

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY PAUL M. HESSLE.

They say it is foolish for mortals to dream. Of bliss more complete than this turbulent stream...

THOREAU OUTDORE; OR, How Jessie and I Camped Out.

BY M. C. C.

Jessie and I were not sisters. O, no. Pretty pink-and-white Jessie lived at Beechwood...

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than Jessie and I presented in our outer aspect. She, with her fluffy, crimped waves of golden hair...

But, despite all this, our tastes were very much in common, and our minds went to run in the self-same grooves...

It was I that brought Thoreau down from the city—the whole set—deeming them suitable mental pabulum for our country summer.

"Walden," I became thereby so imbued with a love of the pure and simple, and such a distaste for the artificial refinements of civilized life...

But our journey was soon ended, and all our possessions heaped upon the grass, like the contents of a gypsy's pack.

"Very cozy the little room looked with its plain, dark curtains at either window, for we were not quite up to 'Walden' usage yet; its table and chairs, and the neatly-made bed, with its brilliant covering, and very well content were we as we drew forward that self-same table and proceeded to spread upon a half newspaper the daintiest of lunches, and with quickened appetites...

"Make the most of this, Nan," laughed Jessie, "for to-morrow we bid farewell to the 'flesh-pots of Egypt,' and return to life pure and simple."

It was growing late, and two very tired girls resolved to defer all sentimentalizing in the moonlight until some future occasion, as they locked the door and fastened the windows, thereby disobeying one of the first tenets of "Walden" law, but obeying Aunt Kate, who, utterly oblivious to our reiterated assurances of ample courage, saw to it with her own eyes that we were to have a little of modern contrivance in the shape of a domicile safe, and retired for the night.

Wary as we were, however, we were long in wooing slumber to our eyelids, for the sounds of the night were about us, all from the chance crackling of a dry twig to the rippling of the little stream, sounding strange to our unaccustomed ears.

"Oh, Nan! this is delightful; come on!" and the little rogue, killing still shorter her short gray skirts, sprung down the mossy bank to dip her fingers in the sparkling waters of Clear brook.

"Let the midgets go, Kate," the old but is safe enough, and they'll enjoy it." And I think the memory of certain of his boyhood pranks rose very pleasantly before him just then, prompting a half wish to share our retreat.

"Walden" at first sight, in honor of our illustrious prototype, was a small one-roomed edifice, destitute of paint, but mantled with a most luxuriant growth of woodbine. A fence, with dilapidated palings, inclosed the small garden spot which sloped down to the banks of Clear brook, with the stretch of beech woods on one hand that gave name to the place—said bit of woodland having been left in the earlier days for convenience, but in these later and more degenerate days for "effect." But whatever the cause, the result was one to us, namely, that of producing the required air of retirement as well as the wherewithal to build our morning fire, for we refused all such modern conveniences as oil-stoves, classing them among the snares of civilized life, and turning in reference to the more-primitive camp-fire.

Clear brook, as its name signifies, a limpid streamlet flowing with dimpling laughter past our sylvan home, and hiding itself in the shady woodland depths. "Walden" was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the house, but, owing to the fact that one was obliged to ascend a considerable rise of ground, and descend

its opposite slope before reaching it, gave it an air of complete seclusion. Jessie taking command at once, detected the latent capabilities of our newly-acquired possession and issued her orders with the air of a General to the "neat-handed Phillis," our attendant.

"Oh, it will be just perfect, Nan, when the floor is cleaned and the windows washed!" cried she, standing in the doorway, wreathed about with woodbine tendrils, as pretty a picture as need be seen, adding, as one spray, more daring than the rest, tangled itself in her fluffy crimps, "I must have John come down and trim those vines away."

"The next day was given by the servants to the cleansing of the little cottage, and by us to the ransacking of the wide, roomy garret for suitable furnishings therefor. Wide, dim and low-raftered was the Beechwood's garret, and filled with relics of by-gone days—a very treasure trove, where one might while away the hour."

