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WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
The water brims the creek, and falls;
A cottage, weather-stained and brown,
Lifts at the brink its time-worn walls.

Beneath the lowly window-sill
A little bank of blossoms gay
The wandering airs with fragrance fill,
Sweeten the night and charm the day.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
From the low window's humble square
A woman in a faded gown,
With care-dimmed eyes and tangled hair,

Looks out across the smiling space
Where golden stars and suns unfold;
Blue larkspur, the pied pansy's face,
Nasturtium bells of scarlet bold—

She sees them not, nor cares, nor knows.
A man's rough figure, noon and night
And morning, o'er the threshold goes—
No sense has he for their delight.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
In that dull house a little maid
Lives lonely, under Fortune's frown,
A life unchildlike and afraid.

To her that tiny garden plot
Means heaven. She comes at eve to stand
'Mid mallow and forget-me-not
And marigolds on either hand.

They look at her with brilliant eyes,
Their scent is greeting and caress;
They spread their rich and glowing dyes
Her saddened soul to cheer and bless.

The tide flows up, the tide flows down;
Within, how base the life, and poor!
Without, what wealth and beauty crown
The humble flowers beside the door!

—*Celia Thaxter, in Atlantic Monthly.*

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want to know how I came to hev Caleb, when I knew jest how he used Nancy, his first wife. Wall, I'll tell you all about it.

You know Dan'l left me pretty poorly. I had two little children, and what ter dew I didn't know. The mortgage was ter run out in about a year and a half after he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's to get ter school. Brother John wanted me ter give them ter him an' he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with 'em when the old farm was took away from me?

One day when the time was near out, I was hoein' the beans one side of the fence jinin' Caleb's cornfield. I tell yer, Hannah, I never felt bluer in all my days. I'd allers lived an' worked a farm, an' couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to come of me I didn't know.

"Purty good hoen' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I. "I've done enough of it since I was left alone. Practice makes perfect," we used to write in our copy-book when we were children, an' I couldn't help heavin' a sigh.

"Wall, Emmerline," says he, "your'n seem to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoeing an' I need a woman ter see ter my house, an' if your agreed we'll hitch horses and work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that'll do as Nancy did." (Thinks mysell, an' you'll never find another that will, either.) "So, what d'ye say, Emmerline?"

P'raps I didn't think o' nothin' for the next few minuits. It all flashed over me in a second, what an unfeelin' man he'd allers ben. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the housework, an' a good deal belonging ter him ter dew, an' he was stingier than an old miser, tew.

I knew he was a smart man to work, was forehanded an' was able to live in good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'l was just the opposite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'l, but kind o' shiftless an' easy, an' it allers worried me ter have things going so slack. Sez I to myself, a body can't have everything; there's allers some douts, an' a poor man's better'n none. So I speaks right up an' I sez:

"Caleb, we've been nabors for many a year. I know your failins' an' spose you know mine; an' so, if you say so, all right; p'raps we both might do wuss."

Wall, ter make a long story short, we agreed to the business right off. Caleb said that it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower nowadays, and as he wanted ter go deown ter Bangor to see about selling his wool, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used to work for him) lived about half way, an' we could stop there both ways and not cost us anything, he thought we'd better go. His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time. Brother John lives there tew, you know, an' I'd made up my mind that I'd bring home the children.

An' so I did; but Caleb he was orful sot agin it, but sed, "of course they can come and make a visit;" an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him yet.

We stayed about a week an' got home along in the afternoon all right. The next morning' I woke purty early, an' I sez to myself: "Courage, Emmerline, now or never." I kept still, for Caleb was still a snorin', but bime by he fetched up an unairthly snore that wak't himself up, an' when he sees as it was gettin, daylight he nudged me, an' sez he:

"Wake up, Emmerline, Emmerline, its broad daylight; come, come, get up, we shan't have any breakfast ter day."

I was orful hard ter wake, but after a while I managed ter, an' while I was a rubbin' my eyes I sez, "Got a fire, ain't ye, Caleb?"

"Fire!" sez he, "No, I never build any fires. Nancy allers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, cool as a cucumber. "So did Dan'l."

I turned over and went to sleep again—or at least I thought I did.

