AN OLD DREAM STORY.

One snowy winter night an English farmer named Robert Cartwright, sitting with his wife before a blazing fire of oak wood, fancied that he heard the faint bleating of a sheep outside his door, and, anxious for his flock, took his lantern and went to look for the poor creature. No sheep was there, however, but instead, close against the door-jam, a basket lined with wool and covered with a blanket, in which lay a very young child.

There were footsteps in the snow which led up to the door, and other steps which led away from it. Holding his lantern low, the farmer followed these until they ceased abruptly beside the margin of the river, which lay at the foot of his land. Lifting his lantern over his head, the good man shouted aloud half a dozen times: "Hullo!" he cried, "hullo!" but the deep silence of the winter night alone answered him. As he stood listening in vain, a shudder ran through his stout frame. His imagination pictured a young woman, trembling, unhappy, shame-stricken, who, having laid her infant at his door, had sped away toward this dark water to hide her woes within its bosom.

"Friends here!" he shouted again. "Friends here! Only friends!" But again he heard no sound, and after searching the banks carefully he returned to his cottage.

His wife, meanwhile, had taken the child to the fire and cared for it kindly. It was a pretty little boy, dressed in good and comfortable garments, and fastened about his neck by a cord was one-half of a very peculiar silver clasp or buckle.

It seemed evident that the clasp was intended to be a token by which the infant's identity might one day be proven, and the farmer's wife put it away carefully. Inquiries were made in the neighborhood, but they led to no discoveries, and the Cartwrights kept the child, though they did not deem it wise to adopt him as their own. He was kindly cared for, but brought up as a servant. He had been christened Roger and knew no other name.

As soon as he was old enough he was put to out-door work, and, though taught to read and write, was otherwise on a par with his fellow-laborers. He had never seen any place more elegant than the farm-house parlor, nor any dress more costly than that his mistress wore to the church on Sunday; yet his dreams, which he was fond of telling, were all of magnificence and splendor.

Often in his sleep he found himself in an elegant room, furnished in yellow satin. There were old portraits on the walls, and beautiful ornaments everywhere. Here he always saw a lady dressed in black, but wearing diamonds, who was very beautiful and often wept, and a gentleman who wore something on his breast—as he explained to Mrs. Cartwright, "like your best breastpin, but more sparkling," thus describing an order, as it seemed. He appeared always to be himself invisible, and once a man in livery, who had only one eye, seemed to walk straight through him without knowing it.

Mrs. Cartwright always believed that these dreams "meant something," but her husband laughed at the matter.

"Poor Roger is no nobleman's child," he used to say. "No doubt his mother drowned herself the night she left him here—poor soul."

So the boy's sixteenth birthday came, and on it he dreamed this dream:

He thought he was in London, and stood before a row of rough stone houses, which were plainly very old. Across the front were some raised letters, quaint and queer enough to puzzle him, but he made out the words "*Lady Armytage.*" Before him was one of the low doors with the number 10 on it, and at it stood an old woman with a black silk cap on her head, and a little black shawl over the shoulders of her purple calico gown.

She held something in her hand and showed it to him. It was a piece of a silver buckle.

"Bring me the other half," she said, "and I'll tell you a tale will please you."

Then the lad awoke, determined to go to London. He was so excited by the drama that he could scarcely wait until morning to tell it to his mistress, who, on hearing it, at once brought out the silver half buckle that she had kept ever since he had been left at her door, and vowed that she would go to London with him and see what came of this strange dream.

Together the woman and boy made the journey, and, after many inquiries and much wandering about the strange city, they learned that there existed in its very heart an old-time charity called, queerly enough "Lady Armytage's twenty four old wives."

Twenty-four old women, who had been reputable wives and mothers, were fed, clothed and lodged in these buildings—the funds for the purpose having been bequeathed by a certain pious Lady Armytage, long dead.

