

The Home Circle.

Poem.

Written for the S. F. Daily Fair Press.

[By Dunderfunk, after seeing the man with the horrible whisky nose who promenades California street, and frequently illuminates the Pavilion.]

I've seen a sight! You bet your clothes it made a famous show! And beat Dan, Jackson's jolly nose Two hundred years ago.

Had Delaney, Sheridan and Swift But found this treasure out, No'er in a poem had they puffed Dan, Jackson's paltry snout.

For after all that they have writ, In doggerel, rhyme and prose, Unbiased judges must admit 'Twas but a common nose.

But such a nose as I have seen! 'Tis seldom it appears To bless the sight of sinful man— Once in a thousand year.

What treasures would the Romans give— That ancient, noble race— For such a precious gift of heaven To ornament man's face?

'Tis like the mother's darling child, Improving every hour to now, Oh moment 'tis a best well "biled," The next a cauliflower.

Or, like the rainbow in the skies, The colors go and come; 'Tis clear to see with both your eyes, That it was made by rain.

Of wine and brandy many a sup It cost to get it ripe; As much to work the colic up As a Dutchman's meerschaum pipe.

'Tis true the Germans boast of one That withered the female sex, The nose of Captain Lewis John, But it was made of wax.

And now, kind friends, I've said enough, I think you'll all say so, 'Tis just the thing for taking snuff Like-wise to smell and blow.

A Decided Negative.

As a schoolboy I ever was partial to Brown.

We divided our coffee and shared in our toys; To this moment (no schoolboy tradition comes down) We are quoted as friendly and brotherly boys.

But, supposing that Brown were to ask me to-day For a share of my heart or a share of my purse; I would sink the old friendship and quietly say— "Not at all; on the contrary—quite the reverse."

I have known what it is to be head over heels In a passion that knows neither limit nor span; I have known what a loving young gentleman feels When he feels all a loving young gentleman can.

But if Laura Maitland should ask me to-day For a share of my heart or a share of my purse, Do you think I could ever remember my vow?— Not at all; on the contrary—quite the reverse.

Before People.

Written for the S. F. Rural Press by ELBA E. ANTHONY.

"Take this easy chair, dear mother, and let me throw this shawl around you; and I will close the window, so you will not take cold," said Polly Pax meticulously, suiting the action to the word, shyly glancing at Alf Bond, who was secretly admiring her filial conduct, and winking he could ask her before long to become his wife, as such a loving, obedient daughter could not fail of being a good wife.

"What beautiful taste you have, my love; I am a thousand times obliged to you," chirped pretty Mrs. Moss to her husband, as he bent and fastened a lovely bracelet on her snowy arm, in the parlor of the hotel, glancing around to see the effect of her words; and felt repaid on hearing a stranger remark, "What a lovely woman, and such an affectionate wife."

"Thanks, but I never drink wine; I am trying to become a moral young man," laughingly said handsome Steve Leroy, as a charming young girl offered him of a glass of wine; and she turned to a fair maiden who hung on his arm, and said merrily: "You are fortunate, Sybil, in having such a temperate lover."

Sybil's cheek flushed as she replied: "Yes, Any, Steve has promised to take the pledge before we are married, and I know he will keep his word," and she gazed fondly at him as she spoke.

"I am delighted to see you, my dearest Araminta, and hope you are as well as your appearance indicates; but you are one of the fortunate few, who always look charming," and Madame A-la-mode left a kiss on her visitor's artistically painted cheeks, and then continued: "You are engaged to Mr. Whitehead? Let me be the first to congratulate you, as you have made the best match of the season. I know that he is nearer seventy than sixty, but just think of his enormous wealth; why he is a veritable Croesus. What a lovely hat and so becoming to you. I hear that Mrs. Spendifast has separated from her husband, and I do not blame her; for she told me that she asked him for a check for a thousand dollars, and the wretch was heartless enough to offer her a beggarly five hundred instead. The idea! why, that alone was enough to cause a divorce in almost any family. Must you go? I wish you would spend the day. No? Adieu, my dear."

