

such a friend. I was obliged to confide my secret to a young friend at the risk of his ridicule, for in no other way could I come at a knowledge of whom the party really consisted. And he helped me at last to the end of my thread of mystery.

"Theodore," said he, one evening, as we sat talking together over his bright bachelor fire of cannel, "there was one fellow there that night, who had his sister with him—one that I had forgotten—James Birney. They came in together very quietly, I remember now, just as we had risen from the table to form the circle. I did not notice them much, for I was absorbed in other thoughts, and the room, you know, was not very well lighted."

I looked in sheer amazement at the man who needed light by which to see those glorious orbs that had so bewitched me, but I said only:

"Well, Phil, where does James Birney live, and who is he?"

"Oh, don't you know him? I'll introduce you to-morrow evening. We'll call there together—would like to have a chat with James myself, and you, in the meantime, may chance to meet your Dukeina."

How my heart beat at those words! Reader, if you have ever been twenty years old and in love, you will understand how it was; if you never have been young, and know not what the passion is, you ought by no means to read my story. It will affect you as poetry did the great mathematician, who asked, "what does it prove?"

Well, I went the next evening with Phil to call on James Birney. He lived in a nice, snug little house in P—street—a little wooden cottage, as neat as wax, with a bright brass knocker on the door instead of a bell. How I remember that knocker, and how it sounded to me on that eventful evening! It was like the voice of destiny to my agitated soul!

We were shown into the parlor, a little boudoir of a room, bright as polished brass and glowing fire and "fluid" lamps could make it; and there, seated at a table near the glowing grate, were the object of my affections and her brother, playing chess.

They rose as we entered, and I was formally introduced.

She gave me again that white, warm hand of hers, and said:

"I have met you before, I think, Mr. Avery. You were at the circle at Adam's, if I remember aright."

"I shall not soon forget that I was there," I said, quite carried away by the occasion.

"You are very much interested in circles, then?" said she, dropping those glorious eyes beneath my ardent gaze.

"I was, at one time; but other interests since then have quite superseded that."

She looked inquiringly at me, then dropped her eyes again. Nothing is so encouraging to a bashful man as to find that he can cause a lady's eyes to drop before his own.

The conversation became general now, and we of course could have no more private "passages." But the ice was broken, and I, having carte blanche to the house, made frequent calls; but the brother was always present.

One happy evening, however, he was too ill to come down. Never before did I so bless the fact of a friend being ill.

So, there I was at last, alone with the lovely one. What should I do or say, or whether should I turn? It became oppressive to me for a few moments. At last she, seeing and not quite understanding my manner, said, not without some touch of pique:

"That it enables me to say to you what I could not have said in his presence; that you are the only woman I have loved."

There! It was out! (how easily it always does come out, after all!) and she sat blushing and trembling before me, unable to speak a word, yet evidently neither angry or displeased at the bold words I had spoken.

"Alice," said I, at last, after waiting in vain for some response, "do you care for what I have said? Could you love a fellow like me, do you think, who knows he is not worthy of you, but aspires to be so?"

Her hand trembled a little on the arm of her chair, and she lifted those blue eyes to my face, so full of love that they answered me without words. I seized the little trembler and kissed it.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Posters, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WORKMAN Office.

A colored philosopher thus unburdened himself on one of woman's weaknesses: "Jim de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If women looks at de moon, dey see a man in it. If dey hear a mouse it's a man; and dey all look under de bed de fust thing to find a man. Why, I neber looks under my bed to find a woman; does you?"

SCIENTIFIC.

HINTS ON CHEAP FLORAL DECORATION.

