

How I ever got into the room—how I managed to make Clara comprehend that I was my own living self, and not a ghoul that had arisen from the shadow of the pulchre, I cannot tell to this day, neither, as she but I know that young Birmingham somehow disappeared, and I was standing with Clara clasped to my breast, the happiest man that ever breathed God's blessed air.

For Jones, Tewksbury, Franks & Co. were all wrong, and to use the words of the orthodox fairy stories, slightly paraphrased, I and my widow lived happy ever afterwards.

BEGINNING LIFE.

I began life by running away from home. Bolleau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate: and the peck of a turkey. Attila started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, and which he palmed off for the divine weapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockings, and there heard "words which burn," which fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running away from home arose from a minor mortification, caused by carrying a pretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded, with little more than friendship, pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such a length of time, that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time was to come when jealousy lit a spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consuming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed monster" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald, and myself were returning with our parents from a neighboring hamlet. As we approached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep, we proposed to carry Helen across as we were accustomed, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and thus carry our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water—which was cold enough to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves—a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was I knew not, for we had carried Helen across the brook ere now, without emotion, but this evening I thought, or fancied I thought, Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quick, or with so little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I wished Donald at the "opposite side of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with—

"You need na haud as gingerly, Helen, as if ye feared a fa'. I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can carry half of ye."

Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sparing my power. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was able to compete with him in the feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly bearing Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had carried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who had obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highest in her affection. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Helen and Donald on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass along, and then returned. Helen, with the utmost care, I carried like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealousy had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute.

But, alas, in the very deepest part of the ford, I trod on a treacherous piece of wood which rested, I suppose, on smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise till fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Donald or the most accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability bearing her in his arms a long distance on our homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to reconcile me. But I preserved a moody silence. I was mortified beyond redress.

That night I picked up a few things and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which fortunately led me to better results than generally attend such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind hearted, childless man, who had gladly given me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth flowed in upon him. I became his partner, went abroad—resided four years on the continent, and finally returned to Scotland rich, educated, in a short space of time, but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and high toned expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar, something suggestive of pleasure and pain.

But we became better acquainted that evening. I learned without difficulty her history. She was from the country, had been educated, her parents had lost their property, and she was now a governess in a family of the city.

I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner, that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have allotted to her. I was naturally not talkative, nor prone to confidence; but there was that in this lady which inspired both, and I had conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature, and a vast store of information.

We progressed in intimacy, and as our conversation turned on the cause which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that I owed my own travels to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood had mounted to her face, and she succeeded by a remarkable paleeness. I attributed it to the heat of the room—laughed—and at her request proceeded to relate my ford adventure with Helen Graham, painted in glowing colors the amiability of my love.

Her mirth during the recital became irrepressible. At the conclusion she remarked: "Mr. Roberts, is it possible that you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant, remembered—and was dumfounded. The lady with whom I had thus become acquainted was Helen Graham herself.

I hate, and so do you, reader, to needlessly prolong a story. We were soon married. Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached in our carriage I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of a laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him a sixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style: "Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken yer old friends?"

The man looked up in astonishment. It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could induce him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to our old friends.

Different men start life in different ways. I believe, however, that mine is the only instance on record of a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE OPEIOSCOPE.

This is a new and simple instrument, suggested by Professor A. E. Dolbear, for the purpose of demonstrating the pulsations of sound. Take a tube of any material, from one to two inches in diameter, and anywhere from two inches to a foot or more in length. Over one end paste a piece of tissue paper or a thin piece of rubber or goldbeater's skin; either will do. In the center of the membrane, with a drop of mucilage, fasten a bit of looking glass not more than an eighth of an inch square, with the reflection side out, of course. When dry, take it to the sunshine, and, with the open end of the tube at the mouth, hold the other end so that the beam of reflected light will fall upon the white wall or a sheet of paper held in the hand. Now speak, or sing, or toot in it. The regular movement of the beam of light with the persistence of vision presents very beautiful and regular patterns, that differ for each different pitch and intensity, but are quite uniform for given conditions. If a tune like "Auld Lang Syne" is tooted slowly in it, care being taken to give the sounds the same intensity, a series of curves will appear, one for each sound and alike for a given sound, whether reached by ascension or descension, so that it would be possible to indicate the tune by the curves; in other words, it is a true phonograph.

By trials one can find some tone which causes the membrane to vibrate in a single plane, and of course a straight line will appear upon the screen. If, while the sound is continued, the tube be swung back and forth at right angles to the line, the sinuous line will appear, which may be either simple, representing a pure and simple sound, or it may be compounded sinuous, showing over tones, precisely as in König's manometric flames.

