"I wonder that he can have the heart to stand beside her grave, knowing that he killed her."

He was not softened in any degree by this indication that his lost child was still held in loving remembrance. His only sentiment was wonder that her destroyer could presume to lay his wreath upon her grave—that he dared approach the scene which must needs remind him of his crime.

He waited an hour with a dogged patience, but no one came. Then he made a careful round of the churchyard, and meeting no one, knelt down and said a short prayer by his daughter's tombstone; not such a prayer as Christianity inspires—reverent, submissive, confiding; but tinctured rather with that fiery spirit which might have breathed in the supplications of some outraged father in the old Greek days, when men's gods were of the sternest mould; an appeal to the Eumenides—a blind wild cry for retribution.

He took the wreath in his strong hand when that prayer was ended—took it, intending to scatter those frail blossoms to the summer winds. The delicate petals seemed almost to shrink and shiver in his rough grasp; but after looking at it for a few moments with a moody countenance, he laid it gently on the stone where it had lain when he found it, encircling his daughter's name.

"She was so fond of flowers, and these white sweet-scented ones above all," he said to himself. "No; I won't spoil it, even though he put it there."

He rose at last and left the churchyard, meaning to make inquiries in the village as to the appearance of any stranger who might have been observed by the innkeeper or his gossips. In so small and primitive a place a stranger could hardly escape observation; but at the gate Richard Redmayne encountered the sexton, who had espied him from his cottage a few paces off, and had come out to see whether there might not be a sixpence to be earned in this direction.

"Would you like to see the church, sir?" he inquired.

"No; I don't care about churches. Have you been about here all the morning?"

"Yes, sir; in and out, on and off."

"There's been a man here; a man who brought some flowers to lay upon one of the graves."

"Like enough, sir. There's many as brings flowers; that's the beauty of this place; nobody ever interferes with 'em; the children never lays a finger on 'em."

"You haven't seen any stranger, then, this morning?"

"Well, yes; there was a gentleman I met, coming out of this here gate, like as I might meet you now this minute, above an hour ago?"

"You didn't know him?"

"Not to call to mind his name; but I know his face well enough. He's got somebody buried with us, I make no doubt."

"Does he come here often?"

"Not as I know of. I took the liberty to wish him good-morning; but he only made answer by a nod, and walked off before I could ask him if he'd like to see the church."

"Look here," said Richard Redmayne, with his hand in his pocket. "Here's half-a-crown for you. Tell me what the man was like, as close as you can, and I'll make it five shillings."

He tossed the coin to the sexton, whose shrivelled old countenance wrinkled into a rapturous grin.

"Lor a-musy, sir, I wish I were a better hand at that sort o' work. The gentleman were tall and dark, with his eyebrows marked very strong, like, givin' him rather a fierce look. His face looked to me as if it were made of wrought iron; but he was a personable sort of a man for all that, and quite the gentleman."

"That will do," said Richard Redmayne, throwing him a second half-crown. "If ever that man comes this way again, you get some one to follow him, and if you find out where he goes, and where he lives, I'll give you a five-pound note. Remember that."

"Lor, sir, it's a thing as I never did in all my born days," cried the sexton, gazing at Rick Redmayne with an awe-stricken countenance; "you bain't one of these here perlice orciters in plain clothes, be ye?"

"Never mind what I am; you do what I tell you, and earn a five-pound note. You can telegraph to me at this address when you find out what I want to know, and you shall have your money by return of post."

Rick Redmayne wrote his address on a page of his pocket-book and tore out the leaf, which he handed to the sexton.

"I am as willings as any one in Hetheridge to earn a honest penny, sir; but follerin' any one do seem so out o' the way and under-handlike. Certingly, there's my grandson Thomas, as sharp a lad as ever any one need wish to see, and as fleet-footed, he might foller any gentleman afoot or a-horseback, and I don't believe as he'd be left behind; and a rare artful lad too, and an uncommon favourite with our parson! Lor, how he do give out the responses in the psalms; you might a'most hear him out here—that sharp and shrill!"

"Find out where this man lives, and earn your money," said Mr. Redmayne. "Don't lose that bit of paper with the address. Good-day."

