

Antipodes.

Night fills our earthly hemisphere. And golden planets round and clear, Like myriad watch-fires hung on high, Burn in the hollow vault of sky.

And, gazing up at them, I seem To live within a world of dream, As though my life had strangely grown One with the unknowable and unknown.

Then, turning to the earth, I see Vague waves of mountain-land and lea, And forest solitudes that loom Through depths of overshadowing gloom.

And yonder, when pale moonlight falls Down dusky avenues and walls, A million hearts together beat— Some wild and fierce, some low and sweet.

Ah! this is night, supreme, profound, And calm as waters underground, When sleep with tender beauty dowers Hears heavy with the weight of hours.

Yet, while I muse, my thoughts are borne Through spacious labyrinths of morn To ancient continents over seas Peopled with our antipodes:

And in this vision I behold Broad, luminous lands laid fold on fold, And heights that lift their peaks of snow Above green meadow-ways below;

I see gay, stately cities, where Day breathes upon the languid air, And intermingled domes and spires That gleam afar like purple fires.

Above me drops the misty blue Of sky, where no star glimmers through, While the calm, summer sunlight flings Bloom over all the face of things:

Thus day in radiant splendor thrives, When night lies soft on sleeping lives, And the round earth forever seems Two worlds like two inimical dreams.

—George Edgar Montgomery.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

An Incident of Napoleon's Threatened Invasion of England.

About the beginning of this century, while the Revolutionary Wars were raging, communication in cipher was naturally very prevalent; and ingenuity was taxed to the utmost on one hand to invent, and on the other to detect, the medium used in secret correspondence.

As a rule, the decipherer had beaten the cipher; and no known method was secure of detection. If conventional signs merely were used, the recurrence of the different symbols gave a key easily followed out. Some ingenious spirits corresponded by reference to the pages and lines of particular editions of particular books—others by an agreed-on vocabulary. But these last methods, although they might preserve the secret, disclosed what was often quite as dangerous, that there was a secret.

I am about to tell you of a plan which for a long time was not only undetected, but unsuspected. It was at that time when the first Napoleon had assembled his fleets and transports at Brest, with the ostensible, and as is generally believed, the real, view of making a descent on England.

The greatest precautions were observed by the English Government in regard to correspondence with France, and an amount of espionage was practiced at the post office which left Sir James Graham's subsequent performances in that line far behind.

The national excitement was intense, and the political department was administered with an iron sway. My uncle, Sir George Trevor, was as all the world then knew, high in the Admiralty; and as it was from him that I heard this anecdote, its veracity may be depended on.

The dispatches to and from the Admiralty were the subject of the greatest vigilance and the most stringent regulations. The clerks were not permitted to send or receive letters which were not first submitted to the chief clerk, and it was believed that letters addressed even to their private residences were frequently opened at the post office.

At the time I speak of, the chief clerk was an elderly man of the name of Parker—a wizened, wiry, dapper individual, so imbued with the official nature of Whitehall that it had become second nature to him.

He was a genial and kindly soul, keen and energetic in the affairs of his office, and in all others a mere child. He had engaged as a private secretary a young fellow by the name of Beaumont, who was one of the most promising subordinates in the establishment.

He was a modest, unassuming man, very good-looking, with a countenance and an air suggestive of depression and melancholy. He was evidently of good education, and probably well-born also, for his manners were easy, and indicated good breeding.

He was a native of Jersey, and had been introduced to the notice of the Admiralty authorities by some influential member of Parliament. He was much liked in the office, and discharged his duties to perfection.

sitting in the office," said Parker, personifying the Stock Exchange for the moment. "Have all the letters to the clerks been examined strictly?"

"Yes, I read them all myself." "Find nothing in them?" "Mighty little. Some are from home, some from friends, and most of them from sweethearts," said Parker, twisting his face into a grim smile, "and rum things they say in them."

"And the young men's letters. Are they rum, too?" "They are more careful like, as they know I am to see them; but Lord save you, sir, they are all stuff; not a ha'porth of harm in them."

"This matter must be seen to," said my uncle; "I have had my own misgivings on the same subject. Bring me all the letters which come to, and are sent by, the clerks for the next week. There is no reason why you should have all the rum things to yourself."

