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THE DESERTED ROOM.

The fire flames leapt about the logs,
As in the days of old;
About the silent room they played,
In chequer work of gleam and shade.
The Persian carpet on the floor,
Showed its dimmed beauty as of yore;
The portraits from the walls looked down,
And eye and lip in smile or frown,
The tale she taught them told.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth:
The cricket sang its song;
The ivory notes she loved so much
Lay waiting for her wakening touch;
Her own, or sister flowers, drooped
Where the great crimson curtains looped;
And by her chair her favorite book,
Its place, mute pleading for her, took
To rest, unopened long.

The fire flames leapt about the hearth;
A sense of something gone
Hung heavy on the listening ear,
That used her joyous voice to hear;
The echoes of the silent house
Waiting her flying foot to rouse;
It seemed as ghosts her brightness laid,
In the dull stillness woke and strayed,
And long-lo[illegible]spire won.

The fire flames leapt, [illegible] paled, and died;
And in the eerie gloom
Sad memories gathered round the hearth,
Where she brought joy, and youth, and mirth;
Sad fancies mingling with them said
Old tales of half-forgotten dead;
And baffled prayers and visions met,
With loss, and longing, and regret,
In the deserted room.

—*All the Year Round.*

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night!
Now the weary rest by right,
And the busy fingers bending
Over work that seems unending,
Toil no more till morning light—
Good night!

Go to rest!
Close the eyes with slumber prest;
In the streets the silence growing,
Wakes but to the watch-horn blowing.
Night makes only one request—
Go to rest!

Slumber sweet!
Blessed dreams each dreamer greet,
He whom love has kept from sleeping
In sweet dreams now o'er him creeping
May he his beloved meet—
Slumber sweet!

Good night!
Slumber till the morning light,
Slumber till the new to-morrow
Comes and brings its own new sorrow,
We are in the Father's sight—
Good night!

From the German of Theodore Korner.

"AS COMPANION TO A LADY."

"I'm very sorry, miss, but I'm only a poor woman myself, and if you can't pay the rent of this room, I don't see as you can afford the rent of the one up stairs."

Here the landlady rubbed her nose viciously upon her apron, and stared straight out of the very dirty window.

As this was evidently a challenge to me to reply, I said, as firmly as I could, a few words which brought out the reason for the woman's visit that morning.

"Am I to understand, then, that you wish me to leave?"

"If you please, miss, at the end of the week, for there's the gent on the first floor would like to have this bedroom."

"Very well, Mrs. Ruddock," I said; "I will find a room elsewhere."

"Thanky, miss," she said, sharply; and giving her nose another vicious rub, she left me to my thoughts—and my tears.

For I was weak, faint, and heartsick, and the coins in my purse had dwindled down; so that if I did not succeed in obtaining an engagement in a very few days I had no resource but to creep back to the country and avow my failure.

Just three months since, and we were all so happy in the little country vicarage; and, then, in visiting one of his people, my poor father caught a dangerous fever. While attending him my dear mother was stricken with the same complaint, and before three weeks had passed Minna and I sat in the little study alone, in deep black, for the struggle had been brief, and those we loved lay together in the green churchyard, and we were only intruders now in the little vicarage that had been our home.

We were nearly penniless, too, but a brother clergyman of my father's, quite as poor, came forward and offered us a temporary home till, as he said, some opening should occur for us.

I gladly accepted it for Minna; but for myself I was determined to try great London, and, unaided, battle for myself. In two years John Murray was to come back from Australia to fetch me for his wife, and till then I would be independent. So the day came at last when, with many tears, we two girls had to separate, and with aching heart I left the old Lincolnshire home, and reached the great dreary void of London early one afternoon.

I was not long in finding a place where I could stay, in the shape of a second floor front room in one of those heart-aching streets near the Foundling-streets that echo from morning to night with mournful cries uttered by vendors whose goods it is impossible to surmise, and with the dismal echoing tones of the various organs. So painful were these last to me, that often of an evening, when I have returned from a weary, disheartening search for an engagement, and sat alone and hungry, fearing to spend my money in anything beyond the tea and bread and butter upon which I existed, these doleful strains—cheering, maybe, to some—have had such an effect upon me that I have sat and sobbed till, utterly worn out, I have fallen asleep, to wake, perhaps, hours after, to find it very late, and crawl shivering off to bed.

