EATON WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.

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The Musical Family.

From Punch.

I belong to a musical lot,
I've sisters, and brothers, and cousins,
I've grandmas and grandpapas got,
And uncles like oysters, in dozens.
We all of us instruments play,
We practice night, morning and noon;
My father at six every day,
Gets up to awake the bassoon.

My grandmother, ninety about,
A widow was left all alone,
'Cos grandfather blew himself out,
One night on the gentle trombone.
My Uncle Sam plays on the harp,
In a wild and inspirited manner;
And my Aunt plays three tunes in F sharp,
On a strong-minded Broadwood pianner.

My Great Aunt's composed (she's a "Sue"),
Oratorios—one is called Noe,
And on Sundays she plays as a hymn
Arranged for the cheerful oboe.
My sister's attached to the flute,
And brings out most wonderful tones;
My nephew—a vulgar young brute—
Prefers nigger airs on the bones.

My youngest, who says "dat" for "that,"
In fact he's of five the last comer,
Performs with two spoons on my hat,
And cries out, "Papa, I'm a dummer!"
My baby in arms has a way
Of playing the fife on its coral;
And my twins play the bagpipes all day,
With a loyalty worthy Balmoral.

Through life we've in harmony passed
With a stock of twenty or *more* tunes,
And a sup we've together amassed,
Which is equal to two or three fortunes.
Wherever our musical tribe
Took a house 'twas our aim I admit—
To make all the neighbors subscribe
A sum to induce us to quit it.

So all the great cities we've seen,
From the Thames to the banks of the Tiber;
And every one in 'em has been
A heartily willing subscriber.
As then Europe we've done, the world's sharp
To Jericho; thither we'll hie,
To learn the neglected Jew's harp
From native professors. Good-bye!

TWICE MISTAKEN.

A Leaf from a Bachelor's Diary.

From London Society.

Christmas Eve. Half past nine. Crummes comes into my room to clear away tea.

"I suppose, sir," he says, as though it were a subject not admitting of a doubt, "I suppose you don't dine home to-morrow?"

Both the tone and the remark are unfortunate. I have not an invitation to dine out, and I cannot insist upon dining at home, as my arrangement with the Crummses provides for dinner on Sundays only. I had intended to put my difficulty to my landlady, who is good-natured and easily persuaded. I find, instead, I have her husband to deal with, so I close my book slowly and say, "Well," as if I were thinking and not quite certain.

"Most gentlemen dine out on Christmas day," he says, staring at the wall some feet above my head; "and Mrs. Crummes always expects a holiday on that day."

I feel, after that statement, the only thing to be done is to surrender gracefully.

"Of course; quite right. Oh yes! I shall dine out, Crummes."

I ring the bell for some hot water, and Crummes answers it in full waiter's dress, white tie, dress coat, and a low-cut waistcoat, showing a large amount of shirt front with an elaborate frill. He walks into the room as if he is very proud of himself, and is more waiter-like in his manner than usual.

"Why, Crummes," I ask, "where are you going?"

"Out waiting, sir." He pauses for a minute, then becomes less majestic and more confidential. "I always go out waiting on Christmas day," he adds, "and I have been to the same house for the last fourteen years. The gentleman and lady are a couple as came to Crown at Newford the year I married Mrs. Crummes. We were both at the hotel, you know, and were just leaving to come up here. The lady took a great liking to Mrs. Crummes, and one day she said to me, 'So you and your wife are going up to London, Crummes. Now you must come and wait at my house when we want help.' And I have been there every Christmas day since then—not missed once—I go on other days"—he says this quickly, in an off-hand manner, as if the other days were of no importance—"but they ain't regular."

"You go there and help wait, I suppose?"

"Well, I do most of the waiting; all of it, you may say," he replies. "They don't keep a man, and there are only the female servants. They ain't much good, not like Mrs. Crummes. She could wait, she could. She was wonderful handy. That's what first made me look at her!"

"And where do you go to?" I inquire.

"Bedford Square. Domville is the gentleman's name."

On the spur of the moment, just to see what Crummes will say, I ask, "Will you take me with you to-day?"

"You, sir?" he replies, in surprise. "Well—really, sir, I don't think Mr. Domville would—though I have known him these fourteen years, I am afraid he'd think it rather presumptuous of me to introduce a gentleman into his house!"

