fort.

"Madam," said he, and as he spoke his voice grew husky with emotion; he madam, I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart, and, while you do not seem disposed to trust me, yet if there is anything in the round world I can do to lift this sorrow from your heart, let me do it. I assure you it is no idle curiosity. I would be your friend. I will avenge your wrongs, and the services of one loyal and true are yours if you will accept them. I would not pry into that which does not concern me, but I know that some great sorrow is upon you, and gently, tenderly would I raise the pall that hangs about your life, dress the wounds that have been opened in your tender heart, and pour the balsam of consolation over the"

and pour the balsam of consolation over the"—
He did not notice in his vehemence that the woman had stealthily risen, but she had, and, launching the footmat full in his face, she said:
"Get out o' this, you mean old blatherskite? You're meaner than that old guardian in this dime novel who wouldn't let his niece marry the handsome trapper. If I want to cry about what I read it's none o' your business."
Two blocks away the policeman flicked a bootblack off the sidewalk by the ear, and muttered:

"If women ain't the curusest-built nimals in the world, kill me for a fool." -Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

Some one has suggested that if the inventor of the phonograph would bring out a little machine to be attached to the front door, which would say, when the landlord called for the rent, "Come again next month," it would have a good sale. So it would; and if he wanted a name for it he might call it the postponograph.

Plying-A Vision of the Future.

hibited, which is certainly remarkable, if it does one-half of what is claimed for it. According to the official description of this friend of the shopkeeper, "it will check every penny taken and paid better than keeping a cashier and using check books. It occupies no more time than the ordinary till. If an assistant should take money of a customer and fail to put it in the till, it can be detected at once; if only a part of the amount is put in, it will show how much has been withheld. If any cash has been taken out, it will show the amount. The till cannot be opened without its being known, and the number of times. It will show how much money there ought to be in at any time. Any amount of change can be left in for use, and yet mone can be taken away without its being known. It can be left any length of time without being cleared, and will show the amount there ought to be in without being cleared, and will show the amount there ought to be in without being cleared, and will show the amount there ought to be in without being cleared, and will show the amount there ought to be in the counter of the cash. It can be used as a desk, or set on a level with the "counter top if required. It shows the number of customers waited upon by each assistant, and if a line is drawn across the paper close to the glass every hour, it tells the number of customers at any given time." And all these advantages are wound up with the brief statement, "interest on outlay and cost of working, half-penny a day."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a room of the clear of the said of the minister?" said a room of the customers are minister?" said a room of the customers and minister?" said a room of the customer and in the customer and cost of working, half-penny a day."

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

A Queer Story.

Hangues and the Gallows.

Formerly hangues were of the best fine spron, analysis of the part of Marshal. The hanguant of the part of Marshal of the part of Marshal

ang in a new way, tease sentimination in 1800, were hung from patient significant signific

The Seven Wise Men.

Most people have heard of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece," but very few know who they were or how they came to be called so. The seven wise men of Greece are supposed to have lived in the fifth century before Christ. Their names are Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Thales, Chilou, Cleobulus and Periander. The reason of their being called wise is given differently by various authors, but the most approved accounts state that as some Coans were fishing, certain strangers from Miletus bought whatever should be in the nets without seeing it. When the nets were brought in they were found to contain a gold tripod which Helen, as she sailed from Troy, is supposed to have thrown there. A dispute arose between the fishermen and the strangers as to whom it belonged, and, as they could not agree, they took it to the the temple of Apollo and consulted the priestess as to what should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man in the Greece, and it was accordingly sent to should be done with it. She said it must be given to the wisest man in Greece, and it was accordingly sent to one of the seven, who modestly disclaimed the title and forwarded the jewel to another, and so on, until it had passed through the hands of all the men, distinguished afterward as the "Seven Wise Men, and as each one claimed that the other was wiser than he, it was finally sent to the temple of Apollo, where it long remained to teach the lesson that the wisest are the most distrustful of their wisdom, FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Topsy was Win's kitten. She sat all humped up in the cellar-way, watching the plump speckled liens, which hung there by strings tied around their yellow legs. Only yesterday she had chased these same hens about the yard, and jumped at them from behind the rose bushes. Topsy shook her little sable head. "Oh, my!" said she, and then gave thanks that she was not a fowl.

fowl.

Just then Win's mother stepped down on the stairs and took one of the hens. Topsy followed and saw her lay it on a board and begin to "dress" it. Topsy thought it more like un-dressing it—feathers jerked off, legs and head cut off; and when the sharp knife began to cut it open Topsy ran away horrified. "What a dreadful observance Thanksgiving is!" said shoservance Thanksgiving is!" said shoservance

it open Topsy ran away horrified.
"What a dreadful observance Thanksgiving is!" said she.

