

PERSEPOLIS.

BY FRANCIS L. MACE.

Here is the royalty of ruin: naught
Of later pomp the desert stillness mars;
Alone these columns face the fiery sun.
Alone they watch beneath the midnight stars.

Forests have sprung to life in colder climes,
Grown stalwart, nourished many a savage brood,
Ripened to green age, failed to decay,
Since this gray grove of marble voiceless stood.

Not voiceless once, when, like a rainbow woe
Veiling the azure of the Persian sky,
Curtains of crimson, violet, and gold
In folds of priceless texture hung on high!

And what have the sun and shadow left us?
What glorious picture in this marble frame
Ever, as soundless centuries roll by,
Gives this lone mount its proudest, dearest fame?

The sculptured legend on yon polished cliff
Has lost its meaning: Persia, gray and old,
Upon her bed of roses sleeps away
The ages, all her tales of triumph old.

But here Queen Esther stood: and still the World,
In vision rapt, beholds that peerless face,
When, with a smile which won a throne, she gave
Joy to her king and freedom to her race.

CHARMING WOMEN AND WOMEN IN
EARNEST.

When it was all over, my friend said, "So that is a woman in earnest. Do you suppose it is her earnestness that makes her so unprepossessing?"

This is my perplexity reduced to its last exponent: Was it her earnestness?"

My friend held that it was. "If you have observed," said she, "women with aims are always like that. They are too superior to condescend to make themselves agreeable. Besides, they haven't time. Then they never can see but one side of a question,—the side they are on. They are always dragging their own opinions to the front, and always running full tilt against every one else's. That is where they differ most from women who haven't purposes and who have seen a good deal of the world. It is the business of a woman of the world to be agreeable. She spares no pains to make herself just as good-looking as possible, and just as charming. And she is always tolerant. She may think you a fool for your beliefs, but she doesn't tell you so brutally, or try to crush you with an avalanche of argument. She tries to look at the matter from your point of view; in short, she feigns a sympathy, if she have it not. Your woman with a purpose think it wrong to feign anything. They won't pretend to be sympathetic any more than they will powder their faces, or let their dress-maker improve their figures. That's why they are so boring; they are too narrow to be sympathetic and too conscientious to be polite. It is earnestness does it; earnestness is naturally narrowing. It is earnestness, too, sets their nerves in a quiver and makes them so restless. They can never sit still; they are always twitching, don't you know? That's earnestness. It has a kind of electrical effect. Women in earnest have no repose of manner. But a woman of the world feigns that, just as she feigns sympathy, because it makes her pleasant to other people. Oh, there's no doubt of it: women with a purpose are vastly better than other women, but they are not nearly so nice!"

My own experience corroborates my friend's opinions. Women with a purpose, women in earnest, have a noticeable lack of charm. And I regret to say that the nobility of the purpose does not in the least affect the quantity of charm. Very likely their busy lives and the hard fight they have had to wage with social prejudices and moral anachronisms may have something to do with it.

But after making all deductions, I wonder if my friend's theory does not hit somewhere near the mark!—*November Atlantic.*

CITY VERSUS COUNTRY.

I have heard good people declaim against the social life of cities as if there were really something criminal in a fondness for dinner parties, receptions and balls, and a high degree of virtue in abstaining from such pleasures by those who could not have them if they would. I have had considerable experience of life in rural towns, and so far as it informs me I am willing to maintain that life in them is no more earnest, dignified with worthy interests and aims, than life in cities, but merely a less busy and a duller thing. The frivolous city girl's day is filled with engagements from morning to night,—with shopping, paying and receiving visits, driving in the park, and theatre or ball going in the evening. Her mind is taken up with these things to the exclusion of anything like intellectual occupation,—for novel-reading does not come under that head. She is absorbed in pleasure-seeking in all its various kinds. The frivolous country girl has more time on her hands, but does she do anything better with it? She, too, seeks her pleasures, as many are to be had, and sighs that there are no more of them. She shops and pays calls, and plays tennis in the afternoon instead of driving on the avenue; wishes there were a dance for the evening, but since there is not stays at home and does some fancy work, finishes her novel, or chats with

