

light waistcoats — all moving, all full of life and colour, the low western sun shining on them, the joy-bells of Kingsbury Church ringing a vesper peal.

Sir Francis was standing on the outskirts of the lawn, with his wife on his arm, watching the dancers. They moved slowly away as Richard Redmayne crossed the grass on his way towards them. His quick eye had seen that hated figure, and he went across the lawn intending to speak to his enemy, even in that place and at that time.

His wrath had kept, for years, and had strengthened with his nursing; but he was not a man to delay the time of reckoning by so much as an hour. He had no clear idea of what he meant to say, nor had his libations in the tent conduced to clearness of brain; but he meant to denounce Francis Clevedon before the face of all the world.

"I'll let them know what a noble gentleman they've got for their landlord," he said to himself. "I'll stop all their humbug and palaver, and make them sing to a different tune. I should think the fathers that have only daughters will turn their backs upon him, anyhow."

He followed Sir Francis and his wife at a respectful distance as they strolled slowly towards the house, biding his time, but meaning to come up with them presently. They did not go in by the chief entrance, but by an iron wicket leading into the garden, which lay at one side of the Hall, and extended for a long way behind it. They had disappeared behind the angle of the house by the time Mr. Redmayne came to this gate. He entered the garden, however, and went round to the back of the house.

The library was on this side of Clevedon Hall. Its five windows opened on the grass-plots and flower-beds, and commanded a view of the fish-pond, where there were gold and silver fish in abundance now — happy fish, which were fed every morning by George's hand. A huge gray cockatoo—a wedding present from the Colonel to his daughter — was scurrying on its perch before an open glass door. This was the only open door Richard Redmayne could see, as he cast a quick look along the house. He crossed the grass-plot with a rapid footstep, and looked into the room.

After the vivid sunshine out of doors the Clevedon library had a dusky look. The walls had been lined by Clevedons of a more studious temper than the baronets of later generations. From floor to ceiling the room was filled with books, and massive oak bookcases, seven feet high, stood out from the walls, dividing the chamber into various nooks and recesses, or piers rather, where a student might pore over some ancient volume in the strictest solitude, although the centre of the room was ever so well occupied. It seemed a darksome apartment to Richard Redmayne as he peered in, with his back to the garden and the sunlight. Those walls of brown-backed folios and quartos, unlightened here and there by a row of duodecimos in faded crimson morocco, or a little batch of octavos in vellum, had a sober air that was almost gloomy. There was none of the costliness and luxury of binding which render modern libraries things of beauty. The volumes had been collected in an age when it was the fashion to make the outside of books as repulsive as possible; when knowledge for the privileged classes, and the solemn muses of history and poetry, and the graver geniuses of philosophy and science, disdained to make themselves attractive by meretricious arts in the way of outward adornment.

Richard Redmayne gave a hasty glance round the room, and thought that it was "unkept;" and then seeing a white dress near a distant door, which he took to be Lady Clevedon's, stepped boldly in.

The lady by the door turned at the sound of the farmer's footstep on the uncarpeted oak floor. It was Georgie, who had been in the act of leaving the room as the intruder entered. She looked at him with a little surprise, but without alarm. It was scarcely strange that unknown figures should be wandering about today.

"You are looking for some one, I suppose," she said, with her pretty smile.

"Yes! I am looking for Sir Francis Clevedon."

"He was here scarcely a minute ago; but I don't think you can see him just yet. He has gone to the billiard-room with General Cheviot. Is it anything very particular you have to say to him?"

She fancied the strange man must be one of the tenants, who wanted his roof repaired, perhaps, or new pigsties, and who chose this inappropriate occasion for the performance of his request.

"It is something very particular," said Richard, in a strange voice; "I never thought to see Sir Francis Clevedon's face as I have seen it to-day."

The strangeness of the words, as well as of the man's tone and manner, startled her. He was deadly pale, too; she could see that, although he stood with his back to the light.

He had been taking too much champagne, perhaps; that was the most natural explanation of the business. What a horrible situation, to be left alone in this great room with a dreadful tipsy farmer! Poor Georgie gave a little shudder, and moved hastily towards the door.

"I will send some one to tell my husband you want to see him," she said, in a conciliating tone, "if you'll be good enough to sit down and wait."

