SIXTEEN NEW FLYING MACHINES.

Curious Letters and Callers Received by Prof. Ritchel, the Aeronaut.

A Bridgeport, Conn., report says: Since the announcement, which, by the way, first appeared in the *World*, of the $400,000 bequest left by the late Wm. Maxwell to Charles F. Ritchel to improve and experiment with his flying machines, letters from all over the world have been pouring in, asking the Professor for information about the bequest and his balloon. Some describe machines they have invented, and many ask for sums of money to perfect ideas of their own. Seven people have notified him within ten days that they each contemplate leaving money to prosecute the experiments. These seven firmly believe that flying through the air will be accomplished successfully. One man writes that he has "the only flying machine on earth in his mind" and wants $500 right off to make drawings and the first machine. In a postscript he adds that he will send for another $500 if the first is not sufficient. Another man from St. Paul writes that he has invented a flying machine on the "frog system." The machine is to give gigantic leaps of 500 yards and come down easily on an inclined plane plan. Another proposes to reach the North Pole by strapping some other man to a balloon holding enough gas only to lift part of his weight so that he could leap over an iceberg with perfect ease and go skipping along until the "pole" was caught. Another proposes to compress, say 50,000 feet of gas, into a small metal cylinder of ten cubic feet capacity and thus float away with the gas under his arm. Another, who signs himself as a seafaring man, writes that he has an invention that "will go against the wind," even against a hurricane. He is quite sure he can rise in the teeth of a Western cyclone, run his machine with a similar velocity to that of the wind and come down just where he started from. Altogether 1,765 letters have been received and sixteen new-born flying machine inventors have visited Bridgeport within the last ten days. Some of the Professor's friends fear that perhaps the lawyers will get the fund, as already the heirs are beginning to question whether Wm. Maxwell was in his right mind. Prof. Ritchel will begin on a machine to raise a man 200 feet without gas or steering attachment. The power to work the machine will be compressed air carried to the machine through a hose.

A PAINFUL DIVORCE CASE

From the Army to the Cab Rank.

In the London Divorce Court, lately, Mrs. Emma Catherine Pole petitioned for a divorce. She was married, in 1866, to Captain Pole, of the 12th Lancers, a son of General Pole, and possessed of a moderate fortune. Being very extravagant and grossly intemperate, he soon ran through his money. After two years he sold his commission in the army, but in the following year he became a bankrupt with $150,000 liabilities, principally lost at races. Since then he had driven a cab, living with his wife and children in great poverty. While his wife—who was a general's daughter, and originally the owner of a small fortune—was narrating his cruelties to her, Pole rushed into court and so insulted the Judge that he had to be removed. The decree of separation was granted.

Leghorn Bethel.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the movement initiated some months ago for a Bethel, in the port of Leghorn, which is to take the form of a testimonial to the venerable and much loved minister of that place, Rev. Dr. Stewart, is progressing favorably. As is well known, Dr. Stewart has for the last forty years taken a keen interest in the work amongst the sailors, and it was under his fostering care and auspices that the ministers of Genoa and Naples were first trained to this work, acquiring their experience in Leghorn, which enabled them afterwards to carry out the work so successfully in these ports. The number of sailors visiting Leghorn is increasing at the same rate as in the other ports, so that the same need exists for a Bethel in Leghorn as in Genoa and Naples, and the form taken of a testimonial to Rev. Dr. Stewart, and the knowledge that his work will be continued, is known to be particularly gratifying to himself in his declining years. About half the required sum has already been subscribed, and an appeal is now made to the sympathising friends and to all interested in work among seamen and in Italian evangelization for contributions, in order that the committee in Leghorn may be able to undertake the building of the Bethel without delay. From £800 to £1,000 are still required. The need for a Bethel in Leghorn is fully recognized by the Presbytery of Italy, and the scheme has their hearty approval.—*Voice from Italy.*

The many friends of Dr. Stewart in Canada will be glad to read of the projected Bethel. It will be gratifying to himself as a practical result of the unwearied labors of a lifetime. Dr. Stewart is father of Mr. A. D. Stewart, Chief Constable of this city.

Loss of a Millionaire's Will.