The introduction of natural ornaments into our houses is of comparatively recent date. Fashion in her changing moods has willed it, and the conventional and artificial have had their day. Rustic baskets of trailing ivy, stands of gaily tinted growing flowers, mimic ponds teeming with finny life, and vases of autumnal leaves and grasses have replaced the cumbersome china or queer old ornaments of bull and marquetrie; and even in art, the graceful negligence of nature is imitated in the decoration of our modern dwellings, in showy contrast to the geometrical embellishments and prim finery of the houses of half a century ago. And this is true alike in public as well as in private edifices. One of the recently built theaters, in this city, in place of the meaningless frescoes surrounding its proscenium arch, substitutes huge palm trees with their broad leaves (of tin) drooping from their summits; another fills its lobby with vases of flowers and trailing plants, while a third arranges similar ornaments in conspicuous places in its auditorium, and rumor says a fountain is to be constructed in the center of the parquette.—*Scientific American.*

A TOWER TALLER THAN BABEL.

Messrs. Clarke, Reeves & Co., proprietors of the Phoenixville Bridge Works, Philadelphia, Pa., propose to construct a wrought iron tower, one thousand feet in height, to be completed for the American Centennial Exhibition in 1876. The tower is to be circular in section, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter at the base, diminishing to thirty feet at the top. It is proposed to have spiral stair-cases winding around the center tube for those preferring to walk up; but elevators will be provided, which are calculated to ascend to the top in three minutes. We have in process of engraving a full page illustration, representing the tower in contrast with St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Bunker Hill Monument, the Pyramids of Egypt, and other existing tall structures, all of which, alongside of the thousand feet tower, look like pigmies.—*Scientific American.*

A NEW WEATHER VANE.

The old weathercock has three essential faults; it indicates a direction when there is a dead calm, it gives no means of learning the force of the wind, while it fails to show the true course of the same, by exhibiting merely its horizontal component. M. Tany proposes the arrangement to be attached to the ordinary lightning rod. Just above a suitable shoulder on the latter is placed a copper ring, grooved and made into a pulley easily rotated in a horizontal plane. Around this passes a knotted cord, the ends of which are secured to the extremities of a short stick or metal rod, to which is secured a simple streamer. Thus constructed, the vane indicates a calm by falling vertically, and besides shows the strength of the wind by being blown out more or less from the lightning rod. As is evident, it is capable of motion in every direction, so that if there exist in the wind an upward tending vertical component, the same will be shown.

AQUEOUS EXHALATION OF PLANTS.

M. Barthelemy, after a series of experiments on the above subject, concludes that in plants there is an insensible exhalation throughout the entire cuticular surface, through the medium of a true gaseous dialysis; that there is an abrupt emission of saturated gases which escape by breathing apertures when the plant is submitted to a rapid elevation of temperature, especially when under a bell glass; and that there is finally an accidental exudation, the result of defects in equilibrium between the absorbent action of the roots and the work in the aerial portions for the fixing of the carbon added to the elements of the water, a labor which ceases when light disappears.

THE VALUE OF SEWAGE.

Commenting on the sewage question and notably with reference to the utilization of the waste soil from Liverpool sewers, a writer in *Iron* estimates that a town of 100,000 inhabitants produces fertilizing material to the value of \$250,000 per annum. In the above mentioned city, it is considered that the sewage, if properly utilized, would be worth fully \$750,000 a year. The entire population of Great Britain, with all her colonies, is about 75,000,000 souls, and each person produces annually about two and a half dollars worth of valuable material. Hence the aggregate amount is valued at \$187,500,000, a sum equal to the joint annual yield of the Australian and Californian gold mines. Applying this vast total to the agricultural purposes, it would produce fully ten times its value in breadstuffs, beef, milk, butter, and all kinds of vegetable and animal food. The United States contain about 40,000,000 people, and hence \$100,000,000 worth of useful substance is yearly wasted; a sum, it is hardly necessary to say, which, if added to the finances of the country, would lessen the chances of future panics and aid materially in paying off the national debt.

THE SUPPRESSED MEMBER.

