### JUST FOR TAT.

"Good mornin', Miss Kate," said young Mickie Free;
"Good mornin' again; it's yourself sure I see,
Looking blooomin' as ever." But Kate turned away
As she said, "Mister Mickie, I wish you good day.
You're a heartless deceiver, now don't say a word!
Pretty tales about you are what Norah I've heard!
You kissed her last Monday with her the day of the fair
And pouted her gray eyes and her very red hair.
You called her an angel; quite in love with her fell:
And at night when you parted, you blessed her as well!"
Then young Mickie gave a sly wink as he said,
"I deserved her, my darlin'; this may turn your head;
Yes, faith, I deserved her; my darlin', it's true,
For I shut both my eyes, Kate, and fancied 'twas you!

Yes, that's what I did,
Kate, it's true;
I shut both my eyes,
And fancied 'twas you!"

"Well, I've no time to stay, so good-bye, Mickie Free,
You may deserve her; but you don't deserve me;
I'm not to be blamed, Mick, a word in your ear;
You had better be off, for my dad's comin' here."
"Oh, your dad's comin', is he? That's not him I see
Now lookin' behind that owld blackthorn tree.
For it's Paddy Mahon." "O," said Kate with a scow,
"You've got your eyes open at last, Mickie, dear,
And shure you are right; 'tis my own darlin' Pat,
So take my advice, Mick, and get out of that;
For he's comin' to court me." Now listen, you lad;
When that boy kisses me, oh, won't you be glad!
For when his lips meet mine, why, what will I do
But shut both my eyes, Mick, and fancy it's you!

That's what I'll do;
Mickie, it's true;
Shut both my eyes,
And fancy it's you!"

### AN ANCIENT ETRUSCAN CITY.

Older than Rome, more famous for its science and learning than Athens, the birth place of men renowned in science and art, the home of women of genius and learning, the ancient etruscan city of Felsina, the Bononia of the Romans, the modern Bologna, impresses the stranger with a weird and ghastly feeling of awe, as though passages and experiences of another existence were recalled to the memory. We sat down in the night at the railway station outside the walls, and passing through the massive gateways, wander along under the interminable corridors through long and narrow streets, dimly lighted by the flickering taper in many a shrine of the holy virgin; and imagine ourselves in a mediæval city, peopled only with the dim phantoms of the past. Daylight scarcely serves to dispel the illusions of the night in this quaint old city. Domiciled in a hotel entered from the street through an arched passage into a spacious court, with fountain and statuary, filled with rare plants and flowers, we walk about for miles and miles under stone arcades built out over the sidewalks, the fronts of the tall and stately palaces and other buildings of Roman and Lombardic architecture overhanging the narrow streets. We pass the celebrated leaning tower which has preserved its frail center of gravity for so many centuries, and sepulchers and monuments of heroes whose names are only known to us, and enter the churches of San Dominico and San Petronio and many others, filled with columns, statutes and ornaments, the spoil of early struggles with the Saracen and the Turk, with many pictures of the ideal saints and heroes, faithful teachers and holy martyrs for conscience sake.

Passing the Pinacotecs, we find a succession of well-lighted galleries, better adopted to the purpose of exhibiting large pictures than any others in Italy, except the magnificent gallaries of Venice, and although the collection is not large it comprises some of the finest examples of the works of Cimo di Comegliano; Vannucci called il Perugino: Robusti called il Tintoretti; Robolini called il Francion; Francia, the friend of Raphael, and who painted his likeness in Rome; Barbiera called il Guerino, Zampier called il Dominichino and Elizabetta Sirani, the pupil and competitor of Guido Reni. Raphael's famous picture of St. Cecilia represents the Spanish patron of music as a rather stout, and even buxom middle-aged woman dressed in a heavy robe of a garment reaching up close to the neck and covering the arms, with no attempt at artistic nudity, in company with four others saints, listening with ecstacy to a concert around the throne. The rapt, intense spiritual [illegible], is very effective and worthy of the great master. There are no conventional tricks of pious custume and pallid devotion, but the artist has taken an ordinary, healthy whole-some looking female and by his genius transformed her into a beautiful and spiritual devotee; even the drapery is full of extatic emotion. The representation of various musical instruments at her feet are beneath the dignity of Raphael, and were painted in by Jean di Udine, one of his pupils. This picture alone draws many tourists to Bologna, although not recognized as equal to many others of the great artist's masterpieces, for all of his works are masterpieces. There is but one Raphael, and no other artist approaches him as to be worthy to kiss the hem of his garment. Here, also, we see six great pictures of Guido Reni, the most striking and beautiful being the massacre of the innocents, and Samson victorious over the Philistines. Here, also, we see Guido's head of Christ crowned with thorns, designed in paste upon paper, which has been engraved so often and is seen everywhere, and which has become the traditional and conventional representation of our Savoir. These pictures establish the reputation of Guido Reni and entitle him to be ranked among the great artists of his age. Besides the allegorical fresco of daybreak, the "Aurora" of the Raspiglosi palace in Rome, there are no other pictures that so fully exemplify his great genius and justify his being placed in the company of the great masters in painting. His distinguished pupil, Elizabeth Sirani, daughter of Andrea of that name, but for her early death, hastened by partiality and injustice, would have outstripped the master as many gifted scholars have done in all times. Although her designs and paintings were approved they were afterward rejected, and her commission for an important work at Rome annulled, when it was known that the artist was a woman. It was even reported that her strange death, in her 27th year, was caused by poison administered by jealous and disappointed rivals. About a dozen of the productions of her brush, including her masterpiece, "The Adoration of Saint Anthony," are found in these galleries, which attest the prominence of her genius. Some of the smaller ones are exquisitely beautiful, especially "The Apparition of Saint Phillip Neri," and the "Saint Mary Madelaine." Among other paintings by female artists we notice one by Caterina Vigri, painted in 1452, two hundred years before Sirani's time, representing the martyrdom of St. Ursula; also, some fine portraits by Lavinia Fontana, daughter of Prospero Fontana, the preceptor of Calacci, painted about the year 1600.