An advertisement appears in the Dublin papers offering a reward of £2,000 for the recovery and lodgment, either with Cardinal McCabe or the Dublin Probate Court, of the last will and testament of the late Mr. James Egan. The testator, who had carried on the business of a woollen manufacturer and merchant in High street, Dublin, and died in 1866, bequeathed the bulk of his enormous property, amounting to close upon £1,000,000, to the late Cardinal Cullen for charitable purposes. This testamentary disposal of the property formed ground for lengthened litigation by several of Mr. Egan's relatives, who claimed a share of the testator's money.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Big Prospects for England.

The Mark Lane Express, reviewing crop prospects in England, comes to the conclusion that present indications point to the probability of such a crop of wheat as has not been seen in England since the year 1868. The prevalence of westerly and southwesterly winds is believed to favor the expectation of a warm, growing summer season.

Women have the genius of charity. A man gives but his gold; a woman adds to it her sympathy.—*E. Legouve.*

EMOTION IN ANIMALS.

Mules Cry, Parrots Laugh and Shed Tears, and Rats Break Down With Sorrow.

Two essentials are needed in order to produce the physical phenomenon of laughter in man. First facial, vocal or other muscles, including the diaphragm, and, second, the emotions or ideas which give rise to laughter. Certain animals possess both these essentials. The chimpanzee is said to smile. The smile of the titi monkey is a playful one. The dog can both smile and grin, whether affection or pleasure, hypocrisy or cunning dictate. Dogs distinguish the different kinds of laughter; they note the distinction between that which is good-humored and that which is sarcastic. They are sensitive to ridicule, yet not unfrequently try to produce laughter in man, and deep is their mortification if they fail. Romane tells us of a Skye terrier that tried to amuse his master and provoke his laughter by certain tricks it had taught itself, and was sulky if his efforts proved fruitless. An orang-outang in the London Zoological Gardens showed every sign of pleasure when its pratical jokes excited men's laughter, and Dr. Wood records the instance of a tame jackdaw which enjoyed the fun of boy's games—like leapfrog and tag—as much as the boys did themselves. The parrot is a capital laugher. He laughs at his own practical jokes. White, of Selbourne, speaks of the heartiness of laughter in the woodpecker. A pet magpie of Jesse's, he says, in that incomparable "History of Selbourne," had a laugh that was so hearty, joyous and natural, that no one who heard it could help joining in it. There are tales of certain swallows, who, on the successful issue of a practical joke played by them on a cat, seemed each to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy very like the laugh of a young child when tickled. There is a certain hyena which, from the peculiarity of its cry, is styled the laughing hyena; and in Australia, there is a bird—a kingfisher—which is called for a similar reason the laughing jackass. Its notes strongly resemble a rude, powerful laugh. The great African traveller, Livingstone, speaks of the African brown ibis, whose cry is a loud ha-ha-ha. As it is true that certain animals possess the physical qualifications for laughter, so also is it correct that they possess all the apparatus for shedding tears. The dog, horse, elephant, bear, rat, donkey, mule, various deer, soko, chimpanzee, mandril, titi, and other monkeys or apes, cattle, camel and giraffe shed tears under emotions of grief and sorrow. The parrot does not shed tears, but possess a kindred power of sobbing. Chimpanzees will weep at dread of punishment, monkeys and elephants on account of mortification and disappointment, the Cingalese elephant on account of captivity and confinement, the titi from fear, terror or fright; the stag at bay, and caged rat from despair, certain monkeys because they are pitied, and the young soko (says Dr. Livingstone) out of mere pettishness or non-compliance with his whims. Mrs. Burton says she has seen in the Syrian Desert "tears roll down camels' cheeks when thirsty." Some one, speaking of a mule crippled by a 2-inch nail in his foot, says: "His face was the picture of pain and despair. Tears streamed out of his eyes." Dr. Livingstone records an instance of a young soko which, if not taken up in the arms like a child when it desired and appealed to be so carried, engaged in the most bitter human-like weeping. Dr. Boerlage shot a female (mother) ape in Java, that fell mortally wounded from a tree, clasping the young one in her arms, and she died weeping. A giraffe, wounded by a rifle-shot, was also found to have tears trickling from the lashes of his dark humid eyes. Gordon Cumming, the African traveller, speaks of large tears trickling from the eyes of a dying elephant. Some old rats, finding a young one dead by drowning, wiped the tears from their eyes with their fore-paws. Instances might be enumerated without limit to show that certain animals have both the physical requirements for grins and tears, and are susceptible to the same emotions that cause tears and laughter in man.—*Armagh Guardian.*

A Bit of Timely Philosophy.

