THANKSGIVING.

By Edward S. Hopkins.

"For in the days of old there were songs of praise and thanksgiving."—Neh. xii., 46.

The things 'at we all dream about, an' what we do an' say,
Is apt to rhyme with turkey dinner on Thanksgiving day;
For recollectin' way fur back, as fur as we can think,
The most 'at interested us wuz what we had to drink,
An' ever since we cleaned the plates an' scraped the sugar bowl,
It's always somethin' good to eat 'at satisfies the soul;
An' you kin bet your bottom dollar all the preachers say
Won't entertain us like our dinners on Thanksgivin' day.

An' yit, Thanksgivin' don't seem quite like what it ust to be,
It's got more turkey stuffin' in, 'at ain't thanksgibiany,
Them "days of old" wuz solemner 'an these, when we wuz young,
An' we wuz s'posed to go to meetin', an' psalm tunes wuz sung,
An' we wuz 'lowed to go up front an' sing 'em in the choir
'Longside o' her whose singin' ust to draw the angels nigher;
An' preachin' lasted twict as long, an' we wuz drawed so near
To Heaven, 'at Thanksgivin' day would last most all the year.

Of course we had cranberry sauce, roast turkey, punkin pies;
But them wuz only episodes, an' eatin' 'em likewise.
The main thing wuz the fambly chat, a noisy cataract,
With the young folks lookin' forards an' the old folks lookin' back.
O, them wuz good old-fashioned times, we hanker for 'em still,
With eyes a gittin' dim and misty, like old peoples' will.
Yit, spite o' reminiscences, when we're a gittin' gray
The's lots o' blessin's floatin' round us on Thanksgivin' day.

FAIRY'S THANKSGIVING.

Her real name was Madeline, but during babyhood she had been so delicate and small that the nickname Fairy had been given her; and now that she had grown a plump, rosy miss of seven, it still clung, though laughably inappropriate.

It was just the day before Thanksgiving that papa and mamma were summoned out of town by a telegram, to see the former's brother, who was very ill. "Now, Fairy, you must mind Jane while we are gone," was mamma's parting injunction, and the child promised, rather dejectedly, though, for the prospect of a Thanksgiving feast with only Jane and Mollie, the servants, in the house, was not particularly pleasing.

Before daylight the next morning the door bell rang violently, and a messenger bade Jane come down quickly as her sister was dying. Of course, Fairy knew nothing of this until Mollie came to dress her. At first she cried; then she brightened up and announced that she should give a party. Now, Mollie was only a foolish young colored girl, and new to the place, so she fell in with the idea at once. The sun was scarcely up e'er Fairy ordered Mollie to put her blue velvet cloak and cap on her, as she must go out and give her "invitashuns." Mollie complied, taking the precaution, however, to accompany her on her rounds.

"First, I'll 'vite Mikie Flynn, for he's 'bout the genteelest boy I know; then there's Biddie and Pat Patsie, 'nd Aune Dollie Crow, 'nd Mabel St. John, 'nt Haroldine Vincent—guess that'll bd many as we can 'commodate," the young lady remarked as she trudged along beside the dusky attendant.

The invitations were all promptly accepted, and the hour set for dinner, 11 o'clock. Fairy could not wait until later; besides, as Mollie suggested, "Jane or some of 'em might come home." The little Patsies, a coal heaver's children, whose acquaintance Fairy had surreptitiously made through a break in the garden fence, timidly knocked at the basement door at quarter of 10.

"Come right into the parlor, do," Fairy said, hospitably, in imitation of some of the mamma's speeches of welcome. Pretty soon the "genteel boy," lame Mikie, the washerwoman's son, arrived; then Aunt Dollie, colored and rheumatic, to whom Fairy had sometimes been sent with delicacies, and, lastly, Mabel and Haroldine, her two most aristocratic playmates.