"Will you take me to the concert this evening, Tom?" said Eunice Arthur in a timid voice to her husband, who was gaily conversing with a group of girls, who were all engaged to go with their escorts, and a brilliant brunette said merrily: "Certainly he will, Eunice, don't be afraid to speak to his lordship," and Mr. Arthur chimed in: "As Lotta says, certainly I will, Eunice; let me fasten this rose in your curls, there, run away, love, and dress," and they scattered in all directions.

When alone, "There! he's gone at last, and I am glad of it. Give me that chair, ma, and open the window; I thought I would smother while Alf was here; hand me a novel, and now, don't let the children come near me," croaked said Polly Pax. Her gentle mother looked at her in amazement, and said mildly: "Polly, how you have changed; when Alf Bond was here, you did not speak in that manner." Polly curled herself up in the chair, and answered: "Wait until I marry him, and then he will see a much worse change; we are alone now and politeness is not needed, but one must act becomingly before people."

"The idea of your buying such a cheap bracelet, and then making such a show of it down stairs. There, I won't ever wear it again," cried Mrs. Moss wrathfully, as she threw the lustrous bauble across the room, and continued: "I wish I could select something tasteful like young Brainless." "Yes," responded Mr. Moss, "his name indicates that he is not fit for much else; and when in the parlor, you acted as if you were perfectly delighted." She interrupted pettishly: "Because I had to keep up appearances before people."

"Of course, I'll take a drink," said Steve Leroy; and after he had swallowed his fourth glass of wine, his face began to flush, and he said to his companion: "I told Sybil I would take the pledge to pacify her, but that is only for drunkards, while I only drink occasionally. After we are married, I will have wine at home, and drink whenever I wish; but now, for Sybil's sake, I have to refuse wine before people."

Madame A-la-mode, when alone, soliloquized thus: "I began to think Araminta was intending to spend the day here, instead of a fashionable call of twenty minutes. Well, she is engaged at last, and to a man old enough to be her grandfather; all she came in for, was to tell me about it. Wearing her last year's silk dress, too; and her new hat makes her look hideous; but I never saw her look different. She will make his money by. And she actually leaned back in her chair! That showed her idea of etiquette. I despise her, but must act cordially before people."

"You must think I am made of money. This is the third concert within the last six months, that you have wanted to attend. A wife's place is at home," fumed Tom Arthur, and his delicate wife said tearfully: "If you do not wish me to go, husband, I will remain at home, but you seemed so pleased when the girls spoke of going, that I asked you the favor." He answered angrily: "There you go again, crying as usual. A man cannot speak a word to you, but down come the tears. As to my consenting when Lotta spoke, I should think you would know by this time, that one has to be always pleasant and agreeable before people."

Wan Lee as a Printer's "Devil." Bret Harie describes in "Wan Lee, the Pagan," in "Scribner's" for September, the exploits of a Chinaman in a newspaper office. He writes: It was deemed advisable for the next three weeks to keep Wan Lee closely confined to the printing office and the purely mechanical part of the business. Here he developed a surprising quickness and adaptability, winning even the favor and good will of the printers and foreman, who at first looked upon his introduction into the secrets of their trade as fraught with the gravest political significance. He learned to set type readily and neatly, his wonderful skill in manipulation aiding him in mere mechanical art, and his ignorance of the language confining him simply to the mechanical effort—confirming the printer's axiom that the printer who considers or follows the ideas of his copy makes a poor compositor. He would set up deliberately long distributives against himself, composed by his fellow printers, and hung on his hook as copy, and even such short sentences as "Wan Lee is the devil's own imp," "Wan Lee is a Mongolian rascal," and bring the proof to me with happiness beaming from every tooth, and satisfaction shining in his huckle-berry eyes.

