Uses of Adversity

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

MY BREAKFAST.

"It's perfectly useless, my dear," I said as sweetly as possible, then added magnanimously, for I wanted to temper justice with mercy, "but then you are young." I did not receive the answer I considered due; instead, my wife preserved a most perfect silence and rocked slowly back and forth, one slippered member tucked out of sight, and the other swinging with pretty grace, with a tantalizing lilac bow astride the toe. I tied my cravat with exacting care, and kept watch of her reflection in the glass, then after five minutes of undiluted silence, I spoke again: "There's no reason why a new girl should make such a havoc in the house. I'm quite sure I could manage one with half the worry and fuss that you do, and as for the breakfast being late five mornings out of seven, and being poorly cooked the other two, it's outrageous. I could get up a better one myself, and in half the time. I've seen mother do it a dozen times." Yet no answer. I had exhausted my care on my necktie, so slipped into my vest with all due regard for my immaculate shirt front and dainty sparkling studs, then into my coat, smoothed my collar to precise smoothness, then stood still. "Are you nearly ready?" asked Kitzie, sweetly. I never did see such irreproachable good nature as Kitzie's. "Hat and gloves," I responded, provoked at my want of success as a domestic lecturer, and trying my level best not to see how pretty she looked twisting a fleecy white arrangement, caught with lilac bows, all around her dainty head, and looking demurely at me with her pansy-shaded eyes.

"You've not been listening to what I said, Kitzie," I said with much severity, and bursting a button off my glove. "I am decidely in earnest."

"My dear boy," she said solemnly, "I heard every word, and in consequence there-of am thoroughly convinced that I am a failure, and great worry to you. I've tried my very best, but I can't cook like your mother. I'm sorry; just as sorry as I can be; but you shall have one breakfast precisely on time, and just exactly as your mother's. You shall cook it yourself to-morrow morning."

Now I was staggered. I pulled off another button, and I wish I could pull out my tongue as easily. I cook, and cook a whole breakfast at that! Shades of Cicero! But Kitzie was evidently waiting for an answer, and silence would convict me, so I said with pompous indifference. "Very well, my dear, are we quite ready now?"

Bless my soul, what an evening that was? I danced and ate, and laughed and talked with the regulation party-goer; but I was haunted with the nightmare of a cooking stove and a new girl, for we were blessed with that article. At the supper table I ate some of everything, whether I liked it or not, and though anxiously all the while to myself, "I wonder how they made this, and if I had better have it for breakfast." With distracting clearness I recalled to my mind each criticism which I made on Kitzie's breakfast, and remember that each had been accompanied by a boast I could do better, so of course she would expect to find every fault corrected and every item exact. I glanced up at her as she sat opposite to me with a mortally ugly mam, and so perfectly lovely was the archsweetness of her face, with its precious tender little mouth, the laughing pansied eyes and the dear little nose, that I quite forgot my worry for an instant in exulting proudly over the fact that she was mine, all mine. These reflections were cut short, however, by the lady at my left, evidently thinking the silence between us should be broken, seizing upon an unlucky subject and remarking sweetly.

"Aren't the biscuits delicious, Mr. Treherne?"

"Very," I responded, swallowed in quick recollection.

"Mrs. Lewis, do you suppose they were made with cream of tartar, tartaric, soda, or, or—well, the other thing?" I stammered, confusedly, and dropped my eyes before the amazment in hers.

"All three, I guess," she answered with utmost gravity, though there was a twinkle in her eye, for she evidently considered me in fun, when I was nearly distracted with seriousness.

I mentally resolved to have biscuit for breakfast, and with that view, began to dissect mine to discover, if possible, the other necessary ingredients, but deriving very little satisfaction from the operation, I slipped a piece into my pocket to use as a guide on the dreaded to-morrow morning.

The fuss and fume ended, and Kitzie and I went home. She was full of frolic and I made several ghastly attempts to be in an answering mood, but I couldn't and to this day I regard woman as a marvel. How can she laugh and be gay with three hundred and sixty-five breakfasts, not to speak of dinners and suppers, to look after.

I am positive that it was midnight when Kitzie awoke me with the remark:

"Roger, it is time to get up. I heard Patric down stairs quite a while ago, and she doesn't know anything to do until you go down and start her."

