

denominated. They actually sent me by post a circular of somebody's powder, adding to it at the end, where it says the public is respectfully cautioned against spurious imitations, 'but more particularly against a specious preparation to deceive the unwary known as Baker's Paste.' Now, after two or three weeks, this became tiresome. Still, I took no notice, and affected not to think the remarks were applied to me.

I hardly know what made me go and call on my friend the jeweller. It was not that I had any doubt of the genuineness of the diamonds, especially as he was the very man who had before valued Mr. Block's ring at seventy pounds. But it had been so dinned into my head that they were false, that I wanted just a formal confirmation of the estimate he had previously formed of their worth.

"Oh, yes," said my friend the jeweller; "I recognize the ring again directly. Want to know what it's worth?" (He put it in the scales.)

"Well—h'm—about seven-and-twenty shillings for old gold."

"Eh?" said I, as pale as a turnip. "Why didn't you tell me it was worth seventy pounds?"

"Yes," he answered; when it had diamonds in it—not when it has paste."

"Talking the matter over, the jeweller suggested, that on Mr. Block getting into the difficulties, the first thing he did was to sell the diamonds out of his ring, and get their places supplied with paste; whilst finally he had pawned it himself with the Jew, as a paste ring."

"Well, William Henry," said I to myself, 'the Jew has jewed you, and the club has chaffed you, and you may consider yourself trod upon, after the manner of speaking. But the worm will turn.'

"Did the jeweller let out diamonds on hire?" I asked.

"He did."

"Would he have a certain alteration, which I suggested, made in my ring in a fortnight's time?"

"He would."

"And keep it secret?"

"Certainly—business is business."

"For the whole of that fortnight I never went near the club; that was probably the reason why my appearance at the club-dinner was greeted with such lively sallies about Baker's Paste. One would-be wag recommended me, whilst helping a tart, "to keep my fingers out of the paste." Believing him to intend some obscure allusion to the gems on my little finger, I thought it time to open fire."

"Gentlemen," said I, 'for some weeks I have listened to casual observations in which the name of Baker has been unworthily associated with paste and pastry, but have refrained from making any remark, having been firmly persuaded that they could only apply to industrious tradesmen employed in the manufacture of home-made bread.' (Oh! Oh!) 'It now occurs to me that such remarks were intended in allusion to the ring I wear—a ring, I take this opportunity of informing you, which, unlike the wits who have amused themselves at its expense, is indebted to nature for its brilliancy.'

"They hooted me; they heaped opprobrious epithets on the name of Baker; they laughed and talked me down."

"I'll bet him five pounds it's paste," says one.

"So will I," said another. "And I."

"So said eleven of them."

"Really, gentlemen," said I, 'I am sorry you should take the matter so much in earnest. All I can tell you is I believe my ring to be a diamond ring, and this, notwithstanding I will freely admit I only paid a very small sum for it.'

"They laughed and hooted me still more at this admission. They said that settled the question, and that it was paste."

"I told them I did not think it was."

"Well, would I bet?"

"I would rather not."

"More hooting."

"At length, very reluctantly, I overcame my scruples. The name of Baker is a name too closely allied to the gentle bred to allow it to be wantonly assailed. I bet."

"We adjourned to the jewellers."

"Without question they were diamonds," the jeweller decided; "and some of the finest I have ever seen." (He ought to know, as they were his property, hired by me for the occasion.)

"Eleven fives is fifty-five, gentlemen."

"Having established the value of my ring, and freed the name of Baker from suspicion, I paid the hire of the real gems, and had the paste stones reset in their places, believing after all, the reputation for diamonds to be as good as the possession of them, and free from the anxiety."

"It was talked about, and noised abroad; it even reached the little back street where the pawnbroker lived. You should have seen him. "Real shstones! Oh, my heart! Seventy-five poundish—dead robbery—clean gone. Oh, my bootshe and bones! Not to know that folks do sometimes come and pawn real diamondsh for pashte, sho as to have less interesh to pay for taking care of their ringsh: Oh, my blessed heart, only think of it!"

