Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

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

VOL. XXXI. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1877. NO. 24.

THE WEB OF YEARS.

From out the loom of time the years
Unroll a fabric all must wear;
The wool of joy and warp of tears
Are spun by moving hopes and fears,
And pressed by weighty rolling care.

What measure unto each is given?
A span may guage the greatest part,
And yet the least from earth to heaven
Do reach, as in the quiet even [hearts,
Short prayers sent up from children's

The web too quickly for us all
Is wove, while pass the shuttles fleet,
And when the threads have ceased to fall,
Death throws it o'er us as our pall,
Or round us as our winding-sheet.

ELIZABETH'S NECKLACE.

BY LIZZIE M. MULHERN.

Elizabeth Caverly stood leaning listlessly against the window, her clear gray eyes resting on the green fields and sunny meadows before her.

"Elizabeth!"

"What is it, Warena? You look excited."

"Oh, Elizabeth, think of it. Old Aunt Kate is dead, and you—you, Elizabeth Caverly, are her heiress. Heiress of house and land, and all her grand old jewelry. How I envy you, *ma belle*. No I don't either, only I am wild with delight."

"Delight over the death of a poor old lady, who was always kind to us."

Warena's face sobered.

"No," she said, "only glad you are her heiress."

"Yes. I suppose that is all."

"You will go away to-morrow, Elizabeth, to be in time for the funeral, and to take possession of your new home."

"And you, little cousin are to take possession of it along with me."

"No, Elizabeth, I will still live with grandma.

A few minutes afterward Elizabeth was wandering down through the sunny meadows, past the drooping laburnum trees, till she stood in a pretty, leaf-sheltered glade. A young man, tall, dark, handsome and sunbrowned, stood leaning against a tree.

"Have I kept you waiting long, John?" she said.

"Not very. Only long enough to make it impossible for us to finish 'Elaine' this evening."

"I am afraid we will not finish it at all," she said a faint rosefush staining her cheeks, "for John, Aunt Kate is dead, and I am her heiress."

The man's face grew very pale.

"Then you are very w y, Elizabeth, and of course the humble home where you have spent your life will be your home no longer?"

"No," she answered, half sadly, "I leave it to-morrow. I have to be at the funeral. I will have to bid you farewell, John."

"You are going away to another life entirely, Elizabeth, a life so different from ours, we can scarcely understand it."

"So I believe."

"And you can say farewell so calmly, Oh! Elizabeth, the dream of my life is past."

"Is it?" she said slowly.

"Yes," he answered, "for you are one of the wealthiest heiresses in the country, and I am simply—John Flowers. I bid you and my dream good-bye together. Good-bye Elizabeth."

"Good-bye," she answered, laying her hand in his and looking up into his face, and then she turned slowly away, her face pale, her eyes glowing,

"If he loves me he will tell me so of his own accord, for I will give no sign," she said.

One year later John Flowers lay dreaming in the sheltered glade where he had parted from Elizabeth Caverly. He was dreaming of her, the woman he loved, the fair, proud woman, who was more to him than all else on earth. He had loved her from the time when she had been a tiny child with curly hair and big gray eyes, and could he cease to love her then, when she was the fairest woman his eyes had ever rested on? In a few hours he would see her, for she was down at her old home, and she had sent for him, sent for her old playmate to come and see her.

She had come down to the old homestead pale and a little sorrowful looking.

"Are you not happy, Elizabeth?" Warena asked, though wondering how she could be otherwise.

"I scarcely know, Warrie;" then after a pause, "I have felt happier in my life than I do now."

Warena opened her eyes.

"Warrie," Elizabeth said, "do you remember the amethyst necklace Aunt Kate prized so highly?"

"Yes; the old-fashioned thing with the legend attached to it. The necklace lost and found so many times?"

"Yes. Well, it is lost again—stolen."

"Stolen?"

"Yes, along with some other jewelry. It is said when it is lost it will be found, and the finder will bring either happiness or misery to its owner."

"Such nonsense!"

"If you believe Aunt Kate, it was lost many times, and not only was it found, but the legend verified on all occasions."

Just then John Flowers entered. Elizabeth met him with her cold, sweet smile, and laid her white hand in his.

She looked so beautiful then, that he felt his pulse leap beneath the touch of her hand.

