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Bonnie Stratheyre.

There's meadows in Lanark and mountains in Skye,
And pastures in Hieland and Lawlands forbye:
But there's nae greater luck that the heart could desire
Than to herd the fine cattle in bonnie Stratheyre.

O, it's up in the morn and awa' to the hill,
When the lang simmer days are sae warm and sae still,
Till the peak o' Ben Voirlich is girdled wi' fire,
And the evenin' fa's gently on bonnie Stratheyre.

Then there's mirth in the sheiling and love in my breast,
When the sun is gane doun and the kye are at rest;
For there's mony a prince wad be proud to aspire
To my winsome wee Maggie, the pride o' Stratheyre!

Her lips are like rowans in ripe simmer seen,
And mild as the starlight the glint o' her een;
Far sweeter her breath than the scent o' the briar,
And her voice is sweet music in bonnie Stratheyre.

Set Flora by Colin and Maggie by me,
And we'll dance to the pipes swellin' loudly and free,
Till the moon in the heavens climbing higher and higher
Bids us sleep on fresh brackens in bonnie Stratheyre.

Though some to gay touns in the Lawlands will roam,
And some will gang sodgerin' far from their home
Yet I'll aye herd my cattle, and bigg my ain byre,
And love my ain Maggie in bonnie Stratheyre.

—*Harold Boulton in Spectator.*

"FROM THE HOSPITAL."

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Dibble, "I know I could depend upon the hospitality of my flock to entertain this excellent young divine, seeing that my own household is in so disorganized a condition, owing to the exigencies of cleaning house. It will be only for a night or two, and we all know what is promised to those who receive the angel unawares!"

And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and looked smilingly around upon the members of the Young Ladies' Aid Association, while a very preceptible murmur of assent rose up from this aggregate collection of curls, bangs, frizzed hair, and crimped laces.

Not a damsel in the number but would gladly have extended her gracious hospitality to the Rev. Felix Amory, who was to preach a sermon in aid of "Home Helps and Missions" at the village church upon the coming Sunday evening.

"I'm sure," said Miss Lidia Larkspur, promptly anticipating the crisis, "papa would be most happy to receive the gentleman!"

While all the other ladies looked indignantly first at Miss Lidia then at each other, and whispered, "Bold thing!"

"Most kind of you to promise it, I am sure," said Mr. Dibble, and so the matter was settled, not at all to the general satisfaction.

And Lidia Larkspur went home, and issued orders that the parlor curtains should be washed and ironed, and a pound-cake of the richest nature concocted.

While Kate Duer, the doctor's sister, who was as fond of young clergymen as Lidia herself, and would in no wise have objected to varying the monotony of her home life with a spice of ecclesiastical novelty, returned to her crochet-work with a yawn and a general impression that life was a bore.

"We are to have a young lecturer from the city in the church on Sunday evening," she said to her brother when he bustled into dinner.

"Eh?" said Dr. Duer, swallowing his scalding soup; "are we? By the way, Kate, there's a new case of small-pox reported among those hands on the railway enbankment."

"Dear me!" said Kate, who was compounding a refreshing salad in a carved wooden bowl; "I hope you keep well vaccinated, Hugh."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that!" said the doctor; "only the other patients in the hospital object to such a case."

"I should think it very likely," said Kate, with a little *moue*.

"I must try to isolate him somewhere," said Dr. Duer thoughtfully. "In one of those stone houses by the river, perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had the disease, I know."

And then Dr. Duer tasted the salad and pronounced it first-rate.

Pitcherville was all on the *qui vive* that day when the double-shotted piece of tidings flew, on the tongue of popular rumor, through the town. An actual small-pox case in their midst, and a young minister coming all the way from New York to appeal to their sympathies on behalf of home missions."

"I wonder if it is contagious!" said old Mrs. McAdam, looking very roundeyed through her spectacles.

"Contagious!" said Mrs. Emmons; "it ought to find its way into every home in our village."

"What!" cried Mrs. McAdam; "the small-pox!"

"No; certainly not," said Mrs. Emmons; "the sympathetic movement in favor of home missions."

And then everyone laughed. Mrs. McAdam looked puzzled, and Mrs. Emmons drew herself up and remarked that "it was very irreverent to laugh at sacred things."

But Miss Lidia Larkspur, whose father did not believe in vaccination, and who had a mortal horror of the disease against which the famous Jenner waged so successful a warfare, was much troubled in her mind.

"I've always had a sort of premonition that I should fall a victim to the small-pox," sighed she. "I only wish pa would let me be vaccinated!"

It was on a sultry August evening, the sky full of lurid clouds, the air charged with glittering arrows of electricity, and the big drops beginning to knock at Miss Lidia's door—a most mysterious tap, as she afterwards declared.

"Who's there?" said Miss Lidia, opening it sufficiently to obtain a glimpse of a tall pale man with pocket-handkerchief folded turbanwise around his head.

"Excuse me," said this apparition, "but I believe I have lost my way. Might I ask shelter from the shower? I am the young man from the hospital."

"Certainly not," said Miss Lidia, closing the door abruptly in his face, with a little shriek. "Good gracious! have I stood face to face with the—small-pox case?"

And then she ran for the servant and the camphor-bottle, and went into hysterics.

