

AMONG THE SHADOWS.

Weary a little, while the light is fading,
Here in my lonely room,
Dreaming, I watch the creeping shadows darken,
Heart-sick amid the gloom.
Flicker the flames up from the glowing embers,
And fancies come and go,
Fraught with the light of days my soul remembers—
Days that were fair, you know.

Weary a little, for the work is lonely,
The path is steep to climb,
Cheered never by the sound of pleasant voices,
As in the bygone time;
Heart-sick a little, for the clouds that gather
Are dark and strange overhead,
And the old sunlight and the pleasant weather
Have passed away and fled.

But dreams are sweet. They glid the gloomy present
With fitful gleams of light;
They tinge the past and future with a glory
Golden, serene, and bright;
They bring back tender tones and loving faces
Out of a vanished day,
And paint in sunny hues remembered places—
Dear places far away.

Ay—dreams are sweet. And for the weary waiting,
And for the toil and tears,
Perchance there may be harvest sweet to gather
In the fair after-years;
And for the travail and the long probation
Rest for the tired feet;
And for the hard cross, borne with resignation,
A crown that shall be sweet!

T. FERGUSON.

FOR EVERYBODY.

Cleopatra To-Day.

A correspondent who has been to the British Museum writes: "Full of strange speculations and sober thoughts I paused before the case containing the mummy of Egypt's royal flir, Cleopatra. Before me was the short, dumpy figure of the Queen, the flash of whose eye and the witchery of whose smile had intoxicated the mighty Caesar and unnerved the brawny arm of Mark Antony. She was wrapped a thousand times in linen bands, and seemed bundled up to keep the cold air out. On the outer covering was a portrait of the woman as she appeared in life. The colors were nearly as bright as when put there. The cheeks were full and rosy, the hair dark as the raven's wing, and there was a look of ineffable grace in the face, blushing with an expression that bespoke a knowledge of her beauty and power as a woman rather than that of a Queen. There were the charms before me that had seduced a score of lovers, and the lips that it was delirium to kiss. I stood there, and thought and thought until thinking became a burden.

Coquelin and Croizette.

A Paris correspondent writes: "An excellent actor is Coquelin of the Français; fine appearance, splendid elocution, great memory, graceful manners. And yet during all the years of his connection with the Français he has never, until a few nights ago, had the opportunity of playing one single original part. His lot has been to play the old parts in the old legitimate pieces, in which he has had constantly to encounter that unpleasant form of criticism, 'You are very good, but you should have seen So-and-so in this part.' At last an author, Mr. Paul Ferrier, succeeded in getting a piece accepted at the Français, in which Coquelin was to have the leading rôle. For more months than I care to count up, both author and actor have been waiting for an opening for the piece. Three months ago it was on the point of being performed when the 'Sphinx' came along and took the lead. In consequence a bitter feeling arose between Coquelin and Croizette; the latter artist is almost as powerful now at the Français as Rachel was in her time, and Coquelin's new piece was laid on the shelf until the 'Sphinx' should have its day. Naturally Coquelin was wounded; so was his wife; they expressed themselves very freely on the subject, and when the *répétition générale* of the 'Sphinx' was given their feelings were not much mollified by Mme Coquelin's being refused admittance to this exclusive performance by order of Mlle. Croizette. But it is a long lane, &c. The 'Sphinx' has spoken so often now that it is no longer the oracle it was, and so the other night Coquelin got a chance to play his Tabarin. Tabarin has more than once figured in plays in France since his death, and several pieces with other heroes bear a resemblance to the exploits in which he is now made to reappear. Coquelin's performance was excellent, and a curious feature of the first night was Croizette sitting in a private box applauding. The piece was in two acts and in verse."

Venus's Flytrap.

Venus's Flytrap (*Dionaea muscipula*) is a plant which derives its name from the leaf possessing the power of catching and digesting insects. *Dionaea* grows in soft damp moss, has very simple roots, and its flowers possess little beauty. When an insect touches any of the six filaments of the blade-lobes, one of the latter closes sharply upon it, just as a trap closes on a rat when it is caught. The leaf remains closed for a week or more, and a quantity of juice is secreted from the internal surface, by which the insect is gradually dissolved, and eventually absorbed. This process Mr. Darwin has proved to be of the same nature as that by which food is digested in the stomach of the higher animals.

Journalistic Enterprise.

The New York *Herald* is running a special railway train on Sundays, between New York and Saratoga, for distributing the *Sunday Herald*. The following is its modest announcement of the fact:—"With a view of keeping our readers at the various watering places along the valley of the Hudson and elsewhere informed of the current events of the day, our lightning train will leave the Grand Central depot at half-past three o'clock to-morrow morning. Through it the sojourners at the Catskills,

West Point, Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Lake George and the various places on the route will be furnished with the *Herald* at their breakfast tables the same as though they were in New York. The train will be continued during the season for the convenience of those secluded in the various resorts mentioned." A New York evening paper says "there is no other country where even the largest and wealthiest journals would resort to so unusual, yet sensible, an expedient for circulating their issue." The fact of this being a greater stroke of enterprise than was ever attempted in any other country, will reconcile the average American mind to the "Sunday express" as well as the Sunday newspaper, the latter being no longer a novelty in the States.

