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Poetry.

GIVEN, NOT HIRED.

BY BERL LYNN.

We hired the roof above our heads,
And walls to girt us round,
The garden walk, the drooping vine,
The rose and blossom mound;
But oh, that streak of sunset sky
Between the bending trees,
The moonlight on the little porch,
Who shall we pay for these?

We have musicians too, all day,
Whose dates we did not bring;
An oriole trills all the while,
And saucy robins sing;
While in the bush or evergreen
A cat-bird, gray and sly,
A solo gives. Who pays the birds
For all these songs? Not I.

Just when the twilight turns to dusk,
And reveries are sweet,
A piping voice, exceeding small,
Sounds by my idle feet,
And bids me listen to its tale
Of home and household fire—
Our cricket, that we did not bring,
The song we did not hire.

The summer wind that lifts the leaves
When whispers soft and low,
How roses and syringas bloom,
How sweet acacias blow,
When memories of other hours
In garden pathways sweet,
Who sends the southwind to my door,
With soft unshoden feet?

Nay, these are gifts one cannot buy,
Nor pay in market gold;
One debt uncancelled evermore,
When cycles shall have rolled,
So, lifting up a thankful heart
To God, Who gives, I cry;
"Thou knowest, Lord, I cannot pay
For all these things: not I."

Miscellaneous.

Fitted to a Hair.

SOME time ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. R—, we fell into conversation on the use of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it.

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair, as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round, the negro's oval, the mouse's apparently jointed, the bat's jagged, and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:

"I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpœna, to attend as a witness on a *trial for murder*. This was very disagreeable, as I have said, but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow from some blunt instrument on the eyebrows, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness-box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might act upon it.

"One juryman in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. 'Does thee mean to say,' said he, 'that thee can tell any hair of any animal?' I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll prove thee.'

"The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and, in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterward, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine and report on.

"'Is this another murder case?' I inquired; 'for if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work.'

"'No no,' said he, 'it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve; and if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time.' Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

"When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat.

"Two or three days afterward, as I was sitting in my consulting room, an old farmer looking man was ushered in. 'Well,' said he, 'has thee looked at them hairs?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'and I find that they are from the back of a Norway rat.'

'Well,' exclaimed he, 'so they are. I'hot I had forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L——— assizes?' I said I would prove thee, and I have, for them hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway.' So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope."

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given as nearly as possible in his own words, and upon which I believe that a thorough dependence may be placed.—*Journal of Microscopy.*

Let in the Sunlight.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in an article in the *Christian Union*, on mistakes in our houses, specifies the "exclusion of sunlight" as one. She says:

"We wish the importance of admitting the light of the sun, freely, as well as building these early and late fires, could be properly impressed upon our housekeepers. No article of furniture should ever be brought to our homes too good or too delicate for the sun to see all day long. His presence should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walks should be in bright sunlight, so that the eyes are protected by veil or parasol, when inconveniently intense. A sun bath is of far more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. A sun bath costs nothing, and that is a misfortune, for people are deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. But remember that pure water, fresh air, sunlight, and homes kept free from dampness, will secure you from many heavy bills of the doctors, and give you health and vigor, which no money can procure. It is a well established fact that people who live much in the sun are usually stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight."

—A New York editor is courting an untimely grave by speaking of ex-Congressman Sweat, of Maine, as ex-Congressman Perspiration.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

BY G. L. CATLIN.

ON a bitter cold morning in January, the passengers on the night express, due in B——, at noon, awoke to look out through the narrow window panes upon a landscape white with snow, and to hear the wind howling dismally loud above the endless clatter of the car-wheels beneath them. The snow was still falling fast, and great clouds of it, caught up from the gale, came dashing in drifts against the train, enveloping roof, and platform, and window-ledge, and anon whisking away again, leaving them as bare as a newly-swept floor. Now and then a sensible retarding of motion would tell unmistakably that the great engine, far up forward, had encountered some snowy barrier, difficult to penetrate; yet through and on, and away again, moved the train, in the dim light of morning, winding its dusky length through the field of otherwise unbroken white, until day gradually stole upon the travelers, and disclosed a scene so cold and forbidding without, as to only serve to give a keener zest to the warm, cozy comfort within.