some intimate who "drops in" on her. What real difference in her character is made by the fact that she has had but one party to attend during the week, where the other girl has had six? Is worldliness worse because it is on a larger scale? Is scandal about the last elopement in fashionable society more demoralizing than gossip about one's next-door neighbor's son and the attention he is paying to Miss So-and-So? The virtue of minding one's own business is not more commonly practiced in rural places than in larger ones. I know of city girls who mingle with their pleasures an active care for the poor and sick, spending as much thought and time in charitable work as those who, living in country places, have less demand upon their leisure. It is sad to see a man or woman spending life in thoughtless gaiety; to me, it is equally sad to see one wasting it in simple, negatively virtuous insanity. I know certain worthy persons the mere sight of whom is depressing beyond words. The vacancy of their minds oppresses me as a suspension in a strain of music distresses the ear; the dullness of their undeveloped sensibilities, the contraction of the mental and spiritual space they are shut up in, effects me as a positive pain. If it were an external necessity that compelled to this way of existence, the case would be hard enough; but being, as I know it is, the result of choice and habit, and that, again, the outcome of sluggish temperament and minds deprived of proper stimulus, the pity of it is so much the greater. Sometimes such people do suffer from this species of self-starvation, yet without knowing it, or at least without comprehension of the true cause of their dull unrest. Perhaps it is just such a one, of all persons, whom you will hear speaking in disparagement of "fashionable" society. In the name of reason, one exclaims internally, is it not better at least to enjoy one's self than to make an absolute nothing of one's life? To be pleased with trifles is at least no crime, but you would make it a virtue to be pleased with nothing.—*November Atlantic.*

VARIETIES.

A WRITER to the *London Times*, complaining of the frequent occurrence of "the" in its columns, says:—"I find little article 'the' occurs two hundred times in first column of the *Times*—for sake of average, say one thousand times on every page, making sixteen thousand for entire copy, equal to forty-eight thousand letters. Now, if we reckon that every line in a column numbers forty letters—taking leading-article type as example—and that a column is made up of one hundred and fifty lines, then we learn how six thousand letters are consumed. And so we come to ascertain that an ordinary copy of the *Times* devotes eight columns of letter-press to article 'the.' Surely this little verbal parasite might with advantage be stamped out."

THE *Baltimore Sun* speaks as follows in regard to the manual training schools it is proposed to establish in that city: The public schools undertake to give the youth of the city all the learning they require that can be gathered from books. This is well as far as it goes in the way of knowledge, but to a considerable class, those who will be compelled to earn their living from the start, the drift of such knowledge is not in the most practical direction. It inclines them toward clerkships, and the profession of law or medicine, which are already clerkships especially—frightfully overcrowded, and the effect of it is to withdraw them from handicrafts where skilled workmen receive remunerative wages. All the constructive trades require to be reinforced by expert artisans, and the training most needed at this time and in this country is that of the proper use of tools and the method of applying them.

THE statement that Arminius Vamberg is about to publish his autobiography will be received with interest in every literary and many political circles; for the story of his rise from a position little better than that of a beggar to that of master of all the European and many Oriental languages must be more remarkable than the story of his visit to Central Asia. It must resemble that of some poor scholar in mediæval times. That he is a Russophobe, a Turkophile, a partisan of the Conservative party in England, will be forgiven him by true Liberals who remember his education, and reflect that after all he has sought only to teach Europe that England is the only country in the world suited by her interests and her policy to undertake the civilization of alien races. The wonderful romance of his life and the extraordinary strength of his natural gifts as a linguist place him among the men of the day, and his story cannot fail to be entrancing.

THE *New Orleans Times-Democrat* calls upon the University of Louisiana to open its doors to women and give them the same advantages it gives to men. "The State owes," says the editor, "as much to the one as to the other. To say nothing of the influence of highly cultivated women in their own homes and in society, we must bear in mind that not half of the teachers of the State are men. We cannot hope, therefore, for full success in our schools until equal educational advantages are offered to male and to female teachers alike. Looked at in the light of common sense, there is no more reason for establishing at great cost separate institutions for the higher instruction of men and women than there is for providing separate lecture

halls or churches for them. There is no more reason for excluding women from the scientific and literary lectures of the University of Louisiana than there is for excluding them from Dr. Palmer's sermon to-day, or a lecture to-morrow."

