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IN SANCTUARY.

While pale with rage the wild surf springs,
Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings
Beneath the evening star.
In this calm haven rocked to sleep
All night they swing and sway,
Till mantles o'er the morning deep
The golden blush of day.

Here, safe from all the storms of fate,
From worldly rage and scorn,
Thus let me fold my hand and wait
The coming of the morn;
When all night o'er moonlit turf,
The wind brings in from far
The moaning of the baffled surf
Athwart the harbor bar.

RUNNING THE TOLL.

"Just hint at 'running the toll' and grandma will tell you a story" said Lily Weatherbee, demure as a little Quaker and sweet as a wild rose, looking up from her Kensington stitch.

Grandma overheard her and answered with a smile that made her piercing black eyes sparkle like diamonds.

"I don't think you will ever run the toll, Peace and Plenty," she said. That was the name she had given Lily when she was a baby.

"No, indeed; one in the family of that sort is quite enough," laughed the girl; "but here is Hattie waiting to be amused, and you must tell her about it."

"Well, how shall I begin, chatterbox?"

"Why, tell her about the old house with the gray moss clinging to the rafters, and the haunted window and the great barn, first.

"The haunting was easily enough accounted for," said grandma, rolling up the stockings she had been mending and taking off her spectacles; "that was the tapping of the old horse-chestnut when the wind blew, but it was a long time before I found out the meaning of the three mysterious knocks—always three—and when I did, what fun I had at the expense of Miss Silena Cross, our dress-maker, who had taken infinite pains to prove that I was favored with spiritual visits! Poor Miss Silena! I never saw a creature more disappointed. As for the barn, it had originally been built for a meeting-house, but never having been finished on account of lack of funds, my grandfather took it for debt and turned it to very good account. That old barn was a great institution, and was regularly farmed out during winters for revival meetings, dances, husking frolics and sundry other things. One night we let a tramp sleep there, and the consequence was that by noon next day there was nothing left of the barn but smoke and ashes. Poor father! It had been a source of income, and nothing could take its place. Everybody mourned the destruction of 'Uncle Hiram's barn,' but nobody offered to rebuilt it.

"We were poor, not that we suffered for the necessaries of life. The farm kept our table, but my father worked too hard for an old man, and his 'boys were all girls.' The fact of our poverty never troubled me, however; I was too happy. Only give me plenty of fun, plenty of sunshine and nothing seemed hard to me. My genius at improvising all sorts of amusements made me a general favorite in society. Nobody looked down upon me because I wore calico and worked from morning till night. In fact, 'Jack' was always in requisition; it was 'Jack' who took the lead at our merry gatherings, who filled the gap with some audacious gossip when nobody knew what to say, who was afraid of nothing—who was, I am rather sorry to add careless of consequences, so that she had a good time.

"But I was happy; nobody can ever take that consolation from me. I never sighed for what was unattainable. Fair weather or foul, washing or baking, at home or at the country-side parties, I was always at peace with the world, though my one best muslin gown had done duty for several years."

"Oh, grandma! what would you have thought then of a pink satin reception dress, and everything to match, like the one I am having made?" exclaimed Lily.

"Shouldn't a' been a bit happier, my dear; couldn't a' been," was the calm response. "Besides; young girls never wore satin in those days, bless you!—plain white mull was considered dressy enough, with flowers, which, to my taste, are prettier than jewels and day. And now I am coming to how I ran the toll. Ned Hamilton was considered one of the best young men in town. He would a' been handsome but his nose was too thin and his eyes were too close together, though they were fine eyes. At all events, he was a great favorite, and the girl who secured him for a partner considered herself fortunate. Nobody treated him just exactly as I did, for I would tell him to his face that he was conceited, though secretly I did feel flattered by his attention. I suppose the great Rosedale farm had something to do with it, and the two grays and the handsome carryall. Perhaps I was ambitious and didn't exactly know it; for to tell the truth, when I did think of him at all seriously it was the big farm that loomed up, not my liking for him. To be Mrs. Hamilton—the name was a good one—to step from our homely one-story house into a grand old mansion, where the furniture had stood for a hundred years—that was something for a poor man's child to achieve, I was very proud and happy when he showed me any unusual attention. It did stir what vanity I had to see his team at our cottage door, to pass our acquaintances seated beside him, to be singled out at parties—me in my plain dress, with perhaps only a rose at my throat and another in my hair."

"Now confess that you were handsome, grandma," said Lily.

"That's not for me to say, my dear, though I believe they did call me rather pretty. One day Ned Hamilton invited me to go with him to Silver Spray, a beautiful water-fall, six miles away. I was particularly pleased with the invitation just at that time, for matters at home were complicated, and the atmosphere was not agreeable. Father had been paying money on a mortgage, and that always made him cross—not cross exactly, but very, very miserable. The sight of his sorrowful face and the sound of his depressed voice caused us all to feel more or less wretched.

