

lashes; but he was a little man in miniature, and he tried very hard to make his voice sound firm and brave.

"Freddy been braver than he ought to," said he, sturdily. "Freddy be steam-engine now. So just go on fast, and Freddy keep up. Freddy not pull oor d'ess, or hold on to oor hand, cezer."

"Are you sure you'll keep up?"

"Bery sure," stoutly spoken.

So Gracie eased her mind of its burden, and soothed her conscience—for had not Freddy promised?—and hurried on after Kitty, who was in advance.

And after her, toiling with might and main to keep up, trudged little Fred, rubbing away with his round chubby fists the tears that would come, but of which, being a boy, he was secretly quite ashamed.

Presently a great, gorgeous clump of rhododendron, a little in advance of them, moved the two girls to a simultaneous ecstasy. They had never in their lives seen anything so beautiful as this great tropical looking shrub, rising high above their heads, and making a glory in the air with its magnificent pink blossoms. Headless of Freddy, they sprang forward breathless with earnestness; and he finding that his short little legs were utterly unequal to his ambition, resigned himself to his position like a philosopher.

"Mo tan't keep up any way. Guess me stay here and rest Freddy. Gracie sure find me when she comes back."

And so Gracie surely would, if he had kept right there in the path. But presently a yellow butterfly flew by—one, two, three—cloud of yellow butterflies, all going one way. It was too much for Freddy.

"They be yeal gold I guess," he cried, looking after them longingly. "Me get some for mamma—wear in her ears—say, 'Thank oo Freddy.'"

So the little short-legs, set in motion again by the longing to please mamma, started on once more, this time right away from the path, in and out among the trees; and the butterflies flitted on before, as if blown by a wayward wind, here and there, but always away from the path. And in half an hour only the wind, and the butterflies, and the Heavenly Father looking down, knew where was Freddy.

The girls thought it was not more than fifteen minutes when they turned to look for him; but then the rhododendron blossoms were pink, and the sky was bright, and a bird with a golden throat sang to them; and all the time Freddy was stumbling on right away from the path. Gracie was the first to think of him.

"Why, where is Freddy?" she asked, with startled face.

"Oh, he's all right enough!" Kitty answered, "trudging along the path like a little snail. We'll go back for him presently. Just see this kalmia. We must get a little for your mother."

Gracie yielded,—to yield was the fatal weakness of her character. She gathered a splendid bunch of kalmia; then some cardinal flowers burning at her feet attracted her; and then, at last, she turned resolutely:

"Now I must find Freddy. Poor little fellow! I shouldn't wonder if he was crying. We've been away from him as much as twenty minutes."

Kitty glanced at the westerly sky, and saw the sun hanging low, a great red ball on the misty horizon. She made no remonstrance now against looking for Freddy. She was more frightened herself than she would have cared to own.

Back along the path they flew, Gracie in advance. At last she looked round, her face white with terror.

"It was here we left him, Kitty,—just by these blue flags. We started on for the rhododendrons, you know. Oh, where is he, where is he? Freddy! Freddy! Fred!"

But a little piping treble made no answer. Would that voice ever answer her again! And, if it didn't, what was the use of living? And she had thought she was tired of him!

The two girls made frantic little rushes from the path in every direction, not going far either way, for on every side the wood shut in round them, and already the twilight was coming fast. At last Kitty said:

"It is of no use, and we are wasting time. It is growing dark, and our best way is just to hurry home, and send some one to look for him who can find him quicker than we can."

"Well, then, you go; but I must stay here and look. I've got to find him, you know,—he is my brother."

"All very well, if you could," Kitty said, drily. "I don't see how you'd help matters, though, by getting lost yourself, and giving the men two to look after instead of one."

Gracie had not courage enough to resist this argument, which, indeed, had its firm base in self-evident fact; so the two girls hurried homeward breathlessly. Once there, Kitty stopped outside to tell the story to her father, while Gracie burst into the room where her mother was.

"You may do anything to me, mamma—anything. If you should kill me, I deserve it. And I don't think I should care. I'm not fit to live."

"Then certainly you are not fit to die," and Mrs. Medford laid her hand on Gracie's throbbing forehead. "But what is the matter? Why should I do anything to you? and where is Freddy?"

"That's what I've done, mamma—lost him!"

"Lost my baby! Where?"

"In the woods, mother. He stayed behind when I thought he was coming, and got lost."

"My baby, my poor little fellow—all alone in the lonesome woods, and night coming on."

As long as Gracie Medford lives, she will never forget her mother's face at that moment. She began to cry but no one noticed her. Headless of white gown and thin slippers, or head, every throb of which had been torture all that long afternoon, the mother sprang through the adjoining room, and was out of doors, and on the path towards the woods, before Gracie had drawn a half dozen sobbing breaths.