Mrs. Printemps lived in the next house—a picturesque cottage, overhung with Virginia-creepers, with a little plaster cast of Cupid in the garden, and a great many bluebells and carnations—a young widow who read all the newest books and sometimes wrote gushing poems for the second-rate monthlies.

Mrs. Printemps imagined herself like the gifted and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and dressed up to the part, as far as nineteenth-century prejudices would allow her—and she was seated by the casement, trying to find a rhyme to suit a most unaccommodating line of poetry, when the tall pale stranger appeared under her window, "for all the world," as Mrs. Printemps subsequently expressed it, "like a troubador, or David Rizzio himself."

"Excuse me, madame," he began, "but I am from the hospital, and——"

"My goodness me!" ejaculated Mrs. Printemps, jumping to her feet; "how dare you come here and tell me that to my face? Why don't they isolate you?"

"Madame——" said the surprised stranger.

"Go away!" said Mrs. Printemps, banging down her window and bolting it noisily. "Betsy"—to her girl—"run across the meadow to Mrs. Underlay's and tell her that the small-pox case is rampaging all over the country, trying to get people to let him in, and she isn't to open the door on any account. And stop at Dr. Duer's and ask him what sort of sanitary regulation he calls this kind of thing?"

"I'm afraid I'll meet him, mem!" said Betsy, getting behind the sideboard; "and I ain't been vaccinated for seven years, and——"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Printemps. "If you go across the pasture-field you'll get there full five minutes before he does. Make haste now."

Kate Duer was standing in her doorway watching the storm roll grandly over the mountain-tops, when the weary and bewildered traveller opened the gate and came hesitatingly in.

"I beg your pardon," said he meekly, "but I think there must be something singular in my appearance. People seem to shut their doors against me, and shun me as if I had the pestilence. And I cannot find the residence of Mr. Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be asking too much if I were to request permission to rest in your porch until the storm is over? I came from the hospital, and——"

"Oh, I understand," said Kate quickly. "You are the small-pox patient. But I have been vaccinated, and am not afraid of the disease. There is a very comfortable chamber in the second story of the barn, and you shall be carefully nursed and taken care of there, of——"

"But you are mistaken," cried the young man: "I am not——"

"Hush!" said Kate gently. "Do not be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. Duer's sister, and know the whole story. Sit here and rest a little, and I will bring you some bread and milk until my brother comes."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," said the stranger, "and the bread and milk will taste delicious after my long walk. But I do not know what leads you to think that I am a victim to varioloid. I have lost my hat in the wind, to be sure, and am compelled to wear this Syrian-looking drapery on my head, but I never had small-pox, and hope never to encounter its horrors."

Kate Duer turned red first, then pale.

"Then," said she, "if you are not the small-pox case, who are you?"

"I am Felix Amory," said the young stranger, "the chaplain of St. Lucetta's Hospital in New York. I am to preach in aid of the home mission on Sunday next."

Kate Duer burst out laughing.

"And everyone has been mistaking you for the small-pox case!" said she "Oh, Mr. Amory, do come in. How could we all have been so stupid? But you see, the minute you began to speak of the hospital——"

"I dare say it was very awkward of me," said Mr. Amory. "But it's the way I have always mentioned myself to strangers. St. Lucetta's, you know——"

"Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to the good folks here, there is only one hospital in the world, and that is the Pitcherville Institute."

Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea, sliced peaches, and delicate "angel cake" very much, as he sat *tete-a-tete* with Kate Duer, by the soft light of the shaded lamp, while the rain pattered without. And when the doctor came in it was cosier yet.

"The small-pox case?" said he. "Oh, that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry since this morning. And doing very well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry that you have had such a disastrous experience."

"All's well that end's well," said the young clergyman, leaning back in his snug corner with an expression of ineffable content on his face.

Miss Lidia Larkspur was quite indignant when she heard that Mr. Amory was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

"Just like Kate Duer," said she. "To manœvre to get that poor young man into her hands, after all. But if a man rushes around the country, telling everybody that he comes from a hospital, what can he expect?"

"The most awkward thing I ever heard of in my life," said Mrs. Printemps vindictively.

But this was not Mr. Felix Amory's last visit to Pitcherville. He came in autumn when the leaves were red—and then in the frozen beauty of winter. And the last time, he asked Kate Duer "if she was willing to encounter the trials of a minister's wife?" And Kate, after a little hesitation, said that she was willing to try.

And Miss Lidia Larkspur declared that "anyone could get married if they were as bold about it as Kate Duer."

A Good Remedy.

Hostetter McGinnis met Dr. Perkins Soonover a few days ago on Austin avenue.

"I am much obliged to you, doctor, for that tonic you gave me," said Hostetter, taking the learned physician warmly by the hand.

"So it helped you, did it?"

"Helped me? Well I should say it did. I never had anything brace me up as that tonic did."

"How many bottles did you take?"

"I didn't take any myself. Catch me putting such stuff down my throat. When I want to commit suicide I'll go at it in a different way."

"But I thought you said you experienced beneficial effects from it."

