### A Girl's Retrospect.

The summer is over. The season
Was cold at the seaside, you know;
This weather perhaps was the reason
That none of us captured a beau.

For the men found it cool in the city,
And the brokers were blue, it was thought,
So we lost every chance (what a pity!),
And no dashing fellow was caught.

So Maud and Madola and Lillie,
Viola, Narcissa and I,
Were left in the shade (am I silly?)
To wait till next year—and to sigh.

For nothing is done in the winter
In town, with gay talk and fine clothes;
No beau says, "My dear Araminta,"
And none is betrayed to propose.

But when you walk out by the water,
And moonlight falls soft on the shore,
The primmest mamma's plainest daughter
Some masculine heart will adore.

I hope if we go there next season,
We girls, by half-dozens and twelves,
Will not again need in all reason,
To just simply waltz with ourselves.

Of girls who were blushing and twenty,
With some who were near twenty-five,
There always were more than a plenty,
And yet not a man would arrive.

How wearily all the long summer
We wandered by sea-shore and tide,
And found no available comer—
A bridegroom, perhaps, *with his bride!*

We would stroll to the depot and steamer
To see what was rarer than pearls,
Each one a deliberate schemer,
And lo, a new bevy of girls!

The coats and the hats were all wanting,
No garment bifurcate was seen,
And some gray-headed old maids were taunting
Us of it (I thought it was mean).

Another such year would be awful,
For what are fine feathers and clothes,
If fate is to make it unlawful
For girls to be furnished with beaux?

The summer has vanished and faded;
The forests are withered and sere;
No lover our hearts has invaded—
'Tis horrid to wait a whole year!

# BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

## A Story of Blood and Iron.

"Because the people here are too badly off already," burst out the overseer. "Do not be angry, Herr Arthur, because I say it to your face—for it is even so. I cannot complain; I have always had more than my deserts, because your dead mother liked my wife; but the others! It is work and anxiety day in and day out, and then scarce the barest necessaries for wife and child. It is, God knows, bitter bread and sour bread we earn; but we must all work, and the most are heartily glad to work, if they can only have their rights as upon the other mines. But here they are oppressed; every penny possible is taken from their scanty earnings; and things are so bad in the mines that every man on going down says his prayers, because he thinks he is likely never to come up again. But there is never any money for repairs; and if any of the miners is in need and sickness, there is no money to help him; and still we must see how hundreds of thousands are sent away to the Residence, so that"—

The old man suddenly paused, and in mortal terror laid his hand upon his gossiping mouth. He had spoken in such excitement that he had quite forgotten who stood before him. The deep flush which at these last words had passed over the young man's face first recalled him to remembrance.

"Well?" asked Arthur, as he became silent. "Speak on, Hartmann; you see that I listen."

"Heaven help me!" whispered the old man in the greatest embarrassment. "I did not think—I had entirely forgotten"—

"Who had used up the hundred thousands? You need make no excuse; speak out freely whatever you have to say. Or do you believe that I will betray you to my father?"

"Oh, no; you certainly would not do that!" replied the overseer. "You are not like your father. An indiscreet word to him would cost a man his place. Well, I was only going to say that all this causes bad blood among the workmen. Herr Arthur"—with a timid, supplicating air, the old man drew a step nearer—"if you would only concern yourself about these matters. You are the son of the proprietor, and some day will inherit all. No one can be so nearly concerned as you."

"*I?*" asked Arthur with a bitterness, which happily escaped his unsuspecting listener. "I understand none of the wants and necessities of the works; all this has been kept entirely remote from me."

The old man shook his head sadly. "God knows there is not much to understand. For this, you need not study the machinery or the mines; you need only to see and listen to the workmen, as you now listen to me; but really no one does that. Whoever complains is sent away for 'insubordination,'—so it is called; and the poor miner, dismissed for this cause, finds another place only with great difficulty."

"Herr Arthur, I tell you there is bitter misery here; and this it is which Ulrich cannot bear to see. It corrodes his heart; and though I am all the time talking and preaching against his ideas, I know that, in many respects, he is right. Things cannot go on in this way; but Ulrich's plans for righting matters are godless and wicked; they will yet bring him and us all to ruin. Herr Arthur"—sorrowful tears stood in the old man's eyes, as he now unhesitatingly took the hand of the young heir—"Herr Arthur, in God's name I implore you, take this matter in hand. There is danger for you, for your father, and for us all. There is rebellion everywhere among the miners; but if it once breaks loose here among us, then Heaven help us, for it will be terrible!"

During this whole speech Arthur had stood silent, with a far-off, vacant gaze. Now he lifted his eyes, and fixed them sadly on the speaker. "I will mention this to my father," he said slowly. "You may rely upon that, Hartmann."

The overseer let fall the hand he held, and started back. Now that he had laid bare his whole heart, he certainly expected some other result than this barren promise. Arthur, with a somewhat offended air, turned to go.

