SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

The hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint far murmuring of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' ever-shifting mood.
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmer of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

TOM'S HUSBAND.

[BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT.]

I shall not dwell long upon the circumstances that led to the marriage of my hero and heroine; though their courtship was, to them, the only one that has ever noticeably approached the ideal, it had many aspects in which it was entirely commonplace in other people's eyes. While the world in general smiles at lovers with kindly approval and sympathy, it refuses to be aware of the unprecedented delight which is amazing to the lovers themselves.

But, as has been true in many other cases, when they were at last married, the most ideal of situations was found to have been changed to the most practical. Instead of having shared their original duties, and, as school boys would say, going halves, they discovered that the cares of life had been doubled. This led to some distressing moments for both our friends; they understood suddenly that instead of dwelling in heaven they were still upon earth, and had made themselves slaves to new laws and limitations. Instead of being freer and happier than ever before, they had assumed new responsibilities; they had established a new household, and must fulfill in some way or another the obligations of it. They looked back with affection to their engagement; they had been longing to have each other to themselves, apart from the world, but it seemed that they never felt so keenly that they were still units in modern society. Since Adam and Eve were in Paradise, before the devil joined them, nobody has had a chance to imitate that unlucky couple. In some respects they had told the truth when, twenty times a day, they said that life had never been so pleasant before; but there were mental reservations on either side which might have subjected them to the accusation of lying. Somehow, there was a little feeling of disappointment, and they caught themselves wondering—though they would have died sooner than confess it—whether they were quite so happy as they had expected. The truth was, they were much happier than people usually are, for they had an uncommon capacity for enjoyment. For a little while they were like a sail-boat that is beating and has to drift a few minutes before it can catch the wind and start off on the other tack. And they had the same feeling, too, that any one is likely to have who has been long pursuing some object of his ambition or desire. Whether it is a coin or a picture, or a stray volume of some old edition of Shakespeare, or whether it is an office under Government or a lover, when it is fairly in one's grasp there is a loss of the eagerness that was felt in pursuit. Satisfaction, even after one has dined well, is not so interesting and eager a feeling as hunger.

My hero and heroine were reasonably well established to begin with; they each had some money, though Mr. Wilson had most. His father had at one time been a rich man, but with the decline, a few years before, of manufacturing interests, he had become, mostly through the fault of others, somewhat involved; and at the time of his death his affairs were in such a condition that it was still a question whether a very large sum or a moderately large one would represent his estate. Mrs. Wilson, Tom's step-mother, was somewhat of an invalid; she suffered severely at times with asthma, but she was almost entirely relieved by living in another part of the country. While her husband lived, she had accepted her illness as inevitable, and had rarely left home; but during the last few years she had lived in Philadelphia with her own people, making short and wheezing visits only from time to time, and had not undergone a voluntary period of suffering since the occasion of Tom's marriage, which she had entirely approved. She had a sufficient property of her own, and she and Tom were independent of each other in that way. Her only other step-child was a daughter, who had married a navy officer, and had at this time gone out to spend three years (or less) with her husband, who had been ordered to Japan.

It is not unfrequently noticed that in many marriages one of the persons who choose each other as partners for life is said to have thrown himself or herself away, and the relatives and friends look on with dismal forebodings and ill-concealed submission. In this case it was the wife who might have done so much better, according to public opinion. She did not think so herself, luckily, either before marriage or afterward, and I do not think it occurred to her to picture to herself the sort of career which would have been her alternative. She had been an only child, and had usually taken her own way. Some one once said that it was a great pity that she had not been obliged to work for her living, for she had inherited a most uncommon business talent, and, without being disreputably keen at a bargain, her insight into the practical working of affairs was very clear and far-reaching. Her father, who had also been a manufacturer, like Tom's, had often said it had been a mistake that she was a girl instead of a boy. Such executive ability as hers is often wasted in the more contracted sphere of women, and is apt to be more a disadvantage than a help. She was too independent and self-reliant for a wife; it would seem at first thought that she needed a wife herself more than she did a husband. Most men like best the women whose natures cling and appeal to theirs for protection. But Tom Wilson, while he did not wish to be protected himself, liked these very qualities in his wife which would have displeased some mep; to tell the truth, he was very much in love with his wife just as she was. He was a successful collector of almost everything but money, and during a great part of his life he had been an invalid, and he had grown, as he laughingly confessed, very old-womanish. He had been badly lamed, when a boy, by being caught in some machinery in his father's mill, near which he was idling one afternoon, and though he had almost entirely outgrown the effect of his injury, it had not been until after many years. He had been in college, but his eyes had given out there, and he had been obliged to leave in the middle of his junior year, though he had kept up a pleasant intercourse with the members of his class, with whom he had been a great favorite. He was a good deal of an idler in the world. I do not think his ambition, except in the case of securing Mary Dunn for his wife, had ever been distinct; he seemed to make the most he could of each day as it came, without making all his day's work tend toward some grand result, and go toward the upbuilding of some grand plan and purpose. He consequently gave no promise of being either distinguished or great. When his eyes would allow, he was an indefatigable reader; and although he would have said that he read only for amusement, yet he amused himself with books that were well worth the time he spent over them.

