

"Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed, roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life, If we only would stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land, If the querulous heart would wake it! To the soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth, The grass is green and the flowers are bright Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through When the ominous clouds are rifted; There was never an night without a day, Or an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jewelled crown, Or the miser's hoarded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will with a ready heart, And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate, slender threads Of our curious live asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

INTERESTING ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

At a recent soiree of the Royal society, Mr. Willoughby Smith's discovery of the effect of light upon the resistance of selenium was illustrated experimentally by Mr. Latimer Clark. A piece of selenium was enclosed in a test tube connected at each end to platinum wires, and the tube was placed in a box with a sliding cover so as to admit any required quantity of light. The resistance was balanced on a Wheatstone bridge, and with the aid of a Thomson galvanometer; the movement of the spot of light of course would follow any variation in the resistance of the selenium. With the box closed, the resistance of the selenium remained constant; but immediately the box was opened, the light index upon the scale began to move.

Another very interesting experiment was shown by Mr. Tisley, to prove the effect of magnetism upon ordinary electrolytic action. Water being decomposed in the ordinary manner, the gases were at once set free; but on connecting the electrodes of the battery with an electromagnet, the gases commenced to revolve around the magnet poles. A small bath was placed over the magnet, the bath itself forming one electrode and a plate, in the acidulated water of the bath, the other electrode. When the coil was magnetized, the evolved gases immediately commenced to revolve round the centre plate at considerable speed.

ELECTRICAL TRANSMISSION BY CABLES.

As the first application of current to a cable is to charge it, it is evident that before any employable electricity can issue from the further end, the corresponding charge must be completed. We may therefore assume that the time required by a wave to charge a cable, and the retardation on the time required for a wave passing from one end to the other to reach a given amplitude, are identical. Mr. Varley is of the opinion that the electric current commences flowing out of one end of a cable at the very instant that contact is made with the battery at the other end, but that it is a considerable time before it reaches any appreciable strength; that it then goes on augmenting its strength, never absolutely attaining its maximum force. This may be so; but whatever the nature of electricity may be, it is difficult to imagine the total absence of inertia to its propagation. It is more probable that that velocity of electricity is the same in all conductors, whether submarine or overhead, or in any other form, and that it is very great, but that the resistance and induction of the circuit combine to prevent the wave reaching an appreciable strength for some time after it has commenced to flow out. This a question, however, which can never be settled experimentally, because we can only recognize the issuing wave after it has attained strength enough to perform some mechanical effect.

SCIENTIFIC IMMORTALITY.

No doubt, says F. Papillon, there is no contradiction in conceiving of a equilibrium

between assimilation and disassimilation; such that the system would be maintained in immortal health. In any case, no one has yet even gained a glimpse of the modes of realizing such an equilibrium; and death continues, till further orders, a fixed law of Fate. Still, though immortality for a complete organism seems chimerical, perhaps it is not the same with the immortality of a separate organ in the sense we now explain. We have already alluded to the experiments of M. Paul Bert on animal grafting. He has proved that, on the head of a rat, certain organs of the same animal—as the tail, for instance—may be grafted. And this physiologist asks himself the question whether it would not be possible, when a rat, provided with such an appendage, draws near the close of his existence, to remove the appendage from him, and transplant it to a young animal, which, in his turn, would be deprived of the ornament in the same way in his old age in favor of some specimen of a new generation, and so on in succession. This tail, transplanted in regular course to young animals, and imbibing at each transfusion blood full of vitality, perpetually renewed, yet ever remaining the same, would thus escape death. The experiment delicate and difficult, as we well see, was yet undertaken by N. Bert, but circumstances did not allow it to be prolonged for any long time, and the fact of the perpetuity of an organ, periodically rejuvenated, remains to be demonstrated.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Apropos of Mrs. Livermore's last lecture on the above important question the 'Davenport Democrat' thus sensibly makes answer:

- Bring them up in the way they should go. Give them a good substantial common school education. Teach them how to cook a good meal of victuals. Teach them how to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them how to make shirts. Teach them how to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, dining-room and parlor. Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents. Teach them that the more one lives within their income the more they will save. Teach them the further one lives beyond their income the nearer they get to the Poor-house. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and do it like a queen. Teach them that a good round rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives. Teach them to wear thick, warm shoes. Teach them to do the marketing for the family. Teach them to foot up storebills. Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight-lacing will improve the model. Teach them, every day, hard, practical common sense. Teach them self-reliance. Teach them that a good, steady, greasy mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pated loafers in broadcloth. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them to climb apple trees, go fishing, cultivate a garden and drive a road-team or farm-waggon. Teach them the accomplishments: music, painting, drawing, if you have the time and money to do it with. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them not to wear false hair. Teach them to say no, and mean it; or yes, and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals—not the money—of the beaux. Teach them the essentials of life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time let them marry. Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends, in a great measure, the weal or woe of their after-life.