"Don't go, Lady Clevedon. Perhaps I'd better tell you my story. Women are supposed to be compassionate; and I have heard so much of your goodness. You don't mind listening to me for a few minutes, do you?"

Georgie hesitated. No, this was no tipsy farmer. The man's earnestness at once interested and alarmed her.

"I never meant to come to Clevedon to-day. I almost wish, for your sake, I hadn't come. It was my fate, I suppose, that sent me here, or those devilish joy-bells clanging all the morning that drove me. Anyhow I came; came to find the man I have been looking for, on and off, since my daughter died."

He stood with his hand resting on a carved onken reading-desk, looking down at Lady Clevedon, who had seated herself a little way off, thinking it wisest to seem calm and self-possessed. What if the man were some maniac who had stolen in among the guests? There was much in his manner to suggest such a fear — no hint of violence, but rather an unnatural calmness, which was still more appalling.

"Looking for him, on and off," he repeated,

"since my daughter died. You have heard of me perhaps, Lady Clevedon; my name is Richard Redmayne."

"Yes, I have heard of you."

"And you have heard my story, I suppose?"

"I have been told you had a daughter whom you lost, and whose death affected you severely."

"What was that all? Did you hear no speculations as to the cause of her death; no hints of a seduction; a foolish trusting girl tempted away from her home?"

"No," Georgie answered gently; "I have heard nothing but the mere fact of your daughter's early death. But if the story is indeed so sad as one you seem to say, I am sincerely sorry for you."

She thought that the man had been drinking, until the recollection of his wrongs and sorrows had in some measure affected his brain. She was very patient with him therefore, willing even to listen sympathizingly to any statement of his wrongs, whereby he might relieve an overburdened breast.

"Who said my daughter was disgraced?" he exclaimed, taking up her words with an indignant air. "Not I. God would not suffer that. She was too pure to be the victim of a scoundrel. Death came betwixt her and her tempter. But her death be upon his head!"

"I can't quite understand the story," faltered Georgie; "but I am sorry for you with all my heart."

"Be sorry for yourself, Lady Clevedon; for you are the wife of a villain."

(To be continued.)

"ROCK OF AGES."

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sang, Felt the words unseasonably; From her girlish, gleeful tongue; Sang as little children sing; Sang as sing the birds of June; Felt the words like light leaves down On the current of the tune.

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Let me hide myself in Thee," Felt her soul no need to hide; Sweet the song as song could be; And she had no thought beside; All the words unseasonably; Felt from lips unthought of care, Dreaming not they each might be On some other lips a prayer.

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cloft for me," "Twas a woman sang them now. Pleadingly and prayerfully; Every word her heart did know; Rose the song as storm-tossed bird Boats with weary wing the air. Every note with sorrow stirred— Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cloft for me," Lips grown aged sang the hymn Trustingly and tenderly; "Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim. Let me hide myself in Thee." Trembling through the voice and low, Ran the sweet strain peacefully, Like a river in its flow. Sung as only they can sing Who behold the promised rest—

"Rock of Ages, cloft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee." "Rock of Ages, cloft for me," Sung above a coffin-lid; Underneath, all roofless hid. Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul! Nevermore from wind or tide, Nevermore from billow's roll. "Wilt thou need thyself to hide. Count the sighs and sobs and cries. Closed beneath the soft gray hair, Could the mute and stifled lips Move again in pleading prayer. Still, eye still, the words would be, "Let me hide myself in Thee."

BAD-TEMPERED PEOPLE.

