

The Hour Circle.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Slowly glides the purple sunlight
Up yon lofty Alpine peak.
Near the mountain's ambient base
Light and shade alternate streak.

Cynthia's pale and languid glimmer
Mid the azure fields is seen;
Wavy sheets of cirro-stratus
Float by, draped in airy sheen.

Close and closer comes the presence
Of the dusky goddess night,
While in gloomy darkness smothered
Fade the beams of straggling light.

From the mountain's shadowy summit
From among the murmuring trees,
Strains of strange and mystic music
Mingle with the wind-like breeze.

Can it be the chant of fairies
In the act of vesper rites,
Or the grief of sylvan beings
Weeping o'er the dying light?

If so, strange! how strange we never
Can their place of dwelling find,
Strange? ah, no! for who has ever
Held or seen the passing wind?

Sunset is a type of nature,
Typical of human kind,
Boding forth the unseen future
To the knowledge-seeking mind.

Though its coming leaves a darkness,
Like death o'er the cold and still,
Yet, beyond, there dawns a brightness
Bright as forms that heaven fill.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the violet flowers;
That lifts its modest head apart,
In some sequestered bower;
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
Who sips its gentle sweets;
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,
Nor all the care he meets.

A woman's love is like the spring,
Amid the wild alone;
A burning wild, o'er which the wing
Of clouds is seldom thrown;
And blest is he who meets that fount,
Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly should the spirits mount,
How pleasant be his way?

A woman's love is like the rock:
That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
Of ocean's wildest waves;
And blest is he to whom repose
Within its shade is given;
The world with all its cares and woes,
Seems less like earth than heaven.

THE ALTITUDE AT WHICH MEN CAN LIVE.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the altitude at which human beings can exist, and Mr. Glaisher himself can tell us as much about it as anybody. In July, 1872, he and Mr. Coxwell ascended in a balloon to the enormous elevation of 37,000 feet. Previous to the start, Mr. Glaisher's pulse stood at 76 beats a minute, and Coggswell's at 74. At 17,000 feet the pulse of the former was 81, and that of the latter at 100. At 19,000 feet Glaisher's hands and lips were quite blue, but not his face. At 21,000 feet he heard his heart beating, and breathing became oppressed; at 20,000 he became senseless, notwithstanding which the Aeronaut, in the interest of science, went up another 8,000 feet, till he could no longer use his hands, and had to pull the strings of the valve with his teeth. Aeronauts, who have to make no exertions have, of course, a great advantage over the Alpine Club and those who trust their legs; even at 13,000 feet these climbers feel very uncomfortable, more so in the Alps, it seems, than elsewhere.

At the monastery of St. Bernard, 8,117 feet high, the monks become asthmatic, and are compelled frequently to descend into the valley of Rhone for anything but "a breath of fresh air," and at the end of ten years' service are obliged to give up their high living, and come down to the usual level. At the same time, in South America there are towns such as Potosi, placed as high as the top of Mont Blanc, the inhabitants of which feel no inconvenience. The highest inhabited spot in the world is, however, the Buddhist cloister of Hanle in Tibet, where twenty-one priests live at an altitude of 16,000 feet. The Brothers Schlagintweit, when they explored the glaciers of the Ibi-Gamin, in the same country, encamped at 21,000 feet, the highest altitude at which a European ever passed the night. Even at the top of Mont Blanc, Prof. Tyndall's guides found it very unpleasant to do this, though the Professor himself did not confess to feeling as bad as they. The highest mountain in the world is Mount Everest (Himalaya), 29,000 feet, and the condor has been seen "winging the blue air" 500 feet higher. The air, by the by, is not blue, or else, as De Sausure pointed out, "the distant mountains, which are covered with snow, would appear blue also," its apparent color being due to the reflection of light. What light can do, and does, is simply marvelous; and not the least in its power of attraction to humanity.—Chambers' Journal.

AN ORPHAN'S FORTUNE.