He walked away rapidly, leaving the sexton pondering, and scratching his head with a puzzled air.

"As to artfulness," he muttered to himself with an inward chuckle; "if it comes to that, our Thomas might get his livin' by follerin'; but I don't know what parson would say to it. Howsumdever, there's no call for him to know."

(To be continued.)

Letter from the Rev. J. Salmon, M. D.

CHIPMAN, Queen's County, N. B.

Mr. James I. Fellows,

Sir,—In the practice of Medicine I have recommended your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and have found invariably the following results:

Greater freedom to the action of the Lungs, increased and more easy expectoration in cases indicated by dry cough, and decided augmentation of tone to the whole nervous system.

I can safely and consistently recommend your *invaluable* preparation in a variety of cases, especially for Chest diseases, having successfully prescribed it in Bronchitis, Asthma, Debility from Liver Complaint, Debility from Fevers, and Debility from Impoverished Blood. I am, sir, yours truly,

JAMES SALMON,

Practising Physician and Surgeon.

BENT and stiffened limbs, stiff joints limbered and straightened by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.*

ON THE SHORE.

BY LIZZIE C. HARDY.

She stood upon the other shore,
And watched me as I launched my boat,
Her white robes gleaming in the sun,
Her bright hair on the breeze afloat;
And, as I cleft the rippling waves,
Her dear voice rang out sweet and clear,
"Dear love, I know you'd surely come,
And so I waited for you here."

Then as I moored my tiny craft,
And clasped my darling's snow-white hand,
The last rays of the sunset fell
Across the snowy, wave-kissed strand.
"Remember, love," she gaily cried,
"That ever, when the day is o'er,
And sunset crimsons o'er the tide,
I'll wait for you here on the shore."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Ah me! the years creep on so slow,
And life has grown so blank and cold,
Since I have lost the rare, sweet smile,
And tender, loving words of old.
Around me falls the setting sun—
I know the day is almost o'er:
The mystic waves dash o'er my feet—
Love, are you waiting on the shore?

WIDOW WOOD.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I don't say that brother Ben.'s widow wasn't good looking, for her age and her size. Then, too, she had a pretty penny left her. Ben. was always lucky in business. And she might have married very well, if she wanted to change her condition; but, you see, Margaret Ann was a fool—she, a widow of forty, to set her cap at young Sam. Spencer, who was only twenty-four! If I *was* her brother-in-law, and if Ben. *had* said to me, as he did, "Richard, always be kind to Margaret Ann," I couldn't help seeing that. The fact of the matter is, that, as a general thing, widows do make fools of themselves oftener than girls.

In this case, I admit, age was the only obstacle. Sam. was a good young man—above selling himself to a woman old enough to be his mother, for her money-bags. Sam. was clerk in the store. I was poor Ben.'s partner. I'd tried to buy the widow out. I'd said, over and over again: "Margaret Ann, you have plenty, and to spare; why not retire?" But, you see, she wouldn't. Ben. had left his share of the business to her, and she wouldn't drop it. After a while I found out the reason. It was Sam. Spencer.

That was why she liked to sail about the store in her dead black silks; that was why she was always finding some excuse to hand down that part of the stock he had in hand, mixing everything up, and giving him no end of trouble.

You see, I couldn't help it. The concern paid, and the Widow Wood owned just as much of it as I did. If I'd said, "Margaret Ann, go home," she could have said, "I've a right here." That was it. She never waited on a customer. She never did anything but bother and pry. She had no children to occupy her, and she brought her pet white poodle along with her. "So lonesome," she said she was, "in the big house opposite, and that was why she had us come to tea so much, of course."

Well, this went on for nearly a year. Big eyes at Sam., sweet smiles, soft speeches! I used to wonder whether old Ben. knew how soon he had been forgotten. To be sure he was sixty when he died, and a bald-headed, stoop-shouldered man, with solemn ways about him; but she'd been his wife for twenty-three years, and though I'm a bachelor, I know what feelings ought to be. And Ben. was my brother too. I hope it wasn't wicked of me to make up my mind to put an end to her capers, as far as Sam. went, and to tell him that we wanted a young lady as a cashier, and what not, and that if Lilly Rathbone could leave Grigg and Grater, I'd give her the place. Sam. was in love with Lilly, I know that; but Margaret Ann had never seen her.