So my uncle had the letters for a week, and found them very much as Parker had described them. The suspicious symptoms increased; the Stock Exchange responded more sensitively than ever; but not the slightest ground for suspecting any one transpired. My uncle was bewildered, and Parker was rapidly verging to insanity.

"It is certainly not the clerks," said my uncle. "There is no reason there," said he, pushing back the letters of the day. "By the way, how does young Beaumont get on? She seems a nice creature, that sister of his, to judge by her letters."

"He is the best hand in the office, a long sight; and his sister is a very sweet, ladylike creature. They are orphans, poor things, and he supports her out of his salary. She called at the office two months ago, and I gave him leave to see her for a few minutes in my room. But he knew it was against rules, and has not seen her here again."

"But what are we to do?" said my uncle. "I think I will speak to the First Lord." "So he spoke to the First Lord, who thought the affair serious enough. "It must be in the letters," said he. "It cannot be in the letters," said my uncle.

"As you please," said the chief; "but although you cannot find it there, perhaps another day I would try an expert." My uncle had no faith in experts, or Bow Street runners, and mistrusted them. But he could not refuse to try the experiment suggested.

So the most experienced decipherer in London was summoned into council, and to him the letters of the day were secretly submitted. He read them all very carefully, looked at them in the light, and looked at the light through them. At last he put them all aside, excepting one from Elinor Beaumont.

"Who is the lady that writes this?" said the taciturn man of skill at last. "A very sweet young woman," said Parker, smartly; "sister of my private secretary." "Does she write often?"

"Yes, she is his only correspondent, and writes about twice a week." "Where does she live?" "She lives in Jersey, Beaumont told me. Their father was in the business there."

"And does she always write about the same kind of things—about rheumatism, picnics, squire's tea parties, and the like?" "Much the same, excepting when she spoke of Beaumont himself." "Hum!" said the expert.

"Well, sir," said my uncle, who was rather impatient of the man of skill's pomposity, "and what may 'Hum' mean? Have the young woman and her aunt's rheumatism done the mischief?" "Hum!" she dates from Fleet Street?"

"And why should she not date from Fleet Street, sir?" "I should be sorry to prevent her," said the unmoved philosopher. "Has this correspondence continued long?" "O, yes—a couple of years or so, but not nearly so regularly as lately."

"For how long regularly?" "About two months." "That is about the time when you first suspected the betrayal of confidence?" "Really, my friend, if you can't see further into a millstone than that you may give up the profession," said my uncle. "Take my word for it, the Beaumonts have nothing to do with it. Rubbish!"

"Hum!" And with that the man of skill took his hat and departed, saying he would return in two days. The two days, however, were five before he came back, and was again cloaked with my uncle and Parker, with whom he had fallen into great disfavour.

"Wants to make a job," said the latter—a regular humbug. "Sir George," said the regular humbug, "has Mr. Beaumont a locked desk in his room?" "Yes, sir," said Parker, "he has."

"Have you a key which will open it?" "I have—and what of that?" "I wish to have that desk opened without his knowledge, and the contents brought to me."

"And on what pretence," said my uncle, "do you propose to put this insult on a man against whom there is no reasonable ground of suspicion, and who has not been allowed to speak for himself?" "There need be no insult, for he will know nothing of it; neither will any one else."

"Good gracious," said my uncle, changing color, "you don't say that?" "It is a fact, and you will see the necessity of being cautious and silent in the matter. Detection hangs on a thread as it stands, and a whisper will break it."

"What do you mean?" said Parker, "about Elinor Beaumont? I have seen her." "There is no Elinor Beaumont in Jersey. I sent 'and have ascertained the fact."

"I am sure there is some mistake about all this, which Beaumont can clear up. Let us send for him." "If you do the same as I, I trust in fact he does not know of my visits. We cannot be too cautious in these matters."

"Pedantic ass," muttered my uncle; "but I suppose we had better give him his own way. If you meet Parker and me here at seven to-night, we shall have that wonderful desk opened, and your great discoveries shall be made."

They met again that evening. The desk was opened by Parker, and a bundle of letters, carefully packed up, all from Elinor Beaumont, and a quantity of ornamental bills, and soap receipts were handed to the expert.