As the weeks passed on and my advertisements and my fees paid to the various registry offices had been without effect. I used to crawl back to my room, growing more and more disheartened. I was always a plain, sallow-looking girl, and now in my fast-wearing black I began to feel that I was day by day growing more shabby and weary-looking, and that my feeble chances of obtaining a post were growing less and less.

I used to sit and ask myself whether I had tried hard—and I knew I had—but it was always the same. Whether I advertised for a situation as governess, or went from a registry office to offer myself as companion to a lady, it was always the same. I noticed a look of disappointment as soon as I entered the room, for I was neither pretty nor bright-looking, and my mournful black helped to sadden my aspect. It was always the same—the lady did not think I should suit her, and in blank disappointment I had to return.

And now it had come to this—that my landlady had grown as tired of me as the people at the registry offices, where I had more than once been told rudely that I was not likely to get a place as governess or companion, but had better look lower. That afternoon, evidently suspicious of my ability to pay, and perhaps disgusted with my miserable way of living, and afraid I should be left an invalid upon her hands,—she had—rudely, it seemed to me—requested me to leave.

In my present circumstances I was utterly prostrated by the news, for I dared not take lodgings elsewhere; and I could see nothing now but to sell a portion of my scanty wardrobe and go back to beg for assistance from my father's friend.

What a change! and how soon had my hopes of independent action been blighted! I was heartsore as I felt how that in that great city there was wealth being squandered and luxury around me while I was literally starving; for my poor living was telling upon me fast. What should I do? What should I do?

It was with weary iteration I had said those words and wept till tears came no more, and a dull, stolid feeling of despair had come upon me. I had almost shrunk away in the streets from the bright-faced, happy girls I passed, and at times I found myself asking what had been my sin that I should be thus punished.

I lay awake that night for many hours watching the light from the street lamp playing upon my ceiling; and at last, towards morning, the remembrance of words I had often heard came to me with a calm sense of repose, trust and restfulness, and I believe I fell asleep at last with a smile upon my lips, repeating a portion of that comforting sentence ending, "Are ye not much better than they?"

It was a bright, sunshiny morning when I awoke to hear some one knocking at my door, and hurrying on a few things, I answered.

"Ah! I was just a-going to take 'em down again," said my landlady harshly. "Some folks can afford to lay in bed all day; I can't. Here's two letters for you. And mind this, Miss Laurie; I never bargained to come tramping up to the top of the house with letters and messages for you."

"I'm very much obliged, Mrs. Ruddock," I said gently, as I took the letters with trembling hands, while, muttering and complaining, their bearer went down stairs. It seemed very hard then, but I believe it was the woman's habit, and that she was not bad at heart, but warped and cankered by poverty, hard work and ill-usage from a drunken husband, whom she entirely kept.

One letter I saw at a glance was from Minna, the other was in a strange crabbed hand; and I longed to read them; but exercising my self-denial, I dressed I lit my fire, and prepared my very frugal breakfast before sitting down and devouring Minna's news.

What right had I to murmur as I did last night, I asked myself, when she was evidently so happy and contented? and then I opened, with fluttering hand, the other letter, and was puzzled by it at first; but at last I recalled the fact that three weeks before I had answered an advertisement in the *Times* where a lady wanted a companion.

The note was very brief and curt and ran as follows;

"If Miss Laurie is not engaged she can call upon Mrs. Langton Porter, 47 Morton street, Park Village South, at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Thursday)."

"At last!" I said to myself joyfully, and with beating heart I prepared myself for my journey, for the appointment was for that morning

Just as I had pretty well timed myself for my walk a sudden squall came on, the sky was darkened, snow fell heavily, and in place of a morning in spring we seemed to have gone back into winter, for the snow lay thickly in a very short time, and the branches of the trees in the squares were whitened.

Weak as I was, this disheartened me, but I fought my way bravely on, and just at eleven rang timidly at the door of an important looking house, and was superciliously shown, by a stout, tall footman in drab livery, into a handsomely furnished room. Everything in the place I noticed was rich and good; heavy curtains hung by window and door, skins and Eastern rugs lay on the polished wood floor, and a tremendous fire blazed in a great brassfire-place, and the flames danced and were reflected from the encaustic tiles with which it was surrounded.

