

Liam and Lady Mary, weighed by the thought of losing whole bags of rupees, the matter ended in my favor, and I succeeded in becoming possessed of the prize.

I have never had reason to regret the mistake. It helped me to a worthy wife much sooner than I would have otherwise found one, for I discovered next day that my friend Harry's sister had become a wife and a mother. It helped me to something more—my colonelcy—much sooner than I would have reached it by seniority.

May you, my unmarried readers, make no worse mistake when you are on your journey to join your friends beneath the mistle-toe.

"TOO FLASHY."

The truth, whenever, and wherever spoken, often touches a key-note in the breast of the listener that thrills with joy, or trembles with sadness, long after the voice of the speaker has died away. We little know, when speaking, what a lasting impression our words may have on the minds of our listeners; that words may burn themselves into our souls, and leave their scars to fester and poison our lives in after years; or they may fill our souls with joy that will fill our life with pleasures long after they are forgotten by those who uttered them.

The young gentlemen of the present day are too flashy. How true to the letter are those words! "Too flashy!" All outside show, believing in the theory that dress makes the man or the woman. It is no wonder that fathers and mothers tremble when they think of the possible fate of their daughters, when they see them giving away their heart's dearest treasure, their love, to the young men of the present day. Is it truly any wonder that humanity shudders at the appalling fact of the numerous divorces granted by our courts at the present day? It is true we live in an age of progress, but not in all cases does it prove an improvement on the old plan of matrimonial life.

Half a century ago, young men started out in life quite differently from those young men we see and meet at the present day; then they started in life with a purpose; they were happy and contented; were willing to take a companion for her real worth; they were satisfied to begin life at the foot of the ladder, and both were willing to toil on together, working upward, by slow and sure degrees on the hillside of life; yet their hours of labour were sweetened with the thought that all they were doing was adding to the comfort and happiness of each other; what to-day would be considered a privation, then would only be looked upon as a duty; and, with a loving companion by one's side to sweeten the hours of toil, was only a pleasure, and in the end proved a blessing in disguise. Then, when a young couple commenced life together, their wants were few and easily supplied; willing hands made life's duties light, and loving hearts made their pathway full of sunshine and joy.

The massive fortunes that are held and enjoyed to-day are only the results of the slow accumulations of those happy couples who started on life's journey together with only strong hands and willing hearts; the tailor had but little to do then toward making the man, or the dress-maker the woman. But to-day, all is changed; those of other days are regarded as old fogies; they belong to a race that has passed away; they are not supposed to know or understand how to live in this progressive age. In those days, young men were taught industry, honesty, and economy; to-day they look upon the objects and aims of life with far different eyes. Acts that would then have consigned a young man to prison for life, are now regarded as developing natural traits of shrewdness and sagacity—outcroppings of genius in the rising generation—while those who are placed in positions of trust, when short in their accounts fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, are only regarded as a little irregular.

If "Young America" marry, it is only a marriage of convenience; an alliance gilded with gold. The young lady must have a father who keeps a large bank account, owns stock in factories and railroads—must have a large prospective income to induce the young men of to-day to embark on the sea of matrimony. In short, they must have a sufficient amount of the hard earnings of others to enable them to live without soiling their delicate hands, or disarranging the toilet that the hands of others have labored so hard to provide for them.

In looking over the list of young men to-day, is it any wonder that a good, sensible young lady, one who values others for their real worth, one who can appreciate all their father's care and toil should say, from the innocence of her heart, that the young men were "too flashy" for her—that the thought of uniting her destiny with such a young man made her tremble for her future, and that she was resolved to lead a single life? Few young ladies possess the wisdom to see these things in their true light; young men who marry for money usually manage to run through with a fortune in a few years; never having earned a dollar, they hardly know the way to keep one that has come to them in this way.

Life has higher aims, and nobler purposes, than to be frittered away in useless endeavors and disappointed hopes. We would by no means discourage matrimony; it is one of the most sacred obligations of a human life; we look upon it as a dear delight for one soul to

have trust in another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek—that is burning with tears and the touch of pain; it pours a balm into the very source of sorrow; it is a hope undeferred, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love; a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells with an eternal echo on the ears; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes, long withheld, descend sometimes as chastening griefs upon our natures; but their is no solace for the bitterness of a broken faith.

THE WORD FAREWELL.

If ever a latent feeling of love and friendship assumes a tender reality, sweeping the innermost depths of the soul and kindling sad emotions in two warm hearts, it is a memory lingering upon the parting hour, and we whisper that little but impressive word—farewell.

