

## THE MOON-PATH.

The fall, clear moon uprose and spread  
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;  
A light strewn path that seemed to lead  
Outward into eternity.  
Between the darkness and the gleam  
An old-world spell once enmeshed me;  
Methought that in a Godlike dream  
I trod upon the sea.  
And, lo! upon that glimmering road,  
In shining companies unfurled,  
The trains of many a primal god,  
The monsters of the elder world;  
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,  
Scarce touched the ocean's throbbing floor,  
The phantoms of old tales, and things  
Whose shapes are known no more.  
Giants and demi-gods who once  
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,  
And they who form Deucalion's stones,  
Rise men without an infancy;  
Beings on whose majesty lids  
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,  
Tritons and polychrome Nereids,  
And forms of heaven and hell.  
Some who were heroes long of yore,  
When the great world was hale and young;  
And some whose marble lips yet pour  
The murmur of a bygone age;  
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,  
Whose griefs were written up in gold;  
And some who dwell in silver thrones  
Were goddesses of old.  
As if I had been dead indeed,  
And come into some after-land,  
I saw them pass me, and take heed,  
And touch me with such misty hand:  
And evermore a murmuring stream,  
So beautiful they seemed to me,  
No less than the ocean's throbbing floor,  
I trod the shining sea.  
—Archibald Lampman, in February Scribner's.

## HER MARRIAGE DOWRY.

"Only one silk dress, and that not new. Dear me, dear me, it is dreadful!" And Mrs. Grayson caught up the pretty bodice of the garment in question, and gave it a spiteful little shake. Kathie, humming ruffles by the window, laughed.  
"What can't be cured must be endured; there's no help for it, auntie," she said.  
"Yes, there was help for it," cried the lady, tossing the bodice from her, "if you had taken my advice; but you must go and act like a simpleton! The idea of a girl of your age giving away her hand earnings, and then getting married, without a decent change of clothing! I declare, it is too absurd. And you are making such a good match, too! Charles Montague is of good birth, and he'll be rich one of these days."  
"At which time, let us hope, my scanty wardrobe will be replenished," said Kathie, merrily.  
Her aunt frowned, contemptuously.  
"But what are you to do now?" she went on. "What do you imagine Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, will think of you when she sees your marriage outfit?"  
"Not one whit less than she thinks of me to-day," answered Kathie, stoutly.  
Mrs. Grayson laughed in scorn.  
"You poor little simpleton! Wait until you know the world as I know it, and you'll change your tune. I tell you, Kathie, appearance is everything. Your bridegroom himself will feel ashamed of you when he sees you in the midst of his stately sisters, at Oaklands."  
Kathie winced, but she answered bravely:  
"I don't believe Charlie will ever feel ashamed of me."  
"Wait until he sees you in your shabby garments!"  
"Shabby garments?" said Kathie, opening her bright, brown eyes. "My garments are not shabby, auntie; I am quite sure. I never looked shabby in my whole life."  
