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WE PART TO-NIGHT.

BY DAISY WHITE.

The purple night clouds hover down:
I hear the wild bird's wandering flight;
Sweet breathes the heliotrope's blue and brown,
Warm odors on the dusky light.
Ah, woe is me! I sobbing cry:
Ah me! alas! we part to-night—
Dear, strong, sweet soul, we part to-night.

God pity me when morning breaks!
God pity me when noon is high,
And when day after day awakes,
And when night after night draws nigh!
Ah, woe is me! I sobbing cry:
Ah me! alas we part to-night—
Dear, strong, sweet soul, we part to-night.

You are so calm, and I so wild;
My grief burst out in passionate tone,
Like, as you say, some petted child
Might weep, and wail, and toss, and moan.
Ah, woe is me! I sobbing cry:
Ah me! alas! we part to-night—
Dear, strong, sweet soul, we part to-night.

I linger vainly for relief—
You hold my hands in clasp so tight:
The moments glide by, passing brief—
I shudder with my numb, cold fright.
Ah! woe is me! I sobbing cry:
Ah me! alas! we part fore'er—
Dear strong, sweet soul, we part to-night.

Yes, or No.

Terrible weather—quite an old-fashioned Christmas—the snow falling fast in flakes as large as dimes, and an icy, penetrating wind sweeping across the country, with a fierce determination to have its own way. Everybody said it was the coldest winter ever known; but that is the annual saying.

At the Elms, the seat of a country gentleman, in one of the Northern States, a large party had assembled to spend the Christmas holidays. Mr. Fowler, the owner of the Elms, was a man of both taste and liberality, and enjoyed nothing better than to gather his friends around him. He was a widower, with one child—Lucilla, a sparkling, sprightly girl of nineteen or twenty.

The party consisted of several friends and neighbors of Mr. Fowler, and their wives and daughters. There was, of course, a proportionate number of young men, and among them a certain Captain Wilfred Herbert, a great admirer of Lucilla's, without, as yet having actually declared himself. It needed not much discernment, however to perceive that he was devotedly attached to the young lady, while she on her part was not indifferent to him.

But just let me tell you a word about Lucilla. She was one of those dear bewitching creatures that will make you think that you are a very nice sort of a fellow, and that you are just the kind of a man that she always admired; then without any perceptible effort, will cause you to suppose that you are a great, blundering thing that astonishes himself by his own conceit in supposing that he, for a moment, could compare himself with her; but underneath all this, there was a woman's nature that could be loving, and even sincere. Now, her father, who strange to say, could not read young ladies like a book seeing only a coquette in his charming daughter, was much pleased by the preference paid her by the handsome young officer, who came of an excellent family, and in addition to his profession, had an ample private fortune, and, in his parental solicitude, was desirous of seeing her happily settled with some deserving and eligible young man. Mr. Fowler himself was verging on seventy years, having married late in life.

It was about midday and the scene in the grounds of the Elms was animated and striking. They were of great extent, and in summer most beautifully laid out. Now, however, their beauties were veiled beneath a waste of snow. The immense elms, yews and cedars which skirted the lawn so extensively as almost to resemble the open space in a park, were weighed down by fantastically shaped conglomeration of snow, and the lawn itself was a vast sheet of white, reminding one as much of Siberia, and its sable and mink hunters, as of an American landscape and a party of American ladies and gentlemen.

The guests of Mr. Fowler—some thirty in number—seemed to be enjoying themselves amazingly. Some of the young men had, for the amusement of the ladies, contrived to make a huge figure of snow, and they and their fair companions were now engaged in pelting the giant with snowballs. Others had rigged out, Russian fashion, some pretty little sleighs, which, drawn by three ponies adorned by silver bells, and each capable of containing two persons, afforded an opportunity for flirting not to be lost by people snowed up in a country house. Most of the young ladies were clothed in fur suits from head to foot, while the gentlemen in fur caps and jackets, contributed their share to a very picturesque tableau. The tinkling of the sleigh bells, and the merry shouts of the party engaged in pelting the snow giant formed a most pleasing accompaniment to the hilarity of the scene.

Miss Fowler, who had been sleighing in turn with half the young men of the party, had left the merry throng for one moment to confer with her father on some matter of domestic economy.

Very pretty and piquant looked Lucilla Fowler, muffled in a suit of rich sables, her black eyes twinkling like those of a squirrel and her nose displaying just the faintest suspicion of red in the frosty air. She laughed, chatted, mimicked, and flirted outrageously.

"You will have to take care what you are about, Lucilla, pet," whispered Mr. Fowler to his daughter, warningly "or Herbert will 'cry off.'"