LITERARY REST.—Howells, the novelist, says he does not find "that long periods of intellectual inactivity are beneficial. It seems to me they are injurious instead. There is always a reluctance about turning to work again, and the day appointed for the resumption of the pen is apt to be postponed with more freedom than profit. I prefer properly to apportion my work and my recreation and take them together as far as practicable." The spirit is the same as that of Goethe in the "Without haste, without rest," and it seems to me to point a moral particularly applicable to people in intellectual labor. Mental rest is so apt to become mental rust. There is a perceptible point where vacation would be exile, enforced ostracism and isolation from all the interests that one has at heart. To me heaven never prefigures itself as a place of rest, but rather one of unceasing and self-controlling activities, with energies that are immortal, and whose spring is within rather than without.

OVER CROWDING AND TYPHUS IN CANADA.—There have been repeatedly warnings relating to the possibility and even probability of outbreaks of typhus fever from the over-crowded state of some of the cheap lodging houses in Toronto and other cities in Canada. Over-crowding in the backwoods may produce typhus just as surely as over-crowding in cities or in ships. Dr. McDonald, medical health officer of the Londonderry (Nova Scotia) iron works, reports that, "Last winter a family in very destitute circumstances came to the place, one of them suffering from symptoms which at first were a little puzzling. Within a few days seven of them were down with the same disease and the progress of the cases left no doubt whatever as to their nature. The disease was typhus fever. This family had been living in a log house in the backwoods, ill-fed, badly clad, and ten of them sleeping in one apartment less than twelve feet square."

FISH AS FOOD.—Sir Henry Thompson recently delivered a lecture on "Fish as Food." (*Lancet*.) It was an able summary of the known facts about fish, but Sir Henry went too far in his denunciation of the notion that fish eating increases brain power as a "complete fallacy." It has long been perfectly well known to physiologists that the phosphorus theory must be discarded, but it is a fact beyond dispute that fish is a form of food which is easily digested, and proves specially nutritive to the bodies of brain workers. Sir Henry Thompson thinks that the only way it acts is by putting a man's body into proper relation with the work he has to do. This may be quite true, and doubtless is so, but the brain is an integral part of the body. Moreover, it comprehends a considerable number of the most important centres of the nervous system, whence the body as a whole derives its power. Therefore, in putting a man's body in proper relation with his work, fish may chiefly act by supplying his nervous system with specially available nutriment.

CAR VENTILATION.—A test has been made of the Fennerty patent ventilator for cars, says the *Memphis Appeal*. The principle is described as simple and easily understood. It is made of zinc, standing up from the centre of the roof of the car like the letter T. The upright is about eight inches in diameter, and a foot in height. The horizontal piece is not quite three feet in length and eight inches in diameter. One end is slightly flared and the other has a zinc wing on either side, sloping gradually out from the centre. A piece of zinc is so arranged on the inside of the horizontal cylinder as to close the lower half, and curves over the mouth of the upright to a point about two inches beyond the edge. Thus air blown through the flared end creates a partial vacuum between the top of the upright tube and the under side of this curved piece of zinc into which rushes the hot and foul air confined in the interior of the car. The ventilator is on a pivot, and moves with the wind, like the weather-cock. When the car is in swift motion the vacuum made by the rushing wind is almost complete, rapidly ridding the coach of foul air.

LORD COLERIDGE visited Yale College and received an exceedingly cordial reception. The Chief Justice, in his speech to the faculty and students, expressed surprise at finding Yale possessed of so many fine buildings and such great academical beauty. He said: "Your buildings are more like those of Eton College and the Temple than any I have seen in this country. They remind me forcibly of my own college days. May God speed the University, and may the prosperity which it deserves never desert it. I understand that you maintain the old curriculum here, and I believe that policy is the best. My experience is that hours spent in studying Latin and Greek are by no means wasted. I have made it a religion to study every day some Latin or Greek author, and what little success I have achieved is due largely to that study. Statement, thought and arrangement have great influence on a man's progress in life. I defend the study of the classics on the same low, practical ground that the opponents of them have taken, but I would not have you think that is the only reason I defend them."