Mrs. Grayson glanced at the trim, graceful little figure. The close-fitting blue merino was faultless; the linen cuffs and collar were as spotless as snow. Kathie was right; she never did look shabby. Her garments seemed to be part and parcel of herself, like the glossy feathers and black tuft of a canary. Yet these same garments were usually made of all sorts of odds and ends, for Kathie was poor, and obliged to be rigidly economical. But she was possessed of that tact, or talent, or whatever it may be called, which is more to a woman than beauty or fortune; which enables her, by the mere skill of her own willing fingers and artist soul, to make her life, her home, her own person, a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.  
Mrs. Grayson, Kathie's well-to-do aunt, with daughters of her own, who trailed their silks in the dust, and tumbled their plumage and lace, and looked dowdy all the while, regarded the trim little figure by the window with a half-admiring, half-contemptuous smile.  
"You're rather a pretty girl, Kathie, and you understand the art of getting yourself up in good style. What you've got will do well enough, but there's so little of it. Your bridal outfit is shameful, upon my word. What will you do for carriage dresses, and dinner dresses, and evening dresses, when you go to Mrs. Montague's wife? Why, when I was a bride I had everything—a round dozen silks of every hue, poplins, merinos, tissues, and half-a-dozen sorts of wraps. I didn't go to James Grayson bare of clothes, I can tell you."  
Kathie said nothing. She bent over her ruffles, her bright eyes dim with tears.  
"Such a simpleton as you've been, her aunt continued, "after toiling and teaching for your money, to turn round and give it away. I declare it puts me out of temper to think of it."  
"What else could I do?" the girl burst out, passionately. "Could I see poor George's cottage sold over his head, and he and his wife and children turned into the street?"  
"Assuredly," answered the lady, coolly; "he could have taken a house easily enough. In your place, I should have kept my money in my pocket; but you wouldn't listen to my advice. You are sorry for it now, no doubt."  
"I am not sorry. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I'm glad I had the money to pay poor George's debt, and I don't care if I do look shabby."  
"Very well; I shall try my best to care, either. I shall not help you—I told you that in the beginning—I can't afford it, and, even if I could, I should not feel it my duty. You would be headstrong and senseless; you must bear the consequences. I'll give you some lace for your neck and sleeves, and you may wear that garnet-set of Josephine's."  
"I don't want any lace; I've some that belonged to mamma. And I wouldn't wear Josephine's garnets for anything."  
"Oh, very well! Don't snap my head off, I beg. You needn't wear them. Much thanks one gets for trying to assist you. You won't wear any hat either, I suppose. How about that?"  
"I have plenty of trimming. I shall do up the light-felt hat with white winter."  
"And your cloak? Where's that to come from, pray?"  
Kathie's tears were gone; her brown eyes flashed like stars.  
"I intend to make myself a jacket out of granddaddy's old overcoat," she replied.  
Her aunt threw back her head, and laughed heartily.  
"Granddaddy's old overcoat! Oh, that is too good! What would Mrs. Montague, of Oaklands, say to that? Kathie, child, what a goose you are!"  
Kathie threw aside her ruffles, and going to the clothes-press, brought out the old coat.