The state of the stomach, we are told, has a great deal to do with the temper, the natural result being that, when a man's liver is out of order, his temper is in the same condition. This may be true enough, but we question very much whether the liver is answerable for all the sins which are laid at its door. We know many very bad-tempered people who, to our knowledge, have never been really bilious in the whole course of their lives. Of course, it may be alleged that if the liver is all right, something else is all wrong—the nerves, or the heart, or the lungs, or the teeth are driving poor sufferers almost to distraction. This, also, may be correct. But it must be admitted that there are many pleasant beings who never complain of being afflicted by any special complaint, whose existence, for all that, is one of chronic ill-humour, who snap and snarl when they are spoken to, and sulk when left to themselves. A good many of these "gentle creatures" will, in intervals of comparative good humour, tell you to your face that they are bad-tempered, that they always have been, and always will be. They may support the information by declaring that their fathers and great-grandfathers were similarly afflicted, though not, perhaps, to the same extent. They apparently glory in the admission of their weakness, evidently considering that an out-and-out bad temper is a possession of which a man has some reason to be extremely proud. They do not appear to recognize the fact that bad temper is a positive vice, and that they have, or ought to have, any control over it. They regard it rather in the light of disease, which, like fever, must be allowed to run its course unchecked. Naturally, it is not pleasant to have much to do with these people; indeed, it is questionable whether it is possible for many to hold close and long-continued intercourse with them. Generally, such intercourse is brought to a conclusion by a terrible row, in which the sufferers from bad temper display their infirmities in a thorough fashion. They say things not compatible with the laws and usages of polite society, and do that which is certainly the reverse of proper. Timid beings are almost frightened to death, and to abate the furor, are ready to swallow the look to any extent. The furor, probably, feel some slight twinges of compunction after their temper has cooled, and, perhaps, half apologize, by laying the blame upon their passionateness. The injured ones, longing for peace, perhaps, except the explanation, but they never forget, and ever afterwards are cold, and distant, and watchful, and suspicious. These bad-tempered people are ever on the look-out for insults. When they are servants, their proud spirits chafe at being told to do their duty by their

employers. They kick at authority, and cannot brook reproof. They are constantly on the look-out for things at which to take offence. If they hold subordinate positions, they come to loggerheads with the manager, head clerk, or foreman, as the case may be. When they occupy positions of authority themselves, they play the part of tyrants. They get into a furious rage at trifles, decline to allow a hapless culprit to exonerate himself by rendering explanations, and inflict Draconian punishments. Naturally, they are pretty generally detested, but, while they are detested, they are feared, which, it may be said, is not the case with another class of bad-tempered people.

This class is more sulky than passionate. There seems to lie within them a smouldering of irritation, which is bubbling forth night and day—that is, of course, when they are awake. If they are asked an ordinary question, much asperity is evident in the tones of their reply. As a rule, they are angry at nothing in particular, and with no one in particular—they are, simply, in a continual confoundedly bad temper; they do not know why, and no one else can account for it except upon the supposition that it is natural to the animal. Their faces have ever a sour and wrinkled appearance, the natural result of long-continued scowling and frowning. They are pleasant people to live with, if you are a Mark Tapley, and want to show how you can be jolly under the most trying circumstances. You will not be able to do anything to please the afflicted ones. They snarl at breakfast, dinner, and tea, there being always something which is distasteful to them. They growl at you; and, do what you will, you are quite unable to please them. They terrify the servants, who, in despair, give warning. They scold their children, who take themselves off whenever they imagine they can do so with safety. They testify lecture their wives, and unfavourably criticize the domestic management. In short, they make themselves universally disagreeable, completely destroying their own peace of mind, and do a great deal towards making other people miserable. But, though they are always in a bad temper, and ever snapping and snarling, they avoid downright quarrels. They may go to the verge of one, but no further will they proceed. Nor will they ever admit that they are, or have been, in a bad temper. Other people's imaginations must have led them astray, or they would not think of such a thing for a moment. A good many people of this class are particularly testy in the earlier part of the day, and comparatively placible in the latter. This idiosyncrasy is studied by people who know what they are about. Such always make application for favours during the latter period, as well as do what business they can then. Like almost everything, this chronic bad temper is a luxury which can only be indulged in by the comparatively well-to-do. Poor men, though they may have the inclination to do so, cannot afford to snarl at almost everybody with whom they are brought in contact. They know that by so doing they would be taking the bread and butter out of their own mouths, and this is a consideration which controls, to a great extent, even the most irritable. Acting upon the principle, however, that there is within them a certain amount of snappishness which must be expended, such people visit an extra quantity upon those who come within their clutches, and from whom they have nothing to fear. Probably, a certain kind of morbid pleasure is derived from indulgence in ill-temper. People, by acting as we have indicated, secure a certain amount of outward show and deference; for, somehow or other, most persons would almost as soon be struck as snarled at, and so they do all they can to avoid such treatment. Really, however, we fail to see why bad-tempered men and women should receive such tender consideration. Their bad temper is nothing more nor less than an abominable vice, and those who indulge in it are supremely selfish. Their troubles are no more to them than are troubles to other people, so there is no reason why they should be so spiteful. Righteous anger is justifiable, but chronic ill-humour is a failing for which there can be nothing but the bitterest condemnation.—*Liberal Review.*

VULTURES.

