

HER LIGHT GUITAR.

[James W. Riley.]

She twinkled a tune on her light guitar—
A low sweet jangle of tinkling sounds,
As blurred as the voices of fairies are,
Dancing in the noonday daisies and down,
And the tinkling dip of the strange refrain
Ran over the rim of my soul like rain.

The great blonde moon in the midnight skies
Paused and poised o'er the trellis eaves,
And the stars in the light of her upturned
eyes.

Sifted their love through the rifted leaves—
Glinted and splintered in crystal mist—
Down the glittering string that her fingers
kissed.

O, the melody mad! O, the tinkle and thrill
Of the ecstasy of the exquisite thing!
The red rose dropped from the window-sill
And lay in a long swoon quivering;
While the dying notes of the strain divine
Whipped in glee up my spell-bound spine.

SEVRES PORCELAIN.

The Tedious Processes of Preparation of the Material Used.
[J. H. Haynie in San Francisco Chronicle.]

Sevres porcelain is composed of a mixture of feldspath, a kind of rock which is a silicate of aluminum and potassium; of kaolin, which is a pure silicate of aluminum and of Bouzival chalk. When each of these three substances has been triturated, carefully cleaned of all foreign elements and reduced to an impalpable powder, they are mixed with water in plaster-troughs, called cones (shells), which absorb the superfluous water, and the paste thus obtained is called the pate, or dough, of the porcelain. Kaolin is infusible, but the silicate which comes from the feldspath is fusible, and the chalk aids it in becoming melted under the action of extreme heat. It is, therefore, upon the proportions in which they are mixed that depends the greater or less perfection of the porcelain in its two most important and distinguishing features—resistance to the heat and translucency. When the pate has been mixed there remains the shaping of it into the required article.

At Sevres there are two processes of doing this—turning and molding—and not frequently the two are combined in the production of porcelain. In the first process the workman takes a ball of this dough, and after having thoroughly kneaded it, places it upon a potter's wheel in order to give it the desired form. In the other process the dough is mixed with water until it has the consistency of cream, when it is called barbotine. This is poured into a plaster mold, on the side of which a thin coating of the stuff is quickly deposited. As it dries this coating detaches itself by a natural shrinking process. The drying is sometimes accelerated by various means, such as the centrifugal force resulting from rapid turning the mold on a wheel, or compressed air acting on the interior, or by placing the mold under an air-pump. When the article has been shaped the workman adds the handle, if one be needed, and then it passes into the hands of a skillful turner, who carefully finishes it on a lathe.

Any ornamentations which are to be added in relief are fixed in place and finished by hand in colored pate on the white article, and in white pate on the colored ones. The colored pate is obtained by triturating the pate—in its natural state it is white—in a little mill with various oxides, according to the color desired. This coloring—an easy matter for the pate tendre—is a very delicate operation for the pate dure, as a very high temperature being indispensable in order to obtain the glazing, the oxides are liable to decompose; either fading or changing in tint, and giving dull colors instead of the bright shades desired. But when the color has been fixed by the baking it is unchangeable. Sometimes there is a lace-like pattern cut on the article. This is done while the pate is soft and generally by women, who acquire such skill that their work has all the fineness of real Valenciennes.

After a first baking, or the degourdi, as it is termed, the glazing is added. This is a wash made out of a solution of feldspath and quartz, and it melts and vitrifies under a high degree of heat. The real baking is with the highest degree of heat that can be obtained and takes two days. It produces in the pate a demi-vitrification, after which it becomes porcelain.

A Story of Registrar Bruce.

[Washington Letter.]

Ancient the story that Mrs. Bruce, wife of ex-Senator and Registrar of the Treasury Bruce, was snubbed at the president's reception on New Year's day—a story since denied, though it is believed to have some foundation—the following incident, showing the true gentlemanly character of Mr. Bruce, is related: "When Mr. Bruce was senator from Mississippi, a young lady, whose relatives before the war were immediate neighbors of the family with whom Bruce lived, and who, through the misfortune of war, lost everything, applied for a position in the treasury department. Her application was vaguely made, and met with equal success. She was in desperate financial straits.