NATURE OF MONSTROSITIES.—Professor Fol, of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, in in-

vestigating the subject of double-headed monstrosities, or other monstrosities involving a duplication of one or more of the members of the body, finds that neither of the two theories advanced to account for the origin of the duplex condition—namely, the creation of two distinct beings which subsequently become united, or the partial division of one primary simple individual,—receives confirmation from direct observation. On the contrary, Professor Fol contends, and he is fortified in his conclusion by the results of an extended series of experiments, that in the case of double-headed anomalies the double head appears in the egg at the incipient stage of its development, the two heads being held in close proximity to each other. Following upon them comes the united body, which may, however, undergo complete fission, and thus res it in the production of twins more or less undistinguishable from each other. By the asphyxiation of the egg of a sea-urchin (*Echinus*),—immersion in seltzer water containing pure carbonic acid,—Professor was able to obtain two germs instead of the normal one.

His Majesty the King of Bavaria is passionately fond of the music of nightingales. One beautiful moonlight night word was sent to his Majesty that a nightingale was singing in the palace gardens. He hastened out, not daring to believe the report. The silvery notes, so wonderful, so beautiful, rich and full, rising, falling, trilling and dying away like the distant echoes of a flute, were filling the air with bewitching melody. The king stood fascinated, entranced, and would have remained in the palace grounds the livelong night had not the bird, weary of its song, ceased its music. After waiting in vain for it to begin again the king retired. The next night he went into the garden but was doomed to disappointment. The bird was silent. The third night he was more fortunate. The nightingale warbled sweeter and louder than ever, and the king was in rapture. Then for three nights it failed to be heard, and it was thought that the bird must have died or flown away to warmer skies. The king, in despair, offered heavy rewards for its return, but the most diligent search failed to find it. On the seventh night it came again, and continued its songs to the king's great delight, for two or three nights. Then it ceased, and the king waited long and anxiously for it for many nights after. And then, in some mysterious manner, it came to the king's ears that he had been imposed upon; that the nightingale which had sung to him so sweetly, and given him so much delight for so many moonlight evenings, was six feet high, wearing a spiked military hat and a soldier's uniform, who had learned the notes of these warblers so perfectly that it was difficult to detect the song of the real bird from the imitation. There was a tornado in the king's household when his wrath broke forth, and that night the nightingale was dieting on bread and water in a cell.

The largest vessel on the record of the ancients was built by order of Hiero, the second tyrant of Syracuse, under the superintendence of Archimedes, about two hundred and thirty years before Christ, the description of which would fill a small volume. Athenæus has left a description of this vast floating fabric. There was, he states, as much timber employed in her as would have served for the construction of fifty galleys. It had all the varieties of apartments and conveniences necessary to a palace—such as banqueting rooms, baths, a library, a temple of Venus, gardens, fish ponds, mills, and a spacious gymnasium. The inlaying of the floors of the middle apartment represented in various colors the stories of Homer's "Iliad"; there were everywhere the most beautiful paintings, and every embellishment and ornament that art could furnish were bestowed on the ceilings, windows, and every part. The inside of the temple was inlaid with cypress wood, the statues were of ivory, and the floor was studded with precious stones. The vessel had twenty benches of oars, and was encompassed by an iron rampart or battery; it had also eight towers and walls and bulwarks, which were furnished with machines of war, one of which was capable of throwing a stone of three hundred pounds weight or a dart of twelve cubits length, to the distance of half a mile. To launch her Archimedes invented a screw of great power. She had four wooden and eight iron anchors; her mainmast, composed of a single tree, was procured after much trouble from distant inland mountains. Hiero finding that he had no harbors in Sicily capable of containing her, and learning that there was famine in Egypt, sent her loaded with corn to Alexandria. She bore an inscription of which the following is part: "Hiero, the son of Hierocles, the Dorian, who wields the sceptre of Sicily, sends this vessel, bearing in her the fruits of the earth. Do thou, O Neptune, preserve in safety this ship over the blue waves."

KAROKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.