"Margaret Ann," says I, one day, "we'll have a new cashier to-day. We need one, and I've engaged one."

"Well," says Margaret Ann, "perhaps we do. I hope he's a nice young man, and good looking. Good looks attract custom."

"I'm glad you coincide with me," says I. And I laughed to myself, for I knew Margaret Ann was thinking of some one else to flirt with. But I said nothing.

It was fun to see her face change when she saw Lilly behind the counter next day. And she gave it to me in the private office, I can tell you. She hated females about a store, and she didn't like Lilly's looks. I could laugh at her, however, there, I had good references with Lilly, and I had signed a written agreement with her for six months. She was to be cashier, you see, as I told you. Margaret Ann couldn't help herself, and I suppose she knew it, for she said nothing after that, and Sam. and Lilly were as happy as young birds. I believe he proposed to her behind my counter; I know he did it somewhere, and I know he was accepted.

"Lord bless you," says I to myself, "and help you build your nest." I'm not crusty, if I am a bachelor.

A few days after, I found Margaret Ann walking the office in a towering rage, with her face flaming.

"Richard," says she, "a woman is always right about another woman. Men admire a pretty face so, that they are blinded by it. It was always so with Mr. Wood. Many a time he's thought a woman everything that was splendid until I've proved that she wasn't, by telling him things. Now I've found out your Lilly Rathbone. She's exactly what I thought—exactly!"

"Well, what is it?" says I.

"No better than she should be," says Margaret Ann. "I saw her kiss Sam. Spencer behind the counter this blessed morning."

"And he didn't want her to, I suppose, and hollered for help?" says I.

"You know what men are," says she; "of course he kissed her back."

"Didn't he kiss her first?" says I.

"Well, she let him any how," says she.

"Well," says I, "I suppose you used to kiss Ben. after you were engaged, if not before."

"What has that to do with it?" says she. "Why, they—at least—Did *he* propose her coming here, Richard?"

"No," said I; "but they are engaged, Margaret Ann."

"Don't believe it," said she.

"It's gospel truth," said I.

And then—well, I didn't mind it; it didn't hurt me a bit—but then that woman turned around and slapped me in the face, she was so hopping mad.

"Such actions in a respectable store! You depraved brute!" says she; and marched out, and didn't come back for a week, for which I was truly thankful.

When she did come, it was all smiles and amiability; and she talked to Lilly, and she smiled at Sam., and she really did come out beautifully, considering. Lilly took a great notion to her.

"What a nice, pleasant lady Mrs. Wood is," she said, as we were folding things up that night; "and so pretty too, for her age, I think she's splendid."

"Glad you like her," said I.

"Dear me!" said she, with her head under the counter.

"Sister-in-law, you know," said I; "one of the family; it won't do to praise her too much."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of what you said, Mr. Wood," said she. "I'm so surprised about my key. I'm sure I hung it here. A little brass door key, with a nick in the handle and a piece of pink ribbon tied to it. I can't think where it is gone."

Well, we both looked everywhere. We unrolled packages and peeped into boxes, and poked down cracks in the floor. Lilly kept worrying about getting a locksmith to fit another before she could get in, and said that Rose was always so tired.

Rose was her sister. The two were orphans, and kept house together in one little room of a respectable tenement house.

"I've always had tea ready before Rose got in," said Lilly; "but to-night she'll have to wait."

It's odd how we remember little things sometimes. Perhaps the girl's pretty puzzled face, and her graceful motions as she ran about looking for the key, impressed this one on my mind. At all events we did not find the notched key tied with pink ribbon, and Lilly went home without it. I told Margaret Ann about it when I saw her next, and she inquired very politely of Lilly as to the cost of the affair, when she next saw her. The key was never found, but Lilly said she had had two made, so that such a thing could never happen again. She would keep one, and Rose the other.

"And as I presume it was lost here, you must have the value of it from us," said Margaret Ann. "It's not much, but it's but just." And that I thought very kind of Widow Wood, considering.