As the hours wore on, the storm, far from showing any signs of abatement, seemed, if anything, to increase in violence. Eight o'clock had arrived, and the station where the train usually stopped at that hour for passengers to breakfast, was yet a matter of twenty miles or so distant. The snow-drifts ahead grew more and more formidable, taking all the strength of the engine to batter them down before it. Passengers began to grow uneasy, pulled out their watches, peered anxiously out of the windows, consulted their time-tables, tried to take note of familiar landmarks by the wayside, and assailed the conductor, whenever he passed, with all sorts of irrelevant inquiries, when suddenly the train slackened its speed—again moved on a little—slackened more—again tried to move, and then stopped stock still, with a jar and a rebound which had well-nigh sent some unwary ones off their feet.

Instantly there was a rush for the forward car, in the hope of ascertaining the cause of this unlooked-for stoppage. One or two imprudent ones undertook to alight, but on finding themselves waist-deep, were only too glad once more to regain the solid footing of the platform. Meanwhile, the word ran down from mouth to mouth, from car to car, "Snowed in." Every moment the situation was growing worse, and the possibility of extricating the train grew more remote with each keen blast that came piling a few more inches of fleecy wall around us. Front and rear, and on the side, the barrier each instant grew higher.

Spasmodic efforts—now forward, now backward, but each succeeding one more feeble than its predecessor—all proved fruitless, and at length the great monster, weary and exhausted, ceased its fierce, fiery breathing, and the train lay still, half-buried in the snow.

Meanwhile, upon impromtu seats, boxes and logs, and barrels, a merry party had gathered about the glowing stove in the express car forward, and were making themselves vastly comfortable under the circumstances.

"I've been thinking," said the express messenger, "that our friend Jim T——, during his twelve years of running an engine on this road, must have run up against many a worse adventure than this, my friends. So I propose we call on him for a story, from his own experience.

"That's a good idea," answered several voices.

"Come, Jim, old fellow," said the conductor, "give us the story of that day when you came so near going head first over the P—— Bridge, train and all. I never did hear the whole truth of that matter."

The engineer looked into the fire thoughtfully for a moment, and a shadow stole over his pleasant face, as he answered:

"Well, boys, it's ten years ago since that little affair happened, but it never comes back to mind without making me shudder at the recollection of it. I was running No. 7, between H—— and B——, at that time; the road was in prime condition, my engine had just had a thorough overhauling, and altogether the duties were pleasant and easy enough, as one of our trade's duties go.

"Well, on Sunday morning, I had backed down from the engine-house to the station at H——, coupled on to my train, and was waiting for the passengers to finish their breakfast, and get aboard again for a start. One by one they came hurrying out, and I stood on the platform by the tender, playing with the children, whom my wife had brought down to the depot, as was her custom every Sunday morning, to see me off. I was living in H—— at the time, for that way I had a chance to pass my evenings at home, you see. I was just giving my youngster a parting hug, and wondering why the fireman stayed so long at his breakfast, when all of a sudden I saw a man, a stranger to me, jump stealthily but quickly upon the engine, and pull the throttle. The wheels creaked, the train moved, the loiterers on the platform jumped hurriedly on board. Quick as as thought I placed the child in its mother's arms, and in another instant was face to face with the intruder.

"A single look sufficed to tell me that he meant mischief. A man of herculean stature, bare headed and scantily attired, with eyes glaring like coals of fire, with long hair falling down upon his shoulders, with sleeves rolled up above his elbows, displaying brawny, muscular arms, and with a wild, excited laugh upon his countenance, was before me, pulling the bell-rope violently, and taking apparently but little notice of my presence. In less time than I have been telling it, I had closed with him.

"'What are you doing? Are you crazy?' I cried.

"He looked at me for a minute, with that same devilish leer in his eye, and pushing me back as if I were a feather, said, abstractedly:

"'Don't annoy me now, I beg of you—I'm busy.'

"I summoned all my strength and rushed upon him again, for by this time the train was well in motion, and the rate of speed was momentarily increasing.

"He let go of the bell-rope, and, as I seized him by the arms, grasped mine in turn, and holding me in a vice-like grip, looked me full in the face.

"'Didn't I tell you,' said he, in a harsher voice than before, 'that I didn't wish to be annoyed.'

"I glanced into his face closely as he spoke, and then, for the first time, the horrible truth broke in upon me—*the man was mad!*

"I felt a shudder run through my veins, and great drops of cold sweat stood out upon my face, as in a single moment I realized the dreadful danger before me. I thought of my little children, whose kisses were yet warm upon my face, and of that long train behind us, full of passengers so little suspecting their peril. All the stories I had ever heard or read of crazy people and their freaks, flashed through my mind in that instant, as I felt myself pushed backward to destruction.

"But no; quietly seating me upon the bench, on the other side, he loosened his hold and returned to his post, saying, in the same abstracted voice as at first:

"'There, now! I don't want to be bothered!'