Of all tyrants, the most tyrannical is custom. As capricious as the King of Dahomey, she is as inexorable as Mrs. Grundy. There is no king or kaiser whose rule is so burdensome or so mockingly endured, the secret of her power lying in the delusion of her subjects that they are wholly free. Her laws are the only laws that perpetuate themselves; and though originally mere freaks of barbaric fancy, or usages of some forgotten stage of social development, they have become part of the social framework, and are harder to shake off than Sinbad's old man of the sea. Our heaviest taxes are those we pay to custom, her tribute takers, with fernseed in their shoes, finding their way into the innermost recesses of our daily life and controlling our conduct where we least suspect it.

A thousand illustrations might be given; but just now our wish is to call attention simply to one; our habitual and unreasoning suppression of a member whose cultivation would immensely increase our executive power, and prevent our being utterly disabled by certain accidents which all are liable to. The oriental custom of restricting education to the male half of the race seems to occidental minds at once unprofitable and absurd. What then would we think of a custom which should effect the systematic repression, not of the girls merely, but of half the boys; requiring number one of every pair of boys to be trained to the utmost strength and skill, and condemning number two to awkwardness, inaction and weakness? Worse than that: allowing him to do nothing not directly and necessarily subservient to number one, yet requiring him always to take number one's place in case he should meet with an injury. Such unprofitable servitude to other customs than our own would certainly be accounted ridiculous in the extreme; but after all, is it so much worse than our careful repression of the sinister half of each boy's working members?

"Don't use that hand" and "Use your right hand" are injunctions that the child hears from the very first; and before he is old enough to understand the spoken words, the outstretched left hand is put back and the coveted toy given only to the right.

"Why?" he asks as soon as he is old enough to demand a reason for the slight put upon the unoffending member.

"Because," replies mamma, sagely, "it is awkward," or, "it isn't polite."

Why it should be awkward or impolite to use the left hand, mamma never thinks to enquire. That the exigencies of military discipline in some fighting age of forgotten barbarism made it necessary that all men should give preference to the same hand, or some other equally wise and potent reason established the custom at a time when one skillful hand was enough for one person, mamma neither knows or cares; nor does it occur to her that times change, and that a good rule for one generation may be a bad one for another. Grant that social convenience is favored by the uniform use of the right hand for certain purposes that is no sufficient reason for subordinating the left hand in all things, especially when the conditions of our lives and occupations make it very frequently imperative that the untrained left hand shall learn to do the work of the disabled right hand.

From the nursery the boy goes to school, and here the same unreasonable prejudice awaits him. Through instinct, accident, or caprice, he grasps his pen or pencil with his left hand, and his knuckles are sharply rapped for it. Why should he not be taught to write and draw with both hands? It would take but little if any more time; and if it did, it would only keep him busy during moments which he would otherwise devote to idleness or mischief. The acquisition would never be worthless, and it might be of immense convenience to him. He might never have occasion to use his double capacity after the fashion of the popular scientist and teacher whose two handed black board sketches are such a delight to his auditors, and who is said to pursue his microscopic studies with a pen at one side and a pencil at the other, drawing with one hand and writing with the other as the development of his subject may require; nevertheless his two-fold skill would ever be a possible source of satisfaction and advantage to him. He would be free at any moment to rest a hand exhausted by protracted use without any interruption of his work; he would be less likely to be disabled by trifling hurts; and in case one hand were stiffened by heavy labor, the other might be kept in readiness for delicate manipulations, for writing, drafting and the like.

We have seen more than one ambidextrous artisan whose ability to handle tools with either hand, as occasion demanded, gave him constant advantages over his one handed mates, not only in the avoidance of fatigue, but in the performance of nice work and the overcoming of difficulties, hard to come at by those restricted to the use of a single hand. The right handed man who can use a hammer or a knife readily with his left hand, or can tie or untie a knot when his right hand is otherwise engaged, will find frequent use for his skill. Indeed the advantages we miss through the non-cultivation of the neglected member are infinite in number and of incessant recurrence. They are among the taxes we pay to custom.