"Why do you come Elizabeth?" he said, scarcely knowing what he did say. "Why did you send for me, when I was struggling to forget you. Are all women the same; do they delight in the pain a man suffers for her sake. I would not have believed"——

Elizabeth turned coldly away, a half angry light in her eyes. She knew he loved her, but she was far too proud to let him know how little wealth and position were to his love; far too proud to let him see how willing she was to come down from her high estate and become a farmer's wife.

"If my love is not worth asking for," she murmured to herself, "it is not worth bestowing."

It was late that night when John Flowers left for his own home. It was quite a little distance, but there was an old, unfrequented road, by which he could go in a much shorter time than by keeping to the main road. He turned his horse in that direction, and rode leisurely along thinking of Elizabeth.

"My love for her grows deeper day by day, and hour after hour. But she was glad to see me to-day. I saw the welcoming light in her eyes. Oh! my love"——

Just then two men confronted him.

"We want your horse," said the foremost, "and we have no objection to any loose cash you have around you.

For answer John leaped off his horse, and dashing the pistol which one man held, to the ground, closed with him. The other man lifted the pistol and fired.

A low cry came from John's lips, his clasp on the ruffian loosened, and he fell to the ground, and there he lay, senseless, his arm shattered, and an amethyst necklace lay glittering at his feet.

It was not long till consciousness returned to him, and of course his eyes rested on the necklace dropped by one of the robbers, no doubt. He lifted it up and put it in his pocket, and then almost faint with pain, he made his way to the nearest house.

A few days later he lay tossing in a brain fever, for a ball had entered his shoulder as well as the one that shattered his arm, and Elizabeth Caverly knelt beside his couch. It was pitiful to hear him call her name.

"Elizabeth!" he cried. "Oh! my darling, why did you leave me? Wealth came between us, my love, for would I ask you to be mine when riches came to you, when I had been silent before. But I was waiting, yes, I was waiting, and, my love, I waited too long," and the girl who loved him so well, laid her proud head on the side of the couch beside the crazed man.

"Must my wealth stand between us forever?" she cried.

One month later he was himself again, pale and grave, but proud and self-willed as of old.

Elizabeth Caverly sat in the old leaf-shaded dell, a few days before she was to leave for her home. She looked pale and weary, and she had come to bid farewell to the old spot. She was going back to her stately home never to return.

"Elizabeth!"

She rose to her feet, for John Flowers stood before her, and something glittered in his hand.

"My amethyst necklace!" she said her face paling, then flushing, as she remembered the old story connected with it.

The finding of it would bring happiness or misery to its owner. Which would it bring her?

"Yes," he said, laying them in her hand, his eyes on her face. "You are going away again—going away to happiness, I hope, for I have heard the story of the necklace; and God forbid that anything but happiness should be yours. I have tried to forget you, Elizabeth, but I have loved"——

He stopped short.

No. She was wealthy and high, and she might misjudge him. Anything was better than that.

Suddenly she laid her hand on his arm.

"I am not going away to happiness," she said, slowly; "I am leaving happiness behind me, but the old legend will be fulfilled."

"Elizabeth!"

She smiled softly, and raised her eyes to his.

"Do not trifle with me," he said, "but tell me, do you mean you love me, and are willing to be my wife. Do you mean this, Elizabeth?"

"I have loved you all my life," she said, as he folded her in his arms, and kissed her sweet, red lips.

Three month later, when Elizabeth Caverly knelt in her bridal robes, and rose Elizabeth Flowers, an amethyst necklace glittered round her white throat.

Errors of Newspapers.

A Western school master, says the *Printers' Circular*, in order to sharpen the wits of his pupils, set them to work for half an hour each day to search for errors in the newspapers which the pedagogue habitually read himself. There is no fault to be found with this method of developing the youthful mind. Not a few errors were discovered, and the teacher jumped to the conclusion that editors and printers were ignorant of the very rudiments of their callings; and he was not by any means the first individual who pronounced a similar verdict on the same slender evidence. It is a thousand pities that some of the people who pass such sharp and sweeping snap judgements could not be induced to take charge of a daily or weekly journal, just for one issue; they would have no desire to try their hands at a second number, for they would discover that the making of a newspaper is about the most difficult and complicated work in the world. They would be brought face to face with a formidable mass of matter to be gleaned in as many minutes as they would desire days; they would be compelled to write on topics as widely dissimilar as possible; at a moment's notice; consult the best authorities, and with an unerring certainty to know where to find them. Diffuse accounts of important intelligence would come streaming in upon them for condensation at the last moments. Their handwriting would become hurried and illegiable, to the despair of the compositors, who are frequently compelled to put into type so few lines of copy at a time having not the remotest idea what they are thus translating, and depending for accuracy solely on their trained power to decipher illegible writing with their eyes, while mechanically picking up types with their fingers.

