

"Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear."

This beautiful and familiar line will be found in a song of two stanzas, written about the year 1700, by Ruthven Jerhys, an obscure poet, and published in the Greenwich Magazine for Mariners.

weeheart, good-bye! The fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound across the sea,
Perchance all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! One last embrace!
O cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever,
And still shall recollection trace
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, upon that face—
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Adelina Patti and the Superb Street Dress in Which She Was Seen.

The Stock of Female Merchandise Offered at a Paris Matrimonial Bureau.

A Lovely Troussseau.

A figure which is no more than pleasingly plump, whatever it may spread to within a few years more; a figure which retains the outlines of youth remarkably, considering that it is 42 years old; is the figure, in short, of Adelina Patti, the dearest of warblers. I saw it wriggling, says a New York letter, on its way up a long stairs to an elevated railroad station in the manner peculiar to its sex, and never seen in the other sex—that laborious rolling from side to side, which makes it impossible for a woman to ever mount steps gracefully. In the play of "Rosedale" as put on the stage periodically at Wallack's theatre, one of the scenes shows a room accessible only by a door at the head of an exposed stairway. There are eight or ten steps, and they are in the full front of the audience. One of the female characters, a girl of great refinement and solicitous training, has to go up and down these stairs several times. Now, I suppose I have seen ten different actresses in the part, some of whom were notably graceful in their ordinary movements on the stage, but not one was able to go up these stairs otherwise than awkwardly. If these skilled ones are unable to accomplish the feat we must conclude that there is some cause in woman's form itself why she has such a hard time going up-stairs. Patti was no exception; but on attaining the upper platform she straightened the humped back, settled the rolling hips into shape, and became altogether symmetrical. She was superbly dressed. By that I do not mean to say that she was in the smallest degree gorgeous. Her clothes were of the very finest, but not of a kind to attract attention, being quiet in colors and not outlandish in shape. There was a happy combination of richness and good taste. Her hat was rather smaller than the average, of a Gainesborough shape, and worn close down on the head, with the brim horizontal. The materials were beaded dark brown plush, linings of the same color in satin and a black lace scarf twisted about the crown. Her hair was coiled, with an appearance of looseness behind, being twisted instead of plaited or braided, and either naturally or artificially waved in front, with a fuzzy little patch at each temple. The long scarf was brought down from her hat and wound around her throat in a style at once picturesque and utilitarian, considering the preciseness of that same throat. With the same careful regard for herself, though it was not a cold day, she wore a heavy cloak of embossed black velvet, enveloping her almost to the heels, yet cut so cleverly that it did not appear voluminous. It was trimmed with some ravishing, yet unobtrusive, embroidery of beads on lace. Her shoes were substantial button gaiters with thick soles, and her stockings were dark, plain drab silk. Her dress, very little of which showed, was heavy black silk. Her small, round hands were smoothly gloved in undressed black kid, buttoned once at the wrist, and extending whole up her arms half way to the elbows. Small solitary diamonds in her ears, and a larger one on a gold leaf at her throat, were the only visible jewellery, as she wore no bracelets. Her face scarcely showed its real age, though not free from lines and crows'-feet. She had pencilled eye-brows very slightly, and there was a suspicion of rouge on her red lips; but the rest of her face was nearly, if not quite, free from artifice. Indeed, a highly attractive matron was Patti, and so demure that I could have forgotten that she was not a saint. Her manners were perfectly ladylike.

Wives in Stock.

Paris, writes a correspondent, has done many things for an idea. Let me picture one of her facts that she has fostered tenderly and is now a rampant industry. We go into No. 3 Rue Corando (I say we, who are bachelors seeking women we may matrimonially devour) and we ask for Mme. Bosquet, and we no sooner ask than we receive, and lo! she comes. She is heavy, yet loud and explosive. But she is business-like in the extreme. Mme. Bosquet invites our wandering steps into an inner room, neatly, tastefully, and comfortably furnished. Paris rooms are typical. Polished floor, a Turkish carpet partly covering it, innocent of any more eastern region than Aubusson, four chairs chiefly to be looked at, two or more clocks that are ignorant of "correct time," much looking-glass in places where other people put plain walls, many vases and flowers, a portrait of a deceased marshal or general, or some other military functionary, that catches the constant askance glances of madam and creates Vesuvian signs with Niagara tears now and then. The library of madam consists of the *Figaro* newspaper and the city directory. Will madam favor us with her invoice of merchandise? She will. Here it is: Fifteen orphans from 18 to 27 years of age, having each a fortune ranging in amount from \$6,000 to \$120,000, all in their own right—absolutely; twenty-five young ladies, aged 19 to 36 years, fortunes \$8,000 to \$180,000; twenty-four widows (shades of Tony Weller!) from 27 to 58 years of age, having from \$7,500 to \$110,000; These three categories—orphans, young ladies, and widows,—comprise the stock in

