

### KNITTING THE SCARF.

A sly little maiden sits by me to-night,  
Softly humming an old-time love song,  
The bright tress she flashes to and fro,  
As she goes with the needle to and fro,  
Sweet is the song that the maiden singeth,  
Sad to my heart is the maiden's sigh,  
Dreams that were buried so long ago,  
Under the snow—under the snow.

Little the maiden knoweth of this,  
Weaving the bright threads in, the while  
Her thoughts are weaving a dream of bliss,  
And the red lips part in a sweet half-smile,  
As her happiness in with each stitch she twinneth,  
And the light in the luminous eyes that shineth,  
Under the lids grows tender and dim,  
Thinking of him—thinking of him.

Thus the needle beareth a double thread,  
As daintily in and out it plies,  
And the conscience flood in her cheeks grows red,  
"Nay, the smile of my steady eyes,  
Shake you the cloud of thy brown hair's glory,  
Lest thou blunteshould tell the story  
That was old when the E. a skies were blue,  
Yet ever is new—ever is new.

So blushing and shyly the maiden sings,  
Knitting the scarf for her absent lover,  
And methinks two angels with golden wings  
So softly around the maiden's feet  
Heaved grant that she hopes soon art weaving  
Leave no room in thy heart for grieving,  
"Angels keep thee," I softly pray,  
Turning away—turning away.

### Accidents of History.

It was one of the maxims of Catherine de Medici that "a false report, if believed for three days, may be of great service to a government." A printer's boy with a bad memory was a few days since on a point of doing the ministry a service by forgetting to deliver Lord Beaconsfield's amendment to the Employers' Liability bill. Lord Redesdale gave it to his secretary; the secretary gave it to the boy, who put it in his pocket and forgot all about it, and thus Lord Beaconsfield's views failed to reach the members of the House of Peers in due time. The incident in itself was trifling, but it does not stand alone in history. M. Fournier wrote a book on events which never took place, and Lord Beaconsfield's father was the author of a learned essay on history which might have been enacted. An equally curious volume might be penned on the trifles which have determined great events. Indeed, though momentous historical incidents have been due to a long concurrence of circumstances, all working toward a common end, the final catastrophe has often been precipitated by the merest trifle. It was but a trifle which gave Spain to so many generations the Lordship of the New World, and enabled her by a weak ally which she derived from that source to become the most powerful nation in Europe. It is well known that Columbus, disappointed with the refusals which he met at so many courts, dispatched his brother Bartolomeo to ask aid from Henry VII. of England. But on the way the messenger fell into the hands of pirates, and by the time he reached London was so destitute that he had to beg and earn the money to clothe himself in proper style before he could be presented at court. But by that time it was too late. Even the fact that Ferdinand and Isabella supplied the funds to equip the expedition was mainly due to the accident that Juan de Marchena, the queen's confessor, happened to be passing at the moment when the weary mariner was knocking at the door of La Rabida Monastery to beg a little bread and water for his boy Diego, and was struck with the noble face of the dusty pedestrian. Had Bartolomeo Colon reached London in time, had Christoval been by any chance a little later or a little earlier, the monastery door, the fate of Europe might have been changed, and the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race altered. Three centuries later it was again nearly revolutionized, for in 1806 the English held Buenos Ayres, and it is no secret that Napoleon was almost persuaded to abandon Europe as a field for his ambition and try what he could accomplish in the way of carving out an empire among the dissatisfied provinces of South America. When Citizen Bonaparte seemed little likely to sit on the throne of Louis Capet, he was on the point of offering his sword to the Sultan, as, at a later period, Von Moltke actually did.