"One thing more, Hartmann," he said. "Your son saved my life, and may well feel wounded in having received no thanks from me. I place little worth upon life, and possibly I may have undervalued the service rendered me; but I should not have been guilty of such neglect if"—the young heir frowned, and his voice assumed a sharp tone—"if your Ulrich had ar been just the man he is. have no desnIos to have my acknowledgmentIs repulsede, my late proffered reward was. But y et would not be deemed ungrateful. Say to him I allow you to present my thanks; as for the rest, I will take counsel by my father. Good-day!"

He took the way to the park. The overseer gazed mournfully after him, and with a deep drawn sigh said softly to himsel, "God grant his intercession with his father may help us! but I do not believe it will."

### CHAPTER VII.

Up at the Berkow place the family equipage was brought out of the coach-house, and the coachmen set about harnessing the horses.

"This is something entirely new," he said to the servant who had brought the order to harness. "The young master and mistress going to drive out together? This day must be marked red in the calendar."

The servant laughed. "Yes, and little of a pleasure drive it will be; but it can't be avoided. Return visits are to be made in town to those aristocratic people who were lately here to dine; and it wouldn't look well for the husband and wife each to go alone. They'd rather, I've no doubt."

"A curious couple," said the coachman, shaking his head. "And they call this being married! God deliver every one from such a marriage!"

A quarter of an hour later the coach, with Arthur Berkow and his wife, rolled along the road leading to the town. The weather had been tolerable during the forenoon, but was now quite threatening. The sky was overcast, the wind, increased to a gale, drove the gray clouds before it, and now and then a shower fell upon the already rain-soaked earth.

It had been an exceedingly rough, stormy spring—one of those springs to make city people shun a sojourn in the country. Although May had come, the trees of the Berkow park were bare and leafless; the sharp winds and cold gusts of rain, to the despair of the gardener, had destroyed the flowery array he had so carefully nursed on the terrace and in the garden beds, and pitilessly rent out and killed every blossom that dared expand in the open air. The bottomless roads, the rain soaked forests, made every carriage drive as unpleasant as dangerous an undertaking.

Day after day of wind and rain, a gray, overcast sky, mist wreathed hills and valleys, and, worse than all these, a dreary, comfortless household, where no sunbeam penetrated the fog which closed thicker and thicker around, where every blossom that sought to open was frozen in that icy atmosphere of contempt and hatred; where a husband and wife regarded as a kind of torture, which each would escape as soon as possible, that undisturbed, dual life which newly married people are wont to consider their highest happiness. All this might well explain the deep pallor on the young wife's face; the expression of pain around the mouth, which all her self control could not efface; that sombre, melancholy glance with which she surveyed the rainy landscape.

She had imposed more upon her strength than it could bear. In that first transport of courage and filial love, the sacrifice had been cheerfully made; but it was the hours and days after the sacrifice, it was this passive submission to the self imposed destiny, which demanded the real courage, the full strength of will; and, much as Eugenie possessed both, it was only too evident how painfully this "afterward" oppressed her.

Her husband, who reclined in the further corner of the coach, so far removed that the folds of her silk dress scarce touched his cloak, seemed none the more cheerfully to endure his destiny. His face had, indeed, always been as pale, his eyes always as heavy, his manner always unsympathetic as now but there was in his features an expression Eugenie had never seen before, and which the last four weeks had engraven there—a bitter morose expression, which that indifferent, *blase* air could not conceal.

He gazed silently out of the coach window, and seemed as little inclined to converse as Eugenie herself. They had, upon taking their seats, met for the first time to-day, and had exchanged some commonplace remarks about the weather, the journey, and its object; then an icy silence had ensued, which seemed likely to continue until their arrival in the town.

The jaunt was pleasant in no respect. Though in this luxurious coach, they felt nothing of the outside discomfort, yet these soft cushions could not wholly guard against the roughness of the road, over which, in spite of the powerful horses, they dragged along very slowly. They had gone nearly half the distance, and were in the middle of the forest, when a violent shock threw the carriage almost on its side. The coachman, with a half-muttered oath, reined in his horses; then he and the footman stepped down from the box; and, from the excited conversation between them, it was evident that something was the matter.

"What has happened?" asked Eugenie, excitedly springing from her seat.

Arthur showed far less interest to know what had happened; he would, from all appearances, have quietly waited until tidings were brought him; but now he felt in duty bound to let down the window, and repeat his wife's question.

"Give yourself no uneasiness, Herr Berkow," said the coachman, who, the reins in his hand, appeared at the window. "We came within a hair's breadth of being upset, but luckily we have escaped. Something must be broken in the hind wheel. Franz is looking to see what it is."

The intelligence Franz brought was not very consoling. The wheel was so badly injured that it would be impossible to go on. Both servants in perplexity looked at their master.

"I fear this accident will oblige us to give up our visit," said Arthur indifferently to his wife. "Franz will have to go to the house for another carriage; and, when he returns, it will be too late."

"Nothing then remains for us but to get out and return to the house."