"He has never been 'on' yet, papa," returned she, tossing her head indignantly. "He has never asked me, and if he did, I should say 'No'"

"Oh, pooh! pooh!" said the old gentleman, good humoredly. "Tell that to some one else, Lucilla; it won't go down with me."

And he turned away from his daughter and began talking to some brother landed proprietor about the scarcity of beets and seeds, and the prices fat bullocks were fetching at the country town.

Captain Wilfred Herbert, who had been watching an opportunity marched up to Lucilla, a cloud on his handsome face.

"Will you sleigh with me now, Miss Fowler? I think it my turn."

"Oh, I don't know about anybody's turn.' I was half engaged to Mr. Fitzgerald. Besides, I really think I've had enough of sleighing for one day."

"Just for ten minutes," pleaded the young officer.

"No, I think not," returned the wilful beauty, who, like other beauties, having hooked her fish, delighted in the torment she put him to. "It becomes fatiguing after awhile."

"Well, then, shall we join the snowballers?"

"Oh, dear, no! When last I saw them, poor Fi-fee-fum had lost his nose his ears, both arms, and everything else. There would be no fun in pelting at the stump now. One might as well throw at the trunk of a tree."

"Oh, Lucilla," said he, earnestly, "what makes you treat me in this manner?"

"In what manner?" asked the little coquette, affecting supreme unconsciousness.

"You will neither sleigh with me nor join the snowballing party, though I have asked you a dozen times; yet you have joined nearly all the other fellows in both pastimes."

"Have I, really? Well the other 'fellows,' as you call them, are all particularly pleasant, agreeable young men."

"Am I not pleasant to you, then?"

"Not just now. You really look like some melodramatic tyrant. Besides, you don't expect me to praise you to your face?"

"Lucilla," said the young man, with such passionate energy that it startled her, "why torture me thus? Don't you know that I love you with all my heart and soul?"

Yes, she knew it well, and her heart beat fast with joy and triumph; but the demon of coquetry had possession of her, and she answered, though in a softer tone.

"Really, I had never thought about it."

"Think about it now, then," continued the young officer, speaking rapidly, and in tones of deep emotion; "think about it now, dearest. I do love you, and think your father will approve of it. Will you be my wife? Say, Yes!"

But Lucilla, though she had given her heart in return for Wilfred Herbert's, was not to be carried by a storm in this provoking way, and she said:

"No."

"You can not mean it," exclaimed Herbert in great agitation.

"Why not?" replied Lucilla; but even as she spoke she repented. "Why not? Can I not choose whom I please?"

"You love some one else," said the young man moodily.

Lucilla gave him one little bit of comfort:

"No, I do not," she said honestly. "Thank Heaven for that! But won't you answer me, Lucilla?"

"Not now," she said, wavering. Then her woman's heart wished to surrender, and she added with a tremulous sigh: "What if I say 'No' again?"

Foolish young captain, he might have seen that this was a wish on the young lady's part to capitulate, but he did not. He replied firmly:

"No woman shall ever say 'No' to me twice."

This roused all the pride in Lucilla's nature; it was almost a repulse.

"Good morning, Captain Herbert," she said, as she turned indignantly away, "I have some business to transact with Mrs. Knox, the housekeeper.

And she walked rapidly toward the house, leaving the young man half sorry, half triumphant.

"I have affronted her," he thought, looking after her. "But I am sure she loves me." And with a lightened heart he joined the other visitors on the lawn.

All through the evening Lucilla maintained a distinct coldness towards the young officer, that made him feel exceedingly uneasy. If her heart had been touched by his avowal of the afternoon it was evident her pride was deeply offended. She would neither dance with him or sing with him as usual. And when it became absolutely necessary to reply to any remark made by him, she did so with the barest possible civility. Lucilla herself was far from comfortable, and she availed herself of the plea of a headache to excuse herself to her guests and retire to her own room.

Her maid, Dorcas, was arranging the young lady's hair for the night, when a low tap at the door was heard, and one of the under housemaids presented her with a note.

"From Captain Herbert, please ma'am and I was to beg for an answer before you went to bed."

"What coolness," thought Lucilla, but she said: Did you tell Captain Herbert I had gone to bed, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, please ma'am said the girl, with an arch smile; but he said it was of great importance."

"Very well; you may go, Mary, I will give Dorcas a note to give to Captain Herbert's servant."

And Mary departed.

With a beating heart and heightened color, Lucilla opened the note. It ran thus:

DEAR LUCILLA—I cannot rest until you answer me. Forgive me if I spoke like a coxcomb this afternoon. Give me an answer, I entreat. Will you have me? Write simply 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Lucilla, with compressed lips, took up a pen and ink and wrote on a single slip of paper "No," then twisted it into a note and gave it to Dorcas.