"He came to me. He grovelled and wriggled, and twisted himself before me. He prayed me to sell his ring again. "Oh, my teere Mishter Baker, you must shell it to

me, or I shall be a ruined old manshe. The time wosh not out, and Mishter Smit has come to redeem it, and he shays that it wosh a legacy, and if he doesh not get it by Saturday next he will ruin me—sh-help him, he will. "Oh, Mishter Baker, think of it; twenty poundsh—all in gold—sholid money. Now, my teere, what do you shah? thersh a good manshe."

"What did I say? Could I turn a deaf ear to the distress of the old man? There are people who might do it, gentlemen, but not people of the name of Baker—not W. H. Baker. I certainly did ask him for more money. We compromised it at last at twenty-two ten, part in sixpences and coppers, and owes me four-pence half-penny to this day."

"Twenty-two, nine and seven pence half-penny, and fifty-five pounds—seventy-seven, nine, and seven pence half-penny. It just paid for the real diamonds; for I bought the ones I had previously hired of the jeweller, and had them set in a ring the fac simile of Mr. Block's, except that the initials inside are W. H. B."

"That was the only time I was ever swindled, gentlemen," Mr. Baker concluded.

ACTION AND REST OF THE BRAIN.

The brain, the organ of the highest manifestations of life, performs its actions like the spinal cord, and an elaborate network of blood-vessels distributes the nutritive part of the fluid throughout all its parts. Yet the mass of the brain does not keep its functional activity constantly at work. The whole organism rests after the day's labor; the brain, when not waking, preserves only its life of nutrition; therefore, the religions of ancient Greece, not without reason, regarded Sleep as the brother of Death. The quantity of blood transfused into the organ during these two conditions, so different, of sleep and wakefulness, is not the same. Dr. Pierquin had the opportunity of making observations upon a woman in whom disease had destroyed a large part of the bone of the skull, and deprived the brain of its membranous covering; the nerve-mass, quite exposed, shone with that brilliant lustre observed in all living tissue. While at rest in sleep, the substance of the brain was pink, almost pale; it was depressed, not protruding beyond its bony case. At once, when all the organs were quiet, the patient uttered a few words in a low voice, she was dreaming, and in a few seconds the appearance of the brain completely changed; the nerve-mass was lifted, and prominent externally; the blood-vessels, grown turgid, were doubled in size; the whitish tinge no longer prevails; the eye sees an intensely red surface. The tide of blood increases or lessens in its flow according to the vividness of the dream. When the whole organism returns to quiet, the lively colors of the infused blood fade away by degrees, and the former paleness of the organ is observed again. The succession of these phenomena permitted the conclusion that increasing action of the cerebral cell attracts a considerable quantity of blood to them.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

Putting the question of drugs or stimulants, or other fascinating means aside, and coming to the point of pure and unadulterated domestication and teaching, perhaps there was no one person in modern times achieved so much success in animal teaching as S. Bisset. This man was a humble shoemaker. He was born in Perth, in Scotland, in 1721, but he afterwards removed to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property. Then turning a broker, he accumulated money until the year 1759, when his attention was turned to the training and teaching of animals, birds and fishes. He was led to this new study on reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at a fair at St. Germain. Bisset bought a horse and dog, and succeeded beyond his expectations in teaching them to perform various feats. He next purchased two monkeys, which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope, and one would hold a candle in one paw and turn a barrel-organ with the other, while his companion danced. He next taught three cats to do many wonderful things, to sit before music-books, and squall notes pitched to different keys. He advertised a "Cat's Opera" in the Haymarket, and successfully carried out his programme, and the cats accurately fulfilled all their parts. He pocketed some thousands by this means. He next taught a leveret, and then several species of birds to spell the name of any person in the company, and to distinguish the hour of day or night. Six turkey cocks were then rendered amenable to a country dance, and, after six months' teaching, he trained a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog, and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, he made it trace out the name of any given person in company. Bisset was equally successful in teaching goldfinches. After some reverses we find Bisset in Dublin about 1775, showing his different animals; and, again, on making some money, he purchased a public house in Belfast, determining to give up animal taming. Growing restless, his old taste returns and he takes to training and teaching animals once more. He began with a dog and cat, and, perfecting these in these lessons, he selects the most obstinate of the brute creation, an Irish pig, to experiment upon. The teaching of this unruly animal almost wearied out Bis-