All went well until the last two arrivals, and Fairy, dressed in a neat blue embroidered flannel, had felt "beautifully," as she remarked to Aunt Dollie when the latter inquired after her health, but when Mabel St. John's black eyes fell upon the company there was a change.

"Fairy Anderson, what does this mean?" she cried.

"What mean?"

"Why this, this comp'ny! You didn't 'vite them I hope 'long with me and Haroldine Vincent?"

"Course I did, they're my friends," said Fairy stoutly, but her spirits sank.

"Well, indeed! I'm s'prised, and mamma would not have let me come had she known. Why, these folks are awfully poor and—and—and common."

Fairy looked ready to cry, and the offending guests were frowning when peace-loving Haroldine came to the rescue.

"I think they are all nice, and I guess we can have a good time if we try."

Presently Mollie announced dinner, and in time they are seated about a "strangely and wondrously" gotten up feast. The cloth sweeps the floor at one end of the table, barely covering it at the other; there is a turkey half-cooked; potatoes baked black; cranberry sauce in a finger bowl; pickles in a soup tureen; bread in a gravy boat; pie in a china tea plate, and butter on a meat platter. The coffee is muddy and served in tiny china tea cups, and so on through the list. Mollie had risen no higher than paring potatoes and washing dishes in the kitchen until today.

It so happened that Pat Patsie sat down by Mabel St. John, whereupon the latter turned up her aristocratic nose and gathered her skirts together that they might not touch his soiled home-spun. Firing instantly, the young Irishman spat upon her adored pink surah. With anything but a lady-like shriek, she sprang up and caught him by the hair, jerking it with a will. Here Fairy, Haroldine and Aunt Dolly interfered, and a semblance of quiet was restored.

Haroldine sat by Mikey Flinn, and was so kind to the poor little fellow that he, at least, enjoyed himself. Aunt Dolly launched into a funny story after awhile, at which every one laughed but Mabel, and even she was smiling a little, when the door opened and Mamma Anderson's surprised, incredulous face was gazing in upon them.

"Why, Fairy," she began, then hesitated.

"You see, mamma, Jane's sister is dyin' 'nd it seemed awful lonesome for Mollie 'nd me 'lone here on Thanksgiven—so—so I 'vited a few friends"—there the sight of Mabel's curling lip caused her to stop, and light suddenly drawing on Mrs. Anderson's mind.

She briefly remarked: "Your friends are welcome," and retreated to the hallway to hide her smiles.

By this time Fairy was sick of her venture; it had lost all its charm, therefore, rising from the table, she pointedly suggested that it was getting late. Every one was through but Pat Patsie, whose appetite seemed limitless.

"I guess I'll be agoin'," said Aunt Dollie. "Me, too," added Mikie Flynn.

Without a word Mabel shook out her bright plumage and sat down by a window. Part of the guests were gone when Pat Patsie at last tore himself from the table, and, taking Biddy by the hand, announced that he had had a "buncomb" time, and departed, making a grimace at Mabel as she watched him from the window

"I shouldn't have come if I'd s'posed she'd 'vite such people," sniffed Mabel, as she buttoned on the jacket of her silk plush.

"Deed, I've enjoyed it," said Haroldine, "and I guess this is the kind of party the Bible says to have."

"The Bible?" echoed Mabel, "what a simpleton! the Bible don't tell about parties at all."

"Yes, it does; it says when anybody makes a party to 'vite the poor, lame and halt; I know, 'cause I learned the verses last Sunday."

"Humph! guess it don't say anything about the like of Pat Patsie."

"Course it didn't mention him right out, but he's poor."

Alone at last with her mother, Fairy threw herself wearily into a chair, exclaiming: "Well, I'm just tired to death, and I'll never give another dinner party, I don't care what folks say."

Mrs. Anderson smiled, remembering to have made the same remark herself not long since. Of course she had a talk with Fairy later in which she made her understand that she and Mollie had done wrong to attempt anything of the sort on their own responsibility. Also, that after inviting her humble friends, it would have been wiser to have omitted Mabel and Haroldine.