Wall, he wiggled, and turned and twisted, an' he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, and when the sun rose an' shone inter the bedroom winder, he got up an' built the fire. An' there wasn't no kindlings nor a stick of wood, an' he had to skirmish in a lively way and get some.

After the fire got to cracklin' in good shape I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I most died lyin' abed so long, but, sez I to myself, "ef I make the fire now, I'll prob'ly hev to do it in cold weather, an' I won't do it for any man."

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him, an' he got over it. The next day he was ter begin hayin' an' he had six men to help him. I had ter do all the work, an' take care of the milk an' churnin', an' it was no fool of a job. Come time to get dinner, an' there wasn't a sliver of wood cut. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old) out in the field to tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in looking savage, and wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I—

"I want some wood ter burn."

"Wall," he sez, "there's a whole woodpile out there. Help yersef."

"An' not a stick split," sez I. "You will hev ter get a bigger stove to burn that."

"Wal, it ain't such a hard job to split it," sez he. "Nancy used tew, often, when I was bizzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Dan'l."

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want to be called in out of the mowing field again unless 'twas for victuals.

"All right," sez I.

The next day 'twas the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I, "Old fellow, you ain't got Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little something that p'raps ye don't know." So when it was dinner time I blowed the horn, an' in comes all seven of these men an' sets down at the table. Sich 'stonished lookin' faces as they viewed the grub. The biscuit and the pertaters, an' meat, an' vegetables, and everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a thing was cooked.

Caleb looked blacker'n a thunder cloud.

"What does this mean?" sez he.

"Means what it means," sez I. "You said yest'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field unless it was for victuals, and here they are."

"Nice shape, tew," sez he.

"Wall, I can't cook 'thout wood," sez I, dryly like.

With that all seven of 'em started for the door, and they never left that pile until it was ready for the stove. I never was bothered for wood again.

A few weeks after I wanted some money purty bad. I wanted to send Johnnie and Nellie back to school, an' I was bound that they should have some clothes fit to wear. I asked Caleb a number of times to let me hev some, but he made all kinds of excuses. I didn't tell him what I wanted of it, mind ye. So one day along comes a peddler buyin' butter'n eggs. I had considerable on hand that Caleb was intending to carry into the city when he had time. So I sold every pound of butter'n eggs I had in the house. I got nigh on to twenty-five dollars for 'em.

When Caleb come home I told him I had sold the butter'n eggs.

"Heow much did you git?" sez he.

I told him.

"Where's the money?" sez he.

"I've got it," sez I.

"Wall," sez he, "Nancy allers gives me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs."

"Did she?" sez I. "And so did Dan'l."

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'l every time. He found that I was powerful sot in my way, an' he thought he might as well let me have my own way, and so he sez:

"I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by nobody."

When he wouldn't let me hav what money I wanted, I'd sell somethin' every time. I so'd two tons of hay one time, when I knew he only had enough to winter his critters. So, on the whole, he found that I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaved quite decent.

I told him not long ago that he was growin' clever.

"Clever?" sez he. "I rather you'd call me a dog-goned fule than clever."

But I notice he has improved, an' lay it ter his trainin'.

Indian Superstition.

A very extraordinary occurrence took place recently at the Anahuac rancheria, eight miles south of Julian. It appears that an unusual mortality has prevailed among the Indians for several weeks, and a "medicine man" was sent for to find the cause of the plague, and if possible to suggest a remedy. On the arrival of the savant he declared that two of the Indians at the rancheria, Antonio and Jose, were wizards, and should be put to death by hanging, to appease the wrath of the evil spirit, as soon as the proper arrangements could be completed. The intended victims were then summoned to appear before el capitan, and in his august presence acknowledge their guilt and signify their willingness to die, that the rest of the tribe might live. On receiving the summons, however, Jose and Antonio disappointed el capitan and the sage by coming to San Diego with all possible haste, and appeared before the authorities, who instructed them to return to Julian, search out a warrant for their chief and the medicine man, and have them put under bonds to keep the peace. As nothing further has been heard upon the subject, it is supposed that the sacrifice has not taken place, and the gods are still unappeased.—*San Diego (Cal.) Sun.*

How Bruin Hugged a Busy Saw.