Vultures are not nice birds. And why? Because, as we all know, it is their custom to flock round the bodies of those who are dying and dead, in order to satisfy their unholly greed. But are vultures the only bipeds who do this? Are there not human beings who, though they would be very much shocked at the comparison yet do in fact drive a thriving trade on the remains of their fellow-creatures. They may try to throw a veil of decency over it—a veil of the very best double black crepe; and call it "respect to the memory of the departed," and so forth; but the vulture tendency is there, notwithstanding. It is best to speak plain. Can anything be more odious, more offensive, more revolting to all real feeling, than the duties which custom thrust upon us immediately on the death of one we love? No matter how deep our grief, or how we may be prostrated by days and nights of previous watching, it is all the same. The instant a death is known of anyone above a certain social standing (i. e., with money to be extracted), without delay the undertaker comes to the house for orders. It is a happy thing if there are sons or brothers to shield the unhappy widow and daughters from having to enter into all the sickening details. What sort of coffin? how many scarfs and hat-bands? how many pairs of black gloves? how much mourning will you give your servants? &c., &c., to say nothing of your own. And hardly have you settled this, when the cook wishes to know about ordering meat and cakes (?) for the funeral. The end of it is that you feel unable to cope with them, unable to resist any sort of rapacity; you would not for worlds give anyone the power to say that you failed in respect to your dead; and whatsoever cost you assent to everything, thus adding your weight to established precedents; and finally you have to pay something like £100 for the funeral expenses only. Then comes your own mourning; and the ladies of the family, who usually wear cotton or linsey gowns according to the time of the year, are doomed to get about, though in strict seclusion, in robes of bombazine and crape, costing each as much as an ordinary ball-gown, and being very nearly as easily soiled; they are hot in summer, and cold in winter; they catch every particle of dust, and spot with every drop

of rain, and deprive their wearer of whatever little consolation they might find in occupying themselves with their flowers and country rambles. It is to be hoped that in the country most people now have sense enough not to give in entirely to this bondage, except on state occasions; but it is only lately that so much reason has dared to assert itself. It is strange, when one comes to think of it, why people have given way so long. It is, on the face of it, absurd to connect a change of attire so intimately with a death, that when you lose your nearest and dearest, your first thought is, "I must get a set of new clothes." The same spot which carries your heart-broken announcement to your distant fellow-mourners, carries also your instructions to your tailor or your dress-maker; and up to the day of the funeral you are in all the agonising uncertainty "whether your things will come in time." In time for what? Nothing less than "in time" for you to share in the last scene of all, and join in the Church's prayers and thanksgiving on laying your loved one in the grave.

It is to be conceived that your presence there is to depend on the punctuality of your tradespeople or the exactness of the trains? Yet so it is! The most strong-minded among us would not dare to show himself or herself as arrayed in the conventional costume. It could not be done. Certainly in the "Heir of Redclyffe," Amy attends her husband's funeral in her wedding gown, but then that was in Switzerland, and there was no one to see her except her parents. The truth is, nothing could so completely have enslaved us but the fact that these things come upon us at times when we are incapable of self-assertion; and so poverty-stricken widows and orphans, with but a slender provision, go to all this expense, simply because they dare not resist; they dare not have it said that they failed in respect to the dead. And not only they wear expensive mourning themselves, but they put their servants into mourning, and adopt all the horrid funeral paraphernalia of scarfs and hat-bands, horse and black plumes.

As to mourning, it is really a custom of such antiquity and so consonant with human feelings that we would not wish to destroy it. But we do heartily wish it could be reduced to reasonable limits, and not made ridiculous and extravagant. We should like to abolish black crape altogether; it is only an ornament, and a very expensive and fragile one, and if people would agree to wear plain black stuff without any ornament at all, it would be far more sensible and more really akin to the spirit of grief. As to servants' mourning and all the accessories of funeral state, we would thankfully see them abandoned; they can at best only draw down the thoughts of the spectators to the mere earthly part of death, and tend to prevent their rising upwards as Christian thought should.