The appearance of an advertisement in New Orleans papers recently, asking information of the life or death of the person named in it, and its answer by that person herself, who is said to be a young lady of Evansville, Indiana, hitherto known there under a different name, are among the last incidents of a romantic little narrative which the "Journal" of the latter town now gives to the public.

According to this newspaper authority, when, just after the battle of Fort Sumter between Anderson and Beauregard, certain Unionists of the Crescent City thought it advisable to move higher up the Mississippi for a while, a young married pair and their little girl were of the number coming northward to escape the hostile excitement prevailing against their own sentiments at that critical time. Although for many years a resident of New Orleans, the husband was of Northern birth and sympathized with the menaced national government. His Southern wife was one with him therein through her domestic affections, and it was their design to take a home with their child in one of the Western States until calmer days should permit their return to the city in comfort. On their journey, however, both parents were attacked suddenly by a disease which was probably yellow fever, and died on the boat before reaching their destination.

The confusion and uncertainties of war-time prevented the attention to such a matter as it might otherwise have received. The bodies were taken ashore at some station by night and hurriedly interred, and the little orphan was carried onward by the boat, whose officers supposed that Northern friends were in waiting for the family.

At the end of the voyage the hapless situation of the child was revealed, and as a passenger going to Indiana offered to take her with him to his own home and care for her until her Southern relatives could be informed, no one opposed the opportune adoption; for adoption it was.

The gentlemen took his bereaved, bewildered charge to Evansville, where his family warmly welcomed and harbored her, and as letters to her family name in New Orleans evoked no replies, and the war on the Mississippi waxed hotter, the young exile was finally looked upon as a permanent addition to the household, and even took the name of her new friends. How it happened that her Southern relations were not traced after the event of peace is not explained.

The story simply speaks of her as growing to young womanhood in Indiana, and being regarded as a member of her benefactor's family there until a short time ago, when a local journal mentioned the appearance in New Orleans papers of an advertisement calling for information respecting her former name. Never having forgotten the latter, she wrote secretly to the address given in the call, avowing herself its proper bearer, relating the circumstances of her Western domestication, and is now able to announce herself to her Evansville friends as heiress to a legacy of \$50,000, which has been bequeathed to her parents or herself by a lately departed sister of her mother in the Crescent City. Her adopted parents are taking measures to secure the inheritance for her by the proper means of identification, and a marriage in which a son of theirs will be the bridegroom is likely to crown the romance with poetic justice.

ENCOURAGING.

Great men are not great from their cradles upward. A famous American politician was pronounced a hopeless dunce after he had entered his teens; yet the world presently rang with his fame. An incident in the life of Dr. Whewell, one of the most famous masters of Trinity College, Cambridge, in England, bears out this fact. Whewell was a blacksmith's son from Lancashire, and when he came up to the University was quite a diamond in the rough. He was seen by a fellow undergraduate one day watching a man driving some hogs through the town. After standing for some time looking on in breathless interest, he was heard to mutter, "They're a awkward animal to drive—when there's many of 'em—is a pig." This man lived to be one of the deepest and ripest thinkers in Europe. He was once offered a bishopric, but refused it, saying, "There be many bishops, but there is only one Master of Trinity." He was very particular about the pronunciation of his name, so that men used to call him "Whewell with a whistle." The under graduates—more boyish than polite—occasionally used to greet him to the Senate House with a prolonged chorus of whistling.

GIVE THEM WORK.

Children enjoy playtime all the more if they have work to do on occasion. If you would have our little ones interested in home and its surroundings, and also have them grow up to love work, and to depend upon that for their happiness, give them a personal interest in something. One child may have a piece of ground and be allowed to cultivate it, appropriating the proceeds as he pleases. Another may have a few fowls and be taught to keep an account of their eggs and the cost of their keeping. Even in towns, something of this kind may be planned for each little one, which will combine profit with pleasure, and give them habits of industry.

AN AUDACIOUS EXPLOIT.