To this row of buildings the two country folk made their way, and the boy cried out with something very like terror when he saw the houses of his dream, and on one low door the number 10 that he had read in those very white letters. He knocked at it with trembling hand, and an old woman in a black silk cap, purple gown and a little black shawl, opened it at once. She made a courtesy such as humble English women give their superiors, and said:

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" and the boy staggered back against the door post, too faint to speak; but Mrs. Cartwright walked bravely into the poor little apartment.

"Dame," said she, "we've come a long way to ask you a little question. Have you the other half of a bit of a buckle like this?"

The old woman looked at her a moment and answered:

"I have, ma'am, and a parcel, too, for one that shows it to me. Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

Mrs. Cartwright seated herself, the boy drew near. The old woman went to a chest which stood in a recess, unlocked it and took thence a parcel, well tied up.

"There's two of us in this home always, ma'am," she said. "The last one died here. She was an old nurse-woman Hannah Glegg, she called herself—and in her last illness she was greatly put out about something that was on her conscience. Before she di-d she gave me a card, with a name and place on it, and this parcel. 'When I'm dead,' she said, 'not before, write to that place and say: "If you want the other half of the buckle, come to me." When any one comes, if they show you half of a silver buckle, give them this parcel.'

"It's all she said, ma'am. She died very soon. Of course I was upset, and when all was over, I found that, though I had the parcel safe, I had not the card, that was gone. I've been thinking to go to the minister and show the parcel to him, for it's full of writing, and there's a bit of a buckle in it, too. But it seems some one must have told you about it. I think it's yours by right, and I should give it over."

The farmer's wife was wise enough to keep her own council. She gave a gift to the old woman that made her feel herself paid for any trouble she had had, and took the parcel away with her. At the hotel where they stopped for the night the two anxious travelers read the paper it contained. It was to this effect:

"I, Martha Grey, who have been living in the city of London for ten years or more, under the name of Hannah Glegg, do hereby swear and affirm that sixteen years ago, being then employed as nurse for my Lady Marlowe, of Marlowe Hall, ——shire, I was desirous of punishing Lord Marlowe for trifling with the affections of my niece, Kate Grey, who died, as I know, of a broken heart, because of his lordship's fickleness—for he had no mind to marry a poor, ignorant girl, but only to make love to her—and being nurse to my Lady Marlowe, I contrived one night to steal the child and leave the place with it unseen; and, taking a boat, I rowed, with my own hands, stopped near the house of one Robin Cartwright, farmer, and laid the child at his door, and then departed as I came, knowing well that it would be believed that the mother who had left her child had drowned herself. Since this I have changed my name and lived unsuspected; but, being in dread of death, I now make confession, lest I be punished for the deed in the world to which I am going. The half of the buckle, which is in this parcel, will mate that which I hung about the child's neck, and my Lady Marlowe will know it well, since it is a family heirloom.

"This statement, I swear is true; I make it on my death-bed. MARTHA GREY."

Of course the poor boy who had been led so far by this strange dream, lost no time in going to ——shire, still cared for by good Mrs. Cartwright.

They found Marlowe Castle easily, and on entering it the boy's vision again came into the story, for the one-eyed footman opened the door for them. All was familiar to the young fellow. The stair way, the passages, the yellow satin drawing room—he had seen them all in his dreams. He had no doubt whatever that he stood in his father's home, or that his mother would prove to be the lady of the black robes and diamonds who had seemed so beautiful to him.

And this in fact was actually the case, the grief which the Marlowes had suffered for years on account of the strange disappearance of their child being well known by all the county. The letter and the clasp proved his identity, and the servant boy became the heir to a fortune and a title, and found parental love and tenderness at last. The story was not universally known, but it is carefully recorded in the private diary of Dennis Archer, then vicar of Marlowe church, who avers his belief in its truth.

What Volcanoes are Not.

