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A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Wave, mystic bough, with all thy pearls;
Shine, little pearls, o'er bench and stall,
In poor man's cottage, rich man's hall;
Make glad our loving boys and girls.

And gladden us of longer years,
Made children by thy happy glow,
Recalling from the long ago
Dead kisses and forgotten tears.

We weave thy tints with those that gleam
More bravely in the holly sprays,
And weaving, muse of ancient days,
And musing, see as those who dream.

The forest glades, the solemn night,
The glory where the moonbeams slant,
The far-off Druidical chant,
The glinting robes—the pagan rite.

And then from out the darkness leaps
A light—around the holly borne—
A light that on that Christmas morn
First broke upon Judæan steeps.

In golden shafts which flushed the wind
With glory, borne o'er every sea,
The herald of great good to be—
Freedom and hope for all mankind.

Wave, mystic bough! To thee belong
The praises that I fain would sing;
From out the wintry woodlands bring
The gladness of thy thrushes' song.

The foliage died on bank and byre,
The ... ttered, stricken dead;
The rain-clouds gather'd overhead,
The west was lit with sullen fire.

Each tree drew on its snowy hood,
Or bared gaunt arms, while you between
Shone out—a flash of golden green
Upon the darkness of the wood.

Shine now on all our eatken'd days,
On hearth and home, on young and old,
And teach some hearts to fling their gold,
As though thy light, in straiten'd ways.

Shine now, that underneath thy leaves
The custom old may live anew,
And kisses fall, when hearts are true,
As plentiful as autumn leaves.

Shine out on all, and far and wide—
On cheeks where lingers yet the tear,
On hearts so weary of the year—
A flash of joy this Christmas tide!

HOLMBY HOUSE.

"Sir," replied the President, "you are required to answer these charges in the name of the people of England, of whom you are the elected king."

"I deny that," interrupted the indignant monarch. "England has been no elective kingdom, but a hereditary monarchy for near a thousand years. I dispute your authority. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges."

Bradshaw in an insolent tone bade him interrogate the court with becoming deference and humility.

His pride aroused, his royal dignity insulted, Charles lost his assumed calmness and presence of mind for which he was not always too conspicuous. With intemperate voice and gesture, he inveighed against the injustice of the proceedings, calling on Divine Providence, in no measured language, to avenge him of his enemies, and right him in the face of the whole world. Whilst thus declaiming, the amber-head of his staff fell off, and this little incident, ominous as it might have appeared to a superstitious mind, served to change the current of his ideas, and to moderate the violence of his deportment.

Mary's loyal heart swelled with indignation as, sitting unobserved behind Lady Fairfax, she could not but remark how no obedient courtiers pressed to pick it up—how the King, with a gesture of patient surprise, was fain to stoop for it himself, and as though reminded by the very act of the friendlessness of his position, and the necessity for resignation, rose once more with the calm brow and the air of quiet long-suffering that had become habitual to that careworn face.

But Mary, too, with all her Cavalier enthusiasm and exaggerated sentiments of the devotion due to her Sovereign, had other matters to occupy her wandering thoughts, other causes for agitation and excitement, apart from the great political tragedy of which she was then and there witnessing the first act. Each one of us lives an inner as well as an outer existence. How curious would it have been to have analysed the thoughts of the different individuals who thronged that spacious hall! Met there for a common object, and that an object of vital importance, not only to the destinies of their country, but to the personal safety of the lieges, how many minds amongst them were bent, to the exclusion of all other images, solely on the affair in hand! How many even of the judges but had a large share of their attention preoccupied by matters solely personal and interesting to themselves—by a farm far off in Lincolnshire, a wife sickening at Bath, a child unhappily married in Scotland; nay, even by such trifling annoyance as domestic difficulties with a servant, or the lameness of a favorite horse! How many but had some overpowering interest at heart, to which the injustice of the trial and the guilt or innocence of the royal prisoner was a mere gossamer, and who could scarce withdraw their minds for a few minutes at a time from the one engrossing object, to bend them on the paramount duty they had sworn to fulfil! What was Charles condemnation or acquittal, to the idol each had privately raised up and worshipped, as men worship false idols alone—the schemes of selfish aggrandizement, the acquisition of wealth, the fascinating temptations of intrigue, or the thrilling satisfaction of revenge? Even Lady Fairfax, wrathful and defiant as she was, pitying with a woman's pity the innocent victim, and chafing with a woman's indignation at the palpable injustice, could not forbear a glance at the possible future, when that royal prisoner should be no longer the first personage in England, could not keep back a swell of pride as she bethought her of one who had no slight prospect of assuming the reins of power, who might rise from a Parliamentary General (as his comrade really did) to be a Parliamentary Dictator; and how for such an one she was herself no unworthy mate.

And Mary, too, no longer bent her whole attention on that velvet chair and its hapless occupant. In glancing wearily round the hall, searching, as it were, for a friendly face on which to rest, her eye had caught a glimpse of a countenance that reminded her—oh! so painfully—of one which even now to think of brought the blood to her cheek, and left it paler than before. Yes, though lost again instantaneously in the crowd, there was a face somewhere, she was sure of it, that resembled his. That it was himself, of course, was impossible. He was in strict hiding, no doubt, and probably had taken refuge on the Continent; at all events, the last place in the world to which even his recklessness would bring him, was the very stronghold of his enemies in Westminster Hall. But weak, childish, humiliating as it was, there would be something gratifying, something of a strange indefinable pleasure, mixed with pain, in looking once more on lineaments which could recall those that all the schooling in the world had not taught her to forget; so her eyes wandered over the Hall, and refused to rest until they had found that which they desired. A momentary stir amongst the group immediately surrounding the Sovereign exposed the object of her search once more. It was but one of the musketeers who formed the escort, after all, that had so reminded her for an instant of one now lost to her for ever, and on regarding him attentively, though there was something in the air and figure that resembled Humphrey Bosville, the color and complexion were so totally different from those of the proscribed Cavalier, that the resemblance became every moment more indistinct, and Mary smiled to herself, a faint, heart-sick smile, as she thought how harmless in its utter hopelessness was folly such as hers.

But it beguiled her mind from the afflicting present, it led her fancy wandering away through the enamelled meadows and by the golden streams of that fairy land in which it is so dangerous to linger, and it was with a start of returning consciousness and the confused sensations of one awaking from a deep slumber, that she was aware of the general stir created by the departure of the prisoner from the Hall.

The proceedings had terminated for the day. Charles, after vainly protesting against the authority of his judges, had relapsed into the quiet and dignified bearing of one who, while he feels the injustice to which he is subjected, resolves bravely and patiently to sustain his fate. As he was conducted down the hall, loud expressions of loyalty greeted him from many an unknown and unsuspected partisan even amongst those therein assembled, although a strong majority of his enemies strove to drown these ebullitions by violent cries for "justice."