"That night there was to be a party at the house of Judge Mills. They only gave one a year, on the occasion of Meeny Mill's birthday. Poor Meeny! A homelier girl never liven, but the judge was rich, and she wore all the latest fashions, so perhaps she never realized how plain she was. I had been busy over my only white dress, taking a tuck out here and adding a bit of lace there, wishing, for a wonder, that I could have something new to wear. At sight of Ned and the team, however, all my troubles vanished into air, and I ran down-stairs laughing.

"I do wish you'd be a little sober-minded," said my father in his fretful way. 'It seems kinder heartless to be laughing when there ain't a cent in the house, and nobody, knows when there will be.'

"Why, father, there's always potatoes and meal," was my merry rejoinder.

"Yes, and there's always cares and troubles," he answered lugubriously. 'I don't seem to git ahead like other folks, and I've pretty much about given up trying. If you girls was only boys now!"

"Think what you'd have to lay out in boots alone," I said, still laughing, at which he frowned and turned impatiently away, while I ran out to be helped into the handsome carriage.

"What a glorious day it was! The vines lining each side of the road all seemed dripping with sunshine. The shaded valleys, the dancing brooks and the highways bordered with maples and elms—and then my escort beguiled the hour with odd and merry fancies, talked about his farm, his hopes, his aspirations, and if I had not willfully turned the subject once or twice," said the pretty old lady, with a prim little gesture, "I think he might have proposed. But I wasn't ready for that yet. 'In the quiet of the home-going, 'I said to myself, 'I will listen to him perhaps.'

"At last we reached the water-fall, which, with its accompanying heights and charming scenery, repaid us for the long ride. It was hard to tear ourselves away, and when we did turn the heads of the spirited horses in the direction of home it was very late.

"We shall never be in time for the party," I said, as the twilight deepened into dusk. 'Must you pay at the toll-gate? The old man is half-blind, and it will take him an hour to hunt up change. Run the toll, just for the fun of it—you can pay him afterward.'

"That won't do," said Ned, 'I'll have to get a bill changed though. Just take the reins a second. By the way—'I never heard the end of the sentence. At that moment the spirit of mischief seized me. I snatched the whip and touched the near horse. Then I only heard the thunder of hoofs and the whirr of wheels, saw Ned's eyes flash fire in the semi-darkness and his face grow pale. Before he could take the reins from my inexperienced hands, we had 'run the toll' in good earnest, and the horses were flying over the bridge as only frightened horses can. It was as much as Ned could do to guide them, and twice we were in deadly peril.

On they sped, young Hamilton standing without a hat, his teeth set, his lips white, his frame rigid, while the veins of his forehead stood out like whip-cord. I just sat back and held my breath, too frightened to cry out, and catching whatever was nearest to steady myself as they raced down the long, hilly street to the village, at the foot of which they slackened their speed and were soon under control.

"That was a mad freak of yours," was all the young man said, as he helped me out at the door; and I knew by the expression of his countenance that I never should be asked to ride behind his grays again.

"I went to the party, seemingly as gay and light-hearted as ever. If any feeling of regret lurked under my careless speech and manner, Ned should never know it. In the midst of the fun, when I was holding my little court, and the laugh and the jest were going round, who should appear upon the scene but my father, in his homely, patched clothes, quite regardless of the figure he cut in the midst of that brilliant company. He walked straight up to me, his hair in disorder, his face as pale as death.

"'Jack,' says he, 'did you run the toll to-day?'

"'The horses ran,' I said, with a touch of levity, though I trembled from head to foot. 'What did they know about toll?'

"'Well, the bridge-keeper has been to the house, Jack. He told me the young man was getting the money when you caught up the whip and set the horses to running. Now, there's a fine for that, an' I've got to give him $5; he won't let me off—and I ain't got five cents to my name.' Tears stood in his poor, weak eyes, and, regardless of the surroundings, he took out his handkerchief and wiped them away. Imagine, if you can, how I felt.

"'Allow me to pay, sir," said Ned, coming forward; and that capped the climax. I could have screamed with mortification. I just ran out of that room, without waiting for wraps or anything else, and flew home so ashamed that I think I hardly knew what I was doing. As you may suppose, I cried pretty much all night, and it was a long time before I recovered my spirits.

"I have no doubt it lost me Ned Hamilton, too," said the old lady, with a queer little toss of the head; "but that didn't matter much. He left and took Mary Bean, old Deacon Bean's daughter—the pink of propriety, and who would no more have dared to say her soul was her own than she would have dared to ride wild horses. It was a little mortifying at first, but after his marriage folks said that he was miserly almost beyond belief, and I am positive Molly Hamilton only has one new bonnet a year, poor soul!—though by this time she may have gone where they don't need bonnets.

"However, I was cured from that time of my thoughtless pranks. I went to work and soon paid back the $5, and more than that, I paid off the mortgage on our little home, in time."

"And then you married grandpa?" said Lily.

"Yes, dear, he was worth a thousand Ned Hamiltons—but poor father! how often I have heard him say that I was just as good as a boy."

