

THE GRAND PASSION.

Miss Amy Millefleur was voted by everybody (except by the other young ladies present) to be out of sight the most distinguished girl at the Flashers' carpet dance last Thursday. Her dress was a quite too awfully lovely arrangement in amber and black, 'er little black slippers had amber rosettes, and her little black gloves had amber what's-his-names up the back. Her hair was frizzled as artfully as a Zulu Caffre's, and the general effect was almost sufficient to make the average male intellect reel upon its throne.

And still she was not happy. Indeed, how could she be? Had she not been at five hundred such things before? And had she not the prospect, if the end of the world and consummation of all sublunary affairs did not arrive with unexpected rapidity, of being at five hundred other such things? The people she met were just as dreadful bores as ever; the things they said to her were, if anything, rather sillier.

There were the people who asked her if she had had lots of skating this winter; the people who asked if she admired the new polka; the people who asked if she had heard Halle's band; the people who asked if she was not awfully fond of dancing; the people who asked if she hadn't found this season very dull, and the people who asked what she thought about Whistler.

Did she not know the whole catechism of small-talk till she was heart-sick of it? Why will people insist on boring her by saying things?

Miss Amy's misery was not to be unchequered that evening.

On the principal that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, relief arrived while Miss Amy was waltzing with George Rackstraw. Everybody who knows George will be able to sympathize with Miss Amy. He was in splendid form that night, cannoning off every couple in the room, and bumping against the corner of the piano each time he came round; and during the pauses giving Miss Amy his opinion about Beethoven's symphonies or sonatas, or whatever they are called.

In the midst of this gymnastic performance Miss Amy caught sight of the very fellow she had seen at the Gallery the previous Saturday, leaning against the doorway now as she had leaned against the mantelpiece then, and pulling at his gloves and stroking his moustache with all the old air of ineffable superiority to everything around him.

Extricating herself from Rackstraw's clutches as soon as she decently could, she sat down, and in a few minutes Lottie Flasher brought over the fellow from the doorway and introduced Mr. Coldstream. They stood up for a "square" that was just then forming, and Miss Amy says she hasn't enjoyed anything so much for years. The way Coldstream has of sticking the tips of his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, the weary, pre-

occupied look in his eyes, and his graceful habit of doing everything in the quadrille half a minute too late, were all admirably calculated to excite Miss Amy's admiration. One remark, and one only, did he vouchsafe to make—"Don't you think this sort of thing an awful bore?"—evidently referring to the quadrille.—Miss Amy said she did and then silence reigned again. What a splendid fellow he was, to be sure!

Her cup of happiness was almost brimful when Coldstream took her in to supper. How different he was from the sort of man who perpetually wants you to take some more potatoes, or to pull crackers with him! He never paid her the least attention, and never spoke but once. Said he, "Don't you think this sort of thing an awful bore?"—meaning apparently the cold chicken then on his plate. Again Miss Amy's answer was affirmative.

Then they had a waltz. Coldstream's method is stately and almost elephantine—indeed profane friends call it the "mammoth walk-round"—and the result of half-a-dozen turns was that Miss Amy's voluminous train was tightly bandaged round his legs. But Coldstream is always equal to himself. "Don't you think this sort of thing is an awful bore?" said he, without moving a muscle, while Lottie Flasher unrolled him as tenderly as antiquarians do an Egyptian mummy.

In a word, Miss Amy feels she has met her fate. A thousand timid flutterings beset her erst-while self-possessed soul. The once calm, icy heart is now the battlefield of contending emotions. Can this indeed be love? she asks herself. Meanwhile, Coldstream is prosecuting a few inquiries about old Millefleur's financial position, and the issue of these will doubtless exercise an important influence on Miss Amy's destiny.

(Glasgow paper.)

WELDING.

In welding iron, as is well known, the pieces are heated to whiteness. When iron is to be welded to iron this plan answers well enough; but if iron is to be welded to steel the white heat often destroys the steel completely. To remedy this evil a patent has recently been taken out in America. The surface of the metal to be welded is moistened with water, and on the wet surface there is sprinkled a compound consisting of 1 lb. pulverised calcined borax, 1 lb. fine iron filings, and 4 oz. pulverised prussiate of potash intimately mixed. The two surfaces are then wired, or otherwise held together, and raised to a red heat, or about 600 deg. to 700 deg. Fah. When subsequently subjected to rolling or hammering the joint is completed, whilst the steel is not sufficiently raised in temperature to be at all injured by the operation.