"I suppose so," I answer; the idea of the waiter introducing a friend as a guest at dinner being very absurd. "But I didn't mean that. Take me with you to wait."

"You! you go out waiting?" said Crummes, holding his breath.

"Yes; if you will take me."

"Well, I do call that a good joke," he gasped out. "Lord, sir, what an idea!" Then dropping his waiter-like manner altogether, and becoming thoroughly human, he burst out laughing.

I had only intended to chaff Crummes, but it strikes me that going out with him will be more lively than spending Christmas day by myself, and I begin to hope that he will take me.

"I dare say Mr. Domville would have no objection to an extra hand," I urge, "and I could go as a young friend of yours, who is just beginning and wants to learn his business."

"Lord, sir," pants Crummes again, "you ain't serious."

"By Jove, I am, though, I say. I don't know what to do with myself all day. I should like to go out waiting."

"But you will be careful, sir, won't you?" says Crummes, yielding. "You won't let Mr. Domville know. There isn't any one likely to be there as will recognize you, I hope."

Three o'clock.—Crummes and I are in the cab on our way to Bedford Square. The whole time he is either laughing at my going out with him or nervous as to the result. In the latter mood he is almost piteous in his entreaties to me to be careful, and repeats over and over again his directions how to wait. We stop the cab at the corner of the street leading to the square, and walk on to the house.

It is a big house with a large hall. There are three servants going about with trays and piles of plates, busy laying out the table. They stare at me as I stand by the side of Crummes, and he introduces me as a young friend who wants to see a little genteel waiting, and whom he has made bold onough to bring. Then, as if that settled the matter, he goes off into business, and asks several questions as to the number and names of the guests. I notice that the servants all treat him with great respect, and he, in return, is condescending and polite to them. With me, when they are in the room, he assumes an authoritative air, and all the time he is very grave, and looks as if the cares of his position were too much for him. He smiles once, when we are alone, as I hand him a jelly; and then, his muscles being relaxed, his old fit of laughing suddenly broke out again. He cannot laugh loud, but laughs inwardly, and shakes so tremendously that the jelly rolls and trembles to an alarming degree; and it is only by the means of promptly taking it under my own protection, that I save it from being shaken on the the floor.

"O Lor'! to think of you being here," he mutters; and the next instant is gravity itself, as Mrs. Domville's voice is heard on the stairs.

She is a middle-aged lady, and speaks in a friendly manner to Crummes, and is particular in his inquiries after his wife and children. He points me out as a young friend of his, who has come to help him; and Mrs. Domville seems quite satisfied, and goes up stairs again to the drawing-room.

Four o'clock.—The dinner is ready and all the guests have arrived. Crummes stations me behind the door, and goes himself to the head of the table, and I watch the people as they come into the room and take their places.

They are mostly middle-aged, like their host and hostess, and evidently old friends; for several nod to Crummes, and one gentleman is quite hearty in his greeting, and says it would not seem like a Christmas dinner without him. Mr. Domville laughs, and asks after Mrs. Crummes; but Crummes refuses to be thawed, and replies in a tone as if such trifling questions interfered with the responsibility.

So far everything has gone right. Then comes a slight mishap. Just as everybody is seated and silent, and Mr. Domville going to say grace, Crummes gives me a signal, and I step forward quietly to close the door. The movement attracts the attention of a young lady, who is sitting with her back to me, and she turns round. She evidently has not noticed me before, and her laughing gray eyes scan me with surprise. My face is a new one to her among the many well-known faces round the table. I suppose she thinks I am a guest who has arrived late and just come into the room, and, seeing me standing there and no one taking any notice of me, she says, courteously:

"Isn't there a chair for you?" Then turning round to Mrs. Domville, "O, aunt! here is a gentleman left outside in the cold."

Mr. Domville, instead of saying grace, looks up, stares, and half rises from his chair, while the company all turn toward me. It is certainly an embarrassing moment; but Mrs. Domville comes to the rescue, and says quietly, "It is quite right, Helen." The young lady looks a little confused, and Crummes, in his nervousness, spoils everything by rushing up to her and calling out:

"He's come to help me wait, Miss Linton."

