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And say, with a sigh, "they were happy days,"
Just for the old love's sake?

Do you ever sit in the twilight, dear,
And think of that wintry day
When we met and parted and journeyed forth,
Each on our separate way?
I turned, and stood for a moment, dear,
And looked in your face, to take
Its memory far on my way through life,
Just for the old love's sake:
Just for the old love's sake, Sweetheart,
Just for the old love's sake. *

Do you ever think they were bitter words?
Their memory haunts me yet.
Do you wonder how you could say them all,
And wonder if I forget?
Yes, dear, my heart has forgiven them long,
Though I thought at first 'twould break;
And whenever I think, it is kindly still,
Just for the old love's sake:
Just for the old love's sake, Sweetheart,
Just for the old love's sake.

AND FROM SUCH A SOURCE.

A good many years ago the regiment to which I then belonged was quartered at Aldershott. After a long absence from England, spent on a parching rock in the middle of the Red Sea, bleak and dreary Aldershott seemed a very paradise. It was delightfully near London, too; leave was easily to be obtained; and a great part of my spare time, and more than all my spare money, was spent by me in the metropolis—spent, I am ashamed to confess, in riotous living and much disorder. Still, had it only been that, I should, possibly, like many of my brother officers, at the cost of much subsequent pain, and weariness, and pinching, have passed through my cycle of dissipation, and settled down at last; but, in addition to my youthful aberrations, I had a fatal predilection for games of skill and chance. I was the best whist-player in the regiment, and could hold my own with the crack players of the clubs; and had I stuck to whist, which, in my belief, never ruined any man who had a head upon his shoulders, I could have made a decent income out of my skill; but my moderate winnings at whist were swallowed up, and much more lost besides, at unlimited loo, blind hookey, hazard, and other kindred games. To crown all, I took to backing horses, and lost at that, I need hardly say. A long run of evil luck beset me; I had lost all my available funds, had mortgaged my commission to the utmost penny I could raise upon it, and found myself, at the end of the Epsom week, fevered and parched in body, in soul wretched and despairing. I had come to the end of my tether; I was regularly done up; life had nothing but evil in store for me. On the following week I should be posted as a defaulter on the turf; I should leave the army in disgrace, and such tidings would kill my old widowed mother.

It was Sunday night; I had been in London, trying to raise money, but uselessly; the Jews closed their fists to me. I only wanted a hundred pounds to pay my Derby losses; this achieved, I could sell out, and retire without open disgrace; but I couldn't raise it. One man offered me fifty pounds for my bill of two hundred and fifty pounds at three months, but I wasn't quite so mad as to take that; I might as well smash for a hundred as fifty.

My last sovereign was changed in paying my hotel bill on that Sunday night. I had a return ticket to Aldershott in my pocket, and a few shillings besides; nothing else in the world in the way of available assets. I think if I had been possessed of a five pound note I should have gone down to Liverpool and taken a steerage passage to America. It was the limited extent of my means which made me resolve to go back to my quarters at Aldershott, and appear on parade the next day.

The clock in the coffee-room where I was sitting showed half-past eleven as the hour of night; the waiter only was in the room, arranging his spoons and napkins in the buffet, yawning surreptitiously every now and then, quite indifferent to the problems which were agitating me. Waterloo Bridge or Aldershott? I must make up my mind quickly; another five minutes, and it would be too late for the one; the other was always open.

"Waiter, a hansom!" I shouted all of a sudden in a tone which made the man jump.

At that time there was a train which left—not Waterloo, but some station a little distance down the line; it might have been Vauxhall, or possibly Nine Elms, I scarcely remember which—left the station at midnight. It was popularly known among us as the Cold-meat Train. Its passengers were dead bodies for the Woking Cemetery. The railroad company, ever solicitous to accommodate the public and turn an honest penny, had, for the convenience of the camp, affixed to this train one first-class carriage. After leaving the dead bodies at Woking, the carriage was run on to Farnborough, whence you could walk to camp, if you had not been prudent enough to order a fly to meet you.