SOLID EMERY WHEELS.

A Pye-Smith, at the Congress of the Iron and Steel Institute, said that by means of F. Ransome's silicate of lime, granular emery was consolidated into

wheels, to which the name of the Bessemer emery wheels was given. The advantage of making a grinding stone of a material approaching the diamond in hardness, was increased by the form of the angles of the grains composing it, which had been crushed in such a way as to leave all the corners sharp and cutting. A number of specimens were shown of chisels and other tools ground out of old tires, and solid bars of steel: one blade was cut out of a 3-inch thick file, with a bevel 3/4 inches long, and at the end as thin as paper, but with the temper undrawn. The debris collected under an emery wheel in a few moments and the iron separated by a magnet from the dust from the wheel showed it to be 92 3/4 per cent. of the whole debris.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ABERNETHY.

The world is a city full of streets,
And death's a market where every one meets;
But if life were a thing money could buy,
The poor could not live, and the rich never die.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

A well-known Highland laird used to express himself with great indignation at the charge brought against hard drinking, that it had actually killed people. "Na, na," he would say, "I never knew anybody killed wi' drinking. I hae kend some though that dec'd in the trammug."

"CRAPPIT HEADS."

A north country minister having died, his executors were examining his papers. On looking over a diary they found the following entry:—"Ate crappit-heads for supper last night, and was the waur o't. See when I'll do the like o' that again!"

"Crappit-heads" is a dish peculiar to the north of Scotland; it consists of cod or haddock heads, stuffed with oatmeal, onions, suet and liver—a sort of piscatorial haggis.

LATIN AND LABOUR.—John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:—

"When I was a boy, I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer, and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.' This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

IRISH EVIDENCE.—"Pray, my good man," said a Judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial, "What did pass between you and the prisoner?" "Och, thin, please your worship," says Pat, "sure I sees Phelam on the top of a wall. Paddy, says he—what, says I—here, says he—where, says I—whist! says he—hush! says I;—and that is all I know about it please your worship." Paddy was dismissed.

ALMOST DAR NOW.—The following anecdote, illustrative of railroad facility, is very pointed:—A traveller inquired of a negro the distance to a certain point. "Dat pends on circumstances," replied the darkey. "If you gwine a foot, it'll take you about a day; if you gwine in de stage or de homneybus, you make it in half a day; but if you get in one ob dese smoke waggons, you be almos dar now."—Brother Jonathan.

A SILK NEWSPAPER.—In Peking, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago—somewhat earlier than the one under the patronage of "Good Queen Bess!" An anecdote is related to the effect that, in 1827, a public officer caused some false intelligence to be inserted in this newspaper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers of the papers are preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. They are each ten and a quarter yards long.—[1852]

THE FAST CLOCK.—George III. was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one. The late Lord H—k—e was the most punctual person who attended upon his Majesty. He had an appointment one day with the king at Windsor, at twelve o'clock. On passing through the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in his rage at being half a minute too late, raised his cane and broke the glass of the clock. The king reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At the next audience, the King as he entered the room, exclaimed:—"H—k—e! how came you to strike the clock?" "The clock struck first, your Majesty." The king laughed heartily at the mock solemnity of the answer.

THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.—The cathedral (says Bayard Taylor) may rank as one of the grandest Gothic piles in Europe. The nave lacks but five feet of being as high as that of St. Peter's, while the length and breadth of the edifice are on a commensurate scale. The ninety-three windows of stained glass fill the interior with a soft and richly tinted light, mellow and more gentle than the sombre twilight of the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. The wealth lavished on the smaller chapels and shrines is prodigious, and the high altar, enclosed within a gilded railing fifty feet high, is, probably, the most enormous mass of wood-carving in existence. The cathedral, in fact, is encumbered with riches. While they bewilder you as monuments of human labour and patience, they detract from the grand simplicity of the building. The great nave, on each side of the transept, is quite blocked up, so that the choir and the magnificent royal chapel behind it have almost the effect of detached edifices.