About two years ago a jewel robbery took place in London which excited the greatest astonishment, not only on account of the largeness of the property stolen but by reason of the remarkable audacity with which the robbery was committed and a certain novelty in the *modus operandi*. A young and pretty woman exceedingly well dressed went to Messrs. London & Ryder's a celebrated jeweller firm, and selected a quantity of very valuable articles. Inasmuch as they were to be bought subject to the approval of another person it was arranged that the jeweller's clerk should attend the following day with the goods selected. This accordingly he did. All seemed perfectly satisfactory, when of a sudden he found a handkerchief enveloping his face, and remembered nothing more after this. At length he found the room empty and his arms pinioned. Extricating himself he went to the door; it was locked. He rang the bell; it was answered. The key, however, was gone, and it was sometime before he could get out. Of course the jewellery was gone, too, and he returned half frantic to his employers. The people of the house proved to be honest and quite unaware of the character of their lodgers, who, as it subsequently proved, were by the time the alarm was given comfortably seated in the Birmingham express. They were only discovered by the merest accident, and one at least is now expiating his offence.

A robbery somewhat of this kind but more audacious and original has, within a short time, been committed at Baltimore. A lady-like looking woman entered a jeweller's shop, selected a quantity of valuable articles, and begged that the assistant might accompany her home. Had the jeweller been familiar with the exploits of Mrs. and Mr. Tazpey, to which we have alluded, he probably would have suggested that the jewellery had best remain where it was until the cash came to pay for it, but in default of such valuable experience he let his clerk go off with the would-be purchaser. In the outskirts of Baltimore they drove into grounds approaching a large house. Alighting from the carriage, they were shown into a room, where presently a gentleman joined them. With this gentleman the lady had a conversation of apparently a very confidential nature, which the clerk no doubt thought related to the contemplated purchase. But the real tenor of it was that she was placed in a most painful dilemma. The young man whom Dr. — (for the gentleman was a director of a private lunatic asylum) saw was her brother. His intellects, alas, were sadly diseased, although, like so many others in the same unhappy condition, a stranger would discover no signs of delusion. She did not know what to do with him for a very few days whilst she was staying in Baltimore. The unhappy young man was penetrated with a conviction that she had run off with a quantity of his jewellery, and raved about this, never leaving her night and day. She was well-nigh worn out, and at length the idea had struck her that if the doctor would be so kind as to detain him for even twenty-four hours she could meanwhile make further arrangements for his proper surveillance. The doctor was at length induced to assent, the lady suggesting that on the plea of showing him something he should get him into the next room. The clerk's suspicion being entirely lulled by the evident respectability of the surroundings, accompanied the doctor into his room, where they remained for a few minutes, having left the lady in the other room with the jewels. She, of course, lost no time in making tracks. The clerk presently grew uneasy. The doctor endeavored to detain him with assurance that all was right. Presently the unfortunate young man made for the door, it was locked, and the doctor's straight-jacket gentlemen made their appearance. Then came the story about the jewelry, for which the doctor was duly prepared. The clerk raved and beseeched, but received little attention. However, when the twenty-four hours passed and the lady didn't appear, the doctor listened to the clerk's prayer that he would, at all events, send to a shop named and ask whether a clerk with a quantity of jewellery was not missing. Of course the reply was that they were convinced that the clerk in whom they had reposed perfect confidence had absconded. So the murder was out. Whether the woman has been caught we cannot say, but a bolder hand has surely rarely existed.

PICTURE OF HONEST POVERTY.

To have just enough, and to know that it is enough, and to be thankful for it—this is the secret which the Gospel long ago proclaimed to mankind, but which the wisdom of this world rejects with scorn. And to suppose that a modest competence, such as modern times would call utter poverty, has no real charms or vivid enjoyments of its own, is a profound mistake. It is full of joy, though of the simplest and sweetest kind. Let some of us old married people, who, after twenty or thirty years of hard work, have a little more to live upon than when we first started (though, indeed, we have much to do with it,) look back to the days long ago, when, in a tiny house, and simple furniture, and in the whole world in front of us, each other's love sweetened every care of life. Are we so much happier now, when every half-crown does not want such sharp looking after, than when we had seriously to consider if we could afford a week's holiday, or invite the visit of a friend? How rich, too, we thought ourselves then, if