"*To get out?*" asked Arthur in astonishment. "Do you really intend to return on foot?"

"And do you really intend to remain in this carriage until Franz brings us another?"

Arthur certainly had this intention; he thought it far better to lie two hours in the corner of the coach where he would be shielded from wind and weather, than venture on a foot tramp through the cold, wet forest. Eugenie saw this, and smiled disdainfully. "For my part," she said, "I will go back on foot rather than endure this tedious, aimless waiting. Franz will accompany me, as he is obliged to go. You, I suppose, will remain in the coach? I would on no account take upon myself the responsibility of your catching cold."

The unconcealed irony of these words effected what the accident could not have done; they drove the young man from his corner. He rose erect, burst open the door, and the next moment stood outside, offering his hand to assist his wife down the carriage steps. Eugenie hesitated.

"I implore you, Arthur"—

"I implore you at least not to make a spectacle to our servants by choosing the company of Franz in preference to mine. Shall I assist you down?"

The young wife gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders; still nothing remained to her but to accept the proffered hand; for the coachman and servant stood very near. She stepped from the coach; and Arthur said to the attendant—

"I will accompany her ladyship home. Take the coach to some place of shelter, and follow with the horses as quickly as possible."

The servants took off their hats, bowed, and then set about executing the command. With a somewhat repellent gesture, Eugenie refused her husband's offered arm.

"I fear we will be obliged to forego the promenade step here," she said. "I can look out for myself."

She, in fact, tried this; but it was only, at the very first step, to sink ankle deep in the mud; and when, in her fright, she fled to the side of the road, it was to sink deeper in the water. There she stood undecided what to do. The road, seen from the coach, had not appeared half so bad as she found it.

"We cannot get on here," said Arthur, who had tried the same experiment with like results. "We must go through the wood."

"Without knowing the way? We shall get lost."

"Oh, no! not at all. I remember a footpath I often trod when a boy; it leads over the hill down into the valley, and has the recommendation of very much shortening the route. We must seek it."

Eugenie still hesitated; but the absolute impossibility of walking over the half-flooded highway, rendered still more impassable by carriage ruts, left her no choice. She followed her husband, who at once turned to the left; and, a few minutes later, the deep, dark green of the firs embraced them both.

There was a possibility of passing over the roots and mosses of this forest floor, at least for unspoiled feet. For a gentleman and a lady, accustomed only to the parquet of the *salon*, for whose use, at every little jaunt, coaches and saddle horses stood ready, and whose only walks had been limited to a ramble through the park in fine weather, this route offered difficulties enough; and, besides—this cloudy, stormy day. The rain had ceased; but the whole region dripped with moisture, and the clouds threatened at any moment to send down a new shower. Over an hour's distance from home, in the midst of the forest, through which they must wander at random like a pair of adventurers, without carriage or servant, without the slightest protection against wind and rain, it was indeed a situation strange as desperate for Arthur Berkow and his high born consort.

The young woman, with her usual resolution, yielded to the inevitable. After the first ten steps she had seen the impossibility of rescuing her light silk dress and white *burnous;* and, quietly yielding both a prey to the wet moss and dripping trees, she marched courageously onward. But her toilet, little designed for an excursion like this, was slight protection from the weather; shivering, she drew the white cashmere wrap about her, and shuddered involuntarily as the cold blasts swept past.

Her husband remarked this, and paused. In his effeminacy, he had thrown a cloak around him for protection, even in the close carriage. Now he silently took off the cloak to place it around his wife's shoulders; but with a very decided gesture, she drew back.

"I thank you, I do not need it."

"But you are taking cold."

"Oh, no! not at all. I am not so susceptible to the weather as you are."

Without a word Arthur took back the cloak; but he did not put it on again; he threw it negligently over his arm, and, in his light, society dress, walked by her side. Eugenie repressed her rising vexation; she scarce knew herself why this conduct so wounded her; but she would far rather have seen Arthur carefully guard his precious health by enveloping himself in the cloak she had so disdainfully rejected than thus recklessly expose himself to wind and weather.

A calm, deliberate submission to the inevitable was *her* business; she could not comprehend how her husband had assumed this right; and least of all could she comprehend how he, who had at first been horrified at the bare idea of this forest promenade, now seemed not at all to feel its inconveniences, while she already half repented her resolution.

A gust of wind tore the hat from Arthur's head, and blew it down a declivity from whose depths he could not recover it. Unmoved he gazed after the fugitive, and with an almost defiant gesture threw back his long brown hair. His feet, at every step, sank deep in the wet moss; and yet to Eugenie his step had never before seemed so firm and elastic.

The farther he pressed into the green forest recesses, the more his manner lost its wonted listlessness. His usually drooping eyes glanced sharply around to find the path they sought. The damp, gloomy forest really seemed to have an enlivening influence upon him, in such deep draughts did he inhale the strong, aromatic odor of the firs, so rapidly did he lead his young wife under their rustling tops. Suddenly he paused, and cried out almost triumphantly—

"There is the path!"

