

B. F. SCHWEIER,

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CHERR.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.
Courage, brother! do not slumber.
Though thy path is dark and dreary,
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God, and do the right!
Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, never weary—
Trust in God, and do the right!
Perish policy and cunning;
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right!
Some will hate thee, some will love thee;
Some will flatter, some will sneer;
Cause from men and look above thee—
Trust in God, and do the right!
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Stare upon our path a-coming—
Trust in God, and do the right!

Dan's Photograph.

The queerest fellow without exception in all Wexford, was Daniel Bates. He was sixteen years of age, yet he had the reputation of possessing as much knowledge about old and out-of-the-way things as any ten average boys. He was believed to have an intimate acquaintance with every trout in the streams, and every bird in the woods, and every rabbit in the burrows. He had the largest collection of birds' eggs to be found in the country; and it was reported, and solemnly believed by all the small boys in the neighborhood, that he had a secret understanding with the King-fishers, and Orioles, by which they agreed to surrender one egg of each litter to him, in consideration of his promise to let all others alone.

He was always taking up some new idea to work out, and if he did not know about many things, he really seemed to know a little about everything. He knew how to print, how to bleed a horse, how to run the telegraph instrument, how to cultivate the silkworms, how to make the most outrageous noise with his hands, how to graft pears, how to play checkers with his eyes shut, and, in short, he knew how to do nearly everything that came in his way to learn. One day the neighbors opened their eyes and pricked up their ears at the news that Dan had taken up photography; not that they were astonished, for they had long ceased to be astonished at anything that Dan did, but they were interested in his enterprise, though regarding it simply as another freak of curious genius. "Well, well," said they, shrugging their shoulders, "Dan is an odd stick. It's about time he went into something useful. Photography, eh?" The report was true. Dan had obtained a camera of good size, and was experimenting with it up in his "den" in one of his mother's garrets. It would be hard to imagine a more untidy, chaotic-looking place than Dan's den. It was full of bottles, old clothes, jars, bits of machinery, mechanical instruments, carpenter's tools, old maps, torn pictures, pots of paints and chemicals, fragments of old machines, stuffed birds, etc., and it smelled so fearfully that no one but Dan could ever stay in it long enough to make an inventory of the contents. Dan was an odd-looking character as one would be likely to see in a year's travel. He was thin and lank in the body and legs. His head was large, and he had light blue eyes, and long, wavy hair, which he rarely combed, and which straggled about all over his head, as if the rats had made nests in it the last time he slept. He was not much of a talker. He generally kept silent and stared. Nobody knew what an amount of thinking he did meanwhile, and in fact many who had laughed at his greenness had to confess afterwards that he not only saw all things that were going on, but knew more about what he saw than the smartest of them. Dan went on with his photographing for several weeks. He learned to take very good pictures. He grew thoughtful and almost melancholy. His fingers were always stained black and brown with acids that he could not wash off, and his clothing always gave out the peculiar scent of "collodion."

Dan's mother began really to be anxious. The boy was growing up a loose Jack-of-all-trades, but without any particular turn for one profitable calling. It was necessary that he should begin to earn money pretty soon, and she was anxious that he should choose some single business, and stick to it. She took the boy in a very bad way. "You're trying to do something, mother; I'm just getting hold of it now, I guess. I only want a little more time." This was about as long a speech as Dan was in the habit of making at one time. His mother was pacified and, for the present, left him alone.

Two or three more weeks slipped by. Dan made pictures of everybody in the neighborhood. He learned to take very good pictures. He grew thoughtful and almost melancholy. His fingers were always stained black and brown with acids that he could not wash off, and his clothing always gave out the peculiar scent of "collodion."

Still he did not succeed to his mind. His pictures lacked the peculiar shading of "tone" that he wanted. His dream was to achieve this, which he believed would not only make them very beautiful, but give him a large, profitable custom. He labored incessantly, now trying this plan, now trying that, but without any perfect result. In the course of his experiments out of his garret window, Dan made street pictures of people both near and remote, in divers attitudes, and at nearly all hours of the day. Dan took them in single figures and in groups; he took them as they stood in windows and as they walked below him, or rode past in

carriages. Many of the photographs were clear and good, but still the subtle finish was wanting. Dan could not realize his dream. Finally his mother begged him to stop his amusement, as she called it, and go to a store, or some business where he might support himself. Dan shook his head. "An' mother," "But, Dan, I can't afford to give much more money for the acids you want."

