

diagrams. It consists of a series of bars of wood or metal, joined together so as to form a system of "double triangles"; one of the bars carries at its extremity a tracing point or style, and another a pen or pencil, the whole turning freely on a centre carried by a third bar. When the style is guided over the outline of a drawing the pencil moves with a perfectly similar motion over a sheet of paper placed beneath it, and so produces a perfect facsimile of the original. Its application to photostereography is as follows:—Photograph No. 1 (that is the photograph taken by the camera opposite or corresponding to the division marked 1 on the circular platform beneath the sitter) is placed in a magic lantern, and an enlarged image of it projected upon a screen. Near to this screen is a small circular table, turning upon a pivot, and divided round its circumference into twenty-four parts, similar to the large (sitter's) platform. Upon this little table is placed a block of modeller's clay, of sufficient size to allow of a bust or statuette of the required dimensions being cut from it; and between it and the screen is mounted a large pantograph furnished at one end with the customary style or tracer, but with a sharp tool or cutter occupying the place of the pen or pencil. Photograph, pantograph, and clay block being adjusted to their proper positions, the operator carefully guides the style over the outline of the enlarged photograph, and the cutting tool, exactly following every motion of the style, cuts the clay into a profile exactly corresponding to that of the photograph, and hence exactly similar to the contour of the original model or sitter as seen from the point occupied by camera No. 1. Photograph No. 2 is then substituted for No. 1 in the lantern, the little turntable with the clay block is turned through one of its twenty-four divisions, and the outline of the second photograph similarly traversed by the style and transferred to the clay. Photograph No. 3 is treated in the same manner, and so on until all the photographs have passed in succession through the lantern and been transcribed, in their proper positions to the clay, which, by the end of the operation, stands upon its table an accurate reproduction of the sitter on the platform! All that then remains to be done is to smooth down the rough outlines left by the cutter, and the work is finished. This last operation requires the assistance of an artist, and is the only part of the whole process that demands any more skill than is required in the most ordinary mechanical operations. The time occupied is wonderfully short, compared with the tedious process of modelling a bust from the life, to say nothing of the disagreeable operation, often resorted to, of taking a plaster cast of the face to serve as a basis for the sculptor's work. The bust or statuette once obtained can be easily multiplied by the ordinary means in use for producing plaster images, or it may be carved into marble or bronze to suit the taste and purse of its possessor. By varying the mechanical arrangements it may be produced of colossal size, or diminished to an inch in height. By slight modifications of the process, the portrait may be flattened to the proportions of a medallion or bas-relief, or cut into a seal or die, and at the will of the operator may even be distorted to yield a grotesque figure or caricature.—*Once a Week*.

SMILES

It is often said, in extenuation of a harsh, close, or otherwise unattractive physiognomy, that the owner of it has a sweet smile. "Have you observed his smile?" we are asked, and constantly this smile is alleged as a guarantee. That man must be sound at theorems who has an open, ingenuous, intelligent smile. The rest is accident, or, at the best, rough usage; but the smile lifts the veil, and shows us the real temper, mind, and heart, which are understood to be disguised by the pose of feature. For our part, we trust the ordinary expression; where that is cold, we believe that the heart is cold too. There is a certain lightning flash illuminating some countenances which may be accepted as a sign of transitory interest and goodwill, if people will be content with this; but which, to our fancy, rather sets the smile in a striking and attractive point of view than brings him nearer to us, or tells us anything about the relation of his mind towards others. The smile comes from within—sprung from the stir of a certain abstract benevolence, from a front of satisfied complacent thought—and shines with the design of revealing something to us not in sympathy with our homely nature. There need be no inimitable coldness here, but we think that people with this brilliant telling smile will often be found, in a quiet way, very full of themselves, and attributing to themselves a prominent place in the mind and interest of others. The smile has in reality a touch of patronage in it, but, if bright and sudden enough, the chill is lost in a sense of favor. This smile is, no doubt, a mark of that strong "pronounced" individuality which puts some characters so far in advance of their less confident fellows. People who never break away from the stolidity of their every-day expression, who are aware of an inner supremacy law against it, may not necessarily be more self-forgotten than others. Self-consciousness, awkward in many ways, has often the advantage over others in its smile. "My expression is best," said Simon, "when I am talking to little children." We have little doubt that he was right, and that the smiles lavished on these innocents were of first-rate quality—only, unfortunately, he knew it.