When the King passed the sword of state, placed conspicuously in the sight of the whole assemblage, he manned himself with an air of dignity, and facing the court, pointed to the emblem of death, while he exclaimed in a loud, firm tone, "I do not fear that."

It was no empty boast. How little Charles Stuart feared the extreme moment from which poor human nature instinctively recoils, he proved nobly and resignedly on the scaffold.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"THE MUSKETEER."

The Guard was strengthened more than common at St. James's. Sentries were doubled in all the principal avenues to the Palace, not only for the increase of vigilance, but for the nullifying of any attempt at tampering with those unmoved functionaries. Stringent orders were given as to the exclusion of strangers, and a watchful expression pervaded the countenance of sergeants and corporals as they visited their respective posts with unusual frequency and circumspection. Nevertheless, within the guard-room the men off duty for the time lounged and laughed and smoked as soldiers will whether they have a crowned head in ward or an enemy at the gates. Small respect did these rude men of war pay to the former consideration. Their commander, Colonel Hacker, was a stern and coarse-minded person; a leveller in politics and a fanatic in religion, he was not likely to insist on any inordinate reverence for his illustrious captive; and the private soldiers, taking their cue from their chief, lighted their pipes and laughed out their ribald jokes in the presence of patient and outraged royalty itself.

It was the first day of the King's trial. The escort which had conducted him back to St. James's were off duty for the nonce, and the guard-room was thronged with the usual complement of idle, talking, preaching and smoking champions who constituted the flower of Hacker's redoubtable musketeers. Here a stalwart warrior, lying at his lazy length along the coarse oaken form, and puffing forth volumes of tobacco smoke, expressed his own opinions as to the proceedings of the day with a degree of irreverence for all concerned—judges, prisoner and spectators—such as nothing but a guard-room could produce. There a grim, war-worn corporal, with an open Bible in his hand, and a stern, dogmatic frown upon his brow, waited impatiently for a moment's silence to commence what he termed an "exercise," and to vilify and vituperate in every possible manner "the man Charles Stuart," "for the improvement of the occasion." Some were rubbing up their belts, inspecting the pans of their firelocks, or exploring the contents of their haversacks previous to going again on duty; whilst others, fatigued with watch and ward, and regardless alike of King and Commons, right and wrong, accusers and accused, were stretched supine in sound and snoring sleep.

One soldier, however, stood at the grated window of the guardroom, apart from the rest, seemingly immersed in thought. His eyes, fixed on vacancy, were looking back far into the past; his dark face, strangely at variance with the light flaxen curls that stole from under his iron head-piece, wore an expression of acute pain, borne with resolute endurance—such an expression that betrays the existence of a fatal malady, bodily or mental, to which the sufferer scorns to give way.

His spare and muscular figure was cast in a more graceful mould than generally pertains to those of humble birth; and the hand in which he crumpled a much-creased letter, though strong and sinewy, was shapely as a woman's. He seemed struggling with some powerful influence or temptation; ever and anon a soft tender expression swept across his swarthy features, but a glance at the paper in his hand hardened them into bronze once more.

This soldier had but lately joined the corps of Hacker's musketeers. He was no raw recruit, as was apparent by his thorough knowledge of military details; and more than one scar on his neck and arms argued the presumption that he had been a brave front-rank man in his time. His own account was that he had served for a while in the Netherlands, and afterwards sailed as a buccaneer on the Spanish Main; and this story tallied well with his solderlike habits and the unnaturally dark color of his skin where it had been exposed to the sun. He won the good opinion of the sergeant who enlisted him by one or two feats of strength and agility; and in those days of tumult few questions were asked as to the antecedents of a soldier who brought into the ranks an iron frame and a thorough familiarity with his profession. But his comrades scarcely knew what to make of their new acquisition. With a peculiar frankness and kindliness of manner, he was more prompt than is the custom of that boisterous class to check a liberty or resent an insult. And his personal strength, added to the self-evident daring of his character, made them chary of rousing him by any or those rude aggressions of disagreeable jests which the rough musketeers loved to practise on one another. Of the soundness of his religious views there were grave suspicions. The preaching corporal opined that he was one of those predestined backsliders who fall into utter and hopeless reprobation; but this uncharitable opinion, biased as it seemed to be by the impatience he had frequently manifested of that worthy's long-winded discourses, was scarcely shared by his comrades in so unmodified a form. That he was a staunch anti-Monarchy man was apparent less from his words, for he seldom enlarged much upon that or any other topic, than from the anxiety he displayed to lose no opportunity of witnessing the humiliations to which Charles was subjected. For all duties of guard or escort about the person of the monarch, Henry Brampton, as he called himself, was an eager volunteer. His comrades liked him, too; there was a nameless fascination in his pleasant manner that told on those rude, good-humored natures; and then—he treated one and all to liquor whenever there was an opportunity.

Undisturbed by the noise and confusion in the guard-room, Brampton stood gazing long and fixedly into the narrow paved yard which bounded his view from that grated window. Once only a large tear gathered in his eyelashes, and dropped heavily on the back of his hand. Startled, as it seemed, and bitterly shamed by the incident he fell to one more perusal of the letter he had been crushing in his grasp—a letter that had reposed inside his buff-coat for months; that had opened the old wound afresh at each repetition; and yet a letter that now constituted all his wealth on earth. It was cold, cruel, bitterly ungrateful and unfeeling. Why did he treasure it so? We will peep over the musketeer's shoulder, and read with him the words he knew so well by heart:—

"General Effingham will bear you this paper; you will easily recognise the hand of one who always looked upon you, who always will look upon you, as an esteemed and valued friend.

"The general will spare no exertions to save you from the consequences of that last rash act of yours, to which I of all people cannot but offer my tribute of admiration and approval. It is right you should know that to Grace's influence with him, and to Grace alone, you owe your life. It is right you should be made aware of her great regard and esteem for you—of the effort she has made for your sake; of the claim she must always have upon your gratitude—nay, upon a warmer, holier feeling still. As a man of honor I entrust you with her secret; as a man of honor you must feel that you owe everything to her, and that she has a right to your affection and devotion such as no other ever has had, or ever could have. You will do as you have always done—follow the path of duty and gratitude and loyalty; and you will be very, very happy together, for you know what she is, and you have proved her regard for you. Indeed, I hope and pray you have a long and happy life before you. You are still young, though old enough for the follies and illusions of youth to have passed away for evermore; and with such a companion as dear Grace, you have every cause to anticipate a bright unclouded lot. I shall perhaps not see you again—I will not pretend that it is without regret I wish you farewell; but surely friends may be parted by the force of circumstances, and yet remain true and faithful friends. My own prospects are very uncertain; you will, however, hear of me, though it is better that you should not hear from me again. You have my earnest prayers for your welfare. You will like to know that I am well, and shall be quite happy when I hear of your safety, about which we are all so anxious—quite happy. Farewell!"