I crawled, no I rolled out of bed, and I had crept into my dressing gown and slippers before I recollected that Kitzie always went down fresh and sweet, all reedy for breakfast, so I turned round and faced my dismal reflectien in the glass, and mechanically picked up my necktie. It was of delicate licac, very good for a party, but hardly suitable for now; so I threw it aside and began to rummage for my black one, which proved to be obstinately *non est*, so I decided that breakfast without a necktie wasn't bad, and perhaps I would have time to run up again. I didn't think as I went down what I would have said if Kitzie was to come to breakfast without one of her dainty ties on—it was best for me that I reflected just aslittle as possible on what I ever had said or would say again. As it was I stumbled through the semi-darkness of hall and rooms, and opened the kitchen door to be greeted with a a cheerful prospect. The yawning stove hearth was graced with ashes, as was the floor around; the cat was placidly licking out the fresh milk standing on the bench while Patric, with a huge scarlet bow in her frizzled hair was balanced out of the window flirting with the milkman. I stood aghast for two whole minutes, and wondered how I had best move, in what speech and manner I had best address the strange queen of my culinary realm; but failing to find any I concluded not to address her at all, but rattled the door-knob ominously.

"Bless my sowl," she cried, with a startled jump, "sure an' I thought it was the mistress herself, an' what do you want, anyhow?"

"I want the cat taken out of the milk," I said, regaining my self-possession and anger at her impertinence. "What are you idling out of that window for! Shut it and build the fire immediately."

"Shure now," she cried loudly, with arms akimbo and face defiant, 'an' who's the likes of yoursilf, to be bossing me? If ye's wants the fire built, ye's can build it."

"Patric," said I with great dignity, "I want no such airs. I'm your master and I want that fire built."

"My master!" she cried shrilly. "Indade an' we'll see. I hired mesilf to a swate purty leddy—an' it's not by the likes of ye's I'll be bossed," and before my wrathful gaze she flounced out o sight and I stood alone. As a first move I was a fail-fire, in celebration of which I stamped across the kitchen, and threw the cat out of the window, then sent the milk flying after her, and saw the pan smash against the pump and bend double, without a feeling. I tackled the stove after that, but didn't understand all the knobs and dampers and bay windows of tin and iron, so the fire died away without a struggle; then I opened everything that had a knob to it and tried it over.

A small blaze crept up and poked its nose around contemptuously, then turned a somersault and died, and four or five sickly puffs of smoke came and buried it, after which I slammed every door and damper shut, poked in all the paper and trash I could find, and had just lighted it with rash haste when I discovered that I had stuck in the morning paper which Patrick had laid on the floor. Now, if there was anything that upset me, it was breakfast without my paper, so I groaned in anguish of spirit, and dived into the pantry, without knowing what for, but came out bearing a sugar bowl and a fork, which I deposited on the table. My fire was burning with a sickly, can't-help-myself air; it cheered me some, so that I flew back and forth lively to set the table. and was comparatively happy until a terrible odor began to fill the kitchen. I threw open the doors and windows, but it only increased. Then I stopped in my operations and began to sniff around. Finding the teakettle dry solved the mystery, so I hastily poured in some cold water, whereupon the bottom cracked, and I only saved the life of my fire by jerking off the thing and burning my hand to a blister with the hot handle. It doesn't matter a particle what I said.

Toddie would have called it "a wicked swear word," and Kitzie would have been shocked by it, but it doesn't matter. I threw it clear across the room, and it made a hole big enough to hold an egg in the door casing. I was discouraged after that; besides I discovered, on surveying my table, that I had put on three different styles of milk pitchers, four butdishes, enough plates for a regiment, no castor, and had forgotten to change the fancy damask spread for the one we eat on. There was only one thing that I was certain of and that was coffee. We had made that too often in camp to fail on it now, so I boiled some water in a pan and set it going, then hunted up the ham and cut off fourteen slices, for I knew I was hungry, doubtless Kitzie was, and besides it might shrivel in cooking for all I knew. I grew less confident when I found that it took four skillits and two other irons of some kind to cook. It began to look like a good deal for two people to eat at one meal, but still I let it all sizzle away and went to find something else, for when Kitzie didn't have a variety I took occasion to grumble.