The hotel servant who ushered me to the cab got a handsome gratuity for his pains. It was my leave-taking of the world of pleasure, and I was too insolvent to be careful about little matters. The cab sped me quickly to the station; but the clock at the hotel had been slow; as we passed under the railway arch, a premonitory shriek from the engine overhead warned me that the train was on the point of starting. I stopped the cab at the bridge, and ran quickly up a narrow flight of steps which led directly on to the end of the platform—known only to the initiated; the train was moving on, but I had just time, despite warning shouts of guard and porters, to open the door of the last carriage and jump in. The other compartments of the carrige I noticed were lighted, but this one was dark; that didn't affect me, I didn't want to read. I took out a box of wax matches and proceeded to light a cigar. As the glow of the match lit up the interior of the carriage, I saw in the corner a long dark object, quite black, and yet with some little metallic gleam about it; it was a coffin, reared up at the farther side of the carriage, a board being placed behind it, against which it leaned. As I looked steadfastly at the coffin, it appeared suddenly to glow with a faint radiance. Every nail and every plate upon it began to gleam with strange mysterious light. Bah! it was the moon. We had just left the clouds of London behind us, and the great round moon, rising out of river-mists, cast her glorious beams right athwart us. But I turned away from her in disgust. What was the beauty of the night to me—a ruined spendthrift—the scorn and laughing stock of the world! The black coffin on the other side was a more congenial companion to me. I lit another match, and read the inscription on the plate: "William Heath died 25th May, 18—, aged twenty years."

The hair on my head rose in a mass; my heart ceased to beat. My own age, and the very date of the day that was now just born!

It chimed in, too, did this inscription, so mysteriously with that impulse I had felt the whole day—a turning to self destruction as a means of escape from all the degradation of life. I would accept the omen. I carried with me, a practice I had acquired in the East, a small American revolver which fitted in my waistcoat pocket. It would kill at twenty paces, and would give me my mittimus easily enough. I drew it out and placed it against my forehead; then it struck me that the ball, after passing through my head, might pass also through the partition dividing the compartments and strike some one in the next carriage. I turned, therefore, my back to the window, and again placed the muzzle of the pistol to my forehead. Again I withdrew it. There was no hurry. The train did not stop till it reached Woking. I could not possibly be disturbed. I wanted a signal: the whistle of the engine, as the driver sighted the red lamps at Woking, should be the signal for my departure from the world.

"Yes," I said, aloud, turning upon myself, as it were, in a sort of frenzy—"yes! the moment the whistle sounds, William Heathcote, you shall die."

I have said that the rising moon was shining brightly into the carriage, full upon the coffin, and upon the mysterious inscription. I don't think I really believed that this coffin had any tangible existence. It might be but the production of my own fevered brain, but none the less, on that account, was it a veritable warning of my doom. Looking up, however, to see if it had indeed disappeared, I saw no longer the coffin-lid, but a white shrouded figure, a pallid, corpse-like face, the eyes of which, in the moonbeams, shone upone me with a sepulchral gleam.

For a moment, I thought that I had indeed passed into the land of shadows; that I was a disembodied spirit, looking upon my own mortal remains; and the thought that I had ceased to be an individuality, and had become the mere shadow of a thought, struck such a chill terror and horror to my soul, that every other impulse of it was lost in an eager effort to resume my individual existence.

I came to myself with a deep gasp, digging my finger-nails into my palms. Ah, the joy of that moment, after the torture of the struggle back to life! Life—ragged, miserable, it might be, but still dear life—how precious it seemed! how unfathomably deep, below the utmost wretchedness of being, was the dread abyss of non-existence! Shadows! I defied them.

"Come forth, old mole!" I shouted to my double in the coffin. He came forth. As I live, he stepped out of the coffin, seated himself opposite to me, and laid a finger on my arm—laid a finger on my arm, and leaned forward to speak in my ear.

"Mercy, mercy," shrieked the figure, in a voice that pierced the roar of the train, then thundering over a bridge. "See!" cried the figures, slipping a paper in my hands; "keep it; keep it; only don't betray me."

Whew-w went the whistle of the engine, shrieking, as it seemed, close into my ears. I turned my head for a moment: the moon had just passed into a cloud; the figure had vanished; the coffin still stood in the corner, dark and grim. The train slackened, stopped.

"Jem," said a voice—that of the guard's—"there's a body in that middle first-class coach; there's some parties coming to meet it with an 'earse."

"All right, Jack," said another voice; "they've come to fetch him. Bear a hand here, will you? Oh, Lord!" shouted the man, as he saw me sitting in the corner. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir. I hope you aren't been annoyed, sir? Jack, what did you mean by putting the gent into this compartment?"

"I didn't," growled Jack; "he must 'a got in by hisself."