Happy is the man these days who holds no stocks in railroads, car companies, banks and other transitory enterprises of this fleeting world. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," said the Saviour, looking down serenely from the hill on the humble people of the world around Him, and on the earth, the enjoyment of which was their sure possession. Quite likely He uttered these words in the spring-time, certainly in some open season when multitudes could follow Him and listen to outdoor teaching. There is a wealth of comfort and even luxuary in enjoying the freshness of spring, its familiar but ever mysterious development and its clothing on of nature. Those who thus "inherit the earth" can afford to be indifferent to anything more than a fair competence, a comfortable livelihood, from the money counters of the world. Many who are far from humble in circumstances are so cumbered with the cares of the world and crusted over with sated appetites that they have a very pitiful share in the inheritance of the simple pleasures of life. A happy home, in modest circumstances and sensibilities, alive to all the innocent delights of life, are more comforting to the hearts of men than any amount of fortune chasing amid the vicissitudes of Wall street.—*Springfield Republican.*

His Weary Brain.

"It occurs to me, Mrs. Hendricks," remarked Dumley, as he came down late to breakfast, "that fried fish every morning for two weeks is a little bit too much of a good thing."

"Yes," acknowledged the landlady, "there is a good deal of sameness about fish, but there is nothing else in the market. Besides, fish is good for the brain," she added brightly.

"It is so claimed, I believe," Dumley replied, "but occasionally I prefer something that is good for the stomach."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An Indian in the Canadian Northwest is under arrest for stealing a horse. He had given the horse to the father of a young squaw whom he wanted for a wife. The wife soon after ran away, and he took possession of the horse, and for that he is to stand trial.

AMONG THE JERKERS.

Religious Ceremonies on Prince Edward's Island More Interesting Than the Shakers'.

I have often wondered that a sect peculiar as the McDonaldites, or Jerkers, have escaped discussion. I do not know of any church of that sect, except in Prince Edward's Island, and they are rapidly dying out. Their form of service is much like the Presbyterians. The chief church of the McDonaldites is at Uigg, King's County, P.E.I. Once a year communion is held there and McDonaldites from far and near flock to attend the services, for then it is an all-day affair. Being on a visit to Charlottetown some of my friends urged me to go and see them. We forced our way into the church, where there was hardly standing room. As the meeting progressed, I began to think the jerks were less violent, since the death of the great McDonald, who, by the way, is buried in the yard a few feet from the door. One or two in the farther end of the church were nodding in a violent manner, but were otherwise quiet. Soon everybody's attention was attracted by a young girl, about 18 or 20, dressed in blue. At that time gipsy bonnets were the style, and she wore one which rested partly on her head and partly on an enormous chignon. She began clapping her hands and jerking her shoulders, flopping up and down in her seat, and finally sprang to her feet, all parts of her body in motion at once. As she threw her head backwards and forwards she loosened her chignon, the ingredients of which flew in all directions into her neighbors' laps. Her gipsy bonnet, which was fastened under her chin, flew up and down the back of her neck. She uttered the wildest shrieks, but at last fell back into the laps of those behind her. Had there been backs to the seats she must have hurt herself, but as the seats were so close together and filled with people the only ones hurt are those who receive the weight of the enthusiast. After she revived, her friends handed her the various articles of head gear and other wearing apparel that had been scattered about, and she fixed up her hair and made herself snug again. She must have been an excitable girl, as she had the jerks again before the service closed, scattering her head-gear about as before. Another girl who had her hair frizzed out after the manner of Barnum's Circassian girls went through the same performance. She shook her head from side to side so fast that her hair swept over her face at every turn. All this time we were standing in the aisle pretty well front, or near the pulpit. Directly in the aisle, seated on a box, was a young girl scarcely more than 14. She had her head bowed down on her hands, elbows on her knees, and was so quiet that I fancied she must be asleep. Suddenly she sprang to her feet with a screech that made my blood run cold. She was so violent and I was so near her that I could not stay and watch her another minute. I forced myself backward through the crowd. As a good many besides myself were frightened, a general rush was made for the door, the screams of the frightened ones mingling with the shrieks of those who had the jerks, for by this time six or eight were having them at once. No madhouse ever held a more excited crowd. Some, while shrieking, made exclamations as though imploring help. As I could not understand a word they said, I suppose they spoke Gaelic. When we got out doors we walked down the road, out of the sound of the noise, until our fright had somewhat abated.—*Truro, N.S., Correspondence New York Sun.*