There was many an old arm-chair, with moth-eaten cushions and carved frame-work, that I would fain have taken, but Jessie was a stern disciplinarian, and met all my proposals with:

"Simplify! simplify! Nan, remember Thoreau!" until our outfit at the last was limited enough to suit even our oracle. The bedstead was of ancient device, and was to be graced by a most amazing patch-work quilt of the pattern depicted by our grandmothers, the "rising sun" wherein that luminary is seen displayed in the most gorgeous reds and yellows. This Jessie had unearthed from an old chest, saying:

"This will brighten the room up, as well as being more primitive." Then there were the two "rookers"—a Windsor one, with ragged patch-work cushions, and a somewhat treacherous "came seat," which two were respectively christened for "solitude and friendship," while the third, a relentlessly straight-backed affair, was unanimously dedicated to "society." But the triumph of our "setting out" was to be found in the three-legged table, which she persuaded ourselves to be an exact counterpart of the one possessed by our prototype at the other, and more famous, "Walden," and prized accordingly.

It was a somewhat late hour that afternoon that found us en route for our new home. Before us, down the shaded path, went faithful John, driving the wagon, loaded high with our household possessions, while Jessie and I followed after, heavily laden with the numerous books of reference that we proposed consulting during our retirement.

"Truly, Jessie," quoth I, with my eyes fastened upon the shabby outfit before us, "There was right when he said, 'The more a man has of such things, the poorer he is.'"

To which Jessie assented as well as might be consistent with the united endeavor she was bravely making to carry the numerous volumes wherewith she was laden, and at the same time keep those sunny, wind-tossed crimps from quite blinding her.

But our journey was soon ended, and all our possessions heaped upon the grass, like the contents of a gypsy's pack. Nor was it long before order was brought out of chaos, and the faithful John departed, leaving we two girls alone in the forest-shadowed dell, with the echo of his busy singing floating pleasantly back to us in the low afternoon lights that flooded the spot.

Very cozy the little room looked with its plain, dark curtains at either window, for we were not quite up to "Walden" usage yet; its table and chairs, and the neatly-made bed, with its brilliant covering, and very well content were we as we drew forward that self-same table and proceeded to spread upon a half newspaper the daintiest of lunches, and with quickened appetites...

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in this as well as many other cases; but there was no time for dallying, for already our appetites were quickened by their wont, and Jessie, gathering her skirts about her, cried:

"Fill the kettle, Nan, and go after the roasting ears. I'll get the wood and build the fire," adding, as she vanished in the dewy depths, "You'd better get some potatoes, too, while you are about it; they'll roast with the corn."

The little while, what did she mean? Had she forgotten that my city training rendered me all unfit for such a task, and was she even now laughing at my perplexity? But there was no help for it; so, taking basket and hoe, I started for the field of action, namely, the cornfield, where, nothing deterred by the showers of dew that fell from the broad leaves, I gathered a goodly quantity of that esculent viand, and then turned my attention toward the potatoes. Here, owing to my inexperience, I was not quite so successful, but, after numerous struggles with the unwieldy (at least in my hands) weapon, I came off in some degree conqueror and returned in triumph, bearing my sheaves with me. The scene, however, which met my eye was by no means an encouraging one. Jessie had returned from her woodland ramble, and the evening had set in, so that I had seen in the few dry, knobby twigs scattered about her as she knelt before a very small smoky tongue of flame that flickered in the socket and threatened to expire momentarily. Hearing my footsteps she looked up eagerly, her pretty eyes red and tear-filled from the eddying smoke, and a half quiver in her voice as she cried:

"O, Nan, what shall I do, this fire won't burn!"

"You want more kindling, child," said I briskly. "Here, this fire is all falling down, 'twill not be much the worse for a few more pickets," and, dropping basket and hoe, I seized the hatchet and soon reduced one of the aforesaid pickets to suitable size, through which timely aid the aspect of things was changed to such an extent that our kettle was soon boiling and bubbling merrily away in the most approved gypsy fashion. We consigned both corn and potatoes to its depths, being too hungry for any slower method, and unanimously decided it was too late for any further aid in the culinary line, as we drew our chairs up to the open doorway and prepared to disengage our sorely needed repast. Never, I think, did corn and potatoes taste better than those eaten with laugh and jest that quiet summer morning; albeit many an ear of the former, owing to my lack of knowledge, was decidedly young and "green," and many of the latter tubers, owing to the same cause, were in a state of infancy.