"As a dernier resort she applied to Senator Bruce. What do you suppose he said to her? What he said was this: 'Miss—, I have an appointment left at my disposal in the— department. I will remember your family down in Mississippi in old times. You shall have that position, and at once. I know, of course, Miss—, that you, on account of our difference in color, and on account of things generally, would be discolored if I were to offer to go in person with you, but my brougham is outside, and I will see you to it; tell my driver to drive slowly, and I will take a street car and be at the department before you and have the secretary appoint you.' And he did it. That act I know to be a fact."

A. V. Dicey: Classes whose voice cannot be heard are neglected, not because they are disliked or because any one wishes to oppress them, but because their existence is forgotten.

Ticknor Curtis: We do not rest our belief in what is called the laws of gravitation upon any chain of proof in which it is necessary to supply a link by assuming it exists.

THE WEST INDIES.

The Land of the Palm, Nutmeg and Clove. Snakes, Lizards and Larks.

"Gath" has been interviewing a gentleman just returned from a tour in the West India islands, and the following extracts are from an account given in The Cincinnati Enquirer:

"I suppose that you get all kinds of bugs and reptiles in those islands?"

"O, yes. There is a lizard there called the iguana, which is perfectly harmless, but it looks like the devil. It has alligator scales, long, powerful tail, a pouch under its throat, and is of suppressed green and yellow tints, and has a rich, darting eye. The people eat it like chicken. It grows to the length of five feet, or almost as big as a man, though you generally find them about two feet long."

"Do they raise cocoa in those islands?"

"Yes, and cacao too. Cocoa is a palm-tree, which bears a nut, the cocoon; but cacao is a very small tree or bush, which grows the material of which chocolate is made. The plant was discovered in Mexico very early, and Cortez found the Aztecs using it. The cacao-tree looks like a chestnut. It produces the third year, but bears the best at seven or eight, and requires to be planted under shade. This cacao grows so spontaneously and brings such a good reward to the negro planter that, like the bread-fruit, it is a cause of his laziness. With about one acre of these trees he can live pretty well."

"What does the cacao look like?"

"It looks like the cucumber which had turned yellow or red, and is six inches long, and grows something like a lemon or a citron, from the trees, changing color, as it develops, from green to crimson, yellow and purple. The seed is taken out of this cucumber and dried and cured, and then put into bags for shipment. The trouble with the cacao is that it is adulterated with vanilla and other beans. Monkeys and rats are very fond of eating these cucumbers."

"Did you see much of the sugar culture?"

"Yes. Coolies have to some extent succeeded slaves or negroes in the cultivation of sugar, and get very low wages—4 cents a day for children, 16 cents for women and 20 cents for men. In those islands the laborers can live for 2 or 3 cents a day on fish, bread fruit, yams, plantains, sweet potatoes and bananas. They only work five days in the week, taking Saturday for themselves, and Sunday nobody works. They drink rum. The coolies beat the negroes saving money, buy goods and cattle, and when they have served out their time they go to the little towns, which make things worse."

"Do they cultivate the spices in the West Indies?"

"Yes, they cultivate mango and cinnamon, the clove and the nutmeg. Some of these seeds were sent from the mainland of South America. They do not do well in the West Indies, however, the nutmeg making out better than any other. The nutmeg tree looks like an orange tree trimmed down. The clove tree, where successful, yields about seven pounds of cloves."

"What is the bread-fruit?"

"It is a tree which was introduced into the West Indies that grows lumps of fruit several inches in diameter. Inside of the shell is a sort of watermelon flesh, which is just as nutritious as bread, and the laboring classes there eat it for bread. With twenty of those trees a man can live all his lifetime, and need do nothing else but sleep. The tree does not want to be cultivated at all, but takes care of itself. It bears eight months in the year, and for the remaining four months is kept like potatoes, under the ground or under leaves."