"What is a volcano?" This is a familiar question, often addressed to us in our youth, which "Catechisms of Universal Knowledge" and similar school manuals have taught us to reply to in some such terms as the following: "A volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flames." This description, says Professor Judd, is not merely incomplete and inadequate as a whole, but each individual proposition of which it is made up is grossly inadequate, and, what is worse, perversely misleading. In the first place, the action which takes place at volcanoes is not "burning," or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well-known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily "mountains" at all; essentially, they are just the reverse—namely, holes in the earth's crust, or outer portion, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. When mountains do exist at centers of volcanic activity, they are simply the heaps of materials thrown out of these holes, and must, therefore, be regarded not as the causes but as the consequences of volcanic action. Neither does this action always take place at the "summits" of volcanic mountains when such exist, for eruptions occur quite as frequently on their sides or at their base. That, too, which popular fancy regards as "smoke" is really condensing steam or watery vapor, and the supposed raging "flames" are nothing more than the glowing light of a mass of molten material reflected from these vapor-clouds. The name of volcano has been borrowed from the mountain Vulcano, in the Lipari islands, where the ancients believed that Hephæstus, or Vulcan, had his forge. Volcanic phenomena have been at all times regarded with a superstitious awe, which has resulted in the generation of such myths as the one just mentioned, or of that in which Etna was said to have been formed by the mountains under which an angry god had buried the rebellious Typhon. These stories changed their form, but not their essence, under a Christian dispensation, and Vulcano became regarded as the place of punishment of the Arian Emperor Theodosius, and Etna as that of Anne Boleyn, who had sinned by perverting the faith of King Henry VIII.

English Climate and Character.

But what I would particularly emphasize is the two-fold fact that the character and the climate which are said to be American are both English a good deal more than they are American. The nervous temperament; the excess of energy; the exaggerations and intensities of character; the vulgarities and madness of selfish getting; the fierce resort to sham and shoddy as a short cut to profit; and all the forms of headlong service of the devil to which unregenerate, raw, brute humanity can be tempted, are very much worse in England than they are in America. And the air said to favor such characters is much more found in England than in America. I was myself under the impression, before I lived in England, that we had in America more electrical element than is known in England. But now I find that it shuts down on you more in England, and that while you see more in America, at a great height above the earth, you feel more of it in England, and have it dropping on you more; and that, although the climate is characteristically damp, there occur more and longer times of irritating dryness and electrical aggravation than are known in America. I am fortunately able to cite a testimony which will make clear what I mean, and prove that I do not imagine my facts. In Nature for September 9th, page 437, Professor Tait quotes from an account given him by an Irish correspondent, who tells how the dryness I speak of may come out of the same quarter from which at other times moist air comes, and who expressly says that the same dryness comes with the east wind which is such a curse to the British Isles.—[C. Towne.

One Stew.

A finicky, fussy, round little man stepped up to the first waiter in a new oyster saloon on Sixth avenue and remarked:

"Have you got any really nice, fresh oysters?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not too fat, you know—but not thin, either. I want them just exactly right, and I want them perfectly fresh."

"How will you have them, sir—half shell?"

"Stop a moment," said the little man; "if you have got just the right kind in just the right condition, please take half a pint of small ones (not too small, you know) and strain the juice over them. Put them in a pan scoured and dried, and then add a little butter (good, pure butter) and a little milk (not New York milk, but real country cow's milk), and then place the pan over a coal fire, and be careful to keep the pan in motion so as not to let the oysters or the milk burn; add a little juice if you choose, and then watch the pan closely, so that the exact moment it comes to a boil you can whip it off. At the same time have a deep dish warming near at hand, and when you see the first sign of boiling empty the pan into the dish. Do you think you can remember that?"

"One stew!" the waiter called out.—[Retailer.

Lost Legs and Arms.

