plant directly—in every cell of it; did you never see the constant life in each cell, the motion of the chlorophyll granules circling and circling night and day? Did no one ever show you that?"

Well, no one had ever shown us that. We may now and again have entertained angels unawares, but we were not always stumbling against Fellows of the Royal Society.

"Then I must borrow one somewhere," said he, decisively, "and show you the secret life of even the humblest plant that exists. And then look what a long life it is, in the case of the perennial plants. Did you ever think of that? Those great trees in the Yosemite Valley—they were alive and feeling the warm sunlight and the winds about them when Alfred was hiding in the marshes; and they were living the same undisturbed life when Charles the First had his head chopped off; and they were living—in peace and quietness—when all Europe had to wake up to stamp out the Napoleonic pest; and they are alive now and quite careless of the little creatures that come to span out their circumference and ticket them, and give them ridiculous names. Had any of the patriarchs a life as long as that?"

The Laird eyed this young man askance. There was something uncanny about him. What might he not say when—in the northern solitudes to which we were going—the great Semple heresy case was brought on for discussion?

(*To be continued.*)

POPULAR SAYINGS ABOUT CATS.

The character of the cat is such that we must not wonder at the position it has taken in the popular superstitions and sayings of many nations. Its appearance and movements have been regarded as ominous, and it has supplied an excellent theme for proverbs and comparisons. The latter only will form the subject of the present paper, although the superstitions are often curious and interesting. We must risk the taunt of Lady Macbeth—

> Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
> Like the poor cat i' the adage.

The sayings which have come down to us about cats are not always complimentary and suggestive of kindness. Thus, Shakespeare's "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me" is a reference to a barbarous sport, of which Dr. Brewer says, "In olden times a cat was for sport inclosed in a bag or leather bottle, and hung to the branch of a tree as a mark for bowmen to shoot at." Among the many expressions which are comparisons, either in form or in reality, the following occur: Grinning like a Cheshire cat; Living a cat and dog life; To be like Kilkenny cats; As a cat loves mustard; As grey as grannum's cat. The meaning of all these is obvious, and they are rather forcible than elegant. For "living a cat and dog life" the French say "To love like cats and dogs;" and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in one language appear in others, more or less modified. Thus, we say, "to buy a pig in a poke;" but in France, Flanders, and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag."

The well-known motto of the Grants, "Touch not a cat but a glove," in which "but" means "without," has been explained to mean "Touch not the clan Cattan, or mountain cat, without a glove;" but, as a fact, the saying is common to the French and to other languages. Equally general is the saying, "A mittened cat catches no mice;" and perhaps even more so, "When the cat is away the mice play." Others which are widely spread are, To bell the cat (to hang bells about its neck); By night cats are gray; The cat loves fish, but won't wet her feet to catch them; The cat did it; He would not harm a cat, &c.

Instead of our "tit for tat," or "A Roland for an Oliver," the French say, "For a good cat a good rat." In French "To cast a cat between one's legs" is to lay the blame on any one; and "To remove the cat from the house" is to sneak or steal away. Some folks are said "to love neither dog nor cat," when they love nobody; or to be like bad cats which lick before they scratch, when they feign kindness but mean mischief. That a cat may look at a king, is well understood; and so is using a cat's paw for getting chestnuts out of the fire. In some places they pay in cats and rats, and know the meaning of "kitten" without needing "cat" to be said. Letting the cat get at the cheese is wrong; but it is right not to wake a sleeping cat, and to mistrust a cat even when she is asleep. To call a cat a cat is merely our calling a spade a spade. A scalded cat dreads cold water, just as a burnt child dreads the fire; and though a scalded cat does not go back to the kitchen, the Spanish idea is good, "One eye on the pot, and the other on the cat." The Italian means cat when he is in earnest, does not mean cat when he is in jest, and plays the dead cat when he dissimulates. He calls the cat when he speaks plainly; he sets about skinning a cat, when he undertakes a hard task; and when he sees no one he finds neither cat nor dog. That evil-doers are caught at last, he shows by saying that the cat goes so often to the bacon that she leaves her claws there. He goes to see the cat drowned when he lets himself be imposed on, and he cheats another when he gets him to go and see him fish out the cat. Though every cat would like a bell, the cat of Masina scratched out its own eyes in order not to see the rats.

