A Broken Commandment.

Boston Globe.

I love her tho' she is not mine,
Nor ever can be, more's the pity!
And yet I cannot count it wrong
To worship one so young and pretty.

To look into her eyes so soft,
To steal a kiss when she will let me,
Eclasp her in these arms of mine
When she by chance or stealth has met me.

She is but a bud upon life's tree;
My leaf is in the sear and yellow;
I'm growing old and gray and bald,
A foolish, fond and fat old fellow.

What's more, I am a married man.
Yes, that's a fact. You needn't start so,
Nor look so horified to hear
This little witch should stir my heart so.

Her very shadow on the grass,
The echo of her voice, I love it;
I can but wish that she were mine,
Tho Scripture says "thou shall not covet!"

My neighbor's wife, his ox, his ass,
For all, I wouldn't give a quarter;
I covet nothing that is his—
Except his blue-eyed baby daughter.

THE HUNT FOR JEWELS.

What an Englishman Says of the Crime and Corruption of Diamond Searching.

Dr. Matthews, an English practitioner who spends many years in the diamond fields of South Africa, has just published in England a book of much interest on the subject. We give the following, drawn from its contents, as published in the *Saturday Review*:—

Dr. Matthews began his South African career as a district surgeon in Natal, and in course of time he found his way to the diamond fields, where he became Vice-President of the Legislative Council, and subsequently on the annexation of the Province to the Cape Colony, the senior member for Kimberley. By far the most interesting part of his book is that which deals with the development of the great diamond digging industry, and the schemes and artifices of that rascally fraternity, the I. D. B., or illicit diamond buyers. The whole story is melancholy, and to the believer in human nature most depressing. There is a saying that five years in South Africa is sufficient to corrupt the most immaculate, and that a man who has lived there for seven should not be believed upon his oath. Dr. Matthews' revelations certainly give color to what we still hope is a slander. According to his account, the larger part of the community of Kimberley was, and to some extent is still, mixed up in this nefarious traffic. The temptation of obtaining diamonds at a fraction of the value seems to be altogether too much for poor human nature, and is indulged even by persons in official positions, and, to all appearance, of the solemnest respectability. Legislative enactments of the most stringent severity have again and again proved powerless to check the evil, and even when the delinquent has been caught and sentenced, he has, it seems, more than once been set free to resume his career of fraud, by means that will not bear examination. In other words, his profits being large, he has been able to spend some portion of them in buying a reprieve. "There is," says Dr. Matthews, quoting from a local newspaper, "something terribly revolting about the extent of crime arising out of the I. D. B. calling in all its ramifications. Inducing servants to steal, murder, perjury, receiving stolen goods, white women prostituting themselves to Kafirs for payment in diamonds, little boys employed by mining companies taught to steal and supplied with false pockets in which to conceal the gems, bribes attempted on officers of law, and a thousand other crimes are practiced and gloried in by gangs of ruffians whom the law seldom reaches."

It is, however, time to explain the method of this fraternity of thieves. Diamonds, as most people will be aware, are sorted out of diamondiferous stuff by native "finders." Some of these hands are probably in the pay of the fraternity, or, to be more accurate, are humble members of it. A fine stone is turned up by one of them when nobody is looking. He seizes it, hides it in his hair, in his mouth, or in some other portion of his person. Or if a coat lie handy he twists it in his wool, and sends the animal affectionately till an opportunity occurs of redeeming the stone. Or perchance he conceals it behind a rock or forces it down the throat of a dog, or, domeric device, he swallows it himself. The gem being restored to the light of day from its hiding place, whatever it may have been—and many a diamond now sparkling on a lady's neck has made acquaintance with the stomach of a Kafir—the dusky thief in due course puts himself in communication with another native of a superior class. The man is a tout in the pay of a low white man—a "mean white," as he is called in the colonies. The tout buys the stone or, let us say, a hundredth part of its value, and the thief spends the money in the vile drink which it is the peculiar pride of civilization to supply to the unsophisticated savage, and, so far as he is concerned, there is an end of the transaction. Then the tout carries the stone to the "mean white," and receives from him a sum of money, perhaps double what he has given the actual thief. The mean white in his turn takes it to the licensed buyer of diamonds, who is possibly a person of glaring—and even aggressive respectability—a churchwarden or member of the municipality, or at least a merchant of good antecedents—and from him receives, perhaps, a tenth part of the worth of the gem. So far all is good; but still there are slips between the cup and the lip, and it is sometimes found difficult to convey the stuff out of the country to the final receiver in London. To this end many artifices are resorted to. We have heard of innocent looking fowling pieces which on examination have been found to be loaded with diamonds to within an inch of the muzzle; while such depositories as novels with holes cut in the leaves, the quills of ostrich feathers, and pots with hollow heels are not uncommon. Often the fair sex are found to be useful auxiliaries in these adventures, for there is a peculiar sacredness about a lady's underclothing that appeals to the mind of the customs officer. The man would be bold who merely ventured on her back. However this may be, by far the greater number of stones so procured are safely in Europe. Most people will naturally think that the native rascal who uses the stone is responsible for this state of things, but it is not the case. The native, as is well known, and as Dr. Matthews is careful to explain, never dreamed of stealing diamonds until he was taught to thieve by the white receiver of stolen goods, and after his simple virtue had been debauched by "Cape smoke." More especially is this true of natives of the Zulu race among whom, when they are as yet uncontaminated by civilization, honesty is not only a policy, but a universal practice.