"I presume that most persons believe that our harvest time is after a war," said Mr. Bradley, a New York maker of artificial limbs; "but the fact is that we do not care particularly about wars. There is too much thoroughness about the wars of modern times. They destroy men rather than maim them. Now, our business is to patch up maimed men, not to dispose of dead ones. Our best helpers, in a business way, are the railroads. They maim, in nine cases out of ten, in a way to benefit us. For instance, at the close of the war there were only nine or ten thousand ex-soldiers drawing pensions for the loss of a leg or an arm. There were only two pensioners in the receipt of pay from the Government for the loss of both legs and both arms. Now, I suppose that most persons fancied that there must have been hundreds of thousands of such sufferers by the war. Of course there were many thousand more pensioners for other classes of injuries. Now, after about sixteen years of profound peace, there are fully 50,000 wearers of artificial limbs in the United States. Why, the little city of Providence has sent in a requisition for ten legs within the last four months. The railroads have been responsible for four-fifths of this increase of maimed persons."

"Of course, then, the business of manufacturing artificial limbs has increased largely since the war?" the reporter said.

"It has," Mr. Bradley rejoined. "But it has spread as it has increased. Forty years ago, or even twenty years ago, you could not get an artificial limb worthy of the name outside of New York or Philadelphia. Now there is an artificial limb maker, and sometimes more than one, in every large city. There are six firms in New York, all within a few blocks of each other. So this business is almost as much cut up as any other nowadays. But, after all, a man who wants a first-class leg or arm comes to New York. It may not be too much to say that New York makers have surpassed those of France and England, formerly incontestably the best. Orders come from Europe and from the ends of the earth to New York."

"I suppose that the supplying of pensioners of the Government from their maimed legs and arms is still a considerable part of the business?" the reporter queried.

"It is," Mr. Bradley replied. "The Government gives each pensioner an arm or a leg every five years. We supply a great many of these. But, naturally, there are fewer veterans of the war to supply every five years."

"The leg of to-day is very different from that of twenty years ago," Mr. Bradley went on. "Then it was a heavy, loose-jointed, cumbersome, creaky affair. Every one remembers how easy it was to tell a man with an artificial leg as soon as he came within sight or hearing. The creaking was perhaps the most disagreeable part of the affair. That has been done away with by means of one or two little patented improvements. The principal one of these is a concealed screw at the joint of the leg and foot that enables the wearer of the leg to stop the creaking at any time. Once upon a time he would have to send it back to the maker to have the joint tightened, and the cost would have been $10. Now he can do it for himself without a cent of cost. Then there is a contrivance worked by a band passing down from the shoulder strap to throw the leg forward as the wearer moves. This is particularly useful to ladies, as it pushes the skirts with no more effort than the action of the natural limb occasions. But, above all, the support of the body has been transferred to a different part of the leg. Formerly, the stump rested on a cushion in the socket, and the weight fell upon this sensitive point of contact. Now, by means of steel braces, the region of contact is almost entirely at either side of the thigh where there is, comparatively, no sensitiveness. A man with an artificial leg, nowadays, can do almost anything that a man with two natural legs can do. For instance, in this letter here, a man writes that he has traveled on horseback and afoot thousands of miles over Wyoming and Colorado and Mexico on one."

"What provision is there for a person who loses the whole or a part of an arm?" asked the reporter.

Mr. Bradley stepped to a case of flesh-colored artificial members and took out an arm. The hand was covered with a perfect-fitting glove. There was an arm to be worn by a woman hanging next to the one that he selected, and the small hand was encased in a long, many-buttoned white kid glove. Mr. Bradley put a loop at the end of a white woolen band attached to the upper part of the arm around his right arm, slipped the band about his shoulders, and then inserted his hand into the socket of the artificial arm. Then he took off and replaced the reporter's hat, the artificial fingers being worked by means of mechanism in the socket. He also raised and held an open book up before him.