"So I did. I gave the stuff to my rich uncle, who had just made his will in my favor, and now he is no more. One bottle of your tonic knocked him cold."—*Texas Siftings.*

Upon this story we confidently defy the united genius of the aggregate press of the East. A small boy at Quincy, in this State, went up the mountain side full of pleasure at the first fall of snow. At the summit he slipped and rolled down the hill, becoming the nucleus of a vast snowball which hopelessly imprisoned him. He was missed after several hours, and the searchers got on the track of the snowball and trailed it to where it had leaped from a cliff to a canyon. Looking down they could see it lodged in the boughs of a pine tree. They finally got it, broke it open, and found the boy inside, alive, but rather chilly. Upon this incident we rest the reputation of California for the season. —*San Francisco Alta.*

WEATHER SIGNS.

Nature's Means of Indicating the Coming of a Storm.

The wind rises, for telling a storm. It cries and moans at the window as if it lamented the evil it was powerless to prevent. It is a sound which tries the nerves already sinking as the electric stimulus is withdrawn from the air. The low spirits we are unable to account for are often caused by the suspension of the bracing, positive electric current during a change of weather, too slight, perhaps, for us to notice. This sinking of spirits unconsciously leads sensitive people to regard the cry of the wind as a sort of banshee warning of disaster and wreck. This is one of the oldest superstitions in the world, for before the time of Virgil and Theocritus, when to Greek and Etrurian an eclipse was the frown of an offended deity and a comet was a fiery messenger of wrath, the sigh of the wind was full of unutterable portents. In olden days, when window frames were not as close as ours and chimney crannies offered pipe for any tune the wind chose to play upon it, imaginative cotters wove many a legend of demons of the air and witches shrieking discord and horror, as if

The cloudy air was filled round about
With howling cries and woful, wailing plaints

Old-country tradition is full of such tales, and we are all primitive enough to feel a touch of creeping dread at the eldrich voices of the wind, forgetful that the clamor and wailing is only the wind forcing itself through a crevice too small for it.

The world is full of superstitions which have arisen as naturally as the childish dread of the wailing of the wind. But you must be sure that these well-worn ideas have neither meaning nor worth before you throw them away. A superstition is not always a thing to be laughed at, a truth which the latest research of science strikingly illustrates.

In places on the west coast of England, on the calmest, quietest of days, a strange, hollow moan is heard from a distance at sea, although the waves lie sleeping at one's feet. Fifty years ago the coast folk believed it the voice of a spirit, by the old heathen Saxon name of Bucca, which foretold tempest and woe. You hear the voice now, ominous as of yore, but you know that it is the noise of a storm so far off on the Atlantic that its swell has not even reached shore. Sound travels so much faster than currents of air that the tempest reaches the ear long before the first ripple of wind touches the cheek. Sound in air travels about thirteen miles a minute; in water four times as fast, outstripping the speed of any tornado known. The shore at these places gathers the sound as in the drum of the ear, and currents striking eastward carry the roar of storms which are sweeping midocean hundreds of leagues away, not a blast of which may ever vex the shore. It is wonderful what carriers of sound and motion the great empty spaces of the ocean are. Before a gale is felt in the British isles a heavy swell sets the lightship swinging at the station of the Kish and Cockle Gat, while at Valentia the surf rises twenty-four hours before the storm reaches that projecting point. In the bay of Monterey, California, the billows come tearing in from the Pacific while the day is perfectly calm. A cyclone off days at sea has sent these surges to tell the shore of its work.

When distant hills look clear, sailors forbode storm. When instead of its usual haze, Blue hill, as seen from Dedham, invites the eye to pierce its dells and woody paths in singular clearness, we know it is the last of our good weather for awhile. How is this? A great German observer says the moisture in the air washes its dust and impurities away, leaving this beautiful clearness. But this reason fails to be satisfactory. Why isn't it as clear after a rain as well as before it, when we know the woods fold their bluest mist about them, as if to keep their recesses fresh? I prefer the theory that the air before a storm has a refracting quality which brings distances near, like the glasses of a telescope. How does it gain this quality at one time and not at another? Perhaps by the different arrangement of its molecules by the alteration of the electric current so that various layers of the air act like lenses in a degree. One finds the same lense-like quality in the air of Arizona plains when mirage is visible, and on the northwest prairies, when at times it is like looking through a great prism, and the slopes are outlined with purple and laid with roseate tinges of enchanting harmony.

You have heard of the old signs and sayings about the right time of the moon for sowing seeds and expecting rain at such a quarter, and you have laughed at the idea that the moon had anything to do with the affairs of the earth beyond giving light like a big lantern. "In fact," writes one English scientist, "the influence of the moon on the weather is as mythical as its influence over human life." Presently the same writer speaks of "the powerful agency of the moon in causing tides of ocean and of air, subject to the same tidal influences." Farther he declares that "changes of the weather are associated with various aspects of the moon." Mr. Park Harrison, one of the closest observers of modern times, after studying a mass of observations, concludes that there is a tendency in the moon to warm the earth at her first quarter and cool it at the third, slightly but perceptibly. Mr. Glaisher, the celebrated meteorologist, finds that there are more north winds in one-half of the moon's period and more south winds in the other—causes quite sufficient to affect such susceptible things as the germs of seed.

