

THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW.

They stand at the window, peering
And pressing against the pane,
Their beautiful childish faces;
Without are the night and rain.

They stand at the window peering:
What see they, the children there?
A room full of happy faces,
A room full of shining air.

A room full of warm and brightness,
A room full of pleasant sights—
Of pictures, and statues and vases,
And shadows at play with the lights.

But sweetest of all to their gazing,
(So near, they seem part of them there!)
Is the room full of happy faces
In the room full of shining air.

Ah me! my precious observers,
Another sight I shall find.
What is it? I dread to tell you,
And, oh! it were sweet to be blind!

From the lighted room, through the window,
I see and have seen them of old,
A world full of wretched faces,
A world full of darkness and cold.

A world full of cold and darkness,
A world full of dreary sights;
No pictures, nor statues, nor vases,
But shadows that put out the lights.

Ah, saddest of all, through the window
(They seem with us, so near!) I behold
A world full of wretched faces
In a world full of darkness and cold.

For Everybody.

A Sporting Paradise.

An American paper says that near Dalhousie, in Canada, the shooting and fishing are most excellent. For £200 a man may buy a farm of 100 acres, have his shooting and fishing free, a right to set a salmon net in front of his property, and very light taxes; and snow-shoe walking for three months every winter.

Carnival in Berlin.

A good deal of cheerful excitement prevailed at Berlin in the earlier part of this week. For the first time the Berliners have adopted one of the most characteristic customs of the "happy Rhineland," and have kept "Rose Monday" and Shrove Tuesday in good Cologne fashion by public procession not, indeed, as generally or with the same spirit as in Italy. Still the innovation was striking, and the new custom bids fair, after a few years' practice, to turn out a success.

The Russians' Facility for Languages.

The Russian nation is the one which speaks the most languages, and which speaks them the best. One may go through Germany and not hear a word of French spoken, but he will be sure to hear it when he reaches the frontier of Russia. The Russian schools and gymnasias for girls are of the highest excellence, and in some of the girls' schools in Moscow the dresses are all brown to prevent the bad feelings which might arise from a comparison of dresses and toilets.

A Remarkable Portrait.

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the College, and promised in return to grant whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his Majesty the picture, accompanied by the request that he would—return it.

A "Domestic Animal."

Colonel Higginson says that when he was a boy at Cambridge there was not a boat owned at Harvard. A student in the class two years before him owned the first boat, and was "hauled up" by the faculty therefor. He pleaded that he was not aware of any objection to it—there was nothing against it in the college laws so far as he knew. The college officer, however, showed him a rule that "No student shall be permitted to keep a domestic animal without consent of the faculty," and he then argued that a boat came under that head.

Shadow-Show.

A sheet is suspended tightly across a darkened room, a candle (never a kerosene lamp) lighted and placed upon the floor a few feet behind it, and the selected players are ranged behind the candle. All being ready for the show, the players, dressed in any comic way, may perform what funny pantomime they choose between candle and sheet, and their shadows will be projected upon the latter to the uproarious amusement of the audience on the other side. By jumping over the candle from before it, the jumper is made to disappear very laughably and surprisingly in the air.

Abominable, but Nice.

A writer, speaking of a certain concert, says: Then came Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube." After Wagner and Schumann, it was amusing to see the audience wake up and bestir themselves; indeed, that waltz so rendered would have given vitality to a graven image. A clergyman evidently, who sat in front of us, became quite frenzied, and was heard to exclaim, reckless of consequences: "It's abominable, it is; abominable; but it's beautiful! I declare, it makes one feel like breaking every commandment in the decalogue, right straight through!"

A Turkish Bath.

An Indian named Squatting Bear went into Omaha the other day, and while he was in a condition of vinous thoughtfulness somebody induced him to go in and take a Turkish bath. The next day he went home. As he approached the camp a squad of Indians rushed at him and began to shoot arrows into him and to hack him with their tomahawks. He yelled for them to stop, and asked them what they meant by treating him in that manner. He declared that he was Squatting Bear. They received the statement with derision. They

took him away and killed him. It was the first wash he had had since 1827.

Velocipedes.

The employment of velocipedes by commissionnaires in France has led to the formation of a company or society to supply these locomotives on credit—like sewing-machines, clothing and pianos—repayable by instalments. Experience has found that such messengers outstrip cabs, and indeed perhaps the telegraph itself and postal cards. Strong and light young porters provided with a facon of good "trotter" oil in their vest pocket can turn twenty francs a day, nearly as much as a deputy, and far more than a first-class Government clerk, a captain on full-pay, or a clergyman of the subsidised religions. Why have velocipedes been so utterly abandoned in this Country and the United States?

Anger's Poison.