It was not long, however, before he learned to ret late on his mischievous persecutors. I remember one instance in which his reprisal came very near involving me in a serious misunderstanding. Our foreman's name was Webster, and Wan Lee presently learned to know and recognize the individual and combined letters of his name. It was during a political campaign, and the eloquent and fiery Colonel Starbottle, of Siskiyou, had delivered an effective speech, which was reported especially for the "Northern Star." In a very sublime peroration Colonel Starbottle had said, "In the language of the god like Webster, I repeat"—and here followed the quotation, which I have forgotten. Now it chanced that Wan Lee, looking over the galley after it had been revised, saw the name of his chief persecutor, and of course imagined the quotation. After the form was locked up Wan Lee took advantage of Webster's absence to remove the quotation and substitute a thin piece of lead of the same size as the type, engraved with Chinese characters, making a sentence which, I have reason to believe, was an utter and abject confession of the incapacity and off-misiveness of the Webster family generally, and exceedingly eulogistic of Wan Lee himself personally.

The next morning's paper contained Colonel Starbottle's speech in full, in which it appeared that the "god-like" Webster had on one occasion uttered his thoughts in excellent but perfectly ungrammatical Chinese. The rage of Colonel Starbottle knew no bounds. I have a vivid recollection of that admirable man walking into my office and demanding a retraction of the statement.

California Manners. An incident on the Oakland boat the other day brought out a trait which disinguihes a California crowd—courtesy. Insane patients bound for Stockton are brought over this ferry. A crowd, attracted by the morbid interest all feel in lunatics, had gathered round the unfortunate. The mass grew denser and soon numbered at least a hundred. A few unfeeling fellows laughed boisterously at the antics of one of the madmen, which excited the wretch greatly. The keeper arose and, addressing the crowd, said: "Gentlemen, oblige me by not standing here. You see that you excite these men. Common humanity ought to make you keep away."

Without a word, and feeling rather ashamed of himself, the men dispersed, and in two minutes not half a dozen remained. We overheard an English gentleman remark that it was an extraordinary thing; that an English crowd composed of the same class would have merely laughed and jeered at the keeper and gone home.

No one who has seen chance and heterogeneous assemblages here, and who has had the thought of comparison suggested, but remarks the peculiarity of consideration for others. Between the public courtesy of our common people and that of those of Europe there is no parallel, and the Eastern States do not compare favorably.

This delicacy is not hard to account for. The more men know of life under guises, the more liberal and less provincial they become. The spirit of the old mining days, when all men had an equal footing, lingers with us. Men learned then that No. 1 is apt to meet quite as good figures as itself without going very far or searching closely. Thus it happens that the characteristic of "Forty-Niner," is real courtesies of manner, something more than mere politeness and bordering on chivalry. We late comers take our cue and in consequence have earned the distinction of being perhaps the best behaved people in the world.

To come down to the coarser manifestations of bad manners, statistics, the police reports prove that in this respect San Francisco is much superior to the big cities of the Atlantic side. It is true that in the cutting and shooting line we rather lap over Eastern towns. This, perhaps, has not a little to do with our public civility. A row in California has a funeral among its possibilities. In older communities a broken head is the ultimate disaster. Disagreeable as both undoubtedly are, the latter is to be preferred. To be violently uncivil in public anywhere will raise a row. You are not, therefore, anxious to create one in which you may figure as a corpse.

It would be pleasant to assume that our good manners arise from strictly moral causes, but we confess that the sturdy disposition of every man to defend his rights looks suspicious. Pluck has more than morals to do with our good manners.

How Washoe Undertakers Set their Coffins for Customers. A night or two since, while on his beat through B street, Officer Shirts found an inebriated individual reposing on a bench in front of Wilson & Brown's undertaking establishment. The officer shook the fellow until he awoke him from his drunken slumber, then explained to him that he would be obliged to escort him to the station house unless he hunted other quarters. The man told the officer that he was a stranger in town, that he had but four bits, and the night being warm he had concluded it would be good economy to sleep out of doors and save his four bits to buy his breakfast in the morning. Not being a hard-hearted man, the officer told the fellow that he might finish his snooze, provided he would get up and move out of sight before the people were astir on the streets. Passing that way again in the course of an hour or two, Mr. Shirts found that his snoozer had rolled off the bench and was lying in the empty case of a coffin which was sitting at the edge of the sidewalk. Rousing his man again, the officer told him he "must get out of there."