It would be useless to recommend the nature to undertake the culture of their left hands. They have been "left" unused and

untrained too long; and the proper time for such work is in childhood and youth, when the muscles are tractable and time abundant. But need it be useless to urge parents to encourage such training on the part of their children, or, at least, not to discourage it?

THE LOCOMOTION OF SERPENTS.

We read that the curse pronounced upon the serpent was, "upon thy belly thou shalt go," and the inference seems to be that, previous to that time, its mode of progression was not upon its belly. This would imply a great anatomical change in the structure of the creature at the time in question, a change which, so far as we are aware, is not proved by paleontological research, and the expression is probably a figurative one, as observed by Dr. Buckland. Serpents progress by the "foldings and windings they make on the ground," and the stiff moveable scales which cross the under portion of the body; but the windings are sideways, not vertical. The structure of the vertebrae is such, that upward and downward undulations are greatly restricted, and many illustrations, showing sharp vertical curves of the body, are exaggerations. Most persons have seen snakes glide slowly and silently, without any contortion. They seemed to progress by some invisible power, but, if permitted to move over the bare hand, an experiment easily tried, a motion of the scales will be perceived. These are elevated and depressed, and act as levers, by which the animal is carried forward. Nor can a serpent progress with facility on the ground, without the resistance afforded by the scales. It is stated that it cannot pass over a plate of glass or other entirely smooth surface. We saw the experiment tried, by placing a small pane of glass in a box, in which was a common black snake. He was made to pass over it repeatedly, but evidently found that he had no foothold on it; and the third time, as he approached it, elevated the forepart of his body slightly, and brought his head down beyond the glass, and, on passing, his body seemed scarcely to touch it. This gave an opportunity to witness the wave-like movements of the scales, that is, of their elevation, which runs from the head to the tail, enabling the animal to move continuously, instead of by a series of minute pushes, as would occur if all the scales be lifted and depressed at once.—*E. Lewis, in Popular Science Monthly for January.*

AN OVERSTRAIN.

Memory is a grand gift when properly educated, but it should not be stimulated more than any other part of the mind. Dr. Richardson says: "I knew an instance in which a child was 'blessed' with a marvellous gift of verbal memory. This being his 'forte,' his teacher, who wished every scholar to be remarkable for something beyond other scholars, played on his 'forte' powerfully, and with wonderful effect. By constant cultivation of the one faculty, this marvellous boy could learn off fifty lines of Paradise Lost, or any other English book, at a single reading, and could repeat his lesson on the spot without missing a word or omitting a comma. But the result was this, that when the remarkable boy was sent to a university to learn a profession, he was beaten in the learning of detailed and detached facts by every fellow-student. Seeing, slowly but surely, where his weakness lay, this student ceased at last to call into play his remarkable talent. It was a terrible task; he accomplished it at last, to a considerable degree, but never effectually. For a long time he made mistakes that were most annoying; he was unable, for instance, to cast up accurately any column of figures; he forgot dates, he ran over or under important appointments, mis-named authors in speaking of works of art or letters; and in reasoning, he would mix up two or three subjects. It took him full ten years to unlearn his wonderful technical art."

THE PRESS.

The press is the guardian of our liberties. To keep it pure in its sentiments, is to add to its power and influence for good. A corrupt newspaper, like the deadly Upas tree, poisons all who come in contact with it. To accept its teachings, is to drink the unwholesome water flowing from a poisonous fountain. The pure sentiments of a good paper are to the mind what the cool sparkling water is to the body—refreshing and health giving. Newspapers that teach justice and morality, and advocate honesty and patriotism as the basis of good government should receive liberal support from all citizens who desire to advance the best interest of the public. A good paper should never languish for the want of support. It should be upheld, strengthened, and its usefulness enlarged by the patronage of those who believe in its sentiments. The great journals of our large cities may tend to enlighten the people on the news of the world, but to the country press, exerting its quiet influence in every section of our land we are indebted for the moulding of public sentiments on all important public questions.

Scatter diligently into susceptible minds the germs of the true and beautiful.