"Where did the bread-fruit come from?"

"It came from Polynesia, and to bring that tree to the West India islands the ship Bounty was fitted out in 1797. As she was coming back, with 1,000 roots in pots, tubs and boxes, a mutiny broke out, and the officers were set adrift by the crew, and did not reach land for forty-one days. The mutineers were afterward executed, with the exception of a portion of them who got to Pitcairn island and founded a colony there. This same lieutenant who commanded the Bounty was given another vessel, and returned to Otaheite. He brought the bread-fruit to St. Vincent's island in 1798."

"Do they have snakes in the West Indies?"

"Yes; in Grenada there are plenty of them which live in the forest and occasionally steal out and rob the plantations. Indeed, there are no animals in the Antilles, no four-footed animals of much account, except the monkey, the armadillo and the agouti. The peccary is extinct in every island but Tobago. There are some wild hogs in Dominica and St. Vincent, and what is very singular, there are wild cats in some of those islands which are descended from tame cats, and yet are just as wild as wild cats, though not as powerful. There is a sort of opossum from South America in some of those islands, and there are a few raccoons. I have seen monkeys tearing down bananas and plantains."

"What other island did you visit?"

"Grenada. That is a portion of what are called the Grenada islands. All these islands are thought to be portions of a sunken continent. Another theory is that they were thrown up by fire. There are a good many volcanoes still in them, not very active, and mainly sulphuric oozes and chimneys. In Grenada there are a number of extinct craters, some of which are filled with water, and one of them makes a lake two and a half miles around, 2,000 feet above the sea. Nearly all these islands have forts, and you can see the Southern Cross standing out magnificently in the night. By the way, on that island you can see oysters climbing trees. It happens in this way: The tide rises very high, and the oyster goes up with the tide and takes hold of the branches and roots of trees that grow on the shore. The tide goes out and the oyster stays there; so he seems to have climbed up the tree."

The "White Lady" of the Hohenzollerns.

[Foreign Letter.]

A few nights ago the famous "Weisse Dame," or White Lady, spirits familiar of the Hohenzollern family is reported to have been seen by the sentinels before the Alte Schloss in Berlin. Notwithstanding their profound skepticism, the Berliners, strangely enough, still believe the story of the White Lady. The capital is quite exempt over the pretended apparition. All are talking about it and wondering what member of the dynasty is next destined to die.

The White Lady is a ghost who has frequently been seen in different castles and palaces belonging to the royal family of Prussia. She is supposed to forebode the death of some of the royal body, especially one of the children. Her last appearance was in 1879, just prior to the death of Prince Waldemar. A soldier on guard at the old castle was witness of the apparition, and in his fright fled to the guard-room, where he was at once arrested for deserting his post.

Twice she has been heard to speak. In December, 1828, she appeared in the palace at Berlin and said, in Latin, "I wait for judgment." Again at the castle of Neuhams, in Bohemia, when she said to the princess, in German, "It is 10 o'clock," and the lady addressed died in a few weeks.

There are two White Ladies in fact—one the Countess Agnes, of Orlamunde, who is referred to by our Berlin correspondent, and the other the Princess Bertha von Rosenberg, who lived in the fifteenth century. The former was buried alive in a vault in the castle. She was the mistress of a margrave of Brandenburg, by whom she had two sons. When the prince became a widower Agnes thought he would marry her, but he made the sons an objection, and she poisoned them, for which crime she was buried alive. Another version is that she fell in love with the prince of Parma and made away with her two daughters, who were an obstacle to her marriage, for which crime she was doomed to "walk the earth" as an apparition.

The Princess Bertha is troubled because an annual gift which she left to the poor has been discontinued. She appears dressed in white and carrying at her side a bunch of keys.