WOMEN AS COMPANIONS.

Girls, to a certain age, are taught to look on men as their natural enemies, terrible ogres whose daily food is feminine, hideous monsters whose touch is pollution, and whose embrace is death. The conventional period passed, they are newly instructed. Men are still wild beasts of a certain sort; but now they are to be captured, cajoled, and tamed. Young ladies in society are employed very much as cheetahs are in hunting antelopes. They are blinded during school days; then taken to the broad social plains, unhooded, and their wary, swift-footed foes (men) pointed out. They are urged to the chase, and off they start; but, with a fleetness and perseverance unknown to the cheetah, they run long and untiringly, refusing to give up the hunt until they have either caught their victim or lost him beyond hope. Their past fear no longer exists; indeed, it seems to have been transferred from their breast to that of the creature pursued; for he flees from the connubial eye as from the breath of pestilence. Man has no dread of woman, and he welcomes the very thought of love. But he

stands in awe of assumed affection, of the witchcraft of sentimentalism, of artful wiles in the dominion of devotion. Bound in wedlock, though not bound by it, disguises are thrown off and fair hypocrisy expelled from the domestic circle, though still admitted to the glare of the drawing-room and the shows of the social season. The bedizened make-believe, the carefully concealed hostility is kept up; but it deceives nobody, least of all those who practice it. All this is the result of non-companionship when companionship was needed to impart knowledge, insure insight, and inculcate toleration.

Woman's interest in the adoption of different customs from those that prevail is far more vital than man's. He may not understand her—she is constantly complaining, and justly, that he does not—but his ignorance of her is not so dense as hers of him. His life is so much broader, his experience so much wider, that, in a certain sense, he must include her.

The enigma of her nature is never rendered quite clear to him, unless by sympathy—the sesame before which all human secrets open—and yet he can make shrewd guesses, amounting to half disclosures of its real meaning. From her, however, one side of his life—the largest and truest often—must always be concealed while the present conventional rules. He appears to her in a costume of character; his manners are flavored with amiability, and the draft of his speech, issued from his brains, would be dishonored if presented at the counter of his heart. Meeting him in such relations, she can have no more correct idea of his real and inner self than she could have of the private life of an actor by seeing him on the stage. The vilest sinner frequently seems to her the sweetest saint, and she has no guarantee of discovery unless she consent to become his wife. She mistakes cynics in spirit, rhapsodists in words for generous enthusiasts. She does not suspect that they who talk poetry live prose; that they who are their own eulogists have no others. She fancies Bobadil to be Bayard, and Dandin to be Durandarte.

Occasionally her opinions prove baseless, and her confidencies misplaced to an extent that startles her judgment and imperils her faith. Thinking she has learned wisdom, she is cautious where she should be candid, and unreserved where she should be reticent. Every new revelation astounds her, and the experience that ought to be instructive, teaches her nothing. The key which companionship would have given her, she does not possess; and so, to her dying day, phrases the most palpable to a clear vision remains impenetrable mysteries.

A PICKPOCKET'S JOKE.

An amusing instance of the inability of the public to distinguish an honest man from a thief, happened some time since on the Portland railway. A thief, who had been picking pockets for twenty years, and who is at present serving out a sentence in the State Prison, had been operating for several weeks so extensively as to arouse the indignation of the travellers on this road. Some of his victims had expressed the determination to flog and tar-and-feather the first pickpocket captured.