sett's patience, and he was about giving up the task in despair when he bethought of a new mode of taming the young boar. After sixteen months of unwearying perseverance, he at last was rewarded by instilling a little reason into the pig's unreasoning cranium, thus proving that pigs can not only "see the wind," by common belief, but that they can be made useful in "raising the wind." During the teaching of his pig Bisset used to keep young piggy under his shoemaker's sent while he worked. In 1783 Bisset brought his "Learned Pig" into Dublin, procured the leave of the Lord Mayor for his exhibition, and carried the city by storm. It was trained to be as docile and obedient as a spaniel, and was taught to spell names, cast up accounts, tell exactly the hours, minutes, and seconds, to kneel and make his obeisance to the company, and do various other feats. Some petty officer, half armed with authority, broke in Bisset's room, assaulted the unoffending poor exhibitor, broke and destroyed everything, and drew his sword to kill the wondrous animal. Poor Bisset pleaded hard for the chief magistrate's leave, but he was threatened that if he offended any more with his daring performances he would be dragged to prison. Only it was a little too late in the era, it is probable poor Bisset would have suffered at the stake for witchcraft. After the break up of Bisset's hopes, his anguish of mind produced an illness from which he never effectually recovered, and he died a few days afterwards of a broken heart, in Chester, on his way to London.—*Land and Water*.

EARL RUSSELL ON EDUCATION.

The sixty eighth general meeting of the British and Foreign School Society was held, recently at the schools, Boroughroad, Earl Russell, K. G., presiding. Amongst those present were Earl Fortescue, Lord Lyveden, the Hon F. A. R. Russell, Mr. Macgregor (London School Board), the Rev. Dr. Abbott, &c.

The annual report, an abstract of which was read by Mr. Alfred Bourne, gave the following summary of work during the past year:—Applications for teachers 447; experienced teachers engaged, 85; students appointed, 137. Up to Christmas there were 329 students, of whom 326 were presented for the certificate examination, 110 passing in the first division, 169 in the second, and 47 in the third. There are now at the four colleges 359 resident students (besides 60 at the independent college at Bangor). At the six schools there are now 8 certificated teachers, 2 assistant teachers, 17 pupil teachers, and about 1,300 scholars in ordinary attendance. The balance-sheet showed an expenditure (including part of the expense of the restoration after fire and other exceptional charges) of £3,079, to meet which £2,984 had been drawn from the reserve fund, and a debt of £1,131 has been incurred.

The noble Chairman said he wished to address to the meeting a few words respecting the great principles of the society, and to express the satisfaction it gave him to be able to take some part in their labors and their objects. The society had now been in existence 65 years, and he was glad to say that neither had it abjured any principle that it had once adopted, nor had the British nation been slow to respond to the principles it had advocated and established. Soon after the establishment of the society, he was old enough to remember, there was a great deal of discussion with respect to the education of the working classes who now had so much power and influence in this country. It was objected by the majority of the educated classes that to educate the lower classes would do mischief, but after a year or two it was agreed that something should be done for education. Instead, however, of the principles of the British and Foreign School Society being adopted, the Church of England Catechism and worship were enforced, thus limiting and restricting the objects of education. (Hear, hear.) Another objection was made which had in late times been greatly repeated, viz., that the use of the Bible amounted to what was called "the worship of a book." He entirely denied that the use of the Bible in schools was at all the worship of a book; it was following the commands of God himself, and the lessons which Christ left to the world. In his opinion the teaching of the Bible was as far as religion should go into the schools, and he thought there could be no good schools without they had religion. (Hear, hear.) The teaching of the Bible was the best that could be given, and he trusted that it would continue and prosper in England. He observed with regard to what had gone on of late years that, instead of what was a fair and just exercise of opinions of those who wished to promote education, there had been an attempt by legislative means to place a tax upon those who were content with the Bible only. That, he considered, was a very unfair attempt, and he trusted it would have no success. (Cheers.) He observed with pleasure that there had been a great advance in the teaching given in the society's schools, and especially in regard to a subject which affected the welfare of the laboring classes of this country—viz., the teaching of cookery, a study in which he derived his first lesson whilst visiting her Majesty's school in Windsor Park. He trusted that in a very few years the laborer's cottage would become a place where many better dinners would be eaten than could have been got fifty years ago. A great deal had been done by the Government and Legislature to promote education in this country. Having referred to the rapid progress of education in New England, the

noble earl, in conclusion, observed that the work of education was making progress throughout the world, and the society might expect that those principles of the Bible which they taught, and which inculcated peace, love and goodwill, would prevail among mankind in future times. (Cheers.)