"Talking about funny things," said a big, bronzed, bearded man in the reading-room of an uptown hotel, "the funniest thing I ever heard of happened in my saw-mill out in Michigan. We used a heavy upright saw for sawing heavy timber. One day not long ago the men had all gone to dinner, leaving the saw, which ran by water power, going at full speed. While we were away a big black bear came into the mill and went nosing around. The saw caught his fur and twitched him a little. Bruin didn't like this for a cent, so he turned around and fetched the saw a lick with his paw. Result: a badly cut paw. A blow with the other paw followed, and it was also cut. The bear was by this time aroused to perfect fury, and, rushing at the saw, caught it in his grasp and gave a tremendous hug. It was his last hug, and we lived on bear steak for a week. When we came up from dinner there was a half a bear on each side of the saw, which was going ahead as nicely as though it had never seen a bear. This is a fact, so help me, Bob," and the big lumberman bit off a fresh chew of tobacco.—*New York Tribune.*

THE TRADE IN LEECHES.

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY WHICH STILL FLOURISHES.

Gathering Leeches for the London Market—How they are Caught and Kept—Applying Leeches.

Of the two firms in London—and there are only two—to whom the foreign leeches are consigned from Hamburg, one practices as a dental surgeon and the other sells pipes, tobacco, and other trifles. Both are of sufficient standing to recall the great times of indiscriminate blood-letting, when, whether the patient suffered from a black eye, a headache, a liver or a heart, he lost a couple of ounces of blood and was declared to be better. Now scarcely one is used where a century ago a hundred flourished, and the sixpenny leech of even so recent a date as 1860 has fallen to something less than a half-penny at wholesale price. No completer proof of the popularity of the leech with the early practitioner can be afforded than by the fact that the verb "to leech" means to treat with medicine and to bleed, while the doctor himself, even so late as the days of Shakespeare, borrowed the name of his favorite instrument of healing. The slender, meagre, hungry leech comes from Turkey, within a radius of fifty miles of Constantinople, and from Buda-Pesth, where the country people bring them in, like watercress, by thousands from the ditches, and sell them to the dealers. They are found there in all ditches and ponds, and wherever there is pure running water, weeds for shelter and muddy banks and bottoms. They are, as a rule netted in nets prepared with bait, though we are also informed that it is not rare for the hardy peasant to walk bare-legged through the water and strip them off as fast as they can adhere to the calf. However they are caught—by plain, honest fishing or by human artifice—from Buda-Pesth, without distinction of age or size, they travel to Hamburg, where they lie in vast pools or reservoirs until the time for their selection arrives. In these reservoirs they lie generally for a year, and during all that time, if they are properly cared for, they should receive no food, or rather no more than they can find for themselves in the water. But this is a rule that is not always observed as it should be, for there are many merchants who give them blood, and some liver, and some, so that all tastes may be satisfied, the entire body of a horse thrown among them, with the result that on arrival in this country their appetites are fatigued, and they are found to need certain stimulants to performance. From Hamburg, when their time of probation is over, they are imported here direct in bags and boxes, and at the back of the surgery in Pentonville, or among the pipes and tobacco of Houndsditch they lie in shallow earthen vessels tightly covered with gauze or linen, the halting stage on the way to the wholesale druggist and the hospital. With the importer they rarely tarry for more than four or five days, but are sent out almost as fast as they come in in small wooden boxes similar to those used by fruiterers for honeycomb. From the wholesale druggist they pass again to the chemist and apothecary, and when the perils of travel and the variations of climate they go through are considered, the intending purchaser must not be surprised if he finds himself asked a sixpence for an animal that cost the first dealer a shilling for a couple of hundred. Many die on the voyage, and many in the short time they remain with the importer, and though in theory the selected leech will stand an extreme of heat or cold, many of the five-and-twenties and fifties ordered by the chemist, carefully treated as they are, do not live to fulfill what seems to be the sole reason of their existance—that of drawing blood. The leech should never properly be applied more than once, and can be applied anywhere. It fills in about a quarter of an hour, and will absorb altogether from forty to eighty-five grains of blood, or in all about half an ounce. There is an ingenious instrument known as the artificial leech, one occasionally used, but now scarcely ever met with. It consists of a small, sharp steel cylinder worked by a spring, with which a circular incision is made, and with an interior glass cylinder capable of being exhausted by a piston worked by a screw. It is not a good instrument, and is, as we say, not used now. There is a specimen to be seen in the museum of the college of surgeons among the "surgical instrument series." In England there is a less powerful species commonly found, though now never used. It is known as the horse leech, from its habits of attacking the membranes lining the mouth and nostrils of animals drinking at the pools it haunts. It is in its way venomous, and, when applied to the human subject, inflammation, leading to erysipelas, has been known to follow its bite. There must be something in our waters unfavorable to the growth and culture of the parasite, for not only is the indigenous leech useless and indeed harmful, but the foreign specimens which efforts have been made to acclimatize have never come to any good. Thirty years ago a prominent English firm projected and founded a farm at Norwood for the breeding and cultivation of the Turkish and Hungarian leech, but, either from ignorance of treatment or changefulness of climate, they all sickened and died, and the scheme collapsed.—*Cornhill.*