"The material is very fine," she said; "and this rich, old-fashioned fur will cut into nice strips for trimming. I can make a handsome jacket out of it; and I think," she added, softly, "granddaddy would like me to have it if he knew."  
"Granddaddy, indeed?" echoed Mrs. Grayson. "I should think you'd have but little respect for his memory, after the manner he treated you. Never leaving you a penny, after you nursed him and slaved for him as you did!"  
"I think he intended to leave me something," said Kathie. "I know he did, but he died so suddenly, and there was some mistake."  
"Oh, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fig for good intentions. He had lots of money; everybody knows that. It has all gone to that scapegrace, Dugald, and you haven't a penny for your wedding dowry."  
"Charlie won't mind that," said Kathie, her cheeks glowing like a rose.  
"Won't he? Don't tell me, child! Every one thought you would be old Tom Rowland's heiress, when you first met him. Ten to one he would never have given you a second thought but for that. Now that he's disappointed, he's too much of a man to back out, of course; but he feels it all the same. Don't tell me!"  
Kathie uttered no word in answer. She took the old coat, and, crossing to the window, sat down to unpick it. Her wedding-day was drawing near; there was no time to lose.  
Mrs. Grayson settled herself on the lounge for a nap; the big Maltese cat purred on the rug, the canary chirped lazily in his cage, and without, above the waving line of tree-tops, the December sunset glowed.  
Kathie began to unpick the closely-stitched seams, her pretty face looking sad and downcast. Aunt Grayson's worldly-wise talk had put her out of heart.  
All her life she had been such a brave, sweet little soul. Left an orphan early, she had lived with her granddaddy and made his last days bright.  
"You're a dear child, Kathie. By-and-by, when you think of being a bride, I'll give you a marriage dowry."  
He had said so, dozens of times; yet, after his sudden death, one midwinter night, there was no mention of Kathie found in his will, and everything went to Dugald, the son of a second marriage.  
Kathie did not complain, but it cut her to the heart to think granddaddy had forgotten her. She tried not to believe it—that there was some mistake.  
And when Dugald sold the old home-stead and went abroad, she gathered up all the old souvenirs and took care of them. The old fur-trimmed overcoat was one.  
Then, lodging at her aunt's, she taught the village children and saved up her earnings for her marriage-day. For Charles Montague loved her and had asked her to be his wife.  
The wedding-day was appointed, and Kathie was beginning, with a fluttering heart, to think about making her purchases, when her brother George fell ill; and, worse, fell into trouble. He was rather a thriftless man, and had been unfortunate; his little home was mortgaged, and, unless the debt could be cleared, the house would be sold over his head. Kathie heard, and did not hesitate an instant. Her hoarded earnings went to pay the debt.  
She did not regret her generosity, sitting there in the glow of the waning sunset; she would have done the same thing again. She did not doubt her handsome, high-born lover's loyal truth; yet her girl's heart ached, and tears dimmed her clear, bright eyes.  
It was bad to be so cramped for a little money, and one's wedding-day so near. Her little home was limited. She needed a nice, seal brown cashmere, dreadfully, and a light silk or two for evening wear. Aunt Grayson told the truth; she would look shabby at Oaklands, in the midst of Charlie's stately sisters.  
The tears came faster, and presently the little pearl-handled knife, with which she was unpicking the seams, slipped suddenly, and cut a great gash right across the breast of the coat.  
Kathie gave a little shriek of dismay.  
"There, now I've spoiled the best of the cloth, and I can't cut my jacket out of it; what shall I do?"  
Down went the bright young head, and, with her face buried in granddaddy's old coat, Kathie cried as if her heart would break.  
Mrs. Grayson snored on the lounge, the Maltese cat purred before the hearth, the canary twittered, and out above the wintry hills, the sunset fires still burned.  
Her cry over, Kathie raised her head, dried her eyes, and went on with her unpicking. Something rustled under her hands.  
"Why, what's this? Some of poor granddaddy's papers?"  
She looked at the lining loose, and there, beneath the wadding, was a paper packet, tied with red tape.  
Kathie drew it forth. One side was marked:—  
"This packet belongs to my granddaughter, Kathie."  
"Why, what can it be?" cried Kathie, her fingers fluttering, as she tugged at the tape.  
"The last knot yielded, and she unfolded the package. Folded coupon bonds—round dozen at least, and a thick layer of crisp bank-notes. On the top was a little note. She read it.  
"My dear little granddaughter, here is your marriage dowry—two thousand pounds. One day, some fine fellow will claim you for his wife. You are a treasure to yourself, but take this from old granddaddy."  
"Oh, granddaddy, you did not forget me!" sobbed Kathie.  
A ring at the door startled her. She looked out, and saw her lover. Gathering her treasures into the lap of her ruffled apron, she rushed out to meet him.  
"Oh, Charlie, come in—come in! I've such wonderful news to tell you!"  
The young man followed her into the drawing-room, wondering what had happened.  
"Oh, Charlie!" she cried, breathlessly, holding up her apron, her eyes shining, her cheeks aglow, "look here, I am rich! I've found my marriage dowry! A minute ago I was crying because I was so poor, and I had to give George all my money, and I've only one silk dress, and I had to trim me up my old hat, and auntie laughed at me, and said you would feel ashamed of me. I was cutting up granddaddy's old overcoat to make a jacket, and I found this. Only see—two thousand pounds! Oh, Charlie! I'm so glad for your sake!"  
The young man bent down, and kissed the sweet, tremulous mouth.  
"My darling!" he said, his voice thrilling with tenderness, "I am glad of all this, because you are glad. For my own part, I would rather have taken these darling little hands without a penny in them. You need no dowry, Kathie; you are crowned with beauty, and purity, and goodness. In my eyes you are always fresh, and fair, and lovely, no matter what you wear. I love you for your sweet self, my darling!"  
Kathie let the folded coupons and bank-notes slip from her apron and fall to the floor in a rustling shower.  
"Oh, Charlie!" she whispered, leaning