"I'll take your note in," said the footman, as I handed it. "You can sit down."

I preferred to stand, and as soon as I was alone I shivered with fear and cold, as I caught a glance of my pale, sallow face in a great mirror. Every moment I expected to see the owner of the place, but I remained standing wearily for an hour, and then I sighed and turned wistfully to look at the door, wondering whether the footman had taken in the note which I had given him as my passport.

I started, for close behind me, having entered unheard, was a rather plump tall lady in black. She was dressed as if for going out, and well wrapped in furs.

"Oh! you are waiting," she said, harshly, and a shade of displeasure crossed her face as she looked full at me till my eyes dropped. "There, Miss—Miss—Miss—"

"Laurie," I suggested.

"Yes, yes; I know," she said, sharply; "it is in my note. Pray, why in the name of common sense did you not sit down? Take that chair. Now, then, have you been companion to a lady before?"

"No, madam," I replied; and then in answer to her questions, all very sharply given, I told her so much as was necessary of my story.

"I don't think you will suit me," she said; "I've had misery enough, and I want some one cheerful and pleasant, a lady whom I can trust and who will be a pleasant companion. There, I'm sure there's not such a body in London, for the way I've been imposed upon is dreadful! I've had six in six months, and the number of applications I have had nearly drove me out of my senses. I've had one since you wrote me—a creature whose sole idea was herself. I want one who will make me her first consideration. I don't mind what I pay, but I want some one tall and ladylike; and you are not pretty, you know."

I shook my head sadly.

"Humph! Well" she went on, "you won't be so giddy and be always thinking of getting married. There, you need not blush like that; it's what all the companions I have had seem to think about. You don't, I suppose?"

"I am engaged to be married," I said, hanging down my head, "in a couple of years."

"Ho! Well, he mustn't come here, for I'm a very selfish, pragmatical old woman; and if I engaged you—which I don't think I shall do—I should want you all to myself. What is he?"

"A settler—abroad," I faltered.

"Ho! That's better; and perhaps he'll settle there altogether without you."

I looked at her indignantly, and she laughed.

"Ah! I know my good girl. I haven't lived to eight and forty for nothing. How old are you?"

"Twenty," I said, shivering, for her rough way repelled me, and I longed to bring the interview to an end.

"Why, the girl's cold," she said roughly. "Hum, twenty! Here, go up to the fire and have a good warm. It's dreadful weather. There, pull off your bonnet and jacket. Put them on that chair, and go closer to the fire; I've a deal to say to you yet, for I'm not going to engage any young person and have to change directly."

I obeyed her, trembling the while, for I was very weak; and she went on asking me questions and making comments.

"I don't like your appearance at all; you look pale and unhealthy. Not a bit like a girl from the country."

"I am very sorry," I said; "but, indeed, ma'am, I have excellent health."

"Then your face tells stories about you. You play, of course?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You're warm now. Go and play something. Can you sing?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then sing, too; and look here, Miss—Miss—Miss—"

I was about to tell her my name, but remembering the last rebuff, I was silent.

"Now, look here, my good young lady, how am I to remember your dreadful name? What is it?

"Laurie, ma'am," I replied.

"Of course it is; I remember it quite well. Now go and play and sing something, and mind, I don't want my ears deafened with fireworks, and the drums split with parrot-shriek bravuras. Sing something sweet and simple and old-fashioned, if you can," she added ungraciously.

I crossed the room and sat down to the magnificent piano, and for the next five minutes I seemed to be far away, down in the old home, as I forgot where I was, in singing my poor dead father's favorite old ballad, "Robin Adair;" while, as I finished, I had hard work to keep back the tears.

"Ro—bin A—dair," she said, as I rose, in a not unpleasing voice. "Now let me hear you read. I always make my companion read to me a great deal; and mind this, I hate to hear any drone like a school girl. Go over there into the corner of the window and stand there. Take that book; you'll find the mark left in where Miss Belleville—bah! I believe her name was Stubbs and her father a green-grocer—left off. Now then, begin."