With the lecture room darkened and using the beam of light from a *petite lumière* or from a lantern, these may be projected of an immense size. There is no trouble in the world in making them eight or ten feet amplitude or more if needed. At a distance of but three or four feet, the curves will spread out to two or three feet in length, when a tone is made to which the tube can reasonably respond.

NEW COMETS.

The present year is marked by the discovery of quite a number of new comets, and the observations of others previously noted but since invisible. Particularly is this the case in comparison with 1872, when only one of these vagrant bodies, and that a fragment of Biela's comet, was seen. Up to the current date seven have been observed, which were found as follows: No. 1, on the 3rd of April, by Stephen at Marseilles. This comet is identical with No. 2 1867, originally discovered by Tempel. The second body is a new one, and of short period, and was noted by Tempel on July 3 at Milan. Another new comet was observed by Broelly at Marseilles on August 20, and a fifth, of considerable brilliancy, passing southwardly, by Paul Henry at Paris, on the 23rd of the same month. On September 1, Stephen, of Marseilles, obtained feeble views of Brorsen's, and on the 3rd of Faye's, comets. Another new discovery was made on November 10 by Le Verrier at Paris, of a comet which has a slight motion to the southwest, and the last new arrival has been found on November 11 by the Vienna Academy of Sciences.

Professor Kirkwood suggests that persons having the use of comet seekers will do good service to astronomy by searching for these wandering celestials at the present time. It may be added, as an incentive, that the Vienna Academy offers a gold medal for every new discovery.

SAGACITY OF BIRDS.

Certain facts render it probable that birds, in some manner, become aware of cholera infection in the air. Recent European journals state that Munich, where several cases of cholera have occurred, the rooks and crows, which flew about the steeples and through the trees of the public promenades, have all emigrated; and the same thing happened during the cholera seasons of 1836 and 1854. According to Sir Samuel W. Baker, the same phenomena occurred at Mauritius, where the martins, which exist in immense numbers the year round, wholly disappeared during the prevalence of the cholera.

THE NOVEL STEAMER.

The saloon steamship designed by Mr. Bessemer, to make sea sickness impossible, is well under way at Hull, England. The framing is nearly complete, and a good part of the outer plating has been put on. The steamer is 350 feet long, 40 feet broad inside of her paddle boxes, and of 2,774 tons burthen. She will be driven by two sets of paddle-wheels, situated 100 feet apart, the aggregate power of the engines being no less than 4,600 horse power. The two ends of the ship are alike, and each will be furnished with a rudder. Her most characteristic feature is her saloon, which will be 70 feet long and 30 feet wide, and suspended upon massive pivots at the center and at the extremities. Thus supported, it will be brought under the control of powerful hydraulic gear, worked by the principal boilers of the ship. The gear will be so arranged that it is expected a man will be able to impart to the saloon a rolling motion in relation to the ship herself receives. The engines it is anticipated, will drive the vessel at a speed exceeding 20 miles an hour.

BLACKSMITH'S MEASURING WHEEL.

Mr. Thomas R. Way, of Springfield, Ohio, is the inventor of a new device, for measuring the circumference of wheels and the length of the iron from which tyres therefor are to be made. The peculiarity of the apparatus consists in an extra pointer pivoted to the hand which indicates the wheel measure, for the purpose of deducting from the latter the amount to be allowed for expansion of the metal.

The wheel revolves freely on its axle, to which, however, the hand is rigidly affixed. The pointer is secured to the hand, by a screw, so that its end may be set at any desired distance from that of its support. The device is applied and carried around the wheel to be measured, where the hand indicates the length of circumference passed over. The pointer is then fastened with its end at a distance to one side of the hand equal to the amount of expansion of the iron. The apparatus is afterward carried over the tyre, which is cut at the point indicated by the pointer.

The invention may also be employed by coopers for measuring hoops, in which case the extra pointer may be used to indicate the allowance for lap.

EMBALMING THE DEAD.

In the Vienna Exposition there were several specimens of the embalming of parts of the human body. Those exhibited by Dr. Marin, of Naples were particularly to be noted. One of these was a large round table made of muscles, sinews, etc., of a dark brown color, with a handsome polish. Among his other exploits he petrified Thalberg, the deceased pianist, and the widow is said to keep the corpse in her drawing-room. He also embalmed Mazzini, and so well that some of the more economical admirers of that statesman urged that the body should be set up in Rome as a statue, and thus save expense.

HUMOROUS.

SEWING ON BUTTONS.

It is bad enough, says the Danbury News, to see a bachelor sew on buttons; but he is the embodiment of grace alongside of a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has always depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself.

Sometimes the patient wife scolds her right hand, or runs a silver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then that the man clutches the needle around the neck, and forgetting to tie a knot in the thread commences to put on the button. It is always in the morn'g, and from five to twenty minutes after he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the side of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through the eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for lee away. He says to himself,—

"Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see."