There were potatoes, eggs and pickles; yes, that would do; so I took eight of the first, ten of the second, and six of the third, and clambered upstairs with them and wondered if I had enough, Kitzie would laugh if I hadn't. Six big pickles in a cunningly fashioned leaf-shaped dish looked promising, so I put them proudly on the table and went back to chuck my potatoes into the oven and my eggs into some water; then the coffee boiled over, and the ham began to smoke and smell. I pulled them both off, first taking the precaution to cover my hands, but as the ham commenced to cool I remembered that it was only cooked on one side, so I turned it over and put it back. After that there was nothing left to do for a little while, so I sat down in the window and wished I hadn't burnt the morning paper up; but I had, and that was the end of it, so, to console myself, I went in to look at the table again, not that it was so cheerful looking, because it wasn't; on the contrary it was dismal, but then it was finished and that was some consolation. These chilly mornings Kitzie always had a bright fire sparkling in the grate, and the fresh sunshine playing across the table. None of that was there now.

Last night's ashes adorned the grate, the blinds and curtains were still down and Jo, under the impression that night still reigned, sat in his swing, with his head poked resignedly under his wing, and swung back and forth. Whatever reflections I might have been in, to Kitzie's credit and my own detriment, were out short by nine strokes that assailed my astonished ears from the sitting room, and I rushed frantically back to the kitchen to take up my breakfast. When placed on the table it was tempting, I do assure you; there were four platters of ham, burnt almost black, three dishes of potatoes, hard as brickbats, a wire castor full of eggs, soft as nature first made them, for I had cooked them in cold water, a monstrous coffee pot filled with the scorched beverage, no bread, and nothing fit to eat but the pickles. I surveyed it solemnly, then solemnly went up the back stairs, tiptoed to the front room and exchanged my cooking for down-town habiliments, then went down to the parlor where Kitzie sat at the piano in the daintiest of white morning gowns, with a square inch of lace and some blue bows on her sunny hair.

"Kitzie Treherne," said I, with terrible solemnity, and staring fixedly at the piano stool so as not to see the laugh lurking in her dimples. "You can go out and eat your breakfast if you want it, I cooked so much that it's made me sick. Patric has left, and the tea kettle's broken, the milk's gone, the pan's smashed, and I broke the cat's leg. I don't know when you'll ever see me again. Good-by."

I didn't go home to dinner—her laugh haunted me all day, but by evening I grew so desperate to see her and beg all manners of pardon, that I mortally offended a late customer, for which I didn't care, but left the locking up to Michael and departed in haste, only stopping long enough at the confectioner's to get a chunky bag of caramels, which I knew would make peace if it was necessary. The windows to my dainty domicile were all open, and I couldn't resist stopping to peep in. Kitzie sat rocking pensively under the gaslight with the crippled kitten in her lap; the piano was open and in the room beyond was the tea-table fresh and sweet in snowy linen and shining glass, and a tall, slender vase with graceful fern leaves and scarlet sage. I went in - but the rest of it is nothing to you.

Paying off the Miller.

Sim Tyler and Bud Sampson sat whispering behind their raised desk-lids.

The school-room was so quiet and the whispering so loud, that the tired little woman on the platform heard it, and came softly up behind Sim to see what it was all about.

"Get out!" cried Sim, suddenly, feeling a smart pull at his hair. "Tell teacher 'f you don't stop that!"

(I don't know whether teachers do such things nowadays; but that was in the days of hair-pulling, when boxed ears and rapped knuckles were taken as a matter of course.)

"I'll have a word with you two, after school!" said Miss Anderson, shutting down the desk-lids.

Sim gave one scarred, upward glance, saw who it was, and subsided into red-faced studiousness. He remembered that in these after school interviews, "from words they often came to blows."

"Ehm! ehm!" coughed Bud, across the aisle, when Miss Anderson's back was turned.

Sim caught a dirty white note in the leaves of his "Colburn." This was the note:

"Git al the boys you can and all the tin pans and girls and things to mak a nois and then les al giv old dodge a reggler Serrynaidar surv him rite for ordren us out the mill wunt it."

Sim turned the note over and wrote "al rite" on the other side; then sent it back with that endorsement. Miss Anderson was prowling around distrustfully, and Bud crammed it into his pocket, with a hasty glance at Sim's answer. But pockets have other holes sometimes than those at the top, and notes have a way of slipping through to the floor. Bud's did.

"The little good-for-nothings!" said Miss Anderson, picking it up at recess. "I hope Mr. Dodge will give them a good horse-whipping. I'll tell him so!"

Five minutes later a small boy was on his way to the mill, with a note from the teacher, informing the miller of the childish bit of revenge the boys were planning. The miller's blue eyes twinkled with fun as he read it!"