"Out of what?" grumbled the fellow. "Out of that coffin," said Shirts—though it was but one of those large coffin shaped cases in which coffins are shipped. "Who's in a coffin?" said the fellow, rubbing his eyes. "Why you are," said Shirts. "If I am I don't know it."

"Well, I know it, and if you don't get out of that it will be the end of you. Don't you know that if the undertakers get up in the morning and find you snoozing in here they'll clamp a lid on the coffin, nail you up and bury you, and then send in a bill and make the county pay your funeral expenses."

Crawling out of his narrow quarters, the fellow stood and gazed upon the coffin-case for a time, then said: "What sort of a—d undertakers have you got up here in this county, that go and set coffins 'longside the sidewalks to catch men?" "Wan," I said, gravely, "I should like you to give me, for my own personal satisfaction, a translation of that Chinese sentence which my gifted countryman, the late God-like Webster, uttered upon a public occasion. Wan Lee looked at me intently, and then the slightest possible twinkle crept into his black eyes. Then he replied, with equal gravity: "Mistake Webster, he says 'China boys make me bely much for 'em.' 'China boys make me bely sick.' Which I have reason to think was true."

A BLISSFUL MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.—A writer in the Galaxy says: At the gaming table the Duke of Richmond incurred a debt of honor to Lord Cadogan, which he was unable to pay, and it was agreed that his son, a lad of fifteen, who bore the title of Earl of March, should marry the still younger daughter of Lord Cadogan. The boy was sent for from school and the girl from the nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and the children were told that they were to be married upon the spot. The girl had nothing to say. The boy cried out: "They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" But married they were. A post-chaise was at the door; the bridegroom was packed off with his tutor to make the grand tour, and the bride was sent back to her mother. Lord March remained abroad for several years, after which he returned to London, a well-educated, handsome young man, but in no haste to meet his wife, whom he had never seen except upon the occasion of their hasty marriage. So he tarried in London to amuse himself. One night at the opera his attention was attracted to a beautiful young lady in the boxes. "Who is that?" he asked of a gentleman beside him. "You must be a stranger in London," was the reply, "not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March." The earl went straight to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride. The two fell in love with each other on the spot, and lived long and happily together; and when the husband died she also died of a broken heart within a few months.

"Specter is silver, but silence is golden." Hence the expression, "hush money."

A loose habit—getting tight.

Character in Walks. It is amusing to sit on the hotel balconies in Saratoga and watch the different ways people have of walking. The sentimental young lady comes hitching along with her dressed tight around her feet. This is the brainless noddle where the dress overcomes all character—where it gets bigger than the woman.

Sometimes a little happy woman comes walking down the dining room with her head up, heels down, and patting her left palm with her fan. This is the walk of a happy girl—just engaged.

After studying the walks of men all summer I have prepared the following infallible chart, whereby you can tell all human character just by noticing the walk:

Selfish, one-idea men, like Gov. Morgan and John Randolph "toe in" and look straight ahead.

Unstable persons, like Theodore Tilton, George Francis Train, Mrs. Woodhull, and Gov. Beveridge of Illinois, walk slow and fast by turns.

Fun-loving persons, like Sam Cox, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Olive Logan and Oliver Wendell Holmes, teter and tilt up and down when they walk.

Careless persons, like Lincoln, Greeley, Zack Chandler and Susan Anthony, are continually stubbing their toes, or stepping on somebody's dress.

Retiring persons, like A. T. Stewart and Charles O'Connor, walk swiftly and slip through a crowd unobserved, like eels through a fish rack.

Good-natured persons, like Schuyler Colfax and Frank Carpenter, pat an envelope or knife on the palms of their left hands or snap their fingers every few steps.