But there is really only one way in which a stand can be made against this tyranny of custom. It is by people leaving written instructions regarding their own funerals, and the way in which they wish to be mourned. This at once removes responsibility from the survivors, and the plainest possible burial can be no sign of disrespect if it is by the express desire of the departed.

The funeral expenses, however, are but the first item; scarcely is the interment over than you have the painful task of "valuation," i. e., going through everything in the house with an appraiser to make an estimate of the "personal property," this is an expense which in an ordinary middle-sized gentleman's house averages from £10 to £20. Then comes the "Probate Duty," which in the same proportion would amount to about £150, and if the family happen to hold their property divided between the north and south of England—the Courts of York and Canterbury—it is double that sum. The legal expenses cannot of course be avoided, and it is therefore useless to rail against the cruelty of them. But in these days of "Leagues" and "Co-operation" surely we might do something against the tyranny of servants and tradespeople in the matter of mourning. We would suggest the formation of a national, or international, league of undertakers, and let those who belong to it bind themselves to forbid certain extravagancies beforehand against their own demise. Their servants and underlings would then know that it would be useless to expect those ghastrly perquisites, to which even the most attached seem to look when death overtakes the house to which they belong. Everything now tells against "employers' wages are high; food is dear; we are repeatedly told that times are altered, and it is surely hard that we are to have no relief even under the most painful circumstances. It is the so-called working classes who are doing their best to loosen the old ties, and it is surely not for them to complain if we also awake to the fact that the old order changes.—*John Bull.*

THE SEVEN HILLS OF THE ETERNAL CITY.

The seven hills of Italy are the Capitoline, the Palatine, the Esquiline, the Viminal, the Quirinal, the Caelian, and the Aventine. Follow the straight line of the street called the Corso, from the Porta del Popolo, we find that it gradually grows narrower and more dingy. Commencing of a tolerable width, with footpaths on each side about wide enough for two to walk abreast with comparative ease, it dwindles down, in its length of rather more than a mile, to a little fifty lane, with a footpath so narrow that it is impossible to pass a fellow wayfarer without turning into the road, at the risk of being run over by the carriages, which are always driven at full speed without the slightest regard to pedestrians. Just as it gets to the narrowest point two other narrow lanes branch off from it to the right and left, but in walking you may go straight on, up some steps, and find yourself suddenly on the summit of the Capitoline hill, the most famous spot in Roman history. Here stood the Capitol, the seat of Roman dominion, whence its rulers governed the whole known world; here fell Cæsar, by the daggers of his former friends and associates, assassinated for daring to assume or to affect the purple; and here reigned a long list of successors, more despotic and far less able than he. But to recapitulate all the events which have been enacted on this spot, or have originated from it, would be to write a history of Rome and of the world. And what is its present aspect? A broad square, approached by a handsome flight of steps, or by a gradual incline for carriages. At the foot, two Egyptian sphynxes, serving as fountains; on the balustrade, the marble sculptures of arms and armour, called the Trophies of Marius; and on the summit, the celebrated statues of Cæsar and Pollux. The first object of note in the square, now called the Piazza del

Campitoglio, is the gilt bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, universally admired as a work of art, and so highly valued as to bear the title of "Il Cavallo," and to have a special guard assigned to it. The sides of the Piazza are formed by three buildings, after the design of Michael Angelo; the central one is called the Palazzo of the Senator, and is the official residence of the solitary representative of the once powerful senate of Rome. He is a civic dignitary, holding somewhat the position of our Lord Mayor, with more of rank and less of real power; his palace is a fine building, with a high central tower, from which the decorated bell proclaims the death of a sovereign Pontiff, and, strange to say, rings forth the self-same note to tell of the commencement of the wild revelry of the carnival; it sounds at no other time, excepting probably as a tocsin when internal insurrection or foreign force impel the city. On the right of this building stands the palace of the Conservators, and on the left the famous museum of the Capitol, these two buildings containing a wonderful collection of gems of art in sculpture, painting, bas-relief, busts and bronzes, from all the ruined palaces, baths, and temples of ancient Rome. The great least of the statues there exhibited are world-renowned; the dying Gladiator, so pathetically described in "Childe Harold," the beautiful Veius; and the celebrated bronze Wolf of the Capitol, more famous from its associations than for its beauty. Byron describes it as "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," from its bearing evident traces of having been struck by lightning, as described by Cleero. It is very old and very ugly, yet justly prized as a most unique and interesting relic. On this same part of the Capitoline hill to the left stands the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Coeli, approached by a separate flight of 121 marble steps. This church is said by antiquaries to occupy the site of a temple of Jupiter, either Jupiter Perseus, or, as others say, the Jupiter Capitolinus, from which the hill is named, because in digging the foundations of the temple a head was discovered which doubtless the superstition of the people looked upon as a symbol of power and dominion, although they little dreamed of what heights of power the lucky omen pointed.—*Churchman's Shilling Magazine.*