That gentlemen read through the letters, and seemed much struck by the last. "Read that," said he, handing it to my uncle. As the letter is important, I give it entire.

"230 FLEET STREET, Sept. 24, 1803." "My Dear Charles:—Although we had an adverse wind all the way, we made without difficulty the port we were bound for. I am, in spite of the weight of her fifty years, enjoyed the trip much, and is ready to sail again. I hope you will think of sending the line you promised on the 25th, and come yourself as our party is much smaller, and we should enjoy the visit."

"When I was in London last week I saw our Cousin Harry, fresh from Windsor. There is little change to be observed in him—not as much as you would expect. Come to us on Friday."

"Yours, very affectionately, ELINOR B." My Uncle read this out loud, from beginning to end, and then he said, "Do you see any thing suspicious in that? It seems to me very innocent."

"Hum! It may be. Was there any thing else in the desk?" said he, addressing Parker. "You may go and look," growled that potentate; and he led the way, the expert following.

The desk was quite empty, with the exception of two or three scraps of waste paper. On one of these the expert pounced, and returned with an air of elation to the other room. He then unfolded his scrap of paper, and disclosed a half-sheet exactly the size of the paper on which Elinor Beaumont's letters were written, in which oblong holes at intervals had been cut.

He then placed his half-sheet over the letter, and handed both, thus placed, to my uncle, whose astonished eyes read the following words, which the holes were visible: "Fleet wind-bound. Fifty sail of the line, 25 smaller. Should the wind change, expect us on Friday."

"The devil!" said my uncle; "and Nelson ordered off to the West Indies." Then was there, as you may suppose, hurry and scurrying, and running and chasing, and dispatching of government couriers, and semaphore telegraphs and carrier-pigeons, and all the old-world means of communication then in fashion. The key, thus obtained, disclosed the whole correspondence, which turned out to be a connected series of letters from the French government, smuggled into Jersey. The result history knows; the intended invasion was abandoned, and Napoleon went elsewhere.

"But what put you on the scent?" asked my uncle, afterwards, with many apologies to the expert. "I suspected the trick from the first, although it was a very good specimen of it. The letters were too innocent, and had too little point in them. But they were done with admirable skill. The grammar was complete, and the little dots of marks which bunglers use to guide them in writing the words which are to be read were entirely absent. The way in which the deception is effected is this: The correspondents, before commencing, take a sheet of paper and cut holes in it, which, of course in the two half sheets, exactly correspond. They each took one half sheet, and when a letter was to be written, the writer so arranged the words that those intended to be read shall appear in the holes when the half-sheet is placed over the paper, which is of the same size. When his correspondent receives the letter, he places the half-sheet over it, and reads off the words, as you did. The difficulty, which was so well conquered in this case, is to make the sense run fluently, and to prevent any visible break in the writing. Without the half-sheet with the holes in it, no one can have the slightest clue to the real meaning."

My suspicions, once aroused, were confirmed by the inquiries which I made. The whole story about the sister was a fabrication. The letters did come from Jersey, the answers went to Fleet Street, to the charge of very notorious foreign agents. But if our friend had not been cunning enough to leave his half-sheet in his desk, we might have groped in vain for the mystery."

Beaumont disappeared that night, and was never heard of again at the Admiralty, and his inquiries in Jersey. He had made an attempt to get admittance to his room, but was scared by the sounds he heard, and contrived to escape to France. The lady who acted the sister, and who visited the Admiralty, partly to put the authorities off their guard, and probably also to interchange the key to the cipher, was a Parisian celebrity who both before and afterwards was renowned for her daring in political intrigue.

FOUR LES DAMES.

Elegant lace mitts are embroidered in Spanish colors. Egyptian bracelets in silver are novel and handsome.

A pearl cross has eleven large pearls set in plain gold. The small round turban is again worn by young ladies. Many of the new dresses are made entirely without linings.

Marigold, one of the many shades of yellow, is much in favor. New gloves have an embroidered coat-of-arms on the back. The "ombrelle duchess" is one of the latest styles of umbrellas.

Ladies in mourning wear black-lace mitts with a cuff of erape. Mrs. J. B. Lyman edits the Home Department of the New York Tribune. Open work hose are favorites with those ladies who wear sandals.

