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Original Poetry.

IS IT A DREAM?

Written for the Democratic Advocate

BY C. T. W.

Is life in truth an empty dream,
A shadowy, vague, half conscious thought,
A painful night-mare of the mind,
All *seeming* real, all *being* naught?

A something brief, yet undefined,
A misty, shadowed, changing spell;
Imagination's mystic realm,
All filled with sense, yet all unreal?

Ah! is it true that all is naught?
That fancy makes the whole of life?
Does nothing pierce this land of dream,
Revealing there its sleepless strife?

Do dreaming skeptics ask for proof
That nature's forms are all her own?
Think they all matter and all sense
But phantasies of mind alone?

Ah! would ye call, ye doubting ones,
That life a dream where nothing *sleeps?*
Where beaming *joy* or sunless *woe*
O'er human face unceasing sweeps?

Dream they who pressed 'neath care's dull weight
Are struggling in life's conflicts stern?
Wish they who feel life's share of grief
Of its *reality* to learn?

Ah, 'tis no vision of the mind,
This state of mingled light and shade;
Man is its witness, ask of him
What finds he here that dreams have made?

No dream unreal the gush of mirth;
No *fancy* moulds the glist'ning tear;
No *formless* heart throbs for a friend;
No *spectral* face is blanched with fear.

When some life's sands with ceaseless beat
Have dropped to earth and found a tomb;
When gazing down into its depths
We see its inmate wrapped in gloom,

'Tis then we feel no dream enwraps
Our sense within its mystic veil,
That o'er our heads and 'neath our feet
Heaven and earth say, "Life is real!"

Western Maryland College.

Select Story.

MARY MOORE.

All my life I had known Mary Moore; all my life I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy, in red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. The boy was myself—Harry Church; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still I see myself at the old school-house, drawing my little chaise up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating I have gained on such occasions, for other boys beside me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How she came tripping down the steps when I called her name; how sweetly the blue eyes looked at me, how gayly rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so near her lips. I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew to an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb upon my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are very strong, and even in gray hairs I'm following the music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my breast. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me was like a sentence of death, for Mary was life itself to me. But hearts are tough things, after all.

I left college in the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself, both in general and particular. I thought of Mary Moore. It was to think how I could dazzle her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments, and never thinking she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust that I may believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous offer was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered a sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man" again.

In a year, I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from the door, I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why, then, perhaps I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never once dreamed that she would condescend not to accept my offers.

But now I know that had Mary met me she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as to loving me, I should have perhaps found myself mistaken. India was my slavation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil of my nature, and had made me a better man. When, at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, which I knew had taken place. They loved me as I was, I murmured to myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I picked up many a token from that land of romance and gold for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift I selected for Mary Moore, with a beating heart, was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it on the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others it was but a small circle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But to me much was embodied there—all these delights were hidden within that litte ring of gold.

Tall, bearded and sun-bronzed, I knocked at my father's house. The light in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped that my sister Lizzie would come to the door, and that I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking carelessly on.

But no; a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlors to heed the summons for admittance from the long absent one. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind as I heard the sounds from the parlor, and saw the self-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making myself known or inquiring for any of the family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me; from behind the servant peered out a golden head, a tiny delicate form and sweet childish face and blue eyes, so like those of one that brightened my boyhood, that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" asked I, as the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked quickly.

She lifted up her hands to shade her face—I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and whispered in a sweet bird-like voice.

"Mary Moore Chester."

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all my bright dreams and hopes of my youth and boyhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and hiding my face in my hands, leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty hands as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor and called my sister out to see who it was who conducted himself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice saying:

"Do you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up; there stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and then stilling the tempest of my heart by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry, oh, my dear brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast and wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the light parlor, and stood with her before them all. There was a rush and cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears.

Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the wayward traveler! And as I held my dear old mother to my heart and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost; and although another, had secured life's choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in the deer old sanctuary at home.

There were four inmates in the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall, slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said, with the loud cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that, your heart is in the right place I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks more like a man than when he went away, but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered, sadly, "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! at that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the tremor of my lips and answered quickly, as I looked into his full, handsome face.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh, my wife says I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still?"

"And have you seen my little girl?" he asked, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her rosy cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is no such other thing in this world. Don't you think she looks very much as her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo?" cried Frank with a suddenness that made me start violently, I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your younger days—yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back—"for the sake of old times and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once; but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she is; and I for one want to see how you will manage those erocious moustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of light and hope, almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, "Not Mary."

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room, but nothing was said; even Frank, in general so obtuse, was for this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of his young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore!" I said in a low, eager tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned and laid her hand in mine, and said hurriedly:

"I am very glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up for the moment for even an emperor's crown. For there was the happy group and dear home fireside, with dear Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of day and night were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since that night, and the hair that was black and glossy is fast turning gray. I am an old man and can look back to a happy and, I hope, a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day; for the very love that made my manhood so bright shines also on my few white hairs.

