

villany of Burdett, the victorious triumph of Don Pedro, the author of all his misery; but, in vain. Esau, broken down by pain and weakness, met her passionate expostulations with the indifference of despair; saying, "Constant suffering has broken my spirit."

The Morisca smiled, for she had yet a last hope in reserve; fixing her eye on the leper, she said, "If thou shouldst suddenly see the daughter of Ben Levi, wouldst thou still remember the past?"

"Rachel!" exclaimed Esau. "Why, madam, recall that name to my mind?"

"I have then, at last, touched the only chord that still vibrates in the heart of this man," muttered the Morisca.

"What magic is there in that name?" continued Esau. "To see her only once again, to kiss the hem of her garment, I feel I could become a demon."

"I accept the conditions," interrupted the Morisca, placing her hand on Esau's cheek.

"Where, and when shall I see her, madam?" asked Esau.

"Here," replied Aiza, "in this square, on the threshold of this very house."

"When?" exclaimed Esau, with joy.

"Instantly," said she, "for our agreement is concluded. Look towards the Triana Gate. Seest thou that cloud of dust raised by the horses' feet?"

"It is Burdett returning home with his followers," said the leper, shaking his head.

"It is the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi, escorted by Englishmen," replied the Morisca; and, to avoid awakening the suspicions of her master, she hastily left the side of Esau.

The latter remained as if struck by a thunderbolt, and followed, with haggard eye, the march of the escort. He uttered a cry of joy on recognising Rachel, wrapped in a white travelling cloak, mounted on a mule, beside which rode the English knight with a triumphant air.

The young girl looked pale and sad, keeping her eyes cast down.

While the escort entered the courtyard, Aiza approached Esau, "Depart," said she to him, "but, as soon as it is night, return; thou shalt enter the house that Rachel is henceforth to inhabit, and I will reveal a secret to thee."

Rachel was conducted to her apartments while Burdett hastened to the refectory, musing in the meanwhile on the perplexities that surrounded him; his prisoner, Duguesclin; his captive, Aiza; his wife, so little disposed to love and obey him; and last, though not least, the precious gold table which Samuel Ben Levi had so cleverly extorted from him, and of which he desired again to get possession, but without exciting the suspicions of Don Pedro.

Calling his majordomo, he inquired if the Morisca had despatched any messenger to Granada, and, finding she had not, "Since that is the case," he said, "were she at present to offer me twice her weight in gold, she should remain my slave." He then sent for her Morisca, and without deigning even to speak to her, made her an imperious sign to follow him.

The knight led the way to his wife's apartments, which he entered, followed by the Morisca.

"Madam," said he to Rachel, pointing to the Morisca, who was still standing immovable before them, "you are doubtless surprised at the presence of this woman in your house, but I will explain it to you myself. When my Lord Edward of Wales sought a husband for you among his assembled lords and barons, you remember, Rachel, the humiliating silence that reigned around you. One man alone ventured to brave the shame that seemed to attach to that union; that man was myself."

(To be continued.)

"THE SEVEN WHISTLERS"—ENGLISH SUPERSTITIONS.

One evening a few years ago, when crossing one of our Lancashire moors in company with an intelligent old man, we were suddenly startled by the whistling overhead of a covey of plovers. My companion remarked that when a boy the old people considered such a circumstance a bad omen, "as the person who heard the Wandering Jews," as he called the Plovers, "was sure to be overtaken by some ill-luck." On questioning my friend on the name given to the birds, he said:

"There is a tradition that they contain the souls of those Jews who assisted at the crucifixion, and in consequence were doomed to float in the air forever."

When we arrived at the foot of the moor, a coach, by which I had hoped to finish my journey, had already left its station, thereby causing me to traverse the remaining distance on foot. The old man reminded me of the omen. Another writer says:

"During a thunder-storm which passed over this district (Kettering in Yorkshire), on the evening of September 6th, on which occasion the lightning was very vivid; an unusual spectacle was witnessed; immense flocks of birds were flying about uttering doleful, affrighted cries as they passed over the locality, and for hours they kept up a continual whistling like that made by sea-birds. There must have been great numbers of them, as they were also observed at the same time, as we learn by the public prints, in the counties of Northampton, Leicester and Lincoln. The next day, as my servant was driving me to a neighboring

village, this phenomenon of the flight of birds became the subject of conversation, and on asking him what birds he thought they were, he told me they were what were called 'The Seven Whistlers,' and that whenever they were heard it was considered a sign of some great calamity, and that the last time he heard them was the night before the great Hartley colliery explosion; he had also been told by soldiers that if they heard them they always expected a great slaughter would take place soon. Curiously enough, on taking up the newspaper the following morning, I saw headed in large letters, 'Terrible Colliery Explosion at Wigan,' etc., etc. This I thought would confirm my man's belief in 'The Seven Whistlers.'"