Opera Singers Before the Opening.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Does Mme. Nilsson commo sing as soon as she enters the theatre before a rehearsal?" repeated Herr Kashe when The Herald reporter put a question to that effect. "Why, certainly. We all sing before the performance in our dressing-rooms. You know one cannot risk to open the mouth after a long silence only after appearing on the stage. One is very likely to hit a false note, and if that should happen at the very opening of an important part it would not only confuse the singer himself but the others also. We always sing a few bars while waiting in the wings for the sign of a prompter. There, of course, we have to do it sotto voce; but in the dressing-rooms we sing right out to have the voice clear and ringing when our time comes. We don't do that because we like it, but as a matter of necessity."

Song of Siberian Exiles.

[Prince Krapotkin in Nineteenth Century.]

As the party enters some great village, it begins to sing the "Miserable" — the "charity song." They call it a song, but it hardly is that. It is a succession of wails escaping from hundreds of breasts at once, a recital in plain words, expressing with a childish simplicity the sad fate of the convict—a horrible lamentation by means of which the Russian exile appeals to the mercy of other miserable beings himself. Centuries of sufferings, pains and misery, of persecutions that crush down the most vital forces of our nation, are heard in these recitals and shrieks. These tones of deep sorrow recall the tortures of the last century, the stifled cries under the sticks and whips of our own time, the darkness of the cellars, the wildness of the woods, the tears of the starving wife. The peasants of the villages on the Siberian highway understand these tunes; they know their true meaning from their own experience, and the appeal of the Neschastnyie—of the "sufferers," as our people call all prisoners—is answered by the poor; the most destitute widow, signing herself with the cross, brings her coppers, or her piece of bread, and deeply bows before the chained "sufferer," grateful to him for not disdaining her small offering.

Disinherited Knights of Wall Street.

[Gath's New York Letter.]

It would be a curious piece of literature for future centuries if some man would take the 1,100 brokers of New York and docket their names and write the history of each, just as carefully as some of the chroniclers of feudal times write the records of the knights. Many of these men have at one time touched supreme possibilities of wealth. Some have considered that they were worth \$500,000, others \$1,000,000, others \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000. Generally speaking, their minds are occupied in referring to that day, and wondering whether it will return. Some of them who are now obscure private persons once handled great speculations of a physical sort, like steamship companies, new towns, telegraph lines, summer resort places, etc. The moment they fall out of these schemes they turn into nothings; and yet, while we are asleep, they are seeking in some way to compass another chance of life. That is generally done by finding somebody who has got some money and operating upon his confidence.

One of Spurgeon's Stories.

[Bostonian.]

In Mr. Spurgeon's inexhaustible fund of illustrative stories is one of a man who used to say to his wife: "Mary, go to church and pray for us both." But the man dreamed one night when he and his wife got to the gate of Heaven, Peter said: "Mary, go in for both." He awoke and made up his mind that it was time for him to become a Christian on his own account.

Not in Proper Costume.

Erindbean, the famous sporting fop, had a costume for every kind of game that he had shot at. One day, invited to the duke of Orleans' shooting party, the duke drew his attention to a hare, suggesting that he should fire. "I cannot, monsieur," said Erindbean, "I am in my partridge toilet."

Arkansas Traveler: When a man comes ter deconclusion dat's he's gwine ter be jes ez happy ez he ken, do wot! ter beg ter imprube frum dat berry munit.

COOKERY IN VIENNA.

A Novel Exhibition Illustrating the Culinary Art.
[Eastern Letter.]

An exhibition of a novel kind, illustrating the culinary art, was held recently in Vienna. The keepers of all the most renowned hotels and restaurants exercised their skill and powers of invention to please the eye as well as the palate; so that the jury, whose honorary president is Count Kinsky, the chief of the kitchen department at court, had some difficulty in making its awards.