The University of Bologna occupies the palace of Cardinal Poggi, which was built by Tibaldi and improved and enriched by Abati and Terschin about the middle of the sixth century, and thus unveils to us an epoch in the history of Italian art. It became the property of state in the year 1711, and the astronomical observatory was built in 1725 under the patronage of ——, thus reversing the action of a former Pope in condemning the investigations of the great Galileo. The library consists of one hundred and fifty thousand bound volumes and 6000 manuscripts. This institution has long been famous for the exalted learning of its profession, and the superior character of its instruction; and it maintains its pre-eminence to the present day. It has kept pace with the progress of the age, and the investigations of modern thought; and the researches of its professors, and the learned philosophers of Bologna, have extended into archæology, and geology and kindred sciences. They great numbers of students availing themselves of the instructions of its different departments—in some seasons exceeding three thousand in number—attest its continued popularity and usefulness. In this palace of learning we enter the anatomiheatre—lecture hall—where Luigi Galvani performed so many of his experiments and instructed his pupils in his discovery of animal magnetism, and sit in the same chair upon the forum from which he and other famous scientists and philosophers delivered their discoveries. Here, in the year 1400, the daughter of Dr. Andreani orally lectured upon her anatomical studies, shielding behind a screen in order that her beauty should not divert the attention of the susceptible young students from the gravity of the subject. The preceding instructor upon the same subject was also a woman, Signorina Calderini, whose portrait exhibits an interesting and intellectual countenance; but she did not render herself so famous as her successor, nor being blessed, or cursed, with such fatal gifts of beauty. Laura Bassi was also a lecturer on philosophy in 1623, and Manzolini, of anatomy in 1760, and Clotildi Timberini was professor of Geeek in 1760. Portraits, busts, and tablets of all those "dottoresse" are to be seen in the grand sala, and the statues of Tamborini and Bassi in the loggin are beautiful specimens of arts and monuments to these noted female professors. So it seems that the right of woman both to know and teach law, physic, philosophy, and language was early recognized among the literati of Bologna. It was reserved to our times to recognize the propriety of her being also a teacher of divinity. The walls of the grand salon of the medical department are covered with representations in fresco of the coats-of-arms of many noble students who graduated in medicine from the university long centuries ago.