SELF-SUPPORTING WIVES.

For young married women to undertake to contribute to the family income is in most cases utterly undesirable, and is asking of them a great deal too much. And this is not because they are to be encouraged in indolence, but because they already, in a normal condition of things, have their hands full. As, on this point, I may differ from some of my associates, let me explain precisely what I mean. As I write there are at work in other parts of the house two paper-hangers, a man and his wife, each forty-five or fifty years of age. Their children are grown up, and some of them are married; they have a daughter at home who is able to do the housework, and leave the mother free. There is no possible way of organizing the labors of the household so judiciously as this; the married pair work together during the day, and go home together to their evening rest. A happier couple I never saw; it is a delight to see them cheerfully at work together, cutting, pasting, hanging; their life seems like a prolonged industrial picnic, and if I had the luck to own as many places as an English duke, I should keep them permanently employed in putting fresh paper on the walls. But the merit of this employment for the woman is that it interferes with no other duty. Were she a young woman with little children, and obliged by her paper-hanging to neglect them, or to leave them at a "day-nursery," or to overwork herself by combining all her duties, then the sight of her would be very sad. So sacred a thing does motherhood seem to me, so paramount and absorbing the duty of a mother to her child, that in a true state of society I think she would be utterly free from all other duties, even, if possible, from the ordinary cares of housekeeping. If she has spare health and strength to do these other things as pleasures, very well; but she should be relieved from them as duties. And as to self-support, I can hardly conceive of an instance where it can be to the mother of young children anything but a calamity.

HOW A YANKEE BOY MADE A ME-TEOR.

The Springfield *Republican* tells rather a flighty story of a well kept secret, which suggests that some of the modern meteors, which are constantly being discovered, may be accounted for in similar manner. The story goes that a boy, well back in 1811, made a kite and attached a lantern to it, in which he put a candle and arranged so that, when the candle had burned out, it would explode some powder which was in the bottom of the lantern. He kept the secret entirely to himself, and waited for a suitable night in which to raise his kite. The boy got his kite into the air without being discovered, for it was so dark that nothing but the colored lantern was visible. It went dancing about in the air wildly, attracting much notice, and was looked upon by ignorant people as some supernatural omen. The evil spirit, as many supposed it, went hobbling around for about twenty minutes, and then exploded, blowing the lantern to pieces. Next morning all was wonder and excitement, and the lad, who had carefully taken in his kite and hidden it after the explosion without being found out, had his own fun out of the matter. The people of Brattleboro' never had any explanation of the mystery until nearly sixty years afterwards, when the boy who had become quite an old gentleman published the story in a Brattleboro' newspaper.

A CONFLICT WITH A WHEELBARROW.

The following must have emanated from a person who had experienced in fumbling over a wheelbarrow (and who has not?) to have enabled him to so graphically describe the sensation:

If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over, on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else. He never knows when he has got through falling over it, either, for it will tangle his legs and arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and, just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off him, and he commences to evolve anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking ob-

ject there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one, unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse of true dignity.

AN INSPIRED TAILOR.

A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of Dean Swift, took it into the "ninth part" of his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelations. Quitting the shopboard, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to faint. His monomania was well known to the Dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and next morning took up the line of march to the deanery. The Dean whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible opened before him, and his eyes fixed on the 10th chapter of Revelations, he awaited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor announced, in an unearthly voice—

"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend said the Dean, I have just been reading the 10th chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with, and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the earth and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics, continued the Dean, has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of this angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches; and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

The exposition came like a shock to the poor tailor! He rushed from the house, ran to the shop, a sudden revolution of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of prophetic revelation by the wit of the Dean.

NOT SO SMART AFTER ALL.

A crafty chap with the serpent of deceit scurrying in his heart, became possessed of a \$20 greenback. His wife was a woman who indulged in the conjugal custom of nightly searching his pockets for nomadic scrip. Sometimes she performed this ceremony of investigation while her husband was enjoying that sweet and innocent slumber which is only produced by brewings of malt and hops, fuming upon the brain. But when the wily chap got his \$20 greenback he wadded it up, and with diabolical deceit he put it in his tobacco box, and shut down the cover with a snap that spoke of the greedy satisfaction that rioted in his soul. He was seen to wink horribly and heard to mutter, "Guess the old gal wouldn't think of that." That evening, before going home, he drank freely in celebration of his matchless cunning. On his way home he comforted himself in his lonely walk with a cud of tobacco of unusual proportions. It disagreed with him, and he spat it out. The next morning he woke up to the discovery that his \$20 greenback was gone, and that his wiles and arts were, after all, weak and unreliable pretence.

