of love shall bloom
For thee, in my heart!

'Tis Will That Wins.

ISADORE ROGERS.

It was evening. The moon had just risen over the tops of the tall trees that bordered the shores of a beautiful lake in the State of Ohio, and sent floods of amber light over the rippling waters just ruffled by the gentle breezes of early May. The notes of a distant whippoorwill waked the echoes of the grove, and all the noisy nocturnal songsters that sunny spring welcomes to happy life, seemed to vie with each other in echoing the chorus of nature's grand concert. There was a sound of dipping oars out upon the lake, and the clear notes of a flute accompanied by a chorus of youthful voices came ringing back across the water to the ears of the stalwart farmer and his wife who lived near by, and who stood listening to the music and smiling at the interludes of merry laughter borne back by the wayward breezes.

"It's a happy time they're having out there to-night, wife," said the good-natured and contented tiller of the soil, "and why shouldn't they? All this is pure and innocent. If all the youth of this broad land could be supplied with such amusements crime would disappear in a ten fold ratio, and remorse and agony of conscience would cease to follow in the footsteps of pleasure. The very sound of that music brings happiness and enjoyment to every one who hears it."

But in this the farmer was mistaken. Social distinction upon a false basis had crept in to mar the rural harmony, and the merriest, happiest and most hopeful spirit of them all had come to grief that night, and Ina Warren stood alone under the friendly shadow of a huge maple, listening to the sound of all this mirth and jollity, while deep convulsive sobs shook her slender frame. The tear-stained face was decidedly pretty. Shining brown hair fell in wavy tresses about her shoulders, and on the rounded cheek were tints of health's own painting; the rosy mouth expressed the gentleness of her nature, and not the least of her charms was the intelligent, determined expression of the clear blue eyes. She was the daughter of a neighboring farmer in very moderate circumstances, but the girl had aspirations beyond the thoughts of her associates, dreams of the future which carried her out upon the great sea of hope, to higher duties, grander attainments and wider spheres of action and usefulness than the narrow limits of her surroundings would warrant. But what was there to justify these dreams? Nothing. And young as she was, she already began to realize that idle dreaming would never quench the ceaseless longing, and that prompt, decisive and energetic action on her own part was her only hope of ever reaching the land of her dreams. Up to this time the district school had been her delight. Ever willing to profit by the advice of those whose age and experience entitled them to give it, she had profited by a maxim given her by a teacher five years before, which will be of immense benefit to every young person who will adopt it. It was simply this: "*Learn every lesson perfectly*," and as a result, although only fifteen years of age, she had mastered all the branches usually taught in district schools, and now aspired to a higher school in a neighboring town. When she first mentioned this project to her parents it was pronounced impossible.

"You know, Ina, that I have five daughters younger than yourself to provide for, and to furnish you with such clothing as you would need would require an unjust sacrifice on the part of the rest of the family," said Mr. Warren.

"Do you suppose that I would accept such a sacrifice, father?" asked Ina reproachfully. "All I ask is your permission to obtain employment in some respectable family and I can provide for myself. I can make myself useful to aunt Myra when I am out of school, and I am sure she will let me have a home with her while I am trying to educate myself."

Her scheme looked rather visionary to her practical parents, but nevertheless she carried the point, and it is while fulfilling her engagement at farmer Robinson's that the reader is first introduced to her. She had been subjected to a trial of which the gentle, sensitive country girl had not dreamed. While the young people are preparing to go out on their boating excursion, Harry Robinson, the farmer's four year old son came into the kitchen where Ina was setting up the last row of milk pans, saying:

"I think the girls is just as mean as they can be."

"Why, Harry," said Ina, "you mustn't talk so, it is wrong to call them mean."

"I don't care, they *is* mean," said the little fellow. "Anna Wilson and Agnes Rathburn said if 'Manda was goin' to ask hired girls to go along *they* wouldn't go. Anna Wilson said that her cousins in the city never thought of inviting hired help to go with them, and Agnes said it would be very improper, and then 'Manda said she wouldn't ask you. I'm goin' to tell father."

"O, no, don't Harry, let us go and look for eggs before it is too dark," said Ina, and so she kept him away until the boat had gone, and then sending him into the house she went away alone to give vent to her unhappiness in tears. "How long must I suffer this?" she asked herself, as the girlish figure leaned against the tree in a perfect storm of convulsive sobs. Having wept away the first burst of her grief and humiliation she reasoned more calmly. "To give up working here would be to relinquish all hope of education and improvement. I cannot do it. I have done nothing that my conscience does not approve, and I will persevere." It must be confessed that thoughts of a certain pair of dark eyes and a manly youth out there on the lake, singing with a bevy of happy maidens where she was not, added a keener pang to her unhappiness.