They saw before them a narrow foot path, which led straight through the forest, seeming to lose itself in the distance. Eugenie gazed in surprise at her husband; she certainly had not believed that he would prove a safe guide, and had quite made up her mind that they should be lost in the wood.

"You seem well acquainted with this region," she said, as she trod the path by his side.

Arthur smiled; but this smile was not for her; it was for the surroundings, which he now carefully scanned.

"I ought to know my woods," he said. "We are old friends, though it is a long, long time since we have met."

Eugenie lifted her head in astonishment. This tone she had never heard from his lips; there lay within it, deep, repressed feeling, which, as it were, betrayed itself in his voice.

"Do you love the forest so much?" she asked, involuntarily prolonging a conversation which would otherwise have ended in the usual silence. "Why, then, during this whole four weeks, have you not entered it?"

Arthur did not answer. He seemed to be dreaming, and his glance lost itself in the green, mist veiled depths. "*Why?*" he at length replied sullenly; "I do not know. Perhaps I was too lazy. One at length unlearns all in your Residence, especially the longing for his woodland solitudes."

"In *my* Residence? I thought you were the same as reared there."

"Certainly! only with this difference; my life ended when my so called education began. All that had any value in life for me, I left behind me when I entered those walls; for my early, sunny boyhood years were the only ones worth living."

It was a half sad, half resentful tone in which he uttered the words. But in Eugenie's soul the old bitterness again welled up. How dared *he* speak of sacrifice and renunciation? What could he know of these? For her, too, all happiness had ended with her childhood years; for her, with her entrance into society, had begun that ascending scale of cares humiliations and despair, which to her, as the *confidante* of her father, the one initiated into all the family secrets, had been the bitter school, that while it had steeled her character, had also robbed her of all the joys of youth. How different had been her husband's position—his past *life?* And he spoke of these as of misfortunes!

Arthur seemed to read these thoughts in her face, as he turned to push aside a hanging bough, which would have brushed against her.

"You think I, of all, have the least reason to complain. Very likely. At least, I have always been told I have an enviable existence. But I assure you it is sometimes desperately barren and comfortless—such a life, where Fortune showers all her gifts at your feet, and where you tread these gifts under your feet because you really do not know what else to do with them; so barren and comfortless that you sometimes feel as if, at any price, you would break away from this gilded happiness, even though it were to go out into storm and tempest!"

Eugenie's dark eyes hung in speechless astonishment upon his face, and a sudden fiery glow mounted to his forehead. The young husband seemed all at once to realize that he had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of betraying emotion in the presence of his wife. He frowned, and threw a malicious glance upon the forest, which had led him to this outbreak of feeling; but the very next second he fell quite back into the old *blase* manner.

"We really have more of storm and tempest than is agreeable," he said carelessly, turning his back to Eugenie as he strode onward. "The winds rage fearfully on that bare hill up there. We must wait until the worst is over; we cannot go down now."

In fact as they emerged from the wood, the storm met them; and so terrible was its might that they could scarce stand upon their feet. It was evidently impossible to go on in the path, which now led abruptly down into the open valley; there was danger of being seized by the wind, and hurled into the depths below. So nothing remained but to wait here in the protection of the trees, until there should be a lull in the tempest.

They stood under a giant fir, which towered up at the forest's edge. The storm shook those green arms the tree outspread to protect these two who sought its shelter, and they swayed sighing up and down; but the firm, gray trunk still offered a stay and a refuge for Eugenie, who leaned against it. In case of need, there might have been room for two persons; but they would have had to press close together; and it was probably this consideration which decided Arthur to remain standing some steps from her, although he was only partially shielded, and the swaying branches rained down upon him abundant drops from the last shower. His hair fluttered in the wind, and the drops ran down from his uncovered forehead. Still he did not make the slightest effort to change his place.

"Will you—would you not rather come here?" asked Eugenie hesitatingly; while she moved a little to one side to give him room upon the only dry place.

"Thank you! I would prefer not to annoy you by my nearness."

"Well, at least, put on your cloak."

This time there was a sound as of entreaty in her voice. "You will be quite wet through."

"Never mind. I am not so susceptible to the weather as you suppose."

The young woman bit her lips. It is not pleasant to be repulsed with your own weapons; but more than all else it angered her—this contempt with which he let the whole fury of the storm break over him, just to give her a lesson. She really thought this contempt indescribably ridiculous; *she* certainly could not suffer from it; and it was a matter of indifference to her, whether he took cold and got sick or not; but it enraged her to see him stand there so calmly, and maintain his place in the midst of the storm, perhaps with difficulty, but still to maintain it—he who half an hour ago, sleepy and shivering, had reclined amid the cushions of the luxurious coach, and seemed to recoil from every breath of air that passed through the glass windows. Did he really need storm and tempest to prove to her that he was not quite the weakling she had deemed him?