Mr. Smith saw her, and tried to stop her, "Don't go," he said; "we've got two lanterns, and I am going now with both my men."

"Thank you but I am too. Do you think I could sit in doors, with my baby all alone in those cruel woods?"

So they hurried forward, and Gracie came out of the house, still sobbing; and she and Kitty clasped sorrowful hands, and went on more slowly after the others.

An hour passed before a low eager cry came from Mrs. Medford's lips:

"Come here, James!"

So she had found him. She had taken one of the lanterns, and her mother's instinct had led her on to the right place at last. Mr. Smith stepped to her side. The light of their two lanterns shone on what looked like the stature of a little boy. The long curled lashes dropped upon his cheeks. His face gleamed like marble in the dim light, and in one careless hand was a great bunch of the purple poison-berries, the deadly night-shade bears.

"See those berries," the mother whispered. "James, is he dead?"

Mr. Smith bent over the child and looked at him closely.

"No, there is no stain upon his face. He has not tasted them; and he breathes as quietly as if he was in his bed at home."

Then Mrs. Medford caught up her boy in her arms. She had not dared before lest she should clasp despair. Her embrace awoke him; and still, it seemed, his thoughts were running on the golden butterflies.

"Me tied to get oo some for oor ears, mamma, they did shine so bright; but they all runned away, and then I couldn't find Gracie."

"Weren't you frightened, darling?"

"Not frightened so much as me hungry. Then me find booful berries. See! and before I did eat any, something laid me down to sleep."

It was God's angel, surely, the mother thought, who had hushed her little one to his slumbers; just in time, just in time!

She drew the purple poison berries from his fingers.

"They would not be good for Freddy" she said coaxingly. "Uncle James shall carry Freddy home, and then my boy'll get some nice supper."

On the way the little procession met Grace and Kitty. Little Freddy called out joyfully: "Me iding! See, Gracie! Me not mean to run away. Me not bad boy. Me only t'y to get yeal gold fly things for mamma."

It was too much for Gracie.

"Little angel?" she cried, through her tears. "Just see how he takes all the blame, and tries to excuse himself. How can I ever say thanks enough to God for not taking him just yet to be an angel in heaven?"

Mrs. Medford had two or three minds about what she should say to Grace. Her first thought had been to send for Mary, and punish the child by the humiliation of feeling herself no longer trusted. Then she thought it would suffice to improve the occasion by a few remarks. But her last, best decision was that the lesson Grace had been taught would only be weakened by any words of comment. So, like a woman wise enough to know when to be silent—and that gift is not to be reckoned lightly—she left the incident to do its own work. She was satisfied with the result. The children had a happy summer, and Gracie was never again led into the temptation or even a momentary wish to get rid of Freddy.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor give you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.

Ah! lips with the curte impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

SCIENTIFIC.

INTER-PLANETARY COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Charles Cros, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, thinks that the approaching transit of Venus will afford an excellent opportunity for establishing communication with the inhabitants of that planet—if any exist. He says: It is possible that among the dwellers on the surface of Venus there may be some who are astronomers, to whom it may occur that the passage of their world across the sun's disk will attract our curiosity. Hence it is reasonable to suppose that these savants will perfect means to transmit signals to us precisely at the instant when they determine that multitudes of earthly telescopes are turned in their direction.

A writer in *La Nature*, commenting on this novel idea, suggests that it would be better to reverse relative positions, and for Venus substitute Mars. That is to say, when to the Martian inhabitants our globe appears to be crossing the sun's face, we should do something to attract their notice. As Mars is an older planet than the earth, it is supposed that its inhabitants are wiser than we, and hence better able to comprehend our signals than those existing on more youthful Venus.

It would be more satisfying to the inquisitive mind if M. Charles Cros or the correspondent of our contemporary would kindly ventilate their plans somewhat more in detail. We have heard somewhere of a scheme for signaling to the moon by means of long black platforms, arranged on wheels and placed on the extended snowfields of Siberia; and, if we remember rightly, it was proposed to roll these about to make the letters of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. How the assumed lunar inhabitants were to interpret the symbols was not explained. Somebody has also suggested huge mirrors arranged to send flashes of light to our satellite.

These ideas are all very nonsensical, but rather pale in absurdity before that of M. Cros. The moon, to be sure, is only about 240,000 miles away, and our big telescopes carry us to within a hundred miles of its surface; if that million dollar instrument is ever made, probably we shall be able to see with reasonable distinctness whether clusters of habitations exist thereon. But Venus and Mars are respectively thirty and forty-nine millions of miles distant from our planet, and it is only by careful observation that the movements of vast glaciers on Mars are estimated, or spaces near the poles, of forty thousand square miles extent, detected; and even the phenomena noted are merely supposed to be due to the causes ascribed.