The house where he lived nominally belonged to his step-mother, but she had taken for granted that Tom would bring his wife home to it, and assured him that it should be to all intents and purposes his. Tom was deeply attached to the old place, which was altogether the pleasantest in town. He had kept bachelor's hall there the most of the time since his father's death, and he had taken great pleasure, before his marriage, in refitting it to some extent, though it was already comfortable and furnished in remarkably good taste. People said of him that if it had not been for his illness, and if he had been a poor boy, he probably would have made something of himself. As it was, he was not very well known by the towns-people, being somewhat reserved, and not taking much interest in their every-day subjects of conversation. Nobody liked him so well as they liked his wife, yet there was no reason why he should be disliked enough to have much said about him.

After our friends had been married for some time, and had outlived the first strangeness of the new order of things, and had done their duty to their neighbors with so much apparent willingness and generosity that even Tom himself was liked a great deal better than he ever had been before, they were sitting together one stormy evening in the library, before the fire. Mrs. Wilson had been reading Tom the letters which had come to him by the night's mail. There was a long one from his sister in Nagasaki, which had been written with a good deal of ill disguised reproach. She complained of the smallness of the income of her share in her father's estate, and said that she had been assured by American friends that the smaller mills were starting up everywhere, and beginning to do well again. Since so much of their money was invested in the factory, she had been surprised and sorry to find by Tom's last letters that he had seemed to have no idea of putting in a proper person as superintendent, and going to work again. Four per cent. on her other property, instead of eight, which she had been told she must soon expect, would make a great difference to her. A navy captain in a foreign port was obliged to entertain a great deal, and Tom must know that it cost them much more to live than it did him, and ought to think of their interests. She hoped he would talk over what was best to be done with their mother (who had been made executor, with Tom, of his father's will).

Tom laughed a little, but looked disturbed. His wife had said something to the same effect, and his mother had spoken once or twice in her letters of the prospect of starting the mill again. He was not a bit of a business man, and he did not feel certain, with the theories which he had arrived at of the state of the country, that it was safe yet to spend the money which would have to be spent in putting the mill in order. "They think that the minute it is going again we shall be making money hand over hand, just as father did when we were children," he said. "It is going to cost us no end of money before we can make anything. Before father died he meant to put in a good deal of new machinery, I remember. I don't know anything about the business myself, and I would have sold out long ago if I had had an offer that came anywhere near the value. The larger mills are the only ones that are good for anything now, and we should have to bring a crowd of French Canadians here; the day is past for the people who live in this part of the country to go into the factory again. Even the Irish all go West when they come into the country, and don't come to places like this any more."

"But there are a good many of the old work-people down in the village," said Mrs. Wilson. "Jack Towne asked me the other day if you weren't going to start up in the spring."

Tom moved uneasily in his chair. "I'll put you in for superintendent, if you like," he said, half angrily, whereupon Mary threw the newspaper at him; but by the time he had thrown it back he was in good humor again."

"Do you know, Tom," she said, with amazing seriousness, "that I believe I should like nothing in the world so much as to be the head of a large business? I hate keeping house—I always did; and I never did so much of it in all my life put together as I have since I have been married. I suppose it isn't womanly to say so, but if I could escape from the whole thing I believe I should be perfectly happy. If you get rich when the mill is going again, I shall beg for a housekeeper, and shirk everything. I give you fair warning. I don't believe I keep this house half so well as you did before I came here."