My fair champion thereupon blushes very deeply, and begs my pardon; several of the guests have simultaneous twitchings of the mouth; Crummes looks half angry, half apologetically, at me; and at last Mr. Domville, in a husky voice, says grace, while Miss Linton bends her head very low and hides her face. The next minute Crummes, serious and imperturbable as ever, removes the cover off the soup, and dinner begins.

I believe I acquitted myself creditably. Crummes declared that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to think, I believe, that I have wasted natural talent by not being a waiter. At any rate, I don't spill anything over anybody's dress, or knock anybody on the head. I carefully watch Crummes for his signals, and, thanks to having been at a dinner before, though not in the capacity of a waiter, I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right covers, and hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The difficulty I have is to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand anything to Miss Linton. She is so bright-looking, and it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if they meet mine, and a little repressed smile steal over her lips, that it taxes my powers to the utmost to keep from laughing. I feel that I should very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to have much to say for himself, and he examines every dish, as it is handed to him, through an eye-glass. His inspection is so long, and his nose is so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to bob the dish up in his face. For more than half the dinner he is silent, then he talks a little politics—staunch Conservatism—and Miss Linton immediately enunciates the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having seats in Parliament. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.

Later on, he tries again, when the mince-pies are being handed round.

"Will you have a happy month?" he asks, with a faint smile, which disturbs his eye-glass and brings it down in his lap. He readjusts it slowly, and not trusting himself to repeat the joke, asks her to have some mince-pie.

"No, thank you; I never eat them," she replies.

"Have you never tasted them?" he says, frowning as if he were a barrister cross-examining a witness, but probably because his glass give a premonitory slip.

"O, yes; I have tasted them, but I don't care about them," she answered.

He has no comment to make upon her reply, so he helps himself in silence.

Six o'clock.—Crummes and I solemnly put on the wine and the glasses, put the dessert dishes a little one way or the other, and leave the room.

"Bravo!" whispers Crummes when we are in the hall. "Bravo, sir! With a little teaching you'd make a capital waiter. And Miss Linton mistaking you for a gentleman, too! What a joke! At least," he adds, as if he suddenly feels that he had made rather a mistake himself, "of course, that is what you are, and a gent is always a gent, I say. But you understand, sir. It was so ludicrous. There ain't anything more for you to do, and I can say you've got an appointment to keep, you know."

Acting upon his advice, we go up stairs to the hall, and Crummes lets me out, shutting the door very quietly behind me.

It is a fine clear night, and I turn my face homeward, and stroll slowly along the deserted square. I go all up the long, straight Gower street without meeting any one. By the University I see a figure advancing quickly. We pass under a gas lamp, and both pull up.

"Herbert, by Jove!"

"Why, Roche, what are you doing here? Going out to dinner?"

"Just had it," he replies; "been to see an old lady home."

He then naturally wonders what I am doing strolling along the streets on Christmas night. I tell him I have been out to dinner.

"They have broken up very early," he says; and then asks suddenly, "You haven't sneaked off to read, surely?"

This is said in a tone as if it were a mortal sin for a man to read for an examination on a Christmas day.

"That's right," he says, when I had disclaimed any idea of reading. "Well, you come home with me. My people will be very glad to see you. We always have a carpet dance or something in the evening?"

I accept readily, and go back with Roche to his house.

Nine o'clock.—We have cleared the room for dancing, and the first quadrille has just commenced. Not being able to get a partner, I am standing on the landing, when a carriage rolls up to the street door, and there is a loud knock, announcing the arrival of new comers.

Mrs. Roche hurries down and meets them in the hall. I hear her say, as they come up stairs, "You are just too late for the first dance, Helen."

The name quite makes me start.

"By Jove, if it should be Miss Linton!" is my muttered thought.

I half hope it may be; I half hope it may not be; and I haven't time to decide which half is the stronger, before Miss Linton herself comes laughing up the stairs.

At the very first glimpse of her, I instinctively drew back into the shade, and she and her mamma pass by without noticing me.

It seems very ridiculous to meet the same young lady twice in one evening, first as a waiter, and then as a guest; but there—it is done, it is *fait accompli*; and Miss Linton and I, are once more under the same roof. I wonder if she will recognize me, and I watch her with interest as she goes round the room. Sooner or later we must meet face to face; and the awkward moment comes sooner than I expect.