The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead one. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if he did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which mews is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for mice; the Arab says when the cats and mice are on good terms, the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, It is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver.

The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back the higher she raises her tail—in other words, that flattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag; but so do others, and they all agree that it is the nature of a cat always to fall on its feet. Only he talks of turning cat in pan, and of raining cats and dogs, or sees folks dance like a cat on hot bricks.

The Spaniard says, Has the cat kittened? when he sees a place full of lights; and he asks, Who has to take the cat out of the water? when something unpleasant has to be done. That any one watches as a cat a mouse, is French as much as English. The French also say, She is as dainty as a cat; It is nothing to whip a cat for; their singers have a cat in the throat when the throat is not clear; and the phrase "cat music" is not unknown. If one has a scratched face, he has been playing with cats; and an impossibility is a mouse's nest in a cat's ear. That people should sometimes go like a cat over hot coals is intelligible enough. But, as our space is so limited that we have scarcely room to swing a cat, we must draw to a conclusion. We have collected a quantity of trifles from many sources, and the result reminds us of the German who says that he who hunts with cats will readily catch mice. If it should be asked, what you can have of a cat but her skin, we scarcely know how we could reply. But as we wish to say something about this domestic pet, we append two short extracts from the Noble Life of Laurence Andrews: "The mouse-hunter or cat is an unclean beast, and a poison enemy to all mice; and when she hath gotten one she playeth therewith, but yet she eateth it. And the cat hath long hairs on her mouth, and when her hairs be gone then hath she no boldness; and she is gladly in a warm place. She licketh her fore feet and washeth therewith her face." And again: "The cat is a beast that seeth sharply, and she biteth sore, and scratcheth right perilously, and is principal enemy to rats and mice; and her colour is of nature grey; and the cause that they be otherwise coloured, that cometh through change of meat, as it is well marked by the house cat, for they be seldom coloured like the wild cat, and their flesh is both nesh (tender) and soft." This quaint but honest old writer would never incur the guilt of selling or advising any one to buy cat for a hare, as the French and Italians say when they refer to "being cheated or to cheat."

SCRAPS.

Mr. Ruskin has been complimented by an attempt to establish in London a branch of the Society of the Rose, which was organized in Manchester a year ago to promote the study and circulation of his writings and to aid his practical efforts for social improvement. Mr. Ruskin himself chose the society's name, saying: "I think you might with grace and truth take the name of 'The Society of the Rose,' meaning the English wild rose, the object of the society being to promote such English learning and life as can abide where it grows."

Political Economy.—A workman who asked a French manufacturer for employment, said pitifully, "Monsieur, I have fourteen children." The manufacturer, who is a political economist, shrugged his shoulders, and answered, "In your situation it is absurd to have so many." This remark was heard by the manufacturer's son, a boy of eight years. Several days later he was walking with his father, when a poor little girl begged charity of them, saying, "I have eleven little brothers and sisters." The boy gave her a sou; but, moved by ideas of political economy, said, "In your situation how dare you have so many as that?"

Plugs for Wounded Soldiers.—In case of mobilization of the German Army, each soldier receives two salicylic acid plugs of different dimensions, which he may, if wounded, himself introduce into the wound. These plugs consist of a piece of gauze of from 15 to 16 square ctm., in which is rolled 1 or 2 grammes of salicylised wadding. They are made pretty loose, so as to take any desired form. The salicylised wadding is prepared thus: A solution is made of 110 grammes of salicylic acid in from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 litres of alcohol at 95° per cent., and 40 grammes of castor-oil or glycerine added. Dry carded cotton is immersed in the mixture till thoroughly impregnated, then it is hung up to dry in a heated room.