trade of Mme. Bosquet, who may be, for all I know, one of the descendants of "the Groves of Blarney." We select two orphans, three young ladies, and one widow. Meetings are arranged for, and by some pious proclivity of madam the last becomes first, and the widow is selected. We submit meekly. The widow's description is fully pictured before us—in fact, we see her photograph, learn her age and disposition, and searchingly inquire how No. 1 shuffled off this mortal coil. We dwell on this with interest and some degree of anxiety. Madam is reassuring. She books our name, address, and personal appearance and possessions. She assures herself at once as to the latter, and pockets our 50 francs registering fee. Madam, with infinite composure, suggests that a meeting on the matrimonial question will require some little time to arrange, and suggests the first week in July as an eligible date. I shall have to recur, therefore, to this phase of Parisian industry, and it is likely to be one of my "questions brutantes" of the future. I salute, therefore, Mme. Bosquet, and bid adieu to the expected and taunting visions of the fifteen orphans, twenty-five young ladies, and twenty-four widows.

Some Highly Honored Mummies.

Perhaps the most remarkable experiences which have befallen the human remains of an ancient race occurred to some mummies that were taken to Paris subsequently to the occupation of Egypt under Napoleon I. and placed in the Louvre. After the curiosity in regard to them had worn off they became a nuisance, and, owing to the peculiar conditions of climate, in the course of years slightly offensive. They had been stowed away in the garrets of the Louvre, and the curators had year after year been endeavoring to solve the problem of how they could most decently be got rid of, when the revolution of 1830 broke out. As every one will remember, many of the heroes of that episode fell in the court of the Louvre. When the curators observed that graves were being dug for distinguished patriots and Republicans under their very noses, the brilliant idea occurred to them to slip surreptitiously into the same resting places the bodies of the ancient Egyptians which had for so long been a cause of embarrassment to them. With the inspiration of genius they seized the opportunity, and thus associated the past and the present of two great nations by a common sepulture of those who had been members of both. But the honor which had thus been conferred upon the mummies was nothing to what was yet in store for them. When the glorious days of 1848 arrived, it was decided to exhume the heroes who had been buried in the court of the Louvre, and remove them with great pomp and ceremony to the Place de la Bastille. The secret of the mummies' burial had been well kept, and when they were disinterred with their companions of modern date, to the superficial observer there was nothing to distinguish their bones from an ordinary French Republican. They were, therefore, all exhumed together, and formed the most interesting and possibly, most respectable part of the procession which traversed Paris on that occasion. Then magnificent funeral orations were made over them by fervid orators, who little suspected whose bones they were thus honoring; and to this day these mummies are awaiting the final moment under the Column of July. Meantime, according to the ancient belief of the Egyptians, the remarkable adventures which have thus befallen these bodies have been narrowly watched by their souls; for it was the idea of the Egyptians that the soul retained the warmest interest in the body after death—not merely from a natural feeling of affection and sympathy for a shell, so to speak, which one has inhabited once, and would under certain altered conditions, inhabit again, but because it was all that the individual could leave for the world to remember him by; and hence he was desirous that his body should be preserved in as perfect a state as possible.

Sex Development in Nature.

Popular Science Monthly.

The sentimental pretensions put forward by a political school which holds that woman is intellectually the equal of man, give a character of actuality to the question of the comparison of the sexes. This question, which has been the custom to treat from a metaphysical point of view, is to us purely anthropological, or rather zoological; for we propose to show by characteristic examples borrowed from the whole animal kingdom, that sexuality undergoes the same evolution in all species, including the human species. The female surpasses the male in certain inferior species. The males are smaller than the females among many cephalopods, and among some cirrines. With a few exceptions, the superiority of the females prevails among the annelids, and among certain articulate, as bees, hornets, wasps; and female butterflies are larger and heavier than males, a difference being observable even among the larvae. A like superiority of females may be observed in many fishes, as in the cyprinoids, and in reptiles. This is, however, no longer the case among the superior vertebrates. The males of birds and mammals are nearly always superior to the females. To sum up, the two sexes, at first unequal in consequence of the superiority of the female over the male characterizing the lowest species, become equal among species a little more elevated in the animal scale, and become unequal again in consequence of the pre-eminence of the male over the female, which is observed in all the higher species. The supremacy of the female is, then, the first term of the evolution which sexuality undergoes, while the supremacy of the male is the last term.