Arthur, meantime, did not look as if he cared to prove anything; he seemed to have quite forgotten her presence. With folded arms, he stood there, and gazed up to the wooded mountains, the greater portion of which were visible from this height. Slowly his eyes swept from one summit to another; and as they did so, Eugenie made the surprising discovery that her husband had very handsome eyes. This indeed was a surprise; for hitherto she had only known that there, under those half closed lids, rested something indolent and sleepy, and she had never taken the trouble to observe farther.

If he chanced to look up, it had always been slowly, lazily, as if the glance cost him infinite trouble. And yet this glance was well worth seeing. Judging from the expression of the face, one would have supposed that under those sunken lids lay a dull, cold, blue eye; but, in truth, there glowed an eye of a deep dark brown, indolent and lifeless as yet; still one knew that these eyes could flame up in energy and passion. It was as if a world, long since sunken and forgotten, lay imprisoned beneath this veiled glance, awaiting only its appointed hour to again emerge from the abyss.

Again in this young wife's soul rose tremulously the consciousness she had already felt while in the forest—the certainty that the father had sinned infinitely in the education of his son—sinned past all atonement.

They stood, both solitary, up there on the hill. A veil of mist lay over the forest, enveloping it in dense grey shadows, which now climbed up the dark firs, now in fluttering streamers waved from their tops, and now, ghostlike, flitted along the ground. And the same cloudy veil swayed and fluttere around the mountains yonder; the mists now dissolving, now rolling themselves together, afar up on those dusky summits and down in the steaming valleys. There was an endless ebbing and flowing, a falling and rising; one moment it seemed as if mountain and forest would open to their lowest recesses; the next, as if they would veil their secrets from every mortal eye.

All around raged the storm, ploughing into these century old firs as into a cornfield. Groaning, the giant trunks swayed to and fro; sighing, their stately tops bowed and bent, while above them lay the gray clouds in yawning, shapeless masses, or swept onward in wild disorderly flight. It was a storm such as has birth only in the bosom of the mountains; and yet it was a spring storm, which raved and roared around those far off heights.

Upon these blustering pinions come the spring. Not sunny and smiling as down in the valleys, but rough, grim and terrible. But it was still the spring's breath which swayed the storm, the spring's salutation which rang out above all this riot.

In a spring storm, wild even as this, there lies a promise of sunny days to come—of the flowers and perfume that will ere long gladden the earth; a presage of that mighty, creative life already struggling to bring up its thousand germs to the light. And they hear the call and answer it—these roaring forests, these rushing brooks, these streaming valleys. In this roaring and foaming and raging, still rings out the triumph shout of Nature, who has now thrown off the last fetters of winter—her cry of joy that hails the approaching deliverer: "*The spring is coming!*"

It is something mysterious, such an hour of spring; and the myths of the mountains lend it their own romantic spell. They tell of the mountain spirit, who then strides on through his kingdom, and whose might in such an hour, blessing or cursing, passes into the life of the mortal who lingers in this kingdom. Whatever there unites, is united forever; whatever there separates, is separated for all eternity. *They* needed no outward union, these two up on the hill yonder; they were united by the strongest bond that can make two mortals one; and yet they stood so far apart! They were as much strangers to each other as if a world lay between them.

The silence had endurpd a long time. Eugenie was the first to break it.

"*Arthur!*"

He started as if from awakening, and turned to her.

"What is your wish?"

"It is so cold up here! Will you not—lend me your cloak?"

A flush passed over the young man's face, as in speechless surprise he glanced up to her. He knew that this proud woman would rather have frozen in the icy blasts than thus condescend to ask for the covering she had scornfully rejected; and yet she did so, in a hesitating tone, with downcast eyes, as if confessing a wrong.

The next moment he was near her with the cloak. She stood silent, while he wrapped it around her shoulders; but, as he was about to turn back to his place, she gave him a mute, reproachful glance. Arthur seemed to hesitate for a moment; but conscious that this glance had been almost the same as an entreaty, he conquered his obstinacy, and remained at her side.

(To be continued).

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A Baptist church at Ocala, Fla., has expelled all its members who have signed petitions for liquor licenses.

Superiority in American hotels over those of England, as judged by *Blackwood's*, lies in the fact that whatever the guest wants is ready for him at all hours. From the posting of a letter to the eating of a meal he finds the facilities in readiness.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "Not very long ago a friend of mine who had been the Czar's guest at Gatschina, was told by Her Majesty the Czarina that the life of the Imperial family was one of constant anxiety. 'Indeed,' added the Empress, 'I almost dread, sometimes, lest the milk given to my children in the morning should contain poison.'"

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The cotton manufacturers in St. Petersburg have successfully applied electricity for the purpose of bleaching cotton and flax fibres, as well as tissues. The material is first steeped in water, which is then decomposed by electricity, the oxygen thus set free at once acting on the fibres. This process not only occupies less time, but is cheaper than the one hitherto adopted.