Tom's eyes twinkled. "I am going to have that glory—I don't think you do, Polly; but you can't say that I have not been forbearing. I certainly have not told you more than twice how we used to have things cooked. I'm not going to be your kitchen-colonel."

"Of course it seemed the proper thing to do," said his wife, meditatively; "but I think we should have been even happier than we have if I had been spared it. I have had some days of wretchedness that I shudder to think of. I never know what to have for breakfast; and I ought not to say it, but I don't mind the sight of dust. I look upon housekeeping as my life's great discipline;" and at this pathetic confession they both laughed heartily.

"I've a great mind to take it off your hands," said Tom. "I always rather liked it, to tell the truth, and I ought to be a better housekeeper—I have been at it for five years; though housekeeping for one is different from what it is for two, and one of them a woman. You see you have brought a different element into my family. Luckily, the servants are pretty well drilled. I do think you upset them a good deal at first!"

Mary Wilson smiled as if she only half heard what he was saying. She drummed with her foot on the floor and looked intently at the fire, and presently gave it a vigorous poking. "Well?" said Tom, after he had waited patiently as long as he could.

"Tom! I'm going to propose something to you. I wish you would really do as you said, and take all the home affairs under your care, and let me start the mill. I am certain I could manage it Of course I should get people who understood the thing to teach me. I believe I was made for it; I should like it above all things. And this is what I shall do: I will bear the cost of starting it, myself—I think I have money enough, or can get it; and if I have not put affairs in the right trim at the end of a year I will stop, and you may make some other arrangement. If I have, you and your mother and sister can pay me back."

"So I am going to be the wife and you the husband," said Tom, a little indignantly; "at least, that is what people say. It's a regular Darby and Joan affair, and you think you can do more work in a day than I can do in three. Do you know that you must go to town to buy cotton? And do you know there are a thousand things about it that you don't know?"

"And never will?" said Mary, with perfect good humor. "Why, Tom, I can learn as well as you, and a good deal better, for I like business, and you don't. You forget that I was always father's right-hand man after I was a dozen years old, and that you have let me invest my money and some of your own, and I haven't made a blunder yet."

[To be Concluded next Week.]

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—The men who go from house to house at this time of the year collecting the returns of births, as is required by law, meet with some queer experiences. One of them who was at work a while ago in a neighboring city came to a house owned by two elderly maidens of means. The hired girl answered his ring and he made his usual stereotyped remark, "I called to see if there were any births in this house last year." For some reason the domestic failed to understand him, and made this report to her mistresses: "There is a man down stairs who wants to know if you had any bursts last year." They hurriedly discussed the possible meaning of such a query, and concluded that it must refer to the water pipes. Then one of the women went down to the door and asked the canvasser if he had authority to ask such questions. He said that he was acting under the law, whereupon she remarked, "Well, we did have a little one here, but it was so slight we were not obliged to call in outside help."

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SUNDAY HOURS.

The Burial of Moses.

["And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor, but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv. 6.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man dug that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth,
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Bethpeor's hight,
Out of his rocky eyry
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept.
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name;
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought,
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O dark Bethpeor's hill,
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell,
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Sin is like the serpent aspis, which stings men, whereby they fall into a pleasant sleep, and in that sleep die.

At Breslau, the Capital of Silesia, the churches are exceedingly interesting from sculptures in *alto relievo*, which ornament their exterior walls, and are fine specimens of art. One at Rathhaus represents Satan wheeling his grandmother in a barrow.

General Booth, the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, has dismissed three officers who had been presented with gold watches as gifts from their admiring friends. He called it bribery and corruption, and their expulsion was a summary proceeding.

In the ancient cathedral at Frankfort, in Germany, is the spot on which, before the altar, the German emperors used to be crowned. The wooden crown was suspended above his majesty, and let down by a pulley on his head, a somewhat awkward thing, if the rope had broken.

The Rev. George A. Gordon, of Greenwich, Conn., who has received a call to the pulpit of the Old South Church of Boston, declines to leave his little charge in Greenwich until he can find a satisfactory successor to continue his work. The Boston church feels sure of getting him, however, in time.

In Limerick Cathedral, Ireland, may be seen the following inscription on a handsome tablet: "*Mementi Mori.* Here lieth little Samuel Barington, that great Under Taker, of Famious Citti's clock and Chime Maker; He made his own time go early and Later, But now he is returned to God his Creator. The 19th of November, Then he scest, And for His Memory this Here is Pleast, By His Son Ben, 1693."