To find how many square feet of heating surface is necessary to warm a greenhouse where hot water pipes are used: Where double sashes are used, the heating surface furnished for an ordinary apartment will be sufficient; but for single sashes the heating surface can be made twice as great, to advantage.

The sun looks red in a fog, because red rays have a greater momentum of power of penetration than any other rays, thus enabling them to penetrate the dense atmosphere more readily than either blue or yellow rays, which are either absorbed or reflected by the fog.

Stale milk cannot be boiled without curdling it, because stale milk is in an incipient state of fermentation, which the heat of the fire greatly accelerates, hence the lactic acid which is formed during fermentation, mixing with the caseine of the milk, coagulates it.

Humble-Minded.

"Hem! hem!" coughed Chas. Grafton as he limped out and toed the mark. "I want to know where I am."

"At the Central Station Court," Detroit, answered His Honor

"What for?"

"The charge is drunkenness."

"And who's the Judge?"

"I am."

"Well, I have rights, and I am bound to maintain them. Before this trial goes any further I want to go home and put on a clean shirt and get some chewing tobacco. I want to look half-way decent and feel half-way human."

"Can't let you go."

"Then I won't be tried!"

"But you will! The law doesn't care a copper what sort of a shirt a prisoner has on, and if you are dying for something to chew on Bijah always has a chunk of shoe-makers' wax lying around."

"Did you say I was drunk?"

"That's the charge."

"Well, I won't be tried on no such charge. The idea that a man of my years and dignity would get drunk and be staggering around the streets is all nonsense."

"Officer was this man the worse for drink?"

"He was almost helpless, sir."

"I was, eh?" queried the prisoner. "Now, sir, do you make oath that I was drunk?"

"I do."

"How did I act."

"You cried, talked silly, and said you would like to adopt me for a son."

"Your Honor, I can't stand this; I appeal this case, and want that man arrested for perjury."

"I shall fine you ten dollars."

"I'll rot in the bastile before I'll pay it."

"Then you go up for sixty days."

"I never will."

Bijah keeps an empty barrel in the corridor for just such occasions. When Mr. Grafton began prancing around, and declared that he would sell his life at the highest market price, he was picked up and doubled together in the center and crowded into the barrel, and six minutes had not passed away before he was as humble-minded as a boy at the bottom of a well.

Cho---Ca.

This delicious breakfast beverage, although almost entirely unknown in America and even in Europe, has a very distinguished origin. It was invented by the celebrated French Philosopher Voltaire. Voltaire hit upon this new and brilliant idea while he was guest at the Sans Souci, a favorite residence of Fredrick the Great of Germany. He partook of it constantly at breakfast. Voltaire made in one part of coffee and milk and the other part chocolate. He made the name by writing the first syllable of chocolate—cho-and cafe-ca! these two first sylables made cho ca. Each beverage was in a boiling state when he united them. He poured them into a common vessel slowly. He held both at an elevation of about eighteen inches. This he said made it extremely light and digestable. This drink became a great favorite, also, with the great Napoleon. He used it constantly. It was frequently remarked by those who attended his person that after the excitement and fatigue of a great battle two or three cups of this beverage seemed to restore all his wanted energy and strength; on ordinary occasions he used only one cup.

The celebrated culinary artist, Soyer, admired this beverage exceedingly. In regard to it he wrote to his wife in the following enthusiastic manner:

"Here, dear Eloise, is an entirely new aliment which has never yet been introduced into this country. A semi-epicure of our acquaintance, on returning from our visit to the National Guard of France, presented me with a pound of it which he purchased in Paris. But even there, he said, it is almost in its infancy. You may fancy if I were not anxious of making an immediate trial of it. I have found it most delicious. Mr. B. has not yet tasted it, being for a week in the country, but I am confident he will like it, especially for breakfast. As usual, dear Eloise, you will no doubt reproach me for having so such enthusiasm.

I will now give you my formal recipe for making cho-ca. Make your best coffee; blend hot milk with this coffee, half and half; this makes *cafe-au lait*, or half milk and half coffee; now, in your usual way, make your best chocolate; and these you are supposed to have in seperate vesseis, boiling hot and duly sweetened; now hold both well up, say eighteen inches, and pour together into the same vessel; now say grace in your devoutest manner and proceed to sip.

Honor Bright.

He was about to take a Woodward avenue car in Detroit, when he changed his mind and waited for a man coming up the street. He looked stern and solemn and unrelenting and there was ice in his mouth as he replied:

"Yes, fine day enough. Mr. Jones, do you remember that you met me one day two years ago and asked for the loan of $10?"

"Two years ago—$10—asked for a loan? Let's see. No, I do not remember, but i do not wish to dispute your word."

"Well, sir, you asked for a loan."

"And did I get it?"

"Of course you did."

"Is that so? Well, if I did, it was the only time in my life, and I ought to remember it. Did you want to lend me ten more?"