"By this time we were dashing along at a pretty rapid rate, and I could see that he knew how to handle the engine almost as well as I did myself. I jumped to my feet and a third time he leaned forward to reach the throttle lever.

"'For God's sake, stop her!' I exclaimed. 'Who are you?'

"'Me?' he answered, with a quiet laugh. 'I'm a practical engineer, working in the interests of science. I've studied for years, and years, and years, and now I want to make an experiment! Don't interrupt me!'

"He gave me another look, full of wild determination, and then burst into a fit of hilarious laughter.

"'Good! good! good!' he cried. 'But she'll do better, better, better, by and by! Now—she flies!'

"He gave the throttle lever another jerk; the engine shot away faster than ever, and trees, telegraph poles, fences and houses went by like lightning.

"For a moment I sunk down upon my seat in utter despair. To measure strength with the madman was, I saw, simply suicidal. A struggle could only result in certain destruction to myself, and probable destruction to the train and all on board of it. But one possible chance of regaining control of the engine presented itself, and that would require all the nerve and coolness I had in me. I must draw him into conversation, and watch for my opportunity to gain advantage, either of his credulity or his vanity, sufficiently to induce him to give me his place. Once there, I must trust to Providence and my own courage to prevent further mischief.

"I scanned him closer than ever for a moment or two. He seemed to have entirely forgotten my presence; now jumping up, and laughing and clapping his hands; now letting more steam on; now looking eagerly out ahead, and murmuring: 'Better, better, better still!'

"My heart was thumping against my chest, as I said:

"'You seem to understand your business pretty well, anyhow, my friend. Been long at it?'

"He looked at me, looked away again, but did not answer.

"'I see you are a good, practical engineer, as you say,' I continued. 'How long have you been in the business?'

"'Years, and years, and years, I tell you!' he answered. 'It was I who fitted out Pegasus, the winged steed. I who gave that fellow, Icarus, the wax wings; but he flew too near Old Sol, and they melted and let him down into the water. Ha! ha! ha!'

"'I wish I only had your experience at it,' said I; 'what a team we'd make together, pulling in the cause of science, eh?'

"A new light, an expression of unspeakable delight, lighted up his face as, catching my words, he turned toward me and, looking me full in the face, answered, but no longer abstractedly:

"'Are you for science, too?'

"'Science, every inch of me!' said I.

"'Give us your hand!' and he shook mine with a fervor which sent a tingle to my very collar bone. 'Hurrah for science. You're the man I've been searching for with a lantern these thousand years. You can help me. But'—and he leaned and whispered in my ear, so distinctly that I could hear every word and letter of it above the racket around us—'can you keep a secret?'

'Certainly I can,' I replied, while a sort of creeping horror stole over me, as I felt his hot breath upon my face.

"'You swear you can?' he continued, looking inquiringly into my face.

"'I swear I can!' said I, with a desperate effort, looking back at him.

"'Because,' he grated out, between his teeth, 'if I thought you meant to betray me, I'd tear your tongue out!'

"'Never fear one man of science betraying another,' I answered, with a sickly attempt at bravery. 'I'm your man!'

"'Well, then, mind what I say,' said the madman, apparently reassured, and pulling from his coat pocket a bunch of dirty papers, scrawled all over with lead pencil marks. 'Here's my secret, the result of five hundred years' hard study. To you, as a friend of science, I will impart it. But remember your promise!'

"By this time I felt terribly uneasy—not only in apprehension of my strange companion's intentions, but on account of the alarming rapidity at which we were moving. The madman was crafty enough to keep his position upon the foot-board, and I saw there was no hope of stealing a march upon him in that direction.

"'Now, you see,' he went on to say, 'a tangent from a parabolic curve goes on to infinity,' and he held up one of the soiled scrawls before me, pointing out the marks upon it with his long, craw-like forefinger; 'and infinity is what? Do you know? No; but you shall. Do I know? Yes; and, in the cause of science, I am going to show you. Speed, in locomotion, tends toward infinity. Infinity is unknown. The higher the speed, consequently, the greater the proximity to the unknown. Down where I've been studying, they wouldn't let me build my engine to make this experiment with. So, and here his voice fell to a horrid whisper again, 'I came away secretly the other night, and now—ha! ha! ha!—I've got a good engine of my own! Speed, speed, speed is what we want! By-and-by we'll be ready for the tangent; then infinity, and then our fortune is made forever!'

"I saw that hope was fast disappearing. His intention plainly was to put the engine to her highest speed, and send us whizzing over an embankment at the first short curve. We had gone nine miles already, although only thirteen minutes had elapsed since we left H——. I nerved myself for a final effort.