It was indeed a cruel letter. Had she been a surgeon, and the recipient an insensible patient under the knife, she could scarce have laid her cuts straighter, cleaner, deeper, than she did. How his honest heart bled when he received it; how it ached afterwards in the daily self-inflicted penance of its perusal. Could she give him up so calmly, so coldly, without an effort and without a pang? Could she thus transfer to another the wealth of an affection which she would surely not calculate, not appreciate? Was he nothing in the compact—he whose destiny she has been, who has built the whole fabric of his life on that faithless, heartless woman? and now what was all this glorious superstructure, with the noble elevation of its hope, and the golden embellishments of its romance? A wreck—and oh, what a wreck!

Poor Humphrey!—for we need scarcely say that Henry Brampton, with his dyed skin and flaxen curls, was none other than the disguised Cavalier—poor Humphrey!—it was the first real well-delivered thrust that had ever reached his heart; he might be excused for wincing when it pierced home to the core. He was a boy in his affections still, and he felt it very keenly, like a boy. He did not know—how should he?—what it had cost the writer. He could not fathom the inscrutable depths of the female character, or comprehend the morbid satisfaction with which it can inflict suffering on those it loves, if only feeling that it is undergoing pangs tenfold more unendurable itself. He only knew that he had lost the light of his life, and he felt sorely inclined to sit him down in the darkness without an effort for evermore.

And now it was well for Humphrey that he had long proposed to himself one great object on which to direct all his energies and all his thoughts. A heart thus driven back upon itself, whether it belong to man or woman, is a fatal possession; and the better it was originally, the worse is likely to be its eventual fate. Deprive a human being of hope, and you drive that being into physical or moral suicide. What is the cause of nine-tenths of the vice and immorality in the world? The absence of a glimpse of something brighter in the future than adorns the present. The material becomes all-in-all to him for whom the ideal is a blank; and the desperate man is nearly always a sensualist. When disappointment is keen enough to upset the foundations of a reason not originally very strong, the fool who was so weak as to hang all his hopes on an earthly thread, who built, in fact, "his house upon the sand," slips quietly out at a side door of the tenement, with an ounce of lead to the brain, or an edge of steel to the throat; but he is much less to be pitied who drowns the whole mansion he loathes to live in, though he dare not quit it, in floods of wine and revelry, content to wallow in the swine's filth, so as he may but purchase the swine's insensibility?

It is the salvation of a noble nature to have some task of self-denial, some motive for self-sacrifice left, when all that made the daily burden of life endurable has passed away. Happy he who has habituated himself to look upon his whole earthly career but as a task of which the reward, though not given here, is as priceless as it is certain.

Our Cavalier, however, had long considered that, next to his God, he owed his whole service to his Sovereign. Whilst Charles was a dethroned monarch, and indeed a helpless prisoner, there was no room in Humphrey's mind for despair. "Loyalty before all!" was still the motto of his shield, though the blazoning that adorned it was defaced, and the flowers that had graced and charmed it with their sweetness were withered away. After the first stunning effects of a blow which prostrated him had passed off, he summoned his whole energies to return once more to the task he had set himself in happier times. That he should feel utterly lonely and miserable was to be expected. His was a disposition on which a disappointment of the affections tells most severely. Naturally confiding, where he trusted at all he trusted entirely, ignoring, as most sincere mendo, the existence of deceit. Constant and sensitive himself, he could not conceive the possibility of change or unkindness in another; nor, although the last to overrate his own value, could he be blind to the merit of his unswerving truth and fidelity. Above all, inexperienced as he was in the ways of women, his straightforward honesty of purpose could not understand how they delight in the generous duplicity which, for the beloved one's welfare, feigns to yield of its own free will all that it best delights to keep, and veils its sufferings with a smile, the sweeter in proportion to the pain it affects to hide.

Well, come what might, as long as Charles Stuart was in adversity, so long was Humphrey Bosville his reckless and devoted servant. Cautiously walking in the most crowded parts of London, which then even more than now afforded the securest hiding place for a fugitive, he had passed a few weeks subsequent to his interview with Effingham and release from Newgate in the enforced inactivity which he loathed. This was the period at which he felt most keenly the disappointment he had undergone. It was during these long leaden weeks that Vice stretched her ghastly arms to enfold him, not in her most alluring, but in her most dangerous form. When she offers her treacherous goblet, sparkling with nectar and wreathed with flowers, though thirsty nature may quaff greedily at the poison, there is yet an instinctive antipathy to the draught, a speedy reaction when its intoxicating effects have passed away. All happiness is heaven-born, and even its spurious copy, mere enjoyment, cannot entirely divest itself of the reflected light shed by that which it strives to imitate; so he who in the exuberance of youth, and health, and animal spirits, laughs the merriest laugh, and drains the fullest cup of riot and revelry, feels inwardly conscious the while that he is meant for better things. But it is when she assumes the garb, not of the garlanded Goddess, but of the dark and shrouded Fate, when she says to her votary, "My child, here is the deadly opiate; drink, and feel no more! Mine is the dull trance of oblivion; come to my arms, poor wretch, to slumber and forget!" that she offers her most fatal temptation, that she drags the devoted sufferer headlong into her whirlpool, to wheel a few giddy turns in vain around its edges, and then sink into its vortex without hope for evermore.

But Humphrey was saved by his devotion to his King. While something womanly in his nature caused him to shrink from grosser vices the noble ambition to serve the Stuart to the last bade him preserve to the utmost his mental and bodily powers for that sacred purpose; and so the while he waited his opportunity, he led a weary life of solitude and self-denial. It was a long time to be immured in an obscure lodging, uncheered by comrades, forgotten by friends, with nothing but that cruel letter for a solace and a study—a long time, but it came to an end at last.

After much consideration, it appeared to Humphrey that the only method by which he could have a chance of assisting his royal master was to obtain some appointment, if possible, about his person, and then trust to accident for an opportunity either of effecting his escape or communicating between him and his friends. For one so well known, however, as the young Cavalier officer, whose daring attempts had already marked him out as the most dangerous "Malignant" of them all this was no such easy matter; and he resolved at length to disguise his person and enlist in one of the Parliamentary regiments quarted in the metropolis, by which means he hoped at one time or another to be in immediate attendance on Charles himself.