"If Herbert Allen slights me for this he is not so noble as I thought he was, and I will care for him no more," she said resolutely, and then going to the lake she bathed away the traces of tears and returned to the house, and taking up a basket of half-worn stockings she began to mend them.

"What does this mean, girl? I thought you were out there with the rest of them, singing like a whole flock of nightingales. What are you here for?"

"I'll tell you how it was," said master Harry, "they didn't want her because she works for us," and the little one gave his own version of the conversation that he had heard.

"You see," said Ina, with a faint attempt at a jest, "that my occupation debars me from genteel society."

"Genteel society be hanged," exclaimed Mr. Robinson angrily. "Do you suppose that I would have any but a respectable girl about my house? and will any one dare to tell me that living in my family and doing the same kind of work that is done by my wife and daughter makes her less worthy? There are good reasons why some people cannot treat persons in their employ upon equal terms. It is because their course of action has been such as to drive respectable people from their service, but when I employ equals they shall be treated as such. You have not forfeited your self-respect, Ina, and earning your own way, and paddling your own canoe will be a feather in your cap that other girls will have pointed out to them when you stand upon an eminence that they will never attain. As for Amanda, I'll teach her a different lesson for to-morrow night."

"Please don't say anything about it, Mr. Robinson," said Ina, "you know I could not go if they invited me because they were obliged to."

When the boat touched the shore, Mr. Robinson was there. "Come again to-morrow night," he said, "enjoy your rides while the moon is bright, there is nothing that gives me more happiness than providing innocent pleasures for the young. Keep selfishness from your midst and memory will perpetuate your enjoyment."

And when Herbert Allen stopped just a moment to say, "Don't disappoint us to-morrow night, Ina, for the enjoyment of the evening is gone when you are away," half her unhappiness had vanished.

On the following evening as the moon again gilded the waters the boating party prepared to embark. Amanda had been detained in the house by her mother, and Mr. Robinson bade the boys to row once or twice across the lake and come back for her.

"You may stay and mend stockings to-night, Amanda," said Mr. Robinson as he again entered the house.

Amanda looked up in surprise and disappointment. "What do you keep me for, father?" she asked, while her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears of disappointment.

"To let you know how it seems," answered the father, quietly taking a paper and drawing near the light.

Just then the notes of the flute and the words of the well known song,

Come over the lake with me, my love,
Come over the lake with me.

came floating back on the evening breeze, and unable to control her feelings another moment, Amanda leaned her head against the casement and sobbed passionately.

"O don't, Mr. Robinson, I do not feel badly about it now, and I don't want her punished for having slighted me," pleaded Ina.

"I knew that it would be no satisfaction to you, but it is for her own sake that she is punished," replied the father.

"But it was not her own idea, it was another who suggested it," continued Ina.

"It is not my duty to eradicate the selfishness from the hearts of other people's daughters, but I am responsible for the training of my own," answered the father firmly, and both girls felt that farther words were useless, and for a time there was a silence broken only by Amanda's passionate sobs and the strains of music from the lake.

"Forgive me, Ina," said Amanda, at length, "I didn't feel right about it any of the time, and it spoiled my own enjoyment as well as yours."

"If you see your conduct in its proper light it is all I want Amanda," said the father, "and when they come to this side again you can go if Ina goes with you."

Ina begged to be excused, but when half an hour later, he, for whose opinion she most cared, appeared and joined his entreaties with Amanda's, she consented to go.

Two weeks later Ina occupied the position which she so much coveted, only that of a pupil in an excellent school. Although she might not wear costly dresses, there was an indescribable charm about the innocent girl fresh from the rural districts, artless and unsuspecting, amiable and intelligent, which no art could supply, and the simple calico of her own earning, and the modest ribbon that bound her sunny tresses were in far greater harmony with her tastes and character than costlier material which her father would have been taxed to pay for.

"You will make your mark in the world, Ina," were farmer Robinson's parting words. "Only keep a clear conscience, do your duty and leave the rest to the Great Ruler of destinies."

Of course such a girl was a favorite with her teachers. She made them her friends and they were interested in her welfare. The fall vacation was occupied as the spring had been, in earning money to supply her necessities for the coming winter. This was the last time that she found it necessary to enter the service of any family. She had risen above it. And let me say to every young person who may be dependent upon his own energies, do not hesitate to engage in any honest occupation that may present itself. If you *are really* above it, trust my word for it that you will rise above it, and in no way can you rise more rapidly than by faithfully performing even the most trivial duties of your occupation.