It is curious now to speculate what would have been the present state of the Eastern question had Napoleon carried his intentions into effect; or, supposing that Moltke and remained in the Turkish service, whether the Danish war would have been fought, or Prussia's supremacy established at Sadowa or Sedan. Had Bonaparte had a friend in the directory, would he ever have had the good fortune to keep his head on his shoulders; or had not Gen. Grant accidentally been on good terms with the Governor of Illinois would he have been lucky enough to have obtained that volunteer colonelcy which transferred him from the saddle to the White House in Washington? Thackeray used to do "but in similar speculations as to what might have been had not a trifle intervened to prevent history running its course. In 1415, the English crown was much nearer the Stuarts' grasp than it was thirty years ago. Scotland might have been the pretender's had all his friends had the courage of the earl of Mar and the eight thousand Highland gentlemen who rallied around him. Edinburgh castle would have undoubtedly been taken had not the men who were to be executed carried so long in a tavern that while they were "powdering their hair" their confederates under the fortress grew weary of waiting, and the rendezvous was reached too late. But for that "pulveris exigui jacta" of the jovial conspirators all Scotland might have been King James', and Northumberland and the north of England would have risen in force. In that ten minutes King James lost his crown, and was doomed to die a French prisoner at St. Germain, Prince Charlie to attempt to regain it under less favorable circumstances, and Cardinal

York to end the Stuart line amid wealth of song and story which their misfortunes have evoked. Had Clive succeeded in his attempted suicide, would not the English and French have changed places in India? If Lord John Russell had not shown an unwonted firmness when Louis Philippe was displaying a suspicious anxiety about "priority of discovery" at the antipodes, would our colonists have been enjoying that peace to-day which the absence of even such amiable neighbors as the French affords them? Suppose "night or the Prussians" had not come at Waterloo, what would have been the result—albeit Wellington always declared that he never expressed his longing for either?

War clouds have burst and millions of stout men have been slain owing to the veriest trifles. The cropping of Louis VII's chin brought on three centuries of bloodshed, and a sarcastic remark of Frederick the Great on Elizabeth Petrovna, of Russia, roused that virtuous Empress to take such a vigorous part in the Seven Years' War that at one time Prussia seemed well nigh stricken unto death. Even Catherine II.—profoundly suspicious of Potsdam after the "scandal about Queen Elizabeth"—carefully examined her husband's correspondence before she concluded an alliance with the royal letter-writer. Perhaps, had she found Frederick II. condoling with Peter III., Europe might have been spared much misery, and undismembered Poland been yet in existence to hold the balance between the northern empires. Nor have we been much wiser in our generation. The fourth Kafir war began about a seven hatchet, and the cutting down of a flagstaff at the Bay of Islands involved us in the wretched Maori troubles. The Crimean war ostensibly arose out of the disputed ownership of a church key, and as late as 1854 some men who were considered wise enough to sit in parliament were ready to spend a considerable sum of money and many lives in order to settle the ownership of some long-legged hogs on the Falkland islands. Porkers, indeed, have among good christians been always *terra incognita*. It is hardly forty years since Louis Philippe threatened war against the Texan republic because an irate citizen had shot the trespassing pigs of the French ambassador. As it was, he prevented the Lone Star sovereignty from floating their European loan, and thus, the king and the pigs combined hastened the annexation of Texas to the United States. The battle of the Nile was a turning point in history. But it could never have been fought had not Nelson's fleet been permitted to revictual at Syracuse, and into Syracuse it could never have gone had not the wife of the English ambassador at Naples been accidentally aware that King Ferdinand was very foolish and his queen very much the reverse. States before now have been ceded through the accidents of ignorance. The Dutch are said to have "jockeyed" us out of Malacca in exchange for Java by representing on the map, which our simple minded envoys took for granted, the one territory as large and the other as small; and among the most firmly rooted traditions of American diplomacy is one which represents the English Commissioner as agreeing to the surrender of Oregon because a country in which a salmon does not rise to the fly cannot be worth much. Laws have been altered through accidents before the queen's printer's boy forgot to deliver Lord Beaconsfield's amendment to a bill. Many years ago the Georgia Legislature put a tax of ten dollars on "all jackasses, lawyers and doctors." It was originally only intended to apply to the first, but was finally imposed on the two latter also, in order to tickle the grim humor of an old planter who held the casting vote of the assembly.