"'Come,' said I, 'your secret is a wonderful one, and now that I know it, I will give you all my help to carry out your plan. But you have overlooked one important point. The tangent which will quickest bring us to what we are after—infinity—must be directed from a point as near as possible to the base of the cone. That point we cannot discern, unless you, with your superior insight into the principle involved, take a position upon the outside of the engine, and give me the signal when to send her off.'

"The idea seemed to strike him.

"'Good! better! best!' he exclaimed, clapping his hand, and shaking mine. 'But mind, don't take your eyes off me!'

"'That I shan't,' I said, fervently, as he opened the window, and made a movement as if to pass out upon the *running board*.

"My heart beat high again, but this time with hope and anticipation. Once outside, he would be at my mercy long enough for me to whistle down brakes, shut off steam, and reverse the engine.

"Alas! suddenly he turned, slamming the window, and then, glaring upon me like a demon, he hissed:

"'You've betrayed me! What did I tell you?'

"I trembled with horror.

"'Come, come,' I said; 'no I haven't. Go ahead. See! there's the curve just ahead. Hurry, be quick, or the chance is gone!'

"'I say you've betrayed me, and I'm going to kill you! I heard you whisper my secret a moment ago!' and he came toward me with all the frenzy and savage cruelty of a maniac.

"'Now,' thought I, 'one last struggle for life or death,' and mustering all my force, I struck him a fearful blow with my clenched fist upon the forehead.

"Still he neared me. I felt his long, bony hands in my hair. I staggered. I fell backward; my head struck against something hard, my eyes grew dim, and I lay insensible."

The narrator paused for a moment, and passed his great rough hand across his forehead, as if to drive away the terrible memories his story had recalled. His companions, mute with eager interest, only drew themselves nearer as he resumed:

"I couldn't have lain there half an hour—for, when I come to, the first object that met my view in the distant landscape was the white tower of the Methodist Church in N——. I was lying on my side, between the engine and tender, with my head half over the edge."

"Weak and exhausted from loss of blood, which was still flowing from the wound upon my head, I lay there helpless and hopeless. My eyes wandered to where the madman was still standing. I saw him with heightened wildness on his countenance, his long hair floating in the wind behind, his eye glancing eagerly out ahead, his lips muttering words to me incoherent and meaningless. Now and then he would dance, and clap his hands with a fiendish joy, then settle quietly down again to his sullen mutterings.

"The rate of speed at which we were moving was absolutely frightful—not less, I should think, than a mile a minute—and I feared every instant the crank would send me, madman, engine, everything, whirling to perdition.

"As each moment my faculties grew stronger, I began to realize, in all its force, the horror of my situation. What if he should discover in the signs of returning life? He would, without a doubt, throw me from the train, or dash my brains out. Meanwhile, where was the conductor? Perhaps he had been left behind at H——. The brakesman—could not some of them come to rescue me? Had not our wild speed, our neglect of the usual stoppages, told those on the train that something was certainly wrong? And why, then, did they not come to see what it was? Surely an end must soon come of this horrible affair, in some way or another.

"Heavens! of a sudden I remembered a circumstance, the thought of which chilled me to the very bones, and well might make me cry out in expostulation and terror to the terrible being before me. We were rapidly approaching P—— bridge, spanning the awful chasm through which, far below, the T——— river leaps and plunges, in three successive falls, to the quiet level of the valley below. I had in my pocket at that moment a copy of a telegraphic order from the Division Superintendent, stating that the westward bound track on the bridge would that morning be taken up for repairs, and directing all trains to switch off on approaching the spot, and cross on the eastward bound track.

"In a moment all the horror of the impending disaster broke upon me. Should this maniac persist in his mad purpose only ten minutes longer, he and I, and all of us, would be precipitated headlong downward through the air, crashing through the timbers, cars and engine with us, to be dashed to atoms upon the pitiless, jagged rocks below. Oh, how I prayed in that moment for forgiveness for all the wickedness of the past. With what unspeakable tenderness I recalled the parting words of those dear ones whom I might never see again, and how I inwardly asked God to watch over them after I was gone. I wondered whether they would ever find us, or know the real cause of the catastrophe. Eagerly I watched the familiar landmarks flitting by, as on, on, on, we dashed, faster and faster, toward the death and destruction which now seemed all but inevitable.

"I heard a cry of wild joy from my companion, as, gliding like lightning around a curve, the valley, and, in the distance, the massive bridge, were first disclosed to his view.