Fortune favored him, as she often does those who trust in her guidance while they make light of her favors; and it was not long before the name of Henry Brampton was added to the roll-call of Hacker's musketeers, that worthy commander remarking when the recruit was brought up for inspection, that "The Spanish Main was no bad school for a soldier of the Parliament; and he would scarce boggle at anything demanded of him to further the good cause here, who had stuck at nothing in the service of the devil yonder."

So Brampton mounted his buff and bandeliers, shouldered his shining musket, took his round of fatigue duty, and tramped up and down his post on sentry, as though he had not been a few short years ago one of the most promising officers in Prince Rupert's cavalry division.

It was seldom, though, that he had an opportunity of being near the person of the monarch. It was not till the first day of the royal prisoner's trial that he was permitted to come actually into his presence. He could not but think, however, that Charles had recognized him. Like the rest of his line, the latter possessed an extraordinary memory for faces, and a wonderful facility in identifying those which he had once seen; it was not therefore surprising that he should have penetrated the disguise of one whom, indeed, he would scarce have been justified in forgetting, and whose features he had once before detected under the fisherman's slouched hat at Brampton Mill.

Yes, he felt sure the King must have known him again, but it was during a moment of great confusion, and even Humphrey's coolness had not kept his head as clear as it should have been at that trying period. It was after the keen bitter tones of Lady Fairfax had for a second time disturbed the judicial proceedings in Westminster Hall. Hacker had just delivered his brutal command to fire into the box occupied by that lady, and the musketeers were preparing to obey. Like the rest, Brampton was compelled to step to the front, and bring his firelock to the "Present;" not that he dreamed for an instant of fulfilling so barbarous an order, but that any appearance of hesitation or unwillingness might have invited detection. It was at this moment that he caught Charles's eye fixed upon him with a peculiar and impressive glance. It seemed at once to instil caution, patience, and forbearance; but all was lost in the mist that came before his eyes and the whirl that stupified his brain, occasioned by the face that met his own as he levelled his musket in the direction of Lady Fairfax.

Standing forward in the old attitude he knew so well, looking just as she used to do, only graver and paler, but still, as his heart told him, even in that moment of surprise and confusion, as dear, as beautiful as ever, appeared the woman he had vowed he would love no longer, he had resolvdd he would never see again. There she was, ready to confront danger, ready to die if need be, rather than show the slightest symptom of cowardice; and hurt, angry, maddened as he had been, he felt proud of her even then.

As he stood at the guard-room window it required many a perusal of the fatal letter to harden him into indifference once more; and it was with a feeling of no small relief and satisfaction that he heard his name read out by the sergeant on duty as one of the permanent escort told off to guard the person of the imprisoned Sovereign.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LATEST FREAKS OF FASHION.

—Trains are very plain this season.

—Velvet and satin jewelry is all the rage.

—Bright tints take the lead in nearly all of the mixed goods.

—Brown is one of the most fashionable colors of the season.

—Fender stools are now inadmissable in a fashionable drawing room.

—House polonaises are made quite bouffant, and are really long basques.

—Parisian *modistes* predict the early death of the fashion of short dresses.

—Ball dresses lace under the arm, opening neither at the back nor in front.

—Neckties of a narrow band of fur fastened with a bright satin bow are pretty.

A new style of trimming is black satin leaves put on the skirt in double rows.

—Something new in street costumes are corduroy skirts and overdresses of camel's hair.

—Polonaises attached or forming part of costume, are still made up in the best material.

—Turban hats are much worn by young ladies, but to very few are they really becoming.

—The expensive cashmere brocades of today are similar to these worn in the last century.

—Kerchiefs, ties and breakfast caps of silk gauze, wrought in cashmere designs, are worn in Paris.

—Black silk bows for the collar have palms worked in gold thread and eyelets on the fringed ends.

—The richest wedding dresses this season are of satin embroidered with iridescent beads and strung pearls.

—English girls use dark blue Cape birds and humming birds, instead of flowers, to festoon skirt draperies.

—Outside cuffs for morning wear are insertions of muslin and finest torchon with gathered torchon edges.

—A favorite catelaine ornament is an oblong silver locket containing a looking-glass, which may be put to practical use.

—Dressy basques are great favorites, particularly with young ladies. Some of the models require considerable trimming.

—There are a variety of modes in sleeves for full dress toilets. The chief model is demi, and richly trimmed with lace or fringe.

—According to some of the English fashion plates, we are threatened with a revival of the "waterfall" style of arranging the hair.

—Large stands of glass, three feet high, filled with grasses or flowers, form a favorite corner-piece in many English drawing rooms.

—Heavy cords and tassels are again used for ornamenting costumes and wraps, and when tastefully arranged are very handsome.

—Ties of ecru silk lace in cashmere patterns with flowers embroidered in natural deep colors on the medallion ends are for winter wear.

—The pretty princess costume still holds its own as a model for handsome costumes, although a desperate effort has been made to displace it.

—In the arrangement of drawing-room furniture tables are never placed in the centres of the rooms, but about them at convenient corners or spots.

—Squares of silk with a row of lace insertion and Breton or point d'esprit lace knife-pleated around the edge, are favorite garnitures for the neck.

—A China crape shawl makes a handsome opera cloak when wadded and lined with white silk trimmed with brown fur and bows of cream-colored satin.

—Black satin muffs are among the elegant novelties of the season. They are lined with either sealskin or fur, and have long streamers of black satin ribbon at the sides.

—The newest combination fabrics are in strict Oriental—that is, palm leaf and arabesque designs and India colors. They are used in conjunction with fine, dark woolen fabrics.

—Very pretty vails of black lace are made of thread dotted with chenille, or with little sprigs darned in, and are bordered with a fine plaiting sprigged to match and pointed upon the edge.

—Dolman cloaks are styled the most dressy top garment designed for winter wear. This fashion of cloaks permits of a great deal of trimming, and the model does not look well if made up in a plain manner.

—Trained and short organdie petticoats are clouds of frill over frill. As many as four different frills of the same width encircle the lower circumference. By the way, says a Paris correspondent, nothing is made plain; gathers, festoons, ruches, laces are on everything. The petticoat with flounces tournure and the detached train petticoat are full toilet lingerie. Black, blue, garnet or creme drawn flat over the hips and drawn in with runners.

—Very full ruffs composed of coquilles of lace are used for the necks of handsome dresses instead of the simple pattern used formerly, or rather in addition to it. The plaiting is still placed upon the inside, but the ruff forms of the jabot, and extends around the on sidetof the standing collar.