"But, Nan," said Jessie, ruefully, in a pause of our merriment, as our morning troubles came back to her; "we can't have all this trouble every day about a fire. What did Thoreau have for kindling?"

"Green hickory, split fine; don't you remember?" answered I, promptly. "I'll tell you what we'll do, though: Cover the fire every night; damp grass and leaves will be just the thing; then rake it open in the morning, and start it with some of this old fence."

Which we did, and successfully, too. "Nan," said Jessie again, this time somewhat hesitatingly, "Nan, what will we have for dinner?"

"Dinner!" echoed I, in dramatic tones; "dinner, as we never to be free from that, not even in these solemn woods? What did Thoreau have?"

"Corn bread and molasses; the bread simply meal and water kneaded hard, and baked before the fire," answered the little puss, demurely. I winced slightly, for I'm somewhat epicurean in my tastes, and the witch knew it. "I thought that would be pretty dry, though, so I'll make ours thin and bake them first every time. See! I've brought a gridle."

"And you, Nan, I've something else to show you," she said, triumphantly leading the way down to Clear brook, where she displayed a small butter jar sunk for more than half its depth in the cool water, and I, firm disciple though I was of Thoreau, uttered no word of protest at this daring innovation against Walden rules.

After this our days slipped quietly, sweetly past; the three-legged table well laden with books—so well, indeed, that, as meal-time circled round and we removed them from thence to bed or chair, or to the porch, Jessie was wont to refer mournfully to the "two pieces of limestone" that Thoreau had, but threw away, because he found that he must "dust them."

Our slight duties dispatched, it was two very prim young ladies in the plainest of garbs and the smoothest of braids guileless alike of "wave" or "crisp"—at least, mine were; Jessie's, little while, were as distractingly pretty as ever—that sat down at that self-same table, armed respectively with "Taine" and "Ollendorf," to "con each lesson on the gray and sweep of Beechwood's carriage drive through an old field-glass Jessie abstracted from "Brother Fred's room," and laughingly comment on the frowning faces some of the fair inmates of the cushioned barouches carried away with them upon learning "The girls have gone farther in the country for seclusion and study," for Beechwood was a most delightful place for a week's sojourn, as they well knew; but Aunt Kate, once won over to our side, protected us manfully, so that none invaded our solitude.

But everything must have an end, and so did the pleasant days that had graced our week's stay in Walden, and we awoke one morning to hear a quick shower pattering against the windows.

"Dear, dear, our fire will be all out! What shall we do, Nan?"

"Do? I don't know. Go up to the house for breakfast, I suppose. Everything will be too wet to kindle it again."

"Go up to the house!" echoed Jessie, indignantly. "Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Haven't they been telling us all this time that the first storm would bring us back? I've no doubt they're expecting us, and that plates are laid for us this very minute (which we afterward found to have been the case). Go back! I'll go hungry first!" and Jessie looked very determined and pretty, indeed, as she finished her toilet and announced that the rain was over.

"There's blue sky over yonder, Nan; get your rubbers and come on!" and suiting the action to the word she sallied forth, and I followed suit.

Just as we expected, every spark of the provoking fire, that we had covered so jealously the night before, was out.

Making the best, however, of a bad matter, we set to work bravely, and that devoted fence suffered as never before. But it was slow work. Everything was drenched and dripping, and we were inexperienced and so inexperienced that after an hour of toil breakfast was still a fair but distant prospect; and the faint and struggling flame we had conjured up flickered dolefully, and threatened every instant to expire in smoke.