But if trifles have determined the fate of laws and nations, accidents equally small have caused men to follow pursuits the result of which have been not less momentous to culture and civilization. Father Malbranche devoted himself to philosophy after reading Descartes' "L'Homme"; Cowley became a poet after reading Spencer's "Fairy Queen," and Sir Joshua Reynolds had never thought of painting until Richardson's "Treaties" fell into his hands. Corneille showed no liking for any literature except the law until he fell in love and felt compelled to tell the lady so in poetry; and Moliere might have remained making tapestry had not his grandmother, nettled his pride by wishing that he could be an actor like Moliere. Devoa might never have discovered the Pacific had he not been unsuccessful as a shop-keeper in Hispaniola, and found it necessary to flee to the mainland, concealed from his creditors in a cask on board Enciso's vessel; and it is certain that had Cores become a well-briefed lawyer in Salamanca he would never have lived to tell Charles V. that he had given him more provinces than his father had left him. Ignatius Loyola was a soldier, and the Order of Jesuits might never have been founded had he not accidentally beguiled the tedium of inaction necessitated by a wound with reading the "Lives of the Saints." Gibbon determined to write his famous work after listening to the monks singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter at Rome; and La Fontaine was stimulated to cultivate literature after hearing some verses of Malherbe. Men of science have often been "made" by accidents as seemingly trifling. We shall not repeat the well-worn tale about the apple which set Newton on the track of his great discovery, for the story is extremely mythical; but it is true that Flamsted took to astronomy after having accidentally read Sacrobosco's "De Sphaera"; Pennant to natural history after seeing Willoughby's book on birds,

Bennett to the observation of insects after studying Reanmur, and Dr. Franklin always attributed the bent of his scientific genius to De Foe's "Essay on Projects." Faraday might have remained a journeyman bookbinder had not kindly Mr. Dance invited him to hear Sir Humphry Davy lecture, and Vancanson only took too studying the mechanism of clocks in order to beguile the weary hours which he had to pass while attending his mother at confess on.

Nor is it less true that great moral and political revolutions have taken place which might often have been avoided by the observation of trifles. Cacciari—whose veracity Isaac Disraeli vouches—has left it upon record that so credited was Martin Luther when the Emperor Charles V. put him under the ban that had he then received some preference he would have "renounced his errors." But the threatening words of Cardinal San Sisto, the apostolic legate, threw him into such despair that he did not care, after the insults he had received, to make an effort to save himself. Franklin, in like manner, was so annoyed at the tone which Lord Grenville assumed toward him that it is believed the interview entirely altered the conciliatory views with which the agent for the colony of Pennsylvania came to England, and hastened, if it did not precipitate the final explosion. In studying the chronicle of nations, we see only the broad, prominent events, but not the secret springs, which are all the time modifying and moving the actors even more powerfully. We can read the dispatches concerning the English share in the Greco-Turkish war, but the blue book contains no reference to the "Go it Ned" which, scrawled in the corner of the Duke of Clarence's dispatch, is said to have determined the battle of Navarino. The shelves of our libraries are laden with books labelled history. But in reality, real history remains to be written, for the older the world is growing the more it is inclined to agree with Sir Robert Walpole when he told his son Horace that, after having been engaged for half a century in making the materials for them, three-fourths of the written chronicles were lies not worth reading.

### What Seven Women Did.

These women lived in the country, were housekeepers with large families and small means; each one did her own work, and was full of care. To brighten up their monotonous lives a little during the dull, hard winter, they proposed to meet once in two weeks at each others' houses, with their knitting or sewing, but to go home before tea; that it should not interfere with their regular duties.

One of them proposed that they should read some book together and talk about it afterward, thus affording them pleasant and useful subjects for thought during the intervals of visiting. One lady suggested that they read Shakespeare. She had once seen the play of Hamlet, and she wanted to know more of this wonderful book. This at first seemed to these women of limited education, and at the ages of from 40 to 60, as an ambition too ambitious for them to carry out; but at last they determined to attempt it, although for fear of the ridicule of others who might hear of it, they resolved to keep their own counsel.

Lydian of economizing and contriving, they purchased a copy of Shakespeare, and with the aid of a pronouncing dictionary to test all doubtful words, they began with the play of Julius Caesar. From reading the plays, they were led to desire a knowledge of Shakespeare, his surroundings and friends. A kind and congenial friend, to whom they confided their secret, obtained for them the needful books. Notwithstanding the preparatory reading and the necessary study for these meetings had to be done here and there in odd moments, these women felt uplifted and refreshed by the thoughts which thus came to them, and they were delighted with the new outlook which opened over and above their weary lives. By their careful and strict attention to their studies, the range of their knowledge was greatly enlarged, and they were able to write creditable and thoughtful essays on subjects which grew out of their research.