I shall soon be in my grave; such is the fate of great men. So it was with the Cæsars and Alexander. And I, too, am forgotten, and the Marengo conqueror and emperor is a college theme. My exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutor, who sit in judgment over me. I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, and become food for worms. Behold the destiny now at hand of him who has been called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my great misery and the eternal reign of Christ, who is proclaimed, loved and adored, and whose kingdom is extending over all the earth!—[Napoleon.

Letters, a while since, from Meninger, speak of the destruction, in a violent tempest by which that country had been visited, of one of its most curious monuments. We refer to the old oak of Luther, planted May 6, 1521, on the spot where, on the previous day, the great Reformer had been seized and conducted to the Castle of Wartzburg. Notwithstanding its great age, the tree was still vigorous, and spread its leafy branches over a wide circumference. Its relics were carried in solemn procession to the Church of Stamach, where they have been deposited in a vault; and the Grand Duke gave orders for the erection, on the spot where the tree grew, of a Gothic fountain, which is surrounded by trees, and bears an inscription commemorating the event which the tree itself has ceased to record.

HINDOO LADY LECTURER.

Pundita Romabai, a learned Hindoo lady who has consecrated her life to the work of promoting female education in India, has aroused profound interest by a course of lectures she is delivering in Bombay. She is a widow, aged barely 25, and renowned among the natives for her knowledge of Sanskrit and for her complete emancipation from all narrow and debasing superstitions. There was a very large attendance of Hindoo and Parsee ladies at her first lecture, and the hall was crowded to excess. The lecturer, who, it is stated, was modestly attired in a simple white dress, spoke with perfect fluency and complete self possession. She dwelt at great length upon the benefits arising from education, and impressed upon the members of her sex the importance of cultivating and embellishing their minds if they wished to advance with the progress of the times. A native, commenting on the results of her lecture, states that her example "has had something of an electrical effect on the large number of native ladies that have attended her lectures." Although native ladies are usually bashful, yet when, after the Pundita had finished, the ladies were asked to express their thoughts on the subject which she had dwelt upon, one of the ladies present, after a slight pause, gathered courage and stood up and spoke, and nearly half a dozen other ladies followed, vieing "eagerly with one another for the privilege of gracefully speaking to the audience in praise of their able and learned sister." "Even the most hopeful of woman's advocates among us," the native paper adds, "were hardly prepared for this singular but most delightful spectacle."

A new use has been discovered for potatoes. They can be converted into a substance resembling celluloid by peeling them, and after soaking in water impregnated with eight parts of sulphuric acid, drying and pressing between sheets of blotting-paper. In France pipes are made of this substance, scarcely distinguishable from meerschaum. By subjecting the mass to great pressure billiard-balls can be made of it rivaling ivory in hardness.

ASSASSINS A PRIVILEGED CLASS.