This was the state of affairs when, Jessie having taken her turn in the chopping department, I was bending with an anxious face over the fire, striving to place at the greatest advantage a new relay of kindlings, I was startled by the ringing sound of an unmistakably manly voice, exclaiming:

"Well, I never! if there isn't Jess!" followed simultaneously by an ecstatic little scream from Jessie, of:

"Brother Fred, where did you come from?" as she dropped her uplifted hatchet and rushed to meet him. I rose to my feet listlessly, only to find myself confronted by a tall, dark, aristocratic gentleman, whose smile of recognition brings deeper roses to my cheeks; for was not this same gentleman Mr. Archer from the city, and one of the greatest honors of the last season, an *avant-garde* partner for more than one German during the previous winter? I place my hand in his outstretched one, only, however, to withdraw it quickly as I discover how many and deep are the marks it displays of its recent conflict with that refractory fire, and an added color springs to my face, lest that also bear the same traces.

"This is Nan, I know," said tall, blonde Fred Cameron, releasing himself from his little sister and turning toward me—"as much of a gypsy as ever, I see."—and his greeting was very brotherly, indeed.

"But what does it mean, Jessie? you girls out here at this hour on a rainy morning? anything wrong at the house?" and a look of anxiety darkened his face.

"Nothing wrong, but where have you gentlemen been, pray tell me, and how did you arrive in this out of the way place, at this time of day?"

"Been camping out; took a fancy to come up home and bring Archer along; walked up from the station to surprise the folks," replied Fred, briefly.

"Camping out! that is just what we are doing, Fred, Nan and I."

"Did you ever, Archer?" said Fred, appealingly, but that gentleman, with the relics of Boston conservatism still clinging to him, answered never a word, only smiled aggravatingly—whereat I, aroused, answered coolly—using the very words of our oracle—"We came out in the woods because we wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and find out what it had to teach us." A look of astonishment grew in his eyes.

"Yes," chimed in Jessie, quoting from the same source, "We were tired of cabin passage, and wished to go before the mast, and on the deck of the world."

"Thoreau, as I live," cried Fred, and the look of astonishment deepened.

"Yes, Thoreau," said Jessie, calmly, but mischievously.

"No man (or woman, either) can ever unfold the possibilities of his own intellect who does not at least check his life with solitude."

Mischievously—I say—for the scene was, to say the least, slightly amusing. Time—early morning, and a rainy one at that. Place—the river bank overarched by dripping trees. Properties—a gypsy in a smoky, and two young ladies engaged in attendance upon a gridle and panning in this occupation to quote from the classics was somewhat astonishing!

A look of amazement, mingled with interest from Mr. Archer at this last quotation—wondering, doubtless, that a young lady should read other than the latest novel, or the newest society poem.

"So you read De Quincy," Miss Cameron? He is one of my friends, too!"

"Yes, I admire De Quincy very much, but I don't read him now; let me bid you welcome to 'Walden.'"

And Mr. Archer's eye brightened as he caught sight through the open door of our ponderous volumes, but I interrupted here with a dolorous cry.

"The fire has gone out; what shall we do?"

True enough, that provoking fire, taking advantage of a lull in our efforts, had disappeared in smoke.

"O dear, we'll have to go up to the house, I suppose, after all our trouble. Just see how I've hurt my hand!" And while Fred examined critically the little pink palm I related our "moving adventures."

"A fire, is that all?" said he at their close. "I have not camped out in vain all these summers," and his ready knifed soon reduced another picket of that devoted fence to the requisite size; and ere long a sparkling blaze rewarded his efforts.

"Why need we go up to the house?" queried Mr. Archer. "No one knows we are coming, and I quite long for one more out-door repast. Besides, we have been 'roughing it' so long as to be scarcely wonted to civilized life as yet."

It might also have been noted about this time that sundry changes took place in our attire, numerous bright ribbons and fresh laces taking the place of our somber serviceable grays, almost without our knowledge.

There was on one of these self-same rambles in the morning, when Fred and I had fallen behind Jessie and Mr. Archer, which, by the way, had happened very often in these latter days, and some way they never seemed to mind it either!

It was on one of these rambles, I say, that Fred bent his handsome blonde head very low and whispered—though why should he whisper, there was no one to hear?