Brave heart that has buffeted the storms of life, and did not tremble for the issue when trouble came, how powerless at last to check the rising tear or suppress a sigh as you uttered an adieu to the friend who has shared your joys and sorrow—your little playmate in childhood's happy days, when earth seemed a paradise of winning confidence, innocence and truth.

Any one who stands in death's silent chamber, and while gazing on a dead face upon which the sad word "ended" is written by icy fingers, is ready to forget or forgive all the follies of a misspent life, and even draw the "soft mantle of charity" over the record of an enemy who wronged us; even so when we come to part with those who only had a small share of our affection, and readily forgive any difference that existed, or hard feelings that blunted the warm current of our regard. If, then, such are our emotions upon saying adieu to some ordinary associate, how much more intense the feeling of regard when the eye is resting upon the features endeared to us by a thousand hallowed remembrances, and the hand clasps hand perhaps never to hear the kindly voice, or welcomed the smile that gladdened us of yore.

But is it the mere fact or partings that gives us pain? Ah, no! rather is it the question that intrudes itself upon us: How, when and where shall we meet again? We are loth to say good-by; for knowing how frail the tenure we hold upon earth's dearest joys, and that death is ever near, lurking in the fairest flowers, we cannot banish an apprehension for our safety and happiness, however groundless that apprehension may be, and presentiments of evil and danger, almost amounting to superstition, will sometimes take possession of the buoyant and fearless hearts.

How will it be at the next meeting? Reader, you may well ponder this. You have some dear one who is going from you. It may be some bright, sweet face you hope to call your wife at no very distant day; and she is going from you, or you from her. Have you pledged a vow for constancy that nothing can turn aside, or will time and distance have taught you that "absence conquers love"? What is your next thought? When? Will it be a week, a month, or a year? Will it be forever?

A CHEMICAL REMEDY FOR THE POTATO DISEASE.

Professor Alexander S. Wilson, in a communication to the *Chemical News*, states that he has made analyses of the tubers of diseased potatoes, and finds in the ashes a marked deficiency in the salts of Magnesia and lime. In the ash of the healthy tuber from 6 to 10 per cent of magnesia salts are usually found, and over 5 per cent of lime. But in the ashes of diseased tubers, although the proper quantities of other minerals were found, the percentage of magnesia was only from 1 per cent up to 43.9 per cent, and of lime only 1.77 per cent.

With these considerations before us, I think, says Professor Wilson, that we are justified in appealing to chemical science—to solve the problem as to the prevention of the disease—to suggest not a substance that will destroy the enemy, for this is next to impossible, but to give the plant such nourishment that will enable it to resist the adverse circumstances in which it is placed, as well as the attacks of its own peculiar enemies.

Some years ago, Professor Thorpe found, from the analyses of diseased and healthy orange trees, that, in the former, the amounts of lime and magnesia are deficient; the same thing, we have seen, is the case in the diseased potato plant.

It has lately been shown by Dr. Grace Calvert, that lime is one of the few substances which we know that are capable of altogether preventing the development of fungi, in organic solutions. He does not give any experiment relating to the action of caustic magnesia on fungi, but doubtless its action will be found to be similar.

Here, then, is a curious and, at the same time, significant fact: Diseased potatoes are deficient in lime salts; lime prevents the development of fungi. May not the development of fungi in the vessels of plants be furthered by this deficiency? The circumstances are such as scarcely to leave room for doubt. So far, then theory and practice agree; lime has been found by experience to be useful in preventing the disease, and I cannot doubt that magnesia, if tried, will be found to have a similar effect.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Up to the present time, as is well known, the electric light has been used only for light-houses, as an electric sun illumination for signals, or on the stage, where a strong light may be required without regard to cost; but thus far it has been quite impossible to employ it for lighting streets or houses. By the odd method the electric spark was passed between two points of charcoal, each attached to a copper wire connected with an electro-magnetic machine. The disadvantages attending this mode consisted in the facts that for each light a separate machine was required, and that the light so obtained, although very powerful, was impossible to be regulated; besides being non-continuous, owing to the rapid consumption of the charcoal points from exposure to the air. All these difficulties Mr. A. Ladigun, of St. Petersburg, Russia, has tried, and apparently overcome most successfully. By his newly invented method, only one piece of charcoal or other bad conductor is required, which, being attached to a wire connected with an electro-magnetic machine, is placed in a glass tube, from which the air is exhausted, and replaced by a gas which will not at a high temperature combine chemically with the charcoal. This tube is hermetically sealed, and the machine being set in motion by means of a small steam engine, the charcoal becomes gradually and equally heated, and emits a soft, steady, and continuous light, which, by a most simple contrivance, can be strengthened or weakened at the option of those employing it, its duration being dependent solely on the electric current, which of course will last as long as the machine is kept in motion. Taking into consideration the fact that one machine, worked by a small three horse power engine, is capable of lighting many hundreds of lanterns, it is evident that an enormous advantage and profit could be gained by the illumination of streets, private houses, public buildings, and mines, with the new electric light. In the latter, it must prove invaluable as no explosion need ever be feared from it, and these lanterns will burn equally as well under water as in a room. Without mentioning the many advantages this mode of illumination has over gas, which by its unpleasant odor and evaporation is slowly poisoning thousands of human beings, and from which explosions are frequent, we can state that, by calculations made, this electric light can be procured at a fifth of the cost of gas. We hope shortly to place before the public more complete particulars, as well as reports of further experiments which are proposed to take place in Vienna, Paris, and London.—*Golos, and Journal of Society of Arts.*