Many men of many minds;
Many Pills of various kinds
But for a mild, effective, equitable purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

Never expect a straighttip from a crooked man.

THE PRIDE OF BOSTON.

How John L. Sullivan is Said to Have Behaved on Shipboard Coming Over.

Boston Correspondent New York Sun.

The officers of the steamer Catalonia are loth to admit it, but the facts justify the assertion that the big Cunarder was commanded on her last trip across by a man named John L. Sullivan, of Boston. Sullivan assumed control of everybody around him almost from the moment the ship left the dock in Liverpool, and did not relinquish his authority until the ship arrived within two days of the end of the voyage. Sullivan became angry with the officers of the steamer at the outset because they would not allow his friends on board to bid him farewell, and he didn't like the location of his stateroom, which was next that of a clergyman with four small children.

The pride of Boston began his long spree before the steamer left Liverpool harbor. The last incident of his farewell to his English friends was his knocking off the neck of a bottle of champagne against the rail, and drinking the contents as a good-by toast. He soon took control of his immediate surroundings in the cabin, and he began to make things lively for his fellow passengers. The clergyman in the next stateroom was the Rev. W. R. Manley, a missionery returning from Hindostan, and he soon became an object of Sullivan's displeasure. The children disturbed the champion, and not long after the ship sailed he took the astonished clergyman one side, and said with a good deal of profanity:—

"If you don't keep your ——— brats out of my sight. I'll break 'em in two and throw them overboard."

The poor parson had spent several years in heathendom, and he was unused to the ways of modern civilization. He promptly promised that his "brats" should be invisible and silent during the voyage. The mother of the children was so terror-stricken that she hardly dared sleep nights, in the fear that one of her offsprings might get into the clutches of the big Bostonian.

He tackled Missionary Manley one day for a theological argument. He seated the clergyman in a chair and sat down in front of him. Next he produced two bunches of matches, placed one on each knee, and said:—

"You say you're a clergyman?"

"Yes," was the meek response.

"Here are two bunches of matches. This one is Heaven and the other one is Hell. Now, I want you tell me as a clergyman, where I'm going. Is it here or here?" pointing to the celestial bunch and then to the sulphurous bunch.

"I hope, Mr. Sullivan, that you will go to Heaven," gently replied the parson.

"No you don't," thundered the big fighter; "I've got a through ticket straight to Hell, and I'll meet you there. And if you're any kind of a man you'll put on the gloves with me when we meet."

The champion soon struck terror to the hearts of all the stewards on board. He amused himself frequently at first by ringing for them and then pinching their arms black and blue. One evening he rang and the response was slightly delayed. When the under steward did enter the stateroom Sullivan struck the man in the face. The victim's dander rose and he jumped for the water bottle, with which he vigorously belabored the half tipsy champion over the head until he fairly drove him from the room. When the steward realized what he had done he was frightened and fled.

