

made it as "sultry" as possible for the *Enterprise* and its "fool reporter." When the California papers saw all this, and found they had been sold, there was a howl from Siskiyou to San Diego. When Mark wrote the item he read it over to me, and I asked him how he was going to wind it up so as to make it plain that it was a mere invention.

"Oh, it is wound up now," was the reply. "It is all plain enough. I have said that the family lived in a little cabin at the edge of the great pine forest near Dutch Nick's, when everybody knows there's not a pine tree within ten miles of Nick's. Then I make the man ride nearly four miles after he has his throat cut from ear to ear, when any fool must see that he would fall dead in a moment."

But the people were all so shocked at first with the wholesale throat-cutting, that they did not stop to think of these points. Mark's whole object in writing this story was to make the murderer go to Pete Hopkins' saloon, and fall dead in front of it—Pete having in some way offended him. I could never quite see how this was to hurt Pete Hopkins. Mark probably meant to insinuate that the murderer had been rendered insane by the kind of liquor sold over the Hopkins' bar, or that he was one of Pete's bosom friends.

To-day, not a man in a hundred in Nevada, can remember anything written by Mark Twain while he was connected with the *Enterprise*, except this one item in regard to the shocking murder at Dutch Nick's; all else is forgotten, even by his oldest and most intimate friends. —Dan de Quille, in *July Californian*.

#### FORBEARANCE.

Nay! let it pass!  
'Twas but a hasty word,  
Unthinking uttered as unwilling heard—  
Although upon my ear it strangely jarred,  
A lifelong friendship shall not thus be marred;

Nay! let it pass!  
Nay! let it pass!  
I will not answer so,  
Lest words on words to greater difference grow;

Unguarded moments come to all—to me  
Oft needs the trust of loving charity;  
Then let it pass!

Then let it pass,  
And not a thought remain  
To pain my heart, or give another's pain;  
Let hearts be true, and let the friendship end

That bears not with the failings of a friend.

Yes! let it pass!  
—James Rock, in *Chambers' Journal*.

#### THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

The other day I transformed a savage old male *rhossus macacus*, which was tearing at his cage to get at me, with crimson face and gnashing canines, into a limp and pallid coward by the exhibition of a Japanese toy snake which I had in my pocket. Practical naturalists, who have to do with strong and fierce monkeys, occasionally resort to a similar stratagem in order to intimidate them. Mr. Rudyard Kipling introduces this fact into one of his tales, and makes the caretaker of an orang-outan, on board ship, gently hiss like a serpent whenever his charge became too obstreperous. I have tried the same experiment with apes of various kinds, and invariably with im-

mediate results. The suddenly arrested movements and startled, timorous look at once betrayed how much the mind of the beast was agitated by that uncanny sound. Is it not strange that throughout all nature, from the desolate swamp to the opera-house radiant with electric light, a hiss is an intimation of hostile intent? And that it invariably sends a flutter of apprehension through the nerves of the hearer? An actor who was great in the part of the ultra-villain in melodrama said that he never heard the hisses with which the gallery applauded his quasi-turpitude, without an uncomfortable momentary shudder, although he well knew that the sound was meant as an expression of the most sincere appreciation of his talents. Does not the novelist make his arch-reprobate hiss his curses when his demoniac emotion is too intense for shouting? Is it not possible that political audiences are unconsciously guided by a deep-seated animal instinct when they greet the unpopular orator or sentiment with a storm of sibilation? Of course the speaker or actor knows quite well that the auditorium is not (except metaphorically) a nest of serpents, just as the keeper of the reptiles at the zoological gardens knows that a harmless snake will not kill him when he handles it; but the disconcerting aura comes all the same, and the hiss generally serves its purpose. I have taken pains to let a monkey see that my toy snake was only made of paper, yet the next time it appeared from my pocket he sprang back involuntarily just as at first. —Dr. Louis Robinson, in *North American Review*.

#### CONSCIENCE IN WORK.

The great need of the day is more conscience in work. The habit of doing what we have to do as well, as thoroughly, and as speedily as possible, without immediate reference to its probable or possible effects upon ourselves is one which would of itself secure at once the best success for ourselves and the greatest good of the community. It would settle many vexed questions and solve many knotty problems. Instead of this, the common course is to consider closely the comparative benefit that is likely to accrue to us in return. There are all degrees of this calculation, from the strictly just to the grossly selfish. One man tries to estimate the true worth of his labour and performs it accordingly; another gives as little work and secures as large returns as possible; and between these there is a safe side. But in all such reckonings, there is one important element left out. No one can count up the value of the labour which is both generous and conscientious; even its money-value can never be calculated.

Believe me, there is no fairer sight for heavenly eyes, than that of a pure and child-like heart. All the splendours of intellect or of genius are as nothing to it. —Chas. Ste. Fol.

The ignorant hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes. —George Herbert.

During last year nearly four million copies of the Bible were issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Scriptures have been published in over 300 languages.

#### THE KISS OF CHILDREN.

No thought or sense unsatisfied  
The kiss of little children brings,  
No after-taste of bitter things,  
No tearful prayer for peace denied,  
No shadow of remorse's wings,  
No sense of fallen worth and pride,  
No feverish search of Lethe's tide,—  
But from their lips contentment springs.

The kiss of little children wakes  
The hope of endless better things.  
It stirs our hearts till memory sings  
Of our lost innocence and takes  
Us by the hand—that childlike clings  
To hers—along her paths, and makes  
Us nobler for the truth, that breaks  
This dream the kiss of children brings.  
—Charles Gordon Rogers, in *New England Magazine*.

Chemical coatings are now applied to some wire nails, which increase their holding powers remarkably.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps. —Shakespeare.

Storage batteries can be purchased of dealers in such goods, but can be made by a skillful person familiar with the principles on which they act. They are charged by means of a dynamo, operated by water, steam or other power.

With regard to the choice of friends, there is little to say; for a friend is never chosen. A secret sympathy, the attraction of a thousand nameless qualities, a charm in the expression of the countenance, even in the voice or manner, a similarity of circumstances—these are the things that begin attachment. —Mrs. Barbauld.

Speaking of power for small shops, "The Metal Worker," says: "The cost of the electric plant compares favourably, power for power, with plants previously available for small work. When installed for intermittent use, a contract, varying in price with the locality, can, we are told, be made with the local electric company to supply a small power for one-tenth to one-fifth of the cost of steam."

Experiments have been made with aluminum for horseshoes, by a Pennsylvania manufacturer within the last few months. Methods and machines used with steel had to be modified a little first. The shoes are light, of course; but they wear rapidly, not lasting over a week or ten days on a dirt road, and breaking easily. The experimenter thinks, that possibly an aluminum alloy, might be more serviceable.

Some years ago a minister of New York refused to officiate at the funeral of an actor, and suggested that the clergyman of "The Little Church around the Corner," might not have so tender a conscience. This proved to be the fact, and this, the Church of the Transfiguration, was adopted by the theatrical profession as its own. Since then many an actor has had the last solemn rites said over him in that building, and in it its Rector and the Bishop of New York officiated at the funeral of Edwin Booth.

There is no greater blunder than the belief, which seems to be held in some quarters, that art is an esoteric thing, a kind of cult practiced and enjoyed by a few fortunate persons. The whole history of art contradicts this belief; for wherever artistic production has been general and great, it has grown out of a popular love of art and a general appreciation of it. The art of Athens, of Florence and of Venice belonged to the people of those cities, and was part of their life. In architecture, sculpture, painting and literature it was the very reverse of esoteric. It was to the last degree a popular possession, and contributed to and was the expression of a rich and full public life. —Christian Union.