—The Archduchess Christine, now Queen of Spain, was greatly beloved in Vienna, and her departure has left a void in the circle in which she lived that will not soon be filled. She is described as gentle, graceful, tender, amiable, interested in music, the drama, and the fine arts, and often seen in public with her mother, who is still a handsome and majestic woman, with a head like Maria Theresa's. The Emperor was extremely fond of Christine—fully as affectionate, probably, as the father whom she lost years ago. At her departure for Spain Christine wept bitterly, and would not be comforted; the assembled Princes of her family embraced her with ill-repressed emotion, and the Emperor had to withdraw hastily to avoid giving way to an unkingly exhibition of feeling.

EXHAUSTION OF THE OYSTER BEDS.

An Advance in the Price of Oysters Inevitable, on Account of Their Scarcity and the Difficulty of Obtaining Them of Good Quality.

(The Sea World.)

That the facts expressed in the above caption are true, reliable dates and figures can be adduced to verify.

That there is an overshadowing crisis in the oyster trade, and is even now affecting all directly and indirectly interested in the oyster industry and trade of the country is a, recognized fact, and is daily commented upon. That the shadow and effect of this crisis will be diffused very widely, especially over the Western cities and States, there can be no doubt. The oyster packers and dealers of Baltimore, where this business has been, and must still be largely done, are painfully exercised regarding the importance of resorting without delay to efficient measures and remedies for the perpetuation of this industry there as elsewhere.

From persons especially interested, like all the large and small dealers and packers, and from reliable information gleaned from those blunt, frank, honest "Toilers of the Sea"—the fishermen—the fact is painfully apparent, and the conclusions inevitable, that the oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay are certainly failing. In many localities the oysters are already almost totally exterminated. As this bay is the great notural oyster park of of our whole country, the people all over our land must be deeply interested in this matter.

The people of Europe have had an experience that should be a lesson to our country. The high prices that prevail abroad, making the oyster one of the rarest luxuries of the rich, is the result of the heedless exhaustion of their natural beds. It required only seventy years to wholly destroy the oyster beds in Caucale Bay, on the coast of France. In 1800 the oysters there were a yard thick. In 1870 there were none at all. From the beds near the Island of Aliron, on the west coast of France, in 1854 over 15,000,000 oysters were taken. In 1863 only 400,000 could be found. Thus it required only nine years to destroy those beds. The English oyster fishery near Falmouth employed with profit over 300 boats in 1865, and each boat could take from ten to twelve thousand oysters a day. In 1876 only forty men and less than forty boats could find employment, and soon that number, small as it is, could only obtain one hundred oysters a day. Thus it took only ten years to destroy these beds. Where once a large population lived upon these products of the sea, in 1870 a few poor fishermen, with their wives and children, picked up a precarious subsistance by gathering a few scattered oysters along the beaches between tide-marks. The old beds do not pay for working.

It is the freely expressed opinion of those persons best informed regarding all matters appertaining to the oyster fishery and trade that unless prompt and effect we measures are adopted for the relief and preservation of the natural oyster beds of the Chesapeake Bay, the supply in a short time, from this source, must invariably be exhausted.

As a consequence the packers and dealers depend upon the supply from the waters of this bay will be forced to luxuriate in idleness, abandon the business, and close their establishments.

The writer, in quest of items and facts, and desirous of discovering the falsity or truthfulness of the grave apprehensions entertained by the packers and dealers, interviewed a large number of the oyster fishermen. The universal answer was that the supply rapidly falls. Over the entire area of the Chesapeake Bay many natural beds, or "rocks" as they term them, are destroyed or practically worthless. The growing scarcity is more and more noticeable every year.

They also say that oysters of good quality are difficult to obtain anywhere. A number of the best beds where oysters of a fine quality once grew are now totally exhausted. This is true of many parts of the bay, Tangler's sound and the mouths of large rivers that empty into the bay. Unless relief is soon found, they think the existence of such beds will be a matter of history. In twenty-five years the oysters in Tangier have diminished two-thirds and in Pocomoke four-fifths. How long it will take to reduce the remaining fraction it is not difficult to imagine. Whereas, one vessel used to obtain a full cargo with a day or two's fishing, now several vessels are employed to load one in the same time. Vessels that used to bring back one thousand or fifteen hundred bushels at a trip now average only five or six hundred bushels.

Moreover, a few years ago one thousand vessels were licensed to fish for oysters in the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries. Now the number of licensed vessels will not exceed four hundred. To use every means possible to obtain a good quality and a sufficient quantity of oysters, the Baltimore packers have offered a most liberal advance in price. Yet it does not wholly avail, from the simple fact that the supplies have failed.

The well-known "Cove oysters," so universally popular and so highly prized a few years ago, are now things of the past. The localities that knew them once know them no more.

What is the remedy for this growing scarcity that will soon, if unchecked, prove a great calamity? How can we prevent the extermination of these great natural oyster beds of the Chesapeake:

The answer is: *Time* for the oysters to grow, and *proper care* for the young oysters that are two small for market.

Now, much seed is destroyed in the process of culling. The oysters and shells are carried away and nothing returned. Now, a vessel is loaded and then goes ashore, where the shells and small oysters are thrown out. If these shells could be returned and spread over the beds, there would be the means of securing spawn "sets," for the want of which now much seed goes to waste. We think the Legislature should make a law compelling each boat that is licensed, and goes out to catch oysters to take, during the season, two or three loads of shells back to the beds. This would accomplish much toward keeping up the supplies.

Then, if the officers of the law would be more particular in enforcing the provisions of the laws that now exist, and which require that oystermen shall "cull" the oysters over the grounds where they catch them, this would greatly check the needless waste of the supply.

All the people who buy and use oysters have an interest in this question. The price of good oysters from the fishermen, has increased for the reasons already given. The cost of labor is now considerably more. The cost of tin for cans, and lumber for tubs, pails, etc., has greatly advanced. All can see that the packers and dealers must get more of a price for what they furnish in some way, or give up the business. A fair price insures good oysters in good measure. A better price asked for Virginia and Maryland oysters would result in good to all consumers and to all dealers the country over.

GLADSTONE.

From J. B. Smith's "Life of Gladstone," Just Published.