we had once in three months a five-pound note to spare and spend! How we talked over this way and that of doing the best with it; and at last picked up something to make the little drawing-room look brighter or perhaps bought some second-hand books for the shelves. The enjoyment was so keen because the pleasure was so rare. Incessant work brought its own reward with it; never to be disappointed. This is also just as true in the question of holidays. Many people now travel third-class without being in the least ashamed of it; and if they are a little more tired at the end of the day, they have the money in their pockets which the difference in their fares has saved. A country farmhouse where you have to keep your jar of live bait in the same room where you eat your meals, and where you share your simple shelter with the dogs of the house, if not with the pigs and chickens, will cost less, but be every whit as enjoyable as the well-furnished villa, with its walled garden and green-house, but where, at the end of your stay, you have to pay for every dent in the wall, and scratch on the paper, the air no fresher, the country no lovelier, but the rent greater, and the life so much less of a change.

A VALUABLE INVENTION.

A NEW PRESS WHICH PRINTS 22,000 PAPERS AN HOUR—IMPROVEMENTS MADE.

For fifteen years Mr. Hoe, and Mr. Conquest, the London manager of Mr. Hoe's works, have been endeavoring to perfect a "Perfecting Printing Machine," and they have at last succeeded. The last difficulty which stood in their way—the perfect delivery of the printed sheets from the press—was only recently surmounted. Now their machine, in their belief, is perfect; and that it is perfect also in the opinion of others may be judged by the fact that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* to-day decided to have ten of these new machines immediately constructed for them, and to have them placed in the new offices which they are about to erect in rear of the present premises. The ten machines can be constructed in about ten months; and in a year from this time the *Daily Telegraph*, with its "largest circulation in the world," will be printed upon presses each one of which will be capable of delivering 22,000 completed sheets an hour! Does not that take your breath away?

This new press seems to be an improvement upon the Walter, the Bullock, the Marronetti, and all the other perfecting machines in existence. One of its peculiarities is the width of its cylinders—for they are so wide that each cylinder will print two copies at once—the roll of paper being made double width, and the paper being cut in two by a very ingenious device, immediately before it is delivered. Another peculiarity is the perfect manner in which the perfected sheets are delivered—they are laid down in piles so accurately that one would think the sheets had been put into a press and trimmed. The Walter press—on which the *Times* and *Scotsman* are printed—compels the pressmen to change the blankets once in two hours—this one needs no such change. The whole force necessary to each of these presses is two men and a boy—with them twenty-two thousand perfect copies are printed in one hour; and the saving of wages as between this and the ordinary ten-cylinder Hoe, is as 15 is to 84. The only one of these presses now complete has been built for Lloyd's weekly newspaper; and to-day at Lloyd's paper mills at Bow its performances were witnessed by a number of experienced newspaper people, among them the proprietor and engineer of the *Daily Telegraph* establishment. The press did the work it was engaged to do; it printed 22,000 copies of Lloyd's paper in sixty minutes, and never was there better printing. The cost of the press £2,500; the ten ordered by the *Daily Telegraph* will cost £35,000; and the engines and other machinery for them will bring the sum up to \$200,000 in gold. The present establishment of the *Daily Telegraph* is about as perfect as need be, but it is all to be thrown aside for these new presses, which, although costing them so much, will, in the opinion of the owner of the paper, save them \$75,000 a year, besides the advantage of enabling them to go to press at three o'clock in the morning instead of at twelve midnight. In a word, if the new machine really proves to be what it seems, it will become a necessity to every great newspaper establishment.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

At the late gala regatta of the South German Boating Association, at Mannheim, in Baden, the banks of the Rhine were lined with spectators, among which the South German aristocracy were fully represented. Just as the crews of four boating societies were speeding past the last pillar of the new bridge a thrilling spectacle attracted all eyes. A handsome young lady, most elegantly dressed, who had been leaning over the low railing of the bridge, suddenly lost her balance and fell into the water, a distance of seventy-five feet underneath. Two or three heartrending shrieks burst from the lips of those standing near and then the thousands of spectators, losing all interest in the race, looked with breathless suspense for the result of this terrible accident. The poor young lady struck the water heavily and disappeared at once. The Rhine is in that place deep and rapid; and when the aged father of the unfortunate young lady, in a voice of agonizing grief, offered a princely reward to

whosoever would save his daughter, there was no response.