"Think they're going to drive me out of camp, do they?" he said, chuckling merrily. "I'll fix 'em!"

Two o'clock came, and with it an ominous sound of rattling pans, and drums, and things to make a noise. Rub-a-dub-dub! up the hill they came, rub-a-dub! They tramped into the mill. The dusty miller pushed his dusty hat off his forehead, and gave the little army the benefit of one long stare, then turned to his work without a single word.

"Goody!" cried Bud, spying an immense drum in a corner. "Guess he wouldn't have left this round, if he'd known he was coming!"

"Don't it make a splendid racket?' said round-faced Susy Piper, thumping away with both her dimpled fists on one of her mother's milk-cans, the only thing she had been able to appropriate without suspicion.

"Don't you b'leeve he hears what a noise we're making?" asked Sim, a little anxiously, when they had drummed vigorously for half an hour without detecting any signs of uneasiness on the part of the miller.

"Yes, course," answered Bud. "He's mad, and won't speak, that's all. Le's keep at it till he has to."

So they pounded away for another half-hour, with an energy worthy of a better cause.

"Awful hot!" sighed Jemmy Allen, one of the smaller boys, fanning his red face with a limp straw hat. "Don't you s'pose he's ever going to speak? It's such fun to hear him rave when he's mad—if he don't catch you!"

"O!" said Bud, reassuringly. "Don't give up yet. He's most crazy now. I saw the corners of his mouth twitch when he emptied that sack of meal."

"I'm going home!" whined two or three, as the half-hours slipped away, and the jolly miller went in to his five o'clock supper.

"O don't!" cried Bud and Sim, together. "Just wait and keep drumming. He'll come out pretty quick, and then you'll see fun. He can scold ever so much better'n Miss Anderson. Keep a-drummin'!"

Rub-a-dub-dub! how the oldmill rang. Such a Babel of sounds was surely never heard before within its walls.

The miller came out at last. He looked cool and comfortable, and his eyes twinkled more than ever.

"Well, boys and girls, he said, cheerily. "tired, be ye? 'Fraid ye've worked too hard for such a hot afternoon. I'm any quantity oblige to ye for coming up—been thinking of sending for a host on ye to come and drum my rats away. Plagued me most to death all the spring; but I guess this'll fix 'em. I see this 'ere big drum into Boston the other day, and thinks says I, that's the very thing to skeer 'em with.

"Well! s'pose you want to get some supper now. Can't pay ye much, 'cept in good will. Here's a cent apiece all 'round to buy some candy with. When ye don't want to play, come up and help me again sometime. Good-night!"

The children stood there for a moment or two—a blank-faced company; then turned and marched in a melancholy procession down the hill.

The jolly miller laughed as he heard Bud mutter sorrowfully, "*Sold for a cent!*"—*Anna F. Burnham, in Youth's Companion.*

Wonders of Modern Surgery.

A correspondent of the Utica *Observer* describes very intelligently this remarkable case in surgery, as follows: "About the 1st of August, 1877, Mrs. Hays, wife and daughter of the proprietors of the Alpaca Mill at Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y., while passing under a rapidly revolving shaft connected with the mill, was caught by her long hair, and instantly her entire scalp was torn from her head—so completely was she scalped that the back of her ears were partly laid bare, as was also the back of her neck below the hair, and on one side the skin was torn off nearly to the eyelid. Dr. George W. Whitney of Jamestown, the family physician (he is a nephew of the Hon. Pomeroy Jones of this county), was instantly called. He found his patient a sad object, lying in an unconscious state. The writer is responsible for the assertion that he believes the doctor at first did not know what to do, but to do something, he inquired for the scalp. An employe had unwound it from the shaft, and finding it torn to pieces, had thrown it upon a wood-pile. The doctor sheared off the hair, and deliberately with needle and thread sewed the pieces together, and then replaced the scalp in its original position. I suggested to him that probably he could think of nothing else to do. He had very little faith that any real good could be accomplished, but her appearance would be improved for an event in the near future.