When Miss Linton reaches the door where Roche is standing with his partner, she stops there and talks to them when they are not dancing.

"Is there any lemonade, Edward?" she asks presently. "I want some if there is."

"There's a bad sign, Nelly, after dining out," he answers with a laugh. "There is some down stairs. I would get you a glass, but you see it is my turn. If you don't mind you will find somebody outside. I think."

Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing; and I move from the shadow of the wall into the light.

She gives a quick start with her head and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is just a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her lips, and then she asks me quietly to fetch her a glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was down stairs, and I find it in the dining room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course; and to keep up the deception, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely up stairs.

She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconcernedly as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to us.

"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks. "That's right." Now your want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be? I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. O, here! Let me introduce you. Miss Linton, Mr. ——!

Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.

"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says, as she walks off.

"Some mistake, old fellow," whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room.

They are so close I can hear what they say.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks.

"How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you? He is a waiter; I know that. He was waiting at Mrs. Domville's."

Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.

"It was very stupid of you," she says, half crossly. "It forced me to be rude to him."

"What nonsense, Nelly! I shouldn't play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert; he is in the same office as I am."

"You are not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks him quite seriously.

"No; upon my word, I am not."

"O, I am so sorry, then," she says, immediately. "But there was somebody just like him at the Domvilles'. What shall I do?"

"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right." And they came together onto the landing.

"My cousin made a mistake, Herbert," he says, while she stands by him, blushing deeply. Then he adds, laughing, "She mistook you for a—"

"I made a mistake," she breaks in, very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."

To save her from farther embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance; and it is immediately granted.

"By the bye, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing, "you have never told me what you took me for. An ogre?"

"No."

"What, then?"

Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips closely together.

"Thank you."

"But it was quite excusable," she begins hurriedly.

"Thank you again," I remark, interrupting her.

"You won't listen," she says, plaintively. "I want to explain—"

"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable taking me for one."

"O, no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh. "But where I was dining there was a waiter like you—so exactly like you,"—she emphasizes the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so,—"and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."

"So you make up for it by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."

"But it was excusable, was it not," she asks, "you two being so much alike?"

"You mistaking the waiter for a gentleman? If he was like me, certainly."

"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."

"I can't grant that," I answer.

"Very well," she says, with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance: "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."

"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.

"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes belie her as she goes off laughing into the drawing-room.

Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.

"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince pies. I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away.

"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never eat mince pies."

"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.

"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I reply.

"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince-pies?"

"How should I know, if he did not?" I say, with amazed simplicity.

She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I believe you men talk a great deal of nonsense; as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have seats in Parliament?"

"O now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Domville's," she cries; "for I never said so until to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"

"Do you believe in the theory, Miss Linton," I begin, with a grave face, "of a person knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has never seen, but whom, when is permitted to see, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"

"No, I don't," she replies, laughing. "How nonsensical you are!"

Before I can go on expounding my impromptu theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.

"Well, Herbert, how's Crummes?"

Roche has often been to my rooms, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possessed him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.

"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know; you went there with Crummes."

"Went where?" asks Roche in surprise.

"To the Domvilles'," she answers. "Mr. Herbert was there with Crummes, waiting. Now, wern't you?" she asks, turning to me.

So, driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession.

"What fun!" she says. "Won't I laugh at mamma! She read me such a lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake, after all."

"Except when you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."

"O, that was your own fault. I am not a bit sorry for that now."

What Miss Linton did say to her mamma, of course I don't know. If she did laugh at her, Mrs. Linton must have taken it very good-naturedly; for when I go up stairs, after supper, she calls me "Mr. Waiter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are all leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house on the following week.

"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak; "as a waiter or a guest?"

"In the capacity you think suits you the best," she answers. Then she adds, more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."

There is a farther note in my diary for that Christmas day—something about Miss Linton—which, perhaps, it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterward, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding at Dumville's. Crummes was there to wait, and Crummes' feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm, Crummes became unusually excited, and was with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the happy couple, and making a speech to the effect that the occasion was brought about by him taking the bridegroom out waiting on a certain Christmas day.