A Remarkable Class of Thieves.

The police of St. Petersburg have been for some time puzzled by the conduct of a remarkable class of thieves, who committed robbery not only in the open day, but, moreover, with ostentation. They were Finns, but were all young men. When arrested, they calmly pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from one to three months. At the expiration of the sentence, they promptly disappeared. It turned out that they had returned to their own country, and had there resumed their several avocations without loss of social position. The law of Finland forbids the enrollment in the army of any persons who have undergone imprisonment for civil offenses, so these enterprising Finns had deliberately sought imprisonment in order to avoid conscription.—*London Truth.*

Some natures are so sour and ungrateful that they are never to be obliged.—*L'Estrange.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A recent invention for the use of electricians is square wire, which is claimed to be not only mechanically but electrically better than round wire.

Dr. J. Milner Fothergill predicts a great future for malt as a food. Among other things, he commends lemonade made with malt instead of cane sugar.

The forests of the United States comprise 412 species of trees belonging to 158 genera. Of these forty-eight genera and sixty species are peculiar to Florida.

A vegetable leather, said to be fully equal to the animal product, is made in Paris from gutta percha, sulphur, raw cotton, zinc white, kolkothar, and oxide of antimony. The first two ingredients are necessary, while the other parts may be replaced by chemicals of similar character. The proportions are varied with the purposes.

Horsehairs immersed in water do not turn into snakes. The presence of what is called the hair worm (gordius) in pools of stagnant water by the roadside has led to this belief. This worm is a parasite inhabiting beetles, grasshoppers, etc. When full grown it leaves the insect and deposits its eggs in long chains in moist earth and water. When seen in the water its appearance is exactly that of an animated horsehair six or eight inches long.

In Sardinia, Sicily, and the region around Naples, large cork plantations are being destroyed in the improvident haste of their owners to realize profit from the superior quality of tanning afforded by the bark, and from the wood. The French have planted this valuable oak largely in Algiers, where there is now over a half million acres in good condition. The number of trees in Spain is also increasing. It continues to grow for 150 years, and reaches the height of some fifty feet. The wood is not valuable except for fuel. It is thought that the tree would thrive in California.

The dental processes familiar to us are not so new as may be supposed. In the museum of Corneto, on the coast of Italy, are two curious specimens of artificial teeth found in Etruscan tombs, probably dating 400 or 500 years before our era. The teeth were evidently taken from the mouth of some animal, and had been carefully cut and fastened to neighboring natural teeth of two young girls by means of small gold rings. The dentist's art was also applied to treating natural teeth in various ways, but the fact has hitherto escaped notice on account of the rarity of Etruscan skeletons.