All at once a tall young man, in the costume of a German student, and wearing the gold embroidered cap of the Vandal Society of Heidelberg, rushed to the left bank of the river, and plunged boldly into the water—a leap of thirty feet. There was a loud shout of applause, and then again a pause of breathless silence. All eyes were riveted on the gallant swimmer as he struggled against the rapid current at the very spot where the young lady had disappeared. He dived down. What a minute of suspense! But all at once a heavy burden fell from all those oppressed hearts. The swimmer emerged from the depth, and on his left arm held the senseless body of the young lady! Another shout of applause rang the welkin. Now two boats rowed rapidly towards the pair, and they did not come too soon for the young swimmer was visibly growing faint, and when he, with his fair burden was drawn into one of the boats, he sunk down in utter exhaustion. When the boat reached the left bank, the young hero was at once the object of a fervent ovation, while the young woman's father took the latter in his arms and carried her, still in an unconscious condition, into a carriage.

The young hero was a Kentuckian, named Clarence Goodwin, a law student of the University of Heidelberg. The oldest and most experienced fisherman on the Rhine pronounced his exploit a truly heroic deed, and already on the following morning the Grand Duke of Baden conferred on young Goodwin, who is only nineteen years old, the large golden medal for deeds of conspicuous courage and devotion. But a still sweeter reward awaited him. The young lady, whose life he had saved, and who, notwithstanding the terrible shock she had suffered, had soon revived, was the only daughter of the Count of Reigern, one of the wealthiest South German noblemen. Her father went himself to the saviour of his daughter, and, after thanking him in the most touching manner brought him to the young countess. The latter thanked young Goodwin with tears in her eyes, and said that her life long gratitude belonged to him. During the next few days the two were seen frequently together on the public promenade, and everybody in Mannheim believes that they are engaged to be married.

NEWSPAPERS.

Their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessity and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with one newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satisfied, and books, though useful—yes, absolutely necessary in their place—fail to meet the demands of youth or age. Our country newspaper is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured; then comes the demand for the city news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and scientific journals. Lastly, and above all, come the moral and religious journals. All these are demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind.

Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise the village, county or locality. They spread before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design and progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first enquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance the very next thing after family greetings, he enquires for your village or county paper, and you feel discomforted if you are unable to find a late copy, and confounded if you are compelled to say you do not take it.

Newspapers are just as necessary to fit a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, barefoot boy rather than an ignorant one. His head will cover his feet in after life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child who is eager for newspapers. He will make his mark in the world if you gratify that desire for knowledge. Other things being equal it is a rule that never fails. Give your children newspapers.

TRUE WORTH.

A really modest and meritorious person will never make pretensions of any kind. His manner and expressions will always have tendency to underrate his real ability, not because he will pretend to be less capable than he really is, but as so many men have become pretentious in their manners and expressions, he fears he may be considered as such. We are, in consequence, too apt to consider the extent of the capacity of those whom we meet a little below the standard indicated by their acts and expressions. Therefore, true merit is seldom properly appreciated, and its cultivation is never greatly encouraged. On the contrary, pretence is almost always successful. He who is pretentious affects the interests of society in a similar manner as the swindler. He induces men to doubt the capacity of others, and often to refuse aid and employment, because they measure the merits of all by those of the pretentious fop and conceited ignoramus. Many an honest and skilful man, and many a valuable improvement, has been refused support and adoption because the pretentious swindler has previously misled the people, and imposed upon them outrageously. Pretensions of every kind are the true indications of a weak mind or a would-be swindler.