At Stillwater, in Minnesota, the other day, a man who had been bitten in the hand in a fight with an enraged fellow laborer, was so terribly poisoned thereby that his life could be saved only by amputation of the bitten member. A Dr. Reiner, who performed the operation, was also infected with the terrible poison through a slight scratch on his own hand, and actually died soon thereafter in delirious agony. In fact, the bites of infuriated human beings have so often produced the same symptoms that are witnessed in hydrophobic and serpent poisonings as to prove almost that ungovernable rage in a man induces a poisonous secretion in his saliva!

Dainty Tibbits.

A Paris correspondent says the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* is occupied with the question of edible dogs, received as a present from China, along with the receipt for cooking them. The dogs are small, without hair, and a mass of fat. We have already taken to bison, and also to kangaroo-tail soup. There are forty horse-butcher shops in Paris, subject to inspection by authorized Vets. During 1873, there were consumed 1,548 horses, 140 asses and mules, or 300 tons of flesh, exclusive of offal, which is eaten as that of sheep and oxen. The price of horseflesh is exactly the one-half of ordinary meat. Several of the butchers have received "medals" during the past year, in honour of their efforts.

How a Newsboy Rose in the World.

William Henry Smith, just appointed parliamentary secretary of the treasury, by Mr. Disraeli, the Prime Minister of England, was a newsboy less than twenty-five years ago, on the streets from 5 in the morning till 8 at night. Presently he had a booth near the Strand, then he had to employ assistants, finally he hit upon the idea of buying the exclusive right to sell newspapers and other literature at the principal railroad stations in the British isles, and that made his fortune. He has been in Parliament for five years, and made the reputation of a good speaker and thinker, and Mr. Disraeli puts him now in a place that is regarded as the stepping-stone to promotion.

Newspaper Men in the British Parliament.

The profession of journalism is well represented in the British House of Commons. Among its profession recently elected are Mr. Walter, principal proprietor of the *Times*; Mr. Beresford Hope, principal proprietor of the *Saturday Review*; Mr. Morley and Mr. Charles Reed, of the *Daily News*; Alderman Carter, of the *Leeds Express*; Mr. McLaren, of the *Leeds Daily News*; Mr. P. Taylor, of the *Examiner*; Dr. Cameron, of the *North British Mail*; Sir John Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*; Mr. Whitworth, of the *Circle*; Mr. Colman, of the *Norfolk News*; Mr. Barr, of the *Railway Service Gazette*; Mr. Cowan, of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*; and Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation*.

A Stubborn Singer.

During the performance of "La Favorita" at Rimini, the audience night after night encircled Palermo, the tenor, in the scene where Ferdinand breaks his sword in the presence of the King. But this gave offence to the authorities, and the Sub-Prefect sent the tenor a message that he must sing "Only because it is a present from the King," instead of the previous words. "Only because you are King." Palermo refused to modify the text upon the next performance, and as a consequence of his disobedience he was arrested at the close of the opera. But next day a deputation of the audience went to the residence of the Prefect at Forlì on behalf of the tenor, and came back in triumph with an order to set him free.

French Finesse.

A writer says: "As I gave a couple of grochen to the waiter who was helping me on with my coat in one of the restaurants in Dresden he said he remembered me from the summer before. 'Don't you think I have improved in my German?' asked I. 'Oh, yes,' answered he; 'you speak somewhat better; you speak *ziemlich gut*.' Candid young Saxon, thought I, you deserve a better place; a *garçon* would have bowed and assured me that I had acquired the genuine accent. It is amusing to note the skill with which this sort of flattery is often laid on. Now, nature left her shading-brush at home when she made my lip. A French barber, however, laid all the fault on other shoulders, as he was manipulating me and talking about what a great country ours was; 'but,' added he, 'it is very strange in America, on *n' aime pas la moustache*.'"

Epicurean Coffee.

There is such a thing as science even in coffee-making, and the French understand it better, perhaps, than any other people in the world. They can combine different coffees, like the parts of a fine wine, to produce certain rare bouquets, or aromas, for the epicure. Not more than half a pound of coffee should be roasted at a time for domestic use; it should be ground only just before going into the pot; an ounce should be allowed for every three cups; in its mixture with the white of egg to clear it there should be some warmth before the water is added, and it should never be allowed to reach a boil. Observe these rules, which are based upon scientific reasons, and you may make from an inferior coffee-bean a beverage far superior to what generally goes by that name. It will never be black nor bitter, and can be kept indefinitely without staling.

The Right Note in the Wrong Place.

A funny thing happened in Congress the other day. Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, came into the diplomatic gallery, and a member who spied him out was anxious that some guests of his in the other gallery should see the live lord. So he wrote a little note, saying, "That old swell with the mutton-chop whiskers is Sir Edward Thornton," and told a page to take it up-stairs. The page, who had a mixed notion who the note was for, and of whom it was about,

marched straight to the diplomatic gallery and gave it to the "old swell" himself. Meanwhile our M. C., watching the progress of his note, was horrified to see it in the august hands of the nobility, and he rushed out frantically to swear at the poor little page. "Did he say anything?" he asked, as soon as he could get his breath. "Yes, sir," said the boy, "he told me to take it back to the gentleman who sent it, and say it was a very good description."

