

sorpents, or *Bandeaux* of bones, painted glass, and pebble-stones. They came, each firmly clutching his sharpened tomahawk, their bodies nearly naked and streaked with war-paint—their greedy eyes perhaps peering through a rim of black, and their sinewy arms looking as though already dipped in human gore.

Strange enough was such a scene of grandeur to this rough wilderness. A June sky was smiling above them, and so still was the air that the leaves of the giant trees scarce fluttered in the breeze; but there was a tremulous motion in the firm earth beneath, as though shaken by the stern, measured tread of that multitude of feet. The frightened deer threw back their antlered head and bounded away over the hills, giving but a glimpse of their graceful figures in the distance; and the startled partridge drummed in the thicket, while crowds of other birds fluttered and wheeled and poised on their trembling wings in mid-air or flew screaming away. The rabbits scampered off to their coverts, and the squirrels flew along the rugged bark of the trees, seeming to think, poor little innocents! that they were the cause of all this parade. Sometimes a fierce cry came up from the distance that made the eyes of some of the party glitter, and the hands close about their rifles, for the panther and the bison were yet abroad, and both savages and rangers knew well their lurking-places. Still, though the army was now in the very heart of the Seneca nation, not a savage made his appearance. Sometimes a shadow would seem to steal from a neighboring copse, or a hum, as of low voices, would float out on the air, but they were only the creations of the strained eye and expectant ear. Finally the army emerged into an open savanna, and now the drums beat a quicker march, and they pushed on with ea er haste. "The red-skinned cowards have fled, and cheated us of our victory," remarked De Nouble to a gallant young officer of his staff, "but we will visit them with a glorious revenge yet."

(To be continued.)

POSTAGE STAMPS—HOW PREPARED.

As soon as they emerge from the hydraulic press, postage stamps are gummed. The paste is made from clear starch, or its dextre, which is acted upon chemically and then boiled, forming a clear, smooth, slightly sweet mixture. Each sheet of stamps is taken separately, placed upon a flat board, and its edges covered with a light metal frame. Then the paste is smeared on with a large whitewash brush, and the sheets laid between two wire-racks and placed on a pile with others to dry. Great care is taken in the manufacture of this paste, which is perfectly harmless. This gratifying fact has been conclusively proved by an eminent chemist. After the gumming another pressing in the hydraulic press follows. Then another counting; in fact, stamps are counted no less than thirteen times during the process of manufacture. The sheets are then cut in half, each portion containing one hundred stamps, this being done by girls with ordinary hand-shears. Next follows the perforations, which is performed by machinery. The perforations are first made in a perpendicular line, and afterwards in a horizontal line. Another pressing follows—this time to get rid of the raised edges on the back of the stamps made by the dies, and this ends the manufacture. A second apartment is devoted to the picking and sending off the stamps to the different post offices. It will be seen by this account that any absurd rumors concerning this poisonous or unclean properties of postage stamps are utterly without foundation.

SOLE SEWING MACHINE.

During a recent strike in the boot and shoe trade in Edinburgh, the masters experienced great difficulty in supplying their customers with their orders as quickly as they were wanted. They began to look out for a machine that would do stitching in a satisfactory manner, and after some consideration they at length agreed to give the Blake sole sewing machine a trial. This is an American invention, and is now extensively used in London, and in some of the largest towns in England; and there are not fewer than seven of the machines in operation in Glasgow. The boot or shoe is laid upon a revolving "horn," which is heated by a small lamp, in order to keep the wax upon the thread in a semi-liquid state, so that it may fasten the thread more firmly in the sole; while, by means of eccentric wheels, a strong needle, like that used in crocheting, is forced through the thickest sole, and brought up again by means of a little lever. The machine is capable of being worked either by steam or by hand power, and can sew 300 pairs of boots in one day, while the work, it is said, is even better done than it can be by hand sewing, inasmuch as the wax threads are drawn more firmly together than it is possible for a man to sew the sole of a boot completely in about half a minute, whereas it takes a shoemaker nearly an hour to do the same amount of work; hence it will be seen at a glance that the machine confers great advantages. Attracted by the reputed usefulness of the machine, a large number of the members of the Edinburgh Bootmakers' Association have formed themselves into a company, and have procured a license from the inventor to use the machine. They pay 5d. per 1000 stitches in the shape of royalty, and an indicator is fixed to the machine, which shows the number of stitches made.