That the critical typo would become utterly bewildered, and in despair abandon his task before it was half completed, is reasonably certain. And we may also rest assured that one and all of the captious critics that undertook the labor of setting journals to rights would arrive at the sensible conclusion that the wonder is not that there are so many, but so very few mistakes in the newspapers.

The Use of Terra Cotta Vases

In building appeared for the first time in the reign of Gordiano, and not in any preceeding construction. Winkleman writes that these vases or urns of terra cotta were placed with the mouths upward; then they were filled and surrounded with little stones and lime. Winkleman also writes that Aristotle told of vases and urns of terra cotta being used in the construction of rooms and halls for acoustic advantages to make the voice sound stronger. I remember, when I was at Ravenna, having my attention directed, by reading in Agincourt, about that time, to the construction of the cupola of San Vitale,, in that city, a work of Chistian times, of the sixth century, the period of Justinian. That cupola is made entirely of empty terra cotta tubes placed horizontally; one enters another; they are fitted with such exactitude and proportion that they obtain light weight and great strength for the cupola. D'Agincourt also gives an account, with illustrations, of the vaults of the Roman Church of St. Stefano Rotondo, on the Celian, in which are those terrible martyr pictures of Pomerancio. In in these vaults earthen tubes are also used, but placed perpendicularly.

This use of terra cotta vases and the finding of them among ruins, led them in the sixteenth century to believe that they had been pots of treasure hidden away by the Goths in the ground. In that period there was little understood either about Goths or Roman history. There was a great rage for treasure seeking; the common people dug about for pots of money, and the nobles for statues, coins and medals; and in their blind, careless excavations they did as much injury to the ruins as the invaders of the middle ages. In the interesting "Memorie of Flaminins Vacca," written 1594, he says, "Many years ago went to look up some antiquities, I found myself outside "Porta Bastiana" (Sebastiano), "at Capo di Bove" (Cecila Metella, so called at time because of the ornaments and figures on the frieze). "To shelter myself from a shower I went into an Osteriolo" (inn). While waiting I talked with the host. He told me that some months previous a man came in to warm himself; he returned in the evening with three other men; they ordered a supper, which they ate in silence, then went away. This they did six nights consecutively. The host suspected them of some evil design; so one night he followed them; it was moonlight; he saw them enter the subterraneans of the circus of the Caracalla" (Romulus).

The following morning the innkeeper informed the court. An examination was immediately made of the place. A great deal of freshly upturned earth was found, also a deep cave, in which were many broken terra cotta vases. "I being near the place," continues Vacca, "went there, saw the freshly turned up earth, and the bowls of broearthen vases, like large vettine (water pipes). These were probably Goths, who, from some ancient information they possessed, went there to gather treasures."

Adornment of Home.

Money which goes to buy a picture, statuette, or tasteful bracket for adornment, is all wisely spent. If young people just starting in life, after having secured the few articles of furniture that must be had, and made sure that they are what they ought to have, and if they have some money left to get a picture, an engraving, or a cast, they ought to work to get this cast, they ought to work to supply this want as seriously as the other, which seems more necessary, but which is in reallity not a bit more necessary. The general character of a home will make a great difference to the children who grow up in it, and to all whose experience is associated with it, whether it be a beautiful and a cheerful one, or a merely formal and conventional one. The relation of these things to education is all that gives dignity or poetry to the subject, or makes it allowable for a reasonable man to give much thought to it. But it has a real relation to life, and plays an important part in education, and deserves to be thought about a good deal more than it is. Seeming trifles like this make life either happy or miserable.

The Rarer Metals.

It is stated that four hundred years ago but seven metals had been discovered, while we are now acquainted with the existence of fifty-one, thirty of which, nearly three-fifths, have been made known to us since the beginning of the present century. The properties of the commoner metals are so generally known, that a statement of them would be almost superfluous; but as we are always interested in what is strange, and frequently of no practical use, we may give a brief account of the rarer of these unfamiliar substances.

Cadmium is a white, malleable and ductile metal resembling tin. Its sulphide, known a scadmium yellow, is of a very bright color and has other qualities of great value to artists. The metal itself seems to b of little use.

Calcium is a yellow, ductile and malleable metal, softer than gold. At a red heat it burns with a dazzling white light.