"No, sir! I want you to return that loan!"

"Sorry—very sorry, but I can't do it this month."

"I want that money before Saturday or I'll take steps!"

"Ah!"

"I'll post you as the meanest man in Detroit!"

"Honor bright?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say," said Jones, as he looked greatly relieved, "I wish you'd go ahead and do that. I've no commercial rating no social standing, and am continually struggling in a half-way position between being able to get credit and dodge old creditors. If you'll only post me I'll know just where I stand and what to look out for, and it'll save me working half an hour to get a peanut-vender good-natured enough to trust me five cents' worth. Ah! Smith, I knew you'd do me a good turn if it ever came handy!"

TWELVE hundred head of sheep sold in England lately for $16,850, the highest price on record at a large sale.

Continuous Brakes.

Somewhat over two years ago M. Herisson, the French Minister of Public Works, issued a circular enjoining all French railway companies to supply their passenger trains, running at the rate of 37 miles per hour and upward, with continuous brakes within a space of two years, and altough this time has now elapsed, no definite measures have yet been taken to carry out this plan. Various railway companies, it appears, are making extended experiments with different kinds of brakes, and according to accounts, the State railways were recently trying the vacuum brake, the Westinghouse automatic and the Achard electric brake. Although the lists have been quite exhaustive, none of the companies have adopted any of the different patents, and it has been found necessary to put fresh pressure on the companies to induce them to furnish the proper security for their passengers, and M. Herisson has now issued another circular, informing the companies that sufficient time has been allowed for experimenting, and that it is necessary for them to make a definite choice. He distinctly disallows the chain brakes as unsatisfactory for ordinary use, and, judging from all appearances, desires to see the Westinghouse system generally adopted. A technical committee that was appointed to consider the subject reported against the adoption of a uniform system on all the lines as tending to discourage invention and hinder the introduction of improvements. M. Herrison, in setting forth pointedly the alleged merits of the Wenger brake concludes by leaving the companies entirely free to adopt any model which is both continuous, controlling all the wheels of all the vehicles and automatic, and capable of being worked by the engineer or brakeman. Whatever type they adopt must be fully applied in the course of the present year. It is thought rather singular by some that the Wenger brake, with which very little experience has been obtained, in meeting with so much approval by the Minister of Public Works, who regards it apparently as an equivalent for the Westinghouse, the efficiency of which has been so exhaustively tested in this and other countries and with such excellent results.

His Pugilistic Pa.

"Where did your pa get the black eye?" asked the grocery man. "Did the minister hit him, or was it one of the sisters?'

"O, he didn't get his black eye at prayer meeting," said the boy, as he took the mittens off the stove and rubbed them to take the stiffening out. "It was from boxing. Pa told my chum and me that it was no harm to learn to box, cause we could defend ourselves, and he said he used to be a holy terror with the boxing-gloves when he was a boy, and he has been giving us lessons. Well, he is no slouch, now I tell you, and handles himself pretty well for a church member. I read in the paper how Dick Bruce played it on a friend by getting Jem Mace, the prize-fighter, to knock him silly, and I asked pa if he wouldn't let me bring a poor boy, who had no father to teach him boxing, to our house to learn to box, and pa said certainly, fetch him along.

"He said he would be glad to do anything for a poor orphan. So I went down in the Third Ward and got an Irish boy by the name of Duffy, who can knock the socks off of any boy in the ward. He fit a prize-fight once. it would have made you laugh to see pa tell him how to hold his hands and how to guard his face. He told Duffy not to be afraid, but to strike right out and hit for keeps. Duffy said he was afraid pa would get mad if he hit him, and pa said, 'Nonsense, boy; knock me down if you can, and I will laugh, ha! ha!' Well, Duffy hauled back and gave pa one in the nose and another in both eyes, and cuffed him in the ear and punched him in the stomach, and lammed him in the mouth and made his teeth bleed, and then he gave him a side-winder in both eyes, and pa pulled off the boxing-gloves and grabbed a chair, and we adjourned and went down-stairs as though there was a panic. I haven't seen pa since. Was his eye very black?"

"Black, I should say so," said the grocery man. "And his nose seemed to be trying to look in his left ear. He was at the market buying beefsteak to put upon it."

"O, beefsteak is no account. I must go and see him and tell him that an oyster is the best thing for a black eye. Well, I must go. A boy has a pretty hard time running a house the way it should be run," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery:

"Frowy butter a speshulty."

Type Sizes.

Originally there were but seven sizes. The first was called "Prima," whence the name Primer. It is now known as Two-Line English. The second was called "Secunda," now our Double Pica—in France, Great Paragon. The third was "Tertia," at present our Great Primer. Then there was the middle size, still being called in German "Mittel," but it is now our English. After these came the three sizes on the opposite side of the scale—Pica, Long Primer and Brevier. In Germany the names Secunda, Tertia and Mittel are still retained.