She pushed a lounge-chair close up to the window and sat down with her hands in her muff, while I stood there, feeling like a school girl and ready to drone, as I began to read with flattering voice what happened to be Thackaray's most beautiful chapter—The death of poor old Colonel Newcombe. I knew my voice trembled at times, and a strange sense of choking came upon me as I went on battling, oh, so hard to read those piteous heart-stirring lines! But I was weak and suffering, I was faint with hunger and exertion, sick with that despair of hope deferred; at last the room, with its costly furniture, seemed to swim around before me, a cold perspiration bathed my face, and with a weary sigh I gave it feebly at the curtain

[redacted]

smiling at me, as she passed her arm around me and drew me nearer to her and kissed me, in a gentle, motherly way. And now this was too much, for I was weak and hysterical. I could fight against harshness, but her tender words and ways unlocked the floodgates of my grief, and I laid my head down and sobbed as if my heart would break.

An hour later, after she had literally forced me to partake of the breakfast that was ordered up, she sat beside me, holding my hand, and more than once I saw the tears steal down her pleasant face, as she won from me, bit by bit, the story of my troubles and my bitter struggles here in town.

At last I rose to go, trembling and expectant. Would she engage me? It was more than I dared to hope.

"Sit still, my child," she said, tenderly. "It has pleased God to make me—a childless, widowed woman—his steward over much wealth, and if I did not make this a home for one of his tempest-smitten lambs, I should be a worse woman than I think I am. Stay with me. We shall be the best of friends."

I stayed—stayed to know her real worth and to win her motherly love—stayed to find, when John Murray returned, that his love was greater for my sister than for me, and patiently resigned my love to her, and then battled with a long illness when they had gone together to the far-off home. But every day gave me a new lesson on not judging too hastily. That is ten years since; and I am still in my peaceful, happy home, though only "as companion to a lady."

THE FANDANGO.

HOW IT IS DANCED IN SPAIN—THE MUSIC AND THE DANCERS.

A contributor to the New York *Evening Post*, in describing the district around Malaga, Spain, writes as follows:—

On our return to the village we found it full of life and motion. There were to be two balls given in honor of the great national saint's day. There was a fine moon in a cloudless sky. Groups of idlers in gala dresses were walking to and fro, and from many a window lights shone forth, and the sound of merry-making could be heard. We proceeded first to the fonda or village inn. Here, in a dingy apartment, a small bar held forth enticements in the way of coffee, aguardiente, liquors, etc. to all who entered, and in close proximity the courtyard, its entrance decked with a solitary lantern, offered the scene of operations for the night. But the crowd was great, the region of the roughest, and the company of that lively, demonstrative class who might have tossed Sancho in his blanket in the days of old, and having broken his neck, thought of it afterwards as only a trivial casualty. We decided, therefore, to seek a less plebeian scene at the village schoolmaster's.

The school-room, where the aristocratic ball was to be held, was a long, low apartment, well lighted, and packed with young and old; about the open door loitered a crowd of riff-raff, over whose battered sombreros a boy on horseback craned his neck to see what was going on. At one end of the room stood the master's desk, and the walls were decorated with maps and samples of penmanship; at the other end shone resplendent the family fire-place, bright with suspended pots and pans and gaudy delf. As strangers, we were cordially received, and places given us in the front row of seats, at the very feet of the dancers. Now, one characteristic of a Spaniard is that if he cannot praise and boast of himself he will of his own friend, and so shine by borrowed lustre; and we had heard all day, to our infinite amusement, the explanations of our companion to his village acquaintances as to who and what we were—"Americans," he had emphatically announced, "from the great Republic." I learned that I had personally been Secretary to the President, and last, but far from least, that both of us knew Latin! To know Latin, is, in the estimation of a Spanish peasant, equivalent to being next door to heaven and first cousin to the parish priest. So it is easy to imagine how we shone!