After four days, little being done but to make the unconscious woman as comfortable as possible, with the fact that the doctor did very little, as was very natural the anxious family suggested a council of physicians. Slight suppuration had commenced under the scalp, and, as the only possible thing which could be done to change Dr. Whitney's modus operandi, the majority of the council decided that the scalp must be removed. Unwilling to assume the responsibility of overruling the decision of the council, yet contrary to his better judgement, he removed the scalp. Upon top of the head the scalp slightly adhered and some healthy granulations were observed. In about a eleven days a thick scalp came off the skull on top of the head, and in a short time Mrs. Hays became conscious and began to realize her condition. She is about 35 years of age, of medium size, and had previously enjoyed sound health. It now occurred to doctor Whitney that he could supply a substitute for the lost scalp by engrafting. Two of the medical students, and then others, young men and women, volunteered to lend small pieces of skin from their arms, and these were successfully placed upon different parts of her head. When I visited the lady professionally with Dr. W. the 12th of September last, about thirty-five pieces of skin of the size of a silver five-cent piece were firmly growing upon her head. She was a sorry-looking sight—her head being in color and appearance like a piece of fresh beef. The poor woman had any amount of fortitude and courage. She asked Dr. W. if he would advise her to take a ride of a mile or two. He replied that he should not take that responsibility just then. She asked him what he would do about it if he were in her position. He replied that if he felt like taking a a ride in an easy carriage for a couple of miles he should do so. The result was that in a day or two Mrs. Hays commenced taking early morning rides, without any bad results. The last I heard from her, a few weeks since, she had had 1,330 wieces engrafted upon her head, and she was doing well. Dr. W. owes to the profession a full account of this case."

LAND AT THE NORTH POLE.

An Interesting Theory Developed by the Wild Geese.

The Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise* says: About four years ago a farmer of Surprise Valley found in the crop of a wild goose a quantity of wild grain, the like of which he had never before seen. He planted this grain and it grew and flourished, producing more than a hundred fold. The straw and beardless head are said to resemble wheat, while the grain looks like rye, but twice as large. The farmer has now many bushels of this cereal, and has sent samples of it to be planted in various places in California, where food for cattle is not easily obtained at some seasons, as the stalk of the new grain, when it is thoroughly ripe, makes excellent hay.

An old sailor, of this city, after reading an item which has been going the rounds of the papers in regard to the new cereal, the substance of which item is given above, finds his memory refreshed. It brings to his recollection a circumstance he had almost forgotten, and has set him to thinking. He has thought it all out, and is now firmly of the opinion that there is an inhabitable land at the north pole.

The old man says he was one of the crew of the Investigator, Captain McClure, which sailed from England in 1850, in company with the Enterprise, Commander Collison, in search of Sir John Franklin, and he certainly has in his possession one of the Arctic medals given by the English admiralty to all persons engaged in these Polar expeditions from 1818 to 1855. In September of that year the Investigator reached a land which Captain McClure named Baring's Land, and three days after other land, which he named after Prince Albert, where about the last of the month they were frozen in.

While in the last named land, the explorers observed many wild geese and water-fowl flying southward. Some of the geese stopped at the place where the ship lay and several were killed by members of the crew. In the crops of some of these geese he recollects to have seen, and marveled at seeing, a considerable quantity of a grain such as the new cereal of Surprise Valley is said to be. As no such grain is known in the temperate zone, and as we have no account of a grain of the kind being found in any known region of the world, he is of the opinion that the geese obtained it in a region lying about the open polar sea.

He says no man has yet gone so far north but he has found wild geese and other water-fowl flying still further to the northward. As the geese are undoubtedly wending their way to a well known stopping place far to the north, there must be something for them to feed upon at the point where they stop. As wild geese no more live on fish than do tame ones, there must be, in the country to which they go, grass and vegetation similar to that found in the temperate regions. The wild geese that halt on the Pacific coast make the grain fields their feeding place, and it is not likely that in the land about the Pole their nature is so changed that they feed upon mosses or fish.

Sonnet.

I know a royal castle builder. He
Has planned (in clouds) a house beyond compare,
And furnished it with treasures passing rare
Gathered from distant lands across the sea.
Fountains gush forth; and many a curious tree
Shadows rich lawns broidered with bright parterre
Of scented shrubs and flow'rs. And birds are there
Well skilled in notes of sylvan minstrelsy.
Closed is the door. Unopened are the gates.
The blossoms drooop, and eke the birds are dumb,
The builder sadly sits as one who waits
For some loved friend—alas! who does not come.
In his fair mansion will he ever dwell?
One little maid—and only she—can tell.

Ancient Timepieces.