The Penn Yan (Yates County) Chronicle says: We are informed by Mr. William Swarthout, of Torrey, that Mr. Thomas Paulding, a nephew of John Paulding, one of the captors of Major Andre resides in the town of Tyrone, and that he is the owner of the identical musket that John Paulding carried in coat memorable capture. Thomas Paulding is now about 75 years of age, and still hale and vigorous. He ought to be invited to attend the great Centennial at Fairytown, soon to take place. He and his old musket would be among the most interesting objects of that occasion. Upon the death of John Paulding, the musket became the property of a brother and the son of that brother, Mr. Thomas Paulding, keeps it as a family relic.

### A True Story

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of the window of a house on Market street, when they observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a dozen well-dressed and apparently sane persons began yelling after the wagon, as though the vegetable had been a gold watch or a thousand dollar bill. The driver stopped about half a square off, looked back at the cabbage, yawned, and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the street make over trivial occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. "Now, I'll bet a silk hat I could get a crowd of five hundred persons around that cabbage inside of thirty minutes, and yet not leave this room."

"I take the bet," said his friend, pulling out his watch. "Are you ready?"

"Yes; give the word."

"It is now eleven-thirty. Go!"

The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and taking a cane pointed earnestly at the mud covered cabbage with a terrified expression.

Presently a hack driver noticed the action and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone, then a bootblack, then a bill poster, a messenger boy, and a merchant.

"What's the matter?" inquired a German, approaching the innocent base of his national dish.

"Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window.

At his horror-stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately, and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically screamed the bettor, waving his cane. "Take that dog away quick!"

Several stones were thrown at a cur that was sniffing around the cabbage.

"Take care!" said the car driver to a policeman, who was shouldering his way through the mass. "It's an infernal machine, nitro glycerine—or something."

Meanwhile the sidewalk was blocked, the street became impassable, women screamed and rushed into shops, and a storekeeper underneath began to tie a bucket on the end of a long pole with which to pour water on the devilish invention.

The crowd by this time numbering over a thousand, the two gentlemen moved away from the window and sat down. In a few moments there was a hurried tap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as a delegate from the mass meeting outside.

"I should like to know, gentlemen," he said, "what the facts are."

"What facts?"

"Why, what there is peculiar about that cabbage out there?"

"Nothing in the world," was the soft reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected a moment, said he "guessed not," and retired. Before he handed in his report, however, Captain Short's watch had dispersed the mob and clubbed two hundred and eleven separate persons for creating a disturbance.

### New Prussian Gun.

According to the *National Zeitung*, the new Prussian gun is a repeating gun, capable of firing twelve shots per twenty-four seconds, after which it may be used like an ordinary gun of one shot. This result has been obtained by a store-chamber holding cartridges made of sheet iron, weighing 350 grammes, and with a capacity of eleven cartridges. This store-chamber can be removed or inserted at will, and it acts automatically when the store-chamber is opened or even shut, no special movement being necessary. In opening the store chamber a cartridge comes forward so that it will fall into place when the store-chamber is again opened. This store-chamber can be adapted to any gun loading at the breech, if the latter be provided with a cylindrical closing; and thus repeating guns are obtained. It requires but fifteen minutes to refill the store chamber, when it may be carried separately or at once inserted in the gun. In the latter case it is applied to the cartridge chamber, the weight coming, favorably upon the center of gravity of the gun. It means of this invention one can be loaded while firing. It is a curious improvement is M. Loewe, a member of the Progressionist party of Prussia, and called as such the "League of Peace."

The infant Princess of Spain reposes in a cradle of polished ebony inlaid with silver. The curtains are of silver gauze, enameled with white velvet flowers; the coverlet of white satin, embroidered with the arms of Spain. Two lady attendants watch the little sleeper, one to keep away the flies, and the other to note the exact time of her awakening. And yet the colic which has no respect for royalty, doubles that youngster up like a jack knife every fifteen minutes.

Mosquitoes and Flies.—If water in which quassia chips have been boiled is put upon the exposed parts of the body and left to dry there, mosquitoes and flies will not trouble the surface so protected. Quassia water is harmless to children and grown people, but death to insects.