However the odor of the various bakings and stewings was delightful.
Topsy spent the afternoon in the kitchen
rocking chair. Frequently Win came in
and gave her a hug and talked to her of
the good things they would eat to-morrow. Topsy's views of Thanksgiving
were considerably changed by evening;
but it was the evident hungriness of the
whole family, I think, which caused her
to take the step she did.

Under the stove, where she lay, she
had a good view of Win's paps and
mamma. She seized the moment when
the former sneezed his spectacles off,
and the latter dropped the seam-stitch
in her knitting-work, to walk-across into
the dark corner by the paatry door,
then, with one backward look and a
soft leap, she was in.

Under the broad shelf stood the molasses jug and the vinegar jug, and-behind them Topsy snugly hid herself.
She was so black that no one could see
her in the dark corner unless they looked
very sharply.

In a little while somebody said,

very sharply.

In a little while somebody said,
"Well, we will turn the cat out and go
to bed." o bed."
And then Topsy heard a soft, persus

sive voice: "Kitty! ki But she didn't stir. "Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

"Kitty, kitty, kitty!"
In vain.
"Well, I thought the cat was in here, but I guess Win turned her out before he went to bed."
Topsy purred so loudly—it was her way of laughing—that she was afraid of being heard. But presently the light was put out, and the house grew still. She waited until the could hear some-body snore, and then crept out. She knew where her favorite dishes were, for she had watched when they were set away. She sprang up on a shelf and smelled about daintly, till she found the platter of roasted chickens. She tasted the delicately browned wings, the breast, and the tender side of the last that the heartily. Then she partook of she ate heartily. Then she partook of the squash and pumpkin pies, eating out the insides. Then she nibbled the crusts of the mince and apple pies, then tasted the cake, then lapped a little cream from

the cake. then lapped a little cream from the milk pans.

By this time she was too full to swallow another mouthful, and she jumped down to the floor and looked around for a nice sleeping-place. She found a drawer partly open, and the ironing-sheet in it made a nice nest, and so she curled down and went to sleep, sure of her Thanksgiving dinner.

In the morning she was awakened by some one making the kitchen fire. She lay still, not daring to crawl out, for she knew very well what she had done. While she was thinking about it, Win's mamma came into the pantry, and seeing the open drawer, shut it.

Topsy forgot and was just going to mew to be let out, when she heard mama exclaim. "Well, I do declare!"

"What's the matter?" sand papa from the kitchen.

"Just look here!"

"If I could only get out now!" sighed Topsy.

In the evening there was a little party, as Topsy knew by the sound. She mewed some but no one heard her; they were all too merry and noisy.

Then Topsy began to think that being shut up in a drawer was a worse punishment for stealing than being whitped. The whipping would have been over so much sooner.

much sooner.

Thinking made her sleepy, and she took a nap. When she awoke the house Thinking made her sleepy, and she it took a nap. When she awoke the house was still again, everybody having gone to bed. By this time she was terribly shungry. She didn't care a straw for the "thrashing". Win said he would give ther, didn't even care if she was drowned, and began to mew, softly at first, and then louder and louder, until Win's papa bounded out into the kitchen to see what was the matter, and ran against the table, and then against the stove, and hurt his knee so badly it made him knock a chair over.

and hurt his knee so badly it made him knock a chair over.

Topsy heard Win's mamma calling from the bed-room:

"What upon earth is the matter?"
And papa answered, "I wish the stove was in Jericho!"

Mamma laughed, and then papa said,
"Now where is that wretched little

cat?"
"Topsy was afraid somewhat again,
só she said very softly, "meow!"
"There she is!" cried papa,
"Where?" called mamma,
"How should I know?" scolded para

for his shins still ached from the bump

on the hearth.

"Meow, meow!" said Topsy.

"She's in the pantry sgain!" exclaimed papa, and then mamma came and lit a lamp and they went to look for her. "MEOW!"

They looked under the shelves and behind the flour barrel, and into the cupboard, but no kitten was to be seen.

"MEOW!" "She's under the floor !" papa cried,

in dismay.
"She's in the drawer!" cried mamma

"She's in the drawer!" cried mamma, suddenly remembering that she shut the drawer when she went into the pantry and found the spoiled goodies.