Erbium is a very rare metal at present and seems to resemble aluminium in its properties and compounds.

Glucinum is a white, malleable and moderately fusible metal, also resembling aluminium.

Iridium is a very hard, white, brittle, and infusible metal; when pure it is never acted upon by any acid. The uses to which this metal can be applied seem to increase rapidly as it is becoming more common.

Lithium is a metal resembling silver in color. It admits of being drawn out into wire, but has very little tenacity. It is remarkable for its extreme lightness and the readiness with which it is acted upon by oxygen.

Molybdenum is a silvery-white, brittle and infusible metal. It never occurs native, and neither it nor its compounds seem to be of much pratical use.

Osmium is chiefly remarkable for its high specific gravity and infusibility.

Palladium closely resembles platinum in its properties. An alloy of 20 per cent. of this metal and 80 per cent. of gold is perfectly white, very hard and not tarnished by exposure. This makes it admirably adapted for scales for astronomical instruments, but its high price at present prevents its general use.

Rhodium is a white, very hard and infusible metal. It is said that a small quantity of rhodium greatly improves steel. As it costs considerably more than osmium, the uses to which it is applied are very limited.

Ruthenium in everything except specific gravity resembles iridium. It is rare and of little practical value.

Strontium is a yellowish, ductile and malleable metal; burns in the air with a crimson flame.

Thallium is a very soft and malleable metal. It is not very rare, but seems to be of very little use.

Thorium is an extremely rare metal, remarkable for its property of taking fire below red heat, and burning with great brilliancy. Neither the metal nor its compounds are of any practical use, but its oxide is of interest for its high specific gravity of 9. 4.

Titanium is a very rare metal, usually obtained in the crystalline form. It can be produced also as a heavy iron-gray powder. The crystals are copper colored and of extreme hardness.

Tungsten is a hard, iron-gray metal, very difficult of fusion. An alloy of 10 per cent. of this metal and 90 per cent. of steel is of extreme hardness. Both the metal and its compounds have proved of value.

Uranium is a very heavy and hard but moderately malleable metal, resembling nickle and iron; but for its rarity it would be of considerable use, as it is unaltered at ordinary temperatures by air or water.

Vanadium is present in very minute quantities in nearly all clays. It is, as now produced, a brilliant powder.

Rubidium and caesium so closely resembles platinum that no ordinary test will distinguish which metal is present.

Indium is very soft, malleable and fusible; marks paper like lead.

Barium, cerium, columbium, (or niobium), didymium, lanthanium, tantalum, terbium, yttrium and zirconium are all rare metals. Their properties are not very well known.

The discovery of a new metal called gallium has been announced recently, but we believe it has not been isolated. —*New York Mercantile Journal.*

Lessons in Politeness.

According to the author of *La Politesse Francaise*, a work recently published in Paris, a gentleman, when he gives his hand to a friend, must press his friend's hand but not shake it. If he is about to shake hands with a peasant he must present his hand ungloved or the peasant will consider himself insulted. If he is about to shake hands with a lady he must keep his gloves on. When he offers to conduct a lady to the piano he must, in taking her hand, half close his own. In dancing with a lady he must "not permit himself" to squeeze her hand; and he must, if he wishes to show himself a true gentleman—or, at least, "un veritable gentleman"—spend 18,000f., or $3,500, a year on his gloves. A gentleman who spent this much a year on his gloves, of various kinds and colors, would probably, if only for the sake of consistency, treat himself every day to at least one new hat. All, however, that we are told on the subject is that a gentleman's hat should always be "bright and brilliant." A gentleman never altogether separates himself from his hat, though it is not etiquette to wear it in a room. In the street, on meeting an equal of his own sex, he takes it off for a moment. On meeting a lady, or superior of his own sex, he remains uncovered until he is told to put his hat on. Do not eat in the street, do not smoke a pipe in the street, do not smoke a cigar in the street if you are walking with a lady—"not even if you happen to be this lady's husband." It seems odd to tell a gentleman who is supposed to spend $3,500 a year on his gloves not to smoke a pipe in the street, but we have reproduced this caution as we find it. When you bow, bow properly, but not so deeply that your vertebral column will make a right angle with your legs. If an officer in uniform salutes you, do not make yourself ridiculous by returning his salute in military fashion. A lawyer will not only think you silly, but will be greatly irritated if, visiting him on a matter of business, you ask him how he is, inquire after the health of his wife, express a hope that the children are all well, and so on. This sort of talk should be reserved for friends whose time is not valuable or who have no right to charge for it.