About this time the thief was "wanted" for stealing a large amount of bonds from a gentleman on a Brooklyn ferry boat, and a detective was sent to Portland to arrest him. He secured his man and started for home. They experienced some difficulty in finding seats, but finally the thief procured one with a gentleman who resided in Portland, and the detective occupied the corresponding seat on the opposite side of the aisle. The thief introduced himself to his neighbor as a detective, and informed him, in a consequential tone, that he was taking the man opposite, who was a well-known pickpocket, to answer for a bold robbery he had recently committed. He also advised his fellow-traveller that his prisoner was probably the very man who had picked so many pockets in that neighborhood. "He likes to play practical jokes," continued the thief. "On the train we have just left, he made several gentlemen believe that I was the prisoner and he the detective." The real detective sat watching his prisoner, all unconscious of the approaching storm. The gentleman moved to another part of the car, and communicated the information he had just received to several friends. One of them had been robbed a few days before of \$200, and he was still very angry. He stepped over to the detective, and in a loud voice said,—"So they have caught you at last, you miserable cut-throat! You are the rascal who stole my money. I know you. I saw you when you took it, and had you not escaped! I would have shot you like a dog. You say you are not a thief; that you are a thief catcher? Do you suppose, with your villainous face, you can make me believe you are anything but a thief? You ought to be thrown from the cars; and I, for one, will assist in so doing."

A crowd of excited men gathered round the unfortunate detective, and in spite of his protestation, persisted in abusing him shamefully, and were about to hurl him from the platform of the flying train, when the thief interfered with,— "Gentlemen, I trust you will use no violence to this unfortunate man. I cannot permit it. He is my prisoner. He is in the hands of the law, and the law must take its course."

Fortunately, perhaps, for the detective, the train reached New York about this time, and he escaped.

A JOKE THAT CAME HOME TO ROOST.

On a bright, moonlight night, a sleigh-ride party of some dozen couple or so, started from New York Mills to Clinton, to enjoy a ride and a little dance when they arrived at the village of schools. The load had proceeded a little ways beyond Hartford, when it suddenly occurred to some of the male members of the party that it would be an excellent joke to scare somebody or something in the rural district through which they were passing. The sleigh was therefore stopped, and those possessed of the funny idea got out. Looking around for some object on which to exercise their ingenuity as practical jokers, they espied a sober looking farmhouse a little way from the road. Here was the chance they were after. Some quiet people lived there, no doubt, people whose unsophisticated minds made them the legitimate object of any scare that might be perpetrated upon them. Creeping as stealthily as Indians up to a window, and through which a light was shining, the jokers relieved themselves of a yell that would have put to shame any savage in America. Scare them? Yes, such a din breaking out through the stillness of the night would be apt to make any one jump. The lady of the house was considerably frightened. Husband scared? Not much. Immediate developments seemed to indicate that his angry passions rose a little.

The jokers scampered to the sleigh, tumbled in and drove off hastily towards Clinton. The incensed farmer hastened to his barn, took his fleetest horse, mounted him, and started in pursuit of the unceremonious disturbers of his house. He soon overtook a load of young people. He was not sure it was the right party, and passed them. The party knew it was the right man, and suddenly became very musical, to show how innocent they were, and how they would not think of playing a practical joke upon any one. After the horseman passed them he had a suspicion that the load behind him contained the jokers. He therefore halted and allowed the load to come up and pass him. It suddenly became as innocently musical as before until it was out of sight.

The party reached Clinton, and stopped at the hotel where the dance was to be held. The horses had barely been unhitched and put into the stable, however, when the horseman arrived, and, entering the bar-room, inquired for an officer of the law. When he had departed, the subject of his enquiries was made known to the would-be dancing party. All at once the young men of the party were impressed with the enormity of the sin of dancing. They feared they had been too hasty in getting up the party. They had not sufficiently considered the propriety of such parties before they started from home. It was not too late to retrace their sinful steps yet, however. They had not danced any, only rode there for the purpose of dancing, and there was surely no harm in taking a sleigh-ride. They would return immediately, before they could be tempted by nimble-footed Terpsichore. They informed the young ladies of their good intentions, and they, being sensible girls, and anxious to aid in any reform, suppressed a sigh for unrealized hopes, and then put on their hats and cloaks, just removed, and signified their readiness to depart. "And so they rode back again," dutifully, but sadly and silently. They came with jingling bells and merry voices; they returned with a bell-less team, and without a whisper. Afraid the farmer could follow them by the sound of the bells? Friend, thou art wrong. This is a story of reformation we are telling. These young people had seen the error of dancing in time, and they should receive the credit for it. The party reached the "Mills" a little disappointed, but with a consciousness of a noble self-sacrifice and a victorious resistance of temptation to frivolous amusement. Why did each of these young men pay that farmer five dollars? There, friend, thou art asking puzzling questions again. Money has nothing to do with the moral of this story; so keep thy harassing questions to thyself.

A TOUGH STORY.