Papa opened the drawer, and out jumped Topsy right into his face, which startled him so that he jumped back against mamma and made her knock off the lamp chimney.

Topsy had dashed wildly under the cupboard, but when she heard the chim-

Topsy had dashed wildly under the cupboard, but when she heard the chimney smash she rushed out, and under the stove, with her tail three or four times as big as usual.

Mamma stepped very carefully, and with her bare feet over the broken glass, and lit another lamp. Papa opened the outside door. Mamma took down the broom, and punched it at the place where Topsy had disappeared, while papa kicked the door of the tin oven on the other side of the stove.

Topsy thought the house must be coming down, and so she scampered out at the door so fast that she looked like a black streak.

at the door so has that are looked like a black streak.

"Sho there!" cried mamma, and papa shouted "SC-SCAT!"

And then the clock struck twelve, and Thanksgiving was over.—Harriet E. Bagg, in November Wide Awake.

Alfred's Chilling Reception Alfred's Chilling Reception.

Mr. Alfred Ethelridge is bashful; he does not deny it. He wishes he wasn't sometimes, but wishing doesn't seem to help the case much. Everybody in Burlington likes him, except the father of a young lady out on 'Pond street. With an instinctive knowledge of this old gentleman's feelings, Alfred had forborne to aggravate them and kept out of the father's way as much as possible, atoning for this apparent neglect by seeing the daughter twice as often. The other afternoon, Alfred went up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened and—

Papa stood glaring at him, looking a

opened and—
Papa stood glaring at him, looking a thousand things and saying nothing.

Alfred Ethelridge had never felt quite so lost for language in his life. Presently he stood on one foot and remarked:

"Good afternoon!"

"Gooftnoon," grunted papa, which is, by interpretation, also good after-

pop—is your daughter at home?" asked Alfred, standing on the other foot.
"Yes, sir," said papa, rather more shortly than Alfred thought was absolutely necessary. Then nobody said anything for a long time. Presently Alfred Ethelridge stood on both feet, and asked."

"Does she—can she receive company?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, savagely, not at all melted by the pleading intonation of Alfred's voice, which everybody else thought was so irrisistably sweet. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his left foot, and said:

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, kind of coldly. Alfred Ethelridge looked down the street and sighed, then he stood on the right foot again, and said:

"Is she in?"

he said:

"Will you please tell her that Mr. Alfred Ethelridge called?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, and he didn't say auything more. And some how or other Alfred Ethelridge kind of sort of got down off the porch, and went kind of out of the gate, like. He discontinued his visits there, and explained to a friend that the old man didn't say anything that wasn't all right and cordial enough, but the manner of him was rather formal.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Useful Table.

A Useful Table,

It is often useful to have a few approximate data to deduce weights and measures from. Here is a corrected table, which, however, does not aim at great accuracy, but may serve to make a rough estimate when it is necessary to reduce measures: A pint of water weighs nearly a pound, and is equal to shout twenty-seven cubic inches, or a square box three inches long, three inches wide and three inches deep. A quart of water weighs nearly two pounds, and is equal to a square box of about four by four inches and three and a half inches deep.

A gallon of water weighs from eight to ten pounds, ascording to the size of the gallon, and is equal to a box six by six inches square, and six, seven or seven, and a half inches deep. A cubic foot of water weighs nearly sixty-six pounds (more correctly sixty-two and a half pounds), and contains from seven to eight gallons, according to the kind of gallons used. A peck is equal to a box eight by eight inches square and eight inches deep. A bushel almost fills a box twelve by twelve-inches square and twenty-four inches deep, or two enbic feet. A barrel of water almost fills a box two by two feet square and one and a half feet deep, or five cubic feet. Petroleum barrels contain forty gallons, or nearly five cubic feet. — Manufacturer and Builder.

A Triumph in Herse Surgery.

A Triumph in Herse Surgery.

The success of Griffith G. Williams, a merchant of Utica, in treating and asing a valued horse that had a broke leg, is proved to be complete, and instrurally attracts much attention, and provokes no little discussion among men who have to do with horses. The practice from all time has been to regard a broken-limbed horse as ruined, and to kill it. If wiew of Mr. Williams' experience, it may not be uninteresting to recall the circumstances and the treatment.

call the circumstances and the treatment.