A telegram from Vienna to The London Daily News said: The cookery exhibition has proved a wonderful success. The Ring and all the streets surrounding the horticultural halls are blocked. Long rows of carriages and dense crowds make movement all but impossible. The exhibition doors were closed three hours ago. Owing to the large number of people admitted the crowding became dangerous. Thousands, however, waited outside and clamored to be let in. The emperor and the archdukes visited the exhibition yesterday, and expressed their satisfaction with what they saw. The empress last night sent word that she would visit the exhibition early this morning. It was cleaned and lighted, and at half-past 7 his majesty, with the Archduchess Valerie, was received at the gates, where electric lights were shown in the wintry morning.

Among the most remarkable objects to which her attention was drawn were the gold dishes, in original and most splendid forms. One hotel disguises its game pies, fish and cakes in various shapes—a Roman emperor, Gothic buildings, Chinese towers, fortresses, Greek temples, and ships. A beefsteak is decorated with bulls' heads—small masterpieces of plastic art. Pies show their contents by having heads of pheasants and grouse upon them. Two sucking pigs dance upon their hind legs on either side of a pie over which a fluttering hen seems to protect the eggs under her, which are already made into a savory dish. A very remarkable object is a large wild boar, whose skeleton is exhibited side by side with it. Pheasants, peacocks, game of all kinds are shown in their natural form, yet ready to be served. Besides these luxurious dishes, are exhibited economical dinners. All the paraphernalia of kitchens, dining-rooms, cellars, are also exhibited, and among this mass of delicate objects crowds numbering over 3,000 persons slowly move.

When the doors were closed to prevent the public from storming the entrance a panic seized the people inside, who did not know how to get out. At last officials from the balcony explained that one small back-door was open, but a disaster well-nigh happened. While this one narrow outlet was alone open a curtain caught fire from an electric wire. Happily few noticed it. When the people outside became very clamorous an official from a window begged them to disperse, as it would endanger their lives to let them in. The crowds dispersed for a quarter of an hour. Now, at 11 o'clock, they are as dense as ever. The exhibition was prolonged by one day, but the general cry was why objects of such interest to all were not exhibited in the rotunda.

An Adroit Swindler.

[New York Letter.]

At my elbow, in a Wall street telegraph office, a girl was writing a message. She wore mourning clothes, which were strikingly neat and cheap, and she doubtless seemed prettier than she was, for her sex is scarce in that part of the city. A face that would not command a second glance up-town is there an object of staring interest. "Will you please tell me," she said, "how I can condense this message to ten words? I don't wish to have to pay anything extra."

This was what she had written on the blank, in the unmistakable manner of an educated hand: "I am friendless here, I have only a dollar left. Send some money." Her name and address were appended. I looked her square in the face, and found it charming, but not to a delusive degree. I saw that the pallor was artificial and the dolorous expression mimicry, but how she got the tears into her eyes is more than I can explain. Perhaps some kind of drug may have caused them, or violent winking may have done it. She was a fraud. Every day for a week she had written that same message without ever sending it over the wires, but with more or less success in luring Wall street men into a lucrative acquaintance.

An Economist's Project.

[Scientific American.]

There is a project on foot for the establishment of a textile laboratory, under the auspices of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' association. It was estimated at the last meeting that the expense would amount to \$100,000. Liberal subscriptions were then made for the object, and a committee appointed to work up the matter. The plan was presented by Mr. Edward Atkinson, who said he wanted to get at the actual value of the products of the country, and how those values were made, from the field to the warehouse, or to the hands of the consumer. He thought our people needed more exact instruction instead of their present generally very vague ideas, and added: "The most startling thing is, that in respect to food at least one-third, and perhaps one-half of the cost, to the poor classes in the cities, consists in the expense of retail distribution."

At the Feast.

[Mahstick in Courier-Journal.]