NEW THEORY OF THE AURORA.

The *English Mechanic* publishes the views of Dr. Wolfert, a German observer, on the nature and origin of the aurora borealis, which, it will be noticed, are based on speculations which do not connect the phenomenon with a magnetic or electric source. Dr. Wolfert says: "The sun's rays, falling on the earth, are variously reflected according as they fall vertically or at an angle more or less obtuse. The earth being conceived as a large mirror, many of the obliquely incident rays will be reflected to a part of the celestial vault on the night side of the earth." The zodiacal light he ascribes to the irregular reflection of sunlight from water, and similarly the vast fields of ice in the polar regions, he considers, may be regarded as an imperfect mirror irregularly reflecting the incident light. The rays which fall most obliquely are the most abundantly reflected; and as the quantity of reflected light increases with the angle of incidence, adds the author, we may see how the reflected sunlight illuminates in the highest degree the night skies of the region nearest the pole; further, the great similarity of the incipient light of the aurora to moonlight is thus explained, the latter being also sunlight reflected.

The rays falling on the ice at an angle of 40° are, however, dispersed as well as reflected. It is commonly said that the point of

origin of the aurora is indicated by the direction of the magnetic needle. More correctly, according to Dr. Wolfert, a line drawn from the sun a right angles to the horizon and prolonged would be the middle line of the phenomenon. On this supposition an advance of the central part of the aurora to the north is explained.

The grounds on which Dr. Wolfert rejects the ordinary hypothesis of the aurora may here be briefly stated. The strongest reason given for supposing a magnetic origin of the aurora is that the phenomenon seems to originate in the quarter to which the needle points. It is replied that in expeditions to Boothia Felix and Melville Island, the needle has in these places taken a vertical position and even at times pointed southward, while the aurora appeared in the north as usual. If the aurora consisted of a streaming of electricity from the magnetic pole, it would be difficult to explain how an observer at the pole always sees the light beyond the horizon as at other places. When lightning strikes a ship, the compasses become irreversibly useless. But ships have ventured in the midst of these (supposed) currents from the pole, and their compasses have been but temporarily disordered. Neither man nor beast suffer from such currents nor do sensitive electrometers show any change in atmospheric electricity when the phenomena occurs.

It is said that the needle shows irregularities before the aurora. But this is by no means a constant occurrence. The polar light and the electric (disturbing) currents may have a common cause. Heat also diminishes the attractive force of magnets, and this might account for the variation of the needle. If the phenomena were electric it would be difficult to account for their punctual regularity of appearance and disappearance in northern regions. This is explained, however, when we connect them with the sun.

In recent times, it has been supposed that the sun spots are in some way connected with the aurora. The recurring frequency of the latter every ten or eleven years is found to coincide with the periodic maxima of the former. Dr. Wolfert suggests the following as a possible explanation: If it be true that the spots diminish the solar radiation, the cold winters that recur in these periods may be thus caused. Now cold winters imply an extension of the polar ice southwards, and therewith an enlargement of the reflecting surface in the same direction.

A TRADE, OR A PROFESSION?

Thousands of young men are now asking themselves the important questions: "What shall I do? To what vocation am I best adapted; and in what pursuit shall I be likely to succeed?" These are problems of the highest moment, and are usually solved only by the experience of a life-time. And, too often, at middle-age a man awakes to the fact that he mistook his vocation, and that in consequence his life has been a mistake and a failure.

The question of fitness for different occupations is one that must necessarily be decided by the young man or woman, alone. Having arrived at the years of discretion, it must be supposed that they are more capable of correctly estimating their own ability than are others. To those who are attempting to decide, this brief article is addressed.

It is a somewhat paradoxical fact, that here in Democratic America, where the vitality of law and of government is based upon the axiom that "all men were created free and equal," the prejudices of caste in society are as strong and as inflexible as in any country of the old world. Perhaps even more inconsistently so, for the lines of English society are regulated by birth and noble ancestry, while the aristocracy of America is founded upon wealth, almost solely. The consequence of this absurd folly is the bane of the America of to-day—the aversion of "good society" to the admission of tradesmen within its sacred limits, and the consequent dislike of the rising generation to anything savoring of the factory and workshop.

This sentiment has not always prevailed to such an extent as now. It seems, rather, to be an accompaniment of the "Days of Shoddy." Thirty or forty years ago, it was not considered an unpardonable offense for a young lady to support herself, or to aid indigent parents by working as a "factory girl." Earlier, it does not appear that Franklin or Sherman were regarded as pariahs by the other members of the first American Congress because the one was a printer, and the other a shoemaker.