"Ah!" said Dan. He shook his head once more, and looked very dejected. He was at his wits' end. He believed he was on the verge of an important discovery. He only wanted a little more time and a little more money. Where should the money come from? This was a trying question. He could not imagine that any one would ever lend him enough cash to carry out his projects, and he did not seem to think of any way to earn a sufficient sum. He went up to his "den" and sat down in the midst of his bottles and rubbish, feeling uncommonly blue. There was his camera upon its three long legs, with its black muffer drawn carefully over it, and with its brass nose pointed out into the cold air.

The boys thought of the same way. He must go out into the cold and find something to do, or some day he might have to stay out in the cold. He descended into the street and wandered about the town, moody and distressed. About this time a trial was in progress at the Court. A man was charged with passing a forged check at the bank. The teller who paid the money fully identified the prisoner, described his movements, and related what was said between them at the time with the greatest minuteness.

On the other hand, the accused indignantly denied the charge, and protested that he was not in or near the bank at the time alleged, but in the office of a friend on B street. He remembered his whereabouts, for his arrest was not so long after the presentation of the check, but that all his movements on that day remained distinctly in his mind. From the first he continued to assert his innocence, and declared the teller had mistaken him for some other man. Unfortunately for him, he was obliged to admit that he was alone in his friend's office at the hour in question, and he failed to produce any witness beside himself to prove definitely where he was, though he had made every effort to do so. It was a question of veracity, man against man, but the clear and cogent statement of the teller against the accused, and the possibility of some motive presumed to exist in the man's financial circumstances had decided the direction, considering the interest at stake, to hold him to answer at the next session of the Court. And now the day for his trial had come.

Every body was extremely interested in his trial, for the prisoner was well known in the town, and had always been supposed to be honest. The anxiety was intense to know whether he would really be proved a criminal. From that moment Dan's star began to rise. He had money to continue his experiments, and he eventually discovered a process by which he succeeded in obtaining the richest and most durable photographs that are now taken in Wexford. He still keeps the old camera that made his fortune.

The Puritans have been blamed because people have not stopped to consider their real aims and the conditions of their existence, because they have not tried to put themselves in the place of the Puritans. They did not merely by royal patent, but they were the benefactors of civilization, and of every comfort. In a place so clearly bought they had an inalienable right to do as they pleased, and it pleased them to try a great political experiment. They had entered into the land and possessed it, and there, in the wilderness, they founded a Puritan State, the asylum for men of their race and religion. In their new country they further pleased them to make Church and State one, and they believed that and therefore they defended both with all their strength. They did not come to the barren shores of Massachusetts Bay to obtain for every papist, fanatic, and heretic freedom to worship God as they pleased, but they sought freedom to worship God after their own fashion. Whoever interfered with them, or threatened the existence of their government by attacks on Church or State, whether it was Charles the First, or Roger Williams, they resisted to the death, and if they had the power, punished the assailant by exile and sometimes by death. By every law of self-preservation, by every law of common-sense and common prudence, and with all justice in so doing, they acted strongly and well. No doubt their judgment often erred, for they were human and fallible. No doubt they were often harsh and narrow-minded if tried by our standards or by the standards of such contemporaries as Francis Bacon or John Sebastian. Yet it is folly and weakness to make apologies for them, for they need none. The Puritans of Massachusetts acted accordingly to their best lights, and they acted like wise, brave men. They built up a strong, enduring state, the corner-stone of a great nation. All these men used history, and sooner or later the judgment of history must become the verdict of mankind.—North American Review.

He came back again, breathless. He had never been known to run before. In his hand he held a paper as large as the cover of a geography. This he handed to the Judge. The Judge looked at it curiously. Then at the paper again. In a moment he looked up and said: "Clerk, administer the oath to this boy." Dan was sworn.

"I cannot repeat his testimony here, but he sure it was drolly worded and disjuncted enough. It made everybody laugh, even while it interested them profoundly. The substance of it was that on the day when the forged check was passed he was taking photographs between the hours of 12 m. and 3 p. m. Among other pictures he made one of a man standing in the window of a building on the opposite side of the street. The man that he photographed was the prisoner at the bar.