Well, time passed on, and one day was about like the other. Winter went, and summer came. People began to go to the country, and trade was dull. And Sam. told me that Lilly and he were going to be married soon, God willing.

I had just left Sam. when Margaret Ann's colored girl stepped across the street, and told me that her mistress wanted to see me.

Of course I went over. And when I got into the back-parlor, I found Margaret Ann wrapped up in a shawl, her eyes red with crying.

"Anything happened?" says I.

"Yes," says she, "I'm afraid so. I'm so sorry."

"Dear me! Do mention the facts," says I.

"Well," says she, "I can hardly bear to do it; but—who has a chance at the safe besides you and me?"

"Nobody but Lilly Rathbone," says I.

"You are sure?" says she.

"Why, of course," says I.

"Ah! Well," says she, "perhaps there's another way out of it. May be you've had occasion to use that money of mine. I mean the thousand-dollar bank-note that I put in there, in a red pocket-book, last week."

"No," said I. "Of course I'd have spoken of it. It was your private money."

"It's gone, Richard," said she. "You saw me look in the safe to-day?"

"Yes," says I.

"Well," says she, "it was gone then. I couldn't bring myself to speak of it. You see, a girl like that has so many temptations; going to marry, and all. Richard, promise me you won't have her arrested, or anything, if it is her."

"It is not," I cried. "Besides, it was your money. You would be the prosecutor of any thief."

"Dear me, yes," says she, "and I'll let her go; but I must get it back and she must leave the store."

"How can you think so ill of the girl?" said I. "Why don't you suspect me? I'm ever so much more doubtful a character than she is."

"You are my brother-in-law," said Margaret Ann. "Now listen to reason. Come to the store with me, and we'll search. If we don't find it, I shall charge Lilly with the theft to-morrow, and if she don't confess, get a search-warrant out for her rooms. I'll be very kind, but I can't lose a sum like that."

She cried again. I did really feel that she was in great trouble. We went to the store again, and searched the safe, but the money was gone. Margaret Ann had the number in her pocket-book. It was easy to identify it, and besides, a poor girl like Lilly did not have thousands lying about loose. I confessed to myself that the poor thing was in a suspicious position, and I said that if she should prove guilty, my faith in human nature was gone.

"Mine too," said Margaret Ann. "I've come to like her so. And then, poor Sam!"

I went home to tea with my sister-in-law, but we had not much appetite. She promised not to come to the store until closing hour, and to be very merciful, and give the girl every chance.

And so we parted. I arose to say good-night, and came around the table to shake hands with Margaret Ann, when, being but a clumsy old bachelor, not used to woman's fixings, my coat caught in a little wicker work sewing basket on long spider legs, and overset it. Out tumbled cotton and buttons and tape, and I stooped down to pick them up, when among the litter I saw a key—a brass door key, with a nick in it, and a long piece of pink ribbon tied to the handle. It was a very little thing, but it made my blood run cold.

If that was the key Lilly had lost, what was it doing there? I didn't dare to look at my sister-in-law. And I walked the floor all night, but by morning my mind was made up.

At nine o'clock I met that boy and girl at the store, and told them I should be gone all day. In ten minutes more I stole Lilly's key from under the counter, and went out. I went to her house—to her little room on the third floor, and entered it like a thief. It was very poor and very bare, but very neat and clean; and there was a closet in it, with a few dresses hanging up on pegs, and a bonnet box on a shelf.

Into that closet I went, and there I sat down on an old trunk and waited. I heard a queer old clock ticking in the room. I heard it count the hours, ten, eleven, twelve. And I kept saying to myself:

"If you are a wicked, suspicious old fool, Richard Wood, Lord forgive you!"

But I waited still, and just as the long black hands pointed at half past one, I heard a knock at the door—such a knock as ladies sometimes give with a parasol handle; such a knock as my sister-in-law always gave at the office door.

I drew my closet door tight shut, and put my eye to a crevice in it.