"All right," I said, getting out and stretching myself on the platform. "I'll get into the next carriage. No bodies there, are there?"

"D'ye call me nobody?" said Pat Reilly, looking out of the window. "Jump in, Billy, me bhoy! I've cleared out the rest of the company; ye'll introduce a little fresh capital into the concern."

What a contrast to the scene I had quitted was the cheerful, lighted carriage, with its occupants, all brother-officers of mine, smoking, chaffing, and playing loo on a rug stretched over their knees! Surely the whole of the previous scene had been a dream, or could it have been an incipient attack of D. T.? not brought on by drink, indeed, for I was not given to that, but by irregular habits and stress of mind.

It wasn't till I had reached my own hut at Aldershott, that I thought of the paper which the ghost had given me, and which, in my delirium, I had imagined I had thrust into my waistcoat pocket. Here was a test, at all events: if there was a real paper, bearing signs of its ghostly origin, then I was still sane, and the apparation I had witnessed was not a delusion of the brain.

In the corner of my waistcoat pocket was a crumpled piece of flimsy paper; I unfolded it, and found it a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds.

From that time I was an altered man. I paid my gambling debts; confessed all my embarrassments to my friends, who lifted me out of the mire; never touched a card or a die; studied for the Staff College; passed a good examination; went to Sandhurst, came out with high honors, and having a little interest at headquarters, got an appointment as commissioner, to watch the operations of the American War of Secession, on General ——'s staff.

It was at the close of a bloody but desperate battle, or series of battles, which resulted in the retreat of the army of the South, that I visited the field-hospitals at the rear of the army, in search of a friend who had been wounded during the day. The doctors and attendants were too busy to pay any attention to my wants, and I walked down the long rows of hastily improvised couches, trying to recognise my friend.

Scraps of paper, on which the names of the patients had been hastily scrawled, were pinned to the coverings, and I started as I read on one, "William Heathcote"—my own name. The man appeared to be sinking from exhaustion, but he brightened up when he heard the tones of a friendly voice.

I knelt down beside him, and asked if I could do anything for him.

He nodded his head. "You're English?" he whispered.

"Yes, I am."

"So am I. If you should be in the neighborhood of Bedford, and should be able to hear of an old man named Heathcote, a retired draper, will you tell him his son died in a creditable way? I was a disgrace to him, sir, when I was alive; but when I am dead, perhaps he'll think kindly of me again. I'll tell you my story, sir. I was a rogue—I was an undertaker, but I was a collector of taxes too; and I entered into a conspiracy to defraud the government. It came out; but I had warning in time. I shammed dead, and got away in one of my coffins with all the swag. They wasn't very keen after me; I don't know why; but just at the last moment I thought they'd have me. A detective followed me right to Working; but I squared him with a hundred pound note, and got clear away to America by the Southampton packet. It never prospered me, that money; and I got lower and lower, till I listed as a soldier, and here I am! I'm getting tired sir. Don't forget Bedford—Heathcote, retired draper."

I passed on in wonder and astonishment; and, if I must confess, a little disappointed and disenchanted. I was no special care, then, of any overruling Providence, as I had fondly deemed myself. My wonderful warning and deliverance was a mere affair of chance and accident. As I passed the man's couch again, he lay on it stiff and stark and dead.

On my return to England, I made inquiry of the officials of the revenue department, and found there really had been a fraud of the kind in question, that the collector implicated in it had died suddenly—by suicide, it was thought. As to the defalcations, the defaulter's sureties had paid a part—one of them, his father, having been sold up in consequence—and the rest had been paid over again by the parishioners he had defrauded.

So I found out the old man at Bedford. He was living with a daughter, in abject poverty, and I paid to him the hundred pounds with compound interest. To him I seemed a celestial visitant.

The Cold-meat Train is now a thing of the past, I believe. A luggage train carries belated officers back to camp; but, to this day, I confess that I always prefer to pass Woking in broad daylight, and that I carefully look inside the carriage before I enter it, I desire no more Loans from the Dead.