Another Rendering of the Theme.—Perhaps no American schoolboy's composition has ever put the "Father of his Country" on a stronger moral basis than this (the letter appears in a Transatlantic contemporary): "George Washingt-n was a little boy what once lived in Verginny what had a tax give him by his old man. Wen Georges old man foun out what George an the nother boy done, he called George to him and he ses, George Washington who cutted the bark ofen the cherry tree? George ses I did. The old man sais you did. George sais i did and i cannot tell a li. Why cant you tell a li sais the old man. Coz says George if I tell a li this here fellar'll blow on me an then I'll be spanked twict. Thats rite sais the old man whenever yer git in to trouble the esyist way out is the best."

An invitation having been sent to Mr. Spurgeon to attend a meeting at Exeter Hall, to memorialise the Queen, and to petition Parliament, against the appointment of the Marquis of Ripon as Viceroy of India on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic, Mr. Spurgeon writes to say:—

"My hands are more than full, or I would attend the meeting. I think Mr. Gladstone has made a great mistake in appointing a Roman Catholic Viceroy in India. So long as the Law of Settlement is in force, it seems to be involved in the Protestant succession to the Throne that all Viceroys should be Protestants also. Our predecessors judged from painful experience that Papists would not allow them their liberties if they mounted the Throne, and therefore they excluded them. I do not think that the English people are prepared to remove this safeguard, and, while it remains, it seems clear to me that Her Majesty's Viceroys must not be Catholics. On this and other grounds I am extremely sorry that the present Government should thus expose itself to just criticism, and grieve its own supporters."

Diamond-Buying.—The buying of diamonds for retail is said to be a delicate and difficult task. The buyer sits down at a table with a large sheet of white paper spread before him. On the paper are poured the contents of certain packages received by the wholesale dealer. The keen eye of the buyer, an expert of course, picks out at once the shallow, flawed, and all defective stones, which are definitely rejected and swept into a bag. The accepted stones must next be paired, and to this end a tin plate, mounted on four feet, and pierced with holes of different size, is employed. On this the diamonds are laid, and shifted to and fro till each diamond has been fitted into a proportionate hole. The gems undergo a second and final scrutiny, the buyer examining them most rigorously and rejecting some that may at first have escaped his attention. Any irregularity of form, lack of brilliancy, dullness of water, or yellowness of tint is sufficient to condemn them. The matched stones are then put up in pairs in papers or small cases, and the others are sold to inferior jewellers.

Ye Muses Nine!—Few warriors of ancient or modern times have earned by their military achievements so indefeasible a title to immortality as that acquired by General Nasimoff, the late Inspector-in-Chief of the Imperial Russian High Schools, during his fulfilment of the eminently peaceful functions confided to him by the Czar. Some years ago it was his duty, in the course of his inspectorial rounds, to visit the University of Moscow. The college magnates caused the great *aula* to be, as they conceived, appropriately decorated for his reception, and the Rector Magnificus greeted him at its entrance with an eloquent oration. That august dignitary, however, had pronounced but a few rolling sentences, when Nasimoff, who had glanced keenly round the hall while apparently listening to the address, interrupted the speaker and observed that he perceived something which greatly outraged his sense of orderliness, and made an extremely painful impression upon him as a soldier. Pointing to a raised and decorated dais in the centre of the hall, he exclaimed, "You have set up His Majesty's bust in the middle of nine plaster casts. Is that your idea of symmetry? Could you not have made the number even?" "Excellency," replied the Rector, "those are the Nine Muses, arranged in a semicircle. They could not be placed more symmetrically." "What? Let no man, in the fiend's name, venture to associate His Majesty's likeness with so idiotic an arrangement! Get another figure immediately, so that there may be five on each side. We must have proper order in these matters!"

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbours one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

FOOT NOTES.