But to the dance! The music on the present occasion consisted of two pairs of castanets, a pair of cymbals and a violin, accompanied by the singing of a stout woman in the corner, and the rhythmic clapping of hands, thrown in like a gratuitous blessing by the surrounding spectators. Immediately before us sat a number of pretty young girls, neatly dressed, and with those usual adornments of Southern women, magnificent black hair decked with flowers, and sparkling soft dark eyes. A young man occupied the floor, or rather the very small part of it left by the crowd for the performance of the dance, while another sat in reserve near by to relieve him when fatigued; for, though there were a dozen or more female dancers waiting to perform, there were only two partners to be divided between them. The fandango, or national dance of Spain, portrays the passion of love, and its successful rendition depends as much on the individual talents of the performers as that of a play upon its actors. The young man before us was of a fine athletic form, well displayed in his Andalusian costume, with a crimson scarf bound tightly around his waist, a velvet sombrero, a jaunty vest, and white stockings reaching from the tasselled knee, glittering with its silver buttons, down to his shapely feet. He stood a little while looking around with a bandit air, and then approached a young girl and signified his lordly will to dance. She rose, and they fell back into the middle of the arena. Then began the dance, for which the audience composed themselves with nearly as much anticipated pleasure as for a bull-fight. With castanets in either hand, and arms rising or falling at the moment's impulse, the dancers began swaying backward and forward, now advancing, now retiring in languid undulatory movements; sometimes there would be a sudden passionate start, subsiding into coy reluctance; sometimes a sweep around each other's persons, thus changing their point of attack or vantage ground; sometimes there would come a quick and impetuous movement of daring, entreaty, or coquettish allurement, relapsing into the wave-like dance charming beyond expression, while through it all the shrill, crude music shrieked and wailed, the beating of the hands told time, and sharp cries of Ola! Ola! rang through the room as the audience waked to the passion of the play, and the actors warmed into the true dramatic meaning of the dance. When, subdued by the mimic suit of her partner, the maiden touches his shoulders on either side with the tips of her fingers, the andango ends.

STEEL PENS.

HOW THEY ARE MADE.

Steel pens are manufactured from the best description of steel that can be obtained, that made from Swedish iron being usually employed in its manufacture. For making a steel pen, the metal is first rolled, while red-hot, into plates about three feet in length and four inches broad. The plates are annealed by being made hot and slowly cooled, and all oxide is removed from their surfaces by immersing them in diluted sulphuric acid, which dissolves it away. The plates are then rolled into sheets the thinness of a steel pen. These sheets are cut into pieces, and are afterwards punched out into flat pieces, the size and shape of the future pen, care being taken, in doing this, that the length of the pen should correspond with the fibres of the metal. The hole at the end of the nib, and the side slits that give flexibility to the pen are now made, and are cut at a small press. Although in its present state the steel of which the future pen is made is so soft that it may be bent between the fingers like lead, yet it is not sufficiently soft for the process it has to undergo before it assumes a perfect state, and then it is again softened by annealing. This is performed by again exposing them to heat and allowing them to cool slowly. When this is done, the name or trade-mark of the manufacturer, ornamental device, or other impression is stamped on the surface of the metal. Up to this time the future pen is perfectly flat; it is now made to assume its curved state. For this purpose it is placed in a groove beneath a press, and a convex die descending powerfully on it bends the metal in the required shape. The pens are hardened by exposing them to a white heat and then suddenly throwing them into a vessel of oil, any oil that may adhere to them being afterwards removed by shaking them in a cylinder. It is now necessary to temper the metal to the degree of elasticity required for writing. For this purpose the pens are placed in a cylinder closed at one end, which revolves over a charcoal fire; this process being not unlike the manner in which coffee berries are roasted. By being exposed to this heat the surface of the steel changes its color. It becomes a grey, a straw-color, a brown and, as the process is continued, a deep blue. The pens are then placed in a metal cylinder containing the powder from broken crucibles, sand, &c., and caused to revolve rapidly, by which means the surface of the metal becomes perfectly clear and bright. After this the backs of the nibs of the pens are ground. This is done by applying them for an instant, one by one, to the surface of a revolving wheel. Then the slit between the nibs is cut, by means of a small die press. The steel pen is now finished, and only requires to be colored brown or blue, by exposure to heat until it assumes the tint required. The pens are then varnished, by being dipped into shellac, dissolved with spirits of wine or naphtha, and exposed to a moderate heat to dry them.

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

HOW THE EMPEROR'S TROOPS ARE TRAINED.