Cutting and Polishing Diamonds.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds is supposed to have originated in Asia at a very early period, but was first introduced into Europe by Louis Berquen, of Bruges, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He accidentally discovered that rubbing two diamonds together caused an abrasion of their surfaces, and from this soon deduced the art as it is now practised. The process of polishing and cutting, as I observed in Amsterdam, is very slow and tedious, nearly every part of it, from the delicacy and exactness required, needing to be done by hand. The preparation of a single demands two months of continuous labor; and the famous Pitt or Regent diamond underwent two years of constant manipulation before it was complete. In the mills one diamond is employed upon another, each being cemented into the ends of a handle, and a model of lead being taken of the gem to be cut, which determines the faces. The stones are then rubbed together with a strong pressure, and held over a metal box with a double bottom, the upper bottom being perforated with small holes, through which the diamond dust falls. The dust is of such value that it is very carefully collected, and, after mixture with vegetable oil, is used for polishing the gem upon a steel or cast-iron plate, which is made to revolve rapidly, sometimes by steam, as I have said, but generally by means of a tredle. The diamond powder is also used for cutting. It is placed upon a steel wire or saw, and this, drawn swiftly backward and forward, makes the required incision. When a large piece of the stone is to be removed, it is occasionally done with a fine chisel and hammer; but this so increases the danger of breaking or destroying the gem, that it is rarely resorted to. No kind of work can be nicer or more difficult, for the workman must thoroughly understand the character and peculiarity of diamonds, and must have an absolute knowledge of the cleavage planes before he can be trusted with their manipulation.

How to Make Scrapple.

In New York a discussion exists as to the cost of living. A lady housekeeper sends the following:

Get a young pig's head (fresh) weighing five or six pounds, which can be bought for twenty-five or thirty cents—"one from the country preferred." Clean it well, cutting off the ears to enable you to clean them well inside. (Get the butcher to take out the eyes and teeth when you buy it.) Put the head in two gallons and a half of cold water. Let it boil until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Chop the meat very fine, put it back into the liquor it has been boiled in, and season with pepper, salt, thyme, sage and sweet marjoram. (Don't put too much of the herbs.) Then take equal parts of buckwheat and corn-meal, and stir in until the compound is about the consistency of mush; lifting it off the fire while thickening, to prevent it getting lumpy. Then let it boil for about fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring it to prevent burning. Turn it into pans to cool. Cut into thin slices, and fry brown as you want to use it. The cost will be about fifty cents. For that sum my family of five grown persons have plenty for breakfast every day for a week. As my husband is, as he calls himself, somewhat of an epicure, and decidedly objects to an uninterrupted course of beefsteaks and chops, which mainly comprise the range of Bridget's bill of fair for breakfast, I have several domestic dishes, the result of a long experience in housekeeping, which I will be happy to furnish at some future time, as I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your valuable space.

The Western New York Poultry Association opened their second annual exhibition under the most flattering auspices. The collection of domestic fowls and other birds was admitted to be the finest exhibition in the section of the country. Over $2,500 in prizes were offered, and the attendance was large.

Two miners were frozen to death, at Helena, Montana.

A Reform Needed.

It is through the unequaled management of the French women of all classes that France now, despite its enormous losses in the recent war, is showing resources which amaze all Europe, and seem to rank her as the richest country—or at least the country of best distributed wealth—under modern civilization. Every family has been trained to save, and, in the middle class, to make a tasteful appearance on small means. This is, of course, only done through careful management and judicious self-control. A *rentier* in Paris who sees an expensive play, dines that day on a bowl of bouillon, will, on the next day have a stylish dinner—in both cases keeping within the exact average expense apportioned to each day. The German woman succeeds in the same department, but with much severer labor. She trusts more to work than to management. She saves by doing with her hands a great deal which an American woman gets done. She is contented, too, with less show for herself; and her main extravagancies are in dinners and out-door pleasures. The German matron has, moreover, an immense advantage over the American, in escaping two of our heavy expenses—carriage hire and cost of education. Whatever else is dear in Germany, these two are always cheap. The market supply of teachers—whether in music, art, or science—is always beyond the demand, and thus the teaching of children costs little. For some inscrutable reasons, also, hacks and carriages are remarkably low-priced in German cities. Rent, too, in French and German cities is less than in ours, but then you get much less with it. The same comforts in New York and Berlin would not now cost so very differently. Still this does form a marked advantage with the Continental housekeeper in making both ends meet on a small income.