The statement in the memorial tribute in the *Fortnightly Review* to Lord Houghton that he had obtained the laureateship for Tennyson on the death of Wordsworth by making Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, acquainted with "Locksley Hall" and "Ulysses," must be incorrect. At the period of Wordsworth's death Sir Robert Peel had ceased to be Prime Minister for four years and had been succeeded by Lord John Russell. Tennyson has always been believed to have been the Queen's own special choice.

A visitor to the watch factory at Waltham, describing some minute screws, says: "A small heap of grain was shown to us, looking like iron filings or grains of pepper from a pepper caster—apparently the mere dust of the machine which turned them out—and these, when examined with a microscope, were seen to be perfect screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw driver. It is one of the statistics of Waltham, worth remembering, that a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is thus manufactured into 100,000 screws, which are worth $11.

After a visit to some of the Alaska glaciers, Mr. Thomas Meehan states that beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400 miles long, flows a rapid torrent, which he estimates to be 100 feet wide and four feet in average depth, and which runs summer and winter without interruption. At its termination the glacier hangs over the sea and gives off icebergs. Mr. Meehan remarks that the great ice sheets have their lakes, rapids, waterfalls, hills and valleys; that their waterways change their courses at times through the melting, and that melting proceeds freely in the sun's rays, but not in the shade.

Rev. Dr. George Jeffrey, of Glasgow, Scotland, has preached more than forty-six years to the same congregation. To one of his former parishioners, now a New York merchant, Dr. Jeffrey explained the secret of his being able to interest the same audience so long. "I read every new book that has a bearing upon my special work," he said, "and make extracts from it, and index them, so that at any moment I can find them when wanted. In this way I keep myself from moving in a rut. I work as hard as I used to at 20, and I keep so far ahead with my sermons that there are always ten or fifteen unfinished ones lying in my drawer ready to receive the results of my latest readings. I call them 'sleeping sermons,' but it is they that sleep, and not the people who hear them."

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* says that Brigham Young, jun., and his agents are busy perfecting arrangements for Mormon colonization in Mexico, and that, too, within the zone wherein foreigners are prohibited from acquiring real estate. They lease lands for ninety-nine years, and introduce a clause by which the lands are to be released to the assignees or their heirs at the expiration of the lease for a trifling sum. Had they selected land in Mexico beyond the zone they could have obtained better land and better terms, and the inference is that they desire to erect a territory of their own between Mexico and the United States whereby they may, in the event of the American purchase of the Northern States of Mexico, have a location unrivalling that of Salt Lake.

Temperance people who think it wrong for doctors to prescribe alcohol will be interested to know that a medicine has been found which may, in many diseases, be substituted for it. Dr. Burroughs, in the *Therapeutic Gazette*, states that nitroglycerine as a heart stimulant is far superior to brandy, and may be given with confidence whenever the administration of brandy is indicated. Two drops of a 1 per cent. solution are equivalent to an ounce of brandy, and the effects of the drug are felt immediately. It creates no unnatural craving. The Doctor gives a detailed account of the cases in which he has employed it, and finds, after an extensive experience, that it is of great value in shock from accidents, faintness after surgical operations, failure of the heart's action due to chloroform, for opium poisoning, asthma and the collapse of fevers.

Charcoal is an antiseptic, and may often be taken as a medicine with much benefit, to relieve the stomach from excess of acid and to promote digestion. It is a mistake to suppose that birds and animals in a state of nature cannot procure charcoal and would not use it if they could. Fires occur in the wilderness every season and charred trees are of common occurrence. Deer and birds eat this charcoal very freely, and pigs roaming the woods are eager for it. When charcoal is not attainable rotten wood is eaten as a substitute. So that it is natural for animals to have charcoal supplied to them, and for poultry it is a good plan to give them wood ashes, from which they will pick the charcoal, or to char an ear of corn in the oven for them now and then. Pigs should have all the charcoal they can eat; it is an antidote to sour stomach and intestinal diseases.

Two Portuguese explorers, Captain Capello and Commander Ivens, who started last year upon an expedition across Africa, have reached the Cape after a most adventurous journey, in the course of which they made some discoveries which may have an important commercial bearing. They came upon a region which is extraordinarily rich in copper, this being the district of Yaranganga, situated between the Lualaba and the Luapala. It has often been remarked that the venomous African fly, the tsetse, which had almost extinguished trade between Delagoa Bay and the Transvaal, has totally disappeared of late. Messrs. Capello and Ivens found that this fly was very abundant further north, and that, as had often been stated before, it was always to be seen where there were plenty of elephants. Stanley, in the course of his travels, had observed the same phenomenon, and it follows, therefore, that the region explored by the two Portuguese travellers is rich in ivory.