HUMOROUS.

A BIG BLOW.

Recently, while the chief engineer of a lung-ster was expatiating upon the benefits to be derived from the free use of his instrument, a cadaverous individual stepped out of the crowd and remarked to him:

"Yes, sir, certainly; it would expand your chest, give elasticity to your lungs, and lengthen your life. Why, you'd soon be able to blow 500 pounds and win the \$5 prize."

"Why, does a fellow get \$5 when he blows that many pounds?"

"Yes, sir; wouldn't you like to make a trial?" with a knowing wink to the crowd.

"I don't care if I do," said Greens, walking around and plunking down a dime of the greasy shinplaster sort.

Then taking the mouth-piece in his hand, he made ready. He opened his mouth until the hole in his face looked like a dry-dock for ocean steamers, and began to take wind. The inflation was like that of the Graphic balloon, but not so disastrous. That fellow's chest began to grow and distend until he resembled a pouter pigeon more than a man, at which point he put the mouth-piece to his lips and blew with such force that his eyes came out and stood around on his cheek-bones to see what was the matter—but that can top went up like a flash, and the needle of the indicator spun around like the button on a country school-house door, until it stood at 500 pounds. The crowd cheered, and the keeper of the can paid over the \$5 in stamps, with a mutter of astonishment. But Greens pocketed them coolly, and turning to the spectators, said:—

"Look here, gents, that ain't nothing to do at all for a man who has been a bugler in a deaf and dumb asylum for seven years, like me!"

LOVE AND MATHEMATICS.

John August Mueser, one of the most popular German story-writers of the last century, in his story of "Libussa," makes the Lady of Bohemia put forth the following problem to her three lovers, offering her hand and throne as the prize for a correct solution:

"I have here in my basket," said the Lady Libussa, "a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall have half and one more, and the third have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums are in it?"

The first knight made a random guess at three-score.

"No," replied the lady; "but if there were as many more, half as many more, and a third as many more as there now are in the basket, with five more added to that, the number would by so much more exceed three-score as it now falls short of it."

The second knight, getting awfully bewildered, speculated wildly on forty-five.

"Not so," said this royal ready-reckoner; "but if there were a third as many more, half as many more, and a sixth as many more as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there now are under that number."

Prince Wladimir then decided the number of plums to be thirty, and by so doing obtained this invaluable housekeeper as his wife. The Lady Libussa thereupon counted him out fifteen plums and one more, when there remained fourteen. To the second knight she gave seven and one more, and six remained. To the first knight she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty. The discarded lovers went off with their heads exceedingly giddy, and their mouths full of plums.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

An amusing incident in connection with the Westminster County Court, London, England, is that which, we are assured, is absolutely true. One day last week a case was being heard in the court in question, in which plaintiff and defendant were both costermongers, who had dealings about a donkey, and a dispute as to balance due. The swearing was particularly hard on both sides, and used as is the learned judge to extracting the truth from such collisions of evidence, he seemed on this occasion almost at a loss. But luncheon time arriving, he said to both parties to the suit, "The court will now adjourn for half an hour, and in the meantime you had better settle the case by yourselves outside." The two men looked after him in astonishment as he quitted the court, and when he disappeared plaintiff, turning to defendant, exclaimed, "You heard what his honor said, Bill. I suppose he means it." "Oh! yes, I suppose so—come on outside." And both of them went into St. Martin's Court, pulled off their coats, and began to "settle it," before an admiring audience of small boys, county court officials and policemen, all of whom assumed that the judge had ordered them to fight it out. After a few rounds the plaintiff acknowledged himself satisfied, the two shook hands, and went into the "Old Round Table," and drank "Long life to the judge." But Mr. Bayley's surprise, when on his return to the court he learned from the usher that his suitors had taken him literally, may be imagined. He only said, "Very terrible. We might be charged with aiding and abetting a breach of the peace."

Just takes these two lines to fill out this column.