A correspondent writes:

The broad outlines of German military economy, the principles on which the machinery of war are created, organized and set in motion are sufficiently well known. But we are less thoroughly informed about the training of the private soldier, about the processes by which a raw recruit is transmuted into an effective, integral, and automatic unit of the company and the battalion. It was just this matter which a staff officer in the Russian army—Colonel Kaulbars—was sent to Germany to study, and upon which he has lately published a report in a Russian official journal. The facts collected by him have attracted much attention from the French and English press, and a glance at some of them may aid us to understand the perfection of the German army as an instrument of combat.

The striking point of the whole system—next to the rigorous application of universal liability—is the short term of active service. From this principle the axiom is deduced that not a moment is to be wasted in stage effects, the flourish and strut to which so much time is given in an English barrack yard, the sole aim of training being to promptly render the conscript an efficient soldier in the field. Of the many divers ways, however, by which this conversion of the inexperienced civilian into the accomplished combatant may be compassed, the special method chosen by the instructor is a matter of absolute indifference provided the end be attained. The degree of independence and responsibility thus devolved upon the company commander is another remarkable feature of German military education. To illustrate the extraordinary freedom from interference enjoyed by the trainer of raw material, Colonel Kaulbars cites the case of a General whom he heard express to a captain a strong disapproval of the latter's method. The commander paid no attention to the stricture, and at the inspection of his company, which took place presently, came off with flying colors, whereupon the General owned his error and publicly congratulated the captain upon his superior sagacity. We are further told that sometimes two captains of the same battalion will be carrying out rival systems of training, their superior officers watching both without the slightest intervention, but leaving the question of fitness to the result of the inspection.

The country needs a supply of soundly drilled, but not elaborately finished soldiers, out of which to construct its battalions, regiments, etc., and to create these units is the captain's work. Accordingly, the recruit, on joining is handed over to the latter as a stick of green wood, to be returned at a fixed date as a pliant, seasoned, manufactured implement. Processes will be wholly disregarded; intentions will go for nothing; the authorities will look to results only, on which depend the present standing and future advancement of the manufacturer. But the captain, though responsible for the work, and compelled to expend an immense amount of thought, anxiety and trouble on a seemingly small field of labor, is not the executive; the chief instructor is one of his lieutenants, chosen by himself, the other trainers being taken from among the non-commissioned officers. It is the captain's duty, however, to teach these instructors how to teach; he has to provide not only for drill, but musketry, gymnastics and theoretical knowledge, there being no specialists in a German barrack yard to whom any part of the work is intrusted; the company officers do it all. In their turn these subordinate instructors, once chosen, enjoy substantial independence, and a faulty selection may therefore ruin a year's work. From this judicious distribution of responsibility it results that nowhere in the world does "awkward squad" training receive such strenuous and fruitful attention as in Germany.

From the time of a recruit's joining, which takes place in November, an old soldier or non-commissioned officer is told off as his compulsory companion; the conscript must deposit his money in the captain's hands, and give this officer a full accounting in writing of his past life, which, owing to the territorial system of enlistment, can be easily verified. Worked but lightly during the first few days, the recruit soon finds himself with little or no time at his own disposal, not less than ten hours a day being exacted for drill and instruction during the fourth week of service. This strenuous training goes on in the hands of the captain and his assistants, until the middle or end of February, when the first authentic test of the recruit's competence takes place. Throughout the German army, says Colonel Kaulbars, the inspection of the recruits forms one of the most important events of military life, exciting the liveliest interest, not only among the officers of each regiment, but of all officers in the garrison. It is conducted by the colonel of the regiment, in presence, however, of the General commanding, the army corps, and often of the Emperor, and everything is carried out with the utmost precision and formality. There is nothing farcical or perfunctory in these proceedings, as is too often the case in other countries. The inspection takes place during the actual course of instruction, and not after it is concluded. No time is lost in preparing for the inspecting officer before his arrival on the ground, nor is any special preparation possible, since no fixed day is set apart for the test, and notice of it is only given on the previous evening to those concerned. In a word, the scrutiny to which the German recruit is subjected is exhaustive, sharp and trustworthy.