On both sides the subject of our biography is of Scotch descent. He alluded to the fact in mature life, and when receiving an address, in November, 1865, from the Parliament Reform Union, in Glasgow Trade Hall, he thanked those who had signed the address for remininding him of his connection with Scotland at large, and of Glasgow, through the County of Lanark. "If Scotland is not ashamed of her sons," he said, "her sons are not ashamed of Scotland; and the memory of the parents to whom I owe my being combines with various other considerations to make me glad and thankful to remember that the blood which runs in my veins is exclusively Scottish." Sir John Gladstone, who has no issue by his first marriage, married as his second wife Ann Robertson, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robertson, of Stornoway, and sometime Provost of Diningwall. She has been described by one who knew her intimately as "a lady of very great accomplishments, of fascinating manners, of commanding presence, and high intellect; one to grace any home and endear any heart." Her children were six in number—four sons and two daughters. Of the sons two only survive, viz: Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque, and William Ewart Gladstone. Captain John Neilson Gladstone, sometime M. P. for Portarlington, died in 1863, and Mr. Robertson Gladstone, a prominent merchant and citizen of Liverpool, died in 1875. Of the daughters one, Ann McKenzie, died unmarried, and Miss Helen Jane Gladstone still survives.

The enormous wealth of Sir John Gladstone enabled him to make handsome provision for each of his children * * a fortunate circumstance for the future statesman, and one which left him at liberty to devote his energies to the public service, undistracted by the necessity for business or professional occupation. The Gladstone family belongs, as we have said, essentially to the middle class—and Mr. Gladstone himself would claim no other honor; but the zealous Burke connects the marriage of Sir John Gladstone with Miss Robertson to a royal descent from Henry III. of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. This alleged illustrious pedigree is thus traced—Lady Jane Beaufort, who was a descendant of Henry III., married James I. of Scotland, who was a descendant of Bruce. From this alliance it is said that the steps can be followed clearly down to the father of Miss Robertson. A Scotch writer upon genealogy, also referring to this matter, states that Mr. Gladstone is descended on the mother's side from the ancient Mackenzie, of Kintail, through whom is introduced the blood of Bruce, of the ancient Kings of Man, and of the Lords of the Isles Earls of Ross; also from the Munros of Fowlis, and the Robertsons of Strowan and Athole. What was of more consequence to the Gladstones of recent generations, however, than royal blood was the fact that by their own and honorable enterprise they carved their own fortune, and rose to positions of public esteem and eminence.

In the month of July, 1839, Mr. Gladstone was married to a lady who is almost as distinguished for her many benevolent and social qualifications as Mr. Gladstone is in political and public life. The name of Mrs. Gladstone is widely known as that of a practical philantropist, while to Mr. Gladstone himself—we may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying—she has ever been that interested sharer in his triumphs and consoler in his defeats which the late Viscountess Beaconsfield was to his Parliamentary rival. Mrs. Gladstone was Miss Catharine Glynne, daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. Their union has been blessed by eight children, all of whom, save one, still survive. Of the four sons, the eldest, William Henery, is a member of the Legislature, and the second, the Rev. Stephen Edward Gladstone, is rector of Hawarden. The third and fourth sons are named Henry Neville and Herbert John Gladstone respectively. The former pursues a commercial career. Mr. Gladstone's eldest daughter, Anne, is married to the Rev. E. C. Wickham, M. A., head-master of Wellington College; the second daughter, Miss Catharine Jessy Gladstone, died in 1850. The other daughters still survive in addition to Mrs. Wickham, viz.: the Misses Mary and Helen Gladstone. As Sir John Gladstone had the pleasure of seeing his son, William Ewart, a member of the same Senate with himself, so Mr. Gladstone has witnessed his eldest son in turn take his seat in the House of Commons as member for Whitby. Mrs. Gladstone's sister, Miss Mary Glynne, became the wife of Lord Lyttelton, with whom Mr. Gladstone was on terms of the most intimate friendship until his lordship's untoward and lamented death.

LOVE AND ESTRANGEMENT.

The Strange Romance of an Hungarian Refugee.

(From the Davenport, Ia., Democrat.)

There arrived from the East yesterday morning a mother and a son who have been long absent from Davenport living in foreign lands, but whose return calls up memories of times past—of people who were once well known in Davenport, and whose histories have received enhanced interest for this community since their departure.

Many of our readers will recollect Joseph Majtheyni, who had a farm on Duck Creek, and was well known in Davenport a number of years since. He was one of the Hungarian refugees of Louis Kossuth's time, having done something in connection with his friend Kossuth in the rebellion of 1848, when an effort was made to free Hungary from the Austrian Dominion—something that forfeited liberty and life, too, perhaps. Mr. Majtheyni escaped, leaving his wife, a countess in high life, and two daughters, and a son behind. Having written his wife that he was going to America, she took her son, Theodore, then a small boy, and hastened to Belgium, where he was hiding. There she told him if he was going to America he must take the boy along too, as he would be too much trouble to her. He went to Iowa, and first settled on some wild land in Decatur County, where he struggled to earn a scanty living, having been all his life unused to manual labor. He sometimes asked his wife to send him means, and to come herself; both of which she promised to do, but never did.

After some years of single life he took a wife in Iowa, and lived on a farm on Duck Creek, near Davenport, as we have said. Time passed; the boy, Theodore, became one of the well-known young men of Davenport—was a prominent fireman, and then a freight conductor; and when the war broke out went into the Union Army, and was in the body-guard of Gen. Fremont in his military exploits. More time passed, and changes took place in Austria and Hungary; the old quarrel was settled, and Majtheyni was re-elected to his old place—that of director or manager of estates of the Crown. After some hesitation he thought to return, but there was his wife, the Countess, in Hungary, and his other, and more esteemed one, with him. To go there and live with the Countess he was disinclined; to entirely abandon his American wife he would not; so began negotiations which ended in an agreement with the Countess not to disturb her in the possession of their property, and she not to disturb him with any bigamy suits if he should return. So it was agreed, and he returned to his old position. Negotiations were then made for bringing over the American wife and daughter. It was agreed to by the interested families all around, and the wife and child went to their Hungarian home, where they were warmly greeted by the fond husband. It is said there was some feeling at first, but the old gentleman was as true as steel—they who essayed to slight his second wife promptly were reminded of the danger of such proceedings, and there it ended. Both wives are now dead. The daughter of the second grew to womanhood, a beautiful and talented young lady, now happily married. Mr. M. lives now with his third wife, the union being blessed with two children.

As to the Captain. When his father returned to his former office, he left Capt. Theodore in the States, preferring that he should live there and "grow up with the country." But the Captain was not of the same mind. He had married a young woman in Davenport, Miss Hart, who was a dining-room servant in the Scott House, where the Captain boarded, and a person of good traits of character. He failed to obtain his father's consent to return, and then went without it, taking his wife and little son. Arriving, the father would do the best he could. The Captain had a good record in the United States Army, and the father was a man of much influence. So it happened the Captain obtained—what is very unusual indeed for one without home record—the position of Major in the Austrian Army. Elated beyond measure at his good fortune, and a little too much given to stylish extravagance, he easily squandered his ample salary and much borrowed money besides. His debts becoming a crying outrage, he was dismissed from the service. Then he went into forbidden paths, sought to win fortune at the tiger's mouth, wandered off to the gambling tables of Monaco, and has been lost sight of for several years. Despairing of her husband, the wife took her son to America. And she it was who arrivived on Saturday morning's train to visit relatives.