Day-Mare

During the intensely hot summer of 1825 (says a philosopher), I experienced an attack of day-mare. Immediately after dining, I threw myself on my back upon a sofa, and before I was aware, was seized with difficult respiration, extreme dread, and utter incapability of motion or speech. I could neither move nor cry, while the breath came from my chest in broken and suffocating paroxysms. During all this time I was perfectly awake; I saw the light glaring in at the windows in broad sultry streams; I felt the intense heat of the day pervading my frame; and heard distinctly the different noises in the street, and even the ticking of my own watch, which I had placed on the cushion beside me. I had, at the same time, the consciousness of flies buzzing around, and settling with annoying pertinacity upon my face. During the whole fit, judgment was never for a moment suspended. I felt assured that I labored under a species of incubus. I even endeavored to reason myself out of the feeling of dread which filled my mind, and longed with an insufferable ardor for some one to open the door, and dissolve the spell which bound me in its fetters. The fit did not continue above five minutes; by degrees I recovered the use of speech and motion; and as soon as they were so far restored as to enable me to call out and move my limbs, it wore insensibly away.

CORREGGIO'S "LAST ANGEL."

Brother Thaddeus was once a brave officer, and served long and honorably in the Venetian Army; but growing weary of a soldier's life, he found a happy home on the quiet heaths of Parma. He lived about half a league from the village of Correggio, in a sort of hermitage grotesquely constructed from the ruins of an old Roman camp. Our hermit was widely known and loved, for he united the skill of a physician with the charity of an apostle.

Late one night, in the summer of 1534, Brother Thaddeus heard a loud knocking at his door. In the ringing voice that once cheered his Sclavonian troops on to victory, he cried, "Who is there?"

But when a trembling, childish voice replied, "The son of Antonio Allegri," the hermit hastily rose and opened the door. The child was out of breath, his eyes were full of tears, and those he had shed in his rapid walk had been dried on his cheeks by the midnight wind.

"My father is very sick," sobbed the boy, "and mother begs you to come quickly."

The hermit seized his staff.

"Come, my child! We will throw weariness and sleep to the briars of the road."

As they hurried along the hermit asked Ludovic the cause of his father's illness.

"Ah! brother, said the child in a strange voice for a boy of thirteen years, "my father's disease springs from an ancient trouble—from poverty."

Thaddeus looked at the child in surprise.

"Yes," persisted Ludovic, "poverty has killed him. You know my father's toil cannot satisfy his hard-hearted creditors. Eight days ago our landlord, that wealthy Jew of Parma, for four crowns that father owed him, took away the painting of "Christ in the Garden of Olives." Father had worked diligently on it for six months. The same day the collector of the village made him paint portraits for himself and his wife for nothing, pretending that we had not paid our taxes."

"Alas!" said the hermit "is there no sympathy in this world for genius?"

"Some days after this," continued Ludovic, "the baker refused to trust my mother, and Bonoletta, the milkmaid, would not leave the pint of milk for my two little sisters. Mother wept passionate tears of shame and despair, and the children wept because they were hungry. Then father said, 'If you weep, you will dishearten me, and I cannot work. The Franciscan convent owes me money, and to-morrow I will go to Parma. In the meantime, here are some crumbs of bread I have saved. Share them, and be patient till to-morrow evening.' And he took a piece of bread from the drawer of his easel. He had eaten nothing himself for two days."

"Why did not Antonio come to me?" interrupted Thaddeus.

"My father's heart is larger than his fortune, and he would blush to beg a glass of water from his best friend."

"O Antonio, Antonio!" cried the hermit, deeply moved. "But finish your sad story, Ludovic."

"Father started for Parma before dawn the next morning. He hastened to the monks and induced them to pay him; but either from malice, or because the reverend fathers had no other coin in their coffers, they paid the two hundred crowns in copper. My father returned to Correggio on foot, under a burning son, with this enormous burden. When he reached home he had hardly strength to say, 'we are saved!' Dropping his heavy load, he drank two large goblets of cold water to quench the thirst that devoured him. An hour afterward he was seized with a raging fever. A terrible crisis has come tonight, and mother sent me for you. Perhaps it is too late," added the boy, "for death comes swiftly." And reverently making the sign of the cross, he led the recluse to the chamber of the invalid.