The same shrewd expedient of localized responsibility and scrupulous non-interference with the specific officer in charge is adopted for each stage or period of instruction. As the commanding officer of the battalion does not venture to thwart or advise his captains, so no interposition or even suggestion is offered by the colonel of the regiment when the former is working companies together in battalion formation. But because the recruit has advanced a step in his education, he is not suffered to forget what he has already mastered, or to outgrow the automatic abandonment of self to the volition of his company commander, and, therefore, after he has begun to drill in battalion he still finds himself three days a week under his captain's hand in company work. It is by this unique combination of the development of individual initiative on the part of every officer, with complete self-surrender on the part of the private soldier, that the Germans have sought to make their army at once the toughest and most flexible of instruments, to adjust it to the onerous, intricate, and unforseen requirements of the modern battlefield.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

SOME INTERESTING STATISTICS.

Dr. Duncan writes:

"You ask a very practical question: 'How much should a person of a given height weigh—is there a standard between height and weight?' A healthy child, male or female, grows in length by more than one-half its size during the first two years; it increases from 50 cent. (19,683 inches) to about 79 cent. (31.10 inches.) It trebles or quadruples its weight—that is to say, it weighs 3 to 4 kil. at birth (equals 7½ to 10 pounds); 10 kil. (25 lbs.) in the first year; 12 kil. (30 lbs.) in the second.

"On the average, a child (from 6 months to 8 years) grows in length about 6 cent. each year (equal to 2.4622 inches); the weight of the body goes on increasing to the eighth year, rising in boys to 20 kil. (50 lbs.) and in girls to 19 kil. (47½ lbs.) From this age (8 years) until puberty boys increase in height 55 cent. (2.165 feet) each year, reaching, at the age of 12 years, a height of 138 cent. (over 4.52 feet), and girls 135 cent. (4.421 feet), on the average. Boys gain about 2 kil. (5 lbs.) in weight per year, girls a little more, so that in the twelfth year children of both sexes weigh on the average about 30 kil. (75 lbs.)

"From 13 to 20 years, youths grow some 30 cent. (11.8 inches), girls 20 cent. (7.8 inches). The increase of weight is even more rapid than before, reaching 58 kil. (145 lbs. in boys 18 years old, and in girls of the same age 51 kil. (127½ lbs.)

"In the 25th year, the man is 168 cent. (over 5½ feet) in height and weighs 63 kil. (157½ lbs.) while the woman is 157 cent. (5.15 feet) in height and weighs 53 kil. (127½ lbs.) Man in the 40th year attains his maximum weight, 63.6 kil. (158 lbs.) and then begins to loose flesh. Women continue to grow heavier, reaching about 50 kil. (140 lbs.) until the 50th year. Between 45 and 60, men become more corpulent and women rapidly grow older; in both, the size of the body diminishes." (Wagner.)

It is desirable for all persons, whether suffering in health or otherwise, to know, as near as possible, what the normal weight should be. We are indebted to the late Dr. Hutchinson for weighing alone 2,600 men at various ages. There is, indeed, an obvious relation between the height and the weight he so pertinaciously weighed and measured; starting with the lowest men in the tables, it will be found that the increased weight was, as nearly as possible, five pounds for every inch in height beyond sixty-one inches.

The following figures show the relative height and weight of individuals measuring five feet and upwards:

Stature.	Weight. lbs.
5 feet 1 inch, should be	120
5 feet 2 inches, should be	126
5 feet 3 inches, should be	133
5 feet 4 inches, should be	136
5 feet 5 inches, should be	142
5 feet 6 inches, should be	145
5 feet 7 inches, should be	148
5 feet 8 inches, should be	155
5 feet 9 inches, should be	162
5 feet 10 inches, should be	169
5 feet 11 inches, should be	174
6 feet, should be	178

—M. Babinet, of the French Institute, gave this test for distinguishing colorless gems from diamonds:—If a person looks through a transparent stone at any small object, such as the point of a needle or a little hole in a card, and sees two small points or two small holes, the stone is not a diamond. All white colorless gems, with the exception of a diamond, he held, made the object examined appear double. In other words, double refraction, whenever exhibited by a stone, is proof conclusive that it is not a diamond.

Varieties.

—The individual chiefly anxious to see the rule laid down is the schoolboy.

—The ladies of the higher class in Spain attend the bull-fights in far less numbers than formerly.