A First Lesson in Handling a Gun.

The first thing to be learned is to stand properly. Plant both your feet naturally and firmly on the ground, so that the joints of your legs are neither stiff nor bent; then lean the upper part of your body slightly forward. Grip the gunstock just behind the guard with the right hand, the forefinger lightly touching the foremost trigger, that is, the trigger of the right-hand barrel. The stock of the gun, a few inches in front of the guard, must rest easily in the hollow of the left hand. Hold the muzzle of the gun up and slanting away from you, so that the lower end of the butt is just lower than your right elbow. Now, if both hammers have been cocked, and you gently and swiftly draw the butt of the gun up to and against the hollow of the right shoulder, you will find yourself in good position for taking aim, which is best done by keeping both eyes wide open, and looking straight over the rib between the barrels with the right eye. You will soon discover the trick of doing this, by fixing your aim with both eyes open, and then, holding it perfectly steady, closing the left eye; if the line of sight now changes, you have not sighted correctly; if it remains fixed, the aim has been taken with the right eye. Be careful after firing never to set your gun down with the hammer up. That is the cause of many deplorable accidents. To avoid accident you must be constantly on the alert and cautious, not overlooking even the slightest precaution.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Daily Life of the Pope.

The Pope rises at 6, and at 7 celebrates Holy Mass. At 8 he looks over his voluminous correspondence. At 11 he holds his public reception. At 12.30 he takes a walk in the garden, chatting with his favorite cardinal. At 2 he dines, the repast consisting of one plate of meat and two plates of vegetables; he drinks Bordeaux wine by his doctor's orders. At 4.30 he receives the secretaries of the various congregations, with whom he confers on church affairs. At 8 he reads the papers, home and foreign. At 9 30 he tells his beads. At 10 he sups on an egg and soup, after which he retires to rest.—*London Truth.*

Every one who would rise must be a thinker and a worker—a thinker of his own thoughts, not those of other men.

Egotism, vanity and selfishness spoil conversation far more than deficiency of talent.

There is a love simple and sure, that asks no discipline of weary years, the language of the soul, told through the eyes. —*Mrs. Sigourney.*

When great powers were exercised, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest, and had fixed its thoughts on spiritual verities

MISS KISTLER'S CHEEK.

How Dr. Shrady, of New York, Reconstructed a Lady's Face.