The noble peasant, the illustrious author of so many grand works, was lying upon a miserable pallet covered with green serge. His wife and eldest son stood at the head of the bed and made with their entwined hands a pillow for the painter, for breathing was already painful. Julia, the eldest daughter who was celebrated at Parma for her great beauty, leaned against the bed-post, her hands crossed upon her breast; her eyes were fixed upon a crucifix which hung from the wall, and she seemed to pray fervently. The little girls, Agnes and Veronica, slept peacefully in each other's arms on a bundle of straw in a corner of the room. The violence of the disease distorted the features of the artist, and his fine face bore the marks of both physical and mental suffering. He was frightfully thin, and flames seemed to dart from his sunken eyes.

"Thaddeus," said the painter in a faint voice, "am I in danger of death?"

Thaddeus made no reply, The painter repeated the question, but was again met with silence.

"Then there is no longer any hope," he sadly cried; "and my poor children!"

"God may work a miracle," said the hermit, "but science can do naught."

"He will not save me," said Antonio. "Does he help the feeble? The day I came from Parma I saw an innocent dove balancing itself on the branch of a sycamore; a serpent was coiled upon the trunk. Lightning struck the tree and the dove was killed; but the reptile, unharmed, fled hissing away."

"Dear Antonio, let us not seek to understand the mysteries of God. My friend, think of your soul, recall your past life, and—"

"My past life!" interrupted the dying man. "Toil and poverty have been my constant companions. I have borne humiliation and injustice without murmuring, and have never resented the insults heaped upon me. I have educated my children in the fear of God. Why, then, do you wish me to review my past life, and why should I fear the judgment of Him who has meted out my sufferings."

The recluse kissed the hand of the painter. "Simple man! Sublime genius!" he cried. "Yes you are right. The purity of your life, your active charity, will be your best advocate before the tribunal of God."

Antonio now felt that life ebbed fast. "My wife, my dear children," he said, "I must leave you. O, do not weep! I could have wished to make you happier, but the perseverance of misfortune overcame the perseverance of my brush. Ottavia and Ludovic, never abandon your mother and little sisters, who sleep there, under God's protection and yours."

At this moment little Agnes awoke with a start, and struck by the mournful scene before her eyes, the tears of her brothers and sisters, she kneeled in her crib, folded her hands, and murmured a prayer. The grace of the child, the perfect oval of her figure, framed by the luxuriant ringlets of her golden hair, the sweetness of her face, which seemed to seek in the heavens an unknown star, awoke the instincts of the artist.

"Give me my brushes, my pallet!" he cried.

"Give them to him," said Thaddeus. "The artist as well as the warrior, longs to die on the battle-field."

They raised the sick man and made a kind of easel on his bed. The great master took his brushes, mixed his colors, and with a hand already cold with death, reproduced upon the canvas, with that correctness of design, that harmony of coloring which distinguished his artistic genius, the features of the delicate child, whom he made an angel before leaving an orphan. The work ended, the painter said, "I signed my first pictures, 'Antonio Alegri,' which was my father's name. Later ones I have signed 'Lieti,' my mother's name. How shall I name this one?

"With your immortal name," said the recluse; "the name of Correggio."

Antonio then slowly wrote these words at the bottom of the canvas: "*Correggio in limine mortis Pinxit, 17 August 1534.*"

Then, completely exhausted, he fell back, turned his head towar dthe crucifix, extended his arm to his children, and breathed his last. But the soul of the artist, before leaving its earthly abode, was revealed in the admirable sketch he had just traced. The "Last Angel of Correggio" was his farewell to earth, and one of his most brilliant titles to glory in the eyes of posterity.

The villagers of Correggio and Parma crowded to the funeral of the great artist that Italy had lost. Thus the man whose life had been crushed by adversity was called great and divine when the coffin closed over his body.

The noblemen of all the countries of Italy sent Jewish courtiers to Correggio to purchase the works of the illustrius painter. Advised by these secret agents and influenced by her poverty, his widow consented to make a public sale of those rich waifs of genius. When the other paintings had been disposed of, the last work of the artist was put up at auction, his 'Last Angel.' This masterpiece was about to be struck off at the moderate sum of thirty-three ducats, when a man dressed as a captain of the Sclavonian troops boldly advanced, and proudly placed his buff gauntlet upon the picture.

"In the name of Francis I.," said he in a loud voice, "I offer twenty thousand crowns for this picture." No one dare outbid the king of France. When the Venetian captain took possession of the picture in the name of Francis I., the widow and children of Correggio recognized the recluse of the Roman camp.