But leaving the slight additional heat given by the moon out of the question, research brings a new and serious phase of the moon's influence before us. The moon is a radiator and reflector of the sun's heat, which pours upon her for a period fourteen times the length of our day, part of which flows into space and part comes to earth. In this period of isolation the moon receives not only heat, but a portion of that intense vital and electric force of which the sun is the center and source. At her third quarter the moon has been exposed to the uninterrupted heat of the sun for 265 hours, absorbing quantities of vital heat and electricity as well. Why may not it be also reflector and radiator of this electric energy, which we find diffused throughout nature, quickening the seed in the ground, the leaf in its sheaf, the blood within our veins, the tissues which overlay our frame. Science detects a tide of nervous electric force at its fullest about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and from 3 to 4 in the afternoon, when human strength and life are at their best, in the hours opposite which they are at their lowest, when the sick feel feeblest, and when the dying find release. The hours of its ebb and flow are as well known as the tide of ocean, and beyond a doubt such a current exists in lower forms of organic life. All things point to the sun as the royal source, the moon as the dispenser and regulator, of this magnetic life. Admiral Fitzroy, founder of the weather service of Great Britain, fairest and most exact of observers, writes in his weather book that all the phenomena agree with the idea of such an electric influence on the part of the moon, and farther that it explains all unreconciled facts in meteorology. This being true, it redeems from absurdity the dependence of mankind for centuries on the aspects of the moon for signs of weather, for times of sowing and reaping, for weaning of children and young animals, in short, the most delicate operations of nature, sensitive to influences we duly feel and distantly perceive. When all scientific men agree that, whatever the reason, certain changes of the weather and certain changes of the moon happen together, we have not far to look for a code of weather signals available by land or sea. The old superstition was that the moon caused the change of weather, in which lies the mistake, just as if we believed that the cautionary signals of the weather bureau caused storms. That the moon's changes agree with the changes of weather as with the tides is a belief on which we want the experience of twenty thousand strict observers.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Novel Progressive Euchre Party.

The tables were arranged in the large parlors so that there was quite a distance between the head table and the three others. The Booby table represented France, and it was covered with a handsome Parisian mat. The playing cards were beautifully pictured, representing court jesters and theatrical celebrities. Here bon-bons were distributed which contained fools' caps. The conversation was carried on entirely in French. The third table was designated Germany. The lucky couple who were at the Booby table then traveled from France to Germany. Like the last table everything used was characteristic of the country. The playing cards were quite patriotic, the Kings and Queens of the past generations being artistically executed on them. Of course, a change of language was necessary, and those not proficient were compelled, like many poor tourists, to trust to luck. The table, from Berlin, was embroidered, most accurately displaying a pack of cards thrown carelessly on the table. Several gentlemen, who attempted to pick up some of them, can testify how natural they were. Next the lucky tourists crossed the channel and landed in England, the second table. A huge oak card-table and straight-backed chairs were used. The playing cards were gorgeously illustrated, representing scenes in the Indian and Egyptian campaigns. A servant was in constant attendance to carry off the numerous h's that were constantly dropped—"Arts are trumps," "Ave you played?" etc., were popular queries. Here the conversation was mostly upon the departure of steamers for America, and many were the speculations as to which couple would make the voyage. "Home at last!" was heard, when the delighted travelers had crossed the Atlantic, after a farewell to old England and their disappointed opponents. America, the prize table, situated in the back parlor, was decorated with the stars and stripes, and the cards were a pictorial description of the discovery of America.

At last our excited tourists breathed a sigh of relief, and talked to their hearts' content. The winners at this table were only too glad to remain, but the unfortunate losers were compelled, like the Wandering Jew, to "move on." The guests were bewildered and delighted, for the details of the game were perfect, and the effect most happy. As the first game at the head of the table was concluded, the Swiss clock chimed in with "Cuckoo, Cuckoo," which became the victors' triumph cry during the evening. The badges were made of birch bark, upon which the aces, deuces, trays and fours were worked in many-colored straws. The prizes were collected during a long trip abroad, and were most tasteful souvenirs.—*Cincinnati Graphic.*

Progressive Japanese Belles.

The ladies of Japan show not less readiness to adopt western ideas and usages than the Japanese of the other sex. The belles of Yeddo order dresses from Paris; and the progress of imitation has gone so far as to make a knowledge of the fashionable dances of Europe an indispensable feature in the education of every Japanese lady who respects herself. Equestrianism has not however, figured so far in the list of feminine accomplishments in the dominions of the Mikado; not, it seems, from any aversion on the part of the ladies to take pattern by their European sisters in this as in other respects, but simply because no means of mastering the art of horsewomanship as it is practiced in the West existed in the country. A riding-school is, however, now about to be opened in Yokohama, exclusively for the use of native ladies, and it promises to be largely patronized. The Japanese government is about to take a step which will have the effect of bringing the more solid branches of western education within reach of the female subjects of the Mikado. A number of young women are about to be sent to Europe to receive a thorough training in the essential branches of female education as it is understood there, with a view to their subsequent employment as teachers in their own country when qualified.

The Latest Ornamentation Craze.

