

ing. The flames were bursting out; they could see them now, and see the coast-guard rushing down to the beach, out off their boat, and made for her, while other boats were following. Oh, shocking, shocking! In the midst of the excitement the red glare suddenly vanished—"She's down!" shrieked some excited spectator. "She's gone down," re-echoed far and wide, and the expression of sympathy and alarm were piteous. But suddenly the red light re-appeared. "She's come up again!" cried some irreverent jester; but no one laughed—the scene was too exciting, too awful for laughter. "She's coming for the pier," was the sudden cry. Instantly every body made for the pier. But, between the Esplanade and the pier stands the Custom-house, and there, to the general indignation, the imperturbable "watch" leaned against the railing unmoved. "What—what ship is that?" asked everybody at once. "That?" replied the guard, slowly heaving round and pointing. "Yes, yes; that one there." "Oh, that? Why that's Captain Bullock's revenue boat a surveyin' the coast, and she's signalling to some of our men to go out to her, that's all." There was a general expression of thankfulness and grief, a curse or two muttered against the system of signalling at night, "just to frighten people," and the crowd dispersed.—*Brighton Guardian*.

THE MAN WHO HAD NEVER SEEN A WOMAN.—This monk was a magnificent looking man, and, as I learned, had never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the inhabitants of the village where he was born—somewhere in Roumela, but its name or position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed on the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one: he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia and the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favorable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians, and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk; whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain farm, with its little moss-grown chapel, as ancient as the days of Constantine; or whether he has gone out into the world, and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.—*Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant*.

TIED RAZORS.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving, but if laid by for twenty days they will then shave well. By microscopic examination it is found that the tired razor, from long stropping by the same hand and in the same directions, has the ultimate particles or fibres of its surface or edge all arranged in one direction, like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but after a month's rest, these fibres re-arrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by. These and many other instances are offered to prove that the ultimate particles of matter are always in motion, and they say that in the

process of welding, the absolute momentum of the hammer causes an entanglement of orbits of motion and hence a re-arrangement, as in one piece; indeed, in the cold state, a leaf of gold laid on a polished surface of steel, and stricken smartly with a hammer, will have its particles forced into the steel so as to permanently gild it at the point of contact.

CHARCOAL FOR WOUNDS, OR TO PREVENT CONTAGION IN HOSPITALS.—Charcoal acts upon gases by condensing them in itself, often in proportion of more than thirty times its volume. Charcoal saturated with any kind of gas cannot condense another without giving up part of that which it has saturated. Charcoal purifies putrid water by condensing the gases generated by the decomposition or putridity of matter in the water. The charcoal employed for this purpose absorbs the putrid gas by the atmospheric air's quitting the charcoal with which it has been saturated. Charcoal absorbs the effluvia arising from wounds and also destroys the pestilential effects of such effluvia—let it arise from disease and decomposition in any shape. As it is a good absorbent, it must be a good preservative against contagion. The charcoal of hardwood has the faculty of absorbing a greater quantity of gas than the kind made from light soft wood. It is best to use the charcoal for such purposes in a fine powdered state.—*Scientific American*.

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.—More than nine thousand different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The races of genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon the earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animals now known upon the earth. The Megatherium (Great Beast), says Buckland, from a skeleton, nearly perfect, now in the Museum at Madrid, was perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like those of the Sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of the Armadillo and the Ant-eater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than twelve inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly three times as thick as that of the elephant; and its tail, nearest the body, was six feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for roots, on which it principally fed.—*Buckland's Treatise*.

A DEATH BELL.—A pretty story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of Saint Mary Magdalen, at Breslau. When the metal was just ready to be poured in the mould, the chief founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under pain of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was to be conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed orders. The whole of the metal ran into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, slew the apprentice on the spot. On breaking away the mould, he found he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfectly as possible. When it was hung in its place, the master had been sentenced to death by the sword for the murder of the apprentice; and he entreated the authorities, as a great favor, that he might be allowed to hear it once before he died. His petition was granted, and from that time the bell is tolled on the execution of a criminal.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

CALIFORNIA.—An enthusiastic Down Easter thus gives vent to his feelings in the following poetic strain:—

Hurrah for California! the greatest place in all creation,
Where gold is dug as 'taters are in this 'ere Yankee nation,
Where the "pewter" is so very thick 'tis used in shoeing horses,
And where there ain't no 'prentices, cos all on them are bosses.
O! won't it be a glorious time when gold runs down like water,
And nobody won't have to work, and nobody had oughter;
For who would plough or sow or reap, or endure labor's knocks,
When he can slap with either hand a "pocket full of rocks."

THE LAWYER AND THE DEVIL, OR A SUIT IN CHANCERY.—The following most laughable anecdote points to a very grave fact, with an emphasis as forcible as it is amusing. It seems that once upon a time a person who was not satisfied with his lot in life, sought an interview with the devil, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he could not make an arrangement which would improve his circumstances. His Satanic Majesty was "everything that was obliging," and soon the following bargain was struck:—The devil agreed, for the term of ten years, to allow his client "the full swing" of this world. He was to do precisely as he pleased, go where he pleased, and have what he pleased, upon condition, that at the end of the term he was to surrender himself as the absolute property of the devil, to be dealt with as the devil might please. Well, time passed on; the person employed himself to "the top of his bent," "wearing purple and fine linen," &c., until the sands of the tenth year had well nigh run out. Then he became uneasy, and he went to his friend the devil to ascertain if he could not get a release of his bargain, or at least effect a compromise. Much to his dismay, he found his friend utterly inexorable. Shylock-like, he claimed the penalty of "the bond," and turned a deaf ear to his client's entreaties. In despair, the person sought a lawyer and stated his case—after which he with his legal friend, repaired to the devil and made sundry propositions to him, all of which were rejected.

At last the lawyer, in a passion, shook his fist in the devil's face and said to him, "club-footed, horn-headed, long-tailed imp of darkness, I've got you now; if you don't accept the last proposition I made to you, I'll put you in chancery, sir—yes sir, I'll put you in chancery, and then we'll see when you'll get out." The devil turned as white as a sheet—his tail became as limber as a rag—and in a trembling voice he said, "rather than go into any Chancery, sir, I'll give the man up—take him, my good sir, and do what you please with