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

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KNITTING.

"With a blooming maiden sitting,
While she nimbly plies her knitting,
Pleased—I gazed upon her beauty,
While I fill my happy duty,
"Paying out" the zephyr double,
Richly paid for pleasant trouble
Just to watch her nimble fingers,
And her ruby lips where lingers
Many a beauty in her smiling,
All my loving soul beguiling.
Just to feel the wond'rous thrilling,
Of my heart with rapture filling.

While beside the maiden sitting,
"Paying out" while she is knitting,
I am thinking—how our knitting
Is an illustration fitting
Of the real life we're living;
Of the mercies God is giving
In the active world around him.
When to woman—man has bound him,
Then—are love and labor making
All the joys our souls are taking,
His to labor are supplying.
"Paying out" life's thread, and trying
Ever to undo its tangling;
His—to give life's thread and hold it;
Hers—in love to gently mould it
Into forms of use and beauty,
Thus they link their love and duty."

Winnie's Fortune.

The handsome dining-room in the Mayberry mansion was all a-glitter with floods of gaslight and the general glow of the fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks," Mrs. Maybery called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of her head and a smile, almost of contempt, directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower with his handsome half-grown son for a not undesirable encumbrance.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their seven o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate, in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son, and haughty well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door was finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone over their wine and nuts, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no not one—of our set among them, and such a lot of horrid people as you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an every day occurrence—I shall not do it. As to the guests on the list being 'horrid' and 'common' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a common vulger person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing.

She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for twelve o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey, with cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, and all on the table at once. For dessert, pie, cheese and cider, and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

"Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings, almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds and the Masons, and that Thyrsa Green and her lame brother, and that little Wilmington and his granddaughter, and"—

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently:

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine long before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's orphan daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable, although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

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"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?"

The little, wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you would like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folks of the family? Remarkably fine folks, I hear, for all I can remember, when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folks, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline—but somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable overflowing board that cold, blue-skied day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire, "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God, I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if for only one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week,"

"I was speaking of the young woman who"—

Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excuse the boy for admiring her."

"The boy. You seem to forget that your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with and marry—even a poor, unknown girl you were quixotic enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dsmay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

* * * * *

"Grandpa!"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he heard it and looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, droping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him and leaned her hot cheeks caressingly against his, her sweet low voice whispering her answer—

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheeks grow hotter against him.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, my dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So that is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you are sure that it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it is not my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I would have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be contented to tell you how I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

His handsome face turned pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back on him, her own face paling.

"Never mind Ernest, on my account, I can wait too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut between the heavy, frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father, he and I were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in a remarkable short time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubledeyes, that, nevertheless, lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I am glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down.

He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say: "God speed you in your woeing of Winnie Wilmington,"—as it is—for the girl's sake—I disapprove."

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest,—it is a terrible thing to happen at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps, you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be any use, and I'll start the boy for himself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

Wilmington went on.

"I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this. May he, a thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked a very suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable Christian gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

* * * * *

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

How Miss Martineau Began to Write.

It was at the age of nineteen that Harriet Martineau felt the sensation, that is so delightful to most authors, of seeing her first contribution to literature in print. The account of her entrance upon the vocation of an authoress is full of interest. For some years, it seems, she had aspired to this vocation. It happened that her brother James, who was going to leave home for college perceiving that she was far from happy, advised her to turn her attention to some fresh pursuit which would distract and engage her mind, and suggested writing for the press. The very next morning, before six o'clock, she was at her desk composing an article on "Female Writers on Practical Divinity"—a ponderous theme for a girl of nineteen—which, when finished, she sent to a small Unitarian periodical called the *Monthly Repository*. Keeping her design a secret from the family, she carried the article to the postoffice, and awaited with palpitating heart the arrival of the next number of the *Repository*. It came just before service on Sunday morning, and when she turned the sheet her heart "thumped prodigiously" on seeing her article on the page. In the evening her elder brother, by chance, read the article aloud in his family circle, where Harriet was taking tea, praising it as he read. When he had ended it, he turned to her and said:

"'Harriet, what is the matter with you? I never knew you so slow to praise anything before.'"