"I am not at all expert in the management of these arms," Mr. Bradley observed; "but, if I had to depend upon one of them for the remainder of my life, I suppose that I would soon learn to make the best of it. The stump, acting upon the mechanism in the socket, opens and shuts the fingers and makes them pick up and hold any article desired. The fingers are composed of steel skeleton, covered with soft India rubber, well-shaped, and they have a natural feeling to another person. One man writes that he can draw and paint, and that he holds a medal for his drawing from the New Hampshire State Fair. Another says that he can write well, as indeed his letter shows, and can send telegraph messages as an operator.

Try Cake.—Take one pound of sugar and four ounces of butter; mix them together until they form a cream; then take up six eggs and mix them with sugar and butter until the yolks are broken; then stir in three gills of milk; one pound of sifted flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a saltspoonful of salt are to be added; mix them together; stir as little as possible, and bake in a jelly-cake pan in a quick oven.

Lot used to speak of his wife as the salt of the earth. She was never accused of being too fresh after that Sodom and Gomorrah episode.

Sowing Wild Oats.

The Cramer case, which is exciting so much general attention, belongs to the wild oats variety of products. Whether the pretty girl whose body was found in the water at West Haven a little while ago was murdered or drowned herself in a fit of remorse, is of no consequence so far as the cause and moral of this affair is concerned. She was beautiful and spirited, somewhat headstrong, given to having her own way, and fond of flirtation. She meant no harm in going out upon the College Green in the evening and picking up an acquaintance there just for the fun of the thing, and meeting him on the sidewalk and going with him on excursions in the evenings were only girlish ways of sowing wild-oats. The young man and his cousin were engaged in the same exciting occupation. Not that they wished harm to anybody; they wanted their fill of fun and frolic, of excitement and exhilaration, regardless of commandments and with no thought of their consequences. The old-fogy ways of living were too slow and dull for their rapid transit notions, and they drowned the decencies in debauch. And the result was that the body of the beautiful girl who had been wronged was fished out of the water dead, and they are left to reflect upon the perils and penalties of fast living, behind the grated windows of a prison, their prospect of life destroyed, their family name blackened, their home dishonored, even though they should be acquitted of murder. This is the crop that came of that sowing of wild oats. There has grown up in this country within half a century a spirit of levity, and a leniency toward some forms of vice, and a general loosening of restraint on the young which tend to encourage the sowing of wild oats, regardless of the yield. The old strictness has gone out of our home life. Our young folks are left very much to their own inclinations. And society has let down the bars into all pastures, so that colts prance and browse at will. There is a freedom which verges close on looseness and license, and it is looked upon as an indication of spirit and forcefor young people to kick over the proprieties and even try to knock the nots of the commandments. It seems in many quarters to be taken for granted that youth has a deal of folly to get rid of, and must have its run of fastness as childhood is expected to have measles and chicken-pox. A smoking, swaggering, pool-playing, wine-bibbing boy, turning night into day and sleeping until noon to recover from his carouse—why, he is only sowing his wild oats, which is spoken of as sympathetically as though he were a baby cutting his teeth. Yes, wild oats. And very bad, bitter, blasting, poisonous grain they are. They are sure to injure, if not to kill. They affect the taste and constitution, and leave remorseful recollections like a canker in the mouth. Whoever has an inclination to fast ways and reckless behavior which goes under that name, should bury it under all possible thicknesses of good resolutions and noble conduct, and let it fertilize the soil for a finer growth of manliness instead of planting it where it will reproduce after its kind. For wild oats grow. They yield a crop of bad habits, of evil companions, of viscious tastes, of disease, and sometimes of crime and death. They produce hundreds of Jennie Cramer deaths every year. They colonize the prison cells. They bring a heavy aftermath of remorse and wretchedness. There is no crop sown that brings forth such a harvest of sorrow, wretchedness and shame. Yet at the present time the customs of society and the too lenient judgment of our easy-going people encourage the sowing and furnish all the conditions for raising the crop. The time has come for parents to consider whether it pays them or their children to sow wild oats, when a better kind of seed can be scattered just as well. All possible joy to the young; all possible innocent pleasure to young people; all the freedom compatible with safety, but the lines drawn across the world by the fingers of the Eternal, which cannot be crossed, should be pointed out, and and every precipice should be fenced against the feet of inexperience. And with every release from old restrictions there should come added feeling of moral responsibility, and the new freedom should awaken a new loyalty and love. Let the young be made to understand that the everlasting laws of cause and consequence cannot be trifled with, and that if they sow wild oats they will be forced to harvest pain and wretchedness, if not disgrace and death.—[Christian at Work.