Bowls were used to measure time, from which water, drop by drop, was discharged through a small aperture. Such bowls were called water-clocks. It was then observed how much water from such a bowel or cask, from sunrise till the shortest shadow, trickled down into another bowl placed beneath; and this time, being half of the whole solar day, was divided into six hours. Consequently they took a sixth of the water which had trickled down, poured it into the upper bowl, and this discharged one hour had expired. But afterward a more convenient arrangement was made; they observed how high the water at each hour rose in the lower bowl, marking these points, and counting them, thus finding out how many hours were till sunrise.

With the Chinese, the water-clock or clepsydra are very old. They used a round vessel filled with water, with a hole in the bottom, which was placed upon another vessel. When the water in the upper vessel passes down into the lower vessel it subsided by degrees, announcing thereby the part of time elapsed. The Babylonians are said to have used such instruments; from them the Greeks of Asia Minor got them, at the time of King Cyrus, about the year 550 before Christ. The Romans did not get the first water-clock before Christ. But, though the hours of the clepsydras did not vary in length, they still counted from the morning. When the clock with us strikes seven, the ancients counted one, when the clock with us strikes twelve the ancients count six, and so forth. This method of counting the hour was, according to the New Testament, also customary in Palestine at the time of Christ. The water-clocks had the advantage that they could be used at night, and the Romans used them to divide their night watches, which were relieved four times, both summer and winter. Conformably to these four night watches were counted, not only in Rome, but wherever a Roman garrison was stationed; consequently also in Palestine after she had become a Roman province.

Idiosyncracies of Men of Genius.

Most geniuses and men of great talent have been known for some peculiar habit of striking idiosyncracy. Napoleon would tremble with fear at the sight of a cat. General Elliott, of Gibralter frame, was always accompanied by a score of them. Johnson liked to imbibe floods of tea or wine, Porson drank everything that came in his way. Visiting once a friend's house, when evening came they desired to feed the lamp, but the bottle was empty. Porson had drank the spirits on the sly, not knowing it was intended for the lamp. Douglas Jerrold could not bear the smell of apples. Cavendish hated women. If he met one of his own female servants by accident in any part of the house, she was instantly dismissed. Garrick was vain almost to the degree of insanity.

Rousseau was vain and could not write except when dressed as a fop. Bulwer Lytton, it is said, would write best when dressed in a court suit. Marlborough was a miser, mended his own stockings to save paying for it, and would walk home ever so late at night rather than pay for a "chair." Napoleon did his "thinking" and formed his plans for conquest while pacing in a garden, shrugging his shoulders now and then as if to help and "compress" thought. When Theirs was engaged in his long and oratorical displays he always had beside him a supply of rum and coffee. The coffee he got direct from Mecca. Gibson dictated while walking in his room, like Scott and many others. Moliere wrote with his knees near the fire, and Bacon liked to study in a small room, which, he said, helped him to condense his thoughts. George Stephenson used to lie in bed for two or three days, the better to "think out" his plan. It would be better it many people do this who have much thinking to do, as rest favors abstraction and thought, and those who have not a vigorous circulation find the supply of blood in the brain assisted by a recumbent position.—*London World.*

The Last Chinese Porcelain.

Edward King writes in the Boston *Journal*: Three centuries sufficed to complete the ruin of Chinese porcelain making. The workmen were apparently paralyzed. Their arms lost their cunning; secrets of color disappeared. There is a god of porcelains in China; He must feel sad at times. This god was a poor workman in dim ages past, but a workman of signal talent, and every year he brought forth some beautiful work which won him renown. But just as he was at the height of his glory he became so enraged or was so filled with despair, because an experiment which he was making in the burning of two vases seemed certain to fail, that he threw himself headlong into his own furnace and he and his talents were speedily lost to the world. His friend, however, brought the story tothe ears of the emperor. That potentate expressed his profound grief, but at the ame time, having an eye to business, told the friends to rake out the furnace and see if the unhappy artist's experiment had really been unsuccessful. Lo and behold! when this was done there appeared two vases of such lustrous beauty that all concluded that success had crowned the workmen's efforts, and the sorrowing emperor canonized the dead man, and built him a noble temple.

A Story of Blondin.