The animal was a black mare that easily made her mile in three minutes, a model of grace and beauty, and of such excellent disposition that women and children drove her with safety. Mr. Williams valued her at \$1,000, not so much for her speed as for her rare combination of good qualities. A twist in a rut broke her right hind leg between the fetlock and the gambrel joint. The break could not have been made in a worse place. The advice of the veterinary surgeous that she be killed was disregarded. The mare was alung up in a blanket, and precisely the same treatment was given as is employed in broken limbs in men. The bones were placed carefully in position, the limb was bandaged, and then set in plaster. In six weeks the animal could bear her weight, and in seven weeks she was taken from the sling. At the broken part there was considerable enlargement, and there were not wanting evidences of the limb's weakness. The case was widely commented on at the time, and the prediction of those who saw the mare and of writers who joined in the discussion was unfavorable to the getting of any practical service? from her. The New York sporting journals in particular expressed the opinion that the cost and bother must come to more than the animal's worth, even though the operation were successful.

This was in March, 1876. The representative of the Utica Morning Herald, who has visited the mare within a week pronounces her absolutely as sound in the injun, it was as she was on the day before broken. The enlargement has entirely passed away, and the mare spins around the driving park track or over the smooth Oneida county roads at her old-time three-minute gait as readily as before. While moving at her fastest she shows no sign of having been injured. She is the mother of a promising Hambletonian colt two months old. Experienced horsemen pronounce her absolutely as good as previous to the accident. The total cost of the treatment was less than \$100.

Mr. Williams, who is something of

accident. The total cost of the treatment was less than \$100.

Mr. Williams, who is something of a horse fancier, is strongly of opinion that nine out of ten similarly broken legs may be reset and the horse saved by the simple process he used. Whether this be so or not, it is plain that veterinary surgeons cannot longer ridicule his experiment; and it is altogether quite possible that he has opened to them a new door for study and practice.

New York Sun.

Indian Spiritualists:

Alfeed Ethelridge stood on both feet, and asked:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, not budging a step from his position in the door, and looking as though he was dealing with a book agent instead of one of the nicest young men in Burlington. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his right foot, and said:

"Does she—can she receive company?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, savagely, not at all melted by the pleading intonation of Alfred's voice, which everybody else thought was so irrisistably sweet. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his left foot, and said:

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, kind of coldly. Alfred Ethelridge looked down the street and sighed, then he stood on the right foot again, and said:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, grimly, and never taking his eves off the young man's uneasy face.

Alfred Ethelridge sighed and looked up the street, then he abood on his left foot and looked at papa's knees and said, the modition of laim to have power to summon and conjunctions of the matives also have mediums who claim to have power to summon and colaim to have power to summon the street, then he stood on his left foot and looked at papa's knees and said, timidly, and in tremulous tones:

""Yes, sir," papa said, but he never moved, and he never looked pleasant. He only stood still, and repeated a second time, "Yes, sir,"

Alfred Ethelridge began to feel it. He looked up and down the street, and finally pinned his wandering gaze to the bald spot on the top of papa's head, then he said:

"Will yen vices the head and looked up and in termulous tones:

The natives also have mediums who claim to have power to summon and control spirits, and as they are intensely superstitious, the mediums there, as here, do a good business. The priests are usually the mediums, and they interpret all the mysteries of the invisible world to the ignorant laity. They make great professions of sanctity, manage the poor savages exactly as they choose, and are never exposed as arrant imbassion.

The reason which lies at the bottom of the general belief, on the continent of Europe, that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar trees in preference to others, is coming to light. Green herbage, and green wood—sappy wood—are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the discharge reaches the asket trunk or naked branches, which are poorer conductors. An old-fashione Lombardy poplar, by its height, by it complete covering of twigs and sma branches and their foliage, down almost to the ground, and by its sappy wood makes a capital lightning-rod and cheap one. Happily no one can pat in it, and bring it round in a wagon, and insist upon trying it on. To make it surer, the tree should stand in moist ground, or near water; for wet ground is a good conductor, and dry soil a poor one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house, and another close to the barn. If the ground is dry the nearer the well the better one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house, and another close to the barn. If the ground is dry, the nearer the well the better—except for the nuisance of the roots that will get into it.—Prof. Asa Gray, in American Agriculturist.

Sicilian Brigands.

Sicilian Brigands.

The Sicilian anthorities have no easy task in attempting to suppress brigandage, even after they have caught their brigands. At Palermo recently twenty-three bandits were put upon trial, being cooped up in an iron cage. So frightened were the people of the neighborhood that only twenty jurors out of a panel of fifty appeared, and when eight of the convicted prisoners were being removed in a van, tha van by remarkable coincidence broke down at a lonely place on the road, and the three most formidable ruffians escaped, two of whom had been sentenced for fourteen erimes, including murders and kidnapping.

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