THE emigrants from Liverpool, during 1870, according to the report of the Government agent at that port, amounted to 163,002 persons, of whom 153,735 sailed in vessels under the control of the Government, and 9,267 in vessels not under Government supervision. Of these 153,735 emigrants, there were 79,949 English, 4,621 Scotch, 29,591 Irish, and 39,564 from the continent of Europe. The destinations of these emigrants were as follows: To the United States, 131,735; Canada, 19,984; Victoria, 1,298; Queensland, 613; Cape of Good Hope, 79; New Brunswick, 27. Of the 153,735, there were 13,771 cabin and 139,964 steerage passengers. The vessels with emigrants aboard sailing from Liverpool were 378 in number, of which 326 were bound for the United States. Of the 9,267 persons who sailed in ships not under Government supervision, there were 5,582 who came to the United States. The emigration of 1870 shows an increase of 10,649 persons coming from England, and a decrease of 18,124 persons coming from the continent of Europe.

AN old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never yet knew a man in love that did not see twice as much in his sweetheart as I could."

An Esthetic View of Swearing.

One of the young ladies in a Brook Farm story in the *Overland Monthly* says:

"There is profane swearing where the heart is filled with vindictive passions—with malice; but most of the swearing indulged in by young people and uncultivated people is only so much emphasis to back up their sentences with. It shows that those who indulge in it are wanting in intelligent respect for their own statements; or are doubtful if they will be accepted as true by those they address. I do not deny that it is extremely bad taste, that it is vulgar and disagreeable; and yet a great deal of informal swearing is indulged in by the really reverent and kind-hearted."

To which a sailor present responds: "I am sure, Miss, it's not language that's so wicked; it's the way one feels in the heart. I was thinking all the time you were talking, of once when I was out at sea—leagues from land in the Pacific, and we fell in with a water-logged ship, with nine starving men on her. They begged to be taken on board. Now, our captain was one of your pious sort. Well, when the mate, with his hands on the ropes ready to lower the boat, heard the captain's cold-blooded decision—'Tell them we can't take them; we have only provisions enough to take ourselves to port'—why, the mate swore an oath (I should not dare to repeat it to you, Miss; in a bad cause it were enough to sink a ship), and wished that he might be hung beside, at the yard-arm, if he did not fetch these poor souls on board. And down went the boat, in spite of the captain, and on board they came; and we all arrived safe and sound in port. Now, Miss, I ask you, who swore—the mate or the captain?"

How Drunkenness is Produced.

A sudden mental emotion can send too much blood to the brain; or too great mental excitement does the same thing. It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain.

The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common; hence it quickens the circulation; that gives a red face; it increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special permanent harm results. But supposing a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so much faster, in such large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so press against the more yielding flaccid veins, which carry the blood from the brain, and thus diminish their size, their bores; the result being, the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are set in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirit in a few hours or even minutes to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy; this is literally being dead drunk.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

IGNORANCE IN RUSSIA.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Athenæum* notices an article by M. Bobrofsky, in the last number of the Russian *Military Magazine*, on the ignorance of the Russian army. The very small proportion of the Russian peasants who can read and write is evident from the statistics kept in the War Office of the recruits. In the three years from 1867 to 1869 the per centage of recruits able to read and write, who entered the service, was 9 per cent., 9.5 per cent. and 9.8 per cent. In the Prussian army, of the recruits for 1866–7 the proportion was 96.2 per cent. If the proportion among the Russian recruits is so small, what must it be among the whole population, when the women are counted in? Since the Crimean war, however, more pains have been taken to teach the soldiers by regimental schools, and in 1866, of the whole army, the proportion knowing reading and writing was 24 per cent.; in 1867, 25 per cent., and in 1868, 28 per cent. These statistics are a little stretched, for many of the soldiers counted could with difficulty understand the sense of the words they laboriously spelled out. At present, about one-fourth of the whole army can read and write. The greatest number of illiterate soldiers is found in the special arms and scientific corps, where they constitute from one-third to one-half; in the infantry (half of the whole army) only one-fourth can read and write; while in the cavalry and irregular troops, the number varies from one-fifth to one-seventh. The success of the army school is worth remarking. The army which receives yearly from 50,000 to 90,000 illiterate recruits, has succeeded in the period from 1857 to 1867 in teaching 160,000 to 180,000 soldiers; that is, instructs yearly about one-fifth of the illiterate recruits.

BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.—The Naples correspondent of the London *Times* says: Brigandage, though nearly extinct, contrives to raise its head in some districts, but with less impunity than formerly. Thus an engagement occurred a few days since on the mountains of Platania between a band of brigands and a company of troops. The chief was severely wounded, and one was killed and his head brought into Triolo, and two captives, who had been dragged about for some time in the hope of a ransom, were liberated. The Carbineers have been equally sucessful in bringing in one of the brotherhood, who lately committed an atrocious assassination between Gragliago and Castellamare. The country is thus being literally beaten into order, and in all parts of this province there is no comparison between the present state of tranquillity and that menacing, disturbed state which existed but a few years since.

WHAT is it that Christ requires of men? It is not a dignified conformity with his instructions, as with the instructions of a teacher. This is mere morality. It is not good-natured compliance with his wishes, as with the wishes of a friend. That is pure sentimentalism. What he requires is obedience to his commands as to the commands of a master. That is Christianity. Not conformity—not compliance—but obedience. Morality Christ rejects when He says, He that loveth me not, keepeth not my sayings. Conformity to his teachings, without personal love to the Teacher, is not obedience. Sentimentalism he rejects when he defines, He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me. Obedience is Christianity.—*Galaxy.*

After Apples.

BY A. E. D.

"Those apples are ripe," said young Benjamin Strong:
"There are bushels and bushels, and no one can see;
I'm sure from so many, 'tis not very wrong
To take just a few that lie under the tree.

"The farmer has gone to the village to-day,
And, if I take fifty, he never will know;
I'd just as soon ask, if I came in his way;
He would give some to me, for he gave some to Joe."

Then foolish and wicked young Benjamin Strong
Climbed up on the fence, but a nail caught his boot,
He could not get free, and he hung there so long,
That the farmer discovered him after his fruit.

Finger Nails.

BY NORMAN BRIDGE, M. D.

Everything was made for something, and finger nails were made for scratching. Yes, and for something else besides; they were made for protection to the fingers, and to furnish the ends of them more strength and solidity. Our fingers can stub along better for having these nails, and we can stub along through life much easier for having such stiff, stout back-splints at the tips of our digits; for having such weapons at our finger ends.

But what concerns us most in this article is the anatomy and growth of the nail. What is it made of, and how does it grow? Some people—some boys and girls—are so stupid as never to ask the *reason why* and the *how* of anything. They always take things for granted, and if asked how the finger nail is formed they would say it grows, and that is all.

I once knew a foolish young fellow to be asked who made him, and he said, "Nobody, I grow'd I s'pose." Some people imagine that all things simply grow—not *how* they grow.

Now the finger nail is made up of nearly the same elements as the skin; it is much harder of course, and more dense. So is a cheese more dense than the soft curd from which it is made, but they differ only in one being harder than the other, and in having lost some of the watery element that is a part of its substance; the skin and nail differ in the same way.

If you take a piece of the hard part of the nail, no bigger than a speck, and put it under a high-power microscope, you will discover that it is made up of a multitude of little scales packed together as closely as they can be made to lie, and so firm and solid that they give the horny character to the nail. They are laid flatwise with the surface, and are squeezed closely against each other like the figs that come to our markets packed and pressed down in boxes. Examine next, a part very near the bottom or under surface of the nail, and it will be seen to have scales like the first, but they are less flattened; in shape, they more closely resemble the figs referred to. Go a little deeper and magnify a particle from near the bed of the nail, and instead of scales you will find little roundish bodies—almost spherical, but flattened in spots where they press against each other; they are translucent, if not transparent, and are softer than the scales near the surface. These little bodies are called cells. They are so exceedingly small that it would take 15,000 laid side by side in a row to reach an inch.

Investigations with the microscope have demonstrated that these cells are continually being manufactured at the base of the nail, that is, beneath it, and its root. They are continuing up from the "quick," and each cell or layer of full grown cells is lifted up on the backs of those that are just forming. This is necessary to make room for the newer bodies; layer after layer of these cells are created, each to be displaced by those that come after it; as soon as one is formed it is pushed—not aside, but pushed *upward* to make room for others. As the cells mount upward toward the surface of the nail they become flattened by degrees and grow harder; the farther they get from the place of their birth the more "crusty" they become. The soft rounded cell of the "quick" becomes after a while the hard substance we put to a thousand uses, and scratch with.