"We are going back in three days, Nan; our vacation is more than past. Shall you care very much?"

And I, startled by the sudden announcement, lifted my eyes quickly to his face, which was not at all prudent under the circumstances, and he read what he chose in their depths, and then—

"What will Jessie say?"

"There is your answer," laughed Fred, pointing down a long reach of trees, at whose farther end could be seen the glimmer of pale blue lawn, with a most unmistakable coat-leece outlined against it, while the jetty locks of its owner were in dangerous proximity to the other's blonde crimps. Foiled at this point, I tried another:

"Three days! why, I could never get ready in the world."

"Nothing to wear!" said Fred, lightly. "Don't tell me. What does your oracle, Thoreau, say about it?—If you have any enterprise before you, try it in your old clothes!"

So what could I do? And Jessie found herself helpless before the same arguments, and, three days from that time, we were whirling away from C—, on the fast express, ere the inhabitants of that city had fairly recovered their breath at the astounding announcement of a "double wedding in high life," upon such short notice!

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR A COUGH.—For a tight, hoarse cough, where phlegm is not raised, or, if raised, is not hot water often—as hot as can be sipped. This will give immediate and permanent relief. Don't fail to try this remedy because it is simple.

FOR A SPRAIN.—The white of an egg, into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been steeped until it forms a jelly, is a fine remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain on a piece of lint and changed as often as it becomes dry.

CATARH.—The best way to deal with the disease is not to have it—to keep clean, to eat wholesome food, to live in clean, well-ventilated houses, to dress warmly with flannels next the skin, and, above all, to keep the feet warm and dry. Children sitting with damp shoes on are almost certain to contract catarrh.

THE EAR.—Dr. Roosa, in a lecture on the ear, said that no small amount of trouble in the ear was caused by too frequent syringing and boring out with a twisted towel or handkerchief, not to mention hair-pins, bodkins and other metallic instruments. In his opinion, one should never put anything in the ear smaller than the little finger, and smaller than the little finger, not anything smaller than the elbow. The avoidance of many ear troubles was to be assured by taking care not to duck the head in cold water, or to syringe the deeper part without the order of a physician, or introduce any body which can push the wax lower down in the drum.

BURNS.—The best application for a burn is a liniment made of lime water and oil, beaten together until it looks like butter melted to dress vegetables for the table. It matters not whether common lime or the chloride of lime is used, and either sweet or linseed oil will answer. Wrap the burned part in fine linen covered with this mixture, and cover closely with the mixture, using cotton to exclude the air. Open it but once in twenty-four hours, and then carefully soak off the rag with lime water and oil, so as not to injure the tender skin that may be forming on the wound. Bathe well with the liniment, and put on a clean dressing of rags wet with the liniment, and cover with cotton as at first. Where lime cannot be had, the next best dressing we know of is soot mixed with lard, well melted and strained to get out the particles of soot. In this case, the first use of strong alum water to assuage the pain, and then put on a plaster of the above. In any case, cover the rags put raw cotton, to exclude the air and keep the part from being rubbed.

Schooling at Home.

The Dullwell family are having a good deal of trouble just now. Benjamin Franklin, the oldest boy, brings home his slate every night, and the father gets mad enough to break it over his head because the poor little fellow can't see that the quotient in long division ought to be the exact multiple of the divisor in order to produce the dividend; and all the while the old man can't prove it, and that's what makes him huffy.

At the same time Matilda Geraldine, the cork-screw curled pride of the family, is trying to get her mother to help her "bound Servia" as it is since the establishment of Montenegro's autonomy, and the poor woman forgets to mix her bread, and goes to bed with a string of geographical names in her head long enough to "bound" the world. And still the children stand at the foot of the class.—New Haven Register.

A Boy's Composition.

The following composition, written by a young hopeful in Onondaga county, was read before a Teachers' Institute by a grave and reverend L.L.D., whose sense of the ludicrous is so keen that he fairly shook and gasped in his efforts to suppress unseemly mirth until he finished:

MEAT MARKET.