—The New York dairymen will hold a State association fair at Utica on the 14th and 15th of October.

—Almost the last words of Earl Russell were:—"I have made mistakes, but in all I did my object was the public good."

—Montana Indians are becoming more and more civilized. They are making rails, enclosing land and grinding flour.

—Mr. Mackenzie Wallace has won, by his book on Russia, the Langlos prize of 3,000 francs from the French Academy.

—One of three burglars recently arrested in a town in Ohio was discovered to be a young woman of 17, who has worn male attire for five years.

—It was decided in a Perthshire court in a case involving the legal kinship of relatives, that a brother is nearer of kin to a sister than is a father.

—A jeweller in the Paris Exhibition shows a necklace which purports to be a mixture of true pearls and false, and challenges anybody to single out the real.

—The grasses of the country are being analyzed by Professor Collier, of the Agricultural Department at Washington, to ascertain their nutritive qualities.

—Drought in certain provinces of Brazil has caused a severe famine. It is reported that in the City of Aracaty, 664 persons died of hunger between the 10th and 18th of February.

—Many European fetes were postponed by the death of King George of Hanover. The deceased monarch's fortune, which is "administered" by the German Government, is estimated at £2,400,000.

—Last year there were in Ireland 25,078 marriages, 139,498 births and 93,509 deaths; 38,503 persons emigrated, so that, without making any allowance for immigration, there was a gain of 7,486 in the population of 5,338,906.

—A steam saw and grist mill at Worthington, Minn., is run with twisted hay for fuel, instead of coal or wood, this device of the Mennonites being found to answer perfectly, being much cheaper than any other fuel and quite as good for heating purposes.

—According to the decision of a Liverpool court, the third officer of a steamer is bound to go aloft and bend sails, if so ordered by the captain, in the capacity of boatswain. For refusing to do this work the third mate of the Sirius has been fined two days' pay and sent to jail for a day.

—The duplex system of telegraphy has been introduced into England and applied successfully to the Wheatstone automatic instruments. On Derby Day between Epsom and London, in one hour, 219 messages were sent and 139 received, and probably a speed of 400 messages could have been attained had there been more to receive.

—It was not believed that the Paris Exhibition of 1878 would be a financial success, yet the Government Commissioners already feel that they are out of financial difficulty. The cost of buildings and maintenance is estimated at about $9,000,000, and a revenue of nearly $7,000,000, is already assured. The attendance has exceeded expectations.

—George Betts, a clergyman's son, aged fourteen, and a friend set out at Lansing, Mich., not long ago to spend an afternoon shooting at a mark with their loaded revolvers. Returning home young Betts, in a tragic manner, cried: "You villain, die!" and snapped his pistol at his companion, who told him not to do so again, as some one might get hurt. Betts then held the revolver to his own temple to show it was empty, fired, and fell dead.

—The corruption in the Russian army reveals itself daily in more startling forms as the examination at Odessa progresses. One colonel received from the Government 60,000 roubles for flour falsely said to have been blown away by a sudden storm. A general gave receipts for 30,000 imaginary tons of hay, and shared in the money paid for it. Five thousand tons of biscuits were found to have been made simply of plaster and sand. Receipts given by officers for sums varying from 30,000 to 50,000 roubles on account of mythical forage or provisions were exceedingly numerous.

—An Englishman named George Thompson recently had a terrible experience in the Alps, where he attempted to ascend the Faulhorn without a guide. He climbed up the mountain until he attained a position from which he dared not advance or retreat, and remained there five days and six nights, subsisting on such roots and herbs as he could gather. At last, growing desperate, he slid down the mountain on his back, and, more dead than alive, managed to crawl into a cottage, where he was fed and kindly cared for.

—At the Missouri State Prison, at Jefferson City, during the last six months of their term, prisoners that have been well-behaved are allowed to go out and work in the city as teamsters, laborers, etc. They are perfectly free, and are not under any supervision by guards. Of course at night they have to return to the penitentiary. While in the city they are not allowed to enter any stores or saloons; if this regulation is infringed they are immediately confined to the prison. Attempts at escape while thus working free from all surveilance have been very rare, for should they be recaptured, they have to serve a double term under more stringent rules and regulations.

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