Through the influence of her teacher Ina obtained a situation in one of the primary departments where she received ample compensation and found time to attend to her most important studies.

Four years passed away, and in all that constitutes equality in our country, she was the peer of any lady in the land. She had won laurels and fresh tokens of esteem at every step, and at the grand exhibition at the close of the last term, when she stepped upon the stage and took her seat at the organ and sent its tones rolling, echoing, vibrating through every part of the spacious building, until it seemed as though the hearts of the audience were held in a trance by the wondrous music, and then burst forth in a grand, beautiful and rapturous song, the excitement of the audience scorned all restraint, but found vent in a wild deafening applause that shook the building to its foundation. And Amanda had whispered to her companion, "it is glory enough to be her friend."

At the close of the entertainment she was offered a situation with a salary that seemed to her like a fortune. And Herbert Allen who had just returned from College said, "your ambition is gratified, Ina; you have won, what need of longer waiting?"

"When I have helped my parents to comfort and plenty and laid by something for myself, I will urge no further delay, for to be settled in a quiet peaceful home of our own, surrounded by loving friends, will certainly be my crowning happiness," said the dutiful girl.

"Provide for your parents if you desire it, Ina; but meanwhile I will be providing for you, and when you are satisfied that your duty is done and your parents enjoying all the blessings that your dutiful heart desires, my home will be waiting for you to share its plenty."

"And it all came from paddling your own canoe. If you had waited for opportunities to come to you, you would have been waiting yet," said farmer Robinson when he came to congratulate her.

Origin and Source of Petroleum.

At first it was held by many that petroleum was the result of distillation from the bituminohs coils, which were found in its vicinity, and this belief was strengthened by the fact that some of the very bituminous coals, such as Cannel and Boghead coal, afforded large quantities of similar oils on being distilled; but, although this is very probably the source of a small amount of oil, yet the larger part of it is now believed to derive its origin from rocks lying below the coal-measures, since the oil bearing rocks are mostly older than the carboniferous formations.

Some investigators have ascribed a vegetable origin to petroleum, but most authorities agree in attributing it to animal as well as vegetable agencies. Shales are the most common oil-bearing rocks, and in their formation the organic material would be finely divided and protected from oxidation. The oil-bearing shales commonly show few vegetable remains, and Dana observes that the absence of distinct fossil animal and vegetable remains points to an abundance of delicate water plants or infusorial or microscopic vegetable life as the source of organic material contained in them. Limestones, on the other hand, are frequently full of animal fossil remains, showing an animal origin in them, although it is by no means said that the petroleum in certain lime stone was derived from organic remains in the limestones and not from other strata below them. In whatever shape the finely-divided material was originally present, it would be finely diffused through the mud, and protected from atmospherical agencies, and subsequently the hydrocarbons would be formed from them, probably at but a slight elevation of temperature, produced by the same agency which have caused elevations in the temperature of the interior of the earth's crust at various points.

Dana has further pointed out how petroleum might be formed by the reaction of the organic vegetable remains alone, the abstraction of some carbon and oxygen, as carbonic acid, accounting for the formation of the lighter oils; while the escape of some marsh-gas from less confined material would account for the heavier oils.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Poetical Old Bachelors.

Corneille, Racine and Boileau were all bachelors.

Gray was, in every sense, real and poetical, a cold, fastidious old bachelor, at once shy and proud, sensitive and selfish. In looking through his memoirs, letters and poems, we cannot find one indication that he was ever under the influence of women. He loved his mother, and was dutiful to two tiresome old aunts who thought poetry one of the seven deadly sins. His learning was entombed with him. His genius survives in his elegy and odes. What became of his heart we know not. He might well moralize on his bachelorship, and call himself a "solitary fly."

Collins was never a lover, and never married. He is reported to have been once in love, and, as the lady was one day older than himself, he used to say, jestingly, that "he came into the world a day after the fair." He wrote an ode on the Passions, in which, after dwelling on hope, fear, despair and pity, he dismisses love with a couple of lines. Such was Collins' idea of love.

Goldsmith died unmarried.

Shenstone was not formed to captivate; his person was clumsy, and his manners disagreeable. He never gave the lady who supposed herself to be the object of his serious pursuit an opportunity of accepting or rejecting him. He died unmarried.

When we look at a picture of Thomson, we wonder how a man with that countenance and mein could ever have written "The Seasons," or have been in love. He was devoted to his "Amanda" through a long series of years, but some destiny denied him domestic happiness.

Hammond the favorite of our Continental grandmothers, was an amiable youth, and wrote sonnets to "Delia." But this lady was deaf to his pastoral strains, so he was doomed to live and die alone.

Why Franklin Used Simple Language.