And an old man—can this be so? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from her brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she can never grow changed. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood can never cast her out until life has ceased to warm it.

It is said that the very centre of the earth is the only spot where one can be merry at all times, and the reason is that, as science tells us, everything there loses its gravity.

"And what makes my little Johnny so cross this morning?" "Dot up s'urly."

Things Abroad.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE.

A MORNING CALL FROM A PANTHER.

"I suppose you're wondering why I keep that ugly old chest," said Mrs. R. "and I must own that it 's not very ornamental; but it saved my life once, for all that. I see you think I'm making fun of you, but I'm not, indeed; and when you hear the story, I think you'll agree with me that I have good reason to value it, ugly as it looks.

"This was how it happened. When we first came out to India, my husband was sent to make the survey of the Nerbudda Valley, one of the wildest bits in all Central India; and we really were, just at first, the only white people within forty or fifty miles. And such a time as we had of it: If my husband hadn't been as strong as he is, and a perfect miracle of patience as well, I don't know how he could have stood what he had to do. It was dreadful work for him, being up sometimes for a whole night together, or having to stand out in the burning sun, when the very ground itself was almost too hot to touch. And as for the native workmen, I never saw such a set,—always doing everything wrong, and never liking anybody to put them right. When the railway was being made they used to carry the earth on their heads in baskets; and when Mr. R. served out wheelbarrows to them, they actually carried them on their heads in the same way! I could n't help laughing at it, though it was very provoking, too. And that was just the way they all were: if there was a wrong way of using anything they'd be sure to find it out. Even our butler, or *khitmutgar*, who was much better than most of them, came one day and begged a pair of old decanter-labels that my husband was going to throw away; and when the man came in next morning, he had positively turned them into ear-rings, and went about quite gravely with "Port" in one ear and "Sherry" in the other!

"However, if the native men worried me, the native beasts were fifty times worse. It was no joke, I can assure you, to be awakened in the middle of the night by the roar of a tiger close under the window, or by an elephant crashing and trumpeting through the jungle with a noise like a mail-coach going full gallop into a hot-house. Well, as soon as that was over, the jackals would set up a squealing and whimpering like so many frightened children; and then a dreadful native bird, whose name I've never found out (I suppose because nobody could invent one bad enough for it,) would break out in a succession of the most horrible cries,—just like somebody being murdered,—until the noise fairly drove me wild.

"And then the ants! but you've seen them for yourself, and I need n't tell you about them. But all this while I'm neglecting my story.

"One day (it will be long enough before I forget it) my husband was out as usual at his work, and the nurse had gone down to the other native servants at the end of the "compound," as we call this big inclosure; and I was left alone in the house with my little Minnie yonder, who was just about a year old. By this time I had got over my first fears, and did n't mind a bit being left by myself; indeed, all the lower windows having bars across them, I thought that I was safe enough; but I little dreamed of what was coming!

"I must have been sitting over my sewing nearly an hour, with the child playing about the floor beside me, when suddenly I heard a dull thump overhead, as it something had fallen upon the roof. I did n't think anything of it at the moment, for one soon gets used to all sorts of strange sounds in the Indian jungle; but, presently, I thought I could hear a heavy breathing in the next room but one, and then I began to feel frightened in earnest. I rose as softly as I could, and crept to the doorway between the rooms. This door-way was only closed by a curtain, and gently pulling aside the folds, I peeped through—and found myself within a few paces of the largest panther I had ever seen in my life!

"For one moment it was just as if I had been frozen stiff, and then the thought came to me just as if somebody had spoken it:—"The big chest!"

"I knew that this chest would hold me and my child easily, and that I could leave a chink of the lid open to let us breathe, for the overlapping edge would save my fingers from the panther. In a second I had it all clear before me; but had the brute not stopped short at sight of the curtain, I should never have had a chance of trying it. Luckily for me, the Indian panther, savage as he is, is a terrible coward, and suspicious as any detective. I've seen one go round and round a trap for more than half an hour, before he made up his mind to spring at the bait. So, while my friend was puzzling himself over the curtain, and wondering whether it was meant for a trap or not, I took up Minnie (who, poor little pet, seemed to know there was something wrong, and never uttered a sound) and into the chest I crept, making as little noise as I could.

"I was hardly settled there when I heard the "sniff-sniff" of the panther coming right up to where I lay, and, though the chink that I had left open, the hot, foul breath came steaming in upon my face, almost making me sick. It seemed to bring my heart into my mouth when I heard his great claws scraping the edge of the lid, and trying to lift it up; but, happily, the chink was too narrow for his paw to enter. But if the paw could n't, the tongue could; and soon he began to lick my fingers, rasping them so that I hardly knew how to bear it. Still, the touch of Minnie's little arm around my neck seemed to give me courrge.