"Deliver this to Captain Herbert's servant immediately," she said.

And Dorcas left the room, after bidding her mistress good night.

Lucilla loved Wilfred Herbert, but her stern pride would not permit her to yield. She was determined to punish him for his dictatorial ways and his presumption of that afternoon. What! was he to be captain over the citadel before it had yielded? Lucilla, be it remembered, was an only and spoiled child, and had been used to have her slightest whim consulted. Who was Wilfred Herbert, that he should presume to constitute himself her master? Her heart told her that he was the man who could subdue her wilfulness, but her pride refused to submit to the yoke. Suddenly she remembered young Herbert's words of that afternoon: "No woman shall say 'No' to me twice," and she had said "No" twice. At least she had said it once and now she had written it. Good heavens! she had lost him then. Lucilla grew sick and pale at the thought. She rose up in her bed with a motion as if she would meet Dorcas.

At last she knew she loved Wilfred Herbert. Not submit to him, indeed! Why, it would be her joy to recognize his right to demand of her a return for the love he bore her. Lucilla Fowler had been hitherto a willful, impetuous girl. Suddenly she had become transformed into a loving, submissive woman, Beatrice's words:

"And Benedict, love on; I will requite thee,
Turning my wild heart to thy loving hand,"

rose to her mind, and the spoiled beauty and coquette, overwhelmed with shame for her own willfulness, opened her eyes to her own faults, clearly and without disguise, and sinking back in despair on her pillow, burst into a passion of tears.

Lucilla scarcely slept all that night; but when Dorcas came in the morning with the hot water and the intimation that it was nine o'clock, she felt almost ashamed least her maid should remark her heavy eyes and haggard appearance.

"Please, ma'am, I'm very sorry," began Dorcas, penitently, "but I forgot all about it."

"Forgot all about what?" asked Lucilla, listlessly.

"The note, ma'am, for Captain Herbert. It's Christmas time, you see," pleaded the lady's maid, apologetically; "and when I left your room last night, ma'am, to take it to the captain, I met Mrs. Knox, the house-keeper, in the corridor, and she told me there was a hot curry of turkey, and mince pies, and elder wines, I don't know what else, ready in her room, and asked me to go down; and so—and so—and hee—hee, ma'am"—here Dorcas put her apron to her eyes, and began to sob; "I forgot all about the letter, ma'am, till this morning," she continued; "but when I went up to the captain's room, just now, he was up and gone out. Oh, ma'am, I do hope it ain't no consequence."

A light broke on Lucilla.

"Where is the note now, then?" she asked, joyfully.

"Here, ma'am." And Dorcas drew it from her bosom. Lucilla seized it while she almost screamed:

"Oh, you good girl! You dear good girl!" Dorcas stared to amazement. What, no scolding? Had her mistress gone out of her senses?

"You may have that purple merino of mine, if you like, Dorcas," pursued Miss Fowler, "and that nice warm jacket. I shan't wear it again."

Then a light broke in upon Dorcas' brightened mind also.

"Oh!" said Miss Pert to herself, "some lovers' quarrel, I guess, and she's altered her mind, and she's glad he ain't got her note. Ah!"

But the wary lady's maid kept her ideas to herself, and thanking her mistress delightedly, proceeded to assist her to make her toilet.

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When Wilfred Herbert took his seat at the the breakfast-table he was in a state of terrible suspense and uncertainty, and utterly unable to account for Lucilla's radiant demeanor. Was she glad to be rid of him? Had his note been delivered to her? If so, how was it that he received no answer? He tormented himself with these questions till everybody remarked his absence of mind. He helped his next fair neighbor to deviled kidneys instead of game pie, and electrified the housekeeper who presided over the tea and coffee, by asking for more sugar in his cup of coffee when he had already taken five lumps.

Mr. Fowler rallied the young officer on his absence of mind, and suggested that where his treasure was there it was to be presumed his heart was also.

The young ladies asked him if he "had his considering cap on," while one acute damsel suggested that perhaps Captain H. was entangled in the fowler's snare.

Breakfast over, Lucilla anxious to make amends, and too happy to care much about overleaping the conventional fence, of maidenly propriety advanced toward the young officer.

"You have not had your answer yet, Captain Herbert," she said; "if you can come with me two minutes into the conservatory, you shall have it now."

Bewildered, but tumultuously happy the Captain followed Lucilla into the place specified.

She came to the point at once, without any beating about the bush.

"I wrote you last night," she said, placing in his hand the note which Dorcas had returned to her.

Wilfred Herbert turned it over with a puzzled look. There was one anxious little word "No."

"What does this mean?" he asked doubtfully.

"It means," answered Lucilla blushing and smiling at the same time:

"No," I answered you last night;
"Yes," this morning, sir. I say,
Colors viewed by candlelight
Do not look the same by day.