If the sacredness of human life is the real test of civilization, the American people in general, and those of Texas in particular, are not quite as civilized as they fondly imagine they are. Human life was never before quoted as low in the American markets as now. It is getting to be so cheap that any man of moderate means can take it. We suppose that similar causes produce similar effects the world over. The cause, or at least the principal cause, of the daily homicides in Texas is to be found in the fact that murder and homicide are not punished as they should be. In no other civilized country is the petty criminal punished as cruelly and as remorselessly, or is the great criminal punished as lightly, as in Texas. For the theft of a miserable little pony the lowest term for which a man has to serve at hard labor in the penitentiary is five years, and that institution is swarming with that class of criminals; but it is next to impossible to convict and punish the murderer who has money and friends. The columns of the daily papers are reeking with blood. The State specials of the Galveston *News* show from two to five murders, or attempts at murders, daily, until the heart grows sick over the daily record of blood. It is not surprising that there should be a great deal of violence in Texas. It is a frontier State, and is still a place of refuge for lawless men from other States, but the growing evil might be mitigated, if the Courts and juries did their duty, which they do not by any manner of means. We do not hesitate to aver that when an assassin has money or influence, in nine cases out of ten the trial, from beginning to end, is purely a farce, and it is so regarded and spoken of by the general public. The popular belief, which is fully justified by the results, is that there is no law in Texas to punish the wealthy homicide. We have not space in this issue to explain at length how it comes that a judicial hanging is such a rare occurrence in Texas, and why, when one does take place, the doomed man is always, without exception, a poor devil, without money or friends, but will endeavor to do so in our next issue. There are several reasons for this ghastly mockery of justice, which has well-nigh destroyed all reverence for the law in the minds of the people. The ease and facility with which our moneyed assassins can obtain continuances and changes of venue has much to do with the immunity granted this class. Our jury system seems to have been devised for the special purpose of defeating the ends of justice. Again, the fact that when a jury does find a verdict of guilty, it is tampered with or reversed by either the higher Courts or by the Governor himself, which frequently means turning over the jurymen to be slaughtered by the professional assassin. To this cause feuds and lynching may be attributed. We are aware that the thorough ventilation we propose to give this most important of all questions will procure us some very cordial enemies, but prefer to do without the money or the good-will of criminals and their apologists. We know very well that we will have the moral support of all those whose good opinion is really worth having. Now is the time for the Legislature to do what it can to rescue our criminal jurisprudence from the deserved contempt into which it has fallen. It would almost appear that, sooner or later, the assassin would become a sacred animal, like a certain breed of monkeys in India that are permitted to do whatever they please, it being a crime, punishable by death, to any way exasperate or molest, much less destroy them. The American assassin is already worshiped in his cell by silly women, and it would almost seem as if, eventually, murder might become a sacred calling, and the murderer receive the honors of a deity.—[Texas Siftings.

A PRACTICAL MINISTER.

The pastor of St. Chrysostom's Church, Philadelphia, has hit upon a plan for detecting unworthy persons soliciting alms at his door, and for the nearly two years it has been in operation but one individual has circumvented him. The pastor accepted the request of the Society for Organizing Charity to make inquiry into the needs of applicants for alms, and he set about his work in this manner: He obtained a freshly-coined silver dollar, and to all persons who applied to him for assistance he held the shining coin before them and said it would be theirs if they would remove a cartload of gravel that had been dumped in the ministerial back yard. An hour would have sufficed to perform the work, but the applicants were unable to find a spare hour in which to remove the obstruction. The first case was a man on his way to Baltimore, who wanted only a little more to aid him. The minister produced his dollar, and the traveler's eye brightened as he spied the shining silver.

"Here, sir, is a dollar;" but holding on to it, he added: "You are a strong man, and honorable, and you would rather work for it, would you not?"

"Indeed I would," was the response.

"I have a load of gravel which I would like to have removed; it will take you an hour. I will give you this."

The traveler left to change his clothes, and, not finding them, he never returned. The next was a man who had nothing to eat for two days. He had a dinner given to him, and then wanted a little money for his sick wife. The bright dollar was produced, and many blessings were invoked as it met the gaze of the poor man. The gravel heap was delicately hinted at, and the man started immediately for his tools; but a spade was offered on the spot. Then he suddenly remembered his sick wife, who needed attention, and that man failed to reappear. This course was continued for nearly twenty months, and in that time 113 persons were relieved in the manner described. The one hundred and fourteenth customer was a match for the minister, and put a stop to that system of outdoor relief. The man had noticed that the dirt-heap had been nearly leveled with the ground in the course of time; so, on accepting the offer, he merely kicked about the heap for a few minutes, and the obstruction was removed to the satisfaction of the minister, who paid the dollar to the witty knave.

THE HOME OF THE HORSE.

There can be no doubt that the original home of the horse is not Europe, but Central Asia; for, since the horse in its natural state depends upon grass for its nourishment and fleetness for its weapon, it could not in the beginning have thriven and multiplied in the thick forest-grown territory of Europe; much rather should its place of propagation be sought in those steppes where it still roams about in a wild state. Here, too, arose the first nations of riders of which we have historic knowledge—the Mongolians and Turks, whose existence even at this day is as it were combined with that of the horse. From these regions the horse spread in all directions, especially into the steppes of southern and southeastern Russia and into Thrace, until it finally found entrance into the other parts of Europe, but not until after the immigration of the people. This assumption is, at least, strongly favored by the fact that the farther a district of Europe is from these Asiatic steppes, *i. e.*, from the home of the horse, the later does the tamed horse seem to have made its historic appearance. The supposition is further confirmed by the fact that the horse-raising amongst almost every tribe appears to be an art derived from the neighboring tribes in the east and northeast. Even in Homer the ox appears exclusively as the draft animal in land operation at home and in the field, while the horse was used for purposes of war only. Its employment in military operations was determined by swiftness alone. That the value of the horse must originally have depended on its fleetness, can easily be inferred from the name, which is repeated in all the branches of the Indo-European language, and signifies nearly "hastening," "quick." The same fact is exemplified by the descriptions of the oldest poets, who, next to its courage, speak most of its swiftness.—[Popular Science Monthly.