The grand reason, however, of the superiority in this matter of the foreign house-lady, we are convinced, lies in the fact that she looks closely after her kitchen. She sees waste at once; she detects thieving or giving; she can direct the application of each odd and end; she knows immediately if grocer and butcher and tradesman are putting down wrong items, or are overcharging. The mere fact of her overlooking the kitchen checks a great deal of petty jobbery. The kitchen being on the same floor with the drawing and bed-rooms, puts the Continental housekeeper at once on a vantage ground. Probably our basement kitchens sink a good deal of our incomes. We doubt if most American housekeepers make a study of house management. The immense gain in the winter season of wholesale purchase of meats; the laying in of wholesale groceries, and careful watching of them; the using of provisions, and checking of waste, are not much known in practice to our American matrons. It is true that, owing to the democratic spirit of equality, the middle class here aim often at a style far beyond their incomes. And in the matter of dress and furniture, all classes are extravagant. This general style cannot easily be varied from. Yet with all this, and under all our disadvantages, and with a taxation eating out our means, skillful financiering ought to enable our families to lay up one-fifth of an income of five thousand. The reform must begin with our women, who, in American society, are absolute. They must be trained, as girls, more to accounts and house-management, and not be kept in such charming ignorance. And they must set the fashion of more moderate display in dress and house furniture, and show that highest business faculty of the cultivated lady, the power of producing effects of beauty in the homes by small expenditure of money.

A Trinity Tombstone.

Tender interest clings round an unpretentious and almost undiscovered tomb, in Trinity Church yard, which is seen by but few; it lies so close to Broadway that it may almost be touched from the sidewalk. All old New Yorkers at least will recall the melancholy story of a young and most beautiful girl, who, nigh upon a hundred years ago, was taken from a boarding-school by a British officer of high rank and by him betrayed and deserted. Discarded by her friends, she with her child were found by her father in wretched quarters, both at the point of death. The heart-broken parent was just in time to receive her last sigh and to close her eyes for ever. The pitiful story was written out in book-form, and was dramatized and played in every theatre then in the country, thus becoming familiar as household words to thousands who had no personal knowledge of any of the parties. Years thereafter the officer made such tardy reparation as he could, by placing a stone table with an expensive silver head-plate over the remains of his dead victims. This silver plate has been wrenched off and stolen by sacrilegious thieves, and now all that remains to mark the last resting place of these unhappy ones, is a plain brown stone slab, lying level with the paved walks in Trinity Churchyard, and bearing but these two words,

"Charlotte Temple."

Peanuts.—The peanut, which is so popular a commodity, has one peculiarity of growth which distinguishes it from all other known plants. The flowers and leaves are produced as they are in other plants of the pea or bean tribe; but when the flower has withered, the stem which supported it grows rapidly in a curved manner, bending toward the ground, into which it penetrates several inches. In this position the fruit becomes ripened; and from this singular operation the peanut has derived the name of "earth-nut" in Europe. This nut is a valuable article of food in many tropical countries, and is extensively cultivated. Formerly it was largely imported; now we depend chiefly on the crops from Virginia and the Carolinas. It contains a large percentage of clear yellow oil, which is largely esteemed for domestic purposes, and is frequently used to adulterate olive oil. In Cochin China and in India peanut oil is used in lamps.

How they do it.—A printing office in Chicago is selling to anxious whiskey bummers the following blank form: "Permit,—Permission is hereby granted by me, the lawful wife of —— ——, and I declare and witness by my own signature that my husband has the perfect right and liberty to drink, and as often as he chooses to drink, and I hereby relinquish all the claims arising therefrom. —— ——. [L. S.]"

Automaton Reminiscences.

A large proportion of our readers have probably seen or heard of the automaton chess-player which was exhibited throughout the United States some years ago. To such, and to others, the subjoined reminiscences, which we find in a late translation from the French, will be found interesting:

Maelzel and Mouret as partners, were exhibiting at Amsterdam before the king and court. The king had announced his intention of having a game of chess with the automaton. The day arrived. Maelzel occupied himself with the decorations, to give the greatest *eclat* possible to the coming contest between the king and the machine—"a mere machine, gentlemen!" The exhibition was ordered for 12:30 and as 12 o'clock sounded, his accomplice not being in the dressing-room, as was always his custom, Maelzel stepped across the street to the hotel to hurry him up. Imagine his surprise to find poor Mouret in bed, covered to the nose with the blankets.

"Goodness gracious! What do I see? What is the matter?" cries Maelzel.

"Oh, I've got a fever!" coolly replies Mouret.

"A fever! How so? You were all right at breakfast!"

"Yes; but this has come on since like a clap of thunder."

"Well, but—Why, the king is coming, man alive!" greatly excited.

"Oh, he will have to go back!" cool as a cucumber.

"But what can I tell him?"