You know what a craze there has been about wearing watch-cock necklaces, bracelets, brooches, etc? The balance cock in watches of modern make is simply a plain piece of metal, but in the old verge watches, made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the deftest skill was brought to bear upon this portion of the movement. They were pierced, chased and engraved, and, being wrought by hand, each worker followed his own devices in the design, so that very rarely were two alike. They were exquisitely finished, too, so there is every excuse for the popularity of the articles of jewelry made of them. But what do you think jewelers are doing now? They are bringing out imitations of these, roughly finished, and with none of the fineness or delicacy of the originals. That is how everything becomes vulgarized in our degenerate times. If I possessed a necklet or bracelet of real watch-cocks I should put it carefully away until all the cheap imitations were lost and forgotten. I actually saw the revers of a brown walking dress buttoned on with some of them the other day!—*Miss Madge in London Truth.*

Mr. Thomas A. Ball, the sculptor, who has recently finished a large statue of Daniel Webster for Concord, N. H., is now at work on a portrait of P. T. Barnum. The figure is in a sitting position. It will not be put up during his lifetime, but his family prefer to have the portrait from life instead of waiting to have it done from photographs. Both these statues are to be cast in bronze in Munich.

ONOMATOPEIA.

How Birds and Animals Get Their Strange and Curious Names, According to Their Characteristics.

We are inclined to look upon the state of the first man as one peculiarly pleasant and devoid of care, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch.* Before Eve was made, and the consequent trouble came upon Adam, he seemingly had very little to do beyond eat, sleep, and enjoy the scenery. But a little investigation shows that he had a job laid out for him which must have taxed his ingenuity to its utmost. Genesis ii., 19-20, says that the animals were all passed in review before him to see what he would call them. Eve was at this time yet attached to his spinal column and could not assist at the work. She would have lightened his labor very much, as women are very expert at calling names usually.

Being not much acquainted with the habits of his animal compatriots, he must have had difficulty in giving them suitable names—indeed, in giving them any names whatever. The difficulty may be appreciated by any one—even with our present knowledge of the animal kingdom—who will endeavor to recite the well-known names of our most common animals. If one will try to repeat the names of forty animals he will find it takes him four or five minutes. Think what a task it was to not only repeat but invent names for all the animals, the birds, fishes, and reptiles.

What he called them will never be known, because we do not know what language he spoke. We have our English names for all animals—that is, all of the more common ones. Some of them have no names with us except the Latin scientific one by which they are known by naturalists.

Just how objects get names is an interesting thing to trace. Among animals and plants the scientific name is easy enough to account for, because men who study the classification and arrangement into genera and species, deliberately set about naming the new object from some peculiarity, but if it should happen that some entirely new animal appeared, who would go about giving it a name by which those not familiar with science might call it? Who was it who first called our beast of burden a horse, and why was it called horse? Why not just as well have said pig or cow? Nearly every word has a history which explains the reasons of its existence?

There are many names which bear their reason upon their faces, as blackbird, woodpecker, fly-catcher, oyster-catcher, pinch-bug, tomato-worm, and a host of others. Then there are a large number whose names are easily understood, because the words used in describing them are onomatopetic, that is, the word in its sound in a measure represents some action of the animal. Examples of such are humming-bird, bumble-bee, a name corrupted from humblebee, probably so called from its habit of storing its honey in the ground. Hoot-owl is another, and screech-owl.

A great many animals have English names which are captured from some other language. The word bear is Dutch. The early English took this word, but pronounced it bera, and as it came down it became weather-beaten and changed by us into bear. Alligator is another word which could not stand the twist of the English tongue. When the Spaniards landed there and saw this greatest of lizards they at once recognized its place in nature and called it *el lagarto*, or the lizard. It can be easily seen how English sailors, hearing this term constantly, brought the words home, but not being familiar with Spanish, the two words were blended and ellagarto, was the result, which has since "weathered" into alligator, its present form.

Hawk, in old English, was spelled hafoc, meaning havoc. A good idea is thus given of the bird's habits, just as the raven expresses greed. We say ravenous to this day.

The names sometimes mislead, as in the case of our turkey. The inference here is that Turkey is the native home of the bird, when in truth it is a bird peculiarly our own. The French fell into a like error. They supposed it came from India, and called it "d'Inde."

There is a great deal of lore stored up in a single word at times. The name for the kingfisher in ancient times was the Greek halcyon, and it is still so called, although we have long ago learned the fallacy of its name. They thought the sea became calm and continued so while this bird brooded over its nest, which was supposed to float upon the water. We call calm, happy days halcyon days, and it is poetic, even if the cold, prosy facts do not bear out the idea.

The way a word changes its appearance is shown in our word redingote. This word was first an English word, and was nothing more than a gentleman's riding coat. This garment became the fashion in Paris, where they tried to pronounce it, and, after being considerably altered, came back to London as a garment for ladies, with the difference in spelling.

The history of words is not always to be relied upon, as shown by our words turkey and pheasant. The original pheasant came from the river Phasis, and the fancied resemblance of our grouse fastened this name to it.

Those who first saw the leopard with its spotted coat attempted to account for it by supposing that it had a lion—leo—and the giraffe or cameleopard for parents, calling the result of this most improbable union the leo-pard.

Any one who has watched the festive goat has remarked how sudden and unaccountable are his movements. He seems to have no settled idea as to just what he wants to do. Capra is the Latin word for goat, and from this we have caper and capricious—goat like. This gives vigor and vividness to the world. In view of the goat's penchant for circus bills, old rags, and labels of fruit cans as articles of diet, the expression "a capricious appetite" is full of force.

How well the words, "he is acting the possum," signifies that one is pretending something he does not feel! Nearly every one has seen the 'possum simulate death on receiving a slight blow, and has also noticed that he keeps an eye to the main chance, and is ready to jump up and run away.