THE GREAT CHINESE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The celebrated "Chinese Encyclopædia," which was purchased some months ago by the Trustees of the British Museum for fifteen hundred pounds sterling, has been safely lodged in that institution. It forms the most important acquisition to the great national library which has been made for some time past. The work is remarkable as having nothing parallel to it in extant in the literature of other countries. It is comprised in five thousand and twenty volumes, and consists of a vast *thesaurus*, into which is digested the entire mass of Chinese literature extant at the date of its publication, classified under appropriate headings, and accompanied with illustrative drawings, plans and maps. It includes treatises ranging from 1150 B. C. to about the year 1700 of our era, and it professes to represent every branch of Chinese literature, with the single exception of works of fiction. It was compiled in the early part of the eighteenth century by an imperial commission under the orders of the Emperor Kang Hi So, well known to us from the accounts of the Jesuit missionaries, whom he favored and assisted, and who were his instructors in European art and learning. This Emperor was himself a great writer, and he was struck in the course of his literary investigations by the alterations and corruptions which are gradually being introduced into the texts of standard works. He therefore conceived the idea of reprinting from the most authentic editions the whole body of Chinese literature then in existence. A commission of high officials was appointed to select and classify the texts, and its labors extended over forty years, terminating in the publication of the work in 1726. For the purpose of printing it a complete font of copper type was cast under the directions of the Jesuits, who probably superintended the printing. Only one hundred copies were printed, a number which has been much reduced since the time of the issue by various casualties. The whole impression was distributed as presents among the princes of the imperial family and the great State officials. The type used in the production of the work is said to have been melted down shortly afterward and converted into money to meet the exigencies of the government during a financial crisis, and in this way the means of producing a second edition was destroyed. The copies which still exist are in the hands of the families of the original recipients, from one of whom the copy just happily brought to London has been purchased. So completely private is the ownership of copies of this "Encyclopædia" in China that no copy is known to be accessible for reference to the general body of students of that country.

THE JAPANESE HELL.

From the descriptions I have seen of the Buddhist place of torment, as delineated by the aid of the artists' conceits, they believe in actual torments of a horrible character in recompense for an evil life, though just what they consider deadly sins is to the affiant as yet unknown. I have had, through the courtesy of a friend who has a collection of rare curios, the opportunity of looking at a series of nine Kakemonos, formerly belonging to some temple in the interior, which depict the horrid state that awaits the condemned on the other side of the river. The first in order of these nine paintings is the central one, the other eight flanking it, four on each side. This simply represents the persons of four priests, clothed in their sacred robes, seated on separate divans. Two are in advance of the other two. One of them holds in his hand a package resembling a closed book; another has in his right hand a bead rosary; the third one has his hands palm to palm, as if in prayer, while the fourth one holds in his left hand two feathers, and in the right is grasped a double-ended trident. As my friend did not have the key to the significance of his treasure, I am unable to give it. On the right hand of the top of this Kakemono is a mass of clouds, and on the left a water-scene, with the sacred Mountain Fuji Yama, in the distance. The other eight paintings are all devoted to showing the various modes of punishment inflicted by the demons of most revolting aspect. Horned devils and hoofed ones—devils of all colors, but all most beastly devils—are portrayed as inhabiting a range of jagged mountains, full of rent and chasm and deep abyss, into which they are driving the reckless ones, who crouch and shiver in their nakedness. Each of these eight pictures represent a mitred priest sitting in judgment, on either hand standing an attendant, and in front of his dais are the crouching suppliants for his favor. There is on some of them a grinning devil in waiting to receive in charge the doomed. One gives a view of a demon, from his seat in his cave, blowing a stream of fire from his mouth and nostrils upon the victims that other devils are driving into his place.

NERO'S MAGNIFICENCE.