Then like a good, honest girl as she was, she told him the whole story.

"Dorcas ought to be pensioned," he said, rapturously. "You do love me, then, darling, after all."

"Yes," replied Lucilla, blushing, "although I have both said and written 'No.'"

"Never mind, Lucie, dearest, sweetest, best," said the young man, taking her in his arms unrepulsed, "you know two negatives make an affirmative."

Stromness, Orkney.

The harbor of Stromness if formed by a projecting arm of the island of Pomona, the island of Græmsay, and a northern projecting headland of Hoy. The town itself has a quaint Normandy look. Landing at one of the small stone piers one walks into a nest of curiosities. The one street runs in a zigzag line through the centre of the town. From it crooked alleyways run at right angles. The houses themselves are of heavy stone, with gabled roofs, deep-et windows, and projecting turrets. However long one may stay at Stromness, he will never see any signs of excitement. The shop windows, filled with odd collections of fancy goods, always look undisturbed. The narrow street, paved with flat flag-stones, is always quiet. At rare intervals an ungainly, large-wheeled cart and pony come lumbering along, filling the street to the utter exclusion of foot-passengers. Even the boys of Stromness, hardy-looking youngsters in their rough homespun clothes, do not seem to act like boys of warmer climates. They lazily fish or stare at passing strangers, but never seem to make noise enough to disturb the stillness of the streets. The women, too, passing with their short skirts, bare arms, heavy stockings made at home, and wooden shoes, are of that happy, contented appearance so well suited to the general contentedness of the town. It is a quaint sight to see the women and girls of Stromness, or the neighboring town of Kirkwall, meet around the public fountain at evening. They perch themselves upon the bowl's edge, and jabber over the week's gossip; the long summer twilight softens the scene, and with sleepy town, bright faces, and mellow light, the picture is one long to be remembered. At some remote year in the history of Stromness her inhabitants were wont to smuggle goods into their homes. All such practices have disappeared now; but the under ground passages, the piers, the houses so near the water, these all remain, and tell the story. Stromness, too, claims itself to be the home of "Torquil," Lord Byron's hero. Cleveland, the pirate of Walter Scott, also lived here, and even the character of wild Norna was taken from a lonely old woman of the town who used to sell favorable winds to departing fishermen.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Value of Sea Water.

In a paper presented by M. Moison to the French Academy of Science, some interesting information is given concerning the use of sea water in bread making, in France and Spain, from which it appears that, along the entire coast of the Channel, sweet water is used for the leaven only, and pure salt water for the dough, the bread thus made having just the necessary degree of salinity. When, however sea water is used for other culinary purposes, the result is a disagreeable failure—the advantage in the case of the bread being, apparently, that it undergoes a peculiar change caused by certain of the salts dissolved in sea water, which change would not, for chemical reasons, be likely to take place in any dissimilar admixture.

It is suggested that probably the chloride of magnesium, which imparts to the sea water its acid taste, is decomposed at the high temperature to which bread is exposed in the oven; in such case, magnesia would be produced, the effect of this being to destroy acridity.

In the discussion of this subject M. Boussingault remarked that during panification glucose is formed, which is also capable of diminishing the acridity; and he stated that, during his travels in America, he had noticed that many indigenous substances were dished up with sea water and a little cane juice, the latter neutralizing the effect of the former. It is well known, too, that M. Maumene some time ago combined sugar and salt together in such a manner that the two ingredients neutralized each other, the mixture presenting a substance not unlike in taste to a combination of wheat and sea water; these and other experiments showing that sea water with adequate admixture of sugar might be made available for many useful purposes.

The Uses of Beeswax.

The product of wax in the United States is stated to be 20,000,000 pounds annual and increasing — worth in mone least $6,000,000. Of this about $7,000,000 worth is exported, and about $1,200,000 worth of honey goes abroad. The total product of honey and wax is worth at present in the United States nearly $15,000,000. The uses for wax are numerous and important. Its property of protecting tissues and preventing mold and mildew was well known to the ancients, who used cerecloth for embalming, and wax for encaustic painting as in the wall pictures of Pompeii. Wax candles and tapers play an important part in the processions and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. Wax is used by the manufacturers of glazed, ornamental and wall papers, and on paper collars and cuffs for polishing the surfaces. It is used in varnishes and paints and for "stuffing" of wood which is to be polished, as for pianos, coach work, fine furniture and parquet floors. Electrotypers and plasterers use wax in forming their molds. Wax is an important ingredient in preparations for covering surfaces of polished iron and steel to prevent rust. Combined with tallow, it forms the coating for canvass and cordage to prevent mildew, as in sails, awnings, etc. Artificial flower consume much wax, and, despite the introduction of paraffine, ceresin and mineral wax its use appears to be extending. One of the oldest of its applications is in the laundry and in polishing woodwork.—*Boston Bulletin.*

What thou seest, speak of with caution.