"Who is Lucifer?" said the teacher to the infant class in Sunday school. "I know," spoke up a brave 5-year-old girl in a very earnest tone. "Well, tell me, Katie," said the teacher. "Wh'y, Lucy's fer Bob Spriggs, who has such a funny little mustache, an' wears such a short coat; but papa don't like him at all, an' sez he an't got no sense an' no money, an' he's fer zat cle Mr. Grip, an'——" "That will do, Katie," broke in the teacher; "I see you are posted. We will go on to another question," and it required the teacher five minutes to get through using her handkerchief wiping her eyes, she "had such a bad cold, you know," for Lucy was instructing another class near by. Lucy told her mother afterwards that she thought Katie too young to go to school, the confinement was not good for her.

Welcome Home and the Dogs.

Letters of Charles Dickens.

Gad's Hill, Higham-by-Rochester, Kent, 25th May, 1868.—My dear Mrs. Fields: As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. When I came down first I came to Gravesend, five miles off. The two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door it struck me that the recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket-phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their head to have their ears pulled—a special attention which they received from no one else. But when I drove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited, weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. Mamie's little dog, too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in great agitation on being called down and asked by Mamie, "Who is this?" and tore round and round me, like the dog in the Faust outlie. You must know that all the farmers turned out on the road in their market chaises to say, "Welcome home, Sir!" and that all the houses along the road were dressed with flags; and that our servants, to cut out the rest, had dressed this house so that every brick in it was hidden. They had asked Mamie's permission to ring the alarm bell (!) when master drove up, but Mamie, having some slight idea that that compliment might awaken master's sense of the ludicrous, had recommended bell abstinence. But on Sunday the village choir (which includes the bell-ringers) made amends. After some unusually brief pious reflection in the crowns of their hats at the end of the sermon, the ringers bolted out and rang like mad until I got home. There had been a conspiracy among the villagers to take the horse out if I had come to our own station and draw me here. Mamie and George had got wind of it and warned me. Dolby (who sends a world of messages) found his wife much better than he expected and the children (wonderful to relate!) perfect. The little girl winds up her prayers every night with a special commendation to heaven of me and the pony—as if I must mount him to get there! I dine with Dolby (I was going to write "him," but found it would look as if I were going to dine with the pony), at Greenwich, this very day, and if your ears do not burn from 6 to 9 this evening, then the Atlantic is a non-conductor. We are already settling—think of this!—the details of my farewell course of readings. I am brown beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what these fine days at sea did for me! My doctor was quite broken down in spirit when he saw me, for the first time since my return, last Saturday. "Good Lord!" he said, recoiling, "seven years younger!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A bird that lives on the funny tribe is a fish-hawk; and the man who sells the funny tribe is a fish-hawker.

Queen Victoria's soon to have a visit from King Alfonso, as he is going to England to thank her in person for the gift of the Garter.

SERPENTS coil around the arms and in the hair of fashionable women. Cats appear in brooches and carriages, the favorite pet of George Sand, Balzac, Michelet and many other geniuses, being in high favor just now.

Empress Eugenie has greatly failed of late. Her hands are doubled up with rheumatism, she has a bloodless face and walks with a cane. Her firm friend, the Count de Lesseps, calls her "the Isabelle la Catholique of the Suez Canal."

The Princess of Wales, on a recent visit to Liverpool, wore a lavender-colored Mother Hubbard dolman, and beneath it a plum-colored satin dress, with cream-colored lace overskirt and a close-fitting dark bonnet, trimmed with flowers. The young princesses were each attired in peacock blue costumes.

Young William W. Astor is about 33 years old. From his grandfather, William B. Astor, he inherited about one-half of the vast property of the family, consisting chiefly of real estate. Its value is variously estimated from \$40,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Young Astor was educated in New York schools and then went to Germany and Rome to complete his education.

AN acquisition to party costumes—when the wearer has pretty arms and neck—are birds or doves perched on the neck or shoulder-straps; these are fastened in such a manner that they look as if they had stopped in their flight to find a resting place and had been imprisoned there. Jewel-eyed spiders and scorpions also occupy the same position on the fair wearer.

THOSE who picture Queen Victoria in their mind's eye, as clad in a robe of crimson trimmed with ermine, and a golden crown on her head, will be shocked to learn that she takes her daily drive with a black straw bonnet on her head, and with a large shawl of small check shepherd's plaid upon her shoulders. But then they reflect that her good clothes are at home.

A Chicago woman having ordered her servant to say that she was not at home, was so anxious to hear the voice of an old lover of hers who was talking with the servant in the hall that she leaned too far over the banister, lost her balance, fell to the bottom with a broken arm and leg. The gentleman and the servant picked her up, carried her to her room and the former lover had to go for the doctor. The next time she bends over her lover, she will do it more tenderly and carefully.