Besides the multitudes of arcades throughout the city, there is a covered archway from one of the principal gates of the city—the Porta San Isia—to a church and monastery upon a hill three miles distant. The chapel of the Madonna Di San Luca was built in the year 1160 to contain the picture of the Virgin, painted by the Greek physician and artist, the apostle St. Luke. It became a chapel of pilgrimage, and to accommodate the immense throngs who visited the sacred picture the church was enlarged and beautified, and this arcade constructed at an enormous expenditure of money and a hundred years of time. Among the many magnificent paintings which adorn the walls of this church is a beautiful one by Elizabeth Sirani, painted in her 20th year, representing the baptism of Christ. The arcade is built with two stories, the upper one for foot passengers and the lower one for carriages, and consists of 635 arches of brick and stone and twice as many columns of marble. At intervals along this curious way fifteen chapels are constructed, each bearing upon its wall a fresco representing the fifteen mysteries of the rosary. At the foot of the hill upon which the church is situated is a magnificent arch very appropriately called *Il Arco Meloncello* (the portico of melancholy) from which the arcade branches off to the Convent of Certosa, built in 1335 and suppressed in 1797, and now used as a cemetery. This unique and beautiful burying place occupies the convent which was built upon the ancient site of an Etruscan cemetery, and the cloisters have been enlarged and and added to until it has become a vast metropolis, filled with toombs, statues, tablets, busts, and inscriptions of the most interesting character. The dead are deposited in the massive walls through openings made in the outside, which are closed up with cement, and the monuments and works of art are placed in secure position upon the inside, sheltered from the weather, where they remain for ages. Many of the finest pieces of statuary and antique monuments have been removed from churches and cemeteries in the city and vicinity, and productions of many of the best modern artists, both in painting and sculpture, are found in the numerous chapels and long galleries of this strange sepulchral city of the dead. Here we pause to admire a beautiful full-length statue by Canova or Scandeliari, and there before a bust by Bartolini or Salvini. We are deeply impressed with the appropriate gracefulness and beauty of a white marble female figure set in relievo against a black marble background, representing the pensive sorrow of a young girl at the tomb of her lover—the work of a young Bolognese sculptor. A noble statue of a woman with her finger to her lips, representing silence, stands before the tomb of a gallant young officer killed in a duel. The story is that the officer was the brother-in-law of the silent lady, and that another gentleman, who had also conceived a passion for her, imagined he stood in the way of his success, and in his insane jealousy challenged and shot him. The real history of the affair was never certainly known, as the lady preserved a strict silence in regard to it; but, as the rumors and gossips were very unpleasant to herself and husband, they removed from the country, and another brother caused this singular monument to be erected. Everywhere we see portraits on canvas and frescoes, and mosaics, on the walls, and one can wander here for hours listening to the gossip of the loquacious custodian, relating to the private and romantic histories of the quiet sleepers beneath these lofty arches of stone, supported by long rows of gleaming white marble columns. Altogether, it is the most appropriate and agreeable receptacle for the dead known to our humanity. There is something repulsive in the idea of the ancient Egyptian caves filled with innumerable bandaged and shriveled images of the dead. The Roman catacombs are dark and gloomy store-houses of nameless bones; and even the modern necropolis of Paris, the famous Pere la Chaise, has the repulsive feature of deep and narrow wells, into which the remains of loved ones are lowered and placed one upon another until the "grave" is filled. Even our modern park cemeteries, embellished with walks and trees, grass and flowers, beautiful as they seem, are redolent with worms and decay, not to mention the unpleasant suggestion of a resurrection before the time and a possible dissecting-room; and many of them seem like immense marble yards, filled as they are with flat head and foot stones, lines of crumbling cenotaphs, decaying wooden fences, or black and rusting iron inclosures. The disgusting collection of bones in churches in Rome, and in many rural chapels in Switzerland and the Tyrol, labeled "Here lies the bones of our beloved daughter," etc., are simply horrible. If the dead are to be sepulchred and preserved to await a resurrection to a new life, commend us to the cloister system of Bologna. The open area which is surrounded by all these galleries and cloisters is reserved for the burial of the poor, and burned to make room for new comers, the ashes being deposited in urns and placed under the open porticos. This seems barbarous, indeed, when compared with the care taken of the bodies of the rich; but it is no worse than the custom at Pere le Chaise of evicting the tenants of rented graves who are in arrears for rent, and tumbling them into common trenches outside the city; or the Spanish custom of stripping the dead before casting them into a pit with quicklime to hasten decomposition; or even the practice of the Parrees, of Persia, who deposit the bodies of their dead at the summit of tall towers that the birds of prey may pick the flesh from the bones, which then drop through the gratings into the dead charnel pit beneath. Surely there is some better, wiser, more economical, and more philosophical, as well as more natural and agreeable method of disposing of the dead than any of those yet practiced upon this changing and alternating footstool of the Almighty by His darkened and groping children.

Turning from this subject, by an easy transition we are reminded of the coming meeting of the savants of the world who are investigating the history of the dead past by study of the inscriptions written by nature upon her rocks and minerals, preserved in her strata, and revealed by the upheaval of her earthquakes, the eternal corrosion of the elements by the constant action of frost and snow, by the ever changing yet sure and consistent action of her laws. The second international congress of geologists is to be held at Bologna during the coming year. The first congress was held at Paris in 1878. One of the main objects of the conference is to devise a method for the unification of geological names and figures, and the formation of some identical geological nomenclature. It is also proposed to establish an international system of colors and figures adapted to the representation of geological maps. All scientists and philosophers, and observers of the laws of nature, will appreciate this movement, and be struck with its magnitude and importance, and the great advantages it will give to united and systematic scientific research. A common system which scientific men of all nations and all languages can understand will render the dissemination of newly-discovered facts and phenomena easy, and increase the interest and expedite the discoveries of philosophic men throughout the world. Prizes are offered for the best methods, the first prize being five thousand francs, and all plans should be sent before May 1, 1881. Committees will report on Jan. 1, 1882. It is desirable that essays and communications should, as far as possible, be written in French, that being the common diplomatic and scientific language, and better known and understood than any other. Correspondence should be addressed to Prof. M. J. Capelline, President of the Association. It is desired and expected that scientific men of the United States will contribute their mature thought upon this subject, and be present and participate in the deliberations of this most important congress.

FERNANDO JONES.