Strong-minded people, like Anna Dickinson and Secretary Bristol, toe straight ahead, shut their mouths, and plank the whole foot down on the floor at once.

Wide-awake people, like Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Spaker Blaine and Senator Logan, swing their arms and "toe out," while their hands fly about miscellaneously.

Lazy people, like Senator Morton, Judge Davis of Illinois and Gen. Grant, slosh around loosely, first on one side of the walk, then on the other, while they skuff their heels along on the ground without lifting them up.

Managing and conniving persons, like Thurlow Weed, Gov. Fenton and Andrew Green, generally walk with one hand clutched hold of an envelope or stuffed into the pocket, while their heads lean forward, indicating subjective thought.

Timid people, like Jay Gould and Sam Tilden, hesitate as they walk, pass outside when they meet any one, go around a stone or stick instead of stepping on it, and step off the walk entirely on meeting several people at once.

Observing persons, like Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher and Josh Billings, walk slowly, while their eyes look down on the ground and on each side, and the body frequently turns clear around, as if the mind were reflecting on something passed.

Careful persons, like Pater Cooper, Gen. Dix, Fernando Wood and Augustus Schell, lift their feet high and bring them down slowly, often touching something with their canes or kicking a stone or stick to one side of the way.—N. Y. Sun.

English Nobility Toilets. A correspondent of a Boston paper describes some costumes worn at the Goodwood races: "The Princess of Wales wore dark pink silk under black lace, elaborately ornamented with bugles, arranged in a star pattern; her bonnet was of black and pink. The Duchess of Manchester was dressed in cream white silk, unrelieved by any bright color; Lady Westmoreland was dressed entirely in green, and the Marchioness of Ailesbury in brown. Sir Garnet Wolsey escorted a lady who wore a dress of the most delicate primrose tint, trimmed with Honiton and white bugle lace; her hat was white, with primrose feathers. A mauve costume, heavily fringed and embroidered with white, attracted great attention; the sleeveless velvet jacket worn with it was of a darker shade of mauve, and the skirt was deeply edged with the same material; the belt was of steel, the parasol and hat of the same color as the dress. The lady who wore the next costume must have had a faultless complexion and wonderfully pretty face to overcome its glaring effect, for it was of light blue and pale pink, with deep trimmings of white bugle lace. The coquetish Tyrolese hat was covered with a profusion of light blue feathers, and the pink sunshade was covered with Brussels lace. Two ladies wore costumes of canary and blue; white gauze over tea-rose silk and white lace over amber silk were the materials of two exquisite dresses. Among the combination dresses was one of dark brown and the palest primrose; the sleeves and skirt trimmings were of the dark tint; the tunic, sleeveless jacket and skirt of the light; the hat combined both colors. Another combination was of rose-pink and plum-color; the train and sleeveless jacket were of the latter shade; the skirt, hat and parasol of the former. Among what might be called the metallic dresses, three were particularly conspicuous. One consisted of an underdress of cream-colored silk, with an elaborate overdress of black lace, almost covered with blue steel ornaments, arranged in a convoluted pattern; another was a black satin, with an overdress of black lace, covered with gold embroidery. Another was a black silk dress, with a polonaise of silver lace of a floral pattern. Bugles and jet, both as embroidery and as armor, were abundant, and braiding was used on many dresses. Two new tints were seen, one of which is almost unrecognizably declared to resemble nothing but strawberry ice, half smothered in cream; the other is a lilac so delicate that it looks as if bleached by the sun."