Little House-Builders.

Children, have you ever been sitting near a rose-bush or a trumpet honeysuckle on a Summer afternoon, and caught the flash of transparent, many colored wings, and seen something as airy and graceful as a bunch of thistledown hang for a moment over a rose and then disappear? "That was a humming-bird," some one says, and you watch and wonder if it will come again, and perhaps a whole Summer will pass without your seeing another.

There are several varieties of these wonderful little creatures, from the size of a small wren down to that of a humble-bee. They are found in America and some of the very warm countries, but not in Europe. The smallest humming-bird is about the size of a hazel nut. The feathers on its wings and tail are black, but those on its body and under its wings are of a greenish brown. It has a small crest on its head, green at the bottom and, as it were, gilded at the top, and which sparkles in the sun like a little star in the middle of its forehead. The bill is black, straight, slender, and the length of a small pin.

The large humming-bird is nearly half as large as the common wren, and with no crest on its head; but to make amends it is covered on its throat and breast with changeable crimson feathers that in different lights change to a variety of beautiful colors much like an opal.

The heads of both are small, with very little, round eyes, almost as black as jet. These birds are never still, but continually in motion, visiting flower after flower, and taking out the honey as if with a kiss. For this purpose they are furnished with a forky tongue that enters the cup of the flower. Upon this honey alone they live. The rapid motion of their wings brings out a humming sound, and from this they have their name.

You can think how very small these wonderful little birds are when I tell you their nests can hang securely from the end of a leaf. An orange or a pomegranate or a citron leaf are what they seem to prefer, but several kinds select rocks and twigs, and some have actually been known to build right in a house where people were living, or to make nests hanging over the salt waters of the sea, attached to a twig of wild vine.

The pretty nests are funnel-shaped, and in some the end of the funnel is so long and narrow it may be called a tail.

They are made of moss, the silky fibres of flowers, the cotton-like down of seed-vessels, and a sort of wooly substance, which is supposed to be taken out of some kind of fungus; and all these various materials are safely bound and knitted together with—what do you think? You will never guess, so I had better tell you at once—with spiders' webs! We are in the habit of thinking that spiders weave their webs only to catch flies, and probably that is what the spiders think themselves; but the humming-birds know better. To them the spiders are like what the masons are to us, who mix mortar to hold together the brick or stones with which we build our houses.

There is a great variety in these webs; some have long elastic threads, some are soft and felt-like; and the clever bird makes use of each just for the purpose for which it is most fitted. With the first, it ties the materials together, with the second it weaves through them, producing a firm mass capable of resisting wet and rain; and with these, too, it secures them to the leaf. The nests are sometimes adorned outside with seeds and sometimes with lichens.

The saw-billed humming bird has a slender bill, notched in a saw-like fashion. The nest of this bird is very curious indeed, and I am sure you will agree with me in thinking so, when I tell you that it is made of fine vegetable fibres, woven together so as to look like an open net-work purse, the outside walls being so loosely made as to permit the eggs and lining to be seen.

Leaves, moses and lichens are also woven into the nest and are packed rather tightly under the eggs. The edge, however, is always left loose, and the nest is suspended at the end of some leaf, usually that of the palm.

The bar-tailed humming-birds' nests are made of vegetable fibre and moss, and finished with the longest and queerest tails, the same as a great many humming-birds' nests, and for no reason at all apparently. The nests are lined with hair, and are hung against the side of a rock or a wall, sometimes being attached to the wall itself, but generally suspended from some twig or hanging root.

The bird always selects some spot where the nest can be sheltered by an overhanging ledge of rock, probably because the nest is made so very loosely that the dear little bird knows she must protect it in some way from the wind and rain.—*Churchman.*

Hunting for that Key.

My wife looked worried and whispered that supper was ready; but she couldn't "find that pantry key;" she knew the company was hungry, for it was late; that sugar was in the pantry, and she couldn't find that key; wouldn't I please find it? Certainly, I said, bless her heart; don't be troubled, I'll find it; and I started out quite cheerfully. I looked on the mantle piece and the table, and side-board. It was very evident it was not there, so I said quite gaily, it must be in the other room. So I went into the spare room and looked on the bed and the wash stand, the bureau and the window seat; went in the parlor and looked on the piano and the book case; up stairs and on all the mantle-pieces, and beds and chairs. I came back and asked *if she was sure* she had had it lately. She said she was certain that she had it fifteen minutes ago. So I looked under the sideboard, and under the door mat and the fender, I went in the spare room and looked in the grate and in the water pitcher, under the pillows and on the clock. I excused myself for interrupting the company, but I went in the parlor and looked in the coal scuttle, shook the guitar case, and looked behind the pictures, and in the books, and in the flower vases, and shook all the shells. I then ran up to our room and looked in my boots, and in the pockets of my Sunday coat, and then in all of my wife's pockets.