### Iscariots.

The world is full of Iscariots. The original was not so bad as he was painted. He did not mean to compass the death of the Saviour, but though he could save thirty pieces of silver and that the power of his Master was too absolute for any harm to come to him. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men like him in the world. There are men who will betray their country in a small way to make money of it. They console themselves with the thought that the country is too great to be shaken by so little a transaction, and yet out of them have grown all our Indian wars, because of them almost all the sorrows and divisions of the country have come, and because of them the masses have fallen off in respect for the authorities so much that really upright men hesitate before jeopardizing their good names through accepting office. The baneful evil descends to private life and becomes the father of a thousand heart aches and crimes. The clerk loves his employer, would not harm him for the world, and yet some time he ventures to take a dollar, unaccounted for, from the till intending to replace it next day. Like Judas he wants the silver and believes that the act of getting it is not a betrayal of his Master; but the next day he wants more and the result is flight or a prison, or often, as did the Iscariot of old, he goes out and hangs himself. A great evil may cloud or fetter a community. You will find a thousand men who will denounce it to you and tell you it ought to be abated, but if the test comes that requires their presence or their signature they will refuse. Why? Because for the little silver they can gain by hiding their thoughts, they have sold their souls, and are willing to make those who nurse the wrong believe they are smiling approval. The greed for gold is emasculating the world. Men are betraying their Master, principle, every day for it, as much as did Judas Iscariot. They are obsequious to wealth; they smile approval to tyrannies; they withhold their hands from the palms of honest poverty; they betray their own manhood; they are Iscariots for coin. The eyes of mothers catch the gleam of gold and become facinated until they betray their daughters into false marriages even while, like Iscariot, they kiss them. Young girls walk the streets and watch the finery displayed in the windows, and the Iscariot within then begins to whisper "Of course you'll not betray yourself to the world, but you are very poor, and the mantle of the night will conceal for you a little indiscretion." Either the old Iscariot has been too much blamed or there is not blame enough for those who imitate him in modern days. The thing most full of human nature in the New Testament is that the Savior, or even after at His touch the eyes of the blind were opened, and at the sound of His voice the grave gave up its dead—the most natural thing, we say, was that He was betrayed by one He thought his friend, and that He was betrayed for money.

### An Artificial Sun.

An electrical engineer of Boston is about to try the experiment of lighting Holyoke, Mass., in a manner that will strike the present generation as novel. It is proposed to build a tower seventy-five feet high overlooking the town. This is to be surmounted by an immense lantern of such illuminating capacity as to put all previous lamps in the category of trifles. At present only one tower will be built, but if the principle should prove a success, seven or eight towers will ultimately be erected, that the city may be rendered as light as day, and gas and kerosene completely superseded. The idea of the inventor is to charge the upper strata of the atmosphere with luminous vibrations in the same manner as is done by the sun, and thus to produce the same effect that is obtained during the day from the reflected, refracted and diffused light of that popular orb. It is believed that electric light can thus be made to permeate spaces which are inaccessible to direct rays by the same law by which daylight diffuses itself—that is, by virtue of an expansive property which is constantly illustrated on the large scale of polar illumination, but has no place in our text books on optics. The light given by the solar orb a few minutes after sunset, when only the upper strata of the atmosphere are directly affected by the solar beam, furnishes the best example of the diffusion and expansion that the Boston engineer proposes to imitate artificially. His plans provide for an illuminating power from each lantern equal to 300,000 candles, which is nearly twenty times larger than that of any electric lamp yet manufactured, but is not all impracticable, as it involves only an increase in electrical volume and pressure, and a corresponding increase in the diameter of the carbons. The cost of the tower, lamp and generator for a single lamp will be $15,000, irrespective of the engine power required to run the latter. If this experiment succeeds Edison will have to look to his laurels.

PARIS UNHEALTHY AND UNSAFE.—The unhealthiness of Paris has been so marked recently that it has excited the attention of the authorities who are carefully looking to the drainage and other matters of civic hygiene. Among other reformations, the old laws are to be again put in force as to the keeping within the city not only of animals such as pigs, cows, sheep, etc., but also the more domestic pets, like dogs, cats and birds. The number of dogs and cats in almost every street in Paris is something enormous, and their presence in the living rooms of the poorer quarters must be very detrimental to the public health. An inspection will shortly be made as to the domestic pets of each family, and strict regulations made as to how many each house may be allowed to keep. In the matter of safety of the streets the police are equally vigilant. During the last six weeks, in one quarter alone, that of St. Vincent de Paul in the tenth arrondissement, there have been 273 arrests of vagabonds and night prowlers, and the numbers are pretty much the same for the other quarters, making altogether some 250 arrests every night.—[London Times.

Every now and then a car falls of the New York elevated railroad into the street and hurts a man. Some day one will fall and crush a dog, and then Mr. Bergh will take steps to have the whole elevated business pulled up by the roots.

In the stillness of the night, when all the candidates are asleep, Professor Swift, of Rochester, boldly discovered another comet. He catches 'em every time. A lucky man is the Professor in business.