STATISTICS OF PAPER MANUFACTURE.

From the time when paper made from cotton was first brought to Europe from the deserts of Central Asia, its manufacture has increased steadily and has entirely supplanted the papyrus of the ancients. Paper is now manufactured from the most varied materials, such as wool, cotton, flax, hemp, jute, agave, straw, potato, mulberry, esparto and rice fibers; and a recent Austrian investigator, Dr. Albinus Rudel, calculates the yearly production in all civilized parts of the world as amounting to 1,800,000,000 pounds. This quantity is manufactured in 3,900 factories, which employ 90,000 male and 180,000 female hands, besides 100,000 workmen occupied in collecting and assorting rags. The factories, when in full working order, represent a money value of not less than \$280,000,000 gold, and the value of the annual paper production is estimated at \$195,000,000 gold. The production of the United States, with a population of 39,000,000, reaches up to 374,000,000 pounds, but their consumption exceeds this quantity by 3,000,000 pounds, which are supplied by importation. Every American uses annually 10½ pounds paper, while Mexico, with Central America, consumes only 2 pounds and British America 5½ pounds per head. The consumption in European countries is 11½ pounds per head in Great Britain, 8 in Germany, 7½ in France, 3½ in Austria and Italy, 1½ in Spain, and in Russia but 1 pound. But these figures by no means justify us in drawing any rigid conclusions as to the literary occupations or mental acquirements of the respective countries, though they give us a general idea thereof. It must be remembered that one third of this immense quantity of paper consists of paper hangings, pasteboards, shavings, and wrapping sheets, one half of all the production is printing paper, and the remaining sixth is writing paper. The consumption in civilized countries average per head 5 pounds paper, 5 newspaper copies, and 10 letters; fifty years ago, 2½ pounds of paper were supposed to be the average. In round numbers, Dr. Rudel distributes the annual paper "crop" into the following departments:—Government offices, 200,000,000 pounds; schools, 180,000,000 pounds; commerce, 240,000,000 pounds; industrial manufactures, 180,000,000 pounds; private correspondence, 100,000,000 pounds; printing, 900,000,000 pounds; total, 1,800,000,000.

A people consuming comparatively large quantities of paper will certainly occupy a high place in the scale of industrial and mental development, its use bring co-extensive with commerce, manufactures, schools, and the printing press.

Ball Cards, Programmes, etc., executed with promptness at the WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

TWO INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.

The *America*, a daily journal of Bogota, in a recent issue publishes a letter of Don Joaquin Alvez da Costa, in which he states that his slaves, while working upon the plantation at Porto Alto, Parahyba district, Peru, have discovered a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians who had wandered thither from their native country in the ninth or tenth year of Hiram, a monarch contemporary with Solomon and who flourished about ten years before the Christian era. The monolith bears an inscription of eight lines, written in clear Phœnician characters, without punctuation marks or any visible separation of the words. This has been imperfectly deciphered, but enough has been made out to learn that a party of Cannanites left the port of Aziongaher (Boy-Akaba) and navigated about the coast of Egypt for twelve moons (one year), but were drawn by currents off their course and eventually carried to the present site of Guayaquil, Peru. The stones gives the names of these unfortunate travellers both male and female, and probably further investigations will shed more light on the records they have left.

Another and most astonishing discovery, we find announced in *Les Mondes*. It appears that some Russian colonists, having penetrated to hitherto unexplored parts of Siberia, have found three living mastodons, identical with those heretofore dug up in that country from frozen sand. No particulars are given as to this, we fear, somewhat questionable find. From the statements of M. Dupont, of the Brussels Royal Academy, it would seem that, like the reindeer, the mastodon should not now be extinct, and that the animal is naturally a contemporary of the horse, sheep, and pig. Hence the announcement is not without some shadow of probability.

CANNELLE, A NEW BROWN ANILINE DYE.

An aniline, called cannelle-brown, suitable for replacing dyewoods in producing, on silk, wool, or cotton, a beautiful, bright wood-brown, and all shades of brown, with less trouble, and not too great expense, has been prepared for some time by Knoep of Stuttgart. For silk and wool mordant is necessary, the dye being simply dissolved in hot water, and filtered through flannel, when cold. Silk is dyed in a lukewarm bath with which this solution is mixed, and slightly acidified with tartaric acid. The color can be deepened and tinted by the addition of a solution of patent or methyl-violet, or precipitated indigo. Wool is dyed in a boiling bath, with the addition of a half a pound of Glauber's salt, and one-eighth of a pound of sulphuric acid with ten pounds of wool; for shading and tinting, the same dies may be used as for silk, the cheaper precipitated indigo being preferable. Cotton must be moderated (best with tannin), by using three pounds of sumach, or a quarter of a pound of good tannia, to ten pounds of cotton. It is then dyed in the usual way, in a cold bath of pure cannelle.