"But there was far worse than this to come; for the panther suddenly leaped right on top of the chest, and his weight pressed down the heavy lid upon my fingers, until the pain was so terrible that, unable to stand it any longer, I screamed with all my might.

"The scream was answered by a shout, from just outside, in which I recognized my husband's voice. The panther heard it, too, and it seemed to scare him, for he made a dash for the window, either forgetting or not noticing the iron bars; but just as he reached it, there came the crack of a rifle, and I heard the heavy brute fall suddenly upon the floor. Then all the fright seemed to come back upon me at once, and I fainted outright.

"I heard afterwards that Mr. R. had happened to want some instrument which he had left at the house; and, not wishing to trust it in the hands of any of the natives, he came back for it himself—luckily, just in time, for the bullet from his rifle killed the panther. But, as you see, my hand is pretty stiff yet."—*St. Nicholas for April.*

Perils of Agriculture in Tyrol.

The persistence with which humanity attaches itself to fertile land without regard to danger is illustrated elsewhere than here. The peasants on the slopes of Vesuvius push their cultivation and plant their homes in the very track of a possible lava stream, and, all the world over, facility for obtaining a livelihood blinds the cultivator to all risks. Grohman says:—"In the Wild-Schonau, North Tyrol, not a few of the houses are built on such steep slopes that a heavy chain has to be laid round the houses and fastened to some firm object—a large tree or bowlder of rock higher up. In one village off the Puster Thal, and in two others off the Oberinn Thal, many of the villagers come to church with crampoons on their feet, the terrible steep slopes on which their huts are built, somewhat like a swallow's nest on a wall, requiring this precautionary measure. In Moos—a village not very far from the Brenner, having a population of eight hundred inhabitants—more than three hundred men and women have been killed since 1758 by falls from the incredibly steep slopes upon which the pasturages of this village are situated. So steep are they, in fact, that only goats, and even they not every where, can be trusted to graze on them, and the hay for the large cattle has to be cut and gathered by the hand of man."

I have myself seen, in walking among the hills, little stores of grass piled against the upper side of protecting trees, where it had been brought in armfuls when cut by the spike-shod mower. The haymakers gather their little crops here and there on the steep grass-patches, almost at the limit of vegetation, pack it in nets or in sheets, and bring it on their shoulders down the steep and dangerous paths. My earlier idea of an "alp" was that of a level plateau at the top of the lower mountains. Alps which are even nearly level are very rare, especially among the higher elevations. Generally they are so steep, so broken, and so inaccessible that one wonders how cattle are got to them, and how they can be trusted to graze over them. These alps are bounded by no fences, and it must be an anxious task for those who have the herds in charge to get them safely together at milking-time. Each animal wears its bell—not the hollow sounding dull cow-bell with which we are familiar, but musical in tone, and heard for a much greater distance. The alpine hut and the Sennerin, or dairy-maid, who spends the whole summer in nearly solitary attention to her arduous duties, are not altogether what one's imagination might depict. She is not the dairy-maid of poetry, nor is her temporary home filled with the more ethereal pastoral associations. Yet these people, too, have a romantic and imaginative side to their lives, and are happy and wholesome and content.

The agriculture of North Tyrol, outside of the valley of the Inn, is mostly confined to very small operations. A few cattle, a few sheep, a little poultry, a few small fields, and a mountain pasture constitute the stock in trade on which the industrious and frugal pair bring up their family in comfort and decency, accumulate portions for their daughters, and lay aside a provision for their own old age. Labor-saving hardly exists. Every thing is accomplished by unmitigated and unremitted toil. In youth and in early life the people are stalwart, active, and hearty; but old age comes very early, and at forty the vigor of manhood and womanhood is passed—the activity and vigor, but not the endurance: up to really old age even slight little women carry enormous loads in the baskets at their backs up and down steep-rough hill-sides and mountain-paths, where an unaccustomed tourist must puff and toil to move his own unencumbered person.

Bushmen.