Tradition has it that years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was a lad, he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous mollusks, the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seizing him called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat, and then held him over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened, sure." When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the articles aluded to were oysters, his father fondled him for an hour with a trunk strap for scaring the family. After this Franklin's language was simple.

Pretty Custom of the Polish Girls.

At Warsaw, the annual fete of "floating crowns" was recently celebrated, and it attracted, as usual, a large crowd of spectators of all classes. It consists in the young girls of the city carrying wreaths of roses, decked with ribbons, to the Vistula, casting them into the river, and watching them as they are carried away by the current. The manner in which they are borne along by the waters is supposed to predict the future destiny of those to whom they belong, and accordingly the girls make demonstrations of joy or sorrow. A somewhat similar practice is prevalent among the young girls of India.

Harmonious Combination of Colors.

Color decoration in particular offers a broad field for the crude attempts of the tyro, and the unmeaning forms and less harmonious tints, instead of gratifying, are likely to become an outrage to good taste. Now, in order to overcome one of the first principles which it would be desirable for us to establish is the theory of complementary colors. Although we do not propose to make this a technical paper, perhaps a few remarks upon the subject would not come amiss. We know almost instinctively that blue will not harmonize with green, and that red will, but the theory upon which this contrast is based is but vaguely understood. We remember learning in our natural philosophy that white is the reflection of all colors, that is, that all the primary colors combined produce it. It is the general impression that there are seven primary colors, viz., those seen in the rainbow, whereas in reality there are but three—blue, red, and yellow.

Green, orange and purple are secondary colors, produced by the mixture of the primaries. Thus blue and yellow make green; red and yellow produce orange; and blue and red, purple.

The mixture of these again produces what are called tertiary colors—citrine, russet, and olive: orange and green forming citrine; purple and orange, russet; and green and purple, olive.

A knowledge, also, of the quantities in which these colors harmonize is requisite, the whole system being to combine them in the proportions which produce white, which in the primaries are five of red, three of yellow, and eight of blue; in the secondaries, thirteen of purple, eleven of green, and eight of orange; and in the tertiaries, twenty-four of olive, twenty-one of russet, and nineteen of citrine.

A primary color—say, red—juxtaposed to the secondary green, which is its complimentary (being composed of the two remaining primary colors, blue and yellow), arranged in the above proportions, produces the harmony required. It is also a fact that in looking at any color, its complementary is reflected. Thus green reflects red, and when placed in juxtaposition with it, makes the green greener and the red more intence, whereby the richness of the effect is produced; and to complete the formula, blue and orange, also yellow and purple, are harmonious, for in each case all the colors producing white when mixed in the right proportions are present.

We would here state that when several primary colors are placed together, the contrast is apt to be too violent, producing we might say, something of a swimming sensation. If these, however, are separated by small members or lines of white, this dazzling effect may be obviated.

But certain combinations, may have an enlivening or depressing effect. For example, blue is a cold, quieting color, while red is warm and exciting, and can be made to affect the mind in any manner desired. Again, prominence or subordination may be given by their employment. For instance, blue produces the effect of distance, and if placed upon the ceiling, causes it to appear higher;, or if in a recess will deepen it. Yellow, on the contrary, appears to advance toward the eye, and if used upon the ceiling, will seem to lower it; or if upon a projecting moulding, will exaggerate its prominence; while red is the only color that remains stationary. It is as painful to the eye to see hues inharmoniously disposed as are discordant sounds to the musical ear.—*Harper's Magazine.*

An African Duel.

Capt. Rob. Dunlap related to me the circumstances of a duel which he once witnessed a little ways inland from the town of Juba, on the river of the same name, upon the eastern coast of Africa, and nearly under the equator. It was certainly not such a duel as our heroes of lighter complexion would delight in nor yet such as they could feel pride in; but, after all, it evidently yielded entire satisfaction, and was fully as sensible as shooting with pistols, or chopping and stabbing one another with knives and swords.

In the case of these dusky sons of the Afric shore, as is not unusual elsewhere, a woman was at the bottom of the difficulty. At the appointed time the duellists, two stalwart savages, nearly naked appeared upon the field of honor, each armed with a stout raw hide cat, or triple-thronged whip, capable of inflicting the most tremendous blows—blows that might make an ox bellow. Having arranged the few necessary preliminaries, they pitched three oyster shells each at a given mark to decide which of the two should receive the first lashing. The unfortunate loser immediately took his stand, and received, without flinching, the given number of blows—five and twenty.