LORD SALISBURY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

her head against his shoulder, "I am so glad!"  
"Glad of what, Kathie? Granddaddy's dowry?"  
"No; glad you love me for myself!"  
He clasped her close, and at their feet granddaddy's marriage dowry lay unheeded.  
E.G.J.

## Tennyson's Land.

Mr. Walters begins his interesting book, "In Tennyson's Land," with a chapter on Tennyson's artistic sense, his word painting, "the poet's palette," from this he goes on to the "characteristic of Lincolnshire" and the poems which deal with them, notably "Locksley Hall," supposed to be the Laughton Hall, near Somersby. "Then he tells us," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "a little about the Laureate's school days, and the 'Poems by Two Brothers,' published when Alfred was eighteen, by himself and his elder brother Charles, afterward Charles Tennyson-Turner. Like Shelley's correspondingly youthful 'Poems by Victor and Cazire,' this production seems afterward to have shamed its authors, who would gladly have forgotten it. Mr. Walters tells the following story about this first essay:—

"The current tradition is that it (the publishing of the poems) was due to the suggestion of none other than Dr. Tennyson's coachman. Alfred Tennyson, finding that time hung heavy on his hands, was seized with a longing to visit the Lincolnshire churches, many of which are of high historical interest. But 'eternal want of pence' made the projected tour impossible. By some means or other the old servant learned of Alfred's disappointment. He must have been a man of resource, for after some cogitation he exclaimed:—'Why, Master Alfred, you are always writing poetry—who don't you sell it?' The idea surprised but pleased the young man. He consulted Charles, and when next the coachman drove to Louth a collection of poems in manuscript went with him and was deposited at the shop of J. Jackson, who occasionally published books by arrangement with a London firm."

"The brothers received £20 for the volume. Mr. Jackson (Mr. Walters in some of his foot notes) still has the manuscript, and according to the present value of Tennysonian manuscripts, and the special and peculiar value of this one in the eyes of collectors, it would be worth more than £1,000.  
"The village of Somersby, where Lord Tennyson's father, Dr. G. C. Tennyson, was vicar, and where his seven sons were born, Alfred (the third, on Aug. 5, 1809) is described in length by Mr. Walters. The father was learned and philosophical, and it was doubtless from the mother, says Mr. Walters, "that the sons inherited most of their poetical disposition."  
"She was a woman of considerable intellect, highly poetical, and devoted to good and charitable deeds. Her eyes were remarkably luminous, and her nature was wholly emotional."  
"Lord Tennyson's loving remembrance of her is revealed in 'The Princess.'"

Not learned, save in gracious household ways, Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants, No Anger, but a nearer being, all dip in Angel instincts."

"Of the father (says Mr. Walters) we learn little in the poems, although there is a loving reference to him in the 'Lines to J. S.' The Lincolnshire people have given several accounts of 'th' old doctor,' as he was locally called. His erudition and learning were lost on them. He is only remembered by his building a dining-room to the vicarage with ecclesiastical windows, and removing the shaft of an ancient cross from the churchyard. Dr. Tennyson's mode of training his sons was singular. For seven or eight years—between their leaving school and going to Cambridge—they had no settled course of life. "Dr. Tennyson was a man of a decidedly philosophical bent, but, like so many with great minds, he forgot the slight detail of giving his sons an object in life. 'They were always running about from one place to another,' an old resident informed me, 'and every one knew them and their Bohemian ways. They all wrote verses, they took long walks at night time, and they were decidedly exclusive.' Many a time has Alfred been met miles away from home, hatless and quite absorbed, sometimes only realizing his situation when his further journeying was prevented by the sea. This habit has always clung to the laureate, and he makes mention of it himself in 'In Memoriam.'"