The enthusiastic welcome given to Sir Frederic Roberts in London indicates that he is hardly less a favorite there than in India. His recent appointment as Commander-in-Chief in India was made the occasion for many compliments. "Sir Frederick," said the *Times of India*, "has always been adored by every soldier serving under him." "Perhaps no soldier in India," said the *United Service Gazette*, "has ever been better loved or better followed than 'Bobs,' the sobriquet by which his men have always called him. In the case of war with Russia Gen. Roberts is the one man to whom the people of India would, by acclamation, intrust the conduct of a campaign." A hundred similar utterances indicate that Gen. Roberts is very popular, perhaps the most popular British soldier of our day. The *Gazette* dwells on the fact that Gen. Roberts has reached his present office "at an unusually early age," and after "a period of service almost unprecedentedly short." Yet he is 58 years old, and was commissioned as second lieutenant more than thirty-four years ago. He was wounded in action as far back as the capture of Delhi; and prior to the last Afghan war, which gave him his chief fame, he had served in the Umbeylah and Looshai expeditions, and had been mentioned thirty times in despatches. No doubt his march from Cabul to Candahar and his overthrow of Ayoob Khan will long live, both in popular and military remembrance.

### The New Star in Andromeda.

The importance of the latest news gathered from the starry heavens has, apparently, been hardly comprehended, even by many of the astronomers themselves. To say that a new star has appeared among the countless brilliant specks that enliven the sky at night does not seem very startling, especially when the new star is so faint as to escape all eyes except those that are aided by the telescope. The news assumes greater interest, however, when it is considered that this new star is a sun, as large, probably, as our own sun, which has suddenly sprung into being in the depths of space, lighting up with its radiance a corner of the universe hitherto buried in the gloom of perpetual night. But the most interesting fact about the new star in Andromeda is that it appears in the centre of a nebula, thus giving some countenance to the assertion which has been made that it is a marvellous example of the process of nebular evolution by which our own solar system is believed to have been produced. If this is so, however, we have here an instance in which the exceeding slowness of development assumed in the Nebular Hypothesis is replaced by a sudden bound from the nebulous to the solar condition. It appears that early in August certain observers saw a singularly bright spot in the Andromeda nebula, which, however, was clearly a nebulous mass and not a star. In a month a star glittered in the place of the curdling fire-mist! Thus, if we believe that the new star really belongs to the nebula of Andromeda, men have beheld the birth of a sun, not by gradual processes of contraction covering ages upon ages of time, but by a sudden spring into being, a burst of splendor in which the dull and scattered matter of a dimly glowing nebula has, almost in a twinkling, been transformed into a magnificently blazing sun, pouring the sudden light of day into the depths of space for millions of miles around it.

We can behold no spectacle on earth comparable with that. But a great deal of evidence will be required to convince astronomers that this is the actual history of what has occurred. They will probably sooner believe that the new star is the result of some collision of dark bodies in space, or of a terrific outburst of fiery forces in such a body lying between us and the Andromeda nebula, rather than that the step from nebula to sun could be so suddenly performed. It is as yet all a great mystery, and the solution of it, whatever it may be, cannot fail to prove intensely interesting.

### Interesting Facts About Eggs.

Five million dozen of eggs are annually exported from the Dominion, the greater portion from Quebec and Ontario. The egg import from Europe is also large, but the hens of the Canadas are by far the largest factors in this trade, and the trade increases every year. Eggs pay no duty, and when we reflect that this product comes from millions of humble sources—the poultry yards of small farmers—and that it is only the surplus that goes to market, we may well wonder where and how the billions of eggs consumed in the United States are produced. It is an interest that may be rated at many tens of million dollars. Yet it is not among the enumerations of the National Census. Let us hope that the next census, the eleventh, will cover this important field. It is probable that the egg consumption of our fifty-five million inhabitants is not less than three billion a year, at a valuation of from twenty-five to thirty million of dollars. There are "egg trains" on the railroads of the northern frontier, and the cities and villages of New England draw most of their eggs from the border, to which they are brought by the railroads of Canada. The import of eggs at Ogdensburg alone was valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the last fiscal year. As many are entered in several other collection districts; at Buffalo, and in two districts in Maine, nearly three times this traffic in imported eggs is done. These eggs are taken from the original packages, carefully examined by candle or lamp light, and then repacked, the defective eggs being laid aside. If transportation is not immediate, the eggs are placed in cold storage warehouses, where the temperature is a few degrees above freezing, and there kept until shipped. The world must be fed, and while the imperial west feeds famishing Europe with grain, and the South sends cotton and tobacco, the favored people of the United States need not begrudge the hardworking farmers of Canada the contribution they are able to make to our needs from their little farms. —*American Agriculturist.*