"'Now! now!' he shouted. 'Here we are come, at last! Science, and infinity, and all the unknown, are mine, mine, mine, forever! He betrayed me, did he? and he died like a dog! Ha! ha! ha!'

"And he danced and screamed with a horrid zest, which mocking my anguish and terror, only made me more desperate. I tried to move—a pang of agony shot through every nerve, and muscle, and fibre in my body. I sunk down again, in utter despair, and closed my eyes, waiting for death to come and end it all!

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"Crack—crack—whiz—whiz—a scream—a shout—another crack—another whiz! I opened my eyes once more. The madman had fallen upon his knees, and with the expression of a demon incarnate upon his face, his two bared arms stretched above his head, his powerful form writhing in horrible contortion, was gnashing his teeth, while his eyes protruded from their sockets, foam oozed from his lips, and a stream of blood, ever so small, trickled down his shirt front.

"'Come! come! come quickly!' I called out, as loudly as I could; but my feeble voice was drowned in the clatter, and I saw the monster, weak and wounded as he was, turn and crawl upon his knees toward me.

"'Come! for God's sake, come!' I screamed; but by that time his clutches were upon my throat, and I looked upward to the clear blue morning sky above us, to feel my breath growing slower and slower, as the cruel grip grew tighter and tighter upon me.

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"The coarse, talon-like grip relaxed of a sudden, the din grew less and less, and the welcome shriek of the whistle for down brakes sounded in my ears like the voice of a messenger from God, calling me back to life, and loved ones, and all that was dear. I felt myself lifted up like a child in two pairs of stout, friendly arms. I heard sobs, and shouts of joy, and the movement of many feet about me, and a voice whispered lovingly in my ear:

"'SAVED!'"

The Sabbath.

The following remarks of Hon. Thomas Russell, Collector of the Port of Boston, were made at the recent anniversary of the New England Sabbath Association, held at Mount Vernon Church, Boston:

"I shall pitch my remarks in a low key, and aim at practical points. I speak of the Lord's Day as made for men, especially the workingman, whether he works with his hands or his head. It has been profanely said, 'If there were no Supreme Being, it would be necessary to invent one.' We may say: if the Sabbath be not decreed by revelation, it must be enacted by statute. Man needs stated times of rest. In order to have rest he must have quiet. Therefore, we must agree on a time when all shall rest together, and, in order to be effectual, that agreement must take the form of law.

"Every sentiment, faith, tradition, which sustains the law, makes the rest more complete. Again, rest is found not merely by giving up work, not by talking of business, not even by reading secular news in religious newspapers, but by turning our whole current of thought away from the affairs of the world.

"New England shows the value of the Sabbath. Here and in Scotland it is most strictly kept. Hence comes something of the thrift, energy, endurance, which mark the New Englander and the Scotchman. The enemy of the Sabbath is the enemy of the human race, especially of the workingman. What would it avail him to pass a ten-hour law, or an eight-hour law, and rob him of his day of rest? Yet the same men are contending for these two 'reforms.'

"Let us be practical. Some men, some ministers, not believing in the texts on which the 'Christian Sabbath' is generally defended, assail it—even from the pulpit. But is Sabbath-keeping a practical danger? How many families in this State have been ruined by it? And again, in which parish of New England is excess of faith the prevailing sin? If you stumble over some text in Genesis, or Exodus, or Deutronomy, read with me the chapter of daily life, and human need, and common sense. Cease your attacks, not from fear of God on Sinai, but for the sake of man on his footstool.

"Have pleaded for the day as a need of humanity. If you believe, with the mass of Christian men, that it has the divine sanction, it is but one more proof that our Father loves us better than we do ourselves, as he knows us better than we do ourselves."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE DEAR DEPARTED—Venison.

"STEPS UPWARD"—Going to bed.

"WOVEN OF MANY THREADS"—A shirt.

"TALES FROM REAL LIFE"—Chinese "queues."

THE CHEAPEST AND LONGEST CONVEYANCE—A train of thought.

Now is the time to insure in the Mutual Life, of Chicago.

THE St. Louis *Herald* wants "a real good boy to make a devil of."

OTHELLO was not a lawyer, although he was a tawny general of Venice.

A GENTLEMAN of Medford, Mass., is now repairing his house, which was built 237 years ago.

FIVE hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred trains leave London in the course of one year.

A GRAVEYARD inscription in Kennebunk, Me., reads thus: "Poor Joe! his head is level now, if it never was before."

JAKE BLIPPKINS says: "My wife's the most poetical woman alive; leastways, she's always *a verse* to me, you bet!"