Immediately there was a general buzz in the Court-room. The prisoner's pale face flashed, and he gazed upon Dan with a look of joyful gratitude. But there was still a very important question to be settled. "At what time exactly was that photograph taken?" Dan took the picture and looked at it closely. "There's the clock on St. Luke's Church, up there in that corner there," said he, pointing to the place and handing the picture back to the Judge. The Judge looked again, holding the paper up to the light and turning it carefully around.

"By the dial, here," said he, "it was just 1 o'clock at the instant when the picture was taken." The Judge and the counsel now examined the photograph minutely. It could not be disputed; there was the identical man, and there he was, not in the bank at the moment when the forged check was passed.

The teller was once more placed upon the stand. He was confused by the evidence he had heard, and was by no means as positive as he was before. At last he reluctantly admitted that he might be laboring under a mistake. And upon that he retired into the crowd with an appearance of great chagrin.

Dan's triumph was complete. He was a hero. People forgot his strange dress and his wild-looking head, and actually "honored" him. The prisoner was discharged. He instantly went to Dan and seizing both his hands, exclaimed: "You have saved me. You shall have anything you want. I cannot go on enough to show you my gratitude." From that moment Dan's star began to rise. He had money to continue his experiments, and he eventually discovered a process by which he succeeded in obtaining the richest and most durable photographs that are now taken in Wexford. He still keeps the old camera that made his fortune.

Fifteen Years in Prison.
Here is a scrap from the reminiscences of a Hungarian nobleman who spent the best part of his manhood's life in prison: "Some seven years I was in this dungeon—a rough, dark, noisome place, not more than ten feet square," he writes. "During six years I had a companion—during nine years I was alone. I could never clearly distinguish the gloom-someness of my cell. The first year we did not sleep, we talked incessantly together; we related every incident of the past which we could call to mind—of our joys and our sorrows—over and over again. The next year we were forbidden from relating experiences, and gave to each other our thoughts upon all sorts of subjects. During the third year we grew silent. We were losing the power of recollection, and the old ideas were forgotten. During the fourth year we spoke but seldom, and then only to wonder if the world without was bright and bustling as we had left it. During the fifth we were mostly silent. There had come a feeling of sadness—of isolation—which would not be broken in upon. The effort of speech was painful. During the sixth year my companion was taken away. They came and led him out, whether to death or to liberty I knew not. I was glad when he was gone. The pale, vacant face, dimly visible in the ceaseless gloom, always in the self same place—had become unbearable. Had he been taken during the first or second year, I should have been crushed; but now the solitude was grateful. I was thankful when I found myself alone with my great sorrow."

One day, more than a year after my companion had been taken away I heard the sound of a human voice again. The door of my cell was opened, and a voice said to me: 'By order of His Imperial Majesty I inform you Sir Count, that your wife died twelve months since.' Then the door was shut. This great agony had been cast in upon me, and I was left alone with it. The next speech I heard was of my liberation. The best part of my life was behind me. Heaven grant that I may live long enough to learn to be grateful for my liberty.

The Bermuda Islands.
In the Atlantic Ocean, in latitude 22 deg. 15 min. north and longitude 64 deg. 51 min. west, about 600 miles from Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, and 730 miles from New York, lies a group of islands in which perpetual summer reigns. Although these islands can be reached by steamer conveniently and comfortably in a brief time at small expense from this city, yet they are very unfamiliar to the most of our people. Our relations to them, however, are of considerable importance, inasmuch as we take nearly all of their productions and supply them with three-fifths of their imports. We have thought that a brief account of them would be welcome to our readers.

The Bermuda or Somers' Islands, consist of five principal and innumerable small ones, embraced within an area of 20 by 8 miles. They are clustered about the main island, or Bermuda proper, which is 15 miles long. St. George's, Somerset, and St. David's Islands are next in size and of about equal area, being some 3 miles in length each. Ireland island is 1 1/2 miles long and strongly fortified at immense expense by the British Government. The other islands of importance are Cooper, Smith's, Paget's, Long Bird, Nonsuch, and Boaz. Several of these are connected together by means of causeways and bridges. Their wealth varies from one-quarter to 3 miles. The climate is peculiar, that of the spring and autumn, but the winter is not so cold. The climate is so peculiar, that seed-time and harvest may be said to be coincident the whole year round. There is no extremely hot or extremely cold weather, but a happy medium exists between the two. December, January, and February are called the cold months, and during which the winds prevail from the north and are occasionally accompanied by heavy rain and hail. In the latter part of February spring commences, and the weather usually becomes calm and warm, but showers of rain warm, gentle breezes from the south until the end of May. The summer commences in June, and warm, calm days and long droughts, relieved by violent thunder storms, are somewhat characteristic of the season, as with us.