"I replied in utter confusion:

"'I never could baffle anybody. The truth is, that paper is mine."

"He made no reply, read on in silence, and spoke no more till I was on my feet to come away. He then laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, gravely:

"'Now, dear, leave it to other women to make shirts and darn stockings; and do you devote yourself to this.'"

"I went home," she adds, "in a sort of dream, so that the squares of the pavement seemed to float before my eyes. That evening made me an authoress."

Table Etiquette in England.

English etiquette demands the observance of two rules in connection with dinners which it is the worst possible taste to violate in any country, many delinquents to the contrary notwithstanding. They are that all dinner invitations shall be answered at once—no waiting to see if a pleasanter enjoyment presents itself, and that the guest shall be punctual to the hour specified. That the success of the party depends largely upon these is self-evident.

The next important matter lies with the host or hostess, to settle beforehand the correct precedence and if there is none, to consider which couples best suit each other. There are several methods of arranging the order in which the guests are to go down; one is for the host, before dinner is announced, to introduce each gentleman to the lady, whom he is to take to dinner; but this has its inconveniences, and the wiser plan is thought to be for the hostess to despatch the guests herself when the host has given his arm to the lady he takes down. Once arrived in the dining-room, the host should tell each couple as they appear where they are to sit. An experienced hostess always takes special care not to seat husbands and wives opposite each other.

One thing should never be forgotten. Every gentleman must place the lady he escorts on his right hand. He should always, when desired to take her to dinner, offer his right arm. Ladies and gentlemen enter the room singly, not arm-in-arm, and the ladies retain their gloves until they are seated, putting them on again before leaving the dining-room.

—The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge are now the only field marshals in the British army.

Stereotyping.

This art as most of our readers are aware, consists in producing, by a rapid process of metal casting, counterparts of the type forms set up by hand by the compositors, and with the work of bringing this art to the pitch of perfection to which it has attained in the present day the name of Walter is honorably associated. The invention of stereotyping dates back to about the year 1785, and is generally attributed to William Ged, a goldsmith of Edinburgh. His process, still used for certain classes of work, is known as the stucco process, stucco being the material used to take the impression from the type and from the matrix. The stucco is poured on to the face of the page of type in liquid form, and hardens in cooling. As, however, the stucco matrix cannot be bent into semi-circular form, it is useless for cylinder printing and for newspaper work has been entirely superseded by the *papier-mache* process, which, though not invented, has been chiefly developed and perfected in the *Times* office. It was first taken in hand there—being at that time a recent and crude invention—during the period of the Crimean war, when with all previous known appliances, it was found impossible to complete the daily publication of the great journal before nine or ten o'clock in the morning. In the able hands of the engineers and mechanics of the establishment, a series of experiments, and step by step improvements, gradually led up to the admirably simple, rapid, and effective method used to supply cylindrical stereotype plates for the Walter press, and of this a brief description may be given. The "form" of type as set up by the compositor is oiled by means of a flannel covered roller; a wet sheet, consisting of several thicknesses of soft paper carefully pasted together, is then laid on the oiled face and covered with a blanket. The form thus covered is passed under rollers, which by their pressure force the face of the type in the paper in such a way as to make it a perfect mold or matrix of the form. Another sheet of paper is then pasted upon the back of the mold to strengthen it, and the form with the soft paper still upon it, is placed upon a hot plate covered with several folds of dry blanketing, and a press screwed down on the top. In the space of two or three minutes the drying process is completed, and the mold lifts clearly off. The edges are then trimmed, and the *papier-mache* matrix, pliant enough to be bent into a complete circle if need were, is laid face upward in a semi-circular casting box having a core of the exact diameter of the impression cylinder of the press. Metal just hot enough to run, and so composed as to solidify rapidly, is poured into the mould, and on drawing the core a semi-circular casting of the page of type is upon it. A sharp tap or two brings it off, and it is then put under an ingeniously constructed circular saw, which cuts off the overflow metal gathered at the edges. It is next dipped in water to accelerate the cooling and harden it a little, and then fixed in a small double tooled lathe, a few revolutions of which finish the trimming of the edges, and cut the ledges, which are necessary to keep the "dogs" by which it is held in place on the impression cylinder "flush" with the surface. From this lathe the plate passes to a revolving planing machine made to fit it. In this it is placed face downward so that the inside of the plate is presented to the cutting tool by which it is "trued" so as to insure its having a dead bearing on the impression cylinder, for being placed on which it is now ready. Describing in words, this process may perhaps seem somewhat complicated, but in practice it is extremely simple; and how speedy it is our readers may judge for themselves when we tell them that in the *Times* office the production of a plate from first to last is the work of only eight minutes. A practically unlimited number of plates can be cast from a single matrix, and by keeping it, reprints can at any time be made without the trouble, expense, or delay of again setting up type. In conclusion, as bearing on the question of economy, we may point out that the plates, after doing their work for the day, are melted up again and recast, so that the same metal may be in use all the year round.—*Good Words.*