NO SIGN OF POOR WORK.

A Publisher's Rejection of Manuscript Often the Exact Opposite.

If a man wanted to be cynical he might easily be led to the statement that to have a manuscript refused by a publisher is becoming to be a sure indication that it has merit. And according to the Philadelphia Times latter-day experiences would, in a measure, give color to such a belief. The author of "The Heavenly Twins" is the latest author to acknowledge that her book was refused by every publishing house of importance in London. She sent it from one to another until the manuscript became so soiled that she was compelled to recopy it. Only last winter was she able to find a publisher daring enough to issue it. Now that the book has sold over 60,000 copies all the publishers are bidding for Mme. Grand's next novel. Rudyard Kipling recently told the same story of his "Soldiers Three," which no publisher would undertake. Five publishing houses turned Conan Doyle away with his "Micah Clarke," although now one of those self-same publishers pays Doyle the highest copyrights on his books. Clarke Russell recently said in print, too, that he could not induce either an editor or publisher to look at his "Wreck of the Grosvenor," which made his fame six months after it was published. Rider Haggard's "Dawn" also went the rounds of the publishing world. Robert Louis Stevenson could not get a hearing at first, and now wreaks his vengeance on the three houses which refused him by never allowing them to have a book by him on their lists. Walt Whitman told me of the refusals of his "Leaves of Grass" by the publishers. Prof. John Bach McMaster's "History" was refused by three New York houses. Mrs. Stannard's "Bootles' Baby," indorsed even by John Ruskin, was rejected by six editors. Richard Harding Davis' short stories were sent back by three newspaper editors. Justin McCarthy printed his first book himself because no publisher would do it for him. And so it goes, and one might prolong the list with similar instances of Longfellow and Browning, who both printed their first books of verse; of Mr. Howells, of Austey's "Vice Versa," of Jerome K. Jerome, whose "Idle Thoughts" was pronounced "rubbish" by a leading English publisher, although 125,000 copies of it have now been sold.

Badly Frightened.

Innumerable experiences prove that all "ghost stories" have a rational explanation, and that some natural cause can be found for any seemingly supernatural occurrence. Sometimes it requires great coolness and self-possession to remember this, but the effort to do so is worth making, for it may save life or reason. A striking illustration of this was the tragic experience of a Dutch painter, named Penteman, who lived in the eighteenth century.

Penteman had a commission which required the portrayal of skeletons, death-heads, and other objects intended to inspire contempt for the frivolities and vanities of the time.

In order to have models before him he painted his picture in an anatomical museum. One day he had been sketching the ghastly objects which surrounded him, when he fell asleep.

Suddenly he was awakened by an extraordinary noise. He was horrified to see all the death's heads nodding and grimmacing, and the skeletons dancing about, and waving their fleshless arms madly in the air.

Penteman fled from the frightful scene, and escaped into the street. He was picked up unconscious and half dead with fright.

As soon as he was rational, it was explained to him that there had been an earthquake, and that that had caused the commotion among the anatomical specimens, but the shock had been too severe, he died in a few days.

NORWAY'S TWO WRITERS.

PERSONALITY AND HOME LIFE OF IBSEN AND BJORNSON.

Ibsen Is Tidy and Precise in Every Particular, While Bjornson Is Exactly the Opposite—Their Relationship.