"Tell him the automaton has got a fever.

"Oh, quit your joking, and get up!" imperatively.

"Ah! but I can't," decidedly.

"Why, we have never received more money for one exhibition."

"I know; but you can give it back."

"The devil you say—I'll run for a doctor."

"No; that useless."

"Why? What can I do? Is there no way to break the fever?"

"Oh! now you talk. Yes; there is a way—one way."

"Tell me the way."

"*Pay me that thou owest!*"

"Oh, well—is that all? Yes; so I will, when the soiree is over."

"No sir! I must have it here."

"Now?"

"Before we begin. I want the 2,000 francs that was paid you this morning."

"All of it?"

"Just that and no more—and no less, Then I will play and not till then."

"Maelzel looked the little man in the eye, but determination was written there. This was evidently no time for excuses. He had the money, and his partner knew it, and, besides, was only asking what was his due. He looked at his watch; it marked 12:15, and His Majesty, who was known as a model of punctuality, would be there at 12:30.

"He took out his pocket-book from his breast pocket, and counted out the four notes of 500 francs each, with a groan.

"The cure was marvelous to behold; for, as soon as Mouret's hand closed on the money, he jumped out of bed, *full dressed, boots and all!*

The artful dodger had been watching for Maelzel from the window, and when he saw him cross the street had just time to pop into bed.

"The soiree came off as appointed, and never had the automaton seemed to play with deeper inspiration. The king did not move the pieces himself; he simply counseled his Minister of War, who played for him, but the coalition was completely routed in two games. The defeat, however, was put wholly on the shoulders of the Minister.

"Had they won, it would have probably been the king who was the victor!

In this same city, a few days afterwards, ended the travels of the machine in Europe. The partners separated, the best of friends, and Maelzel began his preparations for a tour in the New World, the details of which were ably recited in the *Chess Journal*, formerly edited by Paul Morphy and published in New York. Schlumberger, a German, and a very strong chess player, directed the movements of the machine, and the secret was undiscovered, except by some boys in Baltimore, who, not having the cash to pay for an admission, climbed upon some sheds overlooking the rooms in the, rear and were so startled upon the conclusion of the exhibition to see a little man in shirt-sleeves hop out of the machine, that they nearly broke their necks in their efforts to get away, and, upon reaching home, repeated what they had seen.

These facts were published by a Baltimore newspaper, but Maelzel had the good sense to buy its further silence, But their fate was more especially settled by some of the leading New York and Boston papers, who took them up *of their own free will*, and combated them as "the most preposterous ideas ever put forth, and worthy of the childish minds they came from," and the machine continued to be considered "the greatest mechanical triumph the world ever saw!"

Oh! most learned pundits!

There was one thing among the numerous instructions which Mons. Maelzel invariably gave his accomplice that deserves to be remarked.

"If any one, at any exhibition, should cry *fire*," said he, "don't you be in the least bit alarmed. Depend upon me. I will get *you* out safe, if I die in the attempt.

Upon this point he was always extremely urgent and his reason for it was this: In the course of his travels he had arrived one day at a little town in Germany, where a celebrated prestidigitateur, the Professor Anderson of that day, was giving his exhibitions.

The automaton soon eclipsed the lesser humbug, and he, in pique, jealous of the superior power of his rival, who caused his audiences to become "small by degrees and beautifully less," closed his doors one fine afternoon, and went to see the wonder, determined, if possible, to discover its secret.

Fifteen minutes in its company, and this skillful manipulator of humbugs saw through the veil and knew there was a man in that box.

Where he was concealed he couldn't say, but he knew *he must be there*, and seconded by a friend, he raised the terrible cry: "Fire! Fire! Fire!"

One can judge of the terror spread in the audience, and of the immediate rush for the door, but strange to relate, the automaton, too, partook of the panic, apparently, for the most frightful noises came from its bowels, and a perfect succession of thumping and kicks, as though it was trying to break loose from itself, while Maelzel stood aghast—stunned speechless.

His surprise, however, was only momentary, and was caused by the fact of a catastrophe he had never prepared for staring him in the face, menacing him with ruin, and demanding an immediate remedy.

Recovering his presence of mind, he pushed the automaton quickly behind the screen, and then proceeded to reassure the audience, who, by this time, seeing and smelling no smoke, had begun to think it a false alarm, but whose attention heretofore had so luckily been occupied with themselves and their means of escape that they had not minded the antics of the machine.