A WIDOW holding a policy on her deceased husband in the Washington gets the money herself. It cannot be taken for his debts.

"SALT" is the subject of the schoolboy's latest composition: "The salt is a spice which spoils the potatoes, if you forget to put it on."

THE Governor of the District of Columbia received one thousand applications for one hundred and thirty-six offices at his disposal in Washington.

WHENEVER a preacher has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregashun, he probably has preached one that the Lord won't indorse.—*Billings.*

A CURIOUS fact about book-publishing in the kingdom of Greece is, that, of every book published at Athens, nearly three times as many copies are sold out of the country as in Greece itself.

A CLEVELAND merchant lately received a package labeled, "1 box Tom. Cats." It took him some time to decipher the fact that the inscription meant a box of tomato catsup."

NO less than two hundred and twenty-four life insurance companies have been wound up in Great Britain within the last twenty-six years. This is twice as many as now exist there.

—THE landlord of a tenement house in Boston actually called on the person who rented it, the other day, and asked him what repairs he wanted made, and what makes the matter stranger, the landlord was perfectly sane.

IN New York, a boarding-house landlady recently claimed $75 damages against the property of an ex-boarder because of his dying in her house, and thereby injuring her business. The jury would not grant the claim.

A YOUNG gentleman of Pittsfield, Mass., has recently involved himself in difficulty by stealing empty bottles from the back door of a drug store, and then carrying them round to the front door and selling them to the owner.

THE appearance of Mr. Darwin's book on "The Descent of Man" has been followed, the London papers say, by a great increase in the number of visitors to the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

A SHOEMAKER in Fond du Lac, Wis., whose wife recently presented him with an heir, has run a wire from his bench and attached it to the cradle in the next room, and, when the baby cries, the father keeps step with his foot to the music of the lap stone.

IT is said that the salary of President Eliot, of Harvard College, is $3,200, and of the chief cook of the Parker House, $4,000. "There is nothing very alarming in this statement," says the Boston *Traveler*; "it only suggests that there are more men fitted for the presidential chair of colleges than are capable of taking charge of the kitchen of a first-class hotel."

MANY tenement houses in New York are built now with stairways reaching to the roof, so that tenants have only to open a door, instead of raising a scuttle, when they want to visit the house-top. The curious triangular coverings of these stairs are visible on many rows of city buildings.

A FUNNY limb of the law had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day an elderly gentleman of the fogy school blundered into the shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full scribble over some old legal documents. "Oh, I thought this was his office." "Next door." "Pray, sir, can you tell me has the doctor many patients?" "Not living." The old gentleman told the story in the vicinity, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel.

AN enthusiastic lady who takes part in the religious exercises in the St. Louis Central Police Stations, Sunday mornings, told one of the parties she found there, on a recent Sabbath, that she was glad to see him sober once, as she could see by his looks that he was then so; and after she had spent some little time in urging him to reform and lead a different life, closed her discourse on being informed that the subject of her solicitude was a minister who had been invited to assist in the exercises of the day.

A GENTLEMAN in Canada gives a history of a battle between two swarms of bees, recently. One swarm, he says, took forcible possession of their neighbors' barracks, and, as the attacked defended their rights, a furious fight commenced, and the battle raged from 4½ till 9 p. m. Next morning, as the sun appeared, the battle was resumed, the marauders appearing not in good condition, yet showing great pluck. The carnage continued without intermission till 10 a. m., when hundreds of dead bodies lay on the plain. At 11 the battle ended, when there was not one of the attacking party left to tell the tale.

PROFESSOR MORSE tells an anecdote of his early struggles. When he was in Washington, employing all his energies to obtain an appropriation from the government to erect a line from Baltimore to Washington, he had his instruments at each end of the Capitol to demonstrate to the members of Congress the feasibility of the plan. He says: "I talked to them, explained the working of the instrument hour after hour. I gained many adherents; still I saw that many were incredulous, and many even scouted at the idea as preposterous, and pronounced my instrument as the toy of a crack-brained enthusiast. It was toward the close of the session, and there were still about two or three hundred bills yet to be passed before they came to mine. It was late at night, and, finally, I gave up in absolute despair, and left the Capitol building with a sad heart. I was bankrupt, having expended all that I had on my discovery. I walked down the Capitol steps with exactly fifty cents, all I had in the world, and a more disconsolate individual it would have been hard to find. After a wakeful night I arose in the morning to find my bill passed, and a new era in the history of science commenced." Professor Morse is now in his 81st year.

The Chinese Language.