I came back into the dining-room and found my wife and cook and the house girl and two children all looking for the key. I asked my wife if she was right certain that she had had the key to-day, but she looked so hurt at me that I asked her to forgive me, kissed her, vowed I would never doubt her again, and went up stairs declaring I would find that key or die. I got a step ladder and looked on top of the wardrobe, in a hat box, and a batch of raw cotton, and sixteen paper collar boxes. Then I went in our room and took every thing out of my wife's trunk and shook them all carefully, and in the soiled clothes basket, and laid each piece in a separate place on the floor. I looked up the chimney. I went back in the dining-room and stirred in the gravy dish, and run the fork through the butter, and looked in the match safe, under all the plates and under the beef steak. I went in the kitchen and looked in the cupboard, the cooking stove, the refrigerator, the rat trap, the coal pile, the cider barrel and a rat hole. I came back in the parlor and moved the piano, and the book case, and the pier table, turned the chairs up side down and looked under their bottoms. I appologized to the company and said we had only misplaced a key a little. They looked huugry, and seemed truly to sympathize with us. I heard my wife and the cook and the house girl and the two children in the cellar moving cord wood, sheet iron, empty barrels and flower pots. I got a ladder and went up into the attick looked under the onions and on all the strings of red pepper, and then I looked out on the roof, and just to feel sure that I had not neglected any place, I looked down the chimney and at the lightning rod. Coming down stairs I met my wife and felt like telling her the key could not possibly be in the house; but she looked so troubled and worried that my heart was touched and I couldn't say it; but I determined that I would have that key if I would have to take up the carpets and all the loose plastering. So I got the step ladder again and looked over every door and window in the house. I got down on the floor and felt all over the carpets. I looked in the dog's mouth, and down both barrels of my shot gun; I happened to think about Major Andre, and felt in my boots. I looked at the baby to see if he looked like he had swallowed anything. I shook the broom and looked in the clock, poured out the ink, and looked in the camphor bottle; and then I came into the dining room and felt inside a cold turkey with a spoon, looked in my pocket-book, blew through my flue, looked up at the ceiling, felt in my hair, and down the back of my neck; looked under the cat, and opened a can of oysters (had to be opened any how), broke open a loaf of light bread, and felt the pound cake (burned thing might have got in the dough). I hated to say so, but I told my wife I would just have to give it up, but I told her I would have that door oped if I had to blow it open with glycerine. I got a hatchet and a monkey-wrench, and a poker, and a bootjack. I sent to six of the neighbors and borrowed all their keys. I picked out one, and when I went to stick it in that pantry lock there was that pantry key sticking in the key hole.

Suggestions to House-Builders.

First, let your cellars be large, well ventilated and lined with stone or cemented above the level of the ground. The breath of life in furnace-heated houses depends literally on the air of the cellar, unless there be a flue for fresh air extending from the furnace out-of-doors (never the case in cheap, showy houses). The air of the whole house is sucked through this narrow and often unclean apartment, the care of which is usually intrusted to ignorant servants. We have spoken in a previous number of the malaria engendered by massing quantities of vegetables in the cellars as is the practice in farm-houses during the winter. The lining of stone or cement not only prevents dampness but is absolutely necessary in streets through which the sewers pass, as a protection from rats. Terriers, ferrets, traps or poison are feeble defenses against the legions which swarm in nightly from a neighboring culvert. Next to the cellars comes the kitchen, which should be large, airy and sunny. To take no higher ground, conveniences in this department are a politic investment which pays a full interest of capital, especially to the housekeeper who does not live in a large city. Stationary tubs, closets beneath the dressers for flour, dry groceries, spices, etc., will be likely to tempt into her household a better class of servants, and when she is forced to turn cook and baker herself, will take half the burden from her weary hands. An addition to comfort much neglected by builders is the lighting of stair-ways, closets, pantries. We have in our mind's eye a modest little house, in a closely built neighborhood of dark dwellings, which gives you a sunny, cheerful welcome in every corner: a result produced not only by windows wherever a window is practicable, but by a sky-light of plate glass which sends down sunshine through three floors of closets, halls and pantries. A mistake made also, which resolves itself into a question of humanity, is the placing the servants' chambers on the top of the house, be that three or seven stories above the kitchen. Passing along a city street at night one cannot look up at the dim lights burning in these far skyey attics without a groan of compassion for the wearied wretches dragging themselves to their beds up yonder after a day's hard labor.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

There are bad examples which are worse than crimes, and more States have perished from the violation of morality than from the violation of law.