"Pica," in France and Germany, is called Cicero, because the works of that author were originally printed in it. English printers so styled it from being the type in which the Ordinal or Service Book of the Roman Church was originally set. This Ordinal also was at first called "Pica." "Bourgeois" was so named because it was introduced into the country from France, where it was originally dedicated to "Bourgeois" or citizen printers of that capital. "Brevier obtained its name from having been first used for printing the Breviary or Roman Catholic abbreviated Church Service Book.

"Minion" is also of French origin, and was so termed owing to having rapidly become a special favorite on its introduction in that country. *La Mignone* is "the darling." "Nonpareil" was so named because at the time of its introduction it had "no equal," being the smallest and finest type then produced. "Pearl is of English origin. The French have a type of the same size, which they call Parisienne. It is a smaller type than Nonpareil, and was thought "the pearl of all type." "Diamond is another fancy name given to what was regarded at the time of its origin as the *ultima thule* of letter foundary achievement.

Drawbridge Signals.

An Eastern railway company has adopted a system of drawbridge signals which, it is claimed, will greatly reduce the danger of accidents. These signals are worked by a series of levers, five in number, the first two working semaphore signals at a distance of 1,900 feet and 800 feet, respectively, from a bridge. The other three work the switches of the siding and the lock of the bolt which holds the draw in place. Before the bridge can be unlocked that a vessel may pass through the draw, these levers must be worked in their order. It is impossible to work them in any other way, the interlocking preventing the draw-tender or signalman from moving the higher numbered lever until he has first moved the lower number. He cannot, when the draw is closed, replace the levers except in the regular reverse order. It follows that a danger signal must first be shown at a distance of 1,900 feet from the draw, and if that warning to bring his train under control for a stop is neglected by the engineer, the signal is again given at 800 feet distant. Should this warning be neglected, the engineer will find his train switched to a side track, and thus prevented from plunging into the open draw, for the draw cannot be open unless it has previously been unlocked; it cannot be unlocked until the safety-switch has first been unbolted and set for the siding; the switch cannot be set until the home signal has been set for danger, and the home signal cannot be set for danger until the distance signal has been so set. These operations are repeated on the other side of the draw, which is fitted with a bolt at each end. Supplemental apparatus is provided so that the signalman may know at a distance of 1½ miles that a train is approaching, so that the draw may not be opened and trains delayed unnecessarily. It is further claimed that when the draw, even if closed, should be unlocked, the safety switch cannot be thrown on the main line either by accident or design, and therefore no train can possibly run into the draw.

Boiled Water.

In an article in knowledge on scientific cookery, Mr. W. Williams called attention to the danger of using drinking-water full of organic impurities. Such water, he says, supplies nutriment to those microscopic abominations, the *micrococci*, *bacilli*, *bacteria*, etc., which are now shown to be connected with blood-poisoning—possibly do the whole of the poisoning business These little pests are harmless, and probably nutritious, when cooked, but in their raw and wriggling state are horribly prolific in the blood of people who are in certain states of what is called "receptivity." They (the *bacteria*, etc.,) appear to be poisoned or somehow killed off by the digestive secretions of the blood of some people, and nourished luxuriantly in the blood of others. As nobody can be quite sure to which class he belongs, or may presently belong, or whether the water supplied to his household is free from blood-poisoning organisms, cooked water is a safer beverage than raw water. "Reflection on this subject," says Mr. Williams, "I have been struck with a curious fact that has hitherto escaped notice, viz., that in the country which over all others combines a very large population with a very small allowance of cleanliness, the ordinary drink of the people is boiled water flavored by an infusion of leaves. These people, the Chinese, seem, in fact, to have been the inventors of boiled-water beverages. Judging from travellors' occounts of the state of the rivers, rivulets, and general drainage and irrigation arrangements of China, its population could scarcely have reached its present density if Chinamen were drinkers of raw instead of cooked water."

A Judge Fooled.

As illustrating some of the remarkable laws of Indiana on the subject of divorce, the Hon. Thaddens P. Rollins yesterday related a story of a divorce which he procured in Cass county some years since before Judge Chase. The allegations in the complaint were drunkenness and general worthlessness of the defendant. When the case came on a witness was called to prove the character and habits of the defendant. Mr. Rollins asked him the question: "Do you know Mr.——, the defendant in this case, Mr. Baird?" The answer was in the affirmative. At this point Judge Chase looked up and said: "Mr. Baird, tell me if that man is the same Mr.——who was in Company K of the ——Indiana Regiment during the war." "The same man, Judge," was the answer. "You need go no further, Mr. Rollins," said the Judge, "the divorce is granted," and judgement was entered accordingly for the plaintiff. After Court adjourned the Judge was joked about the hasty entry of the judgement, referring to the fact that no evidence had been introduced into the case. "Why, gentlemen," said his Honor, "I knew that fellow. He was in my company during the war, and I will never let a woman live with him if she asks me for a divorce. I know him better than any witness that can be brought here."

Trepanning in Prehistoric Times.