How full of meat is the slang. "Monkey business," or "don't monkey" with this or that. A vision of the very tricky, unreliable, and amusing little beast is at once called up. What can excite the ire of a man, especially one of the species dude, more quickly than to speak of him as a puppy? It is full of contempt.

While there is nothing more beautiful and more pleasant to the cultivated ear than good, pure language, yet there is certainly a strong temptation to use slang phrases. They express so much in such a strong manner. Slang is the language of the common people who are only accustomed to words full of meaning, and there are comparatively few who do not fall into the way of using some words not found in the dictionaries, and more of such expressions are drawn from the animal kingdom than is generally supposed.

The dictionary is said to be dry reading, changes the subject too often, but in reality there are very few books in which more information and diversion can be drawn. We can there find, wrapped in the body of word, whole poems, bits of history, the love of the ancients, the depravity of some nations, the elevation of others, how new worlds arise and old ones die, and, best of all, we are stimulated to a study of other languages and other people by the thousand fragments of their languages found there, as the geologist rises through the pieces of mineral in his cabinet to the everlasting works which compose the universe and through this to the maker of all things.

A Sure Winner.

"In 1862—4 there were numerous places where the tenderfoot was beguiled and robbed of his all. The most notorious place was the room run by Bill and Hy Ford. They didn't run anything but poker-rooms, but many a poor devil with a taste for the game was enticed in there and robbed."

"How was that done?'

"I will tell you. One of the hangers-on around the rooms was a gambler named Jerry Lewis. Jerry was crooked throughout. He couldn't play a fair game if he wanted to. He had his cappers around town gathering up the unwary. He always had his particular seat at a table, and the man who sat opposite to him was always fleeced before he got up.

"Everything apparently was on the square, but wasn't. Jerry had a winning way about him in more than one. He never went for anything but big game. He would get around a fellow, propose a quiet game of draw, take him to his room, and the two would sit down to a table in a room by themselves. Jerry had his confederate, however, and had him stationed in a loft immediately above the table. There was a small hole in the ceiling where the fellow could see the sucker's hand. Then there was an ingenious system of wires arranged by which signals could be given.

"The signals were all given on the sole of Jerry's foot. There was a hole in the floor as well as in the ceiling. Jerry would place his foot over the hole, and his pal would work the wires. They had a telegraph system. One tap would mean something, two something else, so you see that the watcher could keep Jerry informed as to what the other fellow held. It was a dead-sure thing, and Jerry made a mint of money."

"How was the trick discovered?"

"A Texan named Sam Reid struck Denver with $40,000. He played bank heavy and won $10,000 more. Jerry tackeled him for a game of draw, and Sam consented. The first night Jerry lost just enough to make the Texan think that he was the boss poker-player in the world. The next night they quit even. The night after Jerry started in to win the pile, but luck was against him. He couldn't hold anything. He knew it was useless to try and stack the cards, because Reid would have discovered that and there would have been a shooting-scrape. In spite of signals Jerry quit loser that night, but he didn't give up. He tackled Reid again the next night and won right along.

"He had won $40,000 of the southerner's money, and was laying himself out to win the rest of it. He raked in a pot of $6,000, and had dealt the cards himself. Reid had only about $4,000 left.

"He got a full hand on the draw, and Jerry got a full hand also, his full hand being larger than Reid's. The betting commenced, and Reid had every cent of his money up on the call. Before the cards were shown Reid told Jerry to hold on awhile. He drew a revolver and laid it on the table, still retaining hold of it, however.

"'Don't show your hand yet,' he said. 'Every cent I have in the world is on the table. I don't know which one has the best, but I do know there has been cheating done. Somebody has given my hand away. That somebody is over us. If everything is square you won't object to my shooting through the ceiling. If there is anything crooked of course you will object.'

"Reid raised his pistol and cocked it. Jerry didn't say anything but grabbed Reid's arm, but it was too late. The gun went off. There was a howl and a scampering heard, and a fall in the next room.'

"'There,' said Reid, 'I knew you were robbing me. I didn't kill that fellow, but I wish I had. Now, you just hand back every cent of that money. If you don't I will put a hole through you big enough for a dog to crawl through.'

"Jerry was game, but Reid had the drop on him, and he was forced to give back every cent he had won."—*Denver News.*

Cupid and Soap.

There is a certain self-styled man of letters in London who is more remarkable for his lofty indifference to soap and water than for any additions which he has made to literature. In spite, however, of his somewhat uncomely appearance, he fancies himself to be a great conqueror of the heart of woman; and he is always delighted to set abroad little rumors about fair beings whom his fascinations have charmed—rumors which are by no means agreeable to the fair beings whose names are mentioned. One young lady was very much disgusted the other evening on being asked at a dinner-table by the friend who had taken her down if there was any truth in the rumor that she was engaged to be married to the somewhat unsavory man of letters in question. The young lady denied the suggestion indignantly. "Then you have not accepted his hand?" her interlocutor inquired. "Accepted his hand!" said the lady decisively and epigrammatically—"accept his hand! Why, I would not even shake his hand without a previous course of Turkish baths on his part and a subsequent course on mine."—*Whitehall Review.*

Now that cotton is coming in the oil mills are busy. Nothing about cotton need be wasted. The fiber having been separated, the seeds are again "linted," all the cotton adhering to them being removed and sold to the cotton men. Then the husks are removed and used for fuel in the furnaces on the premises. After the seed is ground, cooked and pressed, the oil being extracted, the refuse forms an oil cake, which is shipped in large quantities to Great Britain for food for cattle. Last of all, the ashes have a virtue of their own, and are sold at a high price. The oil goes to Chicago to make butter and lard; in Cincinnati, where an illuminating oil is made from it, and to an eastern city to be made into pure olive oil for salads. It is already taking the place of lard in cookery, greatly to the advantage of everybody. Inferior grades serve as the basis for the best soaps.