Antiquity of Cheese.
The New York *Tribune* thus discourses on the antiquity of cheese: "Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the Book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp, and to look how his brothers fared. Cheese of kind formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mauthausen, during the rebellion of Absalom. Homer says that cheese formed a part of the amphiprotion given by Ulysses to the Cyclops. Polyphemus, Euripides, Theocritus and other early poets, mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians, and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had an abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese. There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour, and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the curd of the milk, after expelling the serum or whey. As David, when young, was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses and an ephah of parched corn, the cheese must have been very small."

Seal and Salmon Fight.
An interesting sight, says the Dundee *Evening Telegraph* was witnessed off West Ferry the other day in a desperate fight between a seal and a huge salmon. The combatants were not above a hundred yards from the shore, and the onlooker was therefore plainly seen. For more than an hour the fight lasted, and all the while dashing about in the water after its agile prey. During the progress of the fight the salmon was tossed many times into the air after the fashion of a cat with a mouse. It was then seen to be a very large fish. After the fish was fairly exhausted, for the seal was the victor, the seal rose freely to the surface of the water with its prey in its mouth, the salmon, however, not being yet dead, as the movement of its body plainly indicated. Whether or no the seal swallows its prey whole is not known to the writer; but to spectators of this morning's fight the protracted nature of the battle seemed to have originated in some desire on the part of the seal not to injure its prey or break it with its teeth. There were large numbers of seals in the river at the present time. Between seventy and eighty of these animals, many of them very large and of different colors, were seen sunning themselves at low tide on Abernathy Sands one day last week.

these in calcareous formations. Fish are numerous and various, as are also birds. There are many miles of excellent roads, and the drives are very pleasant. There are only two towns—Hamilton and St. George's. The harbor of the latter is one of the finest in the world, and completely landlocked. Hamilton is the seat of government. On three sides of the islands—north, west, and south—are formidable coral reefs and rocks, nearly all under water, and extending at some points, ten miles into the ocean. The soil is generally of a reddish-brown color, varying in different localities in strength and character. Epidemics are rare, and the death rate very low. There are no springs or fresh water ponds or streams, and rain water has to be gathered in tanks and reservoirs for all domestic purposes. The houses are of the island style, and are of stone, and very durable. The population of these islands is 13,000, or one person to each acre of land. Less than 2,000 acres are cultivated; much of the balance is waste land, but a great deal of good land is neglected. The principal crops are vegetables, which are mostly sold in this city. It is through the Bermuda potatoes, onions, tomatoes, etc., that the islands are at all known to the public at large. These enormous crops of root and fruit are raised annually, and the best quality is also produced largely, but it exhausts the soil, and is not so remunerative as garden vegetables. Fruits of great excellence are also produced, but not in great abundance. Their diversity, however, is extraordinary, and both those of the temperate and the tropical zones succeed well. Oranges of fine flavor are raised, and the lemon grows well. The mango, fig, banana, pineapple, guava, peach, apple, grape, and small fruits, grow and produce readily and without an effort. Strawberries are in season from November to July. Fruits do not enter largely into the exports of the islands, though no reason exists for their not doing so except want of enterprise. A few strawberries find their way to New York in mid-winter.

The cedar is the characteristic forest tree of the Bermuda Islands. It covers all the islands, and springs in some instances, apparently from the bare rocks. It reaches a great height, and forms excellent lumber and timber for a great many purposes. Tropical trees—such as cocoonut, palm, tamarind, India rubber, calabash, mahogany, palmetto, etc., are frequently seen. Flowers in endless variety and of the utmost beauty are found in great profusion. Roses in particular are superb, and are in the greatest perfection about Christmas time. There are a dozen or more varieties of the oleander, which are used for hedges, and their masses of pink and white blossoms may be seen everywhere. Geraniums of surpassing beauty grow well.

Notwithstanding the favorable conditions existing in these islands, agriculture is far from being carried on with system and energy. Nature stands by its willing hands, but the indolent inhabitants are disposed to permit her to do a great part of the work. They appear to have little thought, and with the constantly increasing demand for their productions, the ready contact with the great and profitable market afforded by this city, and the use of modern farm appliances, the Bermudas must take rank at no distant day as one of our most important sources of food.