Reporting Forty Years Ago.

With the aid of post-horses, macadamised roads, shorthand, and steam-printing, a wonderful feat—wonderful at that time of day—was performed by the *Times* forty years ago (1834). A grand banquet was given to Earl Grey by his Scotch admirers, and the *Times* sent down reporters of their own to describe the proceedings. They left the room at twelve o'clock at night on Monday, the 15th, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Friday that newspaper reached Edinburgh by the mail with a full account of the proceedings. The reporters, it seems, posted up thirty hours, so that they were in London on Wednesday morning at six o'clock. This was thought so very wonderful in 1834 that Lord Henry Cockburn deemed it worthy of special note.

A Wanderer.

As a proof of the ubiquitousness of Englishmen, a curious incident is related in connection with our late mission to Kashgar. While the mission was staying at Kashgar, its members often noticed a man hanging about the house they occupied, whose features were decidedly of a European cast. Being interrogated, he replied he was a Kirghiz Tartar. This man was temporarily engaged as a mule-driver by one of the exploring parties detached from headquarters at Kashgar, and the manner of his being identified as an Englishman is curious. Colonel Gordon had been making some sketches of the strange figures and costumes gathered around the camp, and, as is usual in such cases, soon became the centre of an inquisitive and admiring crowd. Our friend the mule-driver was among these, and, looking over Colonel Gordon's shoulders, commenced unconsciously to read aloud the remarks written under the various sketches. Colonel Gordon encouraged him in this for some time, and then, suddenly turning round, said, "You are an Englishman!" Upon which the man put his two hands before his face, rushed away as fast as his legs could carry him, and was never seen by the party again. It was conjectured that he was a Crimean deserter.

Uses of Paper.

Newspapers are sometimes valued on grounds apart from their literary merits. A contemporary says that recently a grocer confidentially told him that he preferred the *Saturday Review* to any of the other weeklies, because a page of it would hold exactly a pound of sugar. Upon another occasion a waiter at a tavern expressed a preference for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the ground that the quality of the paper made it suitable for screwing-up coppers.

No Speech.

One summer evening during a visit to Salem, the late Mr. Peabody was sitting alone by an open parlour window. The room within was lighted, the street without was dark, so that, while his form was plainly recognisable by anybody passing, he could not see what was outside. A party of young men stopped in front of the house, and began to call for "Peabody!" "Peabody!" "George Peabody!" Supposing very naturally, that the townsmen wished to pay their respects and hear a speech, he came forward, when a voice rose out of the darkness, "Say, Peabody—hic—give us a thousand dollars—hic." Mr. Peabody shut the window very suddenly, and did not make a speech.

An Arab Aristarchus.

Sheikh Nasif el Yaziji was a famous Arab poet and scholar, and a young man brought him a poem to be corrected. He told him to call in a few days and get it. He came again, and the Sheikh said to him, "Your poem is like the missionary's prickly pear." "The missionary's prickly pear?" said the young poet. "What do you mean?" "Why," said the Sheikh, "Doctor—, a missionary, when he first came to Syria, had a dish of prickly pears set before him to eat. Not liking to eat the seeds, he began to pick them out, and when he had picked out all the seeds there was nothing left. So your poem. You asked me to remove the errors, and I found that when I had taken out all the errors there was nothing left."

Sewing on Sunday.

An Englishwoman writes to the London *Spectator*, pleading for the right to sew on Sunday! She thinks the day would be more cheerful to many women if the weariness of idleness were not imposed upon them—that they tire of reading or writing the whole day, and for want of their ordinary knitting or sewing are secretly glad when the day ends. We incline to doubt whether many American women who are accustomed to use their needles on week-days pine for a continuance of that employment on Sunday. There should be, of course, a moderate amount of occupation on Sunday to make the day useful and restful. But rest generally involves change; and, as a rule, regarding Sunday only as a rest-day, the rest is better found by turning the thoughts and the hands away from the avocations of the other six days.

Egyptian Blue.

A remarkable and very beautiful shade of blue is noticeable upon many of the ancient ornaments found in the tombs of Egypt. Analysis some time since proved the colour to be formed by a combination of soda, sand, and lime, with certain proportions of copper, from which substances the Egyptians managed to produce three different products—first, a peculiar kind of red, green, and blue glass; second, a brilliant enamel; and, lastly, the colour to which reference is made above, and which was used for painting. By syntheetical experiments Mr. Peligot has succeeded in reproducing this peculiar shade of

blue, by heating together 73 parts of silica with 16 of oxide of copper, 8 of lime, and 3 of soda. The temperature should not exceed 800 deg. Fahr., as, in such case, a valueless black product is the result.