THE LOG HOUSE OF NORWAY.

A correspondent, who has been having a week of uninterrupted sunshine near the North Cape, gives us some description of the Norwegian houses which may interest our readers. "You may suppose," he says, "that log houses were born on Plymouth Rock; but I find the most convincing evidence that they existed in Norway centuries, perhaps, before Plymouth Rock was known. A yet more interesting fact—at least to me—is that the fashion has not changed. Improvements there have been in many ways, but the log house of Norway is the most fashionable, perhaps because the most comfortable, house. In regions far removed from timber, and where stone and lime and clay abound, even there the log house obtains universal preference. During my trip up and down this long line of Norwegian coast, I have had many opportunities to examine the old as well as the new constructions. Let me tell you first of the old. The logs are squared and nicely dovetailed at the corners. Grooves are then cut, with the broad axe, on both the under and the upper surface. When the log is finally laid to its place, this double groove is filled with moss, and moss is afterwards caulked into the log seams. The partitions are built with the house, and in the same thorough manner as the outside walls. The houses are never more than two stories high, and the roofs are steep and heavily timbered. A covering of slabs is fitted, round side down, to the roof timbers; and over these slabs comes one or more layers of birch bark. Then comes a heavy timber coping along the eaves and up the roof at either end. On this is laid sods of rich earth well packed to a thickness of about six inches, and these, in this moist climate, furnish an abundant grassy finish. The only essential differences between the old and new Norwegian styles of house building are in the substitution of red tiles, and occasionally of slate, for the sods roofs, and the casing of timber, which forms the body of the house, with thin boards, for looks' sake.

Within a year the town of Namsos, about one hundred miles north of Drontheim, was almost totally destroyed by fire; and it is now in course of rebuilding. Here, notably, the work of building is going on upon a considerable scale, and the two modes appear side by side. A few finished buildings there are, which would hold high rank, among the best of our American country homes, in architecture; while in comfortable exclusion of cold, we have not a country house, of whatever material, that would bear a rigid comparison with the poorest of them. Double glazing of window sashes—outside and in—the packing of every window and door frame with moss, and a careful papering of every room, are some of the means taken to prevent any circulation of the frosty air. For winter comfort, combined with the utmost facility for every conceivable ornamentation, commend to me the Norwegian log house. —*Scientific American*

A LUDICROUS EXCEPTION.

Farmer Crown was not well educated; indeed he was guileless of a knowledge of reading and writing, and his system of etiquette belonged to the barbaric ages. His daughter Jane was quite the reverse of her father in all these respects, and at the time we write was entertaining at dinner a large party of the neighboring farmers and their wives, at her father's house, on the occasion of her return from the boarding-school. It may be inferred that her father's intelligence and behavior was a source of, perpetual solicitude to Jane, and previous to the party she instructed her father that when speaking of anything he should add, for fear of offending anyone, "the present company excepted." He was half an hour late for dinner, and, tired of waiting, Jane invited the guests to begin operations. They had not long begun ere Mr. Brown rushed abruptly into the room, in a stream of perspiration.

"Why, dear papa," said Jane, "what kept you so late?"

"The fact is, Jane," replied he, "I've been visitin' neighbor Smith's pigs and they're the finest lot of hogs I ever seed, the present company alus excepted."

SOLAR HEAT AS A TOOL.

During the recent building of a bridge in Holland, one of the transes, 465 feet long, was misplaced on the supports. It was an inch out of line, and the problem was how to use it. Experiments proved that the iron work expanded a small fraction of an inch for every degree of heat received. It was noticed that the night and day temperature differed by about 25 degrees, and it was thought it might be made to move the bridge. In the morning the end of the place was bolted down securely, and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded, and towards night the free end was bolted down, and opposite end was loosened. The contraction then dragged the whole thing the other way. For two days this experiment was repeated, and the desired place reached. We find no record that the heat of the sun has ever been employed in this way before; the contraction and expansion of iron bars by fire-heat has already been used to move heavy weights over short distances. Broken walls and strained roof and arches have been brought into place by simply heating iron rods till they expanded, then taking up the slack by screws and nuts, and allowing contraction by cold to pull the wall or roof into place.