"You save us, Captain!" they cried.

"Not I; the king of France is your preserver. My only merit is having pointed out to that magnanimous prince a great talent dead, and a great misfortune existing."

"And where are you going?" asked Julia.

"I return," said Thaddeus, "to the Roman camp, to lay aside my uniform and resume my hermit's robe, not again to leave it until I rejoin my well-loved Correggio."

Conversation.

Three subjects of conversation are specially dangerous to the comfort of the listener—servants, children, and personal ailments. If circumstances combine to launch you upon either of these topics, dear reader, beware! remember that your children's perfection and domestic's faults may possess less interest for your friends than for yourself, while a catalogue of your aches and pains should be kept for your physician's ear. Who has not fidgeted under this last affliction, when some matter of fact individual has conscientiously gone through a fever for our benefit, and retailed all the changing symptoms with aggravating carefulness! Even the kindest sympathy is not proof against such exhaustive treatment, and the habitual complainer finds himself, or herself, sedulously shunned.

Doubtless, the more unselfish we strive to be, and are, the more acceptable and interesting we shall prove to our friends.

An Elephant's Trunk.

Cuvier tells us the trunk of the elephant is composed of forty thousand or more small muscles, interlaced in all directions, the contraction and relaxation of which enable the animal to shorten or lengthen its trunk, and render it so flexible. It is perforated through its entire length by a double tube, through which the animal breathes and drinks. At the end of the trunk is a little finger-like appendage which serves to pick up small objects, and also acts as a feeder. With this wonderful instrument, as with a hand, the elephant can pick up a needle or tear up a tree, twist the herbage from the ground, or strip the young branches or leaves from the trees upon which he feeds.

The Leopard of the Air.

"Yes," said Querlaoun, "in my younger days, I remember, my wife and myself were on our plantation with some of our slaves, and one day we heard the cries of a baby and saw a child carried up into the sky by one of these guanioniens. The baby had been laid on the ground, and the guanionien whose eyes never miss anything, and which had not been noticed soaring above our heads, pounced on its prey, and then laughed at us as he rose and flew to a dispart part of the forest."

Then Querlaoun showed me a fetich partly made of two huge claws of this bird. What tremendous things the talons! how deep they could go into the flesh!

Then came the wonderful stories of the very great strength of the bird The people were afraid of them, and were compelled to be very careful of their babies. These grand eagles do not feed on fowls; they are too small of game for them. Monkeys are what they like best; they can watch them as they float over the top of the trees of the forest; but sometimes the monkeys get the better of them.

People had better not try to get hold of the guanionien young, if they want to keep their sight" said Gambo "for, as sure as we live, the old bird will pounce upon the man that touches its young."

For a long time I heard the people talking of the guanionien, but had never yet had a glimpse of one. Now, looking up again, I saw several of them. How high they were! At times they would appear to be quite still in the air; at other times they would soar. They were so high that I do not see how they could possibly see the tree; every thing must have been in a haze to them; monkeys of course, could not be seen. They were, no doubt, amusing themselves; and I wonder if they tried to see how near they could go to the sun. Some at times flew so high that I lost sight of them.

In the afternoon I thought I would ramble round. I took a double-barrel smoth-bore gun, and loaded one side with a bullet, in case I should see larger game; the other barrel I loaded with shot No. 2. Then I carefully plunged into the woods till I reached the banks of a little stream, and there I heard the cry of the mondi (Colobus Satanus), which is the largest monkey of these forest. From their shrill cries I thought there might be at least half a dozen. I was glad indeed that I had one barrel loaded with big shot. If the mondis were not too far off, I would be able to get a fair shot and kill one.

I advanced very cautiously until I got near to them. I could then see their big bodies, long tails, and long, jet-black, shining hair. What handsome beasts they were! what a nice-looking muff their skins would make, I thought.

Just as I was considering which of them I would fire at, I saw some big thing, like a shadow, suddenly come down upon the tree Then I heard the flapping of heavy wings, and also the death cry of a poor mondi. Then I saw a huge bird, with a breast spotted somewhat like a leopard, raise itself slowly into the air, carrying the monkey in its powerful, finger-like talons. The claws of one leg was fast in the upper part of the neck of the monkey; so deep were they in the flesh that they were completely buried and a few drops of blood fell upon the leaves below. The other leg had its claws quite deep into the back of the monkey. The left leg was kept higher than the right, and I could see that the great strength of the bird was used at that time to keep the neck and also the back of the victim, from moving. The bird rose higher and higher, the monkey's tail swayed to and fro, and then both disappeared. It was a guanionien. Its prey was no doubt, taken to some big tree where it could be devoured.