Phylloxera and the French Vineyards.

More than one hundred and fifty various remedies have been tried to check the ravages caused by the *Phylloxera vastatrix* among the vineyards of France, but without success, and the only hope of many scientific men is in the introduction of varieties of vine which are known to be to a certain extent proof against the attacks of this insect. Many American kinds of vine are said to possess the property of resisting the disease for a much longer time than the French vines, and steps are being taken to introduce roots of these varieties into France. In the Department of Hérault alone the produce of wine has fallen from fourteen millions of hectolitres to eleven millions. Not only is the fruit destroyed by the effects of the parasite, but the vine itself is destroyed in a year or two; and one female Phylloxera is said to produce two or three millions of young in a year.

Beauties of Emigration.

An acquaintance of a certain bailie in Scotland made a grievous complaint to him one day of the hard times and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in that wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these croakings, for his industry had realised a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt to prove to the complainer that his success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend objected. "Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way weel in Australia." "Yes," returned his desponding townsman, "that might be the case ance in a day; but, if there is business there, mair folks are there than can get a share o't." "Weel, it may be true ye say," rejoined the bailie; "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naeboddy there," said the grumbler, "but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate, concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make "indifferent good" bargains, replied, "Weel a-weel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as guid as anither man's?"

Wedding Outfit on One Hundred Dollars.

"Please tell me through your column what outfit, dresses, &c., it would be economical for a young lady to get who has only \$100 to spend, who expects to be married in the Autumn to a clerk with a moderate salary, living in a small town." Let the wedding dress be of sicilienne cashmere. This is a beautiful material, suitable for Fall and Spring wear, and for evening dress in the Winter. For heavy Winter dress buy an empress cloth; it never wears out, and holds its own as long as there's a scrap left of it. Buy a piece of Wamsutta, one of Loasdale, and a dozen yards of Shaker flannel, and make enough underclothes to last two years. Trim them plainly, but neatly. Have two or three calico wrappers and an afternoon dress of poplin or serge. A black Neapolitaine hat can be worn, with linings and trimmings to suit the season, throughout the year. A beaver sacque for Winter is indispensable, but the rest of the year polonaises of the same material as the dress will answer nearly all purposes of wraps. Of course the other little things will have to come in; but these are the main articles of a modest but sufficient and serviceable wardrobe.

Falling Hair.

The hair like the nails, is very much affected by the various conditions of the physical frame. One of the first indications of falling vigor is in the dryness of the hair, its falling off or its turning gray. It is said that washing the hair with sage tea, will prevent its falling, others recommend water with a little ammonia in it; a diet of coarse food, of bread made of the whole grain and of the great variety of mushes is said to improve the colour of the hair. Iron and sulphur which give the hair its colour, iron predominating in black hair, and sulphur in red and chestnut, are found in the husk of the grain, the part rejected by those who eat only fine flour. Unventilated hats and head-gear which is heavy as well as warm, are apt to make the hair fall. Italian, Greek and Spanish women, who never wear hats, and are much in the open air, have abundant and luxuriant growth of this much prized ornament of woman. But we warn our readers against all patent nostrums that pretend to restore, dye, or stimulate the growth of the hair. They contain either Spanish flies, or bismuth, or lead, which are poisons—the minerals producing paralysis and sometimes death, and the cantharid's raising minute blisters or irritating the surface, and ultimately doing more harm than good.

A Cuban Café.

A Havana correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes: "The best cafés are located near the Plaza de Armas, among which is the famous Café 'Dominica,' or in the Louvre, where stands the old Tacon Theatre, and every night these resorts are frequented by large crowds. It is a mingling of strange characters. On one occasion seated at a table in the café of the Tacon I saw a young count sweep by. On each arm swung a laughing, dark-eyed Cuban girl smoking a cigarette. Again at the table just opposite sat an old man with white head, just ready to go under the sod, yet to-night, under the cheering influences of his bewitching young lady and sparkling champagne, he seemed to renew the gayety of his youth. So they go. There is an unceasing buzz of conversation; the air becomes filled with the smoke of cigars; all is life, bustle, and animation; there is a wild ringing of glasses—in a word, everybody seems to say: 'To-day is ours—let us be merry, for to-morrow—we die.' Yet let me add here that in all my saunterings in Cuba, while I witnessed much drinking places both high and low, yet I saw only one drunken man. Yet they have never dreamed of such a thing in that isle as a prohibitory law. The liquors are consequently of a very fair quality, and quite reasonable in price, and many of their drinks may be called excellent. The Yankee, I noticed, invariably called for his cocktail. But for a really pleasant and refreshing drink they have what is called a 'penales.' It is simply a glass of water in which are placed two small white rolls made of whites of eggs and sugar, a bit of ice, and a few drops of lime-juice, which gives it a good flavour. The taste is somewhat similar to our lemonade."