### The Sovereignty of Brain.

Matter, force and intelligence constitute the sum of the universe, the Trinity which Spinoza said "I choose to call God." Man is a compound of matter, force and intelligence; an epitome of the universe, in the image of God. Matter without force were dead; force without intelligence were blind. The degree and character of intelligence manifested determines the rank or value of any organization in the scale of being. Intelligence is manifested in two ways—unconscious and conscious. In our own organization, unconscious intelligence presides over the action of the heart, stomach, lungs, and other organs whose functions are not what physiologists term involuntary. Conscious intelligence is manifested in the various modes of thought, and through it we control our external actions and relations. Were we not endowed with the power of thought we could have no consciousness of existence. "I think; therefore I am," said the great French philosopher. We begin to be (as personalities) when we become conscious of existence, and the sum of our consciousness is the measure of our life. The stomach, lungs, etc., being organs of unconscious functions, represent the physical nature. The brain, the organ of thought, represents the intellectual, the human. It is therefore superior, sovereign. The head commands and the body obeys. Nor does the plebeian body ever question the propriety of an order issued by its sovereign, whether it be to wield the dagger of the assassin, run on an errand of mercy, or bow beneath the heaviest cross of toil.

The brain comprises three principal groups of organs, corresponding to three classes of faculties, selfish, intellectual and moral. These are all intelligent; but the degree and character of this intelligence differ greatly, and differing, conflict.

The consciousness of the selfish group is manifested chiefly in desire and effort to benefit itself. The consciousness of the intellectual group is displayed in a search after knowledge. The consciousness of the moral group is seen in aspirations after the good, the true, and the beautiful. This first gives us all our wars, murders, tyrannies, robberies and crimes of whatever sort, as well as all our physical pleasures. The second, all our literature, art and science. The third, all our religion, philosophy, justice, liberty and fraternity.

The relative power of these groups in any given case is determined by their relative size. This being true, we have only to know that the selfish group has ever been, and still is, the largest in the average man, to account rationally for the facts of history and observation that so disgrace our race.

"'Tis the mind that makes the man." The strong-limbed, muscular, but ignorant barbarian of primitive times was but a dim prophecy of true manhood. He was a slave to superstitious fears and physical necessities. He cowered before the forces of nature, and toiled as a galley-slave for a meagre and mean subsistence. The element of manhood inherent within him rebelled against a fate so painful and plebeian, and cudgeled the brain for plans by which to secure a better living at a less cost of labor. This discontent and taxing of the brain was continued, and under the activity thus induced, the brain has steadily increased in size and power, and is still increasing. The result is marvelous, both as to magnitude and beneficence. A single brain, once limited to the superintendence of the operations of one pair of hands, may now control machinery representing a thousand pair of hands, and this machinery is run by steam and wastes not one ounce of muscular force. The unwritten prophecy is about to be fulfilled. Man is rapidly emerging from his apprenticeship to the purely inventive faculty, necessarily, into the realm of independence of thought and action. The forces and appetites that have so long enslaved him are to be the instruments of his will and ministers of his pleasure.

There is a current and popular legend, to the purport that it was God's original purpose to keep man in ignorance and support him in idleness, which scheme was spoiled by the perversity of woman, as manifested in tasting forbidden joys, and seeking unlawful knowledge. Then God placed man under the curse of toil, saying to him, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The legend is true to those who are able to interpret it, as are all the sacred myths and legends that have come down to us from the venerable past. There was, no doubt, an era when the primitive man leaned like an infant upon the breast of his mother nature, drawing his sole sustenance from the spontaneous fruits of her bosom. From this dream of infancy he at length awoke to the necessities of clothing, and other luxuries which nature had not supplied. To these wants involved labor, and the era of toil was inaugurated. From this hard school of bitter experience the race is to graduate into the era of thought.

The new command is, "Develop your brain and use it in an intelligent manner;" for the time is not distant when there will be no room in this world for him who shall have naught to sell but his muscle; who can do nothing but toil with his hands. It is written upon the wall of the Temple of Fate, "Become a thinker, or perish." Nor is this a hard doom. To the intellectual alone is life a blessing. The ignorant man begins his career in a cheerless childhood, passes through a toilsome and anxious manhood to a sorrowful old age, sinking at last into a nameless grave.

The only possible, complete remedy for the evils that now afflict society, and of which workingmen and philanthropists so justly complain, is to abolish the monopoly of brains by making thought universal. This done, and the monopoly of wealth and power will pass away forever.

THE APACHE WHO COULD RIDE A "BRONCO."—Tom Newland has an Indian who places a high estimate on his equestrian ability. There was a horse to be brought into town a few days avo, and the Indian was given the job. He was told he was a "bronco," but it was, "*esta bueno, me sabe.*" Hitching the animal to a tree, he carefully placed the sweat cloth on him; then the blanket, the bridle and the saddle; at each performance giving voice to a satisfied "Ah, hah," each ejaculation growing intenser until he got into the saddle. All this time the "bronco" looked as unlike Alexander the Great's war horse, Bucephalus, as a carpenter's saw horse. The Indian started; he gained the crest of the hill where the scrub oak was thickest; he turned and gave another "Ah, hah," which was followed so closely by "whoa" that it sounded like a compound word. Then something rose a few feet in the air, went back, and rose again. There was a cloud of dust, a heap of Apache talk, a flash of bright colors, and —silence. When Tom went up, he found the horse grazing in the most orthodox fashion, and a strip of white breech clout, and a pair of brown legs surmounted by red stockings and iron clad shoes sticking up from the middle of a scrub oak like a new sort of plant. Tom got him out of the brush, and when he said "Ah, hah," the Indian looked as though he wanted to go on the war-path.