Then came the turn of the other who with heroic firmness, offered his back to the sufferer, whose arm was not made lighter by the pain and the loss of the pitch. Thus they alternated until one gave in; and, had the umpires judged that the twain had suffered sufficiently before either would give up, they were at liberty to stop the duel, and award the victory to him who had borne the greatest number of blows without flinching. And ever after the scarified backs of these heroic men were displayed in token of their honor and their bravery.

Hints on Coffee.

Professor Daniel C. Easton, who occupies the chair of botany at Yale College, in the course of a lecture on "Coffee," brought out the following points:

Coffee, as it comes to us, is commonly called the seeds of the coffee tree, and for common usage this statement is sufficiently correct. But it has long been known to botanists that a grain of coffee is really more than a seed. It is really a seed enwrapped in a horny portion of the fruit, and therefore more strictly analogous to a peach pit, which is the stony inner portion of the fruit which the seeds contain in it. The tree is not large, generally from six to ten feet high in cultivation, bnt when allowed to grow freely perhaps three times that size. The leaves are of good size, handsome, polished and evergreen, not very unlike orange leaves. They grow in pairs on the slender, straight branches. The flowers are little clusters of fragrant white stars. And it is said that in a coffee plantation there is no time when some flowers cannot be seen. The flowers are succeeded by green berries, which ripen to a beautiful red, and look not unlike rather small cherries, except that they are closely clustered along the branches.

In 1859 the whole production of coffee in the world was estimated at 713,000,000, pounds, of which Brazil furnished 400,000,000, Java 140,000,000, Ceylon and San Domingo, each, 40,000,000, Cuba and Porto Rico, 25,000,000, Venezuela and Sumatra each as much, and all other countries, including Arabia, Costa Rica, Jamaica, etc., only 16,000,000. From these figures it will be seen that only one man in three drinks of Java coffee, and probably only one in one hundred gets any Mocha, and yet you will find it difficult to buy a pound of coffee in this city to-morrow which the dealer will call Rio. It is all called Mocha or Java, or possibly Maracaibo.

By far the greatest part of the coffee used in the United States is Brazilian or Rio coffee. Indeed Brazil produces more coffee than all the rest of the world put together. There are marked difference in the appearance of some of these coffees, as well as considerable difference in flavor. Taking three of the best known kind, for example, Rio, Mocha, and Java, we notice that the grains of Java are larger than either of the others, and of a slight yellowish brown color. Rio coffee has larger grains than Mocha, and the color is usually considerably darker and somewhat more inclined to greenish.

In flavor Java is much milder than either of the others, and Mocha is richer and spicier than Rio, while Rio is the strongest of the three, and indeed, is perhaps the strongest of all coffees. It is true of all coffees that the fewer broken and discolored grains in it the better the coffee, and no cup of coffee can be really excellent unless all imperfect grains are removed before the coffee is roasted.

The best coffee here obtainable is an equal mixture of Java and what is called Mocha. As the grains of one are much larger than that of the other they should be roasted separately, but ground together.

The common cheap ground coffees contain usually a little coffee, and here the bulk is supplied mostly with either peas or rye. Chicory is too high priced to be used to any great extent, and the people who think that if their coffee is not really pure it contains only a little chicory, are probably drinking peas and rye, made dark and bitter with burnt sugar. The higher sounding the title of the coffee, the poorer the quality as a general thing.

Yankee Bugle Player.

Some twenty years since an American bugle playar concluded to make a trip to England, to learn by personal observation the state of instrumental music in that country. A day or two after his arrival in London, in which he was almost a total stranger, he saw an advertisement in the *Times* for a bugle player in one of the regiments of Guards. He presented himself the next morning to the bandmaster of the regiment, and introduced himself by saying that, having seen an advertisement for a bugle player, he had come to offer himself as a candidate for the situation. The bandmaster, thinking the stranger did not present a very promising appearance, treated him rather cavalierly, but finally told him that there would be a rehearsal the next morning and he might come and show him what he might do, intimating at the same time that his qualifications must be very high to obtain the place. Nothing daunted, the American made his appearance, with his Eb bugle in his hand, and took his place in the band.

The rehearsal commenced with a new piece, containing a solo for the clarionet, which the performer on that piece found difficulty in executing. After the clarionet had made several failures, the Yankee asked permission to play the solo upon his bugle. This proposition, was received with a sneer by the bandmaster, and a laugh of derision by the members of the band. The Yankee insisted, however, that he could play the solo without winking. The bandmaster at last ordered the band to play the prelude, and told the Yankee to look sharp or he would find himself the laughing stock of the whole regiment. The band commenced the preiude, the stranger looked carelessly around. The prelude being finished the solo was commenced. Scarcely had a half dozen notes been sounded when every member in the band ceased playing, and listened with wonder and admiration to the magic tones. The solo was executed to perfection, and at its conclusion the bandmaster rushed up to the performer and grasping his hand, exclaimed:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Kendall," replied the Yankee.