Their speech is a series of clicks, interspersed here and there by a harsh-sounding and utterly unintelligible guttural. In default of better food, the Bushmen will eat snakes and other reptiles, and they make a kind of bread of dried locusts, pounding them between stones, and kneading into cakes the mealy substance thus produced. Although these diminutive savages present one of the lowest forms of humanity, the South American Botocudo being, perhaps, yet a degree nearer to the animal type, they are possessed of a good deal of cunning, and even bravery of a certain sort. Thus they will not only stalk game of the smaller kinds, but even the lion itself, keeping carefully to leeward, so that their scent shall be unperceived, and, creeping upon their bellies to within a few yards of him, when they will let fly one of their tiny poisoned arrows, and the doom of the king of beasts is sealed. In hunting the ostrich they contrive to get sufficiently near it, under cover of a screen made of the skin and feathers of the same bird, which they advance by degrees, moving the head or neck cleverly in imitation of one of them feeding. The Bushmen are a very revengeful little people, and think nothing of ham-stringing a whole herd of cattle in retaliation for a real or imaginary grievance, and on account of their deadly, although insignificant-looking weapons, the Boers are much afraid of them and shoot them down like dogs when they get the opportunity. And yet it seems as if it ought not to be absolutely impossible to civilize these strange creatures, who are clearly not devoid of intelligence, their cave dwellings being constantly found adorned with spirited drawings of the animals of the Veldt, traced with some kinds of colored clays and pigments that seem to defy the effects of time.—*Spectator.*

Skating to Church in Norway.

"You will see a strange sight, I think, to-day," said my host, as we were preparing to set out to church, which was close by. And, indeed it was a strange sight. Far off in the distance I could discern a number of objects moving swiftly down a mountain slope; there were about thirty or forty, as far as I could make out, in all. What they were I could not at first conceive; but presently they again came in view, and I could see that they were men, women and children, of all ages and sizes, skating. It was "christening Sunday," and several of the women were carrying their infants on their backs in an ingeniously-contrived kind of a basket, without apparently suffering any inconvenience. In the far North, indeed, my host informed me, the Lapps, who are very skillful skaters, and punctilious in their discharge of their religious duties, bury their children in the snow outside the church, while they, the parents, attend the service. Do not start, reader! The reason is that their cries might disturb the congregation; and it is far warmer for them underneath the snow, wrapped up in a "pelt," or skin, than in the church. A trusty dog is stationed near them, to keep off the wolves should any be prowling about in the neighborhood.—*Chambers' Journal.*

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a-half hours. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantsic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, in Siberia, the longest day has nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a-half.

Our Olio.

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

Everybody is interested in the personal appearance, habits and proclivities of distinguished people. The Baltimore *Gazette* says of the popular Southern candidate for Speaker of the House of Representatives:—"Mr. Blackburn, of Kentucky, is tall and wiry. His is a genuine Kentucky frame. He is as gaunt almost as was Henry Clay and nearly as tall. He is in the prime of life, just turned to 40." Mr. Blackburn is about five feet ten inches. He is not as tall as Henry Clay was. Clay, Webster, Jackson and Calhoun were all tall men, averaging six feet. Jackson and Clay were the tallest, and Jackson and Calhoun were the leanest. Jackson, Calhoun and Webster were fond of, and addicted to outdoor sports and recreations. Jackson loved horse racing, Calhoun shooting, and Webster fishing. Clay was a sportsman too, but he pursued his line of game mostly in the modest light of a farthing candle, "keeping company," as John Randolph said, "with Kings, Queens and Knaves." Clay was born in Virginia, Jackson and Calhoun in South Carolina, and Webster in New Hampshire.

Apropos of Blackburn and his Kentucky frame, it may be remarked that the Kentuckians were the tallest soldiers in the U. S. army, during the late war, from any State, averaging over 5 feet 8 inches. The tallest people in Europe are the Prussians and the Scotch, but they do not average as much as the Kentuckians. Some tribes of the North Western Indians are undoubtedly tall men, fully up to the Kentucky standard and probably over.