In a merry mood, one day, Sullivan thumped the storekeeper in the back, so that the man was lame for several days. He insulted the carpenter, a plucky Scotchman, half his size, on another occasion, and that functionary carried a billy up his sleeve, so he said this afternoon, for two or three days, hoping the champion would give him an excuse for using it. When the big fellow invaded the engineer's department with a good deal of bluster, one day, the chief promptly produced the hot-water hose, and informed his unwelcome visitor that if he ever entered that portion of the ship again he would deluge him with scalding water. He made a merry visit to the steerage, where there were more than 1,300 emigrants one morning. An awkward Dutchman accidentally stepped on the champion's toes. John drew himself up to his full height, and glared for a moment at the little Dutchman. The offender stepped back, and his mouth opened with mingled astonishment and terror.

"Shut up that bloody mouth!" roared the champion. The Dutchman was still paralyzed. "You won't, eh?" and Sullivan landed a vigorous right hand blow on the fellow's nose, which brought a copious stream of blood.

Sullivan was utterly reckless about everything. Standing at the bar one day, he took out the magnificent gold watch which was given him by his Liverpool friends on St. Patrick's day, and exclaiming, "Here she goes," banged it on the counter. He fell asleep on the deck one day, and the plunging of the ship rolled him under an upturned lifeboat. He was too drunk to understand the situation, and he growled out in the hearing of a passenger:—

"Lemme 'lone; you're the first man ever hit me when I was do'n."

A Fearful Tragedy in Venice.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

One of the most brutal murders ever set on record in Italy was committed last week in Venice, a city little used to crimes of such a singularly revolting kind. Giovanni Rossi, a young artisan, had, it seems, fallen desperately in love with his wife's sister, Anna dalla Giustina. As the girl steadily repulsed his advances to conquer this absorbing passion, he left Venice with his wife for Genoa, hoping to find work there. In this apparently he failed, and last Tuesday returned to Venice, sending his wife to her father's house, while he went to that occupied by her sister Anna. It was early morning when he crept up the stairs and found her alone in a bedroom on the fourth floor. Her brother had gone to work. Foiled in a violent attempt upon her honor, he drew a revolver and shot her full in the face with it. Then, horribly disfigured as she was, he flung her sheer over the balcony on to the street pavement below. As she lay lifeless on the stones, he fired three more shots at her, and then, in a frenzy of rage, threw on to her body copper buckets, knives, a chopper, and everything which his madness could convert into a missile. Failing to blow out his brains with the revolver, he gashed his throat with a razor and cut open the veins of his wrists, standing out on the balcony while the blood streamed down, and calling to the horrified spectators. "E l'ultimo sangue mio!" "E l'ultimo sangue mio!" Before the police could arrive he was a corpse. Letters which he left on the table show that the murder was a premeditated one, due to dishonorable passion for his beautiful sister-in-law, who had invariably treated him with coldness and disdain.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 186 Arch st., Phila., Pa. For sale by Lyman Bros & Co., Toronto

HOW HORSESHOE NAILS ARE MADE.

Something About How These Articles are Prepared for the Market.

The great bulk of horseshoe nails that are used throughout the United States are manufactured principally in Cleveland, O., although some few come from Rhode Island. Horseshoe nails are now made by machinery entirely. They are hammered hot from head to point by a succession of blows similar to those made by hand. The machines are capable of turning out 500 pounds per day, and any pattern which may be required can be shaped. The nailer can take Swedish iron rods from a portable furnace and thrust them two at a time into the machine, which runs at 1,000 revolutions a minute, and quickly shows them dropping out into blanks, properly bent and shaped in a style surpassing any hand-made horseshoe nails ever manufactured. From the forging machine the blanks are taken, when cold, to the finishing machine, which draws the blank out, compresses it and points the nail ready to drive.

The nails when finished are packed neatly in boxes containing from 500 to 5,000, and are usually sold to the farrier at 60 cents per pound of 100 nails. The invention of such new labor saving devices are in striking contrast to the time when horseshoe nails were forged by hand and straightened out by the farrier before being fit for use. In those days the nails used to bring about 2½ cents apiece.

The Secret of Color Photography.