A Singular Charity.

It may be thought a singular purpose of charity to provide for the "marriage of poor maids," and one that would accomplish but little in a field where the objects would be so numerous; nevertheless, the benevolent designs of men have been turned in that channel, as well as in other various directions mentioned in the statute. By the will of Mr. Henry Raine, a wealthy London brewer, a fund was established for just such a durpose.

Among the notable charitable institutions of London there is none more novel in inception, or unique in management, than Raine's Asylum, established by him, in 1736, for clothing, educating, and properly training for domestic service forty young girls, taken from a lower school previously established by him. On arriving at the age of twenty two, any girl who has been educated at the asylum, and who can produce satisfactory testimonials of her conduct while in service, may become a candidate for a marriage portion of £100, for which six girls are allowed to draw twice in each year—on the first of May and the fifth of November. The drawing is in this manner:—The treasurer, in compliance with the explicit directions of Mr. Raine, takes a half-sheet of white paper and writes thereon "one hundred pounds." Next, he takes as many blank sheets as, with the one written on will correspond with the number of candidates present. Each of these half-sheets is wrapped tightly round a little roller of wood, tied with a narrow green ribbon, the knot of which is firmly sealed. The rolls are then formally deposited in a large canister placed upon a small table in the centre of the room. This being done, the candidates, one at a time, advance toward the canister, each drawing therefrom one of the rolls. When all have drawn, they proceed to the chairwoman, who cuts the ribbon which secures each roll, and bids the candidate unfold the various papers. There is no need to ask them which of them has gained the prize—the sparkling eyes of the fortunate "hundred pound girl" reveal the secret more quickly than it could be spoken by the lips. The portion drawn in May is given after a wedding on the fifth of November, the November portion being given in like mannor on May day.

Defences of Constantinople.

The great importance of the Eastern question rests entirely upon the fear that Constantinople may fall into the hands of Russia. No other great power covets its possession; with Russia the desire to obtain this great key to the East is traditionary. Both to England and to Austria the occupation of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles by Russia would be of paramount interest. Nor is it possible to suppose that either of these nations would consent to such an occupation except as the result of a long and unsuccessful war. It is for this reason that they wish for the improvement of Turkey rather than for her destruction, whilst Russian interests induce that country to hasten in every way the decadence of the Ottoman Empire. Constantinople and its approaches being the great prize which is much coveted, it naturally follows that if this important position could be made so secure that a Russian occupation were impossible, a great political as well as military problem would have been solved. The superiority of the Turkish fleet and the works of defence erected in the Bosphorus and Dardanelles have prevented the possibility of a Muscovite capture of Constantinople by a sea attack. It, therefore, only becomes necessary to strengthen the land approaches to make Constantinople practically impregnable. And this could easily be accomplished. The Bosphorus can only be approached from the north by a narrow strip of land, in some places only 23 miles wide. If a line of works were erected across this strip, with its right resting on the Black Sea, and its left on the Sea of Marmora, Constantinople would be secure. An admirable position exists which is so aided by natural obstacles as to reduce the front to be defended to between 17 and 18 miles. But can Constantinople be reached by a Russian army acting from the Caucasus and marching through Asia Minor? From the Caucasus to Constantinople by road is upwards of nine hundred miles. There are no roads for artillery, and the country offers every difficulty relative to the maintenance of supplies. The flank and rear of an army so advancing would be exposed to attack by any power in command of the Black Sea. Finally the approach to Constantinople is also by a narrow neck of land only 26 miles in width and there would be ample time to erect a line of works extending from the Gulf of Ismidt to the Black Sea, and so blocking an advance from Asia Minor. Thus the line of works proposed by making the position of Constantinople practically impregnable to a Russian attack, would settle in a good degree that Eastern questions which now offers such serious difficulties and dangers.—*Levant Herald.*