How Prominent Men Read.

"Do you know there is a good deal of character shown in the way men read the papers?" said a well-known hotel clerk to the reporter. "Of course, you don't see it, any more than an ordinary observer sees character in the way men eat; but there is, nevertheless. I have seen all the prominent men in the country read the papers time and again, and not two in a thousand read alike. My attention was first called to the subject some years ago by Horace Greeley, who was an omnivorous reader of the papers. I have been a constant observer ever since. Horace was the queerest reader you ever saw. He would begin at the first column and read every line down to the advertisements. According as he read he would crumple the paper up in his hands. When he got through, the paper would be rolled up in a ball. After he left the hotel in the morning to go down town to his office all the papers would be strewn around the floor like so many paper balls. It used to amuse the guests of the house, and was the occasion of many bottles of wine. Some folks said it was affectation, like Greeley's great white coat; but I never thought so. To me it indicated an unconscious, sturdy character which looked straight ahead for results, while paying very little attention to details or circumstances.

"Oh, yes; General Grant also had his peculiarities. He usually read one paper through and through. He would stop in the middle of an editorial and reflect. Grant was a slow reader, but when he put down a paper he could tell you all the news and discuss a question with great discrimination. He used to say that one paper was all he had time to read a day. Whatever was worth reading in his estimation, was worth digesting and remembering. People who knew Grant will recollect what an exhaustive memory he had for detail. He could relate every circumstance connected with any important event that occurred long before the war. He used to say he didn't remember all about the war, but he knew more than any one else about the great events in which he had personally figured. There is no doubt whatever that General Grant's predominant characteristic displayed itself in his manner of reading. He was slow, patient and painstaking in everything, but when he once arrived at a conclusion there was no dislodging him.

"Lincoln never cared for the news of the day—that is, he never cared to read it. He usually had his private secretary tell him what was in the papers. He would read editorials, though, by the hour. When he stopped at the hotel he would read the editorials in every paper the first thing in the morning. He used to say that men's views were all he cared about. It made no difference about the details of how a thing happened. If he knew the causes of it, and the bearing it would have upon matters in general, that was all he wanted to know.

"General McClellan was just the opposite. He cared more about the circumstances of a good story than about the result. If he knew that a certain bill was passed or defeated in congress he would read all about its career, and then form his own judgment. McClellan, of course, respected the opinions of others, but he always made it a rule to be self-reliant in thought as well as in action. On a certain occasion, a few years before the war, McClellan and Greeley were both staying at the hotel. They were fast friends. One evening the conversation turned upon the slavery question, and Mr. Greeley who was an ardent admirer of Wendell Phillips, called General McClellan's attention to an attack made against his character in a leading New York paper. It had grieved Horace so that he almost shed tears. McClellan burst into a hearty laugh, and, turning to Mr. Greeley, rather pointedly, asked him if he hadn't had experience enough to know that it mattered little what any newspaper said about a man. Horace was shocked at such an unexpected remark, and couldn't be made to believe that the general meant it.

Training Servant Girls.

If a majority of matrons would qualify themselves and then try to impart to servants their knowledge of the various trades that are comprised in housework, the aggregate advantage would in a short time be great. A girl with common sense can learn to cook all plain food in two or three months. It would certainly pay to send her to the laundry for a few lessons.

Half a dozen lessons in "second work," followed up by a not too oppressive supervision, will make a competent housemaid. This tutorage will indeed consume a considerable amount of time, but it does not upset the family as does the recurring and dreaded period of "changing girls." We all know of households where seasons all follow in quick succession, year after year. The lady thinks she is unfortunate in her servants, and finally concludes they are all natural enemies to the comfort and best interest of their employers. The kind husband sympathizes in an impatient despair in the idea that all servants are worthless.

But the fact that some women have so much worst luck with girls than others can only be logically explained by the supposition that they are worse mistresses. "But what are we to eat while Bridget is learning?" inquires a new little wife, before whom the problem begins to loom darkly in the domestic horizon. It is no worse to bear the blunders of one who is improving all the time than to be experimented upon by a dozen strangers, none of whom are competent. And who can doubt that the father and the boys will prefer to excuse mistakes smoothed over by kind and hopeful words from the mistress to hear a running fire of weak complaints, month after month, from a house mother who does nothing to better affairs?—*The Congregationalist.*

The calculating machine, invented by Professor Thomson, appears to excel, in its ingenious adaptation to a variety of results, even Babbage's wonderful apparatus. By means of the mere friction of a disk, a cylinder and a ball, the machine is capable of effecting numerous complicated calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical problems, and by its aid an unskilled person may, in a given time, perform the work of ten expert mathematicians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculating of tidal, magnetic, meteorological and other periodic phenomena: it will solve differential equations of the second or even higher orders, and through this same wonderful arrangement of mechanical parts the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planatory theories, is done by simply turning a handle.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT!