Mr. Mayall, of photographic fame, was having a high time yesterday; for had he not, after long years of study and experiment with the spectrum, discovered the secret of color photography and perfected the process? And now the worthy gentleman was entertaining a large company of journalists, chemical experts, and others, at his new show-rooms in New Bond street, pointing with pride to his latest and most successful work. A genial, enthusiastic, old world gentleman is Mr. Mayall, who appears to be never so happy as when he is discoursing to you, with many an emphatic gesture, of vibrations of light, of vegetable colors, of lights and shades, and negatives and positives. Of course he told us no secrets, but he often said, pointing to some charming picture upon a Japanese easel, "There, look at it, and tell me, have you ever seen anything like it?" And in truth there was something of which to be proud. And the wonderful part of it all was that here was a beautiful photograph, with the softest and most delicate tints, of so permanent a character that it might be cast into water without injuring the colors, of a large size that fetches some five or six guineas in trade, produced in a purely mechanical way, and positively finished, if necessary, in half an hour. "Ah, sir," said Mr. Mayall in a pleasant, confidential kind of way, patting our representative on the shoulder, "I'll tell you what I have done:—I have caught Nature napping, and now I can tickle her up as I like." If so, that certainly is a tolerably good show for fourteen years' work. But Mr. Mayall is an ambitious man, and unsatisfied withal, for he says that before he has done he will "give us all the colors of a Turner in a mechanical process of a few minutes' duration." We understand that he is likely before long to give the Royal Society the benefits of his experiments with the spectrum. When he does, we are sure that Mr. Mayall will have something interesting to talk about. One of the amusing things which he said in our ten minutes' talk was a tribute to the press. "After all," was his remark, "the press is the greatest inventor of the present day? Humbug is rampant, sir, and what is wanted is the press to tell us where we may find that which is not humbug."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

About Snakes.

Mr. C. T Buckland writing "about snakes" in the new number of *Longman's Magazine*, tells a funny story about the Duke of Argyll's device to rid India of the venomous reptiles. When his Grace was Secretary for India, there came to him the cunning inventor of the "asphyxiator," which when applied to a rabbit hole compelled the rabbit either to bolt or be suffocated. The Duke thereupon ordered twenty asphyxiators to be sent to India in order that the snake might be treated even as the rabbit had been. Mr. Buckland was ordered to make trial of the device. It comprised a "sort of fire-box in which a pestilently smelling paper was to be burnt." The turning of a wheel sent the smoke through a long nozzle which was to be inserted in the snake's hole. Mr. Buckland, having manned the machine with a crew of three men (one to stoke and turn the wheel, another to direct the nozzle, and the third to stand by with a stick in case the snake elected to bolt), set out one day to make the trial. The smoke was promptly injected into a snake hole, when out bolted a terrified rat. The man with the stick struck at it madly and broke the nozzle pipe; the man holding that fell back upon him that worked the engine, and both collapsed, and—the rat escaped! *Parturiunt montes, &c.* After a native had lighted up this infernal machine to warm himself, and been found well asphyxiated, "the men," as Mr. Buckland naively puts it, "lost confidence" in it; and the official career of his Grace's asphyxiator in Bengal came to an end. On the whole, it was lucky that the men in charge of it never encountered anything worse than a rat.

A Country Overrun by Rats.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

A memorial has been presented to the Emperor of China by the Governor of Uliassutai stating that owing to the appearance of swarms of rats, it has been found necessary to alter the routes of the Government courier service in three of the postal stations in the Khalkha region in Outer Mongolia. For two years past, it is learned, the pasturage of the districts in question has suffered severely from the ravages of these vermin, and last year much of the grass was eaten up. The whole country has been honeycombed with their burrows; the horses and camels are reported in a famishing state. The burrows are a source of great danger to the mounted couriers, and the want of forage renders it impossible to maintain a supply of animals for the service.

The Gray Hair Puller.

Kansas City Journal.

Possibly the most unique method of earning a living known is that adopted by a big, rosy, twenty-year-old blonde, who finds engagements with women just lamenting their first gray hairs, to weed out, so to speak, those obnoxious reminders of advancing years. The gray hair puller is gentle in her methods of treatment, and makes periodic visits at intervals of a few weeks, spending from half an hour to two or three hours, letting down the hair, combing it out and spying for tell-tale silver threads. She carries an innocent-looking reticule, which contains various glycerine and rose water preparations for a healing application when the work of torture has been done. It is not especially disagreeable work, and it is said to pay.

The marks of premature age may be effectually obliterated by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It colors uniformly, and always give satisfaction. x

GOETHE AND KING DAVID.

Critically Considered by Professor John Stuart Blackie.

Reported by the Manchester Examiner.