"Miss Grundy."

I don't think I ever wrote about Miss Grundy in the News and I want to do so now. She is a medium-sized compact lady, much given to emphatic colors in dress and punning witticisms in letters. As a correspondent I believe she holds her own better than any of the other ladies. She is not spasmodic and never ridicules. She don't care much about fine writing, but in the description of society events she is clearly the most entertaining, and seldom makes a mistake. She works like a woman of intense practicability, and I don't think would scream at a mouse. I rather think she'd sit down on it. She writes very rapidly, and so accurately that a revision is seldom worth while. Her writing is exceedingly English, devoid of "horrid" adjectives and seldom as weak as the subjects which perforce she is driven to take up. She has the entree to the upper circles and is very much liked by all. Occasionally she goes for some with a whip, snapping with stinging facts and language not easily poohpoohed. Her wit is not of the blue stocking order, bearing traces of paraphrasing, nor does it smack of old medical almanacs circulated before you and I were born, and hence out of our memories. She's an honest writer, not argumentative but assertive, free and unimpeded by half-evolved lack of understanding. She lives very quietly with her mother in modest rooms surrounded by books of decided worth and comfort, all the more enjoyed because well earned. Her motehr is a lady of great refinement. Her letters over the signature of "Fay," in the Louisville Commercial, show rare culture and purity of taste quite out of the daily press. She is devoted to her daughter, and by mutual assistance each performs much of the best work that leaves this city by correspondence. Miss Grundy's name is Austine Snead, and she comes of a fine Kentucky family.

Night Workers.

Rats live their active lives in the night; when sunlight comes they fly away to their holes, there to sleep until twilight comes again, when they resume the occupation of insect killing. The female bat has rather a hard time of it, as she is the nest and the food of her young until they are themselves able to fly. Often have I seen a female bat, with her young ones clinging to her breast, flying about in search of food; and the young ones were not so small either. How else could they get along? The old ones make no nest; if they wanted to ever so much they could not, and the chances are that, from their wandering habits, they spend the day in one place, and the next in another two or three miles' distant, just as they happen to be when day overtakes them, and if they left their young behind them, their exact locality might be forgotten. When the young ones are able to shift for themselves the mother's life is easier, and until winter comes to kill their insect food, she lives luxuriously. Then, when all nature is prepared to put on the livery of winter, bats, instead of leaving the scenes where they had passed the summer, repair to their haunts in the caves and walls, and hanging by their hind feet in little groups of five or six together, pass the dreary season in one unbroken sleep.

A word once spoken, a dozen hors s cannot overtake it and bring it back.

Seeking a Wife.

Well, the formalities were duly dispensed with, and I find myself invested with the property of my late respected uncle—all regular. And now, if I choose, I can set up an establishment, and keep it up in good style. But I never fancied a bachelor's hall, and where is the pretty Beatrice to make me a Benedict?"

So ran George Herbert's soliloquy as he walked home from his office one evening soon after he had become the "heir of his uncle."

"I declare," he continued, as he settled into a solitary corner in a half empty car, "I would marry at once if I could find a genuine girl. But how can a fellow trust those be-flounced and be flummeried doll-babies whom he never sees any other way. If I could only catch some of them out of 'company attire,' and know just what they are at home-wonder if I couldn't? I believe I have a plan for it! I'll think a night on it, and who knows what may happen?"