Artistic House Furnishing.

Perhaps those curious in such matters would be glad to hear how the country house of a well-known English connoisseur in matters of taste is furnished. Each bedroom is of a different colour, but in all other respects alike. The carpets throughout are black; the panels, wainscots, doors, and furniture are also black, with a little gilding introduced. The walls are not papered, but are covered with the same cretonne as the curtains and bed furniture. Each bed has an elderdown quilt covered with the same cretonne, and each window has plain muslin curtains, with goffered frills as well as cretonne curtains. Black is coming into great favour now in the decoration of houses; and lace workers are beginning to see that furniture lace never shows to such advantage as on black velvet, or black satin, relieved by coloured bows, either for writing or tea-tables, mantelpieces, brackets, or the like. Thick linen-backed satin is more durable than velvet, for soap and water carefully applied will make it as good as new.

Temperance in Sweden.

They have an original way of dealing with intemperance in Sweden. There working men have formed leagues among themselves for the suppression of intemperance. One of their regulations is that no married man shall enter a public house, though he is allowed a bottle of brandy at home. Bachelors may order a glass of liquor with their meals only. But nobody is permitted to "stand treat," while the fines for delinquencies are heavy. In Gothenburg, for instance, the liquor trade is managed by certain trustees of the town. Under their restrictions the inn-keepers find dram-selling impossible, and are driven to depend on their legitimate business. Thus the most disreputable taverns have become well-kept and orderly restaurants, where a glass of pure brandy can be obtained, indeed, but only by ordering a meal. In 1866 Gothenburg reported over two thousand cases of drunkenness. In 1871, with a much larger population, the number had fallen to fifteen hundred.

A "Story" of Maximilian.

The Munich correspondent of the *Independent Belge* tells of an absurd story which has gained credence in South Germany. According to this King Maximilian II., who died in 1864, is not really dead, only he has been stupefied (narcotized) by the wicked Prussians, by whom he is detained in an island in the Mediterranean. Their object was to make Bavaria thoroughly submissive to Prussia; but Providence will not allow this dark design to be accomplished. King Maximilian in reality has only been banished for ten years, at the end of which period he will return again to take possession of his throne, and thereby confound the world in general, and Prince Bismarck in particular. The ten years have now nearly expired, and there can be little doubt Prince Bismarck would be considerably surprised by the reappearance of Maximilian. More astonished still would probably be King Ludwig II., who would thereby be relegated from a throne to the felicity of private life, after a reign of ten years.

Genius From Broken Heads.

A writer in the *British Colonist* notes various instances of the transmutation of idiocy into genius by head-breaking accidents. The great German Wallenstein is said to have been but a half-witted child, until a fall from a window and consequent cerebral fracture suddenly redeemed his intellectual nature. The famous Mabilien was irreclaimably idiotic until in his nineteenth year, when a fall down a stone staircase turned him into a genius. In an English lunatic asylum one patient struck another a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose, and from that moment the stricken man rapidly regained his sound mind. In fact, one of the old English remedies for imbecility and madness was a revolving swing, whirling around a hundred times in a minute. The patient was strapped helplessly to a machine, which, after hundreds of dissolving revolutions, was stopped with a frightful jerk, at the very height of its velocity. And there is indisputable evidence that many astonishing cures were wrought thereby.

The Cat on the Farm.

By a Welsh law of Howel the Good, A.D. 938, quoted by Pennant, it was enacted that if anyone stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of its tail. Worse laws than this have been made. The cat is a valuable domestic, and though made into a pet, and valued for its beauty and its affectionate manner, by the fair sex especially, to the farmer it is a servant of great value in keeping down the pest of rats in the farm-buildings. When these form a colony, poison, traps, ferrets, and every plan that can be adopted are sometimes ineffective, and fail to dislodge them. In such cases, if two or three tabbies are confined in the granary before giving birth to their young, and fed there well for a short time, and after that put on short commons and allowed to range over the premises, the rats will speedily skedaddle, and leave puss and her precious "ones master of the situation."

"Sweet Bells Jangled."

At a recent fashionable wedding in Boston it was announced that the ceremony would take place in the church at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. A well-known musical gentleman was requested to preside at the organ, and, at the time appointed, opened the service with the "Wedding March." The church was filled with a large audience, but the wedding party was late. The organist played the "Wedding March" through twice, as a prelude. By the time the church bell had tolled eight strokes, he had gone through the limited repertory of music appropriate to such an occasion, had executed a number of sacred airs in a style so rapid and novel that few, if any, in the audience recognised them, and finally, in despair, played the "Dead March in Saul," with variations of an exceedingly original nature. Still there were no signs of the wedding party, and the organist, thoroughly vexed at the delay, began and played a few measures of the air, "O, dear, what can the matter be?" and closed his introduction with the "Rogue's March," to the movement of which the party, which had in the meantime arrived, passed up the broad aisle to the altar.