Then he comes back the other way, and gets the needle through the cloth well enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but in spite of a patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of that button, and finally when he loses patience, his finger catches the thread, and that three inches he had left to hold the button shuts through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up with a single remark, out of respect for his children and makes another attempt to fasten it.

This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and the button from slipping by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner; but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes up through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against.

Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and all the while he prances about the floor and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans, and sobs. After awhile he calms down, and pants, and fastens them with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.

HE WOULDN'T TELL A LIE.

A party of soldiers was sitting together, talking of their adventures during the war, and, as is generally the case, some pretty hard yarns was told. The talk finally turned on promotions, when a tall Teutonic broke forth—"I'll tell you something about that, boys. When I joined the cavalry I had not been long in the country, and didn't understand much English. We were sent up the Valley, and at the battle of Winchester we were ordered to charge a battery. Well, the captain gave the order to charge, and away we went in fine style. The Johnnies opened on us with grape and canister. Many a horse tumbled over, and plenty of saddles were emptied. That didn't make any difference, we went straight ahead. Suddenly the captain gave the order to retreat. The whole company turned and went back except me. You see I didn't understand the order, so I kept on and charged right in among them, and, by Joe, I captured the whole battery and brought it off myself! Now, I'll tell you how it turned out. The next day the captain was made a major, the lieutenant was made a captain, and—" "Well, what did they do for you?" inquired a listener. "Why, they put me in the guard-house because I wouldn't tell a lie!"

A WICKED BOY "ASTRONOMIZES."

They say, writes Max Adeler, that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sold a short time since. A wicked boy whose Sunday School experiences seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a firefly, and stuck it, with the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and what amazed him more was that it would give a couple of spurts, and the die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning he telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington, to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty four hours; and upon examining it closely, he was alarmed to perceive that it had legs! When he was on the dome

the next morning, to polish up his face, he found the lightning bug. People down Alexandria, seven miles distant, heard him with the swearing, and they say he went off with whole souled sincerity, and vigorous energy. The bill for telegraphic dispatch amounted to \$2,600, and now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wants to come with him about something.

AN EDITOR NO GENTLEMAN.

The editor of a certain paper strayed away from home recently, and on all routes was "passed froe." Among his adventures he relates the following:—

While on board a splendid steamer the beard on his chin grew rather longer than was agreeable, and he repaired to a barber's shop on board to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first-rate style. After he had combed and oiled his hair, brushed his clothes, and slicked him up in fine style, the editor felt gratified, and he pulled out a dime and offered it to the barber as a reward for his services, when the barber drew himself up with considerable pomposity and said,—

"I understand that you is an editor."

"Well, what of that?"

"Because we never charge 'em, sir."

"But, my colored friend, these are a great many editors travelling around now, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business."

"Oh, never mind," said the barber, "we makes it all off de gentlemen."

MORAL COURAGE.

That was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine?" said the statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady!

"No," said the young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheeks flushed, "I never drink wine; but" (here he straightened himself up, and his voice grew firmer) "but if you've got a little good rye whiskey I don't mind trying a snifter."

WHY CHUBB MOURNED.

When Chubb's wife died we called in to mourn with him, and, if possible, to console him in his affliction. The old man sat in the rocking-chair, with his eyes closed, chewing a toothpick and rocking to and fro as he apparently mused over the years he had spent so happily in company with his late partner. We gently approached the subject of Mrs. Chubb's departure. We assured him that we sympathized with him in his deep affliction, and the more sincerely because we well knew the estimable qualities of his wife, and were familiar with the virtues with which she adorned her home.

"She was indeed," we said, "an excellent woman; a remarkable woman; a woman of sterling qualities and unaffected piety."

Chubb stopped rocking and looked at us mournfully. Then exclaimed:—

"Unaffected piety? That's just it. That's just what's the matter. I tell you, Adeler," said he, bringing his hand down emphatically on the arm of the chair, "the way that woman could roast a sugar-cured ham, would bring tears to the eyes of a graven image."

Then we went out and left him alone in his sorrow. There are some kinds of grief that are too sacred to be lightly intruded upon.

The chief partner of an energetic mercantile firm happened to be staying overnight at a famous hotel in London whilst travelling on business; and in the morning the "boss" on going his round, tapped at his bedroom door, and called out, "Are you up, sir?" to which the business man replied, having just awoken from a sound sleep, and evidently fancying he was somewhere else, "No, no, by Jove!—steady at former quarters."

A man in Ohio wrote to the editor of his horticultural paper, asking for the most advantageous addition to a list of seeds for winter sowing. The editor replied:—"Acorn, melon, radish, and cucumber. When the rural man reads this, he is frightened with the idea, and immediately sent a note to the editor, ordering his paper to be discontinued. He said that he didn't wish to start in that way, but because he was asked a question, he should have his support."

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