The remarkable arrangement for breathing which insects possess is thus lucidly described: If we take any moderately large insect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can see, even with the naked eye, that a series of small, spot like marks runs along either side of the body. These apparent spots, which are generally eighteen or twenty in number, are, in fact, the apertures through which air is admitted into the system, and are generally formed in such a manner that no extraneous matter can by any possibility find entrance. Sometimes they are furnished with a pair of horny lips, which can be opened and closed at the will of the insect; in other cases they are densely fringed with stiff interlacing bristles, forming a filter, which allows air, and air alone, to pass. But the apparatus, of whatever character it may be, is always so wonderfully perfect in its action that it has been found impossible to inject the body of a dead insect with even so subtle a medium as spirits of wine, although the subject was first immersed in the fluid and then placed beneath the receiver of an air pump.

Car Wheels.

An official of the Pennsylvania railroad stated to a Pittsburg *Dispatch* reporter that there are fully ten million iron car-wheels in use on American railroads. That figure does not include the wheels on palace coaches and the better class of passenger coaches.

"How much iron does it take to make a wheel?" he was asked.

"About 525 pounds of pig-iron," he replied, "and about 1,250,000 wheels are worn out every year. But do not conclude from that that the iron men are called upon to supply the 312,000 tons of materials required to make the new wheels, because the worn-out wheels themselves supply about 200,000 tons."

"How long will a good car-wheel last?"

"Formerly it would last eight years. But now the reduction of railroads to a standard guage and the improvement in loading and unloading facilities keep the length of service down. This is because the uniformity in guage keeps the cars in more continuous use, and the improvement in loading and unloading facilities enables the cars to be put to more active service. The wheels on palace coaches and on first-class passenger coaches are known as paper wheels. They are made with a steel rim or flange, and iron hub, but the web is composed of sheets of paper cemented together. They combine lightness with strength."

A Royal Ratcatcher.

I once met a chimney-sweep who prided himself on being a royal ramoneur on the strength of having the contract to sweep the chimneys of St. James palace. But I was not aware until last week that there is a proud individual who can claim the title of "Royal Ratcatcher," or shall I say "Ratcatcher in Ordinary to Her Majesty." Since Buckingham palace has been virtually uninhabited by royalty rats have so multiplied that it has been deemed advisable to appoint a ratcatcher for the palace. This official now receives pay at the rate of £8 per annum, though whether, like other loyal servants, a special livery has been devised for his use deponent knoweth not.—*London Figaro.*

A Panama Hat.

The famous Panama hats are all made in Guayaquil, Ecuador, and get their name because Panama merchants formerly controlled the trade. They are made of the pita fibre, a sort of palm, and are braided under water by native women of strands often twelve and fifteen feet long, and fine ones are very expensive. It often takes two or three weeks to braid a single hat, which sells for five or six dollars, and lasts forever. A traveler speaks of one made of a single straw or fibre, as fine as thread and soft as silk. The woman who made it was engaged four months in the work, and it was valued at $250.

The Coca Plant.

We owe many things to Peru, so many, in fact, that were it not for them it is an interesting question to study out what condition our race might occupy at this day different from that of the present. The Peruvian silver turned a numerous emigration to the shores of this continent, while the Peruvian cinchona kept alive the newcomers who might have died of the coast and other fatal fevers which met the unacclimated adventurers. Peruvian guano has enriched England and France through the prosperity of agriculture, and we owe a great debt of gratitude for the same gift. And now we have a new medicinal agent which promises to become as notable an anæsthetic for local application as ether or chloroform have been in other ways. This plant has long been known from its uses among the Peruvians, who have been addicted to it as a pleasing and moderate stimulant and intoxicant. The leaves are rolled up with a little lime in them and are chewed. The saliva, which is swallowed, produces slight intoxication and a strong inclination to rest. As the native workmen take their coca four times a day the prolonged rests which it encourages are serious drawbacks to their industry. As a set off against this, however, it is claimed that the laborer can perform a great deal of labor by the help of this stimulant with very little food. The same claim we think has been made for beer and other alcoholic stimulants.

