

are to fall to the dealer; but that will not prevent day-dreamers from thinking that, after all, there may be such a thing as a windfall—that life, in fact, includes pleasant possibilities outside probability and almost outside experience.

—*Spectator.*

STARS AND GARTERS.

Personal decorations are so commonly regarded in England as something essentially exotic that it may surprise some persons to learn that there are recognized among us no fewer than 53 varieties of these insignia, not to speak of nine or ten recognized orders granted by allies. These appear in a brilliantly coloured series of drawings which has been compiled with brief explanations by Col. Frederick Brine. The dark blue, green, red and pale blue of the Orders of the Garter, the Bath, the Thistle, and St. Patrick are of course well known. The old St. Michael and St. George (reorganized in 1868), the Order of Indian Native Officers, the Order of Merit for Native Soldiers, 1837, and the Star of India, 1861, extended in 1866, are also somewhat conspicuous. The greater part of the remainder would be apt to puzzle all but the initiated. Many relate to famous campaigns, and some to particular engagements in India, China, Abyssinia, the Baltic, the Crimea and the colonies. Then there are the Empress of India Commemoration, 1877; the English Maids of Honour (left shoulder), 1839; the Crown of India, Ladies (left shoulder), 1878; the "Best Shot in the Army" (right breast), 1869, the military Victoria Cross and Naval Victoria Cross, 1856; the Order of Conspicuous Naval Gallantry, 1854 and 1874; Arctic Discoveries, 1818-55, and Arctic Medal, 1875-76, and many others which, as here set forth on a folding sheet, have a gay and pleasing aspect. Quatre Bras and Waterloo still figures in the list. This, as Colonel Brine reminds us, was the first decoration given by an English Sovereign to both officers and men. It dates from March, 1816. It is observable that by far the greater number have been instituted during the present reign.—*London Daily News.*

A BOY recently hung himself because "somebody found fault with him." The *Turner's Falls Reporter* sagely remarks that that boy would never make an editor.

It is very vulgar to keep time to music with your foot, but there's a vast deal of human nature in it, and it shows that a man's entire sole is in the melody.

TEACHER in high school: "Are pro and con synonymous or opposite terms?" Scholar: "Opposite." Teacher: "Give an example." Scholar: "Progress and Congress."

LONG WORDS.—"Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word in all the English language to pronounce?" "Don't know," said Rob, "unless it is a swearing word." "Pooh!" said Tom; "it is stumbled, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and the last letter." "Ha, ha!" said Rob; "now I've one for you. I found it one day in reading the paper. What is the longest word in all the English language?" "Valetudinarianism," said Tom, promptly. "No sir; it's smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter." "Ho, ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing; I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending." "Now, what's that?" asked Rob, faintly. "Beleaguered," exclaimed Tom, triumphantly.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—Many years ago it was asserted that camphor possessed the power of accelerating the germination of seeds, and a similar property was subsequently claimed for chlorine, bromine and iodine. Häckel has by experiment found the statements correct. Seeds of *Raphanus sativus* (the common radish) germinated on the average in eight days when treated with pure water only; kept moist with iodine water, they germinated in five days; with bromine water, in three days; and with chlorine water in two days. The monoeromide of camphor produced the most extraordinary effect, germination occurring after a mean interval of thirty-six hours. Häckel does not suggest any explanation. Alkaline borates and silicates retard germination, while soluble arseniates prevent it by destroying this embryo.

TEACHING FRENCHMEN HOW TO DIG.—One day we passed by a French line in process of construction; the navvies were digging and removing the soil in wheelbarrows. Stephenson remarked that they were doing their work slowly and untidily. "Their posture is all wrong," he cried; jumping out of his carriage, with the natural instinct that impelled him to be always giving or receiving instruction, he took up a spade, excavated the soil, and filled a wheelbarrow in half the time it took any one of the men to do it. Then, further to illustrate that in the posture of the body lies half the secret of its power, he laid hold of a hammer and mallet, and poising his figure, he threw it to an immense distance before him, challenging, by gestures, the workmen, who had now gathered round him and were curiously watching him, to do the same, but they one and all failed to equal the feat. The interpreter explained the lesson to the navvies, and told them who their teacher was. "Ste-vim-son!" the name went from mouth to mouth. The intelligent, appreciative Frenchmen gathered

close around him, and broke into vociferous cheers, such as I thought could only proceed from British lungs, until the echoes rang round us on every side. —*Life of Sir Joshua Walmsley.*

THE PEACE OF GOD.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest.
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear of need,
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts forever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will!

Isaac Williams.

A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I have plenty of dutiful vassals,
Have plenty of gold, and to spare,
I have plenty of beautiful castles—
But my castles are built in the air;
And my vassals are all airy creatures.
From beautiful Dreamland are they,
They drive me to balls
And magnificent halls,
And tell me my coach stops the way!
But oh, what a pest,
When I come to the test
I am kept in a dreadful delay.
A plague on those wild little vassals,
You can't trust a word that they say,
And I've heard that my beautiful castles
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them
To the public—a benefit clear—
And Fancy engaged so to sell them,
For Fancy's a fine auctioneer.
But the market by no means was lively,
For castles the call was but cold;
Lead and iron were brisk,
But gold none would risk,
To invest on my battlements bold.
So my turrets unlet,
I inhabit them yet,
And rather rejoice they're not sold,
And never a bit am down hearted,
For my vassals still ply me with gold;
My castles and I shan't be parted
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom addressed me—
He's a horrid old bore in his way;
He said rats and mice would infest me,
As crumbled my towers to decay.
"They never can crumble, good father,
They're lasting, when once they're legun
Our castles of air
We can quickly repair,
As the house of the spider's respun."
So homeward, I went
To my castles, content,
As the vesper-bell told day was done;
And they looked just as lovely as ever,
As burnished they stood in the sun.
Oh, ne'er from my castles I'll sever
Till the sands of my glass shall be run!