My subject is a grand one; ay, great subjects are great men, for they are the epic poems of God. All love is the poetry of God, therefore a man who does not love a little child is not religious. (Applause.) Little children come quite fresh from God, full of that wonderful mystery called life. And there they are! If you don't love them, then the sooner you die the better. (Laughter.) Why, there is no use living in this world if you don't admire what is grand. (Hear, hear.) But my lecture is Goethe. Well, when a case comes before the Court of Session the judge does not allow a witness to enter the box unless he knows something about the case, and I don't address you on the subject of Goethe unless I knew something about him. (Laughter.) I speak as one having authority, and not as these scribblers who criticise things, say, for a guinea or two a column. (Laughter.) I had the happiness to have a good and wise father, and knowing that Scotland was a small and narrow country he sent me to the Continent. I travelled principally in Germany, and I love the language of that county so much that German words are as apt to jump out of my mouth as English. When I came back to Edinburgh I published a translation of Goethe's "Faust." (Applause.) Oh, I don't want applause! Why, I would not have done that unless there had been something great and powerful in Goethe's mind to influence men. (Applause.) I was never influenced by low men, or women either. (Laughter.) Oh, it's quite true! (Renewed laughter.) When I returned I found everybody speaking against Goethe, and even Blackwood's grandfather or grand uncle said to me when I spoke about the German mind and Goethe, "Damn the German mind!" and oh! that was right. (Laughter.) A man that does not fall in love with a bonnie lassie will fall in love with himself, and that is the worst thing in the world. (Applause.) But Goethe's first love-making did not end in marriage. It was simply a flirtation—a three months' delicious letter-writing. Oh, he was not so foolishly in love as Robert Burns with Clarinda. Goethe did not come to the scratch. I have known ladies in Edinburgh to have had their trousseaus and bed room suites bought, and though the young gentlemen were introduced as their affianced husbands, they were disappointed. (Laughter.) It is a pity, but it is quite common. (Hear.) Even our divinity students have flirtations with servants in their lodgings (laughter), and when they get calls to the Free Kirk, or the Auld Kirk, these servants assert they have been jilted. (Laughter.) Well, Goethe could not marry early, for he was not started in life. No man was entitled to marry unless he had a business. (Applause.) Then he fell in love with another man's wife, and knowing the passion was growing, he fled away from the woman, but "Dauvit"—oh, he ran away with the woman. (Laughter.) Goethe was a man of dintinct honor. (Applause.) Then he married Christina Tod—that's the Scotch for her name—but he left her for eighteen months, and that is a bad thing to do. (Laughter.) When a strong man has a weak point rest assured his frailty is woman. (Hear, hear.) As he did not get married by the priest his sin was unpardonable, especially seeing he was about forty when he took unto himself a wife. (Laughter.) He was a lyrical poet of the first order, and that was admitted by those who even undervalued some parts of his intellectual character. However, he was not so intensely lyrical as Burns. (Applause.) The Ayrshire bard was not so wide as Goethe, but the latter was more various in his range. He soared higher (Laughter.) There is far too much contempt for the foreign (hear, hear), and there is in human nature a tendency to judge yourselves magnificently and your neighbors severely. (Applause.) The people saw the bad things in Goethe, and were blind to the good. Well, I studied Goethe's life for three months, and I found him to be a true man, and therefore I'll preach that gospel till I die (laugh'er), and here I am to do it. I quote the Apostle Paul and Aristotle, and I say, "Contradict that if you dare." (Applause.) Goethe was the wisest man the world has saw since the time of Lord Bacon. He was a large, well-rounded man, thoroughly ripe, like mellow fruit in autumn. (Applause.) Oh, but he was not perfect, for no man is perfect. Ah, but he's grand as a man, there being nothing base about him. There was one weak point about him, and who has not a weakness? (Hear, hear.) If I were to commence and give an opinion of King "Dauvit"—(laughter)—what a picture I could make of him! Oh, what a splendid blackguard. (Laughter.) He betrayed his country; fought with the Philistines, and pretended to be the friend of that party when he was fighting for the Jews. (Applause.) And who was so bewitched by a fair face as "Dauvit?" (Laughter.) He sent the husband of the wife out into the battle-field so that he might die, and then he would appropriate the wife of the man he had murdered. I say if the people were to speak of "Dauvit" as they sometimes speak of Goethe they would find the former was utterly worthless (Hear, hear.) Great men have great sins. If you could judge Scotland by staying in Glasgow during a rainy week you would exclaim, "Oh, what a country!" (Laughter.)