Bertha Kistler, who for eighteen months has been under treatment by the surgeon of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, has left the institution a living, grateful monument of surgical ingenuity and skill. Bertha Kistler is now about 20 years old, and fifteen years ago she was treated by an unskilful surgeon in Germany for a supposed cancerous growth on the cheek. The ailment proved to be of another character, but the operation destroyed all symmetry of the child's face, leaving a large hole in the cheek, and the mouth and nose frightfully distorted. Eighteen months ago the girl called on Dr. Shrady to discover if anything could be done to remedy her deformity. She was only a poor working girl, but begged to go to the hospital and pay for treatment by work. Dr. Shrady held out little encouragement to her, but at last consented to undertake the task of building up virtually a new countenance. Soon after the first operation was performed, and in the course of a year it was followed by sixteen others. Most of the face was made over by transplantation of flesh from adjacent parts. The most important step in the treatment of the case was the filling up of the hole in the face. For this purpose a large skin flap was wanted. It was obtained in the following manner: A rectangular section of skin was partially separated from the girl's left arm above the elbow. An incision was made in the side of the forefinger of the right hand, extending from the first joint around to the thumb. The hand was then brought over to the left arm and the detached edge of the skin flap was sewed into the incision in the finger with fine silver wire. The hand and arm were kept immovable by plastic bandages. In about a week the skin flap became united to the hand, but the flap was principally nourished from the arm. To change the current of nutrition the flap was gradually cut from the arm, and when it had been nearly severed the finger, and not the arm, kept the skin flap alive. When this became apparent the entire skin flap was amputated from the arm. The hand, with the ingrown flap, was then brought up to the face, the scarred skin in the left cheek was raised, and the flap was inserted underneath. The hand was kept in position by plastic bandages and a plastic cap. In three weeks the flap became attached to the face; the current of nourishment was changed by gradual amputation from the finger, and finally, when entirely separated from the hand, the skin flap taken from the arm became the foundation of a new cheek. With a natural anxiety the surgeon watched the growth of the flesh, and at last had the satisfaction of demonstrating indubitably the feasibility of transplantation of flesh from one part of the body to another by using the hand as a medium. New difficulties then arose. The surface of the face was rehabilitated, but the girl's mouth was drawn out of shape to such an extent that the corner was almost directly under the nose. To restore the mouth Dr. Shrady decided to enlarge it on one side and sew it up on the other, and after this was done the lips were cut into true and proper shape and all traces of distortion had disappeared. With the success of this last operation, which made twenty in all, the labor was ended, and nothing was left but to await the healing of the incisions. These have at last become satisfactory and the girl's face is shapely once more, but, of course, slightly disfigured by scars. Most of these, however, are from straight, clean cuts, and it is expected that even they will eventually become imperceptible. From the first moment of her long martyrdom the girl has not faltered for an instant, but has even been impatient for the next step. Sometimes the doctor would try to persuade her to forego for a time the operation, but she persisted in her desire. A singular feature of the case is, that notwithstanding the sufferings she must have experienced, she has grown very fat. She has been constantly the recipient of flowers, wines and delicacies of various kinds from people who, though strangers to her, have become interested in her singular and remarkable patience. The gratitude she evinces towards Dr. Shrady is immeasurable. She is now in the most buoyant spirits, and is looking forward with delight to the prospect of attending a family gathering to take place next month.—*New York Herald.*

Liveries in a Free Country.

Forty men and six women met in the rooms of the Philosophical Association, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon to hear Mrs. A. C. De Friese talk about social intolerance. She said: "The independence in this republican country of a servant who refuses to wear the badge of her servitude in the form of a cap has cost many a good cook her month's wages, while the conduct of a seamstress in playing the piano has been more unbearable than if she had broken a command of the decalogue, especially if she excelled her mistress in the art. Nursemaids have been discharged for a love of adornment which led them to imitate that of their employers, and laundresses have received warning for wearing frilled petticoats."—*N. Y. Sun.*

His Wife Invented a Crazy Awning.

When a Ninth avenue painter came out into the sunshine a day or two ago and let down the awning before his show windows, scores of people gathered about and fixed their eyes admiringly on the awning. It was wade of patchwork silk and the oddly-shaped bits of silken color were mingled artistically and pleasingly after the style of crazy quilts.

"It's a success," said the painter jubilantly. "The popular fancy just now is for crazy quilts. That's a crazy awning—the only one in the city. It's hit the public fancy, my wife's happy and I'm getting lots of custom by it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Until 1823 not a single steam vessel had visited Maine waters, and the appearance of a puffing, smoking steamer in Casco Bay, in that year, terrified some of the superstitious dwellers on the islands and the coast.

The secret of genius is to suffer no fiction to exist for us; to realize all that we know; to exact good faith, reality, and a purpose, and first, last, midst and without end, to honor every truth by use.

CRAZY AT TIMES.

Every Person a Lunatic Now and Then.