Sarah K. Bolton has become associate editor of the Congregationalist. Velvet underskirts, with polonaise of delicate fabrics, are largely worn. The newest caps for breakfast wear are the Alsace bows, with only a mite of white muslin.

Painting on silk is the latest mania among fashionable ladies endowed with a taste for art. Ladies knit silk socks for their gentlemen friends. A pair of socks requires \$5 worth of silk.

What riles a country Postmistress is to have a postal card come to the office written in French. Fleur de soufre, better known as sulphur color, is one of the most fashionable colors this season.

Old fashioned steel bead satchels are again worn as chateaines, in rivalry of the velvet pockets. Away out in Yankton, the capital of Dakota, the woman are starting a public park for their young city.

New bonnets are seen in lilac-colored straw, and are trimmed with bunches of white and purple lilacs. The Rembrandt hat, of white plush, with large white plumes, is intended for blondes for dress occasions.

Brussels net is a new material for evening dresses. It is embroidered in leaves of pale drab and orange. An ivory brooch in the shape of a passion flower exquisitely carved, is a new design shown at the Palais Royal.

New imported dresses have the backs slightly puffed, while the front of the basques are decidedly shorter and the backs longer. New specie holders at the Palais Royal are of crocheted silk in bright colors, and just large enough around to hold a silver dollar.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith read poem, "Soul Questionings," in Boston, the 21st ult, before the Liberal Religious Association. Prof. Leviteux, a Polish scientist, is said to have discovered a method of taking entire casts of the living body without the slightest injury.

Gold bands dotted with jet flowers are worn with the Roman coiffure. A long narrow band is worn over the brow, and a broad one further back serves as a comb. Middle Morgan is the cattle and stock reporter of the New York Times, rides a horse to perfection, and makes admirable speeches at agricultural fairs.

Satan is the favorite material for parasols, which are much larger this season than last. Some are of figured white, others are of plain black or white satin. The municipal paltry of Prague has forbidden the wearing of dresses with trains upon the streets "because of the dust, in injurious to the public health, raised by them."

The most stylish bonnets worn this season are trimmed with a profusion of loops of narrow watered ribbon, with the edge of the bonnet finished with pearl or gold beads. Mrs. A. T. Stewart, it is said, in addition to her gifts at Garden City, contributes establishing and endowing a diocesan divinity school during the ensuing autumn.

Dr. Jarvis, in the army in Texas, had a prank played on him by his brother officers. They forged handbills and posted notices all about the country that Dr. Jarvis would pay cash on delivery for owl-heads. Presently people about the cantonments began to bring in owl-heads, which the doctor, suspecting the joke, quietly bought up. The doctor was the butt of constant ridicule, of course, and could hear allusions to owl-heads at all times and in all quarters.

After a few days, the doctor concluded, as a kind of quietus, to buy off his merciless fellow officers, to give them a supper, which he provided for them in magnificent style. One of the courses was a soup, and a very good soup. Unable to repress an allusion to the standing joke, a young officer asked the doctor, with a knowing leer, "if the soup they had been eating was not owl-soup?" "Well," replied the doctor, coolly, "it ain't anything else!" And sure enough, from the bottom of the soup-tureen he ladled up some plump owl-heads, bills and all. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, "we quit even. Your bills are receipted."

Strawberry Cream.—Pick the calyxes from two quarts of strawberries and crush them in an earthen dish with one-half pound of sugar; put through a sieve a mix with a pint of whipped cream, adding one ounce and a half of dissolved isinglass; pour into a mould and when firm turn out and serve.

Wood ashes sifted on the currant bush es while covered with dew causes curran worms to speedily disappear. Air slack willms is also good.

"Summer Friends."

All flourishing people have them. They come, like the house-fly, in dog-days," to those who are prosperous, and they hang around, and flutter, and caress, and make themselves agreeable so long as prosperity endures, and then they take themselves off, and are heard of no more.

"Summer friends" come to you just after a legacy from a rich uncle or aunt takes you out of a second-class tenement-house, and lands you high and dry in a brown-stone front, with "front stairs and back stairs, hot and cold water, and all the modern conveniences," as the real estate broker has it.