How the Stars are placed in the National Flag.

Colonel C. G. McCawley, commandant of the Marine Corps, inquires what regulation or order of the War Department prescribes how the stars shall be placed in the national flag. Captain John F. Rogers, military storekeeper, United States Army, in charge of the Schuylkill Arsenal, Philadelphia, reports as follows:

There are in the museum at this depot three copies, believed to be authentic, of the stars and stripes, labeled as follows:

1. The national flag adopted by Congress in 1777, with thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen States.

2. Flag on tent of General Washington on the surrender of General Cornwallis, at Yorktown.

3. National flag 1975 to 1818.

The first of these has its stars in a circle; in the second they are arranged in a parallelogram, with one star in the center, thus:

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And in the third in three horizontal lines of five each (this latter flag has fifteen stripes.) Neither the act of June 14, 1777, creating the flag (stars and stripes) the act of January 13, 1794, modifying it to fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, nor the act of April 14, 1818, defines the manner of arranging the stars in the blue field. The last of these acts is the one under which the national flag has been made up to the present time, although it is silent as to the manner of displaying the stars, the correspondence and proceedings which led to its framing give support to the practice (followed in later years) of placing them in parallel lines. On reference to the subject in pages 251 and 258 of Rear Admiral George H. Preble's very exhaustive and instructive "History of the American Flag," it will be found that Captain S. C. Reid, who designed the flag contemplated by the act of April 14, 1818, suggested that the displays on the unions of flags intended for merchant vessels be formed into one large outline star, while those for ships-of war be placed in parallel lines. "The omission which unfortunately exists in the law, permits the uniformity and simplicity of the flag to be destroyed," says Admiral Preble, "by the conceits of ship-owners and others."

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the most important event in the success of American arms, was accepted under a flag whose stars were in parallel lines. The flag displayed by Commodore M. C. Perry on his landing in Japan, and subsequently at the treaty of Yokohama, March 1854, a great and distinguished event in the nation's history, bore its stars likewise in parallel lines, viz., five lines of five stars each and one of four stars; and the flag first hoisted over the palace in the Capital of Mexico, at the close of our war with that country (1848,) and which is now preserved in the State Department, bears on its union twenty eight stars in four rows of seven each—the rows being parallel with the red and white stripes.

The weight of all these authorities is on the side of parallel lines, and this, coupled with the fact that it has been the accepted custom to so make the unions for many years past, may be regarded as establishing this form of arranging the stars as firmly as it can be established in the absence of a positive or explicit definement in the law itself.

Paris Ways.

