

glad more for his sake than our own that he has been successful in business. Here is my receipt in full. I suppose you have now liquidated the entire amount of his indebtedness out of that cap of Fortunatus," pointing with a smile to the old saddle-bags.

"The use of the saddle-bags," said Mr. Hall, "is a whim of Mr. Browning's. He said he had often transported specie over the mountains in them in the early times when he rode on horseback from Kentucky to Philadelphia, and he wanted them to partake of his honor in paying off his debts here. They have not quite finished their mission. One creditor is left yet, a Mr. Wm. S. Jones, whom I have been unable to find. He quit corresponding with Mr. Browning about eighteen months ago. My impression is that at that time he was in somewhat straitened circumstances."

"Ah! yes, Wm. S. Jones. He died a year and a half since. I remember now. I never knew him well, but my recollection is that his estate was nearly if not quite overwhelmed by a succession of disasters."

"Where can I find his widow?" The merchant arose and went to a pile of books on the mantel.

"Ah! yes, here it is," said he blowing off a trace of anthracite ashes. "I was looking for an old directory. Jones—Jones H.—Jones L.—Jones, Wm. S., Residence, 648 Walnut street. You might enquire there."

A ring of the doorbell at 648 Walnut street, is answered by an Irish servant-girl, who looks askance at the saddle-bags on Mr. Hall's arm. "Indade there's no Mrs. Jones lives here. This is Mr. Ashhurst's."

"Then say to Mrs. Ashhurst, that a gentleman wishes to see her a moment on urgent business."

The lady said in answer to Mr. Hall's enquiries, "We have been residing in this house for a little more than a year. I never knew Mrs. Jones, but I found this card here," taking one from an ornamental rack. "It may furnish you the information you desire."

It was written in a delicate, feminine hand, and read thus:

"If any one should call to enquire after me, please say that I have removed, with my children, to Mr. Samuel White's, ten miles from the city, on the old Lancaster road."

"MARY JONES."

Again, however, he was doomed to disappointment. He found that Mrs. Jones had returned to the city three months before, and was living on Sixth street above Arch; the number was forgotten.

Back to the city again then. After going from door to door on both sides of Sixth street, he was standing on the corner of Arch and Sixth streets, perplexed and discouraged.

An old Quaker gentleman passed by and, stopping, said kindly,

"Friend, theeseems to be in trouble. Can I help thee anyway?"

"I hope so, good sir. I am looking for a Mrs. Wm. S. Jones who has returned from the country and is now living, as I am informed, somewhere on Sixth street above Arch. I am the bearer of pleasant tidings to her if she can only be found."

"God has sent me to thee, friend. Come, I will show thee her dwelling. It is above Vine."

On the way Mr. Hall learned that Mrs. Jones was in great destitution, and was sinking gradually into consumption. The old Quaker had evidently been a friend in need, but he parried all questions relative to his good offices.

At length they stopped at a squalid tenement-house three stories high.

"Third floor, No. 26," said the Quaker, pointing up the narrow flight of steps. "My home is 321 Arch street." And he turned off gravely, leaving Mr. Hall at the open doorway.

A gentle tap at No. 26 was answered by a faint "Come in!" He entered, and found a pale woman reclining on a lounge. Three little children were at play on the floor. Their clothes were old, but neatly patched. The meagre furniture of the apartment was scrupulously clean, and the clearness of the window-panes contrasted strongly with the dinginess of all the other windows in the house. She pointed him to a chair.

"This is Mrs. Wm. S. Jones, I believe?"

"Yes, sir: my name is Mary Jones, and I am the widow of Wm. S. Jones, formerly a merchant of this city. May I ask the nature of your business with me?"

"I represent Mr. Browning, of ———, Kentucky. There is an unsettled matter of business between him and your husband's estate."

She gave him a look of anguish.

"If you have come to collect any debts from my poor husband's estate, let me tell you, sir, that one ten-dollar bill is all that stands between me, my little children, and starvation."

"Far from it, madam. Mr. Browning owed your husband six hundred dollars five years ago. Your husband was indulgent and furnished him goods to recommence business on. Mr. Browning has promptly paid already for

all the goods purchased since his embarrassment, but he now sends the money by me to pay off his old debts. All the creditors have been paid except yourself. The original debt was six hundred dollars. The interest for five years at six per cent. is one hundred and eighty dollars more. See if this is correct."

Then, taking the old saddle-bags from the floor, he counted out seventy-eight gold eagles on the table beside her.

For a moment she seemed in a maze. Then, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven, she sat in silent prayer. That little chamber became indeed a Mount of Transfiguration, and the Master, though not present bodily, was there in spirit.

The stranger would not intrude upon her high and holy communion with the Comforter. So he stole quietly out of the room and left her alone with God.