IN learning the English a child begins with letters, but in Chinese he begins with syllables, because there are no letters, for what we should call letters are words. Instead of our twenty-six letters the Chinese have about five hundred syllables, and these are combined together in an almost infinite formation, to make their fifty or sixty thousand words, each of which is represented by a separate character. From the paucity of their syllables, they have to give them a great many meanings, as, for instance, Rev. S. R. Brown informs us that the syllable *chou* has two hundred and twelve significations, *ching* one hundred and thirteen, etc. Hence, if one Chinaman says to another simply *chou*, he may mean any one of two hundred and twelve things, which is practically nothing, and he has, therefore, in order to limit it somewhere, to speak another syllable of kindred meaning, either before or after it. These two syllables (sometimes three) he utters so quickly together that they form one word as much as in English, which fact makes it inaccurate to call the Chinese a monosyllable language. In other words the arrangement of syllables in English is inevitable, so that in case of the word "incomprehensibility," for instance, we cannot write any two of the syllables together to make another word, while the Chinese (supposing it had so long a word, though it has none longer than three syllables), can pick it to pieces and make perhaps a dozen, perhaps two dozen, new words.

Let me use homely illustration. Suppose two Chinamen sit down on opposite sides of a table, one of them with five hundred little blocks, each of which is furnished with glue on both ends. He might pick up and show to the other any of them, and he would call out any one of its dozen or hundred meanings, each of which has its own symbol or character; but in order to communicate any extended or precise information, his friend must glue them together in couples or threes. This is why the Chinese is not, as it is usually called, a monosyllabic language. We can say in English, "I went to town last night and found my friend, and went with him to see the play," all in monosyllables; but it is impossible to express in Chinese anything but the very shortest sentences in words of one sylable, as "I say" (*ngo shwo*), or "Who are you?" (*ne she shui?*) A rapid speaker in English does not separate his syllables by greater intervals than he does his words; neither do the Chinese. The error of calling the language monosyllabic has arisen from the fact that, in writing, the Chinaman makes one cumbrous and complicated but solid character for every word, but that word may, nevertheless, be spoken in two or three syllables.

But I will skip over these less interesting mechanical details, and come to general facts. One advantage the Chinese has, amid its appalling difficulties, is the simplicity and English naturalness with which the words are arranged in sentences. It has no strained and cumbersome involutions, by which one word qualifying another is found two or three lines distant, as in German or Greek, and especially in Japanese; but the words are built up one upon the other in the simple, easy succession of nature, in what Max Mueller calls the "architectonic order." Thus to translate as literally as possible the sentence "*tien yan hen-yu, tsing ne-na tsie ho yu-sun*," reads, "Heaven will rain, please you find umbrella." Then, to omit the Chinese, we have this: "Please you to-morrow come my house eat rice."

To sum it all in a word, if Chinese were only written with our letters, it would be easier for a third person to acquire than English itself. It is delightful for its childish simplicity in that respect, for the absence of prepositions, conjunctions, adverbs and others of those dreadful "parts of speech," which were the nightmare of our school days. No declensions, no conjugations, no moods, no tenses, no first, second and third person singular and plural, no gender (except by the addition of a few particles in certain cases); nothing but these little naked, innocent bits of words strung along together. If you find a verb it never has but one form, instead of the seven hundred or more of those remorseless Greek verbs in *mi*; if you have a noun, it always remains in the same shape.

Building a Light-House under Difficulties.

THE English Government has built a light-house upon Wolf-Rock, which is situated about nine miles southwest of Land's End. The surface of this rock is very rugged; consequently, to land upon it is at all times a very difficult matter. As it is, moreover, in deep water (about twenty fathoms on all sides), and exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean, a terrific sea falls upon it, as may readily be supposed. From this cause the building of the new light-house has been no child's play. The light was first exhibited on the 1st of January, 1870, and has since burned regularly every night, from sunset to sunrise. But the structure has taken nearly eight years to erect. On the 17th of March, 1862, the workmen first got upon the rock, to cut out the foundation; but owing to the insecurity of the foothold, and the constant breaking of the surf over the rock, stanchions were obliged to be fixed in the rock where the workmen were digging, and each man worked with a safety-rope lying near him, one end of which was attached to the nearest stanchion. An experienced man was always stationed on the summit as "crow," to look out for the sea, and give warning when a wave was likely to sweep over the rock; when the men would hold on, head to the sea, while it washed over them. Then, when the wave had passed over, and there was a temporary lull, picks, hammers, and jumpers, some over twenty pounds in weight, were frequently found to have been washed away. An additional danger to the men was in the necessary blasting of the rock with gunpowder—their only protection from the showers of shattered fragments of rock being a temporary pent-house, formed each time they landed. In building light-houses, the progress of the work must always depend upon the humor of the weather. Very often it is impossible to land on the rock at all; and, when you do, you may often find a large portion of the last day's work washed away; and this has to be done all over again. In the eight working seasons occupied over the Wolf-Rock light-house there were two hundred and sixty-six landings; and of time spent in labor, eight hundred and nine and a half hours—being only one hundred and one working-days, of ten hours each, for the erection of the tower. In this light-house, a fog-bell weighing five hundred weight, is fixed on the lantern-gallery. It is struck by two hammers worked by machinery. For the purpose of giving the signal a distinctive character for the station, the machinery is arranged for striking the bell three blows in quick succession, at intervals of fifteen seconds. The cost of building this light-house, considering the exceptional difficulties, may be reckoned moderate—being about sixty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty-six pounds.—*Appleton's Journal.*