### Turkish Domestic Life in the Way of Reform.

Every Turk leads two lives. He may be in the society of Europeans during six hours of every day. He is then well dressed, vivacious, perhaps intelligent. But this part of his life is not the part which forms his motives. It is not then that the final causes are at work which govern his acts. His life when he is in the busy whirl of the world, is superficial and unreal. How artificial it is can be seen in the alacrity with which, on his return to his harem, he lays off the broadcloth clothes of his public existence and dons the white baggy trousers, the open-necked vest, and the long gown dear to his heart. He is only ready to be alone when he releases his feet from patent leather and from stockings, and thrusts them into "unbeeled slippers." Then he is himself, for he is at home. The women is to every Turk his haven of refuge. To it he may flee from every care. About the harem cling all the sweetest associations of his life. All his best feelings find exercise in that sacred place. His mother, perhaps, is there, or his sisters. There only he enjoys the prattle of his children. There alone in all the world can the tired man find the balm of sympathy. There he has books and a study in peace if he will. There he enjoys the riches of his splendid flower garden. In the domain of the women, with hills and vales and moon-touched sea before his eyes, he dreams away his summer evenings under the subtle spell of nature. And here he meets the controlling influences of his life. The women of the harem, mother, sisters and wives, wait upon the man coming weary home from his struggle with life. They are to him humble servants of merry companions, as his mood is. They please him with his children, or leave him alone with his books, at his behest. Sooner or later, however, they assert their woman's right of talking on serious topics, and then they have him at their mercy. Now these women who make the home of the Turk are rarely his equals in mental acquirements. No question of blood rules the selection of wives among the Turks. A woman born in a mud hovel often rules in a pasha's palace. At the very best, Turkish women rarely have any education beyond the primer. They believe in signs and wonders; in the active agency of evil spirits; in the existence of a great dragon who periodically attempts to swallow the moon; in charms and incantations. In short, they are as superstitious as they can be after centuries of hereditary ignorance. But they are positive in opinion, and intolerant of opposition. Moreover, they are, above all things else, ardent and bigoted Mohammedans. Such are the intellectual surroundings of the Turk during that part of his life which he loves. And when the women of his house turn the conversation upon public affairs, the poor man is helpless in their hands because he knows the futility of logic in such discussion. Often a pasha meets at home a petition which he has refused in his office, and yielding to sheer impotency on the part of his women, he rewards the shrewdness of the man who has found means to invoke such aids. Often it has happened that the pasha disappoints an ambassador and violates his promise to support a new measure, because the women of his household object to the deviation from custom. These women are under no influences by which their opinions may be changed. They live in a world of their own, and are entirely unaware of an existence preferable to their own, and know nothing of that outside world to which they are simply curiosities of antique origin. This glance at the domestic life of the Turk and its influence upon him leaves little to hope from the Turks in the direction of voluntary abandonment of old systems and practices.—[Harper's Magazine.]

A DEAD MERMAID.—On Tuesday of last week, Captain Raymond, keeper of Life Saving Station No. 3, found on the beach what he supposed to be a mermaid, which had been washed up from the sea. It was dead when it came on the beach, and in a slight state of putrefaction. Captain Raymond describes it as being about the size of an ordinary six-year-old boy, and to the waist or middle of the body, resembled a boy in every particular. He says that its face, head, neck, arms and bust, as well as hair, were perfect in appearance to those of a human being. There were no fingers on the hands, but a coarse, mopy hair, like the frizzled end of a whalebone, supplied their place. The lower portion of the body, from the middle or waist downward, resembled that of a shark, the tail being covered with a hairy substance similar to that of the hands. The sea nymph has created great excitement in the vicinity of the station, and many of the inhabitants thereabouts think its presence forebodes bad luck. Captain Fowler says the "tarnel eriter" comes there for no good, and that it betokens a terrible shipwreck and fearful loss of life, which is soon to happen on that part of the coast.—Wilmington (Del.) Herald.

PHILADELPHIA coal dealers have almost a mint in their business, at present prices. Upwards of 2,000,000 tons of coal are consumed annually in that city, which costs the dealers, delivered in Philadelphia, only \$2 15 but which they re-sell at \$6 50—three times more than the expense of mining and transporting it. The people of Philadelphia consequently pay yearly \$13,000,000 for what costs but \$4,310,000—a profit to the dealers of \$9,700,000.

When Time spares beauty he contem plates it.