The new use of coca, however, is of the greatest importance to the human race. By a chemical process an alkaloid, or its active principle, cocaine has been separated from the leaves. This drug has the property of producing local insensibility to pain upon any part of the body to which it is applied. The cocaine has been chiefly used in serious operations upon the eye with great success; but its use in the treatment of General Grant has brought it into greater notice and has popularized its name and reputation. It is exceedingly costly, having been sold for several dollars a grain, and its costliness prevents its use, excepting in rare cases. The plant is a small shrub about five to eight feet high, which bears thick evergreen leaves. The form of the leaf is an ovoid, prolonged and narrowed at the base. The shrub grows in the mountain districts, where it is cultivated in plantations for the leaves, which form an article of domestic commerce, and are sold in a dried state for a dollar or more per pound. The first crop of leaves is picked when the shrub is five years old, after which an annual gathering is made. The leaves are now imported into Europe and America, and the traffic promises to become important and the value to increase largely for some time at least, as new plantations are of slow growth. It is quite probable that the plant would grow successfully in some portions of the United States or Mexico or Cuba, and the supply be largely increased. Its known value and the probability of its successful culture in the United States gives it a general interest, especially to the farmers of Florida and Southern California.—*New York Times.*

New Jersey's Subterranean Forests.

"If you want to see something curious," said a friend who was a member of a government survey, "go down with me to Woodbine." Four miles beyond Woodbine, out on the sand stretch of old sea bottom or beach, that is termed the Cape May peninsula, we came upon Dennisville, where all the Dennises of all time had evidently settled.

"We're all in the loggin' business, said a tall, thin Dennis, yet as far as the eye could reach not a tree could be seen standing that would make even the ghost of a fair log. "They're 'underground. We dig for them, or spear them, as you might say. Here's the tool," and stepping into a low hut he brought out a crowbar that, like everything else, seemed attenuated, and was stretched out into a long, slender-pointed rod. "We wade along," continued the man, "and probe with this feeler, and when we strike a log we feel around, and if it's a good one we dig her up, and if it ain't we let her soak: that's about the way of it."

"So, down in Jersey you burrow for your logs?"

"That's about it," replied the man. "You know, we're obliged to be a whit odd or so; we've got the name of it, onnyhow."

"The secret of this business," said my friend, the geologist, "is that ages ago all this area was covered with a fine growth of large trees, and the same are found growing in some parts of the swamp yet, but they have died out and fallen down and sunk into the soft mud, and so been covered up by mold and mud, until many other layers have grown over them; but in some remarkable way the wood is preserved and these sunken ancient logs are just as good for shingles and other articles as they were when alive; hence for many years there has been a steady hunt for them, and Dennisville is a result of the industry. To the botanist the tree is the evergreen white cypress, and the numbers that once grew over this swamp and that have been entombed are beyond conception. The trees upon or near the surface are the only ones available and fortunately are the best, but far below there are probably myriads of others turned to stone and representing the past geological ages of the earth. The logs were worked out by the men who are nicknamed 'Swampoodles,' and who live in the midst of the malarious district all their lives. When a log is found a ditch is made about it, into which the water soon flows. A great saw is then applied and the roots removed, and as a rule the log will rise to the surface and can be cut up and carried off, though in many localities the shingles are made right on the spot and dragged over the swamp on roads in many cases made of boughs and twigs. This curious business is not confined to New Jersey, but over in Delaware and Maryland there are similar swamps, where the shingle business has been carried on for years. One of the swamps in Delaware extends over twenty-five square miles, and hardly a house in Sussex county but what is shingled from the ancient deposit.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The finest parasols are the black or cream satin covered with plaited gauze or real Spanish lace, with ivory or ebony handles and hammered gold or silver tops.

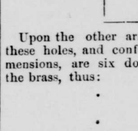
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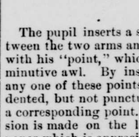
How They Are Taught to Read, Write and Play on Musical Instruments—An Interesting Study.

In a general way it is known that a blind man may be taught a few of the rudiments of learning, and to care for himself under certain limited circumstances and after a fashion. And it was not until the last five years that the education of the blind much exceeded those limits. During that time, however, progress has been made which puts the sightless nearly on a plane with those whose sight is perfect. The educated blind man of the period not only reads and writes, but he does so with unerring accuracy—fluently and well. He studies geography, with maps; astronomy, with sidereal charts and apparatus; and ranges at will through all the hitherto forbidden fields of natural science. Let a seeing man, if he can, read to him a sheet of music; he will transcribe it faster than it is read, and, taking it to a piano, will compel that instrument to give up a faultless interpretation of the notes. It is no uncommon sight in the neighborhood of a blind school to see a group of the pupils at a popular lecture taking notes which they will afterward transcribe at length in their rooms. There are actually thousands of persons in Illinois, who never saw the light of day, carrying on an untrammeled correspondence in characters which are neither English, nor Hebrew, nor Chaldaic, nor cuneiform—nor anything else than the "blind alphabet." Blind men teach their seeing friends to do this in order that they may correspond as other people do.