A GENTLEMAN addicted to scientific inquiry has discovered that 33 days complete the cycle of the potato bug generation; that seven hundred of the critters are the average product of one female, from which the family grows in the second generation to 245,000, and in the third to 85,700,000. There are not ciphers enough in any existing type foundry to express the number in the tenth generation.

Youths' Department.

LITTLE HOME-BODY.

LITTLE Home-body is mother's own pet,
Fairest and sweetest of house-keepers yet;
Up when the roses in golden light peep,
Helping her mother to sew and to sweep.
Tidy and prim in her apron and gown,
Brightest of eyes, of the house-hold the way;
Tiniest fingers, and needle so deft,
Pattern of womanhood, down at my feet!

Little Home-body is grave and demure,
Weeps when you speak of the wretched and poor,
Though she can laugh in the merriest way
While you are telling a tale that is gay.
Lily that blooms in some lone, lerty nook;
Sly little tide-away, more-sided brook;
Fairies are fine, where the silver dews fall;
Home fairies—these are the best of them all!

—*Harper's Bazaar.*

ROSE.

Rose is a black girl eight years old, and has hair so curly that it fairly kinks, and a nose as flat as yours is, little darling, when you press it against the window-pane to watch for papa's coming home. Her lips are twice as thick as yours, and as red as cherries; and when she laughs, which is every two minutes, there can be seen a row of teeth as white as snow, and as even as a row of pins.

And—and! How shall I tell you how black Rose is? O, I know; just look down at your little shoe, the one you have worn long enough to take the first gloss off, and there you have it. "As black as your shoe;" that is Rose's color.

Rose doesn't like it much being so black, and she runs out of doors without any hat, and sits whole hours in the sun, hoping she'll fade out, "like Miss Lovegro's old calico dress."

Rose has the care of the chickens, and calls them biddy. She feeds them twice every day, and gives them plenty of nice fresh water to drink. One day she came running in and said—

"O, Miss Lovegro', I wish I was a chicken, like them little white banties; I'd give anything if I could only be one!"

"Why don't you play you are one?" said Mrs. Lovegrove. "I think you could manage to roost on a pole, if you tried; you know you can do almost anything."

O, Miss Lovegro', can I try?"

And when she was told that she might, she hopped up and down for joy, which so frightened Tabby, the cat, that she jumped out of the window, and overturned a flower-pot, and went racing down the garden path, as if a great black dog was after her.

That night, when everything was quiet and it was Rose's bed-time, instead of going up to her own little chamber, she stole softly out of the back door, down the path, behind the barn, to the hen-house.

She was a little afraid of the dark, which made her hurry the faster, and in a minute she had unhooked the hen-house door, opened it and walked in. It was very dark inside, and Rose said to herself—

"O, dear, I wish I had brought a light;" then she thought, "Why, hens don't have no light to go to bed by; what a gump you are, Rose Wallace, to want a lamp! You'd better get on to your perch and go to sleep!"

So she clucked a little, as near like a hen as she could, and slapped her arms against her sides, as if they were wings, and looked up to the roosts, and wished she could get up.

"I d'clar," said she, "'taint no use tryin' to fly with nothin' but arms. Wish I had some feathers! Nobber mind, I'll get a barrel and stan' on."

So she rolled a barrel under the perch, and up she jumped, first upon the barrel and then upon the perch. But all she could do, she couldn't stay on. She would slip first one way and then the other, and then down she would go to the ground.

"Dear me! I've hurt me awful," she said. "It a'most as hard to be a hen as it is to be good. I declar' for it, I don't see