THE body of Mrs. Myer, who died of typhoid fever in Jersey City a few weeks ago, was disinterred recently on account of the statement of her daughter that she knew her mother had been buried alive, for she had been calling to her for help, saying, "Come and help me, for God's sake. Come and help me!" To the horror of the relatives it was found that the body had turned over in the coffin.

No American representative at the Court of St. James since the late Mr. Motley receives so much attention as Mr. Lowell, our present Minister, and it is said of him that he has not time to accept one-half of the social invitations continually showered

### The Littles.

Picking up sticks is slow business, but is profitable if enough sticks are picked up, and if sticks will sell. Gigantic fortunes have been made bygathering fragments that seemed worthless. A Frenchman became wealthy by picking up crusts of bread in the streets of Paris. He dried the crusts and sold them for bird food. During our war men rolled up majestic fortunes by following the army and picking up bits of fat and scraps of meal. There are old men and women who spend their time in hooking out from ash barrels and dirt heaps the little pieces of coal and other substances which have been overlooked. Although these people are dirty and wear tattered clothes, some of them have large possessions. The old Scotch proverb, "Many a nickle makes a muckle," lies at the basis of the successful enterprise of these slow and patient gatherers. Each piece picked up is of infinitesimal value. To the careless observer these pieces seem of no value at all; and it is only when their value is massed that it is perceptible. The fact that the accumulation of the little sometimes leads to solid prosperity contains a wholesome lesson to the profligate persons who squander their little opportunities and throw away their spare moments. To save time and material is not only desirable, but praiseworthy.

There is, on the other hand, a danger of overdoing the business of devotion to the infinitesimals. John Bunyan pictured a man who was so closely occupied with his muck-rake as to neglect brilliant inducements which were offered him from another direction. This groveling person was delighted to rake together dried leaves and chips of dirt that he could give no attention to the crown of solid worth offered him by a condescending angel.

There is a story of a man who once found great success in picking up pins from the pavement, and who was so pleased by it that he ever afterwards walked with eyes directed downward, looking for pins. History records that in the course of his life he found a great many pins; but it adds that he never had a soul above pins. There was an old merchant down town who had a practice of making out his bills on bits of brown wrapping paper, and of writing his letters on scraps of anything that would hold a pencil-mark. He grew immensely rich; and died despised by everybody, yet leaving a substantial fortune to relatives who rejoiced that such a miser was gone.

Every now and again a few paragraphs and stories go the rounds of the press about how Stephen Girard or some other eminent financier grew rich on saving bits of string or hammering crooked nails straight. These are circulated with a view to making prodigal young men into thrifty ones. We are told that Rothschild or Coutts or Jim Fisk, or somebody, earned their first few thousand dollars by untying string from bundles instead of cutting it into short and valueless bits. A. T. Stewart is by some people supposed to have taken his first steps to wealth by making crooked nails from packing boxes into straight ones. It is not recorded how many times he mashed his thumb in the early stages of his busines, when crooked nails dodged the blows of the hammer and flew up to hit him in the eye. The Astors are supposed to have saved enough on bait for the traps in which old Mr. Astor caught the aninals whose fur he sold to erect the big hotel in New York which bears their name. And so it is with stories of others who have piled up the world's wealth.

Now the fact is that a great many of these stories and examples are simply ridiculous, and lead young men to substitute the ignoble for the noble in their purposes and aims. There were days in which it paid for an intelligent young man to straighten nails, for hardware was not then what it is now. When nails are as now only a few cents a pound, mest young men can employ their time in better ways. An industrious youth does well to be thrifty in the use of twine and other sundries, but if he spend ten cents' worth of time and effort in saving three cents' worth of string, the investment is a poor one. The man who wants to hold his head high among men of business has nothing to gain by using old scraps of paper instead of decent stationery. There is a commendable sort of thrift and there is a thrift which is despicable. The man with the muck-rake may have been an industrious fellow, but give us rather the man who has enterprise enough to look upwards and ambition enough to robe himself in a becoming manner, while he diligently seeks success in great things as well as small and in those which are worth looking after rather than in those which are to be despised.