MANUFACTURE OF ILLUMINATING GAS FROM CRUDE PETROLEUM.

The Pittsburgh *Commercial* states that the method discovered by Mr. Charles Gearing, of that city, has been put into successful practical operation at Sharpsburg, Pa., and the borough is now admirably lighted by gas made from crude petroleum oil, 8,000 feet of gas being produced from one barrel of the oil.

As the subject is one of great importance, not only to the inhabitants of our towns and cities, who need good light at a cheap price, but also to gas companies and oil producers, we will give a few details of the Gearing process, from which practical gas men may, in some degree, judge of its actual merits. To us it looks like a good improvement, worthy of the careful investigation of all who are interested in the extensive branch of industry to which it pertains.

In the simpler form of the Gearing apparatus some seven retorts are employed in connection with one furnace. These retorts have double chambers, made by enclosing small cylinders within other cylinders of larger diameter. The inner cylinders are filled with pebbles, the object of which is to provide very extensive heating surfaces. A jet of steam and air is, by means of an injector, introduced at one end of the first series of retorts, and then passes on through the pebbles, successively into and through three other retorts, until the steam and air are thoroughly dried and heated; thence the jet goes into contact with the crude petroleum in another retort and takes up therefrom a supply of the oil vapor, thence on successfully through three other retorts contained in the furnace, where the final heating takes place, thence into the gas holder. The operation is simple and continuous. The peculiar construction of the retorts is alleged to prevent loss of oil by conversion and deposit into solid carbon, the only resulting deposits in the retorts being the sand usually found in crude oil, with some other foreign matters.

A company has been formed, we understand, to put this process in operation in Titusville, Pa. We shall look with much interest for the practical results. The success of this or any other method of employing crude oil for permanent gas illumination would create an immense demand for the article and give relief from the depressive effects of over production under which the oil market now suffers.

"Why is it that so many men are troubled with brain diseases of late?" asked a gentleman. "In this telegraphic, high-pressure age," replied a friend, "there are a great many more things to occupy one's attention than there were twenty years ago, but the brains ain't any bigger now than then."

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.

There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong, common-sense view of the subject, it is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies; and another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches.

Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion, large and comprehensive views, its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy draws away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling pants all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without. We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses; all the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt and gladden life.

MALAY CUSTOMS.

I was told, writes a traveller in Borneo, that it is indispensably necessary that a young man should procure a skull before he gets married. On my urging that the custom would be more honored in the breach than in the observance, they replied that it was established from time immemorial, and could not be dispensed with. Subsequently, however, it was allowed that heads were very difficult to obtain now, and a young man might sometimes get married by giving presents to his lady love's parents. At all times they denied warmly ever obtaining any heads but their enemies', adding that they were bad people and deserved to die.

The men marry but one wife, and that not until they have attained the age of seventeen or eighteen. Their wedding ceremony is curious, and is performed by the bride and bridegroom being brought in procession along the large room, where a brace of fowls is placed over the bridegroom's neck, which he whirls seven times round his head. The fowls are then killed, and their blood sprinkled on the foreheads of the pair, which done, they are cooked and eaten by the new married couple alone, whilst the rest feast and drink during the whole night.

VENTILATION.

There is no more fruitful cause of disease and death among us than a vitiated atmosphere. It may operate slowly and treacherously, producing scrofula, consumption, etc., or with sudden fatality, as in vicinities where large amounts of carbonic acid are generated. In the changes occurring from the putrefaction of animal and vegetable matters, deleterious products are given off. So poisonous are these, that death takes place when they accumulate in a concentrated form around dwellings. In a smaller amount they produce an endless variety of discomfort and disease, from debility to a permanent loss of health.