Isabella, Princess of Asturius, daughter of Queen Isabella, is not pretty, but bright and sympathetic. She delights in skating, riding and dancing, and her gayety is such that the severe Spanish marquises are often shocked at her frolics. At the time of the royal wedding the Count de Beyless gave a splendid ball. Of course the Princess was there, and danced to her heart's content. It happened that just as she was tripping the mazy waltz with Prince Kinsky, his Excellency was caught in the train of one of the dancers, fell, and dragged the Princess after him. Then followed a stream of apologies, "sweeter than honey," but the Princess jumped up quickly, pulled his recumbent Excellency up, too, and, without even saying chidingly "*Maladroit!*" put her arms into his and resumed her favourite pastime. She is, indeed, the Casilda of the Spanish Court.

Novel Mode of Preserving a Man's Reason.—A curious story is told of an exhibit in the show-windows of one of the leading jewellers of Vienna. The object of attraction is a brooch magnificently studded with gems, in the middle of the chasing of which is enclosed the most singular of centres—four common, old, bent, and corroded pins. The brooch is the property of the Countess Lavetskofy. The pins have a history, of course. Seven years ago Count Robert Lavetskofy, as the story runs, was arrested at Warsaw for an alleged insult to the Russian Government. The real author of the insult, which consisted of some careless words spoken at a social gathering, was his wife. He accepted the accusation however, and was sent to prison. In one of the dungeons in which the Czar is said to be fond of confining his Polish subjects, the unfortunate martyr for his wife's loose tongue spent six years. He had only one amusement. After he had been searched and thrown into a cell, he found in his coat four pins. These he pulled out and threw upon the floor; then in the darkness he hunted for them. Having found them, perhaps after hours, and even days, he scattered them again. And so the game went on for six weary years. "But for them," he writes in his memoirs, "I should have gone mad. They provided me with a purpose. So long as I had them to search for, I had something to do. When the decree for my liberation as an exile was brought to me, the jailer found me on my knees hunting for one which had escaped me for two days. They saved my wife's husband from lunacy. My wife therefore could not desire a prouder ornament."

Hot Weather Hints.—If you care for no other rule, take this: What is healthy for that multiple pest, the fly, is the contrary for man, and vice versa—so watch the fly and arrange your house in ways which discourage him; find what suits him and choose the contrary. Now what suits him is the combination of sun and light, darkness always makes him low-spirited—so choose darkness for yourself. Your heat, in day time, will be in close proportion to the light you allow. The common notion, "just like a man," that to be cool, window and curtain must go up to get some fresh air, is one which feminine instinct rightly condemns. Recall the closed parlour in the New England homestead, darkened from the sun by closed shutter and curtain, and you will remember that it was the coolest place in the house at noon except the cellar. So—on the sunny side of the house, at least—darken your rooms by shutter and curtain, closing windows as well, until the sun is past; studiously keep out the sun's light and the air into which he is shining—darkness is coolness and light is heat. Breezes are not always enough, for the sun may give you hot breezes. Of course, do without your range fire as much as practicable, and cook by gas.

Dress, also, needs reform, for our masculine garments in particular are robes of martyrdom to absurd conventionalism. An Irishman, walking out in summer, clad in extreme winter style, replied to remonstrance that he thought what was "good to kape out the cowld was good to kape out the hate," and his philosophy was perfectly sound in the abstract, like all true philosophy, only when he made it concrete on his own body he got it wrong. A thick flannel is the costume when working in a foundry, but not ordinarily; because the foundry's temperature is higher than the body's, while the out-door air of the hottest day is lower. In winter we wear covering in order to keep the body's heat from passing off; in summer, to avoid scorching by the direct rays of the sun, which are much hotter than the air. This is the only natural and physical reason for covering; usage, to which deference must be paid, is the only other. But we do not get far enough away from the rigidity of usage when heat comes. Why should we resign draperies exclusively to the women, who, clad in them, look cool, but do not help our own misery? Why should "shirt-sleeves" be voted utterly to be an outrage on refinement? They need not be taken in puribus; some modification of them, in garments of more open texture and ampler cut, could be devised were somebody to dare. Now the wide "pantaloonery" and alpaca or linen coat, with (in cases of extreme hardihood) the absence of "waistcoat" and low shoes and umbrellas, take us to the verge of hazard. We must be elegant, in full dress and at ease, though we melt, as if physical discomfort and refinement could ever go together.

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