A New Trade for Women.
In the course of the day, more from curiosity than anything else, I betook myself to the rooms of the manœuvre, and the ladies with their scales for the scales of the roach and dace are also said to be good for inferior artificials. At one time there was a large trade in the commodity of artificial pearls, when necklaces were greatly worn in England, and fish scales were in such demand that from one to five guineas a quart were paid for them. The strong clear scales of the corvino fish—the *Sclerurus chilosus*—are excellent for the purpose. There are a dozen or more of the scales of the kingfish, the *Colliparus*, and the large ones of the piraricu fish of Brazil.

Artificial Pearls.
Formerly imitation pearls were colored with a quicksilver, this dangerous metal being introduced into minute glass balls to give the required shade of color. Tradition says that Jaquin, a rosiary maker in Paris, living towards the middle of the seventeenth century, distressed at the dangerous nature of public, was one day strolling on the banks of the Seine. He saw floating on the surface of the water a shining substance, the use of which immediately flashed into his mind as a substitute for the quicksilver. Having, by the help of a fisherman, secured the glittering substance, he found it was only small fishes. But he took them home, divested them of their minute scales, and henceforth used only this innocuous material to produce his pearls. At that time these artificials were coated on the outside; now the coating is put upon the inside, and the process is as follows: A number of hollow beads of thin, transparent glass are blown with a lamp, and a drop of "pearl essence," so called, is blown into them, and spread about by rolling the beads. This pearl essence is obtained by scraping off the scales of the bleak or *Cyprinus alburnus*, a fresh-water fish, and repeatedly washing them in pure water, until the whole of the foreign and animal matter is removed. To these, a little quantity of the solution of sal-ammoniac is added to prevent putrefaction, and then the preparation is ready for use. In employing it, however, the addition of a little isinglass or parchment size will cause the varnish to adhere well, and minute traces of carmine, saffron or Prussian or Paris blue may be thrown in, so as to communicate a reddish, yellowish or bluish tinge, in imitation of the same shades which they may be noticed in the pearls. The essence of the article of trade, and is chiefly prepared for the French and German manufacturers, at Eberlach, on the Neckar River in Germany. In old times the pearl-makers had to buy the fish and prepare the essence themselves. About seven pounds of fish scales will yield one pound of the genuine moist pearl essence, and to furnish these would require 20,000 fish. Whitebait is used to furnish better scales for the purpose than the bleak do.

The scales of the roach and dace are also said to be good for inferior artificials. At one time there was a large trade in the commodity of artificial pearls, when necklaces were greatly worn in England, and fish scales were in such demand that from one to five guineas a quart were paid for them. The strong clear scales of the corvino fish—the *Sclerurus chilosus*—are excellent for the purpose. There are a dozen or more of the scales of the kingfish, the *Colliparus*, and the large ones of the piraricu fish of Brazil.

The Hygiene of the Eyes.
The following hygienic rules are condensed from an eminent French and English authorities: For the better light should come as much as possible from the left side, that is to say, from the side towards which our turn in working. Daylight is the best; but direct sunlight and that reflected from mirrors should be avoided. The aspect should be northern, and the light should come a little from above. White walls should be avoided; highly varnished tables, and, in workshops, shining articles like steel, should be protected from the sun's rays. Artificial light is always bad, on account of the heat and the exhalation of carbonic acid. The best is that of lamps fed with vegetable oil (much used in France, but seldom in this country) and furnished with a glass shade. Gas is bad, because of its heat, brilliancy and mobility; the light of mineral oils is hot; that of candles insufficient and flickering. The eye of the workman should avoid the light coming from the sun, directly or diffused through the room. Working immediately after meals is objectionable; also interrupted use of the eyes for long periods of time. One should write on an inclined plane, and not keep the head bent down more than is absolutely necessary. Reading in bed is bad every way. Some good authorities commend washing the eyes with cold water, but the majority of the best ophthalmologists advise the use of hot water for the less serious affections of the eye. For the third eye of the eye, the eyes, are refreshing and beneficial. If the eyes are fatigued by bad artificial illumination, blue or slightly smoked glasses will be useful, and in order to avoid the lateral rays they should be large and round. If the irritation of the eyes persists, all work must be abandoned, and an examination made to see if there is any disturbance of refraction, or power of accommodation, or of the mobility of the eyes. Myopia, or so called "far-sightedness," supervenes earlier with those who are constantly at work than with other individuals, and as soon as it does convex glasses should be at once resorted to, without which the muscle of accommodation would be fatigued to no purpose. At first they should be used for working in the evening, after the fatigue of the day; but a long-sighted person should only use spectacles for looking at near objects, not at far ones. Work requiring close application favors the development of myopia, or "near-sightedness," precisely in proportion as the conditions of illumination are bad. If the action of those causes continues, the myopia will increase until vision is lost. A slight degree of myopia may be favorable to close work, but, as a general rule, work requiring close application, by the derangement of circulation that it inevitably induces in the eye is much more injurious to the myopia, and is the great cause of the development of myopia and its complications. Young people should be examined, and if they are myopic, hindered from undertaking tedious studies, and all professions demanding close application of the eye.—Journal of Chemistry.