A few days ago a statement went the rounds of the newspapers that Mr. Bayard and Mr. Saulsbury, the Delaware Senators, stood six feet two and six feet three respectively. Mr. Bayard is in fact about six feet. The great men of American history have generally been tall, but not all. Cass, Webster, Douglass, and many others, were less than six feet. Washington, for instance, was six feet one, Jefferson six feet two, and Franklin a large and portly man. Clark Mills, when modelling his equestrian statue of Washington, said he intended it to represent a man weighing about 175 pounds. Washington in fact weighed, at the close of the Revolutionary war, 210 pounds. Jackson, he (Mills) had ascertained, was of the same height as Washington and weighed 131 pounds. General Winfield Scott, the conqueror of Mexico and the Whig candidate for the Presidency, was six feet four inches in stature, and so was Albert Sidney Johnston, by many persons regarded as the ablest military commander on the side of the South in the rebellion. Abraham Lincoln was also six feet four. Genrael Robert E. Lee was about five feet nine inches, Stonewall Jackson was taller. Gœthe and Schiller were tall men, approximating six feet each of them. Wordsworth and Thackeway were, and Tennyson is tall. Sir Walter Scott was a six footer. Burns was five feet nine and very powerful physically. Byron was 5 feet 8½ inches, and it was his ambition to weigh 11 stone or 154 pounds; but he had a tendency to get fat, which caused him great mortification and endless suffering, for he starved himself inhumanly. Napoleon is generally represented as having been a small man, but Scott says he was 5 feet 7 inches in height, which is two inches above the average of the Italian race, and his legs were short, which left him plenty of body. Julius Cæsar and the Duke of Wellington, according to their biographers, were both above the middle stature. The Royal family of England is short, but it was not so in the days of the Platagenets or their nearest descendants. Edward IV. was 6 feet 2 inches, and Henry VIII., the Blue Beard of monarchs, was 6 feet 4 inches, and in his later life monstrously heavy. Edward I. was very tall, and so was his contemporary, Robert the Bruce. Cœur de Lion was tall and powerful, and so was his ancestor, William the Conqueror. Francis I. was very tall and strong, and threw Henry VIII. in a wrestling match. Michelet says that Cœur de Lion was once put on his back by a French Knight known as De Montfort. Old stories represented Charlemagne as a giant, but his skeleton, when exhumed in modern times, indicated a man of only about 5 feet 10 inches. The royal families of Europe, except the English, are generally tall. The Emperor Nicholas was 6 feet 4 inches; Alexander, his son, the present Emperor, is about 6 feet. The Emperor of Prussia is about 6 feet 2 inches, and Bismarck, the greatest man in Europe, is about as tall as his master. Lord Hartington, who, next to D'Israeli, is the most influential statesman in England, is over 6 feet and big in proportion.

The English Parliament and the American Congress have been stated, upon data obtained from insurance agents, to have averaged about 5 feet 10 inches in height and 170 lbs. in weight. According to the tables found in the once so celebrated Banting book, this is just what they should have weighed for their height, to be healthy and long lived. Curiously enough, their average height and weight is almost exactly the same as that of the prize fighting champions of England, from Broughton and Figg down to Tom Sayers and Jem Mace. The best runners and jumpers, according to the statistics of those matters preserved in sporting records, have been tall men, but the best walkers have been short ones generally. But Captain Barclay, the great Apollo in that line of athletics, was 5 feet 11 inches in height and an 11 stone man.

The personal peculiarities of remarkable individuals of the gentler sex ought not to be omitted in a summary of those of distinguished people. Of those of ancient days, whose fame has come down to these, none made so much noise in the world as Cleopatra, the enslaver of Cæsar and Antony, and who never failed to subdue to her empire any who came within the direct influence of her charms. Tradition, we know not how authenticated, says she had a short nose and gray eyes. She must, if she had gray eyes, have been a fair beauty rather than a dark one, which, considering her Greek origin, is not improbable. Beatrice Cenci and Mary, Queen of Scots, were both tall and graceful, with chestnut colored hair and eyes, and clear, but not fair complexion.

Anne Boleyn was tall and slender. Her complexion and hair were dark. She was the most graceful and accomplished lady at the French and English courts, and the most universally beloved and admired. She was thirty-three years old when she married Henry VIII., and Jane Seymour, who supplanted her, was thirty-five.

Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, was of medium height, had red hair and fair complexion and dark eyes.

Lucretia Borgia, La Valliere, Madam Du Barry and the Lady Frances Stewart, from whose features the effigy of Britannia upon British coins was modeled, were blondes. So was Sarah, Duchess of Marlboro, and so was her sister Fanny—both celebrated beauties.

Ninon de l'Enclos is celebrated for having so preserved her beauty that she had lovers when she had reached her 80th birthday. Homer, in the "Odessy," describes the beauty of Helen, as seen by Telemachus, as something wonderful to behold when, by a comparison of dates, she must have been about sixty years old. But of course the poets have their license, and so do the writers of French memoirs. Madame de Stael was remarkable for her brilliant eyes and her big feet. Jane Shore was short and plump, while Madame Recamier (as seen in the portrait of David) and Cora Pearl resemble each other in lankiness. Lola Montez was exquisitely graceful in pantomime and had blue eyes, mobile features and dark hair. She was of partly Irish descent and had the Irish type of beauty. The Empress Eugenie is not as handsome as Lola Montez was in features, and has red hair. In person and grace, when at her best, she was a not an unworthy rival of the erratic danseuse. Charlotte Cushman, Jenny Lind and Janausheck were very ugly. Rachel and Sara Bernhardt look like snakes. Christine Nillsson is a large-boned woman with a benign expression of countenance. The Shah of Persia said she was very "cunning," and wated to take her home with him. Ristori is grand and looks tragedy like her countryman, Salvini. Harriet Lane was about the best looking lady ever seen in the White House, Mrs. Madison the most fascinating, socially.

The Devil's Fruit.