What did happen was that Mr. George set out at a very unfashionable hour next morning to call upon some of his friends.

It was so early an hour that he knew they would not be expecting him or ready to receive him, and that was just what he wanted.

His first call was upon Miss Lulu Granger, where only the night before he had spent so delightful an evening, admiring Miss Lulu's faultless toilet and soft sweet voice until a late hour.

A servant who was sweeping the front steps told him Miss Granger was in, and as the door stood open, George stepped unceremoniously in, too, and walked into the front parlor.

The heavy curtains were drawn, making the elegant room somewhat dark, but the back parlor was wide open and George saw a vision.

Miss Lulu, her hair twisted upon the top of her head about the size and shape of a peeled onion, her fair forehead adorned with several little paper horns, her pretty person arrayed in a soiled frayed wrapper, without belt or collar, and her pretty feet in slippers decidedly shocking, was tossing over some shining silks, in consultation with a plain little body, whom George guessed at once to be her dress-maker.

Their backs were partly towards him so they did not see him, and, quickly turning, George beat a hasty retreat, saying to himself as he ran down the steps—

"The Fates portend! If I had to live with a sloven, I should run away! Farewell, Miss Lulu! I'll go to Belle Dorsey's

At Miss Dorsey's the door was ajar but George was about ringing the bell when the sound of voices within arrested him.

It was Belle herself, vociferously scolding a little sister, and George heard the sound of a smart slap, followed by a child's sobbing, and the words, in Belle's own tone—

"There, you meddlesome little beast take that! I'll teach you to let my things alone, if I break your miserable little neck for it!"

George did not ring, but beat a retreat even quicker than he had from Miss Granger's saying to himself—

"Cupid save us! A scold is worse than a sloven! I should take to drink if I had to live with her! I believe I'll try Miss Baldwin next."

Just as he reached Miss Baldwin's door, her little seven year old brother came bounding out, ready for shool, and George asked him if his sister Josie was in.

"I suppose you're Josie's young man ain't you?" said the boy. "Lord, yes, she's in. She's in bed, and will be these five hours. Josie never gets up till dinner time. Mother scolds her for layin' abed to read them French books o' hers, but it won't do no good. Maybe though if I tell her you're here, she'll get up. Shall I?"

"No, I'll call again. You needn't say I was here, and there's a shilling to buy some cakes with."

And as George walked away he burst into a laugh, saying—

"Bless me, but this gets interesting. Three angels tumbled to clay in one morning, and it not half gone either. Farewell, Miss Lulu. Good-bye, Miss Belle. Pleasant dreams, Miss Josie. Now, I'll make one more call on Nettie Hayes, and if she turns out a fright or a fury, or a lounger, I'll go home and be an old bachelor to the end of my days. So hear me, oh ye gods and fishes—Cupid and Hymen into the bargain."

With which ferocious oath George bent his steps to the Hayes dwelling and rang the bell.

He rang twice, but no answer came, and then he knocked, still without success.

"Nobody at home," was his verdict at last, when he turned to go, when the notes of a song floated to his ear.

He paused to listen.

It was the voice of Nettie Hayes, for he had heard her sing the same song often, and it seemed to come from the back part of the house.

"I'm determined to see her," quoth Mr. George.

With valiant ardor he followed the sound, till it led him to a long, latticed porch behind the house. He mounted the steps and beheld Nettie Hayes in a calico dress, and a white apron, her pretty hair falling in a simple, close knot, her sleeves pinned back from her pretty round arms, her soft hands flying busily, and her sweet voice singing merrily, over a huge ironing table, with a well-filled clothes basket beside her.

"Good morning, Miss Nettie," said George close beside her, with his hat lifted.

Nettie started, and nearly dropped her iron.

"Why, Mr. Herbert, did you drop from the clouds?' she asked, blushing and smiling in pretty confusion.

"No, I came the legitimate way, by the front door, but neither ring nor knock could rouse you, so I took the liberty of coming round.