"There is a full-page drawing of the picturesque old vicarage, which, with its holy hedge, its lovely lawn and symmetrical mores, and its 'ecclesiastical windows,' is 'the ideal home of a poet.' It may have been Somersby Beck that Tennyson described as 'chattering over little sharps and trebles;' it may have been the Somersby vicarage garden that was overshadowed by the

But it applies equally well to all the brooks and all the gardens that we love. Mr. Walters, by the way, notes it as curious that the beautiful lines, 'Break, break, break, but in a Lincolnshire lane—a proof, he thinks, 'that we unconsciously receive impressions and store away ideas which await a fitting moment to be reproduced.'"  
Referring to the inspiration of other poems we learn from the poet himself that it was at Louth, that he saw 'a full sea, Pyreneas a waterfall, 'slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn'; and that it was in a railway journey—least poetic, one would have thought, of all experiences—that the line in 'Locksley Hall,' 'Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change,' was suggested. Mr. Walters has acquired himself well of his task. If talk it must be forgiven him, as he 'eventually trying to get up a subject that he feels, with all the hero worshipper's modesty, so immeasurably above him. His metaphors may occasionally get a little mixed, but are charming, and the book is delightfully got up, and to the Tennyson lover (and who is not a Tennyson lover?) it should prove indeed a boon."

## Wild Animals in Possession of a Ship.

The overdue British barque Margaret (Captain Sargent), from the West Coast of Africa, has arrived at Boston after a remarkable voyage. Captain Sargent said that between the gales and the nature of his cargo, he had an experience he does not wish again to meet. Besides a regular cargo there were twelve snakes, 400 cockatoos and parrots, an orang-outang, some monkeys, two crocodiles, and a gorilla, which he was bringing from the forest of all but four of the cockatoos and parrots by eating up all the corn that had been provided for them. During a gale the snakes and crocodiles broke out of their boxes in the hold and invaded the fore-cabin, so that for five days the men could not venture into their quarters, but had to live in the cabins. These reptiles, along with the rats, kept up a continual warfare until the surviving crocodile killed the last snake, and completed the chain of vengeance by being killed during a fierce storm by some of the cargo falling on it. During the scrimmage among the reptiles the monkeys took to the rigging and stuck there despite all efforts to dislodge them. Finally they were all washed away except four which were captured. The worst passenger was a five foot gorilla, which was imprisoned in a stout wooden box. The top of this the animal forced off, but though held by a chain he had considerable play, and getting possession of an iron bar he swept the decks. He wound up by partially scalping the negro cook one day, and only letting go after he had been nearly killed with an axe. All the men were more or less hurt by the beast, and he led them a life of terror.

## Stage Thunder.

When George Frederick Cook, the tragedian, was a youth, he resorted to all sorts of stratagems to get a sight of the "players." One night at Liverpool he slipped through the stage-door before the keeper was posted, or any of the employees were about, and groping his way behind the scenes, sought for a place where he might remain concealed until the curtain rose, when he hoped to be able to ensconce himself in some obscure spot unobserved, and get a glimpse of the performance. In a remote corner he found a large barrel. Nothing could be better for his purpose. Dropping himself into it, he found at the bottom two twenty-four pound cannon-balls, about which he did not trouble himself. Little did he imagine that he had taken refuge within the machine by which the Theatre Royal, Derwick, produced its stage-thunder. But it was so. Just as the last bars of the overture were being played, the property man tied a piece of carpet over the top of the barrel, without perceiving, in the dark, its living occupant, raised it in his arms, no doubt wondering at its great weight, and carried it to the side scenes. The play was *MacBeth*, which opens with thunder and lightning. As the curtain bell sounded, away he set the machine rolling. Horribly frightened, he was pounded by the cannon-balls, Cook roared out lustily, and, fighting to relieve himself, sent the barrel on to the stage, burst off the carpet head, and rolled out in front of the audience.

An Interesting Report.  
The Inland Revenue Department has recently issued a bulletin of thirty pages, which is devoted exclusively to the subject of baking powder, and which shows that the majority of the goods on the market are adulterated and unfit for use. Professor A. McGill, who has had charge of this important work for the Government, says that "imperial baking powder is an excellent power." A word to the sensible housekeeper will be sufficient.