—All black dresses are made gorgeous by being almost covered with jetted or iridescent bead lace and fringes. These fringes are not heavy, but are fine and glitter like jewels, producing a dazzling effect.

THE WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

—Miss Lucy Ryder, of Weybridge, has been elected to the Chair of Natural Science in an Illinois college.

—The total amount collected in a year by the various Women's Foreign Missionary Societies is reported at $438,403.

—Miss C. Ransom has been commissioned by the Treasury Department to paint a portrait of Alexander Hamilton from original pictures in New York.

—The New York Exchange for Women's Work has paid out over $13,000 to its designers. Over 40,000 articles have been registeredfor sale since the founding of the society

—Mme. Cora Serena is the first woman who has ever been elected to membership in the Imperial Royal Society of Austria. This honor was recently paid to her upon her return from long travel in the Caucasus and Persia.

—In announcing the authors' carnival for the benefit of the Women's Christian Association, a Cincinnati paper says: "We should naturally expect this idea to originate in Boston, and shall look to her to do her duty by organizing the plan into action."

—Boston was the first city in the New World where women engaged in the study of medicine, and at the Medical University there they now have a lady demonstrator in anatomy also, three other ladies in the faculty, one who lectures on the diseases of women and another on diseases of children.

—There are eighty-one female telegraph clerks employed in the Imperial Telegraph Service of Germany, and they are all in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where they were taken a few years ago upon its purchase by the empire. Their salaries average from two to three hundred dollars a year besides an allowance for lodging.

—The New York Ladies' Art Association has now ninety members in different parts of the country. They teach the children in their neighborhood who have a taste for art to correspond with the society on art topics. Monthly meetings are held, at which papers are read on art topics, and monthly talks for children.

—The Women's Temperance Union have over 100,000 members and are efficient agents for good. They hold gospel temperance meetings in nearly every city and village in the country. In some of the larger cities as many as twenty meeting are held each week. Reading rooms and friendly inns are open, and children are gathered into these soicetics.

—Miss Christine Olenson, of Chicago, has made nearly all the furniture of her house with her own hands. She has made very handsome organ case of a great variety of hard woods; also, a secretaire which is composed of 3,000 pieces of wood, and a bedstead, all of which are exquisitely carved. She is a "cabinet" maker, which trade she learned of her father.

—The charity kindergartens in both Europe and America are a success beyond the most sanguine expectations. The intellectual improvement is excellent. Mrs. Shaw, a wealthy woman, is much interested, and will try to double the kindergartens at Cambridge. If all wealthy women would follow her example the effect would sooner or later be visible in communities so blessed.

—The schools of needle-work, painting, clay modeling, painting on porcelain, wood carving, telegraphy, short-hand, cooking and various other arts, are now offering opportunities for girls of every variety of capability. The school of wood carving and modeling, now established at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, offers advantages to pupils at very low rates. Its instruction is of a thorough and valuable sort such as not often offered even to young men.

—The Sisters of Charity in the United States number 1,179 in charge of 106 establishments for the care of orphans, infants, widows, patients, insane and school children. All of these institutions had their origin in the consecration and labors of one woman, Mother Seaton, who began in 1808 in Maryland the formation of a sisterhood in connection with a school, and that was the parent of similar societies, now widely scattered throughout America.

THE DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

A Father Lost in an Effort to Save His Children—Two Children Perish on Their Way Home.

(Fargo Argus.)

Carl Belan, a German, with his family were living in a shanty belonging to another man on section 10, township 14, range 50, something less than a mile from the place they were preparing for a home. The man had completed a stable, and his house was ready to move into. They commenced to move on Saturday, and were drawing their goods on a hand sleigh, leaving their stove behind to be taken over the next trip. When within about a hundred steps of the house the woman was taken ill, and the two youngest boys, aged 18 months and 3½ years, were left wrapped in a blanket, and put in a dry goods box while the man helped his wife and the two other children to the house. They got the woman in bed when the girl and boy were beginning to freeze, and they were put in bed with their mother. By this time it began to get dark, and when the man started out for the children left behind, his wife begged him not to go, as the children were lost, and he would freeze. He could not think of leaving them without making an effort, so he started, and had reached the box when he was frozen and died on the spot. The woman gave birth to a child that night, and on Sunday night it died. She laid in bed without any fire, or food to eat, until Monday noon, when she got up and managed by some means to reach the house of Mr. Gage, about one and one half miles distant. Search was then made, and the man was found lying on his back, near the box which contained the body of the two boys. It is reported that Mr. Belan had loaned about $65 to some men, and was unable to get it, or he would have had everything made comfortable before the cold weather came on. Sheriff Haggart, with his usual true generosity and kindness, sent some flour and provisions to the woman, who still remains at the house of Mr. Gage. Deputy Sheriff Hammers returned last night with the boy and girl, who were badly frozen, but will probably recover.

Among reports of accidents during the late blizzard, the *Argus* is pained to learn of the sad death of George Owens, aged 19, and Evans Owens, aged 11, children of Wm. Owens, Sheriff of our neighboring county of Richland. Last Saturday they were visiting a neighbor, in company with their grandfather, and when they were ready to go home the old gentleman told them to remain where they were over night. They insisted upon starting, however, and were allowed to do so. They were found next day, half way home, frozen to death.

IT WENT OFF.

A citizen who was preparing to take the war path against small game, the other day asked permission to leave his shot-gun in a Griswold street tobacco store for a short time.

"Yes, of course," replied the tobacconist, "but I have a fear of such things and I want you to be sure it won't go off."

The owner took the caps off, stood the gun in a corner, and said:

"If that gun goes off, I'll buy you about a dozen ducks."

He was absent about an hour and returned to find his gun gone.

"I told you so," said the tobacconist—"I knew it would go off."

"No!"

"Yes, it did."

"Why, how could it?"

"Constable took it off on a levy!" was the calm reply.

Such was the fact, and the irate owner went off after the other offs, swearing that he would knock some one's head off.—Detroit *Free Press*.

—According to the P. I. man of the *Herald* Remenyi says that it requires a little lunacy to play well on the violin, and that fiddlers ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum.

—If your hands are tender just wear gloves the next few days.

THE CRIMINAL CODES OF THE JEWS.