"I could not hear the bell," said Nettie, and you might have knocked a half a day without anyone hearing it. Our girl is sick, and ma and I have the work to do for a day or so till she gets better, so I'm helping with the ironing to-day, you see. Come in the house Mr. Herbert, and I'll make myself as entertaining as I can.

"You could not be more so than you are! cried George, ardently. "But don't tempt me to come in, for I would be sure to interrupt your work too long. I came so very early, just to ask if you would like to attend Patti's last concert to night? There is a very attractive programme, and I should like to enjoy it with you. Will you go?

"With great pleasure," replied Nettie. "I was wishing this morning to go, but did not think I could, because papa is out of town, and I could not go alone."

"Then I am doubly glad I thought of it," returned George, "I will call early, so that we can secure good seats. And now I will wish you good morning Miss Nettie, and not interrupt you any longer."

Declining her second invitation into the house, George touched his hat and hurried away with a very light heart.

"Pure gold found once," he mused, as he walked in the direction of his office. "Sweet, neat, and industrious. Pretty as a pink, I always thought.

A lady every inch, and a good little girl, not afraid or ashamed to be seen at work, as I have just found out. What more can a man ask? He needs no more, I'm sure, so, Miss Nettie Hayes, if you don't become the mistress of the handsome mansion in Belgravia, it won't be for the want of the asking, I'll warrant."

Whether the 'asking' was done as they went to or came from the concert that night, I can't say, as I did not go, but if not then it was soon after, for in three months there was a wedding and pretty Nettie became Mrs. George Herbert.

Miss Lulu, Miss Dorsey and Miss Baldwin were all invited, and were there, lovely as angels, though they did wonder at George Herbert's bad taste in taking that baby-faced little girl, when he might have had any of them for the asking.

And George never explained.

Maternal Affection.

Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose just bursting into beauty has an irresistible bewitchness; the blooming bride led triumphantly to the hymeneal altar awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight; but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these.

Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

These are objects which neither the pen nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture: it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks round in vain for such another object on earth.

Maternity, estatic sound; so twined round our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we forget! 'Tis our first love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to it in manhood; we almost worship it in old age.

He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty — nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence without thinking that "of such is the Kingdom of heaven!" or see the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath lest she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the dersert.

Tricks of Artful Dodgers.

The police in London are smart, but notwithstanding their smartness, the problems, What has become of the Countess of Dudley's jewels? and Who took the missing Gainsborough? are still unsolved. In the case of the jewels, they were stolen out of the maid's arms as she held them in a box at a railway depot. The theory now is, that whoever snatched them hurriedly pushed the box into an empty railway car and then returned and took them away leisurely an hour or two afterward when the excitement, searching, &c., were over. The Gainsborough picture was cut from its frame on the very day of its sale for 10,000 guineas. It was locked up in a strong building in that locality, Bond street, before which policeman were patrolling all night. Another audacious robbery took place the other day in broad daylight at a railway station. A certain member of Parliament—an earl—arrived at a provincial railway station and found he had half an hour to wait. He strolled about the depot leisurely, but spoke to no one, and no one came near him, so far as he knows. As he was about to enter the train, a gentleman sitting inside said to him, "Have you not broken your watch-chain? I see it hanging." The chain had been cut, the watch stolen!

A lawyer told me that on one occasion when he had a thief for a client, he asked him to show him, to satisfy his curiosity, how he had done this very same thing, which was then creating great discussion in the community. But before he had finished speaking, the thief smilingly showed his learned counsel his watch which he had abstracted as desired; and when the lawyer expressed astonishment at such marvellous dexterity and laid his hand on his vest pocket in suprise, he found his watch was back again, safe and sound. The redoubtable Maskelyne himself would not be ashamed of such a neat bit of sleight of hand as this. Speaking of that celebrated conjurer, let me mention that this week he has offered some improvements in the already wonderful cabinet trick invented by the Davenport brothers. Maskelyne now causes Cooke (his partner) to be tied up alone in the cabinet, thus exploding the theory that the two help each other to untie the fisherman's net, which is sewn up and then examined by a vigilance committee from the audience; also is whipcord used for lashing the wrists and ankles, as being more difficult to untie than rope; and still, in spite of this, the cabinet doors are barely closed before hands appear, banjos and guitars are played, and trumpets blown; and when the doors are frantically opened there sits Cooke, quite calm and secured as firmly as when first tied up in his net. Still the great feature of this entertainment is the wonderful automatic card-player, Psycho. Professor Pepper, of "ghost" renown, has invented something of this kind which I hear is almost as marvellous as Maskelyne's. But both are surpassed by a new Paris invention, if it has not been overlauded. We hear that a smart Parisian has invented an automaton which gives a sensible reply to any question asked it, and in every case makes the response appropriate. We shall see this thing in its full perfection at the approaching Exhibition in Paris. And yet the inventor has not had time to construct a figure in human shape for his automaton talker and at present the replies come from a box, a small trunk full of the wires and wheels of an intricate machinery, which only makes the performance seem more strange and ghastly.—*Olive Logan.*