## TESTS OF VISION.

## Some Interesting Facts from a Great Authority.

Mr. Brudenell Carter read a paper the other evening before the Society of Arts in London, on "Vision Testing for Practical Purposes," in the course of which he said that satisfactory vision depends upon two distinct elements—viz., the power of seeing the shape or outline of an object, and the power of seeing its color; and the two must be considered separately.

Describing the background of the eye as an infinitely fine mosaic, composed of the terminations of sensitive nerve fibres, each with independent sensibility, Mr. Carter compared the conveyance of impressions to the brain with the conveyance of impressions by the sense of touch from one finger tip, and then from five finger tips. In the latter case we combine the impressions without analyzing them, and so we do the impressions made up on the nerve fibres of the eye. Each isolated fibre is circular; but, closely packed, the fibres become hexagonal. According to distance, the retinal image of the same object may fall upon one or upon several hexagons, or even upon a fraction of one. If the object is a dark spot, the affected hexagon receives less illumination; if a bright spot, more. The amount of difference: just reach a certain degree before any given eye can recognize a dark spot or a bright one; and some eyes have a greater or less degree of light perception than others. Thus, one person sees a particular star before it is visible to another. Arago met with a Siberian Tartar who with the unaided eye could see the third satellite of Jupiter, which has probably never been so seen by any European. This is acuteness of light perception; and in order to arrive at acuteness of vision it is necessary to ascertain the power of the person tested to see separately—that is, to see whether a certain bright or dark object is single or multiple, composed of a single spot, or of two or more spots.

The most accurate test is obtained by using groups of spots under certain conditions. It has been necessary to set up a standard, which is fairly expressive of average human capacity. Its requirements are fulfilled when a man counts correctly the spots in certain groups at distances respectively of 50, 25 and 10 metres, the same in all cases. Printed types answer fairly well for many purposes, but they are inferior to groups of spots, which correspond with the anatomical structure of the retina. The dots used in the army are imperfect contrivances, and do not afford trustworthy results. The best testing arrangement is a revolving wheel with groups of dots on the margin behind a disc with apertures which disclose one group at a time. At a certain distance to be fixed, a person with normal vision gives the number of dots correctly and rapidly. If mistakes are made, the distance is reduced until accuracy is obtained, and the vision is a fraction of the normal corresponding with the distance. The normal vision as thus defined is for the average man; the practical limit of human faculty. The ophthalmic expert declares when the limit is attained. The railway expert must say what the standard is to be, and whether his half or three-fifths of normal vision can be accepted. The day signal may be seen at the greatest distance at which it is visible, or at three-fifths of it, or at half the distance. In the latter case time would be lost in putting on brakes to avoid collision; but still the time left might be sufficient.

If a man has less than normal vision, the expert has to determine the cause of the defect, whether it be defective action of the nerve, or turbidity where there ought to be transparency—conditions remediable, if at all, only by medical or surgical treatment; or whether it be faults of shape or of position, often remediable by glasses. The railway expert must decide whether men may wear glasses, which may be clouded by rain or spray, or broken, lost or forgotten. In the army, commissions are not given to candidates whose vision falls below one-sixth of the normal. If workmen with good vision are plentiful, men with defective vision must be heavily handicapped. Astigmatism, if uncorrected by glasses, would be dangerous in an engine-driver, because he might see a signal post and yet not see the horizontal arm.