There was another knock—a pause; and then I heard the key turn in the lock, and saw the door open and my sister-in-law come in. She looked about her, shut the door, relocked it, and stole across the room. Then—God forgive the woman; I suppose she was mad with jealousy—she lifted up the mattress of the neat little bed in the corner, and taking a red pocket-book from her bosom, thrust it under, drawing the quilt well down about the bed afterward.

"I hardly think you'll marry Sam. Spencer after all, Miss Lilly," she said aloud, with a wicked toss of her head. "I've outwitted you."

"Not quite," said I. "Margaret Ann, there are two words to that matter."

I walked out of my closet, and stood with my back against the outer door. She knew she was trapped, but her wicked tongue had its way still.

"So, you're in the habit of coming here!" she said. "Nice young ladies, certainly!"

"I never came here before," said I, "and you know that; but I've been here all day, waiting for you. I saw Lilly's key in your basket last night, and I began to guess the truth. Bring me that pocket-book."

Margaret Ann did it. She was as pale as death, and almost as cold. I looked at her, and felt sorry for her, after all.

"You're my brother's widow," I said, "and a poor, foolish, jealous creature. I haven't told any one of my suspicion yet, and I never will, on two conditions."

"Name them," said she; "I can't help myself."

"You'll retire from the business," said I.

"Glad to do it," said she.

"And you'll give that thousand dollar note to Lilly as a wedding present."

She looked at me and gave a great gulp.

"Nasty little cat!" she said; "I won't!"

But she did, and only I ever knew why the Widow Wood was so generous to Lilly Rathbone on her wedding day, or why she started for Europe on the very next steamer that sailed from New York, and still remains there.

BOYS.

Most people are much frightened of boys, and assume that they are very dangerous animals. It is alleged that the dreadful creatures delight in making a series of incurably odd and complicated sounds and in committing unprovoked assaults. It is also urged that the menageries which they mostly inhabit during the daytime, and in which they are initiated into the mysteries of the rule of three and such-like puzzles, are places to be religiously avoided. Stray animals are constantly prowling about the precincts of these prisons seeking whom they may attack, at certain times the whole horde are let loose to ravage the neighbourhood. Single travellers have a small chance against them, and, as a rule, make no attempt at offensive tactics. They are content to hurry on quietly, with a host of extremely questionable compliments ringing in their ears, and, in a few exceptional cases, some miscellaneous missiles following closely in their wake, while the tormentors remain behind executing frantic dances of triumph, and indulging in victorious howls. Like all animals which subsist on fleshy food, boys are fond of fighting; and when unable to grapple with any one else, will do battle amongst themselves. They are not nearly so fond, however, of fighting as of witnessing others do so. They take infinite delight in arranging pugilistic encounters (for their friend), and this is a pastime at which they are very proficient, which is only natural, considering the amount of practice which they give themselves. They also deem it their privilege to destroy property—from street lamps and railings to the clothes they wear—in an open and barefaced manner. Nothing pleases them so much as to see a grand smash of anything. They are generally provided with knives by their keepers, by means of which their powers of destruction are greatly increased. Perhaps they cut their fingers as frequently as they cut anything else. They are also furnished with a certain amount of pocket-money, with which they purchase sweets, gingerbread, and catapultas, and are enabled by the last mentioned to aim at numerous small birds, which they rarely hit. They manage, however, to do irreparable damage to large numbers of glass windows, at which they are immensely gratified.