We draw upon the atmosphere more the one thousand times an hour for nourishment and sustenance.

More attention ought to be given to ventilation than is ordinarily bestowed upon it. It should become a primary object in the construction of all buildings. A good supply of fresh and pure air should be placed among the first and most essential necessities of life. We can compensate for the deficiency of fire by an extra amount of clothing or an increased supply of food; but nothing will take the place of pure, wholesome, unvitiated air.

THE INVISIBLE CHILDREN

Oh, it is not when your children are with you; it is not when you see and hear them, that they are most to you; it is when the sad assemblage is gone; it is when the daisies have resumed their growing again in the place where the little form was laid; it is when you have carried your children out and said farewell, and come home again, and day and night are full of sweet memories; it is when summer and winter are full of touches and suggestions of them; it is when you cannot look up toward God without thinking of them; nor look down toward yourself and not think of them; it is when they have gone out of your arms and are living to you only by the power of imagination, that they are the most to you. The invisible children are the real children—the children that touch our hearts as no hands of flesh ever could touch them.

A farmer and his wife called at a Detroit photograph gallery last week to order some photographs of her; and while the operator was getting ready, the husband gave the wife a little advice as to how she must act: "Fasten your mind on something," he said, "or else you will laugh and spile the job. Think about early days, how your father got in jail, and your mother was an old scold, and what you'd have been if I hadn't pitied you! Just fasten your mind on that!" She didn't have any photographs taken.

Sawdust and Chips.

"I'm so afraid of lightning," said a pretty coquette in a sudden shower. "Well you might be," said her smarting lover; "your heart is steel."

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss," said a gentleman to a beauty. "They are not worth a farthing, sir," she replied. "I was thinking of you."

"What are you doing there, you rascal?" "Merely taking cold, sir." "It looks to me as if you were stealing ice." "Well—yes—perhaps it will bear that construction."

"I'm so thirsty!" said a boy at work in the cornfield. "Well, work away," said his industrious father. "You know the prophet says, 'Ho(o) every one that thirsteth.'"

A student who had been afflicted with a sermon one hour and a half long, grumbly says that these professors study so much about eternity that they have no conception of time.

An Indiana Sunday-school man writes to a Bible firm in New York: "Send me on Sunday-school papers and books. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."

A boarding house fiend tells the story that, in a recent thunder storm, the warring of the elements was so awe-inspiring that the hair in a dish of butter in the pantry turned completely white during the night.

"There's one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea-captain, "and that is courtship; 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

"You sell watered milk, I see," remarked a well-known dry-goods merchant to a restaurateur. "Well what of that; don't you sell watered silk?" was the prompt retort.

"Where you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" asked a father of his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes, sir; part of the time by two policemen."

One day, a person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artizan, "it's a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle, the other day, to another. "Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year that have died before."

The title of a religious article on "Mirth as a Means of Grace," is perverted by a rural compositor into "Mirth as a Means of Grease." He was doubtless thinking of the proverb, "Laugh and grow fat."

A client calling at his lawyer's office, in which there was a blazing fire, exclaimed, "Why, your office is as hot as an oven." "Why shouldn't it be?" retorted the lawyer, "since it is here that I make my bread!"

"Why, Ichabod, I thought you got married more'n a year ago?" "Well, Aunt Jerusha, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, so I just give them all the mitten, and let the thing drop."

A man at a camp meeting boasted that he had been married twenty-five years, during which time he had never given his wife a cross word or look. He omitted to tell his hearers that he dared not do the one or the other.

Punch has a pathetic picture of a young married couple on a calling trip. As they wait at the door where they have rung the bell, Augustus is thus cautioned: "Augustus, love, let me beg of you! Do not give way to any insane demonstrations of delight before the servant, if she says they're not at home."

A country clergyman, paying a professional visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question: "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh! yes, said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded minister, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are willing."

"How do you like the clam song?" asked an old lady of her daughter, as they stepped into the street, after a popular concert. "Clam song?" exclaimed the young lady, in astonishment. "Why, what do you refer to?" "Oh, 'Shells of the Ocean,' don't you mother?" "Well, yes," said the old lady, "I do think that was it; it was something about clams, any way, and you know I do like them so well."

An old negro named Pete was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a very downcast look, his master asked him the cause. "O, massa, I'm such a great sinner!" "But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins." "I know de reason, massa," said Pete; "when you go out duok-shooting, and kill one duck and wound another, don't you run after the wounded duck?" "Yes, Pete," and the master wondered what was coming next. "Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me. De debil has got you sure; but, as he am not sure ob me, he chases dis thile all de time."