One of the most curious traces of primitive belief which have come down to us is found in the trepanned skulls which have been discovered in several caves and dolmens of France belonging to the earlier portion of the new stone age. Dr. Paul Broca has devoted a pamphlet to the description of these trepanned skulls and the discussion of their significance. The fact is certain that a great number of these skulls were trepanned during lifetime—probably in infancy and early youth—and that they healed up again, the subject of the operation surviving it for many years. M. Broca supposes this trepanning to have constituted a sacred rite of some sort, for we find that the skulls of these very persons who had undergone the operation in their lifetime were after death subjected again to the same operation. A number of small disks were cut from them in such a way that each disk contained a portion of the cicatrized edge made by the original trepanning. These disk were used as amulets by living persons. But the skull thus treated was in its turn provided with one of these talismanic disks in place of those which had been cut from itself. From this custom M. Broca has argued a belief in the survival of the dead man, and supposed that the disk was placed with the skull to serve as a kind of viaticum into another world.

Sunday Service on an English Man-of-War.

The weather not being propitious divine service was held on the main instead of the upper deck. In the latter case it is more impressive. Surrounded by the wide waste of water, the restless ocean, type at once of our lives and of eternity, the small distractions, trifles, and incidents of shore exist not. Nature is at her grandest and noblest; man cannot be irresponsive to the influence. The church pennant was flying from every vessel, and for the time being all other considerations were lost sight of and put aside for the combined act of worship. To-day, on the main deck, all we could see of the water came through the portholes. Service was held in the battery of the vessel, the guns pointing on each side. A reading deck was arranged, draped with a flag; the singing was led by a harmonium. The bell tolled a few minutes before service began, but the single stroke struck at intervals had the melancholy sound of a "passing bell" rather than aught else. Being nothing but the ship's bell, however, it was a very mild edition of a church-peal. The men, row after row, were on benches in front of the chaplain, so that he had them well in hand. The captain and officers were at the side and behind the reading-desk. It was impossible to sail with the chaplain of the Defence without soon feeling for him a high esteem. He was the type of what a parson should be in daily life and in all manner of conversation. For the sailors he was especially the right man in the right place. And a difficult and discouraging task often is that of chaplain to a man-of-war. Sunday afternoon was always pleasant on board. There was a stillness and repose even in the very air we breathed. Sanskrit, whist, backgammon, arguments, everything was put out of sight for the day; we enjoyed rest and leisure. Service was held twice every Sunday on board the Defence. The men were obliged to attend in the morning, but their presence in the evening was optional. The chaplain instituted his own form of worship at night. A short prayer or two, then the sermon; after that a portion of the evening liturgy. Always plenty of singing, which the men liked, and occasionally would join in rather too heartily. On the main deck you have a low roof to contend with, a very different matter from the long drawn aisles and fretted vaults of a cathedral. It was more acceptable to sensitive ears when service was held on the upper deck. There the men's voices rooled upon the air as they "the strain upraised." But the blue sky, unlike the fretted vault, could send back no echo or make response. Yet it was the grandest of all domes; nature's own minster; pure and beautiful, far off and eternal.

Steam as a Light Reflector.

As everything pertaining to the improvement of the methods and paraphernalia of illumination is at the present time looked upon with special interest, we reproduce, for the benefit of our readers, an account of a recent patent granted in Germany to Herr L. Brandau, of Berlin, in which he proposes to utilize the emissive properties of steam for illuminating purposes. In describing his plan, the patentee refers to the fact that steam in condensing forms dense white vapors, which possess the property, when exposed to an intense source of light, of partly reflecting and partly absorbing and subsequently emitting it, as the clouds behave toward the sunlight, diffusing a mild and uniform brightness. In adapting his system to overhead and side lights, Herr Brandau employs an apparatus consisting essentially of a glass chamber into which steam is admitted, on passage way for its exit being also provided. This is then either illuminated directly, or with the aid of mirrors, by the source of light.

Novel as it may seem, the plan appears to us to have decided merit, and it is not impossible that the idea of Herr Brandau may contain in it the elements necessary for the successful moderation and diffusion of the blinding brilliancy of the electric light, which has in most situations proved to be a serious drawback to its usefulness. The high absorptive and emissive properties of water vapors, both for heat and light, are well known physical facts; and the commonplace allusion to the sudden gleam of brightness that follows the escape of clouds of steam, especially noticeable when the sunlight is hidden, will serve as a familiar example of a principle that Herr Brandau proposes to turn to useful account.

Getting Taken.

The following hints on photography were given to us recently by a renown artist: Too much jewelery should be avoided. It imparts an air of vulgarity; and also a too elaborate arrangement of the hair, which makes the head appear to be all shapes and sizes. The complexion must be considered for a picture. Blondes can wear lighter colors than brunettes. The latter will "take" best in dark colors, but neither blondes nor brunettes should wear positive white.