These splendid results have been achieved by means so simple that the wonder is that they were not known long before. Until recently the blind pupil received all instruction orally. Everything was read to him for the ample reason that he could not himself read, excepting in the old-fashioned "raised-letter" literature, of which there was comparatively little in existence, and which, as is generally known, was traced with great labor by the ends of the blind man's fingers. This he could read, but, necessarily, he could not write. It was to overcome this defect that the existing "point systems" were invented. These are two in number, the "New York point" and the "Braille point," between which there is only a technical difference. Taking the "Braille" by way of illustration, the blind man's writing outfit consists of paper, a "slate," and a "point." A "slate" is best described as two narrow strips of brass, folding together something like a pocket rule. In the upper arm are punctured two or more oblong holes like this:



Upon the other arm, under each of these holes, and conforming to its dimensions, are six dots indented upon the brass, thus:



The pupil inserts a sheet of paper between the two arms and begins his work with his "point," which is simply a diminutive awl. By inserting this awl at any one of these points the paper is indented, but not punctured through, with a corresponding point. Thus an impression is made on the lower side of the paper which is appreciable to the touch. It will be seen that this system of six points admits of a practically unlimited number of combinations. Upon these combinations are based the alphabet, the Arabic numerals, musical notes, or any other character in common use in any literature. Thus .: expresses one letter, :. another, and so on. As his characters are written in the reverse, the blind writer begins at the right and works backward, as in Hebrew.

By these means the blind writer attains a very creditable speed, varying, of course, according to his individual talents. For purposes of ordinary correspondence he uses common note-paper and makes an impression that suffices for one or two readings before it is obliterated by contact with the fingers. For more enduring matter a special, heavy paper is employed.

From writing to type setting was but a step, and there are now very few blind institutions not provided with a composing room and complete outfits of types, cases and other paraphernalia, which are brought into requisition to print anything required. Blind printers, pressmen and binders do all the work.

Maps for the blind, geometric figures and all similar devices are easily made by raising the boundary lines and indicating cities, points, etc., by brass pegs. The eagerness with which the pupils seize upon these means of supplying their great defect, their great desire to learn, and their grateful appreciation of what has been done for them compensates in a great measure for their lack of sight. Instructors of the blind delight to dwell upon the facile disposition and talents of their pupils, and exhibit evidences of their work which teach the lesson clearly that intelligent philanthropy has done much to take away the sting of one of the greatest of physical bereavements.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Weighing a Hair.

"To number the hairs of your head is not a very difficult task," the refiner of the assay office said. "A very close approximation can be made by weighing a single hair. The weight of the former divided by that of the latter will, of course, give the desired number. If you will pluck out a hair from your beard I can show you."

A long and straggly one was accordingly detached, the refiner putting it on a scale, which was enclosed in a glass case, and graduated with extreme accuracy. With little weights of aluminium he piled up one arm, until an equipoise was reached. The hair weighed three milligrammes. "If you reduce this to figures," he said, "it would require 8,000 hairs to weigh an ounce, and supposing you have six ounces, you have 48,000 hairs."—*New York Sun.*

FATES.

When ships are buried in the sea,
And men greet death unflinchingly;
When, as in battle's bloody shock,
Death finds his prey firm as a rock,
Or when, between sob-echoing walls,
Wo's hardest blow on life's joy falls—
Death seems unmeet, heroic, or sublime.

The mourners give a fitting pall;
Fame crowns those who in conflict fall;
And waves chant dirges on the shore
For those who sail the deep no more;
These live in stone, or brass, or thought—
Half welcome death to lives thus wrought—
With fame complete, they merit deathless rhyme.

