

THE GENIUS OF THE FUTURE.

The world grows less;
And silence deepens in the realms of soul;
Babbings of half-taught minds depress;
To weaker moons the tides of Passion roll;
Day's lord in blazing sky
To sage and poet speaks no sovereign word:
The mighty hours that thronged around him die,
And dull mechanic clocks alone are heard.
The city spreads: more frequent soar the spires
But paler grow the spirit's altar fires.

In marble hills
Wait undelivered shapes of gods unknown;
But now no deathless wills
Breathe life's quick breath into the passive stone;
The awful unseen forms
Await the passion of the moulding hands
In scornful sleep, 'mid theologic storms
And dying creeds that blast the wasting lands;
While yearning for love's wonders and love's signs
We sigh and weep in cold and mouldering shrines.

Delay no more
To slake the thirsty world's divine desire,
Thou wonder of life's sunset-shore;
Kindle with burning heart the new life-fire.
Staunch thou the sources of our tears,
And let thy woman's harmonies be heard
Marrying, 'mid echoes of the eternal spheres,
Time's final song to their immortal word.
Wake all thy music on our heart-strings dumb;
Take from this hand thy crown: thine hour is come.

ALFRED H. LOUIS.

In "Lippincott's Magazine" for July.

FOR EVERYBODY.

New Decoration.

A Parisian correspondent says: "There is a new fashion in jewellery which I must mention, and that is, that ladies wear pending to a velvet strip round their neck, or to their brooch, the medals or crosses won by their husbands for the services they may have rendered their country. The gentlemen wear the ribbon only; the ladies wear the medals."

A Mysterious Taking-Off.

An individual lately committed suicide in a Parisian hotel. His headless body was found in his room, together with a letter containing the following bewildering statement: "I was bored and I have killed myself. Let no one be accused of my death. Do not look for my head; I have hidden it myself in order not to be recognized."

An Election Cry.

An astute election agent used to recommend that the cry against the opposition candidate should be, "Who murdered his grandmother?" "It has this advantage, you see," he was wont to say, "if he doesn't reply the people will think he did murder his grandmother; and if he says that he is not the man, there's sure to be a good many who will say, 'There must be something in it, or he wouldn't take the trouble to deny it.'"

Eyeless Needle.

San Francisco claims the honour of being the residence of a lady who has invented a new needle. The improvement consists in making needles of all sizes without any eye for the thread, but having instead a hole bored longitudinally into the head to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, which hole is arranged with a screw thread. It is thought it will be valuable as a surgical needle, as it carries a single thread, so making a smaller hole than the ordinary needle with partially doubled thread.

Little Fritz.

Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Queen's eldest grandson, will on the occasion of his confirmation, which stands fixed for the 1st of September, have a separate retinue attached to his person, in conformity with an established Prussian custom. It is proposed that after Michaelmas, 1875, his Royal Highness shall visit several German universities and pass through the ordinary course of academical studies for at least two years. The universities selected are, first, Bonn, and after that Strasburg.

Frenchmen In England.

Another instance of "seeing ourselves as Frenchmen see us" is furnished by a correspondent of the *Liberty*, who professes to have gone to the Derby, and, after thirty-eight hours' reflection, informs his countrymen, among other equally startling things, that "Epsom Downs were crowded with 200,000 Englishmen, all in a state of intoxication," and that "drunken footmen amused themselves by pouring champagne down the backs of their drunken masters!"

Another Cat Story.

Exeter, New Hampshire, contributes the following cat story. Several rats were found in a hoghead that had been left open in a store. Notice was given to the store cat, who climbed to the edge of the hoghead, but, after surveying the situation, jumped down and ran out at the door, shortly re-appearing with another cat. They looked at their foes and retired, soon coming back with a third cat. They now seemed satisfied with their force, and made an attack, jumping into the hoghead. The cats had, however, miscalculated the force of their enemy, and two were killed, the other being taken out in season to save its life.

Adulterations Of Tea.

The laws against the adulteration of groceries in England are not only very strict, but what is still better they are strictly enforced. Recently a London tradesman was arrested for having sold green tea painted with gypsum and Prussian blue. His plea that the tea had been subjected to this treatment in

China before it reached him did not save him from a heavy sentence, the Court holding that it was his duty to expressly warn every purchaser of the tea in question that it had been adulterated with gypsum and Prussian blue. In this country the extent to which every article capable of adulteration is adulterated is enormous, and the laws against adulteration—if such laws exist—are never enforced.

German Defences Against France.

The *Cologne Gazette* says that the entrance for French armies into Germany by the Black Forest having been effectually barred by the annexation and fortification of Alsace and Lorraine, it is probable that in their next attack upon Germany the French may advance through Switzerland. In order to guard against this danger it is proposed to re-fortify the old fortress of Hohentwiel, and to convert the once formidable castle into an impregnable fortress of the larger modern type. In addition to the fortification of Hohentwiel, it has been suggested to make assurance doubly sure by means of an ironclad flotilla, which is to be permanently stationed in the Lake of Constance, which would command all the lines converging in that district towards the German frontier.