The Test—An Incident in the Life of Leonardo Di Vinci.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

The morning was breaking with that wild splendor nowhere beheld as in the nights of the Abruzzi, hand the wild tangled vine that overhung the path were just glowing in the beams of the rising sun, as a traveler paused, ere he entered one of the most romantic and beautiful passes, and seemed lost in admiration.

He was a young man, and the fire of genius lighted up eyes naturally brilliant. His slight graceful figure was clad in a dark velvet slashed with silver, the fashion of the times, and the small medal that graced his cap showed that the wearer aspired to the rank of gentleman.

"By St. Julian, a lovely morning," he said; "and never lovelier scene charmed the eye of poet or painter. On my word, I am fortunate thus to stumble on a path so exquisite."

High up among the beetling summits of the mountains, their dark scowling countenances half hidden by the slouching hat and feather that shaded them, two men sat, sullenly bending their gaze down at the glen.

"A pretty time we're having, Ludovico," said the oldest bandit; for such they were. "The queen's troops are still scouring the lower passes, and no booty for this month past, save some beggarly peasant, with a maravedi's worth of wood."

"Hist!" said his companion. "Yonder is game, winging to cover, or I mistake me!" At the same instant, bringing the short carbine to bear, whose sharp cling rang clear on the morning air. "Some peasant sure," he continued. "I'll take the care of his goats forever off his mind!"

"Hold, comrade," said the first speaker. "Yonder is no peasant, but a traveler; probably St. Christopher has sent us gold, at the last. Let us down and cut off his retreat."

So saying, both ruffians descended the pass and approached the stranger.

"Hold, brother, in your tribute to nature, and pay tribute to us," said the foremost bandit. "We allow no intrusions on our walks here."

"And I meant none. A poor artist—my death or captivity would avail you little. I pray you good friends, let me pass."

"An artist, tush!" said the outlaw. "Some rascally government spy, rather. And thou diest, unless thou presently tell down on the greensward a hundred golden marks."

"Now, Mary, help me, as I have not as many sous."

"Tell thy beads then, stranger, for thy minutes are numbered," said the outlaw, roughly glancing at the savage looks of a number who had assembled on the spot.

The youth cast a despairing gaze at the hardened, reckless faces around him, then down the precipice, which descended two hundred feet besides the path.

Rough hands had already seized him, and had lifted him over the edge, while with a grin of malice, showing his close, shut teeth, the leader had hissed out.

"A pleasant journey to thee, sir painter!" when a low murmur ran through the throng.

"Hold! Magdalen, our queen!"

"What sends her here?" muttered the leader, releasing, however, his hold of the prisoner.

"How now, Ludovico?" she said, "methinks you are pressed for deeds of dairing, when thou makest war on a boy; and that boy a beggar!"

The clear sweet tones echoed strangly among the rocks, while the speaker, her dark hair loosened with the rapidity of her aproach, and her beautiful face suffused with intense pity, bent her eyes upon the stranger.

"You mistake, lady," said the outlaw. "This is no mean peasant, as his garb bespeaks; but a base government spy."

"Is it even so, stranger?" said Magdalen, "if so, I can plead thy cause no longer!"

"Lady, I am no spy," he replied, "but a poor artist, whom the love of the beautiful, and no wish to injure others, led me to intrude upon your pass."

"Canst thou prove it with thy pencil?"

"I can," replied the youth.

"Unbind him, Ludovico," she ordered.

"Fair, fair!" repeated the brigands, throwing themselves in not ungraceful groups on the grass around.

The artist glanced around, and not even his terrible situation could repress a smile of pleasure, as his eye caught ravine and rock, hanging vine and frowning precipice—and with lightning rapidity, the scene, in all its wild witchery, was transported to the canvas. The painter paused for one moment; his eye fell on Magdalen, and there she stood in all her machless beauty; bending however a look of pity on Leonardo di Vinci.

"How say ye, comrades, has he lost or won?" and the calm, sweet voice of Magdalen broke the silence.

"Won, won! and a chain of gold besides," cried the outlaws, as each bent above the sketch and beheld himself.

Long did the the painter remain among them, loaded with proofs of their appreciation, and still in the splendid works of this great master, the tall, graceful form in blue, the dark look, and moulded features, frequently appear—a monument of his gratitude to Magdalene, the queen of the bandits.

Great Fat Men.