A Very Timely Admonition Very Forcibly Administered.

(*From the Sunday News.*)

A Judge in Georgia has most unexpectedly found himself thrust into prominence over all his brethren and fellow-citizens, and become the centre of the admiring and envious regard of the people of half a continent, in consequence of making the simple remark that he never goes to sleep at night until he has paid every cent of obligation incurred during the day, and can lie down, knowing that he is free of debt.

Happy man! Wise Judge! Exceptional individual! The brief statement of his simple rule of conduct has caught the eye of paragraphers in every part of the land, and every day there floats into the *News and Courier* office one or more newspapers bearing the inevitable announcement, which we have quoted, with suitable headlines to call attention to the fact which it sets forth and to impress the lesson which it teaches. If one may judge from the interest which the statement has excited, a man who goes to bed at night without owing anybody a cent, affords as rare an item for a vigilant press as the man who has never traveled by rail, nor tasted a drop of ardent spirit in his life. Of course there are other such men, besides the Georgia jurist, but people do not hear of them. They hide in the shadow of contentment, and live at home—because they have homes to live at. One may go on making debts and paying them, after a time, for years together, and nobody be aware of the fact besides himself and the anxious parties of the other part. But let him once fail. Let the financial sun go down on the third day of grace and grief, and his shortcoming will be heralded to all the world next morning. In order to travel safely with a crowd going down hill one must keep his feet and keep moving, however painful and breathless the gait may be. If he fail he will be trampled and sorely bruised; for not many will stop to pick him up. His nearest friends, indeed, will be only too happy if they are not pulled down with him, or do not stumble over him.

It is probably a rare thing to find a man who keeps wholly out of debt, at all times; who squares accounts with the world every day. If there were many it is not likely that we should have heard of the gentleman over in Georgia so promptly and so persistently. It may be that you owe only a few thousands, or a few hundreds, or a few units of dollars, and that your assets are far in access of your liabilities. If so, blessed are you; but your position is not on the bench alongside of our Georgia exemplar. Your proper place is on the anxious seat; and doubtless you occupy it much of your time, in the solitude of your office or your library. If the balance is against you, of course, though ever so little, and the surplus assets are not in sight, your case is the common one. You are in debt. If you own a dollar, and owe a dollar and a dime only, you belong to the great majority. You are ten cents behind, and the odds are that you will find it hard to catch up. That dime is the measure of most of your present troubles. It is bigger in your eyes than the dollar, and well nigh blots out the light of the sun. It weighs you down by its absence. It fetters your hands because they connot touch it. The tiny eagle stamped upon it grows and becomes a vulture to prey upon your vitals, while you, a modern Prometheus, are helplessly chained to the rock of debt.

The safest way is the best way. You will be richer and happier and stronger in every way for denying yourself whatever you cannot buy outright—what you have not yet *earned.* The borrower is servant to the lender, and if you would be truly free—free from obligation, and annoyance, and anxiety, and sometimes almost despair—borrow neither money nor goods that must be paid for "a little later." If you are in debt, or have been in debt, you do not need to be told what it means. If you have never been in debt, and are not now in debt, do not seek to learn by experience what it means. The difference, in fewest words, is the difference between having your mouth under water and having it out of water.

When the tide is at your chin—when you are living up to your income—it is bad enough. Another inch means drowning, and another dollar of debt means that final inch. It is of not much practical moment whether the waters cover your eyes only, or go over your head. You are in debt, are in the sea of trouble, and can never draw another peaceful breath until the warters subside.

There are other than pecuniary debts, it remains to be said, and these also should be avoided. Meet every obligation which presses upon you. There are bankrupts who have a fair balance to their credit in the bank. Be not of these, either. Pay your debt, every day, to your child, your wife, you. neighbor and your God. So only may you lay your head on your pillow in peace every night, and so, at the closing hours of your latest day, may you go to your final rest as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Two Prisoners Shot in Jail.

At six o'clock on Thursday evening eighty prisoners confined in jail at Louisville, Ky., refused to go to their cells for the night. They were threatened at the point of guns, but would not go, saying they were afraid a mob would come at night and take out Melvin Butler, the supposed murderer of McCoy, the gambler. Jailer Rubel and Turnkey Jacob Graef at last fired on the prisoners. Daniel Rice, a counterfeiter, received two buckshot, and "Skinney" Smith one shot in the head. The wounds are not fatal. The prisoners at once scampered to their cells.

A Family of Five Frozen to Death.

During the recent blizzard which prevailed in the neighborhood of Dodge City, Kansas, a farmer named John C. Kimbrel, wife and three children were at Dodge City. They started home before the blizzard had spent its force, traveling in a covered wagon. Not being heard from for some time, a searching party was sent out, which found the entire family frozen to death in the wagon.

—The only surviving ex-members of the Cabinets of *ante-bellum* days are George Bancroft, secretary of the navy under President Polk; Jefferson Davis, secretary of war under President Pierce; Joseph Holt, secretary of war, and Horatio King, postmaster general, under President Buchanan.

It is stated that the next graduating class of West Point cadets, seventy-eight in number, is the largest and highest in efficiency which has ever been graduated from the institution.