Ladies and gentlemen, as you have seen by the journals this entertainment cost me \$50,000, but don't let that appalling sum stand between you and enjoyment; sail in and devour. Jones, that pie cost \$500; it is intended to surpass the one that contained the four and twenty blackbirds, but don't hesitate—cut it open. Take a peach, Miss Brown; they have a delicious golden flavor—they cost me \$25 apiece. Yes, Wolfe, that's a superior old Chamberlain; cost me \$325 a bottle by the case. That dry Si lery is not to be despised—\$10 a bottle. That claret is out of old Lord Shoelcker's cellar—has the real aristocratic flavor. Am going to invite him over to pass eight or ten years with me.

Mending a Suspension Bridge.

[The Scientific American.]

The Scientific American describes the method by which the great cable of the Pittsburg (Pa.) suspension bridge was lately repaired. When a defective piece of wire was found it was cut out and a new piece of wire nicely spliced in so as to bear the strain it ought to sustain and no more. When the wires were renewed the whole was coated with linseed oil and then with white lead.

The reporter intended to say "she looked a fat," the types had it "she looked all feet."

Modern Life in Athens.

[Providence (R. I.) Star.]

The following extracts from a private letter recently received by a Providence gentleman from an American student in Athens, Greece, will prove of general interest: "I live in a Greek family," he writes, "where we speak only Greek. The house is on Eolus street, with Socrates, Euripides and Hermes streets not far off; so that you can easily imagine the hallowed associations that are daily suggested. Our 'maid-of-all-work' is named Athena. There are twenty-eight newspapers in the city. I can count a dozen dailies on my fingers, and I presume there are others of which I have not yet heard. With that number of papers and 250 lawyers, as many priests and 12,000 soldiers, the 80,000 people in Athens are pretty well supplied with these appurtenances of life. The city is very modern, though in some parts it does not look so; but where dirt is allowed to accumulate it soon makes things look hoary."

I suppose Athens is the type, or better than the type, of all Oriental cities, and that where people can make a meal off a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes industry is not necessary. But I have not seen a manufactory in the city, aside from the little shops of a few handicraftsmen. The whole town has grown up about the palace of the king. The rich men are those who have made or are making fortunes elsewhere, and live here for society. The University of Athens has 2,500 students, 1,500 of them in law, and two-thirds of them destined to be farmers—for many of the law students will never practice that profession. There are hundreds of wine shops always well filled. The streets are full of business men, but they are bound for nowhere. At the Piræus (the harbor city) there are 25,000 people engaged in active industry. Beside the foreign shipping there is a considerable coasting trade in farm produce. The people here are very proud, but the glory of a dead past is only a bond of unity and patriotism, not a support of individual life. There are no parties on public questions, only cliques supporting certain leaders which their policies, which may or may not be different.

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It costs more in this city of Boston to get the food from the mouths of the bakers' ovens into the mouths of the people who eat it, than it does to bring the wheat from Iowa, manufacture it, and prepare it for consumption. The people need instruction, and the remedy for the evil mentioned is in the direction of instruction which should be carried in some degree into the public schools. The problem is how to live on small profits, and how to save in cooking food after it is put into the houses. And this textile laboratory lies at the foundation of such instruction.

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MARVELOUS JACKKNIFE WORK

Pincers Made of a Match—Balls Within Balls—All Sorts of Whittled Wonders.
[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"What will you have—a pair of pincers, a fan, a cross, a butterknife, a chain or a wooden snake? I will whittle any one of those articles out of this match in fifteen minutes," said the speaker, and he held up an ordinary parlor match to the reporter's view.

"Let's see you make the pincers."

"All right," said the whittler, a red-whiskered and gray-eyed man of about 40 years, whom his acquaintances call Major Forbes, and he began work in earnest on his diminutive material with the small blade of an old knife. The outside of the match was first smoothly shaved, the head cut off, and then minute incisions were made about the center of the stick. Twisting, turning and cutting very quickly, but carefully, the article approached completion within the promised quarter-hour, though the minuteness of the labor and the dexterity of the performer rendered the whole process utterly inexplicable to the uninitiated beholder.