Prof. David Swing says: The fact that a druggist of this city has ended a human life by putting up wrong medicine awakens much indignation. He says many customers were in the store; he was in a hurry; he put up morphine instead of some similar drug. The inquiry arises whether the clerk is able to fill an order only when he has no customers in the shop? How empty must the shop be in order to secure safety? Must the street in front of the drug store also be empty? What if a fire-engine goes by? What if a dog fight occurs while the druggist is reaching for quinine? Is he justified in taking down strychnia? What if his mother-in-law has come to visit him? Such questions came up and properly; but there is another side to the fact of erring druggists, and that is, that most persons are crazy part of the time. The exceptions are rare. Each one is now and then a fool of the most complete order and species. All the laws and penalties in the world will not avail to make a druggist or anybody else have his full senses through all his life. Crazy moments or seconds will come. A wise man will step backwards off a porch or into a mud-puddle, a great philosopher will hunt for the specks that are in his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog, a barber will sometimes forget his job and slice off a piece of a chin or an ear or the nose. A girl at work at Marshall Field's had been feeding a great clothing knife for ten years. Last week she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late she woke out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed and she sat by her machine a temporary lunatic and had watched the knife approach her own hand.

The man recently murdered on North Clark street, Chicago, saw the enemy come up with murder on his face, saw him draw a revolver, and, instead of making a lightning spring at he man, he stood bewildered and thus fell dead. His reason left him in the second of his greatest need.

One of the distinguished professors in one of our colleges was teaching near a canal. Walking along one evening in summer he walked as deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was brought to his senses by the water and mud and the absurdity of the situation. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, but, though the damage was thus great, he still laughs over the adventure.

Our mail-collectors find in the iron boxes along the streets all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose motions the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theatre ticket goes in and on goes the person holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent-mindedness, but that is a brief lunacy. A lunatic is a person whose mind is habitually out of balance.

An Ancient Mariner Who Regularly Dines on Rats.

Some wonderful stories are being told about one of Bridgeport's characters, a fellow named Joe Lander, whose life has been spent in roving all over the globe. Years ago Joe shipped before the mast on a Norwegian barque bound from Lisbon to South America, and was shipwrecked on a barren island which forms one of the group of the Azores. With two others he reached the land. There they found nothing but shellfish on which to exist. When these were exhausted the sailors agreed to swim back to the vessel and endeavor to obtain provisions. Joe was the only one who reached the wreck, the others having become exhausted and gone down in the sea. Joe managed to climb on board that portion of the ship that was out of water, where he sank down completely worn out. He lay in a stupor for some time, and upon returning to consciousness he was covered with rats and mice, which had been driven from their usual haunts by the waves. In his desperation he seized one of the mice and swallowed it without the process of mastication. It produced a peculiar sensation, but brought renewed life, and, as the story goes, he lived on mice for a long time, as all the provisions of the vessel were under water and out of reach. A passing vessel finally relieved him from his imprisonment and landed him in Liverpool. Afterward he drifted to this country and engaged in various means of making a livelihood. Now he is in the employ of the Housatonic Railroad. His duties are to clean the cars at the yard and in the houses in this city. It is asserted that he still indulges his strange appetite whenever opportunity offers. Hurd's grain elevator is infested with mice and affords many meals to old Joe, it is said. The little animals are caught by the employees and taken to Jee, who devours one to satisfy his curious appetite, and stores the remainder away between his flannel shirt and his body until hungry again, when he will draw forth two or three and swallow them without a wink. It is further related that the eldest son inherits in a measure the curious appetite of his queer old father. —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Length of the Days.

At London and at Bremen the longest day has 16½ hours. At Stockholm the longest day has 18½ hours. At Hamburg and Dantzic the longest day has 19 hours and the shortest 5 hours. At Borneo, Finland, the longest day has 21½ and the shortest 2½. At Wardhuy, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 23rd of July, without interruption; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half. At New York the longest day, June 18th, has 14 hours 56 minutes; at Montreal 15½ hours. But the longest day of all, though one never seen by a civilized person, is that at the Poles, where it lasts six months, and is succeeded by a night as long.

The latest story is entitled "A Perilous Secret." We suppose it refers to a man trying to explain to his wife why he ate that clove.

More unshed tears swell beneath the eyelids of gentle woman than ever wet her cheek.—*Lamartine.*

Haste and rashness are storms and tempests, breaking and wrecking business; but nimbleness is a full, fair wind blowing it with speed to the haven.—*Fuller.*