The popular notion, then, that the nail grows wholly from its root, from the part next the joint, is a mistaken one. It is formed as well from the whole surface beneath it; it grows from both parts. Now, it is plain that if the cells were continually growing and being piled upon each other, there would soon become a very thick heap, if they were not removed. How, then, is the nail prevented from becoming thick and unseemly? Just in this wise: We have said it grows both from its root and beneath its body; while from its under surface it is being made thicker by its growth, the new nail substance that is forming at the root keeps sliding it little by little forward toward the end of the finger; hence it cannot become thick; it would if let alone, but it is moved along and prevented. Any one who fully understands this process will readily see why the hard part of the nail is always thicker at the end than far back, toward the root.

But it seems that from the smooth surface whence these cells originate, there is not room enough for as many of them to grow as are needed. When the cells are young they are much larger than when old; they are rounded in contour and contain more water. This fact makes it absolutely necessary that they have more space to stand upon when they grow from when young, than they need later in life; pack them never so tightly side by side, and you cannot make enough of them grow from a surface no larger than the nail, so that when they become hard there will not be too few.

See how beautiful is the provision of nature for this need!

The principle is clear that in a hilly country there are more square feet of surface than in one that is level, just as it is farther over a mountain than it is through it. Make a series of little ridges on the ground, as tall as they are thick, and so near that the gutters between them are no wider than they, and you have about double the area you had to start with. Now, this is exactly what occurs in the growing of the finger nail; running lengthwise of it are a multitude of little ridges and ditches, hills and valleys so small that when cut across, you can with the naked eye only just perceive them. On the whole of this uneven surface the little cells are growing as thickly as they can be placed, and nearly twice as many can be accommodated as would be possible were the surface smooth.

As the cells are lifted up and approach the serface they usually fall into perfectly even layers, although on the surface of the nail we often have little ridges running lengthwise of the finger. Look at your own fingers and see!

These ridges, furthermore, add to the strength of the nail; it can with more difficulty be torn from its bed.

All these provisions and this arrangement for the growth of the nail, most happily adapts it to our needs. The nail is made always a little faster than, with good usage, we need to wear it off; hence we may always have an abundant supply; if destroyed by accident it is replaced in a few weeks or months, and if its beauty is marred, unlike our noses and ears, we have in a little while a nice new and clean one to please us.

Verdict of a Jury of Boys.

When Dr. Nathaniel Prentice taught a public school in Roxbury, he was very much of a favorite, but his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the infraction of school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather wrathy way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted:

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up and asked if it was a fact. (John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent on working out a sum and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see."

The doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to whisper and escape the punishment, and continued:

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot without a forfeiture of my word, and a consequent loss of my authority. I will leave it," continued he, "to any three scholars you may choose to say whether or not I remit the punishment."

John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., D. P. D. The doctor told them to return a verdict; this they soon did, after consultation, as follows:

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving, each of us, two of the blows."

John, who had listened to the verdict, steps up to the doctor, and with outstretched hands exclaims:

"Master, here is my hand, they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and, telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.

A Remarkable Instance of Canine Sagacity.

A correspondent in France says: "Here again I met two or three wounded, but in a fair state of convalescence, limping about slowly. One of these men had a little dog—an iron-gray terrier, unmistakably English—following at his heels, but only on three legs. If the story the man told me is to be believed,—and for my part I have not the slightest hesitation in the matter, his manner of telling it was so simple and earnest,—the dog had been the means, under Providence, of saving his master's life. He had been struck by a ball in the chest, near Ham, and lay on the ground for six hours when the fighting was over. He had not lost consciousness, but the blood was flowing freely, and he was gradually getting weaker and weaker. There was none but the dead near him, and his only living companion was the English terrier, who prowled restlessly about him, with his master's *kepi* in his mouth. At last the dog set off at a trot, and the wounded soldier made sure his only friend had deserted him. The night grew dark, the cold was intense, and he had not even the strength to touch his wounds, which every instant grew more and more painful. At length his limbs grew cold, and, feeling a sickening faintness steal upon him, he gave up all hope of life, and recommended himself to God. Suddenly, and when it had come to the worst, he hard a bark, which he knew belonged to only one litle dog in the world, felt something lick his face, and saw the glare of lanterns. The dog had wandered for miles till he arrived at a roadside *caberet*. The people had heard the cannonading all day, and seeing the *kepi* in the dog's mouth, and noticing his restless movements, decided to follow him. He took them straight to the spot—too straight for a little cart they had brought with them, to cross fields and hedges,—but just in time. When the friendly help arrived, the man fainted, but he was saved. There were honest tears in the man's eyes when he was telling me, and I fully believed him. The dog, too, had been slightly touched in the leg by a ball in the same battle, and had since been lame. He got him, when a puppy, from an English sailor at Dunkirk, and called him 'Beel;' very probably the French for Bill."