On Tailors.
"Cut!" said Russell, with an appearance of the most acute surprise, and taking hold of the collar suspiciously by the finger and thumb. "Cut, Sir Willoughby! Do you call this thing a coat?" A much abused class of people are tailors. They are ordinarily supposed to need less employment than other men (the sixth part of a man I think they call them), but I believe they need more. Poetry is a lesser art in my esteem.

Any man or woman may stitch—they make a "cover-me-decently." The world goes clothed—town and country—though there are but few tailors, comparatively speaking. No true tailor makes a coat for a man before he sees him walk. The way you move is everything. If you have a crab's gait, sideways, the hitch must be counteracted. If you are a meek man and carry your head low, the collar must be set back to remedy the defect. If your passions are violent, a tight sleeve or a close fit at the shoulder is impolitic. If your neck is too long or too short, your body is crooked or your bust flat, or if you are a vain man and swell at the lower button, it must be allowed for in your coat. It is the tailor's business to make you perfectly seem so, which is quite the same thing.

Next to the human form divine, the most beautiful thing in nature is a perfect coat. It is like a perfect style—it looks as if it was the easiest thing in the world. The collar lies loose and yet neatly to the shoulders. The back, buttoned or unbuttoned, fits nicely and under all motions to the figure. The skirts hang gracefully and independently of the back, parallel and slender. The sleeves flow fitly with the arm—and the breast lies flat and yet amply on the chest, and the wearer has that look in it that a spectator would suppose it grew to him—that it was a part and evidence of his fair proportions and the skill of the artist. There are a few artists who have acquired immortality in the cut of garments; but a man must grow gray in practice before he acquires even the skill of a first-rate cutter of coats. Fault-finders should go through the cities and look at the popular tailors, and if there is one who can cut but a fragment of an coat well, who has not a fine head physiologically—then I'll cease to extol them. The heads of your quack tailors are as flat behind as the white sides of a melon. They are all alike; any one can see they are simpletons at once. Your talented artist, on the contrary, has the head of a scholar—a fine intellect, a good eye, broad forehead and strong mouth. He looks like a mathematician—large over the eyes, high cheek bones and prominent organs. Men might just as well try to live without a baker, as a tailor; they are indispensable.

Another thing in which, I believe, a good many will agree with me, is, that the laugh generally comes in on the other hand—the tailor plies his needle and stands all the riddle heaped on his profession, at the same time growing rich, and in this I think he shows not only his artistic skill, but his philosophical and good sound common sense as a man.—Detroit Free Press.

Simple and Unpretending Ignorance.
Simple and unpretending ignorance is always respectable, and sometimes charming; but there is little that more deserves contempt than the pretense of ignorance to knowledge. The curse and the peril of the language in this day, and particularly in this country, is that it is at the mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well according to their honest ignorance, use it ill according to their affected knowledge; who, being vulgar, would seem elegant; who, being empty, would seem full; who make up in pretense what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts, let off in enormous phrases, sound like fire-crackers in an empty barrel.—Richard Green White.

Is there a fool in all the world that cannot criticize? Those who can themselves do good service as but one to a thousand compared to those who can see faults in the labor of others.

"Ah, Monsieur le Count, impossible to take you before any one else. Old friendship counts for much—yes; but in business one must be just to all. Tomorrow must suffice for you."