One street here is called "The Street of the Bad Boys"—streets of the bad girls not so openly advertised, but quite as plentiful. Shrimps and lobsters very dear. One immense clothing store is known as the "Store of the Good Devil," with a picture on its outer walls of the devil, hoof, tail, horns and all. The devil is thought well and much of in Paris. Red-haired people are very scarce. Every fourth store hangs out the sign, "English Spoken"—"English Broken" would often be more appropriate. Pins are sold by weight. Paris cats are largely Persian cats—great furry, savage looking beasts. They leap like panthers from one balcony to another. No display of showy toilets on the streets. Prevalent color of woman's dress on the street, gray or black. Short skirts convenient for walking. The French woman knows when and where to wear a train. She never wears it to sweep a pavement with. She never wears her choicest silk in the street. Paris is not the town to see thousands of dollars' worth of the costliest stuffs taken out for an afternoon airing a la Broadway of New York, of the United States of America, where so many customes made exclusively for the drawing room, are dragged into the street, possibly because the wearers have no drawing rooms to wear them in. You drop all your letters here at the tobacco shop. The French soldier is everywhere. Red-legged and undersized. French drivers do a great deal of whip-cracking. The noise in the streets sound like the continual drop of fire crackers. Cabmen all wear high glazed hats and long red vests. Cab horses are miserable animals. Little general pride in horse flesh is evident. The violet is the favorite flower sold. Boulevards swept by machines. Four rows of trees not uncommon, and benches at short distances for the weary. The benevolent public bench very common in France. Bootblacks do poor work. No "fancy shines." They are mostly old men who do odd jobs and shake carpets. Theater posters are small and meagre compared with ours. Don't cover acres of wall with ten-foot letters. Theatrical advertising confined to outside of round wooden cylinders or pillars placed on a curb. Wood sold by weight. Seasoned wood about a cent a pound: Outside of the wood-shop painted to represent a pile of short-cut logs. The wood dealer carries your wood home for you on his back in a sort of perpendicular bier. The Paris fireplace has an oven slide, which can be pulled down in front, thus shutting the fire out from the room altogether.—Prentice Mulford.

A Gambler's Luck.

A Spanish gambler one day spent all his money at the green-table, and still lingerd there.

The banker looked at me inquiringly. I half rose to retire. I had fully determined to blow out my brains in the street. I half rose, I say, and, as I did so, I saw upon the floor a round, bright object, which had a silver shimmer as the bright gaslight fell upon it. It was a coin—a—

"A peseta," I interrupted.

"Yes," he went on, "a little bit of silver coin—only a peseta. I placed my foot upon it, and, motioning to the banker, said:

"Seventeen."

"Seventeen wins," said he, and on the seventeen changed seven silver duros.

"Do you leave it there?" said he.

I nodded. Again the ivory ball spun around, and again stopped at seventeen.

Again I left the glittering pile on seventeen, and again it won. Seven several times did the goddess Fortune smile upon me, and when I stopped it was not because I feared to venture further, but because I had broken the bank.

"And the peseta," said I, "you have that still?"

"No," he replied.

"Why," exclaimed I, "had I been you I would have kept it all my life."

"No," he replied, "you would not have kept it."

"And why not?"

"When I stooped to pick up the coin I found nothing."

"Nothing!" I echoed. "Why—what—where—"

"That which I had taken for a peseta was not a coin. The round silvery object on which the light had fallen and deceived me was—"

"What?"

"A drop of water."

When a boy who has played sick to avoid going to school finds there is a circus procession going about down town, it would take the arguments of seven college professors to convince him that childhood is the happiest period of man's existence.

Superstitions of Scotch Fishermen.