Meat Market is a place where there is things to sell. There is most trade in the morning and evening, as they butcher their things in the afternoon. There is two Meat Market in this place; we trade to both. Meat Markets are useful; if it was not for Meat Markets, we should have no butcher on our things. I think all these things show the providence of God.

A POETICAL WEDDING.

A romantic couple were united in Ohio by the following poetical ceremony:

MINISTER. This woman will thou have, And cherish her for life; Will love and comfort her, And seek no other wife. THE GROOM. This woman I will take That stands beside me now; I'll love and cherish her, And have no other 'frow.' MINISTER. And for your husband will You take this nice young man, O'er his slightest wish, And love him all your can? THE BRIDE. I'll love him all I can, Obey him all I choose, And when he leads me forth, He never must refuse. MINISTER. Then you are man and wife, And happy may you be! As happy may you years As dollars in my fee!

Will Education Yield Subsistence?

An education, yes; but what sort of an education? A bricklayer's education, an artisan's, a farmer's, would, indeed, help him to earn a living. A college education would give him a social advantage, but it would not, in itself, increase his chance of earning a living; it would rather diminish it. For, as was pointed out in an interesting paper lately published in this magazine, our colleges do not like the French and German universities, instruct a young man in the bread-winning pursuits; the American colleges are, on the contrary, institutions for general culture. I do not take up the question here of the amount and value of the culture they supply. The point for us to note is that the educated young American who has not a special education as a bread-winner is worse off, as to his money prospects, than the young American who has no college education at all. Dig he cannot, and to that he is ashamed. Two of the professions that are so fatally overcrowded. The United States, with a population not greatly larger than that of the German empire, graduates every year five times as many physicians; for the German empire limits the number of its doctors, and we do not limit that of ours. Very many of our physicians not only wait years for practice, but never get into practice at all. It is much the same with the profession of law. In both professions there are prizes for a few, and failures, more or less complete, for the many. The engineering, mining, and other scientific professions offer a somewhat better chance, and public life, almost neglected as a profession, will attract a better class of young men from year to year. But upon none of these, save in favored and exceptional cases, as where a son succeeds to his father's practice, can a young man depend for a fortune, or even for immediate support. They, too, offer a certain social dignity. But as a rule it is the laborer, artisan, or tradesman that has the better chance of supporting himself. The educated man that has, more frequently, to wait before he can pay his way. If, therefore, we educate our sons, it is all the better reason why we should provide, not indeed for their independence, but some aid during the years which they are likely to spend in waiting before they can achieve their position.

It is to be remembered, too, that these years of waiting may become, with such aid, years of scholarly or scientific accomplishment, if not of money-making; years of strengthened preparation, years that might, to wait before he can pay his way. If, therefore, we educate our sons, it is all the better reason why we should provide, not indeed for their independence, but some aid during the years which they are likely to spend in waiting before they can achieve their position.

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF ROBERT BURNS.

So far as we can form any correct judgment, Burns was one of the noblest-looking men of his age. Walter Scott, at the age of 15, saw the poet, and it made an enduring impression. He describes him as follows: "His body was strong and robust, and his appearance was rustic, but not clownish. His manner, though plain, was marked by dignified simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it appears in his portraits. His eyes were large and glowing (I say literally glowing) when he spoke on any subject with feeling or deep interest. I never saw such another eye in any other man, though I have seen the most distinguished characters of the age."

The above-mentioned interview is interesting, as the picture of one poet given by another. It occurred at a social dinner when Scott was merely a spectator, but he attracted attention by replying to a question which no other person in the room could answer, and his reward was a smile and an approving word from the poet. How little did the inspired plowman imagine that the lame boy, who then attracted his attention, would reach such a distinction—still less that they two would divide the highest honors in the literature of their native land!

The Burns statue will attract more attention than that of any author in Central Park (except Irving), not because he won the admiration of Scotland, but because he touched the heart with peculiar mastery. He thus won a place in human affection which he will probably always retain. Hence the statue is one of the most welcome and appropriate benefactions the Central Park has thus far enjoyed.—New York Cor. Rochester Democrat.