For night signals we must use colored lights, generally green and red, and unfortunately 4 per cent. of workmen have imperfect color vision. The power of seeing light depends upon the communication of its wave movement to the fibres of the optic nerve. Just as a tuning fork or tuned string or the human ear will only respond to or be influenced by rates of vibration with which they are in unison, so differences exist between different eyes with regard to light, and some persons see more or less red and some more or less violet than is usually visible. The red end of the spectrum appears shorter to some than to others; that is, the slowest and longest waves fall to call some nerve fibres into corresponding vibration, just as some ears fail to catch the deepest notes which are audible to others. Going a little further, there is incapacity to respond, not only to pure red, but also to the red waves, the characters of which have been modified by some admixture of green. A so-called "red blind" person, in looking at the spectrum, if it were anywhere of pure red, would not see that portion, but would see only the surface of the screen on which the spectrum was thrown as if the spectrum was not there. Looking at the red lamp of a train, he would see it by virtue of the green rays which the glass would suffer to pass. A "green blind" person would not lose sight of a lamp with a green glass, but would see its luminosity by virtue of the color other than pure green which it transmitted. There are only a few persons who are violet blind.

The worst possible test is that used on many railways. A candidate looks at actual signals, and is asked to say which is red and which is green, or which means "Stop," and which "Go ahead." The test is useless, because the red lamp is not invisible to the red blind, nor the green lamp to the green blind. Each is seen as a pure red or green. Each is seen as a light of small luminosity by the virtue of the rays other than red or green which it transmits. The candidate will know this to start with, and, having made a correct guess, that will keep him right, because the two lights look different. We require to eliminate the even chance and the apparent difference of luminosity. Driving an engine at great speed, a man may see a red signal, which, either from a defect in the lamp or from atmospheric conditions, may not seem to be bright, and, taking it for green, he will rush into danger which he ought to avoid. It is not enough that on a given occasion a candidate does not fall into a mistake between two colors; it is necessary to see that he cannot fall into one. This condition will only be fulfilled if his optic nerves possess the natural power of vibrating in response to each of three primary colors of the spectrum, and, by natural consequence, in response also to their innumerable derivatives. It was to accomplish this object that Prof. Holmgren devised his famous test with colored wools; and, as the object

of this is to ascertain whether a person sees colors correctly, not to ascertain whether he names them correctly, the element of naming is carefully kept out of account. If we are once certain that a person can see the difference between red and green, there cannot be the slightest difficulty in teaching him the right name of each, even supposing knowledge of the names is absolutely useless as long as there exists any inability to confuse the things. Holmgren's test, carried out in rigid conformity to his instructions, has now been applied by skilled observers to young and adult males in almost every civilized country, and Dr. J. Jeffrey, in the last edition of his work upon the subject, tabulates the results of the examinations of 175,127 persons. Among this number the percentage of those with color blindness amounted to 3.95, and it is hence a fair conclusion that any method of examination which gives a percentage differing from this in any marked degree must be vitiated by some error, either in its own nature or in the method of carrying it into effect.—*London Times Report.*

A Desirable Correspondent.  
Do you write many letters, and are you a desirable correspondent? What is that? A desirable correspondent is the one who not only dates her letter, but writes upon it the day the week, so that you have an intelligent idea by what she means by "to-morrow." One who discriminates in the matter of ink, not choosing that which is so pale that you think it is skim milk, nor the very black or very purple, writing with it on extremely thin paper, so that when you hold the sheets to the light you cannot read it.

One who does not go into ecstasies about the weather, the height or depth of the thermometer, or the mental or physical condition of her own sweet self.

One who answers the questions asked by you in your last letter, concluding that unless you wanted to know you would not have written.

One who fastens the envelope securely, for she knows nothing is so annoying as to receive a half-opened letter.

One who does not gush to a stranger, thinks it is worth while being careful to her friends, and never lets business letters wait.

One who writes Mr. before a man's name in preference to "Esquire" after it. One who spells your name correctly. You would suppose that your friends would know this, but very often they do not trouble themselves about it.

One who uses quiet paper, a good quill, a clear ink, and sits down to the pleasant task determined to express herself clearly and intelligently, putting "the dots on the i," the crossing to the t, the curling tails of her y, so that they do not look like q, and says what is necessary and no more, and saying it in the best way, is the desirable correspondent.

Talent and Good Looks Not Incom-patible.  
From the Gueda Springs Herald.

There is a girl in Caldwell who can put a whole egg in her mouth and close her mouth over it and she is not a bad looking girl, either.

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