IMAGINATION.

Earth has her babbling lilled brooks and her rushing rivers, her placid lakes and surging oceans, vine-wreathed hills and cloud capped mountains, her strange blendings of quiet and awe, simplicity and grandeur, beauty and sublimity.

"But what were mighty Nature's self,
Her features could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us."

The many-fold objects everywhere may fail to awaken in some a sympathy which has power to interpret the hidden thoughts of which they are emblematic. These are the prosy ones who dwell with "earth earthy" and rise not to her pure regions; who have not enshrined within them that spirit of beauty which can throw a spell over the heart where she dwells, and make all things seem unto it lovely and removed from the commonplace; can cause it to see in each thing, animate or inanimate, a round in the ladder connecting heaven and earth, and on which imagination ascends or descends at pleasure.

Glorious or terrible may be the mission of this natural child of the mind, for no other is mightier for weal or woe.

Let her be pampered or over-excited, and wild phantasms flit through the disordered mind, enthraling or dethroning reason. By her wondrous power, she creates; she invests mean things with an enchantment which none but a poetic mind can know. As virtuoso collects curiosities from its various sources and through different agents, so imagination sends forth mental powers to bring in bits of knowledge which she fashions after a pattern formed by herself.

She may be neglected and give but feeble token of her being, or may be stimulated, and cultivated until she goes down with Dante's into infernal regions; soar with Milton into Paradise; walks with Bryant in dignified grandeur through the forests primal; waits in the desolation of Ossian; or flits on butterfly wings throughout the world, drawing honeyed sentiment from its every flower cup, and from each bud that peeps forth in the "garden of the heart."

The many monuments of reason may seem to be founded on such firm supports that time will have no power to make them totter and fall, yet many have already fallen, but as long as the great heart of humanity shall have like passions, as long as love, and hope, and joy, and pure longings shall be unchanged, the products of imagination will be treasured as more precious than Ophir's gold. She will be honored as one who, when the mind shall be inspired with holy teachings, will present visions of a "better country, even a heavenly one," where the soul in immortality and glory will eternally progress toward infinite wisdom.

A SAD CASE.

A very touching case of mental alienation in a charming young lady is described by a careful observer. Not long ago her mother found her in her room energetically darning stockings, and soon after she disappeared in the kitchen, and assisted that wondering dame in making and baking bread and pastry. Alarmed by these fearful signs of intellectual disorder, her fond parents immediately sent for a skillful physician, who watched her through a keyhole as she sewed buttons on her father's garments and mended those of her little brother. Much affected, the venerable man remarked, that never, during a practice of twenty-five years, had he known any young person to manifest such symptoms as these. The heart-rending phase of all, however, was shown the other day, when her father with a faint hope of rousing her from her sad state, gave her two hundred dollars and told her to buy a new dress. Alas! 'twas useless. She instantly observed that she did not need a new dress, and if he would let her keep twenty-five dollars to pay a poor widow's rent, she had much rather he would take the rest of the money for himself. For a few moments that grief-stricken old gentleman gazed upon his helpless child, then hiding his face, muttered between his sobs,—

"Her mind is gone! Her mind is gone!"

CHANGE OF COLOR.

Sudden shocks occurring to human beings have frequently changed the color of their hair from black to white in a single night. A physician of Berlin, a strong, healthy, and less than middle aged man, sent his wife and one daughter to spend last summer at a watering-place. The day that he expected a letter informing him of their arrival, there came one saying that his daughter had been taken sick very suddenly, and was already dead. The shock was terrible, and instantly his hair became entirely gray. He had to visit some patients that same afternoon, and they scarcely recognized him. Their peculiar actions revealed the change to him. The other case was of a man thirty-five years old, living in the Netherlands. He was one day passing the canal in Rotterdam, where he saw a child struggling in the water. He plunged in and brought it to land, but it was already dead by the time he had rescued the body. Bending over it to try to restore life, he discovered that the dead child was his own son. The blow, so sudden and unexpected, and coming upon him when he himself was so much exhausted, turned his hair entirely gray, and left him scarcely recognizable.