Chinese Finger Nails.

The custom of wearing long finger nails obtains among the aristocracy of parts of China and Siam. The disfigurement is supposed to add to the importance of the individual, as it is evident that the wearer can not do any work, and must, therefore, be a person of elegant leisure, backed by a fortune corresponding to the length of his nails. The hand of an Annamite dandy has nails four or five inches in length. The thumb-nail has a characteristic shape, and that of the first finger is cut short to enable the person to pick up small objects. Whithout this slight alteration the hands would be nearly useless. Nails of still greater enormity may be seen. They are said to have attained the extraordinary length of thirteen inches, and in this instance the nail of the first finger is not entirely cut off.

About Watches.

In 1571 Queen Elizabeth received from Leicester, as a New Year's gift, "one armlet of shackell of gold all fairly garnished with rabies and diamonds having in the closing thereof a clock."

The first watches may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement the substitution of springs for weights was in 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate; it had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead."

A wooden watch was recently made by Victor Doriat of Bristol. The case is made of brier-root, and the inside works, all except three of the wheels and the springs, are of box-wood. It is an open faced watch with a glass crystal, and is an elegant piece of workmanship, displaying wonderful talent in the maker. It does not weigh more than an ounce. It is said the watch keeps good time.

Early watches had only one hand, and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in the twelve hours. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of $1,600 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.

There is a watch in a Swiss museum only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, inserted in the top of a pencil case. Its little dial not only indicates hours, minutes and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were inserted in snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, breastpins and finger-rings. Some were fantastic—oval, octangular, cruciform, or in the shape of pearls, melons, tulips, etc.

In the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg there is a watch about the size of an egg, and is said to have been made by a Russian peasant. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance, and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and a chant is heard.

Touch watches—watches by which the time can be felt instead of seen—have been frequently made for the use of the blind. The hour marks on such are generally raised studs, or pins, which can readily be recognized by passing the finger over the dial; their position with respect to the pendant being quite sufficient to indicate the hour they represent to digits as sensitive as those of blind people generally are. They are not only of use to blind people, but to all who wish to know the time at night.

In 1840 a watch was presented to the Academy of Science at Paris constructed principally of rock crystals. It was made by M. Rebellier, and is small in size; the works are visible; the two teethed wheels which carry the hands are rock crystal, and the other wheels are metal. All the screws are fixed in the crystal and all the axles turn on rubies. The escapement is of sapphire, the balance wheel of rock crystal. The watch is an excellent time-keeper, which is attributed by the maker to the feeble expansion of the rock crystal in the balance wheel, etc. —*Troy Times.*

Things to Treasure.

Accumulations of knowledge and experience of the most valuable kind are the result of little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up. Those who learn nothing, or accumulate nothing in life, are set down as failures, because they have neglected little things. They may themselves consider that the world has gone against them; but, in fact, they have been their own enemies. There has long been a popular belief in "good luck;" but like many other notions, it is gradually giving way. The conviction is extending that diligence is the mother of good luck; in other words, that a man's success in life will be proportionate to his efforts, to his industry to his attention to small things. Your negligent, shiftless, loose fellows never meet with luck, because the results of industry are denied to those who will not make the proper effort to secure hem.