"What! Edward Kendall, of Boston, the greatest bugle player of America, or of the world?" said the bandmaster.

The rehearsal was over for the day, and Ned Kendall was the guest of the band during his stay in London.

Young Macready.

At the age of fifteen Macready left Rugby, never to return, and *not* to study for the Bar. His father's managerial difficulties compelled him to take to the stage, if not to acting—for he became a stage manager on his father's circuit—before he tempted fortune himself. The elder Macready was a teacher of his actors as well as their manager. At rehearsals he gave them good advice in a gruff voice and imperious tone: "Look at me, sir! Keep your eye fixed on me, sir, when I am speaking to you. Attention is always fixed. If you take your eye from me you rob the audience of my effects, and you rob me of their applause." This precept, Macready says, he never forgot, and he remained ever much indebted to it. It is certainly singular that the younger Macready, strong in dramatic instincts, instructed the players before he acted with them. One morning, at rehearsal, his father being present, he was showing a stage "savage" how, in leaping at the throat of a hostile knight, he was to lapse into astonishment at seeing his own figure reflected in the polished surface of his antagonist's shield. The father, never prodigal of praise, could not help saying, "If you can do anything like that on the stage, there will be few come near you." He had not *that* nor anything like that to do when, at the age of seventeen, he made his first appearance on the stage at Birmingham as Romeo. He had a stage fright at the beginning, but overcame it, and achieved a great success. "Well, sir, how do you feel now?" said a lady to him, after the curtain was down. The boyish answer was without disguise—"I feel as if I should like to act it all over again!" Macready adopted a curious method of studying. After attending Sunday morning services he would lock himself into the theatre, and there tread the stage, literally making himself familiar with the field, as it were, of his struggle for fame; pacing it in every direction to give himself ease, practising gestures and attitudes, and reciting whole parts of particular speeches, till he was tired out, and glad to breathe fresh air again. This was his Sunday afternoon custom for many years. His Romeo, we may add, gave him such reputation that his father, to increase it, got De Wilde to take his portrait "for the shops." Hard was the labor and not great the reward of those early years, fashioning himself on country boards into that approach to perfection that might warrant an attempt to obtain a footing on the London stage. He played Hamlet at eighteen, and his comment on the character is, that while few fail in the part, there are fewer who understand it any more than they do Sanscrit. With Macready even loud applause was no proof that the actor fathomed the intricate nature of the character. Popular favor did not prove anything, he thought.

When he played Percy, the youthful lover of Elwina, in Hannah More's tragedy, Macready had to make love to a fat woman, "upon the verge of sixty," Mrs. Whitelock, (a sister of Mrs Siddons,) and it was "hard lines" for him; but it was much harder, in another sense, when, at Newgate, Mrs. Siddons herself came to play Lady Randolph and Mrs. Beverly, and Mr. Macready was cast for Norval and Mr. Beverly. The thought of the standing by the side of the great mistress filled him with terror, but he did not less determine to do his best. He went to her hotel, that they might rehearse their scenes together.

He was struck with awe at the sight of the queenly woman, who soon put him at ease on his perplexities. She received him in "her grand, good-natured manner," saying, "I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn and water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me;" and she made some remarks about "my being a very young husband." The Queen of Tragedy spoke approvingly and monitorially, as was great Sarah's way, to the young actor. "You are in the right way," she said: "but remember what I say—study, study, study! and do not marry till you are thirty." And she took leave of the young actor with, "Don't forget my words study well, and God bless you!"—*The Athenæum.*

Oddly Adressed Letters.