The reverential study of great men is the highest of all moral exercises. Goethe did not belong to the period which produced the biggest men. These were born about twenty years before the French Revolution, but Goethe was born at least twenty years before these great men—Wellington, Coleridge and Sir Walter Scott. The subject of our lecture had his character fully formed before the French Revolution. He was fond of dramatizing everything. But I should tell you before this that he went to study law; and that causes me to remember, if you wish to make a young man respectable, get him to study the law. (Laughter.) Sometimes they turn out well—just like Blackie. (Laughter.) He studied enough law to let him pass his examinations, [illegible] about his weaknesses. He fell [illegible] and deeper, while Burns was kinder and more perfect. Goethe's character was noble and his life consistent, and one of his gifts was this—he was a man of business, and adapted himself to the situation. He was not, as some people said he was, a selfish man, but he was a Tory. (Laughter.) Though I'm a Liberal I must say that the Radicals are a narrow-minded people. (Laughter.) God governs the world by Tories and Liberals. (Hear, hear.) You believe Blackie (laughter), but if you don't believe him you must believe Aristotle; and, oh, if you don't believe Aristotle the sooner you are thrown into the middenthe better. (Loud laughter.)

TAKING A REST.

POLITE PASSENGER (*referring to seat*)—"Pardon me, sir; is this engaged."

COMPLACENT PASSENGER—"No,"—married.

FAMILY RESEMBLANCES.

Likeness Between Brother and Sister in Habits as Well as Appearance.

It is just the same, be sure, in mental matters. There are family characters and family intelligences, as there are family faces and family figures. Each individual member of the brood has its own variety of this typical character, but in all its basis is more or less persistent, though any one particular trait, even the most marked, may be wanting or actually replaced by its exact opposite.

Still, viewing the family idiosyncrasies as a whole, each member is pretty sure to possess a very considerable number of peculiarities more or less in common with all the remainder. True, Jane may be passionate, while Emily is sulky; Dick may be a spendthrift, while Thomas is a miser. But Jane and Dick are both humorous, Emily and Thomas are both musical, Thomas and Dick both sensitive, Emily and Jane both sentimental, and all fonr of them alike vindictive, alike intelligent, alike satirical, and alike fond of pets and animals.

Look at the persistent Tennysonian tone in Charles and Alfred Tennyson; look at the parodying power of the two Smiths in "Rejected Addresses;" look at the Caracci, the Rossettis, the Herschels, and then say whether even minute touches of taste and sentiment do not come out alike in brothers and sisters. Almost everybody who meets brothers or sisters or cousins of his own after a long separation (when use has not dulled his apprehension of the facts) must have noticed, with mingled amusement and dissatisfaction, in ten thousand little ways and sayings how very closely he and they resemble one another.

Sometimes the very catchwords and phrases they use, their pet aversions and their pet sympathies, turn out at every twist of life to be absurdly identical. One may even be made aware of one's own unsuspected and unobtrusive failings by observing them, as in a mirror, in the mind of one's relatives, like King George middy in Mr. Gilbert's story, who met himself on an enchanted island, and considers his double the most disagreeable fellow he ever came across.—*Science Monthly.*

Freaks of Memory.