The ruse of his rival, thus promptly met, did no harm, and the field of battle was left in quiet possession of the greater light, but Maelzel often said he could afford to pay that man handsomely, for he showed him the only defect in his machine.

The Town of Sitka, in Alaska.

The village contains forty or fifty houses. The population consists of one thousand Indians and two thousand dogs. Of the dogs, all but one are of the same sharp-eared, wolfish type seen among the Indians of the plains. The exception was a bandy-legged, lop-eared cur of civilized breed, the only one among the two thousand that showed a lack of civility by barking at our heels. The houses much more resemble the semi-subterranean abodes of the Laplanders and Esquimaux than the wigwams of American Indians. Like the oak described by the American poet, they extend as far into the earth as above it. Some of them are from twenty to thirty feet square, and built of very wide cedar planks, many of them more than four feet across, worked out by these rude people.

We entered several. Creeping through apertures, both square and round not more than three feet in diameter, we descended flights of steps into the large single room. In the centre of each a fire was built on the ground, and in the centre of each roof a hole, out of which passed a small portion of the smoke, the most of it remaining for the benefit of the salmon hanging over our heads, and to make sore eyes for the inmates. The whole inside is floored, except the fire-place in the middle. On both sides are the sleeping-places, covered with skins and blankets, and in some instances separated by low partitions. In the rear, and on shelves below the dormitories, were stored potatoes and dried salmon in small bales, covered with matting. Their largest potatoes are the size of a hulled walnut.

The ladies beautify their complexions with soot and red paint, and still further enhance their charms by wearing a bone through the upper lip, the size of which is increased from year to year until, in some of the old ones, it attains a width of two inches. An Indian lady thus adorned, with her coarse, black uncombed locks hanging in matted profusion around her beautiful pig eyes and lop ears, is only resistible to those whose affections are thoroughly preoccupied. The delights of courtship must be doubled by the pleasant aroma of salmon which prevades the premises and, I have heard, their persons.

Among them the crow ond the raven are held sacred, and fly around their abodes undisturbed. They live mainly on fish, and have a monopoly of the trapping. There is but one white trapper in the country, and he is at Cook's Inlet, six hundred miles west northwest. He came down to Sitka once to go to Lodiak. Learning that no vessel would sail for a month, and growing tired of the place, he said he would take "a little walk." He started with his rifle and a pocket full of salt, and traversed alone that mountain wilderness for three weeks. He had no covering at night but the skins of freshly slaughtered animals. He returned in good condition, and in answer to questions, boasted that he had lived better than his questioners.

The Extent of England.

Hon. James Brooks, in a letter from Calcutta, speaks as follows: England, once more, one everlasting England! That little sea-girt island has not only girdled the great isles of the world, and put its stamp upon them, but, here am I, in the portals of a great British East India Empire, the very magnitude of which is astounding. Think of it, over 200,000,000 of people, native and British in the Indian Government proper, under the British flag! Satiated with the very vastness of dominion here, the British Crown declines more land, and all the population it wants—nay, more, too, and refuses, actually, to be bothered with yet more! Think of the revenues and expenditures of this British Indian Empire, $260,000,000 of our money, incoming and outgoing, each year. Think of its immense army, 320,000 in all, of whom 70,000 are European soldiers, the others, Indians, under British officers, all! Think of a Christian Government over 110,000,000 of Hindoos, 25,000,000 of Mussulmans, 12,000,000 of Aboriginal Nothingarians, 3,000,000 of Buddhists, &c., &c.! What a medley of humanity to rule! What a mixture of laws, as well as of creeds, and of tongues, and languages! (There are sixteen, or more, languages that a British ruler ought to learn.) What a vast trade, some $250,000,000 of imports, and over $500,000,000 of exports! The little England at home, which governs all this vast territory, and these millions of people, dwindles, herself, into insignificance, when contrasted with this, her mighty Empire of the East.

A Hint.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him call on that lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoes fit neatly, and the hair is well dressed. And we would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness in a woman will ever be avoided by a well regulated mind. A woman cannot always be what is called "dressed;" but she may be always neat. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.

A Kiss.

Just one kiss: two faces met,
But the brows were knit and the cheeks were wet;
Just one kiss—then up and away;
But its mark will last for many a day.

Just one kiss and just one word,
Softly spoken and hardly heard;
Just one word that was said through tears,
And told the story of all the years.