Every spot here has its romance or its tragedy, and the fairy suspension bridge for carriages and foot passengers which was stretched in 1869 one-eighth of a mile below the American cataract, revives the memory of several curious occurrences. When Blondin came in 1859, he had at first a good mind to stretch the rope across where this bridge is, but the space was too wide (the bridge itself is the longest suspension bridge in the world, its roadway being 1,300 feet from bank to bank.) Consequently Blondin had his rope stretched about a mile below the falls, and even there it was 1,200 feet long. On both sides of the river enclosures were built around the rope, into which ticket buyers were admitted and where the acrobat had his dressing rooms. He was to start on the first occasion from the Canadian side, and within the inclosure there was a number of invited guests. Among them were Henry W. Faxon, then the local editor of the Buffalo *Republic* newspaper, and the writer. Faxon was a wit of more than local renown, and Blondin, had for some reason, taken a great liking to him.

While Faxon stood—laughing and jesting as was his way—on the edge of the precipice overlooking the river 140 feet below. Blondin appeared a few feet behind. He was about to attempt the most daring feat upon a tight rope that had ever been preformed, and what took place will show his iron nerve and reckless temper. He saw that Faxon, gazing out upon the river, was unconscious of his presence. Motioning to me for silence by pressing his finger to his lip, he siezed Faxon under both armpits and held him out for a second or two over the verge. Faxon must have weighed 165 pounds. His countenance when Blondin laid hold of him, was irradiated with mirth. When Bloundin drew him back and dropped him on the green sward, he sank there in a heap, horror stricken by a shock from the effects of which he never fully recovered. In the next instant Blondin, grasped his heavy balancing pole, danced out upon his rope beyond the fearful precipice, and, turning to enjoy the effect of his maneuvers, saluted his indignant friend with a gesture indescribably *outre*. He then continued his walk across the Niagara chasm, experiencing not the least tremor or emotion. He was a man without physical fear, because he was almost without abnormal nervous feeling of any kind. His muscles was so hard that it was difficult to indent them. When he stood upright and assumed a certain rigidity his arms and legs seemed to the touch like steel.—*New York Herald.*

A Sharp Lawyer.

A very fair story comes from one of our courts. One of those shrewed, sharp and sarcastic lawyers, of that class who take demoniacal joy and unspeakable pride in twisting a witness into a labyrinth of difficulties, had occasion, some time ago, to cross-examine a gentleman of some prominence. The sharp lawyer managed, after much skillful manœuving, to so confuse the witness that the only answer that he could obtain to his question was, "I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had had this answer returned to him a score or so of times, his patience gave out. "Tell me, Mr. J.," he exclamed, with biting sarcasm, "do you ever remember anything?"

"I can," was the response.

"Can you carry your memory back for twenty years, and tell me a single instance that happened then?"

"Yes, I think I can," returned the witness, who had regained some composure.

"Ah!" exclamed the lawyer, rubbing his hands in orthodox legal fashion. Now, that is consoling. Come, now sir, what is this instance which you remember so well?"

"Well, sir, I remember that twenty years ago, when you were admitted to the Bar, your father came to me to borrow thirty dollars to buy you a suit, that you might make a presentable appearance at commencement, and I have a distinct recollection that your father never paid the thirty dollars back to me."

Confusion changes hands at this point of the proceedings, and the lawyer dismisses the witness without more ado.

Rapid Transit in New York.

The whole length of the elevated road is about four and a half miles, and the entire trip can be made in about twenty minutes, though the average time is about twenty five minutes. This, however, is a wonderful improvement on the slow, crowded horse-car, which usually occupies an hour in making the same trip. The cars on the Sixth avenue road are models of comfort and neatness, and the motion is as smooth as that of an invalid chair on heavy velvet carpet. During the first few days they were crowded beyond convenience, but now that the novelty of riding in them has worn off, all passengers can easily obtain seats. The fare is ten cents for the whole distance or any part of it, except for two hours in the morning and the same in the latter part of the afternoon, when it is only five cents. This is fixed by the company's charter, and cannot be changed, and its object is to enable the working classes to get the benefit of the road at the price they can afford to pay. The same rule will operate on the Third avenue road, which will probably be in running order by October, or possibly sooner.—*New York Letter.*

A stylish new paletot, for wear over every elegant long light dresses, is made of *Surah*, very light in shade, and trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace; a *jabot* of the lace ornaments the front, and large lace pockets, ornamented with lace bows, are trimmed upon the back. It is very effective for summer races or afternoon riding at Newport and Saratoga. It has no sleeves, but there are epaulets of the lace, set in full on the top of the arm holes, and mounted with ribbon loops.