Art Treasures Of France.

New brooms are proverbially supposed to sweep clean, and the new Director of Fine Arts in France, M. de Chennevières, does not belie the adage. M. de Chennevières proposes to catalogue all the literary and artistic treasures of France, great and small, contained in the churches, museums, and public buildings, and has formed a committee for the purpose. Reform No. 2 is a scheme for sending all young painters who may have distinguished themselves at the Salon to study for three years at Rome at the expense of the Government; while the artistic decorations of the Pantheon, which, as we mentioned some weeks since, are to be completed, are to be begun at once. Among the painters to be engaged, known to England, are MM. Gerôme, Meissonier, Millet, and Puvis de Chavannes, and M. Carpeaux among the sculptors.

Unthinkable Mechanics.

By means of a tiny diamond point at the end of a machine, composed of exquisitely graduated systems of lessening wheels, a Mr. William Webb, of London, is able to write upon glass the whole of the Lord's Prayer within the space of a two-hundred-and-ninety-fourth of an inch in length and one four-hundred-and-fortieth part of an inch in breadth—the measurement of the dot over an "i" in print! He could write the whole 3,566,480 letters of the Old and New Testament eight times over in the space of one square inch of glass; and, when this wonderful microscopical writing is enlarged by photography, every letter and point are perfect and can be read. Amazing as this is, however, a wealthy banker of London, named Peters, invented a machine in 1855 that could write three times as finely as Mr. Webb's.

Magic In Butter.

An ingenious gentleman is now applying in Washington for a patent upon a churn of astonishing efficiency. It seems to be composed of several cylinders, one within the other, the outer one of some metal and the inner one to receive the milk. By some secret process, supposed to be electrically or galvanically chemical, this surprising machine converts a pint of milk into a pound of butter in less than a minute, and is said to be capable of making as high as seven pounds and three-quarters from one gallon of pure milk at the same lightning speed. Said butter is alleged by septicists to be "a granulation of the nutritious particles of milk, only resembling the butter of the old process;" but as it cannot be distinguished in taste from the choicest country article, and need not cost more than about five cents a pound to make, there should be a pretty sure market for it.

Lord Buck And The King.

Kensington Gardens are such a paradise for children that it is pleasant to connect the palace also with a story about children that shows us how amiable that reserved, asthmatic little man, William of Orange, could be at times. One day, as the King sat looking over State papers with his secretary, there came a tap at the closet door. "Who is there?" said the King impatiently. "It's me, Lord Buck," cries a child's voice. "Me?" was Lord Buckhurst, at 4, son of the Earl of Dorset, the King's Lord High Chamberlain. The King went to the door smiling. "And what does Lord Buck want?" he said, opening the door. "I want you to be horse to my coach," said the little tyrant; "I've been waiting for you, King, ever so long." William, at once without a single excuse for business, took the ribbon of the child's coach in his hand and dragged it up and down the long gallery of the palace, till Lord Buck had had quite enough chariotteering, and scampered off for fresh toys.

A Knowing Man.

A New York correspondent says: "There are many families which you would think when you saw their display, to be full of money, who are pinched severely, and their show of wealth is but a sham. Many, also, who really have property are always living beyond their means. Steward does a very extensive credit business among such a class, and this department is under charge of one of the most experienced floor-walkers of the retail palace. He knows almost every fashionable woman in this city, and he also knows how much it is safe to trust each one. There are some who run a bill, say, from \$3,000 to \$5,000, and there are others who are allowed to go as deep as \$10,000, and then there are a few whose account may reach \$20,000 before a bill is presented. When these ladies trade heavy bills the clerk sends the amount on a slip of paper to the censor, whose pencil at once marks approbation or refusal. Hence it is of great importance with this class to keep on good terms with this autocrat. If a fashionable woman wants a \$1,000 shawl, how delightful is the approving pencil mark! If the latter be adverse, what a cruel disappointment!"

Who Was Dominic Sampson?

None of Scott's biographers seem to have known who was the original Dominic Sampson. A border gentleman resident in Edinburgh, William Oliver, Esq., formerly of Langraw, Roxburghshire, and a kinsman of Sir Walter Scott, has recent-

ly been clearing this matter up. He says the original Dominic was a Mr. Sampson, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and for some time tutor in the family of Mr. Thomas Scott, who was Sir Walter's eldest uncle, and Mr. Oliver's maternal grandfather. The likeness is perfect of the great shambling, awkward, sand-blind, harmless simpleton, and, withal, scholar even to the pronunciation of "Prodigious." Another person who was conjectured by some to have presented the original from which the character of Dominic Sampson was drawn, was Mr. Thomson, a son of a former minister of Melrose, and also a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. This conjecture was always exceedingly unlikely, as the elements of resemblance were few. In the case of Mr. Sampson, the transcript was complete all over.