CUPID'S BOW.

Another most expressive feature of the human face is the mouth, which is symbolical of the sensuous qualities—that is, its primary signification, especially in its lower part, as it is the headpiece of the digestive organs. The mouth, however, has a higher meaning; its upper part is connected with the spiritual character, as its lower with the corporal nature. It is the outlet of the voice and the powers of speech. Thus the upper lip should extend beyond and govern the lower. The mouth should be of medium size; when it approaches either extreme, it becomes animal in its symbolism. Character is not always determined by the size of the mouth; it lurks in the corners. The signs of the lips find ample verification in example. If firm and compressed, but without constraint, it always denotes courage and fortitude; calm lips, well marked, and closed without effort, denote thought, judgment, and firmness. If weak, and constantly moving, weakness and changeableness. Fleshy, red lips, with the lower one protruding, denote sensuality and indolence; large, thin, indrawn lips, a cold and passionless intellect. Soft, full, delicately curved, medium sized lips, denote the poetic temperament. A short upper lip, hollowed in the middle, is considered "aristocratic" in appearance—a sign of gentle blood, it, however, denotes wit and liveliness; while a mild, overhanging lip, generally denotes a good disposition. Projecting under-lips indicate a somewhat passive good nature; but when compressed against the upper, indicates a scornful nature. This must not be confounded with what is called the "underhung jaw," which imparts so disagreeable an expression. A moderately large mouth is manly, and denotes energy; while the small mouth is feminine, and denotes less power. The large, gaping mouth denotes stupidity, and the projecting small mouth, dullness and feebleness. The straight mouth like a line, as if without lips, implies coldness, industry, order, preciseness. A similar mouth drawn upward at the sides, denotes affectation, pretention, and vanity; but the same, when close, pinched, and dry, denotes avarice, and anxiety, which always is found with it.

A SWEARER ALONE WITH GOD.

A carrier in a large town in Yorkshire heard his carter one day in the yard swearing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier was a man who feared God, spent his Lord's days as a teacher in Sunday-school, and endeavoured to promote the spiritual good of his fellow-creatures. He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He went up to the young man, who was just setting off with his cart for Manchester, and kindly expostulated with him on the enormity of his sin, and then added, "But if thou wilt swear, stop till thou get through the turnpike on the moor, where none but God and thyself can hear."

The poor fellow cracked his whip and pursued his journey, but he could not get over his master's words. Sometimes after, his master observed him in the yard, and was very much surprised to see him so altered. There was a seriousness and quietness about him which he had never seen before; and he often seemed as if he had something to say that he could not get out. At length his master was so much struck with his manner, that he asked him if he wanted anything.

"Ah! master," said he, "do you know what you said to me about swearing? I was thunderstruck. I went on the road, and I got through the turnpike, and reached the moor; and there I thought that, though I was alone, yet God was with me; and I trembled to think how he had been with me, and had known all my sins and follies all my life long. My sins came to my remembrance, and I was afraid that He would strike me dead; and I thank God that I have been aroused to seek after the salvation of my soul."

The master, as may be supposed, was overjoyed to hear the young man's confession; and it is gratifying to know that his subsequent conduct gave proof of his having ceased to be a slave to sin.

A word spoken in due season, how good it is! —*English Paper.*

THE RIGHT TIME.

Reproof must be administered gently, if at all. If you are annoyed or vexed at people, just remember that it is not the right time to speak. Close your mouth, shut your teeth together firmly, and it will save you many a useless and unavailing regret, and many a bitter enemy. If you happen to feel a little cross,—and who among us does not at sometime or other?—do not select that season for reproving your noisy household flock. One word spoken in passion will make a scar that a summer of smiles can hardly heal over. If you are a wife, never tease your husband when he comes home, weary from his day's business. It is not the right time. Do not ask him for expensive outlays when he has been talking about hard times; it is most absurdly the wrong time. If he has entered upon any undertaking against your advice, do not seize on the moment of its failure to say, "I told you so!" In fact, it is never the right time for those four monosyllables. Oh, if people only knew enough to discriminate between the right time and the wrong, there would be less domestic unhappiness, less silent sorrow, and less estrangement of heart!