### Progress of the Electric Light.

The electric light seems to be coming into use in England almost as fast as in America. It is the Anglo-American Electric Light Company that controls the Jablockoff system, but having become satisfied last winter that the Brush was the better system, it purchased the English patents for $150,000. In the meantime a commission, appointed by Parliament, made a report filling a large volume, which, after months of investigation and a thorough test of the Siemens, Gramme, Wallace and other systems, awarded the Brush light the superiority over all others by 40 per cent. in the results attained. The government immediately cabled the Brush Company at Cleveland an order for $80,000 worth of apparatus. The fact was telegraphed all over the world, and was in the TELEGRAM'S Associated Press dispatches last February. Since then the Anglo-American Company have sold enough machines to make the aggregate reach nearly 1000 lights. The Government lights are used in the Royal navy, in the ship yards and offices. It requires 80-horse power to drive twenty-seven Siemens lamps, of 2000 candle power each. To drive twenty-seven lamps of the Brush system, requires 24-horse power. It requires a separate machine for each Siemens lamp. One machine drives forty Brush lamps. The greater economy in fuel with the saving in wire and machinery must at once be apparent. The Brush French patents have been bought for $250,000. To run forty Brush lamps requires but thirty-four-horse power. The machines can be run for fifty per cent. less than gas can be manufactured here, and as the plant can be bought for less than one-sixth of the amount expended in expensive pipe systems, it furnishes an inviting field for capital. The wires being run into the stores the same as telegraph wires are run, does away with the expense of making connections, and there is no loss from leakage. The light is being used in churches East, and is said to be advantageous for both churches and large halls, although it does not answer for dramatic performances where at times absolute quiet is required, the carbons occasionally making a slight noise when feeding. It will probably be introduced in churches here, there having been correspondence for that purpose begun with Eastern pastors where the light is used. As nearly all the business houses using light are closed Sunday night, the power can very well be employed for furnishing the electric light to churches.

The condor of the Andes is said to kill his prey with his bill. The condor's must be a "heasy prey." If our creditors could have come that dodge on us we would have been dead long ago, as it is we go one better on Sancho Panza and feel like remarking "God bless the man who invented the process of receiving

### He Couldn't Help It.

There was another case yesterday of a boy who couldn't help it. A prominent and dignified citizen was looking out through the third story window of a block on Jefferson avenue which he had thoughts of renting, when the idea suddenly struck him to look into the alley in the rear. He raised the sash of a window and peered out upon ash boxes, coal scuttles and barrels of straw without number, and was about to close his observations when the sash came down with a thud and struck him behind his shoulders. In his fright he fell to his knees, and while the solid half of his body was all right the lighter was over the window sill. In addition to the weight of the sash any movement of his body was accompanied by pain. The rash could not be reached with his hands freely enough to lift it, and it soon occurred to the prominent citizen that he ought to have help. He could not expect it from behind, for he was alone in the store, but as he looked down into the alley a boy came stumping along to find something worth lugging away.

"Hello, boy! hello!" called the citizen.

"Hello yourself!" cried the boy as he looked up.

"Say, boy, come under the window here; I want to speak to you."

"Not much, yer don't," chuckled the gamin. "You can't drop no coal scuttle on my head."

"But I don't mean to."

"Mebbe not, but you've got a bad face on you for all that. When did you get out of the jug?"

"Boy, I want your help."

"So does yer aunt! Don't get me to stand in with no such duffer as you are!"

"I'm caught in this window and want to get out."

"So would I! Been prospecting for old junk, eh? You'll get six months for that!"

"If you'll come up-stairs and help me out I'll give you a dollar!"

"A dollar! You can't play no dollar store on me, old man! If you make up another face like that at me I'll hit you in the eye with this old lemon. I don't look starched up, but I don't let any man insult me, all the same."

"Don't you know who I am?" softly asked the citizen.

"Naw, I don't, but I'll bet the perlece do. You've got one of the hardest mugs on you I ever saw, and I've a good mind to give you one, just for luck! Look out now."

He made as if he would throw, and the citizen dodged. This was such fun for the boy that he kept it up for three or four minutes, and the offer of $2 had no effect on him. Then he gathered six or eight old lemons and oranges together, and said:

"I believe you are the boss hyena who knocked dad down at the caucus, and I'm going to drive your nose back exactly an inch!"

"The sooner ye call the sooner ye'll be jugged! Here's to hit you square on the nose!"

The opening of the back door of a store and the appearance of a man disconcerted the lad's aim, and the lemon struck the citizen's hat instead of his nose. His yell brought a climax, but the air was full of tropical fruit even as the boy dusted down the alley and turned a corner.

The boy couldn't help acting that way. He was born so. It wouldn't have been a bit like a boy to run up stairs and release the man. He didn't have a fair show with his spoiled lemons, but boys soon get over disappointments.—[Detroit Free Press.