It was to Nero that Tacitus applied the expression *incredibilium cupitor*. What he not only desired but achieved in the way of cruelty and vice would be declared incredible, if Roman history had not already shown what revolting atrocities may be conceived by a diseased imagination and executed by irresponsible power. After the burning of the city he gratified his taste, in entire disregard of the proprietors, in rebuilding it. He at once appropriated a number of the sites and a large portion of the public grounds for his new palace. The porticos, with their ranks of columns, were a mile long. The vestibule was large enough to contain that colossal statue of him, in silver and gold, 120 feet high, from which the Colosseum got its name. The interior was gilded throughout and adorned with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The ceilings of the dining-rooms were formed of moving tablets of ivory, which shed flowers and perfumes on the company. The principal salon had a dome which, turning night and day, imitated the movements of the terrestial bodies. When this palace was finished he exclaimed. "At last I am lodged like a man." His diadem was valued at $500,000. His dresses, which he never wore twice, were stiff with embroidery and gold. He fished with purple lines and hooks of gold. He never traveled with less than a thousand carriages. The mules were shod with silver, the muleteers clothed with the finest wool, and the attendants wore bracelets and necklaces of gold. Five hundred she asses followed his wife Poppæa in her progresses, to supply milk for her bath. He was fond of figuring in the circus as a charioteer, and in the theater as a singer and actor. He prided himself on being an artist, and when his possible deposition was hinted to him, he said that artists could never be in want. There was not a vice to which he was not given, nor a crime which he did not commit. Yet the world, exclaims Seutonius, endured this monster for fourteen years, and he was popular with the multitude, who were dazzled by his magnificence, and mistook his senseless profusion for liberality. On the anniversary of his death, during many years they crowded to cover his tomb with flowers.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—Drunkenness is cured in Holland in the following manner: The patient is shut up in a room and debarred all communication, except with his physician. As often as he wishes, spirits—brandy, whisky, gin, etc.—are given him, but mixed with two-thirds water; all other drinks, such as beer, wine, coffee, etc., are mixed with one-third brandy. The various viands, too, that are given him—bread, meats, etc.—are all prepared with brandy; consequently the patient is in a continual state of intoxication. This lasts about five days; at the end of that time he asks with entreaty for some nourishment, without his request being complied with, and not until his organs absolutely abhor alcohol. The cure is complete, and from that day forth the very smell of spirits produces the effect of an emetic.

The boy that is plum crazy is always raisin' a disturbance.

PIG-STICKING IN MOROCCO.

The sport par excellence, however, of the country is pig sticking, for which expeditions are periodically organized by Sir John Drummond Hay, the British Minister to the Court of Morocco, and owing to his kindness and hospitality I was enabled to see a good deal of this pastime. The other method of boar-hunting is by the battue system, the guns being posted in front, and the game driven up to them. This, if not equal to pig-sticking, is likewise excellent fun—the shrieking and uproar of the beaters, accompanied by the barking of dogs, the braying of horns, and the discharge of guns, rendering it very exciting. The curses and imprecations, mingled with the most biting sarcasms, that are showered on the unfortunate animals, are enough to oust the most stubborn boar from his lair. An Arab oath is a very elaborate affair, being sustained through a number of parentheses and subordinate phrases to an indefinite length. "May Allah burn the ashes of your great-grandfather, who was the miserable offspring of a brother and sister," etc., may serve as an example. They imagine the unclean animal to be the abode of jins, or evil spirits, and maintain sometimes a running conversation with him, every word of which he is supposed to understand. There is a curious ceremony connected with the sport, to which all successful novices are subjected. After killing my first pig the chief hunter came up and took away my gun, and, a ring being formed, the piece was put up to auction. After it had been bidden for a while you have to buy it in yourself at a certain price, say, four or five dollars. It is a way of paying the beaters, who otherwise contribute their services for nothing. Boar hunting has its disadvantages, for it is unquestionably a dangerous amusement. There are perils of the pig, which, if wounded, will turn and rend you; perils of the gentleman, who will ride with his lance in rest instead of carrying the point in the air, or of the no less objectionable individual who shifts from his post and fires wildly down the line; of the ambushed Moor, who shoots impartially in any direction; while, unless you are well mounted, you have a very tolerable chance of breaking your neck.—[Edinburgh Magazine.

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