"There you are," said the whittler, triumphantly, and he held up a perfect wooden imitation of a pair of pincers, capable of as complete working motions as a real pair, though not as practical in their operation.

"But that's nothing," continued the major. "Look here," and he brought down a little tin box lined with cotton gauze, which he proceeded to open. "Now I don't show these to everybody," remarked the whittler as the lid was removed, "but they are the smallest and most difficult specimens of this kind of work that I ever executed." The contents of that box proved most unique and interesting. There were ten pairs of pincers cut out of a parlor match, joined together perfectly, the different sections opening and shutting in a surprisingly neat manner. Another match was made into four pairs of pincers and a fan, and two others were worked up into more fantastic but less difficult shapes.

"Now I will show you my ball tree," and the whittler retired from the room for a moment, leaving the reporter to look around at the other wooden curiosities there to be seen. Immense wooden chains were suspended from the ceiling or hung around the walls of the room, while fans of immense size, figures, canes, belts, knives, nut crackers, cups, wine glasses and other articles were displayed on shelves or pegs in great profusion.

"Here is the ball tree which I brought in to show you." A novel object was displayed to the reporter's gaze. It was a small scrub-oak tree, about two and a half inches in diameter at the base, having several branches. In the body of the tree and branches were cut seventy-five balls. These balls were of various sizes and were all of a dark color, corresponding with the inner growth of the wood and contrasting with the white outside surface.

A "ball monument" was also displayed, through the interstitial spaces of which could be seen balls of different sizes. One large ball had six smaller ones inside of it, each within the other, the smallest one being barely visible, so thick were the bars of the intertvering globes.

"Do you sell the articles you whittle out?"

"No; I do this work for amusement, though I have given away many small things to friends. I wouldn't take a fortune for the collection I have on hand at present. The knives I use now are only common ones, though I have one Sheffield knife that I have used for sixteen years, and I wouldn't part with it for \$100."

The Death of George IV.

[Mulloy's "Last of the Georges."]

So his useless, burdensome life, voluptuous and pretty, magnificent and mean to the last, passed on. * * * In these his last days he was friendless, and would have been alone save for his paid sycophants. All his life he had posed as a fine gentleman, and had found many to believe him such; he had dressed himself in gaudy stuffs, had worn 5,000 beads on his hat and had invented a new buckle for his shoes; his bows outrivaled those of his French dancing-master, his smiles were pronounced irresistible, his deportment grace itself. But behind this outward show all was false; the puppet, perfect in its dress and movements, was stuffed with bran, and there was no trace of heart, honor or manhood to be found in his composition. He lied to and deceived men; he flattered and ruined women; was insincere to his friends; cajoled and cheated his creditors, hated and imposed on his ministers, and burdened his people in the days of commercial depression by boundless extravagance. With prize-fighters, jockeys, tailors and money-lenders he was familiar, but the petty German pride he inherited never permitted him to be friendly with his aristocracy. Such he had been through life, and now that his last days had come, none were found to regret his inevitable death. On the night of June 5, 1830, he retired to bed, without feeling any symptoms of illness; but at 2 o'clock he suddenly awoke in great agitation, and called out for assistance. Sir Waltham Walker was soon by his bedside, and raised him up. "They have deceived me," he whispered, fearfully, his bloated face wild with terror, his whole frame quivering; then came the terrible cry, "O, God, I am dying!" and with one short gasp he fell back dead.

Looked Nightly Pale.

[Prairie Farmer.]

Old Hank Allen, who had been listening as an outsider, here gave in his experience. Said he: "Some years ago I took a bedbug to Wood's iron foundry and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet for six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash; and what do you think, gentlemen? that 'ere insect just walked out of his hole where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his ole roost upstairs. But," added by way of parenthesis, "by ginger, he looked mighty pale."