It is not practicable, if it were desirable, to have a community composed entirely of professional men, and the ranks of all professions are overcrowded—flooded to repletion. Ordinarily, there is now no inducement for a young man to fit himself for the practice of medicine or of law. I speak, of course, of that class of young men who are obliged to make their own way in the world. The wealthy may pursue any nominal calling they fancy.

In this condition of affairs, the adoption of some trade, involving the exercise of both the mental and physical powers, seems the only true solution of the problem. It seems, too, that a life spent in the production of something calculated to lessen the labor, or to improve and elevate the powers of mankind, best answers the designs of the ruler of the universe. To be ideally satisfactory, an avocation should

be based upon the good, rather than the ill-fortune of man.

There is much of pleasure and of satisfaction in the enjoyment of a livelihood honestly and fairly earned. Such an one may be earned in this country by almost any who possess a willingness and a desire to do it. The vast extent of yet unpeopled territory in the West, affords ample opportunity for men to leave the more densely populated states, and make homes and fortunes there. Yet, I would not be understood as advising any and all indiscriminately, to go westward. On the contrary, if there is room for your industry where you are, it would probably be better to remain; but the patient and industrious may undoubtedly succeed there, or in fact, almost anywhere.

The fact of being a mechanic does not compel you to relinquish studious tastes, if you have them. A careful avoidance of the saloons and abstinence from going on spree, will enable you to buy books, and to surround yourself with the current literature of the day. You may be well educated, and you may continually add to your knowledge if you choose. You may be independent, above want, and able to lay by something for a rainy day or for old age, while your classmate is waiting for patients or clients, in a chronic state of impecuniosity and wondering where his next week's board is to come from. "I know, because I have been there."—F. Sherman Briggs.

WHAT IS EDUCATION.

Reading, writing and arithmetic. These three accomplishments, in old times, were supposed to be all that was necessary for a man to succeed in life, and of these a small amount was held to be sufficient. But what was enough one hundred years ago will not do to-day, even to secure a moderate degree of success, any more than the vocabulary of words which was quite sufficient to express all Lord Bacon's ideas, would serve a modern professor of natural science, in writing one small volume which should express the elementary statements of natural science of the present day.

"Business is business" we know, but it is none the less true that what was meant by the term business one hundred years ago will not stand for it now. The world has been transformed by steam and electricity. Regions which were remote then, now lie at our very doors as it were. St. Louis is not so far from Boston to-day as Philadelphia was then. We live the same life as London every day, by means of the electric current under the ocean waves. The Illinois farmer cannot fix a price for his wheat until he knows how it is selling in Europe. And a revolution in France, or war between Germany and France alters his estimate of his property. All circles have widened. Interests once diverse have become united. The fire which lays in ashes the business center of Boston lowers the value of railroad stock along the slopes of the great lakes, and affects the sales across the ocean. When the great earthquake at Lisbon, tore open the ground and shook the city to its foundations, the water in the Scotch lakes rose perceptibly and was violently agitated; but that sympathy was as nothing to the close interlocking of human interests by means of the steam engine and the telegraph.

The business man of 1762 who should appear upon the scene once more, and enter into business, would find himself unable to make the wide combinations, and to calculate the far reaching chances of the present. The education which was sufficient then is not sufficient now. Time is worth more now than then. More reading must be done in less time, and a rapidity of calculations undreamed of then must be cultivated.

The common people, the masses must be raised to the new level of science. This must be done through the agency of the common schools, and it must be done if we would not lose the interests on our money investments in whatever direction. We cannot afford to have the masses uneducated. We cannot afford to give them only the education which was amply sufficient one hundred years ago. Nothing can be more short-sighted than the policy which would refuse supplies for the needs of common school education, and would limit the work done there to the amount done years ago. "Penny wise and pound foolish," was the old English proverb; and the capitalist who does not realize what education at the present day means, and the absolute necessity for it, will find when too late, that in saving his pennies the pounds have been lost.—*American Journal of Education.*

An invention, or more properly a new application of a well-known fact, has recently been patented. The originality of the special application will strike most readers. Every person knows that when an electric current is transmitted through a fine platinum wire, the wire becomes red hot. The patent in question is for the utilizing of this principle for the purpose of cutting wood. Hence we may now have the sawing of timber effected without a saw. Dr. Robinson, the patentee, was led to this novel application of electricity by observing the facility with which a platinum wire, when raised to a white heat, effected the removal of tumors, and cut its way into the living flesh. It is anticipated that by means of this invention, which requires only a simple quantity battery, trees will be felled and divided into logs, and other operations of a similar nature performed.