### Workshop Independence.

Unless one has an "independent fortune," one making him independent of financial circumstances, there is no condition in civilized life preferable to that of a shop mechanic. Especially is this the fact if the mechanic is competent and feels an interest in his work. He has a comfortable shop, pleasant fellow-workmen, good tools and a job that will amount to something when it is done; this is enough to content a man who has a pleasant home or a comfortable boarding place. And yet there are some who look upon shop life as irksome and perfunctory. There are others who do not. An illustration is recent. A fine workman, a machinist, possessing other valuable qualifications as an executive manager, a public speaker, and with great personal power of persuasion, was induced to take the superintendency and management of a Young Men's Christian Association. He filled the position satisfactorily and creditably; but at last he tired and resigned. Strong influences were brought to induce him to change his determination. He refused, and for nearly two years has worked in the shop as a tool-maker. He gets good pay, but refuses to be a boss—only an inspector—and works every day as an ordinary workman. Recently he was seen, and asked if the change from a public life to a shop life was agreeable. He was quite enthusiastic in his praise of shop life; he was independent; had no meddling suggestors to bother him; could scan his day's work in the morning, and see it done in the evening; was nobody's slave or servitor; did not have to modify his plans to suit a committee; his eight or ten hours per day was his absolute limit of work; and all the remainder was absolutely and really his and his family's. This is the sort of mechanic that recommends shop life, and proves that it is one of the most independent that a sensible man can follow.

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A Chinese sign in a shop at Socorro, New Mexico, reads "Sin Was In."

An Atlanta lady says: "It is not generally known that the coast negroes intone most of their stories. A ghost story is always chanted—not unmusically, and with a flavor of exaltation. I never go into a Catholic church and hear the service without thinking of the old days when I listened to negro folk-lore on the Carolina coast."

Julia Smith, the Connecticut woman who got fame by refusing to pay taxes to a Government that would not let her vote, remarks to those who predicted unhappiness from her marriage five years ago, aged 85 that she is extremely happy.

## AN INTERESTING CALCULATION.

### How Many Ancestors Has Each Human Being?

A correspondent of *Nature* has been at the pains to calculate how many ancestors every individual in Great Britain has had since the Norman Conquest, and arrives at the conclusion that "one is descended from no fewer than 16,000,000 ancestors;" four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. The *British Medical Review* says: "It has been assumed by some surely very thoughtless persons that this is equivalent to saying that in the pedigree of each individual there have been 16,000,000 true crosses. There are no figures in existence, or obtainable, to show the amount and degree of intermarriage in the general population; but there can be no question that it is now very considerable, and was in former times very much greater. In many isolated districts intermarrying among the indigenous population has been almost invariable until recent times, and is even now the rule rather than the exception; in Scotland, where pedigrees have been preserved for many generations, even by the peasant class, consanguinity can be traced and is recognized between families which in England would be assumed to be entirely unrelated. The same thing is true to an even more striking degree with the peerage; pedigrees have been carefully preserved, and intermarriage has been the rule, that is to say, intermarriage in the same class. Taking the grandparents on the second remove, a man would have at the sixth remove sixty-four ancestors, but there must be very few peers of a creation dating to the beginning of the last century.

### How Toads Live.

Dr. Buckland, says *Chambers' Journal*, made some experiments in regard to toads which are claimed as conclusive. He placed twelve toads separately in twelve holes cut in blocks of hard, flinty sandstone. They were firmly sealed in. The imprisoned animals were buried three feet deep on Nov. 26th, 1825. At the same time four toads were deposited in holes cut in the heart of an apple tree, and the opening securely plugged. Four others were also placed in plaster-of-paris, covered with luting. On Dec. 10th, 1826, all the buried toads were examined. All in the hard stone and in the tree and two in the plaster-of-paris were dead. The remainder were dying, some placed in a softer stone were in tolerable good health, and some were actually fatter than when placed in the holes. From this it would appear that in positions where water can penetrate toads may live, and even thrive, although buried at a considerable depth, entirely away from the light, and any visible means of sustenance.

### Where Unconsidered Trifles Go.

"I have no shopping to do now," said a Chicago pool-seller's wife the other day to a lady acquaintance, "and I am just put out about it." "Why?" was the query. "Why, my husband brings more trash home than you can think of. There is not a night that he doesn't bring in half a dozen of nice things that he gets in the pool room. You've no idea. He has everything—from diamond shirt studs to silk handkerchiefs. The other night he came home with two silk umbrellas, four handkerchiefs (almost new), a small diamond collar-button, pair of cuff buttons, a new fall overcoat and a Waterbury watch. Where does he get all these things? Why, in the pool room. Nice men, he tells me, come in there, but on horses and yachts and baseball and sluggers and such things, and get completely 'busted,' as he calls it; then they put up their trinkets for money to buy pool tickets with, and half the time they never redeem them, so he brings them home. Real nice business, isn't it?"

### An Old Parcels Post.

The truth of an old adage, that "there is nothing new under the sun," is exemplified in the case of the parcels post. In the archives of the London (Eng.) General Post Office are preserved records of goods and parcels, and even human beings, being entrusted for transit to the post officials between 1692 and 1720. Thus we read that "fifteen couples of hounds were sent through post to the King of the Romans; two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Metheum; Dr. Crighton carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries; three pounds of tea sent by my Lady Arlington to the Queen Dowager of England; eleven couples of hounds for Major General Hompesch," etc.

### A War of Words.

The most learned men in English pronunciation are having a dreadful battle of words in the "London Academy" and "Athenæum" over the pronunciation of the word "primer," me