Potatoes were first introduced at Moscow by a Mr. Rowland, eighty or ninety years ago. At first the people would neither plant nor touch them, saying they were the devil's fruit given to him on his complaining to God that he had no fruit, when he was told to search in the earth for some, which he did and found potatoes. A curious Berwickshire legend which, however, is palpably achronicle, attributes the introduction of potatoes into Scotland to that famous wizard of the North, Sir Michael Scott. The wizard and the devil, being in partnership, took a lease of the farm on the Martoun estate, called Whitehouse. The wizard was to manage the the farm, the devil managed the capital. The produce was to bedivided as follows: The first year Sir Michael was to have all that grew above ground, and his partner all that grew below; the second year the shares were to be the opposite way. His Statistic Majesty, as is usual in such cases, was fairly overreached in his bargain for the wizard cunningly sowed all the land in the first year with wheat and planted it with potatoes the second, so that the devil got nothing for his share but wheat stubble and potato tops. And this scourging rotation, Sir Michael continued, until he had not only beggared his partner, but exhausted the soil. In spite of this legend, however, we must continue to give credit to Sir. Walter Raleigh for having been the introducer of potatoes into that country. The first that tried them, we are told, fell into the very natural mistake of eating the apples and disregarding the roots.

Dental Science.

Nearly sixty years since, Delabarre, the noted French dentist and writer on dental topics, believed it possible to extract an unhealthy tooth, remove the unsound part, and put it back in the socket, and that it would grow into its old place. Experiment after experiment proved him to be right. Since then the matter has received very little attention, and, in truth, seemed forgotten, despite its importance, until Magitot, another Paris physician, has lately taken it up. He has made a long and serious study of it, and divides the grafting of the dental organs into extracting teeth and putting them back after a certain time, and drawing teeth from one person and placing them in the mouth of another. Toothache arises from abscess at the root, decay of the bone, inflammation of the surrounding membrane, disease of the gums, or other causes. Magitot has repeatedly done what Delabarre had done before. Out of 62 operations he has succeeded completely in 57—a proportion of about 92 percent. While reintegration is going on some local reaction is caused, but not enough to affect to any degree the general system. Small boils or abscesses form on the gums, and when they have run their course leave the healing and restoring process complete within a week or a fortnight. If the attempt fail, inflammation ejects the tooth in a day or two. The age of the patient is said to have no effect on the result, and teeth of every kind may be drawn and replaced.

How to Speak to the Deaf.

The prevailing belief of those who have not associated much with deaf people is that to make them hear it is only necessary to raise the voice. This, in most instances, is a complete mistake. Few men, and still fewer women, who are not professional vocalists, speak plainly when they speak with a loud voice, and hence it often happens that the victim of their kind efforts is in no way assisted in the task of understanding them, while all those who may be near are made aware of his misfortune. The proper way is to speak slowly and distinctly, for with the deaf the recognition of volume of sound exists, just as a near-sighted man has a perception of an object, only in one case as in the other, the outlines and divisions are uncertain and confused. As this is rarely understood, those who are troubled with deafness soon find that attempts at general social intercourse bring with them more discomfiture than pleasure, and the natural result is to force the sufferer into a kind of mental insolation. There may be natures so strongly molded as to be influenced by a separation from the small delights of social life, but in most cases it is productive of more or less misanthropic opinions.

For the Democratic Advocate.

Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 13, 9, 14, 5, 4, is a language.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is an implement.
My 13, 11, 14, 13, 8, 10, is a Continent.
My 7, 5, 6, 8, 12, is a female name.
My whole is a Buffoon among the Dutch. D.

A very curious number, 142,857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives *all nines:*

$142,857\times1=142,857$
$142,857\times2=285,714$
$142,857\times3=428,571$
$142,857\times4=571,428$
$142,857\times5=714,285$
$142,857\times6=857,142$
$142,857\times7=999,999$

Think a minute before you speak, and a day before you promise. Hasty promises give occasion for speedy repentance.

Honest men's words are as good as their bonds.

The Tyrolese.

It is not easy to see how, in a country so broken as this, and where so many farms and even whole villages have no access to market except over mountain foot-paths, any systen could be introduced which would lighten the labor of the people. On not one farm in fifty in the mountain valleys could the mowing machine be used, and from at least one-half of the hay and grain fields the whole crop has to be carried away on the heads and shoulders of the people. Something might be gained by the introduction of a better race of cattle, but it is a question whether these too would not deteriorate under the constant exercise needed to pick up a living on these broken pastures. The conditions of living are very much modified by the wandering propensity which is so common among the Tyrolese. As musicians, as peddlers, as cattle-dealers, and as mechanics, they wander over the wide world, bringing home a comfortable profit and quickened intelligence.