Indians Shopping.

In her book on Manitob, Miss Fitzgibbon says: "I watched some Indians shopping, and was astonished to see how invariably they waived aside inferior goods and chose such materials as merinos at \$1.50 to \$2 (17s 6d to 10s) a yard. One of the merchants told me it was useless to offer them anything but the best. An Indian, who could not speak English, or French, and wanted five things, divided his money according to his idea of their relative cost in little piles on the counter, and, going through a pantomime descriptive of his wants, was handed first some silk handkerchiefs. Taking one up he held it, held it up to the light, and, throwing it aside, shook his head vigorously, uttering an "Ugh!" of disgust. When shown a better one, he was doubtful; but, upon a much superior article being produced, he took it, and willingly handed over one pile for it. This, however, was too much, and he then given the change he put it on one of the other piles, and proceeded in the same way to make the rest of his purchases. How easily they could be cheated, I said to the clerk, after the Indian had left. 'No,' he replied, 'not so easily as would appear.' They generally come in from their camps in great numbers once a year, to sell furs and make purchases. They go to different shops, and on their return compare notes as to the cost and quality of their goods. Then, if one has paid more than another, or has been cheated

in quality, he will never enter the shop again; and the firm that gives the greatest bargain is most patronized on their return."

Earning Her Own Living.

Two large cities full of people are astonished at the statement that a wealthy and intelligent Brooklyn girl has left her home and old associations with the intention of earning her own living by hard work. This consists of so uncomplimentary to the spirit of young ladies in general that the particular lady in question may be regarded as a practical defender of her sex. Why a rich lady, more than a rich man, should devote life to doing nothing is more than any one can explain. Thousands of ladies already are devoting their time and means to worthy enterprises merely for the sake of having something definite to do, and if one of the sex chooses to adopt downright hard work and to live on the proceeds of her labor, it is nobody's business but her own. If more women who need fear no wolf at the door were to do likewise they would be the wiser for it and the world be better. A great deal of the unnecessary injustice and suffering in the world comes of the ignorance of the well-to-do classes about the lives of those who are socially beneath them. The merchant, even he of well-trained muscles, who spends an hour or two in rolling barrels, or moving heavy packages, learns exactly how it is that his men do not sometimes move as lively as he would like to have them do; he may even learn why the same men sometimes slip around the corner and invest a part of their small earnings in whisky. If the Brooklyn girl referred to goes into shop, factory or domestic service, and with her earnings makes ends meet, she will never afterward make unnecessary trouble when shopping; she will not wonder why girls look pale and dress badly; and she will be unlikely to have trouble with servants when she has a household of her own to manage. After she has tired of her exertions, she may return to the enjoyment of her own or her father's bank account, her money will go twice as far as before, and whatever it buys will be thoroughly enjoyed. If, later, she marries, she will not be likely to complain if her husband does not earn as much as she may desire to spend, and she will not run the slightest risk of ruining the said husband by extravagance. Not even for the sake of learning so much, to devote months or years to common, steady labor; so the world has no immediate prospect of being regenerated by woman's knowledge of how her sisters live.—New York Herald.

How Teas Are Adulterated.

It is pretty generally known that the orthodox teas prepared in the East for American and European consumption are adulterated, but comparatively few people are aware of the extent to which this adulteration is carried on, or what substances are used. M. Hussen, a French chemist of note, has made a thorough investigation of the subject, and the result of his researches has been laid before the Academy of Sciences. He finds that Prussian blue, indigo and gypsum, in small quantities, are the principal ingredients employed to impart the "face," or "bloom," to teas, and that in the proportions used they are very innocuous. This adulteration takes place where the plants are raised; but more extensive adulteration is subsequently indulged in by the Europeans, who, with their superior knowledge, have surpassed the Asiatics in their fraud by the use of still more dangerous drugs, such as chromate of lead and arseniate of copper, besides making use of comparatively innocuous substances, such as sulphate of iron, st