A number of years ago a post-letter arrived in Edinburgh, addressed in foreign handwriting to "M. Tompits, Edimbourg." As no special direction was given, the Post Office officials were at a loss to understand who this M. Tompits could be. As far as known there was no such person in the town. At length, by pondering over the matter, and judging from the sound of this extraordinary name, it was discovered that the letter was intended for our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Potts, ordinarily and jocularly called Tom Potts—alas, now deceased, but remembered for the geniality of his character. The letter was from a foreigner to whom he had shown some kindness, but who had understood his name to be simply Tompits. It is mentioned that something of the same kind once took place regarding a letter which arrived by post in London, directed to "Sromfridevi, Angleterre." There was no such person as Sromfridevi ever heard of; but on a little consideration and judging from sound it was obvious that the foreign writer of the letter meant Sir Humphrey Davy; and this proved to be the case. Following the example of the English General Post Office the French Administration des Postes maintains a staff of "blind clerks"—that is to say, caligraphic experts who are supposed to be able to decipher the most illegible handwriting, and to deduce sense and meaning from the apparently hopeless chaos of orthographical blunders. Some years since there was returned to the French Dead Letter Office an epistle which had gone the round of every seaport in the Levant, and the ambiguity of whose superscription had baffled a legion of Postmasters. It was addressed "J. Dubois, Sultan Crete." Now what could this mean? The suzerain of the Island of Crete is the Sultan of Turkey, but his Majesty's name is certainly more like Abdul Asiz than J. Dubois. Five out of the six blind clerks in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau confessed their entire inability to solve the mystery of Dubois, who, on the face of the envelope at least, was proclaimed a Cretan Sultan. But to the sixth among the band of experts there suddenly occurred a happy inspiration. "Fetch me a *Navy List*," he said to a subordinate. The *Annuaire de la Marine* was brought. The expert looked up Sultan, but alas! there was no ship bearing that name in the French Navy stationed at Crete or anywhere else. The wary cryptographer cogitated for a time, still turning over the pages of the *Navy List*. At length he rose triumphant to the occasion. "I have it," he cried; "this letter is addressed to J. Dubois, *sur le* Tancrede," and to M. Dubois, who was a quartermaster on board the good ship Tancrede, on the Pacific station, the letter was duly forwarded. The missive was from the Quartermaster's brother, whose education, so far as regarded spelling, had seemingly been of a strictly phonetic nature, and who had written down his relative's address, not in accordance with the commonly-received doctrines of orthography, but just as the words had sounded to his ear."—*Chamber's Journal.*

Build up a Homestead.

The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to work and improve your farms, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to inclose pastures, to build comfortable outhouses, and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home better than grog-shops, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your families. Make your home beautiful, convenient and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places: they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, seek their chief happiness around their home and fireside.

Women and children need more than meat, bread and rainment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love for the beautiful must be satisfied. Their tastes must be cultivated; their sensibilities humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts provided, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be both sunshine and shade, luscious fruit and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and hearts as well as the fields must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes contentment.

Funerals in 1776.

Funerals touched weddings at the point of feasting, and were often very expensive, showy and pompous occasions. In some parts of the country, especially among the Dutch of Long Island and New York, it was the custom of a young man to lay by his earnings after coming of age, until a sufficient sum had accumulated to provide for him a "respectable" funeral when he should come to die. Oftentimes the young burgher would reserve half of the portion of wine which he had liberally laid in for his marriage, to be used at the funeral of himself or his wife. Special invitations were sent out for funerals as for parties. The clergymen, pall bearers and physicians attending, were provided with scarfs and gloves, and sometimes each with a mourning ring; while the feast which followed the interment at the house of the relatives of the deceased, elaborate with cold roast meats, wines, liquors and pipes, was not unfrequently an occasion of coarse excesses, sometimes descending into hilarious and noisy demonstrations. A "respectable" funeral of this description might cost perhaps a thousand dollars; while the funeral of the first wife of Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer is said to have cost not less than $20,000.—*Edward Abbott's "Revolutionary Times."*

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—Correct. The newspaper men have had their Centennial headquarters removed to the Department of Public Comfort.

—Puget Sound, Alaska, sends an Indian carving 40 feet high—a specimen of the wood of the region, and of the skill of Kulosh Indians.

—The Philadelphia boarding-missus can no longer "bull" her prices with the dreaded scarciiy of accommodations, for the supply of rooms is greater than the demand and scores of private houses offer a large, well-furnished room with breakfast and supper, for $2 a day.

—The Christian martyr who keeps a soda water stand outside the Centennial grounds is understood as firmly opposed to the immorality of opening the exhibition on Sunday. In this respect he differs from the Christian martyr who keeps a soda water stand on the other side of the fence.

—The Philadelphia reporters are fully impressed with the necessity of doing up the daily Centennial reports in the very choicest of language. An old lady from Germantown fell down and bumped her head the other day, and next morning all the papers had it, "A severe case of frontal contusion."

—The declaration of awards will not be announced until the close of the Exhibition, but the personal work of the judges inspections, etc., will terminate at the latest, in the early part of July, after which their reports upon the intrinsic and comparative merits of competitive articles will be submitted in writing.

—The New York *Tribune* urges everybody to go see the Centennial, even if they would have to sacrifice a large part of their year's earnings and time to do so. Moreover, it says: "It is not a chance likely to occur again in a middle-aged man's or woman's life. It will lift them as nothing else can do out of the dull level of every-day thoughts. They will be healthier and stronger all their days for knowing how large is the world they live in and how small is their part of it."