Violet contrasts of colorsspoil a picture unless it is tinted. The best of all dresses for a blonde is black silk. Not cashmere or merino, or any mixture of cotton. A good effect is obtained from the shimmer of the silk, which is full of subdued yet reflected lights. A dead-black dress without gloss, appears like a blotch, and a dead-white is too flat, like a card-board. A combination of black lace over white is effective and uncommon. Nothing is better for any type than sealskin or velvet. It gives softness and depth of color.

Blondes suffer most in pictures. They should always powder their hair white. Freckles show more on a photograph than on the human face. They should be disguised for the occasion. In the dressing-rooms of the New York studios, a mixture is kept for this purpose. It is composad of zinc and glycerine, thinned with rose water to the consistency of cream and applied to the face with a sponge. It is poor taste to become the lay figure of a landscape. It is fatal to the portrait to stand against a background of pillars, balustrades, snow storms, woods, waters, or anything that tends to make the figure ridiculous—like those in swings or boats. People would look equally pretty in baby jumpers or balloons. A plain background is better, unless in the case of an actor, when illusions are sometimes necessary.

A MASTERPIECE in bronze ordered for an English gentleman incloses a clock. The design represents a Christian expounding the gospel to a Saracen; this piece is flanked by two Saracen figures armed cap-a-pie.

Niagara in Winter.

A correspondent in a February letter from Niagara says we were driven to Prospect park, and then we walked down to the stone embankment close by the American falls. It is difficult for the pen to describe this scene. The surging waters, tinged with a dull earthy hue, were hurrying, leaping and roaring over the brink into the boiling cauldron below. Theclouds of ever-rising spray floated upward in fine congealed masses, which covered every twig and branch near by with fairy frost-work. Below the falls was the vast ice-bridge completely spanning the chasm, and large cakes of ice were continually hurled down on to it by the mighty descending waters. Of course we went down the inclined railway to the ice-bridge. We seemed to be standing somewhere in the Arctic regions near the North Pole. Thirty feet of solid ice were beneath our feet, and the ragged mass, rising in several places into small ice-hills, stretched completely across to the Canada side. The clouds of ice spray, blown hither and thither by the changing winds, were touched now and then by a bright sun-ray, which formed them into brilliant rainbows; and the tireless rumble of the falls sounded a grand national diapason. Returning to the shore, the ladies again took there lives in their hands and ascended to the park by the inclined railway. Here we rejoined our carriage and decided to visit the Canada side by way of the new suspension bridge. The constant tolls now demanded at every point but the visitor in anything but the calm and contemplative mood appropriate for the quiet enjoyment of this great natural wonder of the world. Perhaps it is but just that those who own the contignous land, or who have devoted time and money to the improvement of roads and the erection of costly bringes, should be recompensed by strangers who use them; but if the State, by right of eminent domain, should take the whole properey at a fair valuation, and sweep away the cheap mills and factories that now disfigure its sides, and should then throw it open to the public, the number of visitors would be greatly enlarged, and the general prosperity of the town would be materially improved. All the hotel keepers and even the hackmen agree in this opinion. The charge of two dollars and a half for four persons in a carrage to cross the suspension bridge may, perhaps, be pardoned when the eye roams over the coastly structure that so gracefully spans the stream, but we were rather astonished to be stopped again just below the bridge on the Canadian side by an old man standing in a little hut, who demanded ten cents. "What is it for?' we cried in wonder; "do let us know what we are getting for our money." "Quite right," murmured the old man; "it is a macadamized road." We never could have believed if he had not assured us of it? And so it went on, a toll here and a toll there, and at every point which promised a beautiful view. We went down another inclined railway at the Whirlpool rapids, and then drove slowly back to the hotel.

Turned Gray in a Night.

Many remarkable tales have been told of persons who, by reason of fright or other causes, have found that their hair has turned white in a single night. But there is not, we believe, anywhere on record a case where a person went to bed at night in a calm state of mind, rested soundly until daylight, and awoke in the morning to find that during sleep his or her hair had changed from ebony to silver. That is to say, there never was such a case until last week, when just this sort of an incident occurred in Boston. The subject was a lady, who retired at her usual hour, taking with her to her room another and an elderly lady, a visitor, who had arrived late in the day, and for whom no other accommodation could be arranged. The subject of this incident was noted for the fineness and beauty of her hair, which was said by good judges—people who had been abroad and were acquainted with the appearance of ravens—to rival the raven's wing in blackness and lustre. Being blessed with a good conscience, and having eaten nothing indigestible at supper, the lady slept peacefully during the night, and awoke refreshed in the morning.

But on looking toward the mirror she saw that her hair, instead of being black, as when she went to bed, was plentifully streaked with gray. She sprang up at once to assure herself by a nearer survey, and had just become convinced that her first view was correct, when at that moment her elderly companion, who had already dressed and gone down stairs, entered the room, and with the words: "It was so dark when I got up that I put on the wrong swith," replaced upon the bureau a black and glossy coil; catching up then the gray tresses that had for a moment so alarmed the young lady, she deftly arranged them in their appropriate places, and again quietly withdrew.