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—COLUMBUS ANTICIPATED.

Interesting relics of the early discoverer of America occasionally turn up. At a late meeting of the Mexican Geographical Society, Mr. Bliss stated that some brass tablets had been lately discovered in the northern part of Brazil, and not far from the coast, which careful examination had shown were covered with Phœnician inscriptions, telling of the discovery of America five centuries before Christ. The tablets had been acquired by the Museum of Rio Janeiro, with whose director he was personally acquainted, and the connection of this gentleman with the discovery of the tablets was in itself a guarantee of the correctness of the report. The inscriptions, so far as yet deciphered, relate that, from a port on the Red Sea, a Sidonian fleet sailed, and, following the east coast of Africa, doubled the Cape; thence following the African west coast, probably with the southeast trade winds of the southern latitudes, until the northeast trades, preventing further progress northward, forced the prows of the vessels across the broad Atlantic. At any rate, according to Mr. Bliss, the tablets record the fact of the Phœnician fleet having reached the Americas five centuries before Christ, at some point now known as northern Brazil; that the tablets give the number of vessels, the number of the crews, the name of Sidon as their home, and, indeed, various very interesting particulars. Mr. Bliss has promised, when he acquires further particulars to hand them to the Society.

USES OF WASTE PAPER.

A writer in one of our exchanges (we have forgotten which) says that few housekeepers are aware of the many uses to which waste paper may be put. After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea kettle, coffee pot or tea pot bright and clean, than the old way of washing it in suds. Rubbing them with paper is also the best way of polishing knives and tinware after scouring them. If a little soap be held on the paper in rubbing tinware and spoons, they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and nickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not apt to mold if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit each can, is laid directly upon the fruit. Paper is much better to put under carpet, than straw. It is thinner, warmer, and makes less noise when one walks over it. Two thicknesses of paper placed between the other coverings on a bed are as warm as a quilt. If it is necessary to step upon a chair, always lay a paper upon it, and thus save the paint and woodwork from damage.

WHO SHALL WE BLAME?

Before what invisible power do women bow when following the painful vagaries of dress? Who is it that sets the fashions? Whom have we to thank for all the hideous excrescences by which beauty is distorted and comfort disturbed? Passing periwigs and pig-tails, as things happily extinct, we wonder who invented chignons, corsets, stick-up collars, chimney-pot hats and high-heeled boots. As regards these last named instruments of torture, much has been justly said in dispraise. "It was impossible to imagine a more depraved form of foot-covering, or one more injurious, than the high-heeled boots now worn by many women. The five toes were crumpled up together, and a greater weight than it was ever intended it should bear was thrown upon the ball of the great toe, rendering long-continued muscular exertion a thing impossible." Fine ladies may declare that they have no need of undergoing a continuance of muscular exertion, and that they therefore have no need to give up wearing high-heeled boots. Of course, fine ladies keep their carriages, and, except perhaps in dancing, never have occasion for stretching their ten toes. So they let these be deformed and crumpled up by high-heeled boots, and grow misshapen and distorted like the feet of the Chinese. Deformity becomes a proof of fashionable breeding, and it is better to be hideous than not dress a la mode.

TELL THE TRUTH.

There is no moral difference between "white" and "black" lies. We think a great lie a great sin, and a great shame to a man; but, after all, little lies are much more dangerous, because there are so many of them, and because each one of them is diamond-pointed. And these little, petty untruths, which are so small that we do not notice them, and so numerous that we cannot estimate them, are the ones that take off the very enamel off the moral sense—cut away its entire surface.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

It is utterly impossible that two ordinary persons should live contentedly together, and not offend each other sometimes. The offence may not be intentional; it may occur inadvertently. In order to enjoy life, all unintentional offences ought to be forgiven. It would be well, however, if persons studied not to give offence, even unintentionally.