The two great writers of Norway, Ibsen and Bjornson, have recently been united even more closely by a tie of consanguinity; in short they are the grandfathers of the same child. The youngster's father is Sigurd Ibsen and its mother Bjornson's eldest daughter. Mrs. Alec Tweedie has an interesting article in Temple Bar upon the two great Scandinavians, Ibsen and Bjornson. In the early months of the present year Mrs. Tweedie called upon Ibsen at his own house in Christiana, and interviewed him there. She says: "The doctor is a small man, thick set—one might almost say stout in build. His head is splendid. The long white hair is a tangled mass of glistening locks. It is brushed straight up from an unusually high forehead and stands out as a sort of frame to the face; indeed, the face is completely framed by

Henrik Ibsen.

white hair, for Ibsen wears whiskers and a beard under the chin, the chin itself and upper lip being clean shaven. By this arrangement the mouth is clearly visible—and it is a very curious mouth. The upper lip is short and the mouth is so thin and decided that the top lip hardly shows at all. The mouth is very determined, with a pleasant smile when talking. He always wears glasses, and whether from their use or from short-sightedness the eyes themselves are somewhat sunken and much hidden by the shaggy eyebrows. It is a keen face, not actually handsome, but impressive, and denotes power and penetration."

She adds that he wore a complete suit of shiny black, with a double-breasted top coat, some of the buttons of which were the worse for wear. His tie was of white satin. In manner he is very quiet and reserved, speaking German very slowly and deliberately. He is of German descent and very sympathetic with Germans, although he thinks Norway the most lovely country in the world.

His Mode of Work.

Mrs. Tweedie says that Ibsen is almost as neat and as faddy as an old maid. Everything was in its place, and all the MSS. were fastened up in elastic bands. He is always punctual to a second; writes a clear, neat hand, walks and moves slowly, and is never in a hurry. He takes some two years to write a play, and he writes it out so often that, when it is finished, not a line of the original often remains. He is absolutely uninfluenced by the bustle and turmoil that he sees all around about him. As to his habits, Ibsen says that he was getting lazy, and did not read much. He looked over the papers every day, and read a book now and then.

By the side of the ink pot, on the table on which he writes his book, there stands a little tray, and on that tray one of the small carved wooden bears so common in Switzerland. Beside it was a little black devil, holding a match, and two or three little cats and rabbits in copper, one of the former of which was playing a violin. Mrs. Tweedie asked Ibsen what was the meaning of the strange group. He replied: "I never write a single line of any of my dramas without having that tray and its occupants before me

Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

on the table. I could not write without them. It may seem strange—perhaps it is; but I cannot write without them,' he repeated; 'but why I use them is my own secret,' and he laughed quietly."

His writing room is bare and very unpretentious. The drawing room and dining room are covered with pictures, which he carries about with him wherever he goes. Mrs. Tweedie says what is surely an exaggeration—that Ibsen has probably made more money with his pen than any other writer.

Ibsen now lives very quietly, taking no part in politics. After his morning walk is done, he takes a little walk before dinner. After dinner, which is at 3, he strolls down to the hotel, where he sits down to coffee or beer, and reads the newspapers for an hour or two.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

Following is Mrs. Tweedie's description of Bjornstjerne Bjornson: "Bjornson is a big man of powerful build. His well knit form denotes great physical strength, and his splendid head signifies great mental power. The face is curiously round, and the high cheek bones and massive jaw have a peculiarly Northern air. From his broad brow he wears his hair brushed straight up. The hair is now almost white, although it was red in its youth, and he still has great quantities of it. As he moves his head in his emphatic speech, the massive mane of hair moves and shakes and reminds one of a shaggy lion. His face is clean shaven, except for a small pair of reddish whiskers. He is a fine looking man with his burly build and keen, piercing blue eyes. He is very short-sighted, and is never seen without spectacles. He has a very determined thin mouth, with a kindly smile, very characteristic of the man, who is stern and grave and very tender hearted.

"Bjornson is devoted to music; although no performer himself, he is passionately fond of listening."

Of his method of working Mrs. Tweedie gives the following account: "When the household is settled and things have assumed the usual routine, Bjornson writes all the morning until 2 o'clock, at which hour the family dines, and after that he considers the chief part of his day's work is done. He is not at all methodical and tidy like Ibsen; but then he has not so much time on his hands; his whole life is a rush from morn till night.