The Various Methods of Execution.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The rabbins were the first among ancient legists to render the infliction of the death-penalty as painless as possible. The manner in which the sentence of the law in capital cases was carried into effect was regulated by a series of enactments. Every detail was preordained. The place of execution was always beyond the limits of the town; generally at some distance from the hall where judgment had been pronounced. There were two reasons for this—first, that a certain interval of time should elapse between sentence and execution so as to permit the court to examine any evidence that might yet be forthcoming; and, secondly, that the Synhedrin should not witness the execution. As soon as the punishment of death was decreed, the criminal was conducted from the court. The elders, the witnesses, and the officers of the tribunal accompanied him. In advance of the cortege walked an attendant, proclaiming aloud, "So-and-so is to be executed for such-and-such an offence; so-and-so are the witnesses; the crime was committed at such a place, on such a day, at such an hour. If any person can urge anything against the infliction of the punishment, let him go to the Synhedrin now sitting and state his arguments." Thus the party proceeded through the town. Arrived within six yards of the place of execution the sages who were with the culprit pressed him to confess his crime. They told him that whosoever makes confession is privileged to share in the *olam haba*—future existence, since death was an expiation for all iniquities. If he refused to acknowledge his guilt he was asked to say, "May my death prove an atonement for all my transgressions." He was then conducted to within four yards of the place where the sentence was to be carried into effect. The death-draught was here administered. This beverage was composed of myrrh and frankincense (*lebana*), in a cup of vinegar or light wine. It produced in the convict a kind of stupefaction, a semi-conscious condition of mind and body, rendering him indifferent to his fate and scarcely sensible to pain. The drink was—in Jerusalem—provided by the women, who considered this one of the greatest *mitzvoth*—meritorious deeds. In provincial towns the local communal authorities were required to furnish the criminal draught. As soon as the culprit had drunk of the stupefying draught the execution took place. In accordance with the Mosiac code four kinds of death were inflicted, each appropriate to a distinct series of crimes: stoning, strangling, burning and decapitation.

Nothing can be more absurd than the notions generally current respecting the manner in which these punishments were carried out among the Jews. The stoning of the Bible and the Talmud was not, as vulgarly supposed, a pell-mell casting of stones at a criminal; the burning had nothing whatever in common with the process of consuming by fire a living person as practised by the churchmen of the Middle Ages; nor did the strangling bear any resemblance to our English mode of putting criminals to death. The stoning to death of the Talmud was performed as follows: The criminal was conducted to an elevated place, divested of his attire if a man, and then hurled to the ground below. The height of the eminence from which he was thrown was always more than fifteen feet; the higher, within certain limits, the better. It was not, however, to be so high as to smash or disfigure the body. This was a tender point with the Jews; man was created in God's image, and it was not permitted to discreate the temple shaped by Heaven's own hand. The first of the witnesses who had testified against the condemned man acted as executioner, in accordance with Deut. xvii. 7. If the convict fell face downward he was turned on his back If he was not quiet dead, a stone, so heavy as to require two persons to carry it, was taken to the top of an eminence whence he had been thrown; the second of the witnesses then hurled the stone so as to fall on the culprit below. This process, however, was seldom necessary; the semi-stupefied condition of the convict and the height from which he was cast ensuring instant death. The bodies of those condemned for blasphemy or idolatory were subsequently hung upon a gallows until dusk; in other cases immediately after execution the corpse was interred. Outside every town there were two cemeteries for criminals—one for those sentenced to be stoned or burned; one for those decapitated or hanged. As soon as the flesh had disappeared the skeleton could be removed to the family burying-place. A few days after an execution the friends and relatives of the dead man—he was no longer regarded as an offender—called upon the judges who had tried him. This was a tacit acknowledgment that the punishment had been justly awarded; and that those charged with the administration of the law were regarded with no revengeful feelings by the family and connections of the unfortunate man. A criminal sentenced to death by burning was executed in the following manner:—A shallow pit some two feet deep was dug in the ground. In this the same culprit was placed standing upright. Around his legs earth was shovelled and battened firmly down until he was fixed up to his knees in the soil. A strong cord was now brought, and a very soft cloth wrapped around it. This was passed once around the offender's neck. Then two men came forward, each grasped an end of the rope and pulled hard. Suffocation was immediate. As the condemned man felt the strain of the cord, and insensibility supervented, the lower jaw dropped. Into the mouth thus opened a lighted wick was quickly thrown. This constituted the burning.

Decapitation was performed by the Jews after the fashion of the surrounding nations. It was considered the most humiliating, the most ignominious and degrading death that any man could suffer. It was the penalty in cases of assassination and deliberate murder. It was incurred by those who wilfully and wantonly slew a fellow-man with a stone or any other implement of stone or iron. It was likewise the punishment meted out to all persons guilty of paganism and living in a town.

Strangulation was a form of death by suffocation. It was effected as in burning. The culprit stood up to his knees in loose earth. A soft cloth containing a cord was wound around the neck. The ends being tightly pulled in the opposite directions, life was soon extinct.

SHARK'S TEETH.

[From Nature.]

I would draw attention to the operation of the teeth of the shark on the seizure of its prey. I recollect in Nicholson's "Zoology" a statement to the following effect: "The sharks have teeth arranged in several rows, of which only the outermost is employed, the other rows coming in to replace the outermost when worn out." In a recent visit to the Cocos Islands I had many opportunities of observing these animals in the use of their formidable weapons. In the act of seizure the whole jaw is protruded to a distance (varying according to the size of the fish) of several inches, the innermost teeth coming into position erect or semi-erect, but as far as I could observe nearly all the teeth came into play. When on fishing excursions in the lagoon, the sharks, which constantly carried off the bait, were often caught, and in order to extract the hook a large log, constantly carried in the boats for this purpose, was threateningly presented to his face, and of course, instantly seized and held on to for as long as it took to perform the operation of extraction. If, when the fish is quite recently dead, pressure be made on the angle of the jaw, it is easy to observe the action of the rows of teeth.

A CURIOSITY OF NUMBERS.—The multiplication of 987654321 by 45 gives 44444444445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious, 5555555505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand, and interchange the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6666666606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987654321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53333333334—all threes except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and using 27 the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get the product of 26666666667—all sixes except the first and last figures, which read together 27, the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in number 27, and using 72 as a multiplier, with 987654321 as the multiplicand, we obtain a product of 71111111112—all ones except the first and last figures, which read together gives 72, the multiplier.

—London philanthropists have started a "Lodge for Young Women in Business," and will furnish board, lodging and the use of sitting-rooms and reading-rooms for seven shillings and sixpence weekly.

—The success of the Edison electric light may be said to have hung on a thread. A carbonized thread is the secret of the new light that is to illuminate the world. The light is out—that is to say—the secret is out and the light is lit.

—To err is human, and it is the only human thing some people can do.