Lord Lyveden moved to adoption of the report, which was agreed to and the usual business of the annual meeting was then transacted.

A YANKEE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

A new Robinson Crusoe has lately been discovered on St. George's Island, one of the South Shetland Islands, situated about ten days' sail to the southward of Cape Horn, in latitude 64. In the year 1871 the schooner Franklin, Captain Holmes, left New London, United States, for the seal fishery in these islands, arriving at her destination after a voyage of four months. The following day the captain ordered a boat's crew of five men, under the orders of James King, boat-steerer, to proceed to the shore and commence killing seals at Winden Island, off which place the vessel was anchored. In the boat were placed provisions for seven days and a big club for each of the men, with which to kill the seals by knocking them on the head. Captain Holmes' instructions were—"kill all you can, and we will be back for you within a week." The Franklin then sailed away, and the men commenced slaughtering all the seals they could find; and so successful were they that at the expiration of the fifth day they had killed and skinned 4,000 seals, which they piled on the rocks. The seal crop being exhausted, the men resolved, with their remaining provisions, to set out for St. George's Island, which is situated in the vicinity, where they could find more seals. They accordingly departed, leaving behind them a small piece of board, on which was chalked, "We have left for St. George's Island; call for us there." When the Franklin returned at the end of the week, the pile of sealskins was found, and also the notice-board. She accordingly proceeded to St. George's Island in quest of the missing men, and cruised about that island for several days, but could see nothing of the boat or the men, who were at last abandoned to their fate, and the Franklin returned home, no boat having been sent ashore on account of the breakers and the ice which had already formed. The men were supposed to be dead, but in August last year a New London sealing fleet left for the South Shetland Islands, and it was mutually agreed among the captains that they should endeavor to discover some traces of the lost men. When the barque Nile arrived at St. George's Island, the captain and a number of his men went ashore to make a search for the remains of King and his companions. Walking along the beach for some distance, they were surprised to find a small hut, from which projected a stove-pipe. In the corner of the hut was a man with a long red beard and matted hair fast asleep. He was clothed in seal skins, with sandals on his feet, and on being awakened, turned out to be King the sole survivor of the party. It seems that they found the hut and stove on the island, and lived for some time on pelican flesh, burning seal blubber in the stove. One had died of cold; three others attempted to get back to Winden Island, and are supposed to have perished; and King alone returned in the Nile. Such is the story about the new Robinson Crusoe.

YOU ARE A BRICK.

A certain college Professor had assembled his class at the commencement of a term, and was reading over the list of names of all that were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the Professor, having just entered the class.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the Professor, looking through his spectacles.

"You are a brick," was the startling reply.

"Sir," said the Professor, half starting out from his chair at the supposed impertinence, but not quite sure that he had understood him correctly, "Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer."

"You are a brick," was again the composed reply.

"This is intolerable," said the Professor, his face reddening. "Beware, young man, how you attempt to insult me."

"Insult you," said the student, in turn astonished. "How have I done it?"

"Did you not say I was a brick?" returned the Professor, with stifled indignation.

"No sir, you asked me my name, and I answered your question. My name is U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick."

"Ah, indeed," murmured the Professor, sinking back in his seat in confusion. It was a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr. Anderson—Brick."

GOTTLIEB SCHEERER'S LITTLE JOKE.

There is an anecdote of Gottlieb Scheerer, who, twenty years ago, was an active Philadelphia politician, and Vice-President Dallas, which is here first given in print. Some thirty years ago Mr. Dallas was counsel in a case in Philadelphia, and Mr. Scheerer was called as a witness. The following questions were put by Mr. Dallas:

"Mr. Scheerer, were you in Harrisburg last June?"

"Last June, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"

"Yes, last June; don't repeat my question, but answer it."

"After some moments of study the answer came: "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg last June!"

"Were you in Harrisburg in July?"

He reflected again, and slowly said, "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg in July."

"Were you there in August, Mr. Scheerer?"