How delighted they are that they have formed your acquaintance! How they regret that the auspicious event had not taken place before. You have missed so many good times together. It is so strange that you should never have met before. Belonging to the same religious denomination, too!

They think your house perfection. Such elegant wall paper! Such charming curtains! "So much good taste everywhere. And then your children—the little dears!—how bright and intellectual they are! So different from those young ones of Brown's, over the way! Such classical features! And such a sweet expression on their faces! They do not wonder that you are proud of them."

Then your horses and carriages come in for a share of admiration. If your horses be black, then black horses are the favorites of your summer friends, and if they be white, then white horses are equally delightful. Indeed, so highly do they eulogize your quadrupeds that you feel as if you must order out the establishment at once and give these amiable people an airing.

You, summer friends will come to your dinners and drink your costly wines, and lounge on your elegant chairs, and lean their oily heads against your immaculate walls, and leave thumb-marks on your photograph books, and echo every word you say, just so long as you have money and influence.

They are a set of parasites, who sponge their living out of people who are weak enough to be flattered by them. Let the report circle that you are bankrupt, that the auction flag is floating from your windows, and notice how many of them will stand by you in your trouble. Try them, and see if any among them will lend you five dollars, and if you find such a one, "freeze to him," and fight for him, if necessary.

Sometimes we have almost been led to believe that the sentiment known as true friendship has entirely died out in this world, and that in its stead deception and treachery reign. But once in awhile we are startled by the exhibition of some grand and wonderful example of devotion on the part of somebody's friend, and then our faith in humanity comes back to us.

Summer friends are always ready to go with the current. They believe just as the majority do, and no matter how generously you may have behaved by them, if you get going down hill, they will lend a helping hand to expedite your descent, just as readily as will your enemy. If slander assails your name, they look knowing, and say it is just what they have long expected.

They are pests! they are vultures! they are worse than open enemies, for you know how to meet an antagonist, and do not hesitate to strike blow for blow. But the man who has professed himself your friend, who has sat at your table, and shared the pleasures of your fireside, when he turns upon you, in the time of trial, what can you do with him?—Kate Thorn, N. Y. Weekly.

Fine Times in Saratoga. ER Perkins in New York Sun. SARATOGA, Aug. 17.—All reports about the failure of the season, or all reports about a slim season this year at Saratoga, are false. The United States Hotel has averaged over 900 guests every day since August 1. Many of these guests pay \$20 per day, and none less than \$5. Several families of five, with servants, coachman, etc., pay \$75 per day. Mr. Gage, the cashier, says the receipts average \$7,000 per day.

"How much will the total receipts for the season amount to?" I asked. "They can't fall short of \$300,000. The property was bid in at \$715,000, though it cost in high times \$1,000,000. Mr. Marvin controls the hotel. It is principally owned in the Marvin family."

"Who makes or loses, if there is a profit or loss?" I asked. "Why, the hotel is rented by Thompkins, Gage, Perry, and Janvrin from Mr. Marvin, who controls the interests of the Marvin family. The rent is \$60,000, and we will pay it, and have a nice profit this year. We'll take in \$300,000 this summer, pay out \$200,000, and have \$100,000 with which to pay the rent. The remainder, \$40,000, will be a profit to be divided between the losses,—Thompkins, Gage, Perry, and Janvrin."

The boarding-houses in Saratoga are all full—fuller than I have ever known them. Every night the balconies of the hotel are packed. The Grand Union is not paying expenses, if you reckon the interest on the investment, \$2,000,000, and it never will pay. Mrs. Stewart says she don't care whether it pays interest or not. The Grand Union has now 1150 guests. They don't pay the prices that they pay at the United States. In fact, many of the Grand Union guests pay \$21 per week, and some, even lower than that. The money receipts of the Grand Union, worth of the United States, worth \$500,000. Mrs. Stewart has been a missionary in Saratoga. Her money is here, and she enjoys it. If the hotel takes in \$300,000 and spends \$200,000, she calls it \$100,000 made. She don't count the \$140,000 interest money don't would have to be paid, if she did no twelfth hotel.

Mrs. Catharine A. Courtney, of Otawa, Ill., has just died of grief for the downfall of her son, a defaulting city official.