Glass Houses.

It is certain that the glass houses of Alexandria were celebrated among the ancients for the skill and ingenuity of their workmen; and from thence the Romans, who did not acquire a knowledge of the art till a later period, procured all their glassware. Most of the large, greenish glass vases in the British Museum are probably the production of extensive Egyptian or Roman works; they are large, and of excellent form and workmanship; but the glass is somewhat impure, of a greenish tint, has numerous globules and *striæ*, and is not like the modern common crown or sheet glass in quality. Strabo relates that a glassmaker of Alexander informed him that an earth (probable manganese) was found in Egypt, without which the valuable colored glass could not be made. It is also related that the Emperor Hadrian received as a present from an Egyptian priest several glass cups, sparkling with every color; these, as costly wares, were ordered to be used only on good festivals.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Indiana has 60,000 more sheep now than in 1880.

—There are 60,000 colored Baptists in Tennessee, with 150 churches.

—In 1880 only one-thirteenth of all the manufactured products used came from abroad.

—Anthony Trollope left his family $125,000, and the copyright of fifty novels.

—The Marquis of Lorne says the Princess Louise was ordered to Bermuda by her physicians.

—The director of the mint states that he coinage of the new five-cent pieces will be continued.

—A full kit of bank burglars tools is said to be worth $2 000.

—Boston reports an increase of $30,000, last year, in the amount received from fees for licenses

—The cable system of street car traction is about to be introduced into England, at Highgate.

—Pennsylvania made 850,908 tons. Illinois, 362,250 tons; Ohio, 113,806 tons; New York, 105,021 tons.

—The semi-annual dividends payable in Boston in March will amount to $4,231,881.

—A resident of Woodbury, Tenn., but 30 years of age, has just been married for the fourth time.

—A Florida orange grower has ordered 200 barrels of snuff from Connecticut for use as a fertilizer.

—Charles Mackay, LL. D., the English lyrical poet, is just recovering from a long and dangerous illness.

—Russia had last year 776 periodical publications, including newspapers. The largest circulation was 71,000.

—Canadian papers report the arrival of a new bird in considerable numbers which preys upon the English sparrows.

—Sir Moses Montefiore, the oldest English baronet, will be one hundred years old on the 25th of October next.

—The production of Bessemer rails was 1,438,155 tons; iron rails, 227,847 tons; open hearth steel rails, 22,765 tons.

—Of the 1,700 mules employed in the Philadelphia and Reading company's mines but few see the light of day once a year.

—The value of our farm products for 1882, are estimated at $7,500,000,000. Exports of same, $600,000,000, or eight per cent.

—Captain Shaw, the Chief of the London Fire Brigade, has sent to Chicago for some of the fire appliances that he saw in that city.

—Wagner, the composer, died in an arm-chair, of disease of the heart, from which he had been suffering. He had expressed the belief that he should not live long.

—The old "Red Church," located near Orwigsburg, Schuylkill county, Penna., which was built in 1773, is to be torn down and a new structure more modern in architecture erected.

—The ice harvest from the Kennebec river is now estimated at 647,000 tons, and there were 200,000 tons left over from last year.

—Senator Sherman has preserved all the letters which he has received during the last twenty years, and they number nearly forty thousand.

—Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, of Boston, has given $5000 to the permanent fund of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of that city.

—The total production of iron and steel rails last year was 1,688,794 net tons, or 1,507,851 tons gross, a falling off as compared with 1881, of 8 per cent.

—Mr. Dennis, the British antiquarian, has bought the site of the temple of Cybele, at Sardis, Asia Minor, and great hopes are entertained of the discoveries among the ruins.

—Saint Gaudens, the well-known sculptor, has modelled a colossal bas-relief of Dr. Alexander Vinton, to be placed in Emmanuel Church, Boston, where he has so long officiated.

—Lords Wolsely and Alcester have been presented with swords of honor by the Egyptian people. The weapons have fine Damascus blades and hilts studded with jewels, and cost $8750 each.

—William Beach Laurence bought a farm at Ochra Point, Newport, forty years ago, for $12,000, which having been cut up into building lots and sold has netted the Laurence family $800,000.

—During 1882 over 1,200 electrical patents were issued. The electrical division is the largest in the patent office. Considerable attention is now being given by inventors to secondary or storage batteries.

—The Moody Church, in Chicago, built during the Moody excitement in that city some years ago, has a Sunday school which, perhaps, is the largest in the country. Two thousand names are enrolled on the school register, and the average attendance is fifteen hundred.

—In 1881 there were examined in the Municipal Laboratory, Paris, 3,001 samples of wine, of which 271 were found to be good, 991 passable, and 1,731 bad. In the first five months of 1882, 1,869 samples were analyzed, of which 372 were good, 683 passable, and 814 bad—145 of the latter being very injurious.

—The Census reports show that during the census year, the railways of