The wise man of old, who prayed for power of forgetting, probably would be able to exercise this gift at once and at his will. The [illegible] Lethe are too often sadly [illegible] in their current, and while [illegible] submerge much we would wish to remember, leave untouched much we would readily forget. Memory is an independent servant to most of us, and volumes might be written on its vagaries. What is called a good memory" is probably a natural gift, though the power of recollecting may, doubtless, be artificially strengthened. Writers from the days of Fuller have laid down rules for what may be called manufacturing memory, and the subject is a favorite one with lecturers. There is a wicked story (doubtles an invention) that after a professor of the art of recollection had been lecturing in a hotel drawing-room, the waiter came into the apartment after his departure, and looking about, inquired, "Has any one seen the memory gentleman's umbrella? He's forgot it somewheres." Even the best memories are curiously uncertain in their action. Sir Walter Scott described a very common experience when he remarked "on the singular tenacity with which his memory had retained a store of trash" and let slip matters he was anxious to remember. Some doggerel rhyme, heard casually in the street, will stick by us for twenty years, while we forget poetry we laboriously learned by heart and desired to remember. Trivial incidents will remain indelibly fixed in the mind, while important events become shadowy recollections. "Why this thusness?" as Artemus Ward inquires. It is not always the happiest, nor the saddest, nor the most eventful occurrences of our lives which are the best remembered. Why does the face of the coachman who drove us to our first school stand out distinct still, though time has blurred the recollection of many of our schoolmates? Why did Cowper recall the pattern of his mother's dress more vividly than her features? Why do we remember the knocker at Angelina's door so distinctly, and are now a little uncertain as to the exact color of her eyes? Why above all, can we repeat pages of some silly book, glanced at years ago, and cannot recall the scientific theory or the philosophical argument we fondly hoped we had sesled to our memory a few days past? Absolute loss of memory is, of course, a very common form of brain disease; but without proceeding to this extremity partial failure of the power of recollection sometimes occurs. Overwork not unfrequently produces this. There is a story of an eloquent extempore preacher who, once, on entering the pulpit, felt his power of memory suddenly forsake him, as he described it, "My mind became suddenly a blank." Happily the congregation were singing a lengthy hymn. For a few minutes the preacher endured acute mental suffering, then as suddenly as his memory had vanished it returned, and the forgotten matter came back to his recollection. Actors have been known to suffer from the same abrupt lapses of memory, the period of forgetfulness being sometimes so brief that only the victim himself was conscious of it. Emerson, the American writer, suffered towards the end of his life from most distressing failure of memory. At the time he was able to perform difficult literary tasks he entirely forgot the names of his friends and the titles of common objects. He was aware of his own infirmity. On one occasion, meeting an acquaintance in the street, he mentioned that he was going to dine with a mutual friend, adding, "I have known and loved her for years, and remember her house, but I can't tell you her name; she's the mother of the tall young man." On another occasion he said: "I want something. I cannot tell you its name, but I can tell you its history. People borrow it and don't return it." Need it be added that the author was looking for his umbrella? Even a failing memory could not forget that noticeable fact in an umbrella's career—the readiness with which it is lost. The failure of a power to recall the proper names for common objects is a well-known disease, and has, in fact, its regular medical name.

Absence of mind produces some strange freaks of memory. Charles Lamb used to tell extraordinary tales of a friend of his who was as absent-minded as Fontenelle or Sir Isaac Newton. On one occasion this dreamy individual walked out of Charles Lamb's lodgings at Islington into the New River. At another time the absent-minded one, who was a Baptist minister, fell into a deep reverie while baptizing an old woman, and held her so long under the water that she was nearly drowned. The notorious Lord Lyttleton, the day after his wedding, stepped into his carriage before the widow whom he had made his wife, and then drew back with a hasty apology to "dear *Mrs. Peach*"—her former name. Sometimes the struggle against absent-mindedness often results in worse social blunders. There is a story of a family, who had made a fortune in the musical trade, visiting some country neighbors, who were especially desirous not to allude to the former occupation of their visitors now setting down as country gentry. The hostess carefully kept the conversation away from musical topics of all kinds until her callers rose to leave. They were lengthy in their farewells, and the servant came to the door. "Nothing is wanted. I only rang for Mrs. ——'s *piano*," said the wretched hostess; the fatal word which she had been so carefully remembering not to utter, slipping out in the place of *carriage*. The newcomers were a long time before they called again It is strange how one portion of a person's life will sometimes drop out, as it were, from memory; how patients recovering from illness will remember everything except the events of some weeks or months, which for ever remain a blank to them. Sometimes an accidental allusion will, as it were, unlock the gates of memory, and bring back the forgotten time. There is a story of a young girl, carried off by the Indians, who had entirely forgotten the events of her life previous to her captivity, until, years after she had been restored to her family, a song familiar to her in the old days fell on her ear, and in an instant all the recollections of the past came upon her.—*London Standard.*

Kidd's Treasure.

A great deal of excitement has been caused in some parts of New York State by the discovery of a part of the immense treasure hidden many years ago by the famous pirate Kidd. One man has already taken away over $15,000 in gold, and it is believed that a very much larger amount is hidden near the same place. For business men a discovery of far greater importance was the invention of the Tucker Letter and