THE PERILS OF PRACTICAL JOKERS.—A respectable person, says the Pall Mall Gazette, was arrested the other day in Paris on the charge of picking a pocket under circumstances which must command the sympathy of the most rigid moralist. He was returning home from a social gathering, when the natural conviction to which Lord Dundreary used to be subject overtook him, and he sneezed in the most uncompromising manner. This unusually satisfactory operation is not, however, entirely so to a civilized person unless he can command the assistance of a pocket-hankerchief. The subject of this crisis, therefore, felt wildly in his pockets for the desired article, but his faithful companion had disappeared. Suddenly an emotion of joy, such as that with which a shipwrecked sailor spies a distant sail, lighted up his fearful eye. He saw depending from a pocket of a friend walking a few paces in advance of him a red silk hankerchief, large, soft and lustrous. A few seconds more and he had buried his still quivering and wistful nose in those delicious folds, when the hands of a police agent was laid on his shoulder, and the owner of the hankerchief turned round, revealing the countenance of a complete stranger. The pocketpick malgré lui was about to be led off to the station, when certain papers found on his person established his respectability so conclusively that he was suffered to go home, duly provided with a pocket-hankerchief obligingly lent him by a police officer.

Young Folks' Column. Jack the Pelican. A correspondent of Lond and Water writes that paper as follows: I think some account of Jack the Pelican, by many degrees the oldest inhabitant of the Zoological Gardens in Dublin, who lately died there at the ripe age of fifty years, as it is a well-authenticated instance of the longevity of birds under favorable circumstances, will be interesting to general readers. This fine specimen of the tribe of "Anser" (Linnaeus) was brought to the gardens by a Mr. Egan, shortly after their original foundation, in the year 1831, and was then quite full grown, and supposed to be seven or eight years old; and as he lived and flourished there more than forty-two years, his age at his late lamented demise must have closely approached, if not fully reached, the half-century. Jack was generally about the first specimen which was introduced, or rather introduced himself, to the notice of visitors, as he was seldom shut up in a cage, but walked or waddled about where he pleased, usually on the green lawn sloping down to the lake, on which the waterfowl live; and was often rather an object of terror to juveniles and the ladies in charge, having at times a trick of opening his great beak, and snapping at them as they passed, quite harmlessly however, although the writer of this notice remembers a smart scratch received by him in a tender part, and through a pair of white muslin gloves, when breakfasting in a tent in the grounds many years ago, and which was inflicted by the sharp hook on the point of the upper mandible.

He usually treated strangers with sovereign contempt, hardly deigning to waddle out of their road; but when seized, and his beak opened to show his cliff-tongue which lay at the pouch under the bill, his eye, usually a splendid ruby or rather carbuncle color, got red as a coal with anger at the indignity. His plumage was always in the most beautiful order and the most brilliant white, except about the head, where the soft downy hackles assumed a pinky hue. Curiously enough, he never went into the water, except occasionally for the purposes of ablution, when he would duck and wash himself all over; then, returning to land, squeeze the water out of his feathers with his bill, just as a washerwoman does her clothes, and then stand in the sun to dry; but he never seemed to swim for pleasure or to fish, in which respects he differed from the three junior members of his tribe also located in the gardens, who spent their whole time in the water or perched on the little artificial islet in the lake, and rarely came to land, except to be fed, being with difficulty caught when desired to be caged for the winter, for fear of the cold.

Jack treated these juveniles with, if possible, greater contempt than human boys and girls, and never appeared to take the slightest notice of nor to recognize his brethren from the other water fowl in the garden. Another peculiarity of his was that he would never touch any food but fish, although it is the wise practice of the clever and careful curator, Mr. Garter, if possible to educate all his flock not to be too particular, in case of necessity. This practice might wisely be introduced into many seminaries for young persons of the present day. The others soon learnt to eat and relish horseflesh on occasion, but Jack stood out stannishly, and fish, and fish only, he would have, at whatever cost, all attempts at deceiving him being in vain—even a herring nicely stuffed with meat being instantly detected and rejected with scorn. He stood some twenty inches from the ground to the top of his back, and was about the same across when his wings were folded; when open they would stretch fully ten feet from tip to tip.