CURIOS FACTS ABOUT INTEREST.

A correspondent of the New York Mercantile Journal makes the following curious calculations. Writing to that paper, he says: "The article under the title 'Interest,' in your issue of the 17th instant, involves a principle of such vast importance, that it cannot be kept too prominently in view.

"The statement that the cost of the outfit of Christopher Columbus, in his first voyage of discovery (estimating it to be \$5,000), put at interest at 6 per cent—interest added to principal annually—would by this time have amounted to more than the entire value of this Continent, together with the oceanic islands from the industry of all who have lived upon it, is a startling fact worthy of serious consideration.

"This reminds me of reading in Hildred's History of the United States, some years since the statement that Manhattan Island—afterward called New Amsterdam, now the City of New York—was bought by the Dutch from the Indians for twenty-four dollars (\$24) only about two hundred and fifty years ago. It occurred to me that that purchase of real estate proved a most excellent investment, but to test it I made a calculation, when to my surprise I found that \$24, with interest at 7 per cent—added to the principal annually—amounted to far more than the present market value of the real estate of the whole City and County of New York."

"Our National Government owes about two thousand million dollars. Now if the interest at 7 per cent on the twenty-four dollars since the date of the purchase of New York County by the Hollanders would swallow up the whole of its present value, how long would it take for the interest (Government pays (floats to accumulate) to force the nation into bankruptcy?"

"I am reminded, in this connection, of your table showing the rapid increase of capital at various rates of interest, which I hope you will continue to keep prominent, as follows:

Table showing the rapid increase of capital at various rates of interest. Columns include: One Dollar, 100 years at 1% and 2% interest, and 100 years at 3% interest.

BREAD FROM WOOD.

Professor Liebig says:—A new and peculiar process of vegetation ensures in all perennial plants, such as shrubs, fruit and forest trees, after the complete maturity of their fruit. The stems of annual plants at this period of their growth become woody, and their leaves change to canes. The leaves of trees and shrubs, on the contrary, remain in activity until the commencement of the winter. The formation of the layers of wood progresses, the wood becomes harder and more solid, but after August the plants form no more wood, all the absorbed carbonic acid is employed for the production of nutritive matter for the following year; instead of woody fibre, starch is formed, and is diffused through every part of the plant by the autumnal sap. According to the observations of M. Hoeyer, the starch thus deposited in the body of the tree can be recognized in its known form by the aid of a good microscope. The bark of several aspens and pine-trees contain so much of this substance that it can be extracted from them as from potatoes by triturating with water. It exists also in the roots and other parts of perennial plants to such an extent as to have been employed in the preparation of bread in families. In illustration of which we quote the following directions, given by Professor Autenreith for preparing a palatable and nutritious bread from the beech and other woods destitute of tannin. Everything soluble in water is first removed by maceration and boiling; the wood is then to be reduced to a minute state of division, not merely into fine fibres, but actual powder; and after being repeatedly subjected to heat in an oven, is ground in the usual manner of corn. Wood thus prepared, according to the author, acquires the smell and taste of corn flour. It is, however, never quite white. It agrees with corn flour in not fermenting without the addition of leaven, and in this case some leaven of corn flour is said to answer best. With this it makes a perfectly uniform and spongy bread; and when it is thoroughly baked and has much crust, it has a much better taste of bread than what in time of scarcity is prepared from the bran and husks of corn. Wood flour also, boiled in water, forms a thick, tough, trembling jelly, which is very nutritious.

Shoot a cannon ball against a column of smoke, and it shatters the column, but only for an instant, when it re-unites. So it is with death. It dissolves the theory we call life, for a second, to be re-united elsewhere forever.