To bear a storm of lies and sneers,
And die for right bereft of tears;
In haunts of dire disease to walk,
Life pawned, death, visible, to balk;
To do and die, unheeding fame—
Tho' man may not, God marks your name—
Oh, grand and sweet these fates! They conquer time.

—*T. G. Le Moille, in the Current.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is the man with the most property that has the greatest will power.—*Lowell Courier.*

When a man is just about to sneeze you couldn't buy him off with a consulate.—*Boston Post.*

A camel sometimes lives to the age o 100 years. No wonder he has a hump upon his back.—*Boston Budget.*

"Nothing is impossible to him who wills," says a philosopher. No, nor to the lawyer who conducts the case.—*Boston Post.*

A grain of sand may be the germ of a new world, but a button in the right place does more good in the rushing present.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

A writer asks, "Why does the modern woman tire so easily?" One reason is that the modern woman usually has a modern husband to look after.—*Graphic.*

Her pa and ma were safe in bed
They'd gone to sleep with the birds;
The girl hung on to the garden gate,
Her beau hung on to her words.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Bell, the telephone man, has an article in the current issue of *Science*, telling how to avoid icebergs. We haven't read it, but one good way is to travel only by railroad.—*Norristown Herald.*

Professor Huxley calls a primrose "a coroilifloral dicotyledonous exogen," but he wouldn't do it if the primrose was able to hit back. Some men are terribly overbearing toward the weak.—*Boston Post.*

"Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is passed?" "No, your Honor," replied the prisoner, "my lawyer took my last cent."—*Scranton Truth.*

It is claimed that the highest faculty of language is to conceal thought. It may be, but when a man falls over a wheelbarrow in the dark, it seems to lose its grip somewhat in that particular.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Vermont paper, speaking of the fashion of making gold badges to represent kitchen utensils, asked how a gold gridiron would strike us. Very much like an iron one, perhaps, if we didn't dodge it.—*Binghamton Republican.*

At a recent social gathering an Oshkosh woman demonstrated that she could hold her breath two minutes. Within three days afterward she got nineteen proposals of marriage and an offer from a dime museum.—*Chicago Ledger.*

"Smith, why don't you get your diamonds insured?" said Jones. "Where can I do that?" innocently asked Smith. "At the United States Plate Glass Insurance Company, of course," and a coolness has grown up between them.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Nothing makes a man prouder than to find when he has got his garden nicely laid out and the seeds all in, that every hen within a mile of him seems determined to have a claw in the job, and to show him how she would have arranged matters if he had consulted her.—*Fall River Advance.*

Attorney-General Garland decides that an Indian cannot hold a postoffice. Not having a very loud voice in the matter, this paper will not criticise the Attorney-General's decision, but it does seem that a man who can hold a buck-jumping pony can hold almost anything.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

A NEW CONUNDRUM.

"Pray tell me the difference, dear,"
Said Edward to his lass,
"There is between a store cashier
And the teacher of a class?"
The damsel, smiling, said, "I will,
This difference you will find:
The store cashier he minds the till,
The teacher ti l's the mind."
—*Boston Courier.*

A War Incident.

Yesterday Major Toller, of Los Angeles called to see me, and in the course of a conversation it came out that he had at one time been a resident of New Madrid, Mo. I remarked that I knew something of the place, as I had been with Pope when he made the attack on that place in the earlier part of the war. Major Toller explained that he was one of the gunners in the rebel battery posted below the city, and he asked if I remembered any striking incident in connection with the work of that battery. I did. I remembered it well. I remembered that one day there came a shot from that battery that entered the muzzle of one of our own guns, causing an explosion that broke the gun into fragments and killed several men.

Major Toller remarked: "I remember the incident as well as you, and I have better cause to remember it. I fired the shot myself, and there is a story about it. One day there came from the Union battery a large shell, that struck without exploding very near our own battery. I picked up the shell, and, seeing that the fuse had not burned out, I said that I believed we could arrange the fuse and return the shell with our compliments to the battery that had fired it. This was done. I aimed the gun myself, and we saw by the commotion it created in the Union lines that something extraordinary had occurred. Afterward we learned the particulars. A few days afterward the commander of the forces came to our quarters, and for the firing of that shot promoted me to Major."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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