Our Uncle Ezra is sometimes in the habit of "stretching the truth" a little—a vicious sort of propensity from which the rest of the family, are singularly free. We heard him tell Snooks a severe tale one day last week, which we have concluded to give to the world:—"When I lived in Maine," said he, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in winter, and early in the spring we began ploughing on it. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough—we did faith—and I held that plough more'n a week—I thought I should die. It e'en most killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was hold'n, and the plough hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through it—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump when I happened to think it might snap together again, so I threw my feet out, and had no sooner done this, than it snapped together, taking a smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons. 'Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the team-

sters did all they could, that team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons, or cause me to let go my grip. At last though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull altogether, and the old stump came out about the quickest; it had monstrous long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth of them pantaloons, and I haven't worn any other kind since." The only reply made to this, was—"I should have thought it would have come hard upon your suspenders." "Powerfully hard."

"HAPPING HER UP."

At a village in the Wear Valley there lived an old sexton. He is dead now, but was alive not many years ago. Age and its infirmities had caused the old man to provide himself with an assistant, who was, however, more plentifully endowed with muscular than mental vigor. In this same village there lived an old woman named Molly. This Molly had a curious peculiarity of going into a trance, and had several times been supposed dead, and had been laid out with all due ceremony, only to astonish folks by recovering. At last old Molly died. No one had any doubt this time, and she was duly carried, almost unattended, to a pauper's grave in the churchyard. The clergyman and the bearers left the grave, and the old sexton and his assistant proceeded to fill up the grave, when, probably, the noise of the soil falling on the coffin lid, aroused old Molly from her trance, and she startled the two men by screaming for release. Away the old sexton hobbled off for the clergyman, and told what they had heard. Back came the clergyman in alarm, but by the time they got to the grave, they found it filled up, and the assistant sexton in a perspiration. In answer to the inquiries, he said it was all imagination of the sexton, and they heard nothing but the spade striking an old coffin-plate. But when he got home he chuckled, and said to one or two cronies as a secret, "Old Molly did streak out, but I soon got her happed up!"

AN ACTOR'S TRICK.

Stock actors in theatres, when allowed a benefit, make the most of it. The actor whose regular salary may be from ten to twenty-five dollars per week, has, on this occasion, one half of the entire receipts of the house. He is supposed, through the influence of his friends, to increase those receipts to double what they usually are. To do this they must, unless they have a number, resort to expedients not usually recognized as legitimate. An actor in the West, being given a benefit, issued a couple of thousand tickets, entitling the bearer to "free admission to the boxes on his benefit night." These tickets were assiduously dropped at every cross road, tavern and grocery for some few miles in the vicinity, on the night previous to the benefit. The bait took; and fellows and their gals might have been seen advancing on the good old town "ere evening shadows fell." The doors of the theatre were regularly besieged by the pleasure-seeking rustics. When the doors were opened and a stout policeman or two had been prudently picketed at the point of entrance, a rush was made in order to get the best seats in the house, as is always the case with your constitutional deadhead.

To portray the mingled phases of astonishment, anger, and honest indignation of the liberal patrons of the rustic drama when they were severally informed by the urbane and gentlemanly doorkeeper, that all those red tickets were frauds (and, indeed, as the reader knows, his information was strictly true), is beyond the power of my feeble quill. As most of the young fellows were accompanied by their sisters and sweethearts (for the supply of gratuitous pasteboard had been diffused on a most liberal scale), it would seem shabby to back out without seeing the show. So, with many a rueful expression, while fumbling for evasive quarters; and many whispered solicitations for temporary accommodations, they filed in, pair after pair, and filled the little theatre to its utmost capacity.

To cap the climax of theatrical audacity, the beneficiary, himself, between the pieces, stepped in front of the curtain with a pack of the rejected tickets in his hand, and in a most eloquent speech, denounced the contemptible scoundrel or scoundrels who had attempted to injure him by such outrageous imposition on the public. In the whole course of his professional experience, whether in England, Australia, California or America, he had never been so grossly insulted, "and," continued he, warning to his work, "if the cowardly blackguard or blackguards are in front of this house to-night, I dare them to meet me at the door of the theatre, and I will give them each and all of my satisfaction for the language I have used." "Aye," he concluded, shaking his fist defiantly at a harmless medallion of Shakespeare that decorated the front of the second tier, "and at any time and in any way they may select."

This plucky demonstration won all hearts, and prolonged applause greeted the injured stranger as he proudly, defiantly and slowly bowed himself off. That young man has been a financial success, and still lives "a prosperous gentleman."

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