A nurse was telling about a man who had become so terribly worn out by dissipation that he could not keep any food on his stomach, when one of her listeners asked: "What does he live on then?" "On his relations, ma'am," answered the nurse.

They were conversing, the other day, about a common friend, when Butterby said: "Poor fellow, he's got the mumps." "Sorry to hear it," replied Quilly; "can't he get anything for them?" "Well, no," answered Butterby without a blush, "there's no market for them now."

Notes on Live Stock.

The farm animals at this season are directly dependent upon the care and attention of the farmer. To pass the winter with profit they must be well kept. Animals are very complicated engines, and must be run by careful engineers. The food they receive is the fuel, and the daily rubbing, cleaning, etc., may be likened to the inspection, cleaning and oiling of the engine. The fuel must be equal to the demand made on the animal engine, else the machinery will be run at a disadvantage, and therefore with diminished profit. When the water is low, and the fire almost out, the engine is a source of loss to the owner. On the other hand the fire may be brisk, and boiler well supplied, but some screw is loose, or a part rubs another too closely and the friction thus produced neutralizes much of the force. So in the animal machine, all the parts must work harmoniously together, or in other words there must be perfect health to obtain the best results. An animal may have the best of food in sufficient quantity, and still pass a hard winter, and without profit to its owner. Food of the best kinds without shelter, is in the animal economy like fuel in an engine that is rusty and loose and out of order. Both are expensive methods of arriving at desired results. It takes too much force to run the machine in both cases. As it is cheaper to have a good engine kept in good order, so it is to have an animal in health and comfort. The thoughtful farmer will see many other kinds of likenesses between the animal machine and the one constructed by human hands, but this is enough to suggest the importance of keeping farm animals in a healthful and comfortable condition by means of warm stables with clean floors and pure air.

Notes on Orchard and Garden Work.

One who depends upon the garden and orchard for his living, will be very apt to know which products bring him the best returns. With the farmer the orchard and the garden are often looked upon as of little importance, if not regarded as necessary evils. Both manure and labor are grudgingly supplied, and then at a time too late for the best results. In the general summing up of the business of the year, let the farmer take into account the return from the garden and orchard or fruit garden. We do not refer to the supplies of vegetables and fruit consumed at home, for health and comfort cannot be expressed in dollars and cents, but the actual money returns throughout the year. Much of course will depend upon the location in reference to market, but we are sure that in the majority of cases, a carefully kept account, in which all the odd quarters and dollars are presented, will result in a determination to enlarge and improve the ground devoted to fruits, vegetables, and flowers. The time has passed when choice fruits were regarded as a luxury; and the farmer who cannot afford to provide his table with a large variety of garden vegetables, is living behind the age. The man who sees only the market value of any product of the soil may not care for a handsome lawn and a flower garden filled with choice plants; but he only half lives who is blind to the beauty of these things. We would have the American farmer appreciate what the surroundings of his home may be—would he see him grow rich in more ways than one. To this end he must love the beauty of a well-kept lawn and flower garden, and take necessary means to possess it.

The Education of the Poor.

We do not expect good tables and chairs if the wood be warped and the workmanship bad; we do not look for fine strawberries if the roots be choked with weeds and the gardener careless of everything but watering at regular intervals; yet we expect children to grow into good men and women (and benoit the depravity of the lower classes), when the development of the boy into manhood has been checked in every way, except that he has been sent to school regularly and taught to read and write. We expect a boy who has no playground but the street, no knowledge of the world beyond the city in which he lives (except from reading books), no experience of real pleasure to make life worth much to him, nothing to develop in him the love of the beautiful, except a chance tree or a stray sparrow; no knowledge of any power but that of money, and none that will make it seem worth his while to do anything but try to get money—we expect him to be a good workman, a good husband, a good father, because we have told him in school it is his duty. Always hungry, we expect him to learn to be moderate; always between two huge brick walls, we expect him to develop into a right-thinking, broad-minded man; never knowing real freedom of mind or body, we expect him to learn self-government.

Whales Cut in Two by a Steamer.