There is another sort of smile belonging to men of strong characters of which we hear high encomiums—the transforming smile, which sets off and humanizes the countenance in the most unexpected manner. Conquerors and dictators in all spheres are often described with this redeeming grace. But it is scarcely a compliment to any man's habitual expression to attribute this effect to what can be only an occasional performance; especially as the transforming smile, if we read romances aright, is also the "rare smile" which engages the affections of young ladies who have never lived under the influence of a bad temper, and think they should rather like it. Where the smile has this double quality, what must be the ex-ay-day expression towards people not worth smiling upon? Give us rather for our constant companion a face to which smiles are so natural, and so in sequence with other transitions of expression, as to excite no speculation—whose sweetness, at any rate, shall owe none of its effects to sharp contrasts.

All smiles, after childhood, are things of education; in fact, they are at once the sign of earliest consciousness and of the highest development and finish. Perhaps they do not arrive at their more exquisite perfection between the two extremes. Savages, we are told, never smile. Engaged in the rough work of the world laugh, but seldom

they do, it is a token of intellectual advance. It is painful to observe how seldom the poor smile, with what grave faces they accept one another until we chance to reflect how little mirth there often is in our own smiles, and recall the sense of relief which our muscled not seldom find in relaxing from them. There have been times when laughter was wholly forbidden to the well-bred gentleman—when it was pronounced vulgar, and inadmissible at a tournament or court of love. Ladies might never go beyond a smile; but that medieval smile! What was not said and sung! What was not for we and suffered, for the divine emanation? The *lunaparr del anglicano* of Laura received its apotheosis; the *santo riso* of Beatrice has become a constellation since it first shone on Dante, as "that admirable person in a dress of purest white" transfixed him with a smile "of such ineffable courtesy that on the instant he attained the extreme of human happiness."

We are apt to class smiles grammatically as masculine and feminine. Thus the lightning is seen with most effect on men, while the bewitching smile is essentially a woman's weapon. The critical smile, the "slow, gradual smile"—a certain subtle, delicate, polite smile of carrying a point in argument—is a man's mode of triumph; while the artless, appealing, "mocking," winning, coaxing smile is best pointed with girlish dimples. The best smile of all—that of sympathy, where the eyes do more than the lips—is to be seen wherever the feelings have the luck to meet with features pliant and graceful enough to let them show themselves to advantage.

Smiles of the ineffable sort are the expression of thought and feeling happily stimulated and exerted in a new field, or wherever opportunity and influence are occasional, and to be made much of. However pleasant the wife's smile to her husband, it was a different smile, which first charmed him. The smile of purest benevolence is not lavished as those whose well being is the first duty a daily care. In fact, with all these smiles have done their part. When you know men an women thoroughly, you have got past their smiles; these will tell you nothing of the disposition or character which you did not know more perfectly in other ways, if you will cease to sully them.—*Saturday Review*.

COUNT FITZ-HUM, OR THE INCOGNITO.

Continued.

"No bad news, I hope!" said the Commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

"No, no!" none of any importance," said the Count, with great suavity; "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr. Pig, aloud; "nothing more!" said Mr. Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth—"

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion; a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe: truly unpleasant, and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! I should think so, and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of—"

"O, my dear sir," interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, "make yourself easy; nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigor and well-placed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital; tomorrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field; so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, to never transient."

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax rolled up to the door; the Count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some *adieux* to her father, of which all that was transpired were the words, "truly d's a cing," and "every well-constituted mind;" smiled most graciously on the whole company; pressed the Commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival; stepped into the carriage; and in a few moments "the blue landau," together with "the superb whisks," had rolled back through the city gates to their original home.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, the "rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (others especially, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene Highness was a great fool; but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meanwhile, the commissioner presented his accounts to the council; they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent course toward the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And according to the Commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deli berandum*. On returning home, the Commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax; this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe; besides, *carte blanche*—simple as it looks—is a profound diplomatic phrase, implying permission to dictate your own stipulations on a wide campaign acreage of white paper, not hedged in right and left by fiscally conditions, not intersected by fences that cut up all freedom of motion." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime, the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the Commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion; and the longer the silence lasted, so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs, and so much the more prodigious that accumulating array of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following disclosures:

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough town not and miles from the little river P. On the session of ur acious sovereign, and before his person was

generally known certain Mr. V. to his late High the whole town paved the way for a clerk in the by an agent f agent bore the adjusted to V what follows, large fortune, met with Mr. which had rip fortune, or no family. Und way of obtain scheme for w interesting to tried to fix h Mr. Commis he has actual Whether the to, remains h the prince's p to prison and and also for h

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