The witness again meditated, and said: "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not there in August."

"Were you there in September?"

Here Mr. Scheerer reflected longer than before, and replied: "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg in September."

Mr. Dallas became tired of this barren result, and raising his voice said:

"Mr. Scheerer, will you tell the court at what time you were in Harrisburg?"

"Mr. Dallas," said Mr. Scheerer, "I never was in Harrisburg in my life."

The court, the audience, and Gottlieb Scheerer enjoyed the joke, but Mr. Dallas did not heartily partake of the merriment created.

THE BETTING DANDY.

The young gentleman—with a medium-sized, light brown moustache, and a suit of clothes, such as fashionable tailors sometimes furnish to their customers, "on accommodating terms"—that is, on the insecure credit system—came into a hotel, one afternoon, and, after calling for a glass of Madeira, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present that the Susquehanna would not be successfully launched. This "banter" not being taken up, he proposed to wager five dollars that Dr. Webster would not be hung. This seemed a "stumper," too, for nobody accepted the chance. The exquisite glanced around contemptuously and remarked—"I want to make a bet of some kind; I don't care a fig what it is. I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to five hundred dollars. Now's your time, gentlemen; what do you propose?"

Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman, who looked as though he might be a Pennsylvanian farmer. He set down the glass and addressed the exquisite—"Well, Mister—I'm not in the habit of making bets—but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of sixes that I can pour a quart of treacle into your hat, and turn it out a solid lump of candy in two minutes by the watch."

"Done!" said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer.

It was a real Florence silk hat, a splendid article, that shone like black satin. The old gentlemen took the hat, and requested the bar-keeper to send for a quart of treacle—"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart; that's the kind I use in this experiment," said he, handing over six coppers to the bar-keeper.

The treacle was brought, and the old farmer, with a very grave and mysterious countenance, poured it in the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time. Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a Signor Blitz-like adroitness, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it, as if watching the wonderful process of solidification.

"Time's up," said the dandy.

The old farmer moved the hat. "Well, I do believe it ain't hardened," said he, in a tone expressive of disappointment; "I missed it, some how or other, this time, and I suppose I've lost the bet. Bar-keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—twelve sixes, mind, and charge 'em in the bill."

"What of the cigars?" roared the exquisite, "you've spoiled my hat, that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it."

"That wasn't in the bargain," drily answered the old gentleman; "but I'll let you keep the treacle, which is a little more than we agreed for."

Having drained the tenacious fluid from his beaver, as he best could, into a spittoon, the man of the moustaches rushed from the place—his fury not much abated by the sounds of ill-suppressed laughter which followed his exit. He made his complaint at the police-office, but, as it appeared that the experiment was tried with his own consent, no damages could be recovered.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE—TORONTO TIMES.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.	
FROM THE EAST.	FROM THE WEST.
Bellefleur Train—9.37 a.m.	Night Express—5.15 a.m.
Express—11.07 a.m.	Mixed from Berlin—10.45 a.m.
Mixed—6.07 p.m.	Express—6.30 p.m.
Express—11.07 p.m.	Mixed—1.50 p.m.
GOING EAST.	
Express—5.37 a.m.	Express—7.30 a.m.
Mixed—12.05 a.m.	Express—11.45 a.m.
Bellefleur Train—5.37 p.m.	Mixed—3.45 p.m.
Express—7.07 p.m.	Express—7.07 p.m.
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.	
GOING WEST.	FROM THE WEST.
Express—7.00 a.m.	Accommodation—11.00 a.m.
Do. 11.50 a.m.	Express—1.15 p.m.
Accommodation—4.00 p.m.	Mixed—5.30 p.m.
Express—8.00 p.m.	Accommodation—9.30 p.m.
TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.	
GOING NORTH.	FROM THE NORTH.
Mixed—8.00 a.m.	Mixed—10.45 a.m.
Do. 3.50 p.m.	Mixed—6.35 p.m.
Connects with Midland Railway for Lindsay, Beaverton, Peterborough, &c.	
TORONTO, GREY & BRUCE RAILWAY.	
GOING WEST.	FROM THE WEST.
Mixed—7.30 a.m.	Mixed—11.30 a.m.
Do. 3.45 p.m.	Do. 8.50 p.m.