"Bjornson always likes to be alone when he is writing, and in each of his little country seats he has his own writing room and a large plain table. He thinks out all his scenes and situations, and even decides upon the conversations of his characters before he puts pen to paper, and during all his planning and arranging of his chapters he always walks about. Up and down, backward and forward he trudges, muttering to himself; but when he has once decided on chapter and verse, he sits down and dashes it off with great rapidity, resulting in some very untidy and illegible MS., about which some very curious stories are told. But for his wife, the printer would probably never decipher what he writes; but Frue Bjornson copies nearly everything for her husband, then he corrects and alters it, and she copies it over again before it goes to press. She is of the greatest assistance to him in this way."

WHITE WINES NOW IN STYLE.

And French Wine Growers Up in Arms About It.

My attention was recently called to the fact that white wine has almost entirely superceded the red juice of the grape in popular favor, especially as regards my own sex, says the Paris correspondent of Vogue. This is a great change.

Until a short time ago it was a common notion here that the habit of drinking white wine was detrimental to the nerves, and those who made habitual use of it were expected to develop the properties of an aspen leaf in a gale!

But during the last few months our doctors have with really remarkable unanimity been recommending their patients, especially ladies, to drink white wine instead of red.

This has been quite sufficient to cause the belief to spread that red wine is more or less poisonous, and the result has been that the consumption of the latter has diminished to a degree altogether alarming to the winegrowers of France, who, from time immemorial, have almost exclusively cultivated the red grape.

The "vignerons" are up in arms against the doctors and have announced their decision that, in the event of the movement in favor of white wines gaining strength, they will make white wine from red grapes. This can be managed by leaving the juice to ferment apart from the skins and stalks. It is thus that champagne is made.

The grapes are red, and although the wines appears to be white it is not really so in the same sense that the word is applied to Chablis and Sauterne.

Life Rafts for Vessels.

The recent disastrous accidents at sea, and more especially the sinking of H. M. S. Victoria, have had the effect of causing renewed activity among the manufacturers of life-saving devices. Of these the most important is a raft of novel construction, composed of steel in cellular compartments, capable of resisting any amount of rough usage. Even if the air chambers be damaged, there will be sufficient floating power to support a number of persons the surplus buoyancy being so great that it would be impossible to swamp or overturn the raft, even when it is crowded. The invention is especially adapted for the landing of troops, horses, guns, cargoes, etc., and the rafts can be fitted for use on any vessel.

Another contrivance which, in the opinion of naval experts, would obviate much of the loss of life which now yearly takes place at sea, is a commodious construction intended to take the place of a captain's bridge. It runs nearly the whole length of the ship, and in case of accident two men, one at each end, by moving a lever could cause the whole construction to glide into the water, where it would constitute a completely fitted raft, equal to the reception of almost any number of passengers, and ready for use. Should, however, a calamity occur in which there was no time to loosen the raft, the construction with all the passengers in it, would float off easily as the vessel went down.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Curiosity in Public Houses.

A little public house, in which the landlord and his customers have a curious experience, stands on the boundary line dividing the townships of Darwen and Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire. The boundary line runs directly through the center of the hostelry, and as there are public rooms on either side of the passage, two licenses are necessary. The publican is compelled to close the Darwen side of the house at 10 o'clock every night, according to the condition of his license, but the Oswaldtwistle license allows him to keep his door open until 11 o'clock. In order not to lay himself open to a prosecution by Darwen, therefore, the landlord, when the clock chimes 10, compels his customers to remove from the Darwen to the Oswaldtwistle side of the house, and shuts the doors of the early-closing portion. It is stated by the landlord that he qualifies himself for voting in both townships by fixing his bed directly over the boundary line.—Tit Bits.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TURKEY.

Thrilling Tale of a Fatal Thanksgiving Error.