HONORS TO OPERATIVES AND FOREMEN.

The Society of Arts and Manufactures, Vienna, has issued 134 silver medals, with diplomas, to operative and foremen, recommended for the honor by employers who were exhibitors at the Exposition.

The distribution is as follows:

United States of America	5
Great Britain	10
France	18
Germany	13
Italy	9
Switzerland	5
Belgium	5
Holland	4
Portugal	5
Denmark	4
Sweden	7
Russia	5
Greece	3

TOBACCO AND THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

A distinguished French savant, the Abbe Moigno, contributes to the discussion of the tobacco question some interesting observations on the influence of the weed upon his own mental powers. For many years he had been addicted to the habit of snuff-taking, though conscious of injurious results flowing from the practice. He renounced it again and again, but a relapse always followed. In 1861 his daily allowance of snuff was over twenty grammes, and he observed a rapid decay of the faculty of memory. He had learned some fifteen hundred root words in each of several languages, but found these gradually dropping out of his mind, so as to necessitate frequent recurrence to dictionaries. At last he summoned resolution to break finally with the use of tobacco in any form, and after six years of abstinence, writes as follows:—

It has been for us the commencement of a veritable resurrection of health, mind and memory, our ideas have become more lucid, our imagination more vivid, our work easier, our pen quicker, and we have seen gradually return that army of words which had run away. Our memory, in a word, has recovered all its riches, all its sensibility. That tobacco

especially in the form of snuff, is a personal enemy of memory, which it has destroyed little by little, and sometimes very promptly, cannot be doubted. Many persons with whom we are acquainted—M. Dubrunfant, the celebrated chemist, for example—have run the same dangers and escaped from them in the same fashion, by renouncing tobacco; which we do not hesitate to say harms the greatest part of those who employ it, since for one smoker or snuffler who uses it there are ninety-nine who abuse it.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.

A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point in analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long space of time, pass ideally through the mind in an instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind—for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed he had enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the next room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him.

A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakened in his fright, he found he had not been asleep more than ten minutes.

INDIVIDUAL HISTORY.

There is, in truth, a boundless significance belonging to the individuality of every human being. It is immeasurably more than the individuation of mere Nature, where also no two things are ever exactly alike, while yet in their singleness they are, indeed, fleeting copies and examples only of the generic and specific existences they represent. Human individualism, in distinction from this, reaches down through nature to the original being of the soul, and there is for every man, from the start, the ground of a distinctive personality, which, as such, has in it the character of a generic wholeness answering to the constitution of the world at large.

It is not only humanity, collectively taken, that is the epitome and the mirror of the world; the world is epitomized and mirrored in every man, and in each single man under a mode of representing peculiar to himself in difference from all other men. He is not an example, or passing phenomenon simply, in the generic unity, having in himself an infinitude of existence, which is not to be circumscribed by any limitations either of time or space.

And now this boundless meaning of human individuality it is which imparts to individual history also (the actualization of each man's original genius in the way of living task and work) what is in fact a like boundless meaning. The life of the poorest and humblest man is such a history, full of interest, replete with instruction, and worthy of study. It is not merely succession, chance, change, occurrence and event, in outward form. It is the presence of the infinite in the finite, the spiritual and ideal in the material, the immortal struggling to assert itself under the hard conditions of time. It is thought and feeling, act and deed; a continuous thrilling drama; a poem in its measure and degree, epic, lyric, comic, as the case may be, and always more or less profoundly tragic.

A partial suspension of the Dover, N. H., shoe factories has taken place.

A Belleville reporter says that a brakeman who lately had his legs cut off by a G. T. R. train "will probably be a cripple for life."

A Whitby mechanic is credited with having invented a machine capable of turning out twenty horse-shoes in a minute.

Grace Greenwood relates an instance of the extravagance of New England humor that when a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely as ample before as behind, the father exclaimed, "Goodness! he wouldn't know whether he was going to school or coming home."

The Smithfield Manufacturing Company of Hyde Park, a suburb of Boston, has placed its help on half time.

The Hopkins & Allen Manufacturing Company, of Norwich, Conn., has discharged fifty-two hands, and brought the working time to nine hours a day.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill-Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN Office.