The mental and moral characteristics of any people can of course be only very imperfectly measured by the casual traveler. The Tyrolese are represented as being extremely superstitious and priest-ridden, but no evidence of this was obvious to me. They are unquestionably honest and faithful, and universally temperate. Probably every man, woman and child in Tyrol drinks beer and wine as constantly and as freely as we drink water; but during all my journeyings in all parts of the country I have not seen a single person either drunk or under any considerable influence of drink. There are, too, very slight evidences of poverty, and beggars are rare. Among themselves, especially at the Gasthausern in the evening, the younger men are noisy and uproarious, and much given to bad music and harsh play. Some of their games are rough to brutality, and it is not long since the use of the knife was a constant accompaniment of their quarrels.

Wrestling "finger-hacking" (hooking the middle fingers and twisting for the mastery, even at the risk of a joint.) are still common, and are watched by comrades with the same interest which attaches to a cock-fight or a dog fight in England. Among a people whose life makes physical endurance a cardinal virtue, these trials of strength and of the ability to endure pain are regarded as tests of manliness, and even the women who witness them applaud their most brutal manifestations.—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH FLAG.—The French flag has seen many changes. It was in 498 that Clovis, first King of France, took for his standard the cope of St. Martin. Under Philip Augustus the royal standard was white, embroidered with golden lilies. Charles VI. carried a blue standard, divided at the middle by a white cross. Louis the XIV. revived the white standard, which in 1789 gave place to the tricolor. Its origin is curious. Camille Desmoulins having snatched a poplar leaf from a tree in the gardens of Palais Royal, held it aloft as a rallying point, and suggested green as the national color. But it was then remembered that the livery of the Count d'Artoris, the most unpopular member of the royal family, was of that color. So it was then resolved to take the colors of the city of Paris, red and blue, which had already figured in popular movements, and between these was inserted the royal white preserved by the National Guard of Paris. The tricolor was adopted with enthusiasm. After the fall of the Bastile Bailly and Lafayette solemnly offered to Louis XVI. in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, the tricolor cockade. Under the restoration (1814) the white flag with the lilies came back again. It disappeared during the hundred days, and reappeared in 1830, surmounted by the Gallic cock and carrying the device, "*Liberte, Ordre Public.*"

KEEP YOUR SECRETS.—The whole world is full of people craving for confidence—people to whom a secret is like gold in a child's pocket, burning to be issued. Those who are high in rank and blessed with every advantage, are often tormented for want of "a true friend," meaning hereby some one to whom they can confide secrets. And on those who will simply take them and keep them, they are willing to bestow friendship; to those who would be in such confidence it is enough that they follow the advice already given of never being directly or indirectly the means of disseminating gossip of any kind. In connection with this subject the reader may properly be advised against curiosity. There are people who cannot see a letter without craving to know to whom it was addressed, or cannot find anything written lying on a table without involuntarily picking it up. The Paul Pry is the meanest character of society, and he who would feel superior in strength and in integrity, should strive vigorously to have nothing in common with such a type of baseness. Bear continually in mind the fact that in the art of conversation the secret lies not so much in knowing what to say as to what avoid saying.

WHAT MAKES THE WIRES HUM?—Most boys believe that the humming sound made by the telegraph wires is caused by the messages hurrying along to their destination. Most men believe that the sound is caused by the vibration of the wire in the wind. A writer in an Austrian journal, however, calls attention to the fact that one who will give close observation both to the wire and the sounds will find that the latter make themselves obvious likewise when there is a total absence of wind; and in a quiet morning in winter, when the wires appear to be covered with frost to the thickness of a finger, they nevertheless carry on lively vibrations and singing while the air is totally quiet. According to this writer, therefore, the vibrations are due, not to the wind but to changes of the atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole length of the conductor. A considerable amout of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sound, both in the wires and the poles.

STONE PLANING MACHINE.—A Machine for planing granite and other hard stones has been brought out that promises to prove of value in reducing the cost of preparing building stones. It consists of an oblong frame of iron, supported at the corners, and carrying a movable platen, somewhat after the manner of iron planing machines. On this is placed a strong head-piece or tool holder, and b ymeans of a system of long pulleys and corresponding belts, power may be brought to the tool whatever its position during the work. The block of granite to be planed is placed on a hand-truck and rolled under the machine and raised by means of jack-screws to the proper level for the work. The revolution of the cutting tool planes down the stones at about the pace of the iron planers, and performs the work in a manner fully equal to hand labor. The tool is fed to the work by hand, one man being sufficient for all the work.

WHAT PEOPLE EAT.

From a Paper Read Before the American Social Science Association in Boston, by Mr. George T. Angell.