Jack knew his friends and enemies well, and when he first came, and until Mr. Egan's death, it was most absurd to see the way he attached himself to him, running to meet him on arrival at the gate, and never leaving his foot while in the garden, following as close to his heels as a retriever dog. He showed signs of age for some time before his death, and lost the sight of one eye, but went about as usual until the beginning of winter, when he drooped, and was only kept alive for a time on a diet of live eels and whisky-punch, of which latter he was very fond. Mr. Garter and all the keepers cherished and nursed him, with the respect due to his age and position, but in vain, and at last, to the great regret of his many and attached friends, he paid the debt of nature.

A LIBERAL-MINDED YOUNGSTER was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there's money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

"MY SON," said a benevolent stranger to a lovely, golden-haired child, the other day, "you look like a boy who had been brought up by affectionate parents."

"Was I was I?" exclaimed the excited lad; "just look at my back!"

A SMALL BOY in New Haven made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "Take one," from a lot of hand-bills in front of a store to a basket of oranges.

To be a great man it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities.—Roche foucauld.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, of English origin, the inventor and father of the railway system, was the son of a poor miner, and was born in 1781. Blacket, also an Englishman, made the first locomotive to travel on a smooth rail. Stephenson saw this engine, and decided that he could make a better one, and having \$4,000 saved, he put it all into the construction of a locomotive, that broke down at the first trial. His patience and perseverance, two qualities requisite in an inventor, did not fail him, and he succeeded in making one of the grandest inventions of all the ages. At one step of his genius, he quadrupled the power of the engine, and in that invention he made a step so gigantic that it can never be forgotten.—Ez.

THE MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF WELL WATER.—Reichardt has sought an expeditious method of determining the quality of drinking water, and recommends the use of the microscope in detecting salts in solution by their crystalline form. For this purpose, a few drops of the water under examination are evaporated on a slip of glass either at a high or low temperature, and the forms of crystals obtained, compared with those of known salts dissolved in water, and recrystallized in the same manner. In this way one can detect with dispatch and certainty, common salt, calc spar, gypsum, nitre, etc., and to a certain extent the relative quantities present.

MANUFACTURE OF GUN COTTON.—Samuel Joseph Mackie, Westminster, England, claims: 1st. The treatment of the vegetable fiber with acids so as to transform it into gun cotton; the crushing of the fiber so as to destroy its capillary structure and reduce it to an impalpable mass, and the granulation of said mass. 2d. The production of gun cotton in a moist condition, and the drying of it in vacuo, as set forth.

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A correspondent of Lond and Water writes that paper as follows: I think some account of Jack the Pelican, by many degrees the oldest inhabitant of the Zoological Gardens in Dublin, who lately died there at the ripe age of fifty years, as it is a well-authenticated instance of the longevity of birds under favorable circumstances, will be interesting to general readers. This fine specimen of the tribe of "Anser" (Linnaeus) was brought to the gardens by a Mr. Egan, shortly after their original foundation, in the year 1831, and was then quite full grown, and supposed to be seven or eight years old; and as he lived and flourished there more than forty-two years, his age at his late lamented demise must have closely approached, if not fully reached, the half-century. Jack was generally about the first specimen which was introduced, or rather introduced himself, to the notice of visitors, as he was seldom shut up in a cage, but walked or waddled about where he pleased, usually on the green lawn sloping down to the lake, on which the waterfowl live; and was often rather an object of terror to juveniles and the ladies in charge, having at times a trick of opening his great beak, and snapping at them as they passed, quite harmlessly however, although the writer of this notice remembers a smart scratch received by him in a tender part, and through a pair of white muslin gloves, when breakfasting in a tent in the grounds many years ago, and which was inflicted by the sharp hook on the point of the upper mandible.

He usually treated strangers with sovereign contempt, hardly deigning to waddle out of their road; but when seized, and his beak opened to show his cliff-tongue which lay at the pouch under the bill, his eye, usually a splendid ruby or rather carbuncle color, got red as a coal with anger at the indignity. His plumage was always in the most beautiful order and the most brilliant white, except about the head, where the soft downy hackles assumed a pinky hue. Curiously enough, he never went into the water, except occasionally for the purposes of ablution, when he would duck and wash himself all over; then, returning to land, squeeze the water out of his feathers with his bill, just as a washerwoman does her clothes, and then stand in the sun to dry; but he never seemed to swim for pleasure or to fish, in which respects he differed from the three junior members of his tribe also located in the gardens, who spent their whole time in the water or perched on the little artificial islet in the lake, and rarely came to land, except to be fed, being with difficulty caught when desired to be caged for the winter, for fear of the cold.