A Souvenir Extraordinary.

A correspondent says: "Mark Twain in one of his articles speaks of the lady who treasures a precious slice of bread from which Dickens had taken a bite. This sounds like the broadest burlesque, but the following anecdote, which is literally true, and illustrates many people's foolish desire for relics, shows that Twain was hardly burlesquing in his essay: The last time that Mr. Dickens was in this country he happened one morning to breakfast at the common table of the hotel where he was stopping. When he had eaten his egg he dropped the empty shell into his egg-cup, and after finishing his breakfast left the table. As soon as he had gone a lady who had sat next him arose, and taking up the egg-cup went to the hotel proprietor and offered to purchase it of him at any price, and the unwashed egg-cup containing the broken shell is now kept by her as a souvenir of the great novelist."

The Retort Car-teous.

A correspondent says: "For a place where the varied humours, characteristics, and moods of human nature are developed and exhibited commend me to a crowded horse-car in a large city. All the petty, mean, and manly traits are shown forth by men and women in these conveyances to their fullest extent. A few evenings ago, while riding to my home in one of these sandwiching machines, a lady (?) entered, and by dint of persistent crowding made her way through the car to the front end. Here a gentleman arose and proffered her his seat. Just as she turned to take it, without so much as thanking him, she concentrated all the venom of a hateful disposition in the remark: 'If there were any gentlemen in the car they would not allow a lady to go the length of it before giving her a seat.' She had not time to get seated before the insolent remark escaped her, when the gentleman who had offered her his seat quickly slid back into it again and quietly remarked: 'I think the ladies are all seated.' The rebuke was so deserved, and withal so capably administered, that a murmur of applause escaped from nearly every one in the car, and the crestfallen woman soon rang the bell and alighted."

A Remedy For Hay Fever.

England is the haunt of hay fever, and the season dreaded by so many victims of this affection is rapidly approaching. Helmholtz having been made aware of the poisonous action of quinine upon infusoria, determined to make an experiment with that substance on the vibrionic bodies he had discovered in the nasal secretion of persons suffering from hay fever, and for that purpose he employed a neutral and weak solution of quinine, which he poured into both nostrils with a pipette whilst the patient was in a recumbent position, with the head low. The result was most satisfactory, and the cure, which took place in the case of Professor Helmholtz, has likewise followed in two other patients who made a trial of the remedy. Dr. Frickhofer, of Schwabach, and Professor Busch, of Bonn, have also succeeded in curing the affection by the same method. Professor Binz suggests that a tepid solution of quinine should be used, and that, instead of a pipette, Weber's simple but effective nose-douche should be employed for applying the quinine solution, care being taken that the quinine is free from adulteration.

A Death-Bed Interview By Telegraph.

The overland telegraph in Australia extends for 1,900 miles across the wastes of the insular continent, and the line is greatly exposed to the attacks of the natives, who use the wire to point their spears with and break the insulators in order to secure the sharp-edged fragments with which they scrape the spear blades smooth. In order to guard the line, therefore, each station is a fort. On an evening two months ago, one of these stations was suddenly attacked, and in the melee, Mr. Stapleton, the master, was fatally wounded. The station was 1,200 miles from Adelaide, and the sufferer had to be treated for his wounds by Dr. Gosse, of that place, by means of consultations over the wire. The case was hopeless, however, and all that could be done to make the situation of Mr. Stapleton somewhat easier to bear was to allow him to exchange a few parting words with his wife, who, like the surgeon, was also 1,200 miles away in Adelaide. This was done, and the man and woman who had seen each other for the last time on earth were able, in a measure, to say to each other those words of tenderness which cheer the dying in their last moments and leave a pleasant remembrance upon the minds of the bereaved."

Something New In Advertisements.

An ingenious device for turning an honest penny is reported by the *Edinburgh Courant* by which buyers and sellers are equally benefited. The buyers get for sixpence twenty-four sheets of letter paper, on the outside sheet of each of which is an embossed penny stamp. The seller is benefited in this way: he fills the two inside pages with sixty advertisements, for which he charges one guinea each, leaving the first page for private correspondence, and the last page, to which the stamp is affixed, for the address. As the stamp will carry an ounce weight, another sheet of plain paper may be enclosed together with the sheet which is stamped. The originator of this plan guarantees to the advertiser a circulation of 5,000 copies, so that it is easy to see how the scheme will pay. For the advertisements he receives £63, from which he pays 5,000 stamps at 1d. each—£20 16s. 8d.—less received for copies sold (twenty-four for 6d.), £5 4s. 2d.; total, £15 12s. 6d.; leaving the difference, £47 7s. 6d., to cover the cost of paper and printing a sheet of advertisements 5,000 times. The inventor has, it is stated, taken out a copyright, which entitles him to a year's monopoly.