Cayenne pepper is adulterated with red lead, mustard with chromate of lead, curry powder with red lead, vinegar with sulphuric acid, arsenicand corrosive sublimate. It is stated that probably half the vinegar now sold in our cities is rank poison. One of our Boston chemists analyzed 12 packages of pickles, put up by 12 different wholesale dealers, and found copper in 10 of them. Many of our flavoring oils, syrups, jellies and preserved fruits contains poisons. The adulterations of tea are too numerous to mention. Coffee is not only adulterated, but a patent has been taken out for moulding chickory into the form of coffee berries, and I am told that clay is now moulded, and perhaps flavored with an essence to represent coffee. Cocoa and chocolate are adulterated with various mineral substances. Several mills in New England, and probably many elsewhere, are now engaged in grinding white stone into a fine powder for purposes of adulteration. At some of these mills they grind three grades—soda grade, sugar grade and flour grade. It sells for about half a cent a pound. Flour has been adulterated in England, and probably here with plaster of Paris, bone dust, sand, clay, chalk and other articles. I am told that large quantities of damaged and unwholesome grain are ground in with flour, particularly with that kind called Graham flour. Certainly, hundred, and probably thousands, of barrels of "terra alba," or white earth, are sold in our cities every year to be mixed with sugar in confectionery and other white substances. I am told by an eminent physician that this tends to produce stone, kidney complaints, and various diseases of the stomach. A Boston chemist tells me that he has found 75 per cent. of "terra alba," in what was sold as cream of tartar used for cooking. A large New York housesel's sells three grades of cream of tartar. A chemist recently analyzed a sample of the best grade, and found 50 per cent. of "terra alba" in that. Much of our confectionery contains 33 per cent. or more of "terra alba." The coloring matter of confectionery frequently contains lead, mercury, arsenic, and copper. Baking powders are widely sold which contain a large percentage of "terra alba" and alum.

It is not water alone that is mixed with milk. Thousands of gallons, and probably hundreds of thousands, are sold in our cities which have passed through large tins, or vats, in which it has been mixed with various substances. Recipes for the mixture can be bought by new milkmen from old on payment of the required sum. I am assured, on what I believe to be reliable authority, that thousands of gallons of so-called milk have been, and probably are, sold in this city which do not contain one drop of the genuine article. Large quantities of the meats of animals more or less diseased are sold in our markets. Cows in the neighborhood of our large cities are feed upon material which produces a large flow of unwholesome milk. Poultry are fed upon material which produces unwholesome eggs. Meats and fish are made uhwholesome, frequently poisonous, by careless and cruel methods of killing. A California chemist recently analyzed many samples of whisky, purchased at different places in San Francisco. He found them adulterated with creosote, salts of copper, alum and other injurious substances. He states it, in his published report, as his opinion that there is hardly any pure whisky sold in that city. A gentleman recently purchased from a prominent Boston firm a cask of pure sherry wine for his sick wife. His wife grew worse. He had the wine analyzed, and found there was not a drop of the juice of the grape in it. An eminent medical gentleman of Boston said to me: "The adulterations of drugs in this country are perfectly abominable." I say that laws should be enacted and enforced prohibiting the manufacture and sale of these poisonous and dangerous articles under severe penalties, and compelling the manufactures and sellers of adulterated articles to tell buyers the precise character of the adulterations.

OUT AT NIGHT.—Fathers and mothers, look out for your boys when the shadows of evening have gathered around you! Where are they then? Are they at home, at the pleasant, social fireside, or are they running the streets? Are they gaining a street education? If so take care; the chances of their ruin are many. There is scarcely anything so destructive to their morals as running abroad at night. Under cover of darkness they acquire the education of crime; they learn to be rowdyish, if not vicious; they catch up loose talk, they hear sinful thoughts, and they see obscene things and they become reckless and riotous. If you would save them from vulgarity, save them from ruin, see to it that night finds them at home. More than one young man has told the chaplain of the State prison that here was the beginning of his downward course, that finally brought him to the felon's cell. Let the parents solemnly ponder this matter, and do all they can to make home attractive to all the children—so attractive that the boys will prefer it to running the streets.

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.—Lay it down as a foundation rule that you will be faithful in the least. Pick up the loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping paper and put them in their places, be ready to throw in an odd half hour or hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily, though not a word be said, be sure your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensible to him and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.

"I have found," says Addison, "that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies—who cherish for them the highest respect—are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung—who supply the place of ideas, and place compliments in the room of sentiment—are their favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them, and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of love."

"What news to-day?" said a merchant to his friend lately. "What news?" replied the other. "Nothing, only things grow better; people are getting on their legs again." "On their legs?" said the first. "I don't see how you can make that out." "Why, yes," replied the other; "folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now, is that not getting on their legs again?"

To classical student:—You ask "If Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?" The question, dear sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as we are aware, satisfactorily answered. We have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife and got his support from her father.