"That cannot be," he answered. "I am going into the country this evening on a visit."

"I am desolated," replied the compassionate manœuvre, rubbing away with great cheerfulness of manner on the finger nail of one of the pretty American girls; "but what will you have?" she concluded, taking time to give him a shrug.

To a very astonishingly and magnificently-dressed lady who swept in, followed by a little page in boots and buttons, she spoke so rarely that she concluded the social status of her new arrival was not quite so real as her profusion of rich lace.

"Ta' ta' ta!" she exclaimed, pettily; "always late. Your ride in the Bois first, the manœuvre after. Think you that it does not want to eat, a manœuvre? I cannot do your hands-to-night. The present company finished, I dine. Not a finger nail for me to-night."

"I am going to a fine dinner-party," pleaded the suppliant. "Oh, then, if you have really absolute need—" And some of us giggled among ourselves at the idea of any one being in "absolute need" of having her nails rubbed.

How they settled it I did not wait to see. But it has often struck me since my visit to the Parisienne and manœuvre that a lowly business might be done—at any rate in the "littery surgery of the feet"—by some steady-handed woman in our large American cities, especially if they had first gained a practical knowledge of the subject by early and long-continued practice in the nursery.

"Cut!" said Russell, with an appearance of the most acute surprise, and taking hold of the collar suspiciously by the finger and thumb. "Cut, Sir Willoughby! Do you call this thing a coat?"

A much abused class of people are tailors. They are ordinarily supposed to need less employment than other men (the sixth part of a man I think they call them), but I believe they need more. Poetry is a lesser art in my esteem.

Any man or woman may stitch—they make a "cover-me-decently." The world goes clothed—town and country—though there are but few tailors, comparatively speaking. No true tailor makes a coat for a man before he sees him walk. The way you move is everything. If you have a crab's gait, sideways, the hitch must be counteracted. If you are a meek man and carry your head low, the collar must be set back to remedy the defect. If your passions are violent, a tight sleeve or a close fit at the shoulder is impolitic. If your neck is too long or too short, your body is crooked or your bust flat, or if you are a vain man and swell at the lower button, it must be allowed for in your coat. It is the tailor's business to make you perfectly seem so, which is quite the same thing.

Next to the human form divine, the most beautiful thing in nature is a perfect coat. It is like a perfect style—it looks as if it was the easiest thing in the world. The collar lies loose and yet neatly to the shoulders. The back, buttoned or unbuttoned, fits nicely and under all motions to the figure. The skirts hang gracefully and independently of the back, parallel and slender. The sleeves flow fitly with the arm—and the breast lies flat and yet amply on the chest, and the wearer has that look in it that a spectator would suppose it grew to him—that it was a part and evidence of his fair proportions and the skill of the artist. There are a few artists who have acquired immortality in the cut of garments; but a man must grow gray in practice before he acquires even the skill of a first-rate cutter of coats. Fault-finders should go through the cities and look at the popular tailors, and if there is one who can cut but a fragment of an coat well, who has not a fine head physiologically—then I'll cease to extol them. The heads of your quack tailors are as flat behind as the white sides of a melon. They are all alike; any one can see they are simpletons at once. Your talented artist, on the contrary, has the head of a scholar—a fine intellect, a good eye, broad forehead and strong mouth. He looks like a mathematician—large over the eyes, high cheek bones and prominent organs. Men might just as well try to live without a baker, as a tailor; they are indispensable.

Another thing in which, I believe, a good many will agree with me, is, that the laugh generally comes in on the other hand—the tailor plies his needle and stands all the riddle heaped on his profession, at the same time growing rich, and in this I think he shows not only his artistic skill, but his philosophical and good sound common sense as a man.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Thoughts and Big Phrases.
Simple and unpretending ignorance is always respectable, and sometimes charming; but there is little that more deserves contempt than the pretense of ignorance to knowledge. The curse and the peril of the language in this day, and particularly in this country, is that it is at the mercy of men who, instead of being content to use it well according to their honest ignorance, use it ill according to their affected knowledge; who, being vulgar, would seem elegant; who, being empty, would seem full; who make up in pretense what they lack in reality; and whose little thoughts, let off in enormous phrases, sound like fire-crackers in an empty barrel.—Richard Green White.

Is there a fool in all the world that cannot criticize? Those who can themselves do good service as but one to a thousand compared to those who can see faults in the labor of others.