The best part of this story of the Quaker City is that, except a thin veil of fiction, it is true. The underlying facts have been derived from Mr. Hall, who still lives.—*Ill. Chris. Weekly.*

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

No automaton or deception ever had such a success as the automaton chess-player, which for more than half a century astonished and delighted the whole of Europe. The chess-player was constructed in 1769 by Van Kempelen, a gentleman of Presburg in Hungary. It was exhibited to thousands in Presburg, Vienna, and Paris, immediately after its completion. In 1783-'84 it was exhibited in London and other parts of England. After this it seems to have fallen out of repair. In 1819 Maelzel, the mechanician, overhauled it, and exhibited it in Great Britain in that and the following year, where "it excited," says Sir David Brewster, "as intense an interest as when it was first produced in Germany." The chess-player was a life-sized figure, clothed in a Turkish dress, and seated behind a large chest or box—somewhat resembling a library-desk—three and a half feet long, two feet deep, and two and a half feet high. The machine ran on castors. The chess-player sat on a chair fixed to the square chest; his right arm rested on the table, and in the left he held a pipe, which was removed during the game, as it was with that hand that he made the moves. A chess-board, eighteen inches square and bearing the usual number of pieces, was placed before the figure. The exhibitor then unlocked four doors, two in the back of the chest, and held a lighted candle at the opening by which to exhibit the machinery, which consisted of levers, wheels, cylinders, and pinions. The figure was also examined, and out of a drawer at the bottom and front of the chest a small box of counters, a set of chessmen, and a cushion for the automaton's arm, were taken. All the doors and drawers were then closed and locked—the spectators having satisfied themselves that there was no place for a concealed person—the exhibitor busied himself in adjusting the mechanism from behind the chest, removed the pipe from the figure's hand, and wound up the machinery. The automaton was then ready for play, which began as soon as an opponent was found in the audience. The automaton took the first move in all cases. "At every move made by the automaton the wheels of the machine are heard in action; the figure moves its head, and seems to look over every part of the chess-board. When it gives check to its opponent it shakes its head thrice, and only twice when it checks the queen. It likewise shakes its head when a false move is made, replaces its adversary's piece on the square from which it was taken, and takes the next move itself. In general, though not always, the automaton wins the game. During the progress of the game the exhibitor stands near the machine, and winds it up like a clock after it has made ten or twelve moves. At other times he went to a corner of the room, as if to consult a small, square box which stood open for this purpose."

Psycho, the whist-player, has not improved much upon the automaton chess-player invented more than a hundred years ago. Van Kempelen never pretended that the automaton really played the game. On the other hand, he distinctly said that the effects of the machine "appeared so marvellous only from the boldness of the conception, and the fortunate choice of the methods adopted for illusion." There is now little doubt that a person was contained in the chest who really played the game of chess, and that the ostentatious exhibition of the machinery was simply to throw the spectator off his guard.

We have no space to describe Babbage's calculating-machine and Jevon's logical machine; but, before leaving this entertaining subject, it may not be inappropriate to add that automatic constructions are not as useless as they seem. As Sir David Brewster well says: "The elements of the tumbling puppets were revived in the chronometer, and the shapeless wheel which directed the hand of the

drawing automaton now serves to guide the movements of the taboring-engine. Those mechanical wonders which in one century enriched only the conjurer who used them contributed in another to augment the wealth of the nation; and those automatic toys which once amused the vulgar are now employed in extending the power and promoting the civilization of our species."—*From Appleton's Journal for September.*

THE STORY OF A WONDERFUL DIAMOND.

The Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, is stated by the Hindoos to have been discovered in the mines of Golconda more than three thousand years ago, and to have been originally in the possession of Kama, King of Auga. Another version states that it was stolen from one of the kings of Golconda by a treacherous general named Mininrola, and presented by him to the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe, about the year 1640. It was then rough and uncut, and about twice its present size; but Shah Jehan gave it to a diamond-worker, who cut it so badly that he wasted half of it, and did not display its lustre to good advantage. The Mogul—who was in a justifiable rage—instead of paying the jeweller for his work, fined him ten thousand ducats. About two hundred years ago, Tavernier, the French traveller, saw the Koh-i-noor in India, and described the admiration and amazement it always excited. From that time until it came into the possession of the Khan of Cabul, at the commencement of the present century, the Koh-i-noor changed hands very often. Runjeet Singh obtained it from the Khan in a mean and abominable way. He had heard that the Khan of Cabul had the finest and purest diamond ever seen, and he determined to possess it. The Khan was invited by the intending thief; he arrived at the court of his host with—not the diamond, but a clever imitation. Once in Runjeet Singh's power, that despot immediately demanded the gem. It was reluctantly given up, and sent to the court jewellers to be cut. Runjeet Singh soon received intelligence that the stone was comparatively worthless. He was so enraged at this that he ordered the Khan's palace to be ransacked from top to bottom, to find the missing treasure. At last a slave betrayed his master, and showed the diamond lying under a heap of ashes. Runjeet carried it off in triumph, and subsequently decked himself, and occasionally his horse, with its splendid brilliancy. When he died, the gem passed into the hands of his successors; and in 1850, when we conquered the Punjab, the Koh-i-noor was among the spoil. It was brought to England in the "Medea," and presented to Her Majesty the Queen by the East India Company. The Koh-i-noor was pronounced to be badly cut, and the court jeweller entrusted it to Messrs. Coster, of Amsterdam, to re-cut—a work that occupied the labors of thirty-eight days, of twelve hours each. The late Duke of Wellington became an amateur diamond-cutter for this memorable occasion, and gave the first touch to the work. The wonderful stone was exhibited, re-cut, in 1862, and a model of it may be seen in the British Museum.—*From "The World of Wonders" for September.*