Just one look from the deep dark eyes;
Just one grasp at a glorious prize;
Just one kiss—then up and away:
But ah! such a heavy debt to pay!

Facts and Fancies.

If you court a young woman and you are won and she is won, you will both be one.

A sarcastic young lady says that the most unpleasant things in nature are lovers and pigs.

"Where have you been since the cow kicked?" is a delicate way the Chigagoans have of referring to the late calamity.

During the last five centuries more than $250,000,000 worth of land has been washed away from the eastern coast of England by the encroachments of the sea. Holland has lost $500,000,000.

Titusville bridegrooms step upon hymenial platform, adjust the fatal noose, and swing off into that silent bourne from whence they can never return save by the Indianapolis or connecting lines.

The last subject discussed by a debating society was, "If you had to have a boil, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."

A gentleman riding in a Paris *fiacre* indignantly abused the coachman for driving so slow. The latter disdainfully replied: "Do you think that simply to please you I am going to spoil a pair of horses worth thirty-five francs."

The Chinese have a custom at their weddings which we protest is no improvement upon our own practice on those blissful occasions. Instead of kissing the bride the bridegroom and guests slap her gently on the mouth with their sandals.

It is a noticeable fact that in *elite* society flirting is not carried on in as great a degree as was formerly the case. It is indeed cause for sincere congratulation, as in most instances what was life and pleasure to one party was intense misery to the other.

A California Judge recently had a grocer brought before him for selling matches without stamps. He decided that the grocer had not violated the law which forbids "exposing for sale" unstamped packages, because the matches in question were sold from under the counter.

"I weeded my friends," said an eccentric old man, "by hanging a piece of stair-carpet out of my first floor front window with a constable's announcement affixed. It had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun at a pigeon-house. They forsook the building at the report.

A man stopping at a hotel in Richmond, Va., lately caused no little trouble by the reprehensive habit of walking about at all hours of the night. Having established the reputation of a first-class somnambulist, he walked off to an early train with his carpet-bag as naturally as though he had been awake, and left his bill unpaid.

The Offended Dandy.

I had quite a laugh in the park the other day. Not far from where I was lounging a gentleman was promenading, accompanied by a magnificient greyhound, while just in advance of him walked a well-known dandy. The gentleman called, "Bruno, Bruno!" The dandy stopped and looked around, but not knowing the gentlemen, quickly resumed his walk. Again the gentlemen called—"Here Bruno—come here!" Upon this the dandy turned, thus angrily demanded,

"What is your pleasure, sir?"

"With you—nothing."

"Then how dare you, not knowing me, thus address me on a public promenade?"

"Pray, sir—if I may ask—what is your name?"

"How, sir? Do you wish to insult me?"

"But will you please give me your name?" quietly pleaded the owner of the greyhound.

"There is my card, sir!" And the dandy handed forth a slip of pasteboard.

"Why," said the gentleman, reading aloud the letters upon the card, "this is *B-r-u-n-o-w*. You need borrow no further trouble, sir. My dog spells his name without the *w*!"

Greatness of London.

The population of London, according to the last census, is 3,883,000. This vast multitude is more than the combined population of New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco, Buffalo, and Allegheny City, Penn. To lodge these people, 777,000 dwellings are required, and the people consume annually about 4,480,000 barrels of flour, 420,000 bullocks, 2,975,000 sheep, 49,000 calves, 61,250 hogs, and one market alone supplies annually 7,043,750 head of game. This, together with 5,200,000 salmon, irrespective of other fish and flesh, is washed down by 75,600,000 gallons of ale and porter, 3,500,000 gallons of spirits, and 113,750 pipes of wine. To fill its milk and cream jugs 22,750 cows are kept. To light its streets at night 630,000 gaslights are required, consuming every 24 hours 22,270,000 cubic feet of gas. Its water system supplies the enormous quantity of 77,670,824 gallons per day, while its sewer system carries off 16,629,770 cubic feet of refuse.

Faille and Silk.—The palest tints of silk are most stylish. At the beginning of the season only fine failles, worth $5 or $6 a yard, were produced in the faint shadowy tints, but now cheaper silks marked $2.50 or $3, are shown in a pale rose, sky blue, light green, and the delicate ecru and cuir shades, that combine so prettily with rose and violet, and may be trimmed with either black or white lace. These cheaper silks, when lined, are quite handsome, and are so covered with tulle, grenadine, and muslin over dresses that their quality is not apparent.

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