It is said that they can, to a certain extent at any rate, be tamed, and it is further alleged that the most potential method to adopt in dealing with them is a liberal application of a birch-rod or some such weapon. Like all wild animals, upon their feelings being appealed to in a forcible manner, they are apt to raise a great hullabaloo. Instead of licking the afflicted parts, however, they invariably rub, shake, or vigorously blow upon them—the process being varied according to the portion of the *corpus* operated upon. They are occasionally induced to yell defiance, but, as a rule, they deem it expedient to say nothing to those who so wantonly attack them. They ever after honour and pay respect to the man who treats them to a good thrashing. To see them at their tamest is to see them inside the menageries above alluded to. As a rule they are quiet enough, and humble enough there. Somehow or other, though, they are constantly coming to loggerheads with their keeper. The solution of this problem lies in the fact that they do not like work, and scheme by every possible means to do a minimum thereof. Naturally, they are found out, and made to take the consequences. They never get over their hatred of Lindley Murray, Cocker, and the various masters of the arts and sciences through which they are dragged. There are, in connection with many of these menageries, grand show days, when all the boys attend in best clothes, clean white collars, and have their neckties tied quite straight. They are made to sit altogether, and are confronted by the spectators. They looked very frightened and tame—quite unlike the savage things they appear in their natural element. Some pompous gentleman, who has been invited by the keeper, then gets up and talks to them. They would go to sleep, only they are afraid. When the pompous gentleman finishes, some of the tamest of the collection are made to recite pieces, which they do as if they did not like doing it, and without once looking at the audience. They very often forget their parts, and get a cross look from the keeper, which makes them still more forgetful. After they have concluded their entertainment, and are comfortably on their seats again, the pompous gentleman gets up once more, and says he is surprised to find that they are such good boys and such clever boys, and hopes that they will always be a credit to themselves and their keeper, who is so very kind to them. Then one or two more pompous gentlemen get up, and say the same thing. The animals gaze at their mentors with astonishment, and their looks of incredulity evidence that they do not believe a word about their being such patterns. After the speaking is concluded, the boys are taken away to another part of the menagerie, where they are provided with cake, buns, oranges, apples, dried fruits, and sundry non-intoxicating beverages. The gluttonous propensities of a number are made painfully apparent, and the proceedings terminate by their keeper bidding them farewell in such an affectionate manner as leads them to doubt the evidence of their senses. They try in vain to realize how it is that the grim tyrant who has been the terror and bugbear of their lives for so many weary months, has suddenly become transformed into a gentle and fatherly friend.

Boys profess to have a great contempt for girls and girls' games. Nevertheless, it is a fact of which the student of natural history must take notice, that they are extremely frightened of girls, and, in conjunction with this, must be taken the fact that girls are not much, if at all, afraid of them. The boys never look such abject things as they do when beside girls. It is then positively melancholy to regard them. They have not a single word to say, and are ever shyly looking round for opportunities to "bolt." Their keepers have been known, in a spirit of refined cruelty, to make a boy and girl link arms, and in that manner walk through a public street. The misery of the poor boy it is impossible to describe. The girl, of course, was contented enough, and disposed to grumble because the boy was not more sociable. Boys are almost, but not quite as much, frightened of women. But they like men, and are never tired of conversing with them.—*Liberal Review.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LEARNING.

A moderate-sized volume might be written on the learning and accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth. Her progress under her first instructors was marvellous. At eleven years of age she translated out of French verse into English prose "The Mirrour or Glass of the Sinful Soul." This she dedicated to Queen Catherine Parr in an epistle dated from Ashbridge, December 31, 1544. This dedication and epistle have been printed by Thomas Hearne. When she was but twelve years old she translated from the English into Latin, French, and Italian, "Prayers and Meditations collected out of certain pious writers by the most noble and religious Catherine, Queen of England." This she dedicated to her father, Henry VIII., in a Latin epistle dated from Hatfield, December 30, 1545. The M.S. is now in the British Museum. About the same time she translated from the French "The Meditations of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, concerning the Love of the Soul of Christ." This was published by Bale in 1548, and has been reprinted. Camden says: "Before she was seventeen years of age she very well understood the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and the Greek indifferently." Upon the death of her father and her tutor about the same time she was much encouraged by her brother Edward, who was exceedingly attached to her, and called her his *Lady Temper.* She now sent for Roger Ascham to supply the place of her tutor, and he left Cambridge for that purpose, and came to her at Cheshunt. Her diligence in the study of the Greek and Latin classics was great, and Ascham writes from Greenwich to his friend Sturmius "that he enjoyed at court as agreeable a freedom and retirement for his studies as he had ever done in the university; and that he was then reading over with the Princess Elizabeth the orations of Æschines and Demosthenes, *de Coronâ,* in Greek, and that she understood at first sight not only the force and propriety of the language, and the meaning of the orator, but the whole scheme of the cause, and the laws, customs, and manners of the Athenians." Her studies were interrupted by the accession of Mary, but upon succeeding to the crown herself, after the settlement of the perplexed affairs of the kingdom, she renewed them with great ardour. Ascham, in 1563, tells the young men of England that "it was their shame that one maid should go beyond them all in excellency of learning and knowledge of divers tongues. Yea, he believed that besides her perfect readiness in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, she read there at Windsor more *Greek* every day than some prebendaries of that church did read *Latin* in a whole week." She employed also Sir Henry Saville and Sir John Fortescue to read to her. The latter (who was a most accomplished scholar) read Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, and the Greek tragedians to her. Ballard gives a wonderful account of her own personal studies. It would be tedious to recount her translations and other works. On August 5, 1564, her Majesty went to Cambridge, and stayed five days in King's College. She was entertained with tragedies, comedies, orations, and other academical exercises, and visited every college. Upon her departure she took leave of the university in a Latin oration, which has been preserved by Holinshed and Fuller.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