A question has recently come up for discussion before the debating society of the village of Swampville which interests us. It is, "Can a fat man ever become a great man?" We have not had the pleasure of hearing the discussion, but presume that the affirmative must in common decency have waived any rights they might possess in connection with size or corporeity. Greatness was doubtless defined by both sides to mean intellectual and moral superiority, conspicuousness of place apart from the common herd; that grandeur of soul and telescopic comprehensiveness of eye which the rank and file, the pawns, the vast unknown, are accustomed to associate with the ideal of human greatness. When Cassius desired to express his envy and dislike toward the great triumvir, he said, "Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great?" Cæsar, from all accounts, was rather a spare man, and the allusion to the style of board enjoyed by the great conqueror at that period must, of course, have been used in a figurative sense. Julius was a pretty good judge of character, and when he expressed his partiality for fat men over lean and hungry ones, he doubtless meant to say that they were less given to wire-pulling, plotting, lying and other political trickery. Shakspeare's fattest man was certainly his champion liar, but the preponderance of evidence goes to show that fatness and love of ease go hand in hand. There have been great fat men in the world, many of them, but it is a debatable question whether they did not acquire their greatness before beginning to increase in adipose tissue. Napoleon was a fat man; so were Fox, Gibbon, Arkwright, the elder Dumas, and many others.

In the United States the Supreme Court has generally boasted a preponderance of fat men, which may, of course, be accounted for by the frequency and length of the sittings indulged in by that remarkable body. Fat men have not been uncommon sights in the United States Senate. Perhaps the fattest man who has ever graced that honorable chamber is Senator Davis. A writer who has made a study of the matter insists that it is about as difficult for an average 250 pounder to become a great man as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. You may respect a very fat man, especially when he has the upper and you the lower berth in a Pullman sleeping car or a steamboat's state-room, but it is difficult to disconnect his abdominal rotundity with a certain desire to laugh, and laughter is the grave of awe. The ideal great man is tall and massive, of muscular development and magnificent figure-head. A spare little man, like Thad Stevens or Lord John Russel, has a better chance of being looked up to by the multitude than a fat man little man, a medium sized fat man, or a very tall fat man. On the whole, we rather sympathize with fat men. To be confidential we know how it is ourself. They are unable to tie their own shoes with any comfort, and they cannot well run away from an infuriated bull or bulldozer. If they have feelings, which all fat persons have, these feelings are derided. Their only hope upon human sympathy is laughter. A fat man who cannot shake his sides is a mistake. Women pat him familiarly on the cheek, but avoid him matrimonially. He cannot go into solitude and do the romantic, and who ever heard of a fat man committing suicide? Everybody likes a fat man—"he is gentle, he is kind"—but few would think of asking him to head a great movement or act as principle in some heroic deed. Fat men have their mission in the world, but with notable exceptions, it is more in the line of joviality than greatness.

Methods of Chinese Cruelty

The greatest attribute of a Chinese general is considered to be his strategy. He is nothing worth if he fails to lead his enemy into making a false step. The hero of the hour on this account is a general who led a body of troops against a walled city held by the insurgents. He besieged them, and in due course of time they pleaded for terms. Laudable promises were made by the dozens, the *sine qua non* being they should lay down their arms. This was done, when, the general's despatches inform us, they were immediately massacred as fast as it was possible to do so, but the leader was "put to death by the extreme torture." This consisted in winding a wire very tightly about the entire head and body to the feet, intervals of an inch being left between each turn. This brought the flesh into wales which were neatly and quickly sliced off by keen knives. The scene ended by decapitating the still living skeleton.

A very great deal of the evidence in criminal cases is elicited by torture, unless that given coincides with the ideas of the magistrate. If, under torture, witnesses assert things detrimental to the side he proposes to favor, they remain in agony till they take it all back again. When he has got it all arranged to suit himself, ten to one he will administer another dose to them for not telling the truth (?) at once. There is something frightful to the civilized mind in such abortion of justice, but even when the verdict is correct and the felon is to suffer for the crime committed, the punishments are so truly barbarous you sink your detestation for the offense in your pity for the suffering offender. The sight of a human being receiving two hundred or three hundred blows from a heavy bamboo, leaving gashes and flesh beaten to a jelly, and finally a helpless cripple for life, does not tend to excite your love for your fellow-man. Kneeling on chains for many hours, the lash descending at the slightest change of posture, pinching the fingers in vices made of split bamboo; entwining metal tubes about the body and extremities, in which boiling fluid is poured, searing the flesh wherever it touches; wearing a three feet square, twenty-pound wooden collar day and night for weeks, being unable to reach the mouth with the hand, and exposed to the gaze of the passers-by in the locality of the offence; placing in a cage with the head secured in a collar which forms the roof, the toes just touching the ground, and left to die by starvation and strangulation; beheading; and cutting into "ten thousand pieces," are among the usual punishments of this enlightened race.

No man becomes a saint in his