Jack treated these juveniles with, if possible, greater contempt than human boys and girls, and never appeared to take the slightest notice of nor to recognize his brethren from the other water fowl in the garden. Another peculiarity of his was that he would never touch any food but fish, although it is the wise practice of the clever and careful curator, Mr. Garter, if possible to educate all his flock not to be too particular, in case of necessity. This practice might wisely be introduced into many seminaries for young persons of the present day. The others soon learnt to eat and relish horseflesh on occasion, but Jack stood out stannishly, and fish, and fish only, he would have, at whatever cost, all attempts at deceiving him being in vain—even a herring nicely stuffed with meat being instantly detected and rejected with scorn. He stood some twenty inches from the ground to the top of his back, and was about the same across when his wings were folded; when open they would stretch fully ten feet from tip to tip.

Jack knew his friends and enemies well, and when he first came, and until Mr. Egan's death, it was most absurd to see the way he attached himself to him, running to meet him on arrival at the gate, and never leaving his foot while in the garden, following as close to his heels as a retriever dog. He showed signs of age for some time before his death, and lost the sight of one eye, but went about as usual until the beginning of winter, when he drooped, and was only kept alive for a time on a diet of live eels and whisky-punch, of which latter he was very fond. Mr. Garter and all the keepers cherished and nursed him, with the respect due to his age and position, but in vain, and at last, to the great regret of his many and attached friends, he paid the debt of nature.

A LIBERAL-MINDED YOUNGSTER was picked up by a visitor of the family, who, dandling him on his knee, said: "I wish I had this little boy; I think there's money in him." To which promptly responded the child: "I know there is, for I swallowed a cent when I was at grandma's the other day."

"MY SON," said a benevolent stranger to a lovely, golden-haired child, the other day, "you look like a boy who had been brought up by affectionate parents."

"Was I was I?" exclaimed the excited lad; "just look at my back!"

A SMALL BOY in New Haven made a sensation for a short time by quietly transferring a card bearing the words "Take one," from a lot of hand-bills in front of a store to a basket of oranges.

To be a great man it is necessary to turn to account all opportunities.—Roche foucauld.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, of English origin, the inventor and father of the railway system, was the son of a poor miner, and was born in 1781. Blacket, also an Englishman, made the first locomotive to travel on a smooth rail. Stephenson saw this engine, and decided that he could make a better one, and having \$4,000 saved, he put it all into the construction of a locomotive, that broke down at the first trial. His patience and perseverance, two qualities requisite in an inventor, did not fail him, and he succeeded in making one of the grandest inventions of all the ages. At one step of his genius, he quadrupled the power of the engine, and in that invention he made a step so gigantic that it can never be forgotten.—Ez.

THE MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF WELL WATER.—Reichardt has sought an expeditious method of determining the quality of drinking water, and recommends the use of the microscope in detecting salts in solution by their crystalline form. For this purpose, a few drops of the water under examination are evaporated on a slip of glass either at a high or low temperature, and the forms of crystals obtained, compared with those of known salts dissolved in water, and recrystallized in the same manner. In this way one can detect with dispatch and certainty, common salt, calc spar, gypsum, nitre, etc., and to a certain extent the relative quantities present.

MANUFACTURE OF GUN COTTON.—Samuel Joseph Mackie, Westminster, England, claims: 1st. The treatment of the vegetable fiber with acids so as to transform it into gun cotton; the crushing of the fiber so as to destroy its capillary structure and reduce it to an impalpable mass, and the granulation of said mass. 2d. The production of gun cotton in a moist condition, and the drying of it in vacuo, as set forth.