The steamship Newport, of Ward's Line, had an unusual experience during a recent outward trip to Havana. She sailed from New York on Thursday, October 27, and before daylight next morning she was off the Capes of Delaware. At about 8 o'clock, when she was steaming at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, she ran into an immense school of whales twenty miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. The animals were of all sizes, and disported themselves in the water as if enjoying it. Suddenly the ship shook from stem to stern, as she struck a monster about sixty feet long, which was attempting to cross her path. The whale was cut in halves, which passed astern on either side, while the water was dyed red with his blood. The steamer came to a standstill, and her stem was examined. It was found to have escaped injury, but the steering gear was slightly damaged. This was soon repaired, and the Newport proceeded, but the passengers were not so delighted with the whales as they had been before the shock. The sight of the monster's head as it shot upward from the water had been anything but pleasant to them. Ten minutes after the vessel started up there was another and a heavier shock, which almost threw the passengers from their feet. Another whale had been cut in two. The body of this animal passed under the vessel and struck the propeller with great violence. The engineer rushed on deck, imagining that the ship had struck a submerged wreck. Capt. Sandberg ordered the course of the steamer changed, and she soon ran out of the troublesome whales.

A GEOLOGICAL FIND.

An Important Discovery of Fossil Remains in Scotland.

Prof. Geikie describes in this week's *Nature* a "find" of fossils only to be paralleled in the American far west, which is a regular necropolis for petrified giants. The present hoard has been found among the range of hills or uplands familiar to travellers who enter Scotland from the south, which form a barrier between the valleys of the border on the one hand and the Scottish lowlands on the other. This belt of pastoral high grounds has a special interest for the geologist; he can trace it back to its origin about the close of the silurian period; and since the old red sand stone, notwithstanding submergence, elevation, and denudation, the ridge has continued to form a barrier between the basins in its northern and southern margin. During every part of the carboniferous period these southern uplands of Scotland formed a barrier between the lagoons of the lowlands and the more open waters to the south which spread over the north and centre of England. For some years past the geological survey of Scotland has been engaged in the detailed investigation of the carboniferous rocks between the silurian uplands and the English border. In the course of the work one particular zone of shale on the banks of the river Esk has been found to possess extraordinary palaeontological value. From this stratum, where exposed for a few square yards by the edge of the river, a large number of new organisms has been exhumed by the survey than has been obtained from the entire carboniferous system of Scotland for years past. As a whole, the remains are in an excellent state of preservation. Indeed, in some instances they have been so admirably wrapped up in their matrix of fine clay as to retain structures which have never before been recognized in a fossil state. The more important treasures from the shales of Eskdale and Liddesdale are fishes, crustaceans, and arachnids. Dr. R. H. Traquair, the eminent palaeontologist, in his report on the fossils, points out the extraordinary interest of the collection, both as opening up an almost entirely new fish fauna, and as revealing remarkable peculiarities in the structure of many of the new forms. Out of twenty-eight species of ganoids, no fewer than twenty, at least, are new. Of the sixteen genera in which these species are comprised, five are now for the first time added to science, of which one (Tarrasius) is altogether so peculiar that no place can be found for it in any known family. The common forms of the Lothians are conspicuous by their absence in Eskdale and Liddesdale. These facts suggest interesting problems in carboniferous geography and in ancient zoological distribution. Associated with the skeletons of the fishes are the remains of some new phyllopod and decayed crustaceans, which have been worked out by Mr. B. N. Peach, the acting palaeontologist to the society. One of the most interesting features of this great find, however, is the abundant and often admirably-preserved specimens of scorpions, which have enabled Mr. Peach to work out in detail the structure of this interesting creature, the father of all spiders, doubtless. In anticipation of the publication of Mr. Peach's description, Prof. Geikie gives some notes on the subject. Mr. Peach finds that these palaeozoic forms differ in no essential respect from the living scorpion so far as regards external organs. He has recognized in them every structure of the recent form, down even to hairs and hooks on the feet. The sting alone has not been certainly observed, but that it existed may be inferred from the presence of the poisonous gland which Mr. Peach has detected in the fossil state.

Morsels for Sunday Contemplation.

All things are artificial for Nature is the art of God.

WHERE preferment goes more by favor than merit, the rejected have more honor than the elected.

Dangers are no more light, if they seem light; and more dangers have deceived men than forced them.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know what you know not.

The world usually pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, they push him up; if going down, they push him down—gravitation, however, making the speed greater on the decline.

YET even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.

We see in needle-works and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye.

Affected despatch is one of the most dangerous things to business that can be. It is like that which the physicians call predigestion, or hasty digestion; which is sure to fill the body full of crudities and secret seeds of disease.

He that questioneth much shall learn much and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give the occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge.

The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must ever be well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginning of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes; and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed.

From "Patience" (A Long Way).

"A lady-daa curl young man—
A cheap cigarette young man—
A very flat hat-try,
Brainless and chattery,
Hard in the cheek young man."

IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.—"Marquis, come with me to watch the sunset."
The Marquis (smiling). "Thanks—no: I saw it yesterday."