A HERMIT MOLE.—A singular old man was lately burned to death near Vienna, Ill., in a cave where he had lived thirty-eight years. His name was Ira Mills, and he had once been a clergyman, but for some reason best known to himself he had retired from the world to meditate upon five old coffee pots, seven lanterns, three axes, skillets, pans, hoes, scythes, horse-shoes, nails, hammers, and scraps of old iron, with which he decorated his cave, which lay at the top of a hill near the lovely village of Utica. He was a great reader of the Bible, and took remarkable views of human life and transactions. He was a miser, and gave one of the most remarkable reasons on record for not collecting $1,000 that were due to him. He said he was afraid to collect them, as he might receive counterfeit money. It is thought that he had secreted a good deal of money somewhere in the neighborhood of his cave, and of course the people of Utica will search as diligently and futilely for it as ever man searched for Captain Kidd's treasures. He was burned in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and died lamented by nobody who knew him.

A LOUISVILLE paper, after consulting its exchanges, tells what it knows of Olive Logan, as follows:—She is "a witty Irishman" in Philadelphia; "The descendant of an Indian chief," "a native of Philadelphia," "an Englishwoman with French manners," and "General John A. Logan's cousin in New York; born in Elmira," in Columbus, Ohio; "Hon. John A. Logan's sister" in Washington, and "no relation to John A. Logan" in Illinois.

Personal.

THURLOW WEED has a $15,000 diamond.

SHAKESPEARE'S birthday anniversary, April 23,—errors corrected.

REVEREND MR. SABINE is a bachelor mortgaged to an heiress.

SIGNOR BLITZ's new book is to be called "Fifty Years in the Magic Circle."

KOOPMANSCHOOF is now endeavoring to persuade Charleston to employ Chinese cheap labor.

A PIECE of poetry, written by a Mr. Last, is published in a contemporary, with the recommendation that it be added to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

SUPERINTENDENT BADGER, of the New Orleans police force, has ordered the closing of all "lottery" or "lumocombe" games. Recently too many strangers have been introduced to the heathen Chinee.

PROFESSOR JOHN WOODMAN, of Dartmouth College, who has been for some time in Florida, has returned home much improved in health, and resumed the discharge of his duties.

NO ONE questions Darwin's right to demonstrate that his great-grandmother was a baboon, but we submit whether it is not rather personal to claim all the rest of the world as her blood relations.

THE late Robert Barnes, of Evansville, Ind., bequeathed his entire estate of $400,000 to $600,000, without the reservation of a cent, for the purpose of providing for and educating the destitute orphans of Indiana.

GEN. IVOFF, composer of the Russian National Hymn, died on the 28th of December last, at his estate in the government of Kovno. As an accomplished amateur of music, he was spoken of by Mendelsohn and Schumann in highly complimentary terms.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, the well-known American *litterateur*, preaches two radical sermons every Sunday in London in chapels three miles apart. It is said that some of the most cultivated men in the British metropolis are among his congregations.

THE Rev. W. J. Clarke, formerly editor of the *Liberal Christian*, will be associated with Mr. Tilton in the conduct of the *Golden Age*. The paper will be a trifle smaller than the *Congregationalist*, but of the same shape; independent, progressive, "devoted to the Best in the spirit of the Best."

MR. JOHN LARKIN, the I. M. R. R. engineer, shot at Morley, Mo., by Kane, on Sunday, the 5th inst., died at the Sisters' Hospital, St.