### The Russian Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar of Russia, is described by a foreign writer as a maritime Chesterfield. He has a ready compliment for every one who approaches him in society, and has a good deal of light chit-chat for all sorts of persons. But in private his speech is curt, and he deals in those expletives without which the sailor's vocabulary would be incomplete. The Grand Duke was married young to the handsomest Princess in Germany—a blessing he never much valued. He travels abroad by himself, and the Grand Duchess Constantine by herself. Constantine has navigated and circumnavigated a good deal as an officer of the Russian navy, of which he is now the Lord High Admiral. As he grows elderly he stiffens and shows hereditary pipe-clay. His carriage has the bolt upright stiffness of the Prussian officer, and his trousers fit as if held down with straps. His trunk is clothed in a kind of naval pea-jacket. His step is, for so tall a man, curiously mincing. It is a dancing master's step, and enables him rapidly and without fatigue to cover a deal of ground. The Czar has an *ennuye* look, and gives the impression of a man who never had a friend that was not a valet. Constantine looks as though he felt himself watched by spies, and glances about without turning his head. He is very fond of animals, and has in his park in Russia a "Zoo" of his own, in which there are remarkable specimens of Asiatic goats, buffaloes and yaks.

### The Climax of Love Stories.

It was, we think, with Jane Eyre that it began to be supposed that the hot encounter of two lovers, with all their juxta-positions and all their quarrels, heats and coolnesses, was the only object of fiction—disastrous discovery which has done more damage in the world than many a more important mistake. Taking Shakspeare's example, however, we may say that a story which is pure love and nothing else, must end in a catastrophe. It is an intolerable state not to be supported by the great mass of beings who are not in love, and its suddenness, and the overpowering brief current of its potency, the pity of the strange and tragic conclusion, the bitter sweet of that union which is ending, are component parts of its power over us, and justify its acceptance as the supreme romance, the one typical tale of youth and passion. There is no looking behind or after in that sudden rapture—it is all concentrated in the moment, the hour, the one point of everlasting duration, which to ordinary mortals is beat out upon the clock in the shortest spell of time. But when the youthful pair occupy their real position in a real world, the interest of their story not only gives zest to the study of more ordinary existence, but it gives the indispensable composition, the necessary beginning and ending which every tale requires.

### SHORT BITS.

Toledo claims a citizen who pours hot water down his wife's back because she won't join his church.

The hunting season in Ireland is practically at an end, most of the landlords having gone to London for the winter.

There are no professional beauties in this country. The great number of amateurs crowd out professionals.

A thoughtful person remarks: "We cannot all be cabin passengers in the voyage of life." That is true, but somehow or other we always feel as though we were a cabin passenger who had got chucked into the steerage by mistake.

"The Hindoos perform the wonderful trick of making a mango out of nothing. The nearest approach we can make to that trick is to make a man go out of a door."—[Boston Post. We can do worse than that. We can make a man go out of his senses by inflicting such jokes upon him.

COST OF BRINGING UP A BOY.—A clergyman who has been discoursing about boys has devoted considerable attention to the cost of these somewhat necessary individuals, and he estimates the expense of bringing a good boy with all the advantages of city life, to the age of fifteen at about $5,000. These figures are about doubled by the time the boy is of age, if he goes through college. A bad boy, arrived at the age mentioned, costs fully as much, even if he has not been to college, and the computation, as the reverend gentleman suggests, does not include the value of the mother's tear's and the father's gray hairs. Most men who have brought up boys will agree that the estimate is not too high.

### Much Plugging.

According to the London *Medical Record*, an American physician, Dr. Farrar, has calculated that about half a ton of pure gold is annually packed away into American teeth; and he goes on to assert that, at this rate, within 300 years as much pure gold will have been buried with the teeth into which it is packed as there is now in the whole gold circulation of the earth. Perhaps Dr. Farrar is right, for half a ton of gold is only 17,920 ounces avoirdupois, and supposing that one American in a hundred has his teeth stopped with gold, that would give each an average amount of annual stopping of something like one-sixteenth of an ounce, which is not, perhaps, a very extravagant amount. But we are not inclined to spend wonder on these trite calculations of how much gold all the stuffed teeth of the ages may be eventually supposed to contain, any more than on how many wasted minutes all the useless calculations of the ages may be supposed to have accounted for. You might just as well calculate how many yards of artery there are pulsing away at a Guildhall dinner, or how many multiples of the present Lord Mayor would reach to the moon. It is always easy to astonish people by manipulating the insignificant facts of life with the aid of the multiplication table, but the astonishment is barren, not to say a little imbecile.—[The Spectation.


**Oregon Machinery Depot.**

H. P. Gregory & Co., importers and commission merchants of San Francisco, have lately opened a branch of their house at No. 43 Front street, Portland. For many years they have been known as one of the heaviest California firms dealing in machinery, engines, etc., and their large and growing trade in Oregon has compelled them to open a house here. Mr. Stewart McClure is the resident partner here, and is a very pleasant gentleman to deal with. They carry wood working machinery of all kinds, saw mills and saws, machinists tools, steam engines and boilers, lubricating oils, blowers and exhaust fans, and make rubber goods a specialty. A complete line of engineer supplies can always be found at their Portland house, where the best of terms is always given to the trade. Catalogues sent on application.

Every music teacher or musician in Oregon, Washington Territory or Idaho, who will send their name and address to Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison St., Portland, will receive free for three months, a copy of his *Musical Review*, containing three new pieces of music each month, besides current musical news.

**Beach & Co.**

This firm, successors to Coggins & Beach, dealers in paints, oils