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Many parents allow themselves to be dishonored by economizing in their own dress so as to dress their children richly; and their children, taking it all as a matter of course, find it comfortable to believe that their parents have no taste and no desire to look anything but "shabby."

"As the mothers are usually older than their daughters, the fault lies with them," I mentally soliloquized, on meeting a young lady and her mother calling together,—the daughter a picture of newness, the mother in faded attire, wearing Kate's cast-off necktie, and gloves too old to bear mending.

Kate's engaging manners, and pretty use of her delicately gloved hands were in sharp contrast to her mother's wavering attention, as she nervously tried to conceal the holes in the palms of her own ash-tinted black kids.

To deprive themselves of necessary adornment for the sake of over-dressing their children, appears to some parents laudable self-denial. They do not consider that they are merely fostering their own pride, and developing in their children a spirit, vain, selfish and disrespectful.

If but a part of the time and money spent by young ladies upon their own toilets were devoted to their parents, a decided improvement would immediately be seen in the dress of both parties.

Girls sometimes think that a companion in poor and ill-fitting raiment is a good background for their own tasteful outfit, being apparently blind to the fact that many and

many are the mothers whose patient self-denial is strongly brought out by the vanity and selfishness of their daughters.

It may be claimed that young folks go out oftener than their parents, are noticed more, and generally expected to be better dressed; but we believe that niceness and propriety in dress are a necessity to old people, for which the vivacity and coloring of youth fully make amends. For the sake, then, of their own dignity, and the respect of their children, parents should insist upon their right to claim superiority in dress; let them divide the allowance for dress as evenly as possible, but if there must be a deficiency, let it not appear in the dress of the parents.

A few evenings ago I chanced to overhear the conversation of two young girls at an evening gathering, as they unconsciously revealed themselves.

"How nice your mother looks!" said Ellen.

"So she does; but I was just thinking how nice yours looks," replied Janet.

"I crimped her hair and made her cap, so I hadn't much time to spend on myself. How do I look?"

"Beautifully," answered Janet; "but I think your mother and mine are the belles of the evening; I love to look at them."

And as the girls' loving eyes watched the two old ladies as they crossed the room together, I felt a glow in my heart, and determined to write down the incident in my "glad remembers."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XXVIII.

The prophet who "loved the wages of unrighteousness."

The native land of Ishmael's wife.

The man who would not part with the inheritance of his fathers.

The tenth part of an ephah.

The city to which Barnabas went to seek Saul.

The number of years that Moses sojourned in Midian.

The saint who, "being dead, yet speaketh."

The medium of communication between Joseph and his brethren.

St. Paul's "own son in the faith."

The father of King Manasseh.

Isaac's brother-in-law.

The prophet visited on his death-bed by King Joash.

The city where Omri was buried.

The Benjamite who cursed David.

These initials make a charge of our Saviour to His disciples.

XXIX.

Whose faith and courage saved her people's life?

Who won a battle trusting in the Lord?

Who gained a sharp rebuke for jealous strife?

Who perished by a traitor's cruel sword?

Who checked his rage to prove a prophet's word?

The initial letters take—they form his name

Who did his foe's unwilling praise proclaim;

Then take the initials, and they give the same.

XXX.

1. A type of our Lord; one who entered the land of Egypt, and the house of bondage, and there saved his people.

2. One who preferred a present and temporal benefit, to that which was future and eternal, and repented, when too late.

3. The name of a King of Israel; also of one who, from a persecutor, became an apostle.

4. One who put out a rash hand, unauthorized by God, to steady the ark, which he thought to be in danger, and received not praise, but punishment from God.

5. The name of that church of whose angel (or bishop) was said, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

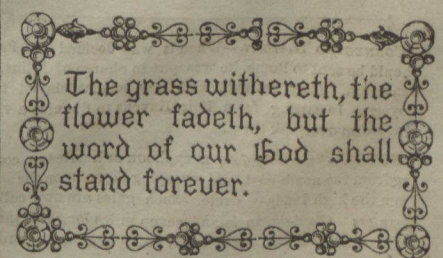
The first letters of these make up the sweetest human name in the world.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole

It calms the troubled breast;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary rest."



The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.