UPHEAVAL OF THE SWEDISH COAST.—The rate of upheaval of the Swedish coast, a fact long known to geologists, is shown by a large block, ten feet high and fifteen feet broad, on the shore near Morup, which in September, 1816, was four feet above high-water mark, as is proved by an inscription to that effect. During the past summer this block was 120 feet from the shore, indicating a comparatively recent and rapid upheaval. The earliest records of this stone state that it was close to the water, but not in it; so that it would appear that the upheaval commenced in the present century.

TEETH IN YOUNG STURGEONS.—The discovery announced some months ago of the existence of teeth in the young sturgeons has been verified by another observer, who states that in the young of the sterlet there are ten teeth in the upper jaw and eight in the lower. This illustrates a very striking difference in habit between the young and the old. The latter, as is well known, have no teeth, and are believed to be somewhat herbivorous in character, or, at least, to feed only on sluggish invertebrates, while the former are quite voracious in their attack upon free-swimming animal prey. The precise period at which these teeth disappear has not been ascertained.

PERHAPS no group of stars is more generally known then the Pleiades, or Seven Sisters, as they are often called in the country. In this cluster there is a nebula or star-cloudlet invisible to the naked eye, but which can ordinarily be seen with the aid of a telescope. Mr. H. W. Hollis, however, a member of the Observing Astronomical Society of Bristol, England, says that he has searched for this nebula with his eight-inch telescope, but cannot now find it, and he adds, "There is something peculiar about all the brighter stars of this group, which for months past have appeared to me as if surrounded with nebulous light. Can the nebula have been distributed among them?"

HARMONIOUS COLOURS IN UPHOLSTERY.—All colours says the *Warehousemen and Draper's Trade Journal,* have their origin in light, and the tone of one colour may be heightened or subdued by the contrast of another, that when placed side by side in a room it may look different from what it really is. This effect is, however, subject to variations according to the position of the windows. Colours appear most different as to optical composition when the complementary of one is added to the colour of the other. For instance, if window hangings be green, and the prevailing colour in a carpet be orange, red, the complementary of green by adding to the orange, will make it appear redder; and in like manner if the cushions of sofas, chairs, &c., be blue, which is complementary to orange, be placed in a room covered with a carpet in which green predominates, the blue will appear more intense. Brown paper hangings for instance, contrast best with drab coloured carpets, and blue with orange.

COMPARISON OF ANTISEPTICS.—A series of experiments by Dr. Dougall upon the relative powers of substances to prevent the generation of animalcula gives some interesting and suggestive results. The metalic salts, he finds, possess the highest preventive powers—sulphate of copper occupying the first place, and nitrate of silver the lowest. Of the organic acids, benzoic acid has the highest, and acetic acid the lowest power, carbolic acid occupying the fifth rank. Chloride of aluminium, among the salts of the alkaline earths, stands the highest. The inorganic salts have but little power, with the exception of bichromate of potash, which ranks very high. The poisonous vegetable extracts appear to be inert. The inference made from these observations is, that if carbolic acid prevents the growth of germs in wounds, etc., solutions of chromic acid, bichromate of potash, and the sulphate of copper have the same property to a still higher degree, and should have the preference, except their use would be attended with some positively injurious effect.