Bill Smiley? You're looking for Smiley?
Well, pardner, that strikes me as strange,
Say, where do you live that you didn't know Smiley's gone over the range?
He departed this life last November, on the evening of Thanksgiving day,
And his farm is a range for the rattlers, his dugout has gone to decay.
Poor Smiley! You see, he was British; a nob right from London, I s'pose;
He used to go round wearing glasses and loud and excitable clothes;
And that land he owned he pre-empted and farmed it in glittering style,
The mem'ry of which sort o' makes me dissolve in a vast, shoreless smile,
One day all the boys were a-sitting and talking in Higgin's store,
And somehow the argument drifted to Thanksgiving dinners of yore.
We each told our lies about turkeys as large as the site of a town,
And Smiley, he sat there and listened, and swallowed the anecdotes down.
It seems that in England the turkey is scarce as the horns of a dog—
The bird wasn't built for a country that's made up of rainfall and fog—

"We Gave a Verbal Description."

So Smiley was overly anxious to know how a turkey might look,
And we gave him a verbal description as clear as you'd find in a book.
Then what did he do but invite us to dinner on Thanksgiving day;
"The turkey I'll have," he assured us, "and cooked in the old-fashioned way.
You tell me wild turkeys are met with sometimes in the woods about here?
All right; I'm a prince with the rifle. Remember, don't fail to appear."
Time passed, and it soon was November; the morning of Thanksgiving came;
We hadn't forgotten the turkey, and started to tackle the same;
We soon reached the Englishman's dugout, and Smiley was there with his feast;
His face was all lighted with pleasure as rosy as dawn in the east;
"I killed it—a beautiful turkey," he cried, and as plump as a grouse;
I cooked it, and warrant the cooking; I was chef in a nobleman's house;
Sit down to the feast, though it's early; give thanks for the luck I have had;
This Thanksgiving day is a feature that England should copy, egad!"
Well, stranger, we ate and we wondered; that bird had a taste that was strange;
We'd eaten tame turkeys so often a wild one went queer as a change.
The dinner was lengthy, I reckon; it took us two hours to get done,
And then we went out of the dugout to loaf for a while in the sun,

"Jim Smithers Explained it to Smiley."

And what should we see but the feathers that bird we had eaten had worn—
Ah, well had it been for the Briton were his mother and father ne'er born!
Jim Smithers explained it to Smiley, that while it was painful to do,
We felt it our duty to hang him, and that when the swinging was through
We'd see that his body was planted, he'd covered us all with disgrace,
And unless he was hung we could never again look a man in the face.
He acted the man that we thought him, and lent us his clothesline and said
He hoped that we would all forgive him and speak of him kindly when dead.
The crime he committed? Well, stranger, I guess I may tell it to you—
The turkey he fed us was buzzard. We hung him; what else could we do?

—Walt Mason.

Only a Question of Time.

Mr. Bingo (viewing the table)—My dear, where did you get all these fine things for Thanksgiving?

Mrs. Bingo—You'll know when the bills come in.

Toughening Up for Thanksgiving.

Turkey—Hit harder, boys. Remember, I'm going to a boarding-house.—Life.

A Farewell Lunch.

Skyhigh (in restaurant)—What's that you're eating, Algy—mushrooms?

Algy—Yes. Mabel has refusedy me. All is over. It's the latest way.

TEARS WON THE CASE.

They Were a Woman's, But the Lawyer Won a Wife.

It is strange story to come from the court room. One of the ex-judges in Atlanta tells the story. The real names of the parties are not given, for the hero and heroine are living in Atlanta to day, surrounded by many interesting and bright children.

Some years ago a very important case was being tried in the superior court. The title to some valuable property was being tested, and many thousand dollars was being involved. One of the lawyers engaged in the case was a middle-aged man— a bachelor—who was regarded as one of the best attorneys at the bar. The case had progressed up to a certain point where the bachelor lawyer—we will call him Mr. Jones—felt certain that he had the case won. Even his opponents showed that their case was weakening. But there was one more witness to be examined. Upon this witnesses' testimony it was expected to turn the tide and change the complexion of the case. After a few moments of conference the opponents of Mr. Jones called to the sheriff.