Besides those superstitions common to all Scotland, there are beliefs current among the fisher part of the population which seem to be peculiar to themselves. Fishermen and sailors are proverbially superstitious, and those of the east of Scotland are no exception to this general rule. Great ceremonies were observed at the launching of a new boat, and the greatest care had to avoid doing anything that might bring ill-luck to the boat or the fishing. The boats were liable to be affected by an evil eye or an ill foot, like any land undertaking, but there were evil influences to be dreaded that were local in their application. For instance it was believed to be unlucky to have a white stone among the ballast, but this was only in some villages. Great care had to be taken to avoid any one who was believed to have an "ill-foot," and, if any one got this reputation, he was dreaded and shunned by all his neighbors. There is an amusing story told of two men in one village who both had the unenviable reputation of having an ill-foot without being themselves aware of it. They both set out early to arouse the village for the fishing, and each meeting the other and knowing his ill-repute, they both turned back, so that a fine morning's fishing was lost to the village. Indeed there were so many untoward circumstances that might prevent the success of the fishing that it is quite a marvel how they ever contrived to catch any fish at all. When we read that a fisherman would have returned, under fear of being drowned, if any one asked him where he was going as he went down to his boat, one cannot but wonder how he ever contrived to elude that very natural inquiry. But odder still was the ban put on certain words, as will be seen from the following extracts from McGregor's "Folk-lore:" "When at sea the words 'minister,' 'kirk,' 'swine,' 'salmon,' 'trout,' 'dog,' and certain family names were never pronounced by the inhabitants of some of the villages, each village having an aversion to one or more of the words. When the word 'kirk' had to be used, and there was often occasion to do so, from several of the churches being used as landmarks, the word 'bell-house,' or 'bell-'oose,' was substituted. The minister was called 'the man wi' the black quyte.' A minister in a boat at sea was looked upon with much misgiving. He might be another Jonah. * * * It was accounted unlucky to utter the word 'sow' or 'swine, or, pig,' particularly during the time when the line was being baited; it was sure to be lost if any one was unwise enough to speak the banned word. In some of the villages on the coast of Fife, if the word is mentioned in the hearing of a fisherman, he cries out 'Cold iron.' Even in church the words are uttered when the clergyman reads the miracle about the Gaderene swinery.—[Saturday Review.

Organic Remains in Meteoric Stones.

The great problem, whether or not celestial bodies beside our own planet are or in past ages have been inhabited by animate beings, must be a subject of the deepest interest to every thinking being. This question has for some time past been answered in the affirmative with great probability. The complete analogy of physical conditions which have been proved to exist in some other planets of our solar system, and which, without doubt, must also occur in innumerable planets of other solar systems, allowed the very probable deduction that not only on our own earth a higher organic process of evolution has taken place. Still, this conclusion by analogy had hitherto remained a simple, unproved hypothesis, although supported by good evidence. But now at last it seems that we have obtained a direct answer to this question, and that we are able to see with our own eyes the veritable remains of animate beings from another celestial body.

It has been conclusively demonstrated that the meteoric stones which from time to time drop down on the earth have at no time formed a part of this planet, and it is now generally conceded that they are the remains of other celestial bodies—probaby those of a destroyed planet.

In such meteoric stones, and especially in the class called "chrondrites" on account of the peculiar inclosures found in them, the eminent German geologist, Dr. Kahn, has recently discovered an entire series of organic remains. By a laborious process of grinding down and polishing these fragments he succeeded in producing a large number of thin laminæ or delicate stone shavings, which he subjected to a careful series of investigation under most powerful microscopes. He has recently published a book on this subject, containing on thirty-two plates more than one hundred representations of these laminæ of meteorites, every one of which contains different forms and figures, which Dr. Hahn positively identifies not as mineralogical but as organic, and, in fact, as zoological formations belonging to the different classes of sponges, corals and crinoids. These pictures, which have been reproduced from the original laminæ by photography, without any alterations or additions by a draughtsman, must cause great surprise to every geologist and paleontologist, who will at once recognize the structure of well-known coral types on several of the plates. The majority of the meteorites containing these forms are part of the celebrated great meteoric fall of Knyahinya in Hungary, which took place on the 9th of June, 1866.

Chocolate Cake, II.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar, two and a half of flour, one of sour milk, five eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and half a cake of Baker's chocolate grated; cream your butter and sugar, beat your eggs very light, yolks and whites separately, of course; dissolve your soda and add your chocolate just before the flour and whites of the eggs; bake in jelly cake tins in five or six, according to size. Filling—One and a quarter pounds of white sugar dissolved in a very little cold water; beat the whites of three eggs, not to a stiff froth; then stir in the remainder of the cake of chocolate, grated; cook in boiling water until thick; flavor with vanilla and spread between the layers and on top; should not be eaten until the day after baking, and will keep several days.—[Mrs. W. B. Angle.