The natives say that the first thing the guanionien does is to take out the eyes of the monkeys they catch. But there must be a fearful struggle, for these mondis are powerful beasts, and do not die at the eagle's will. There must be a great trial of strength, for if the monkey is not seized at an exact place on the neck he can turn his head and then inflicts a fearful bite on the breast of the eagle, or on his neck or leg, which disables his most terrible enemy, and then, both falling, meet their death.

I looked on without firing. The monkeys seemed paralzed with fear when the eagle came down upon them, and did not move until after the bird of prey had taken one of their number, and then decamped. When I looked for them they had fled to parts unknown to me in the forest. I was looking so intently at the eagle and its prey that for a while I had forgotten the mondis. I do not wonder at it, for monkeys I could see often, but it is only once in a great while that such a scene as I witnessed could be seen by a man. It was grand; and I wondered not that the natives called the guanionien the leopard of the air.—*Pool du Chaillu.*

The Hibernation of Swallows.

The controversy respecting the alleged hibernation of swallows has received a new contribution in a letter written by Sir John McNeill to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, and printed in a late number of *Nature*. This letter, after some preliminary remarks, continues as follows:

"About twenty-five miles south of Teheran, the capital of Persia, there is a village called Kenara gird, near which is a stream of brackish water running in a deep bed with nearly perpendicular banks some forty or fifty feet high. Being largely impregnated with salt this stream is rarely if ever frozen, and in frosty weather is resorted to by flights of wild ducks. During a frost of unusual severity I went from Teheran to Kenara-gird, accompanied by Sir Henry Rawlinson for the purpose of duck-shooting, the severity of the frost promising good sport. Having slept at the village we next morning followed the downward course of the stream along the north bank, and had proceeded about a mile, I should think, when we came to a place where there had quite recently been a small landslip. The brink of the bank to the extent of perhaps twenty feet in length, and ten or twelve broad in the middle, tapering off to each end, had slipped, but had not fallen down the bank. Between this detached portion and the perpendicular face about ten feet high, from which it had broken off, we saw, to our great surprise, a number of swallows, not less, I am sure, than twenty or thirty, lying, as I at first supposed, dead, but on taking up one of them I found that it was alive but dormant,; it was warm and its breathing was quite perceptible. I examined a considerable number, and found that they were all alive and breathing, but none of them gave any sign of consciousness. My attention was then attracted to the perpendicular face on our left, from which the slip had broken off, and which was perforated by a vast number of holes each about the size of a rat hole. On looking into such of these as I was tall enough to see into, I found in all of them swallows in the same dormant state. I was able with my finger and thumb to pull out swallows from several of these holes, and in each case found that the hole, which penetrated horizontally a considerable way into the bank, contained more swallows in the same condition. In no case did I see one lying on another—they were all lying singly with their heads inward, each head touching the tail of the bird before it. How far these holes penetrated into the bank, or what number of swallows each contained, I did not ascertain, but it is plain that the original entrance to those dormitories must have been in the external face of of the portion that had slipped, which, as I have stated, was, in the middle, from ten to twelve feet thick. The holes in the undisturbed portion may probably have been of equal or greater length, and if so the number of swallows hibernating there must have amounted to many hundreds."

The Lesson in the Sky.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabout a great, ugly, black rain clouds were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered and so all left blue again till next time with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known by but few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not too "bright and good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, most human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity its appeal to what is mortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, nor in the clash of hail nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt, low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passage of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm and perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen and loved, ere it is understood, things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, never repeated, which are to be found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.—*Ruskin.*

Maxims for Young Men.

Always speak the truth.
Make few promises.
Keep good company or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Never gamble.
Drink no intoxicating liquors.
Never speak lightly of religion.
Be just before you are generous.
Never be idle.
If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of the mind.
When you speak to any person look him in the face.
Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
Good character is above all things else.
Never listen to idle or loose conversation.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If any one speaks evil of you let your life be so virtuous that no one will believe him.
Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
When you retire to bed think over what you have done during the day.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Never borrow if it is possible to avoid it.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
Save when you are young and spend when your are old.
Never think that which you do for religion is time or money misspent.

—There are two hundred and fifty Protestant churches in the Holy Land.