"Let Miss —— come in."

A little later there was the rustling of a woman's skirts, and the witness took the stand. Mr. Jones leaned forward when the first question was asked, and he looked at the woman in the chair. He leaned further forward and opened his eyes a little wider.

There sat the loveliest vision of sweet, pure womanhood his eyes had ever beheld. Even the judge, he says so himself, and to forget the case for a few moments as he gazed at the beautiful woman. The jury and everybody else in the court room kept their eyes on the enchanting picture. But the bachelor did more—he feasted his eyes upon the loveliness before him.

The examination went on. In a low voice, as sweet as enchanting music to Mr. Jones the lady witness gave her testimony. What she said helped Mr. Jones' opponent wonderfully; but a little shrewd cross-questioning would have upset it. Mr. Jones, as a force of habit, thought of this as he sat there dazed.

"The witness is with you."

Mr. Jones heard the words. As he listened at the direct examination he had become angry because this beautiful witness was not his instead of belonging to the opposite side. But he must do his duty to his client. Besides, so much devolved on the case. He would turn his eyes away and ask the necessary questions. He would ——. He rises to his feet, and in spite of himself his eyes meet the beautiful blue eyes for the first time, and—there were tears in them. She was frightened.

"You may come down."

Mr. Jones spoke the words. He made a fine speech when it came time to make his argument. And he lost the case.

"If it hadn't been for that lady witness," said the judge, "or if Mr. Jones had not failed to cross-question her, he would have won the case. That was my opinion at the time."

"And the sequel?" he was asked.

"Oh, it was a case of love at first sight, on the part of Mr. Jones. He lost no time in making the lady's acquaintance, and she married him. I am told that there never was a couple married in Atlanta that loved each other more devotedly."—Atlanta Journal.

The Dream of Color Photography.

We have constantly deplored the want of reliable information regarding Lippmann's process of obtaining color photographs and the recent modifications and improvements of Valenta, Lumiere and others. The process has been given and the results shown before the recent photographic congress of the Photographic Society of Great Britain. Mr. Warneke describes the process as follows:

Two years ago Mr. Lippmann succeeded in producing an image of the solar spectrum in its true colors. This was done by a gelatine-bromide plate, so weak in its composition as to be almost transparent. The sensitiveness of the plate was increased by immersion in a bath of silver nitrate, and dried. The plate was inserted in the camera, glass side toward the lens, and the film in contact with mercury. The projected rays of light were thus met by the rays reflected by the mercury, and the phenomena of interference—upon which the whole process is based—was produced.

Six examples were shown from nature and one from a chromo-lithograph, reflected on a screen by means of a beam of electric light, and caused considerable sensation. Although the red was defective, the colors were, without doubt, very similar to the natural ones.

Taken as a discovery, this is one of the most important of the nineteenth century, but there must be many improvements made before it can be of any practical utility. The exposure, although now reduced to four hours, is so long as to make it impossible to photograph but few subjects. Then, again, if we desire to hang such pictures in our room, it would be necessary to have a special lighting arrangement to see them by.

Now that the process has been made public, improvements should follow rapidly, and it is not utterly impossible that the wild dream of the photographer, since the days of Niepce, will be realized, and we shall be able to photograph, with all the transcendent beauties of color effect, the glorious sunset, the rainbow and harmonious nature herself.

Not Pleased.

Dr. Boyd, known as "the Country Parson," says in one of his essays that in many Scotch churches the prayers were "the preleeminaries," listened to, but not joined in.

He tells an amusing story of the magistrates of a town who were forced to listen to a prayer in which they could not join.

Mr. Smith was preaching at Drumsleekie. In the concluding prayer he suddenly remembered that he had not prayed for the magistrates, sitting in their official robes before him. So he put in the prayer, just where he was:

"Have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and especially upon the magistrates of Drumsleekie."

He meant no evil, but the magistrates were not pleased.