—Jennie June has had a glance at the Exposition, and says, in a letter to The Baltimore American: "I am modest myself; I only want some china, some lace and a Turkish rug. I should like to take my house to pieces, and put in all sorts of new fixtures—self-acting things—so that I could suit my Bridget and Margarets with places in which there was nothing for them to do. I should like to put wall-paper which imitates the choicest woods and veining of the finest marble; insert tiled mantlepieces, and replace every article of furniture with Eastlake designs; but that would be unreasonable for a correspondent. People would suspect me of having a share in the Big Bonanza, or something to do with a Ring. So I shall be quite content with some Dresden, a little of Sevres, a lunch set of Wedgewood, an odd specimen of Majolica, a dark Smyrna rug and some point Duchesse."

—THE CENTENNIAL CALENDAR.—The following is a list of the bodies which have arranged to meet at the Centennial, and the dates upon which they will meet:

JULY.

Congress of Authors, July 1.
National Convention Catholic Young Men's Associations, July 2.
International Typographical Congress, July 3.
Salesmen's and Commercial Travellers' Association, July 3.
Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, July 4.
International Conference of Delegates, Societies of St. Vincent de Paul, July 6.
Society of the Army of the Cumberland, July 6.
International Arbitration Convention, July 11.
Pennsylvania State Dental Society, July 25.
Encampment Knights Templar at Ridley Park, under auspices of Maryland Commandery, July 28.

AUGUST.

Convention of Historical and Antiquarian Societies, August 1.
American Dental Association, August 1.
State Camp Patriotic Order Sons of America (at Reading), August 8.
Caledonians of North America, August 13.
Photographers' National Association, August 15.
Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias of Pennsylvania, August 15.
American Association of Instructors of the Blind, August 15.
Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias, August 22.

SEPTEMBER.

International Medical Congress, September 4.
International Convention of Archæologists, September 4.
National Pomological Society, September 11.
Grand Council Improved Order of Red Men of United States, September 12.
National Convention American Foresters, September 13.
American Forestry Association, September 13.
Grand Lodge of United States, I. O. O. F., September 19.
Grand Lodge of United States, I. O. Red Men, September 19.
Convention of Apiarians (Honey Men) September 23.
Welsh National Eistedfodd, third week.
National Carriage Builders' Association, third week.

OCTOBER.

Dedication of hall, P. O. Sons of America, first week.
State Council O. U. A. M., October 16.
American Dairymen's Association, October 17.

DECEMBER.

American Pharmaceutical Association.

Around the circumference of the circle of which the Great Exhibition is the centre, and within one hundred miles of it, a large number of bodies will assemble, the dates of meeting, except in a few instances, not having been announced. Among these are the following:

New Jersey State Centennial, at Princeton, July 2.
Centennial Sunday School Convention, Ocean Grove, July 22.
National Forest Convention, Ocean Grove.
National Board of Steam Navigation, Baltimore.
National Board of Trade, New York.

In addition to the list given above, the following deliberative bodies have been announced to assemble in Philadelphia, though no definite date has been assigned for their meetings:

National Board of Underwriters, Convention of Life Insurance Agents of the United States, California Pioneer Society, Order of B'nai Berith, Christopher Columbus Association, National Alumni Association, National Rifle Association, United Tailors' Association, American Butter and Egg Association.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Baltimore has seventy-six Methodist churches.

—An excellent quality of tea is being grown in Jasper county Texas.

—Florida manages to squeeze $240,000 a year from her sponge interest.

—A catfish weighing one hundred and seventy pounds was caught at Alton, Ill., a few days ago.

—The Congregational Church at Rindge, N. H., has had but two pastoral changes in 102 years.

—Parton has abandoned Massachusetts and gone where a man is permitted to marry his stepdaughter.

—Almost pure chalk exists in vast beds in Trego, Kansas, and a house has been built of sawed blocks of it.

—The pistol with which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton is said to be in the possession of a gentleman of Versailes, Ky.

—The British and foreign Bible Society issued 2,682,185 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture last year.

—Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, has rented a place near Onota Lake, a short distance from Pittsfield, Mass., for the summer.

—There are now seven hundred and fifty convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison, the largest number ever in that institution at one time.

—By fascinating arts known only to the female sex, an Omaha youth of twenty-two was recently induced to marry a widow of seventy-five.

—The Chinamen of Gold Hill, Nevada, are petitioning the authorities for a public school, in which their children may learn the English language.

—The *Herald* of New York says that what that city really needs is a large aquarium like that at Brighton, England. San Francisco has a nice one.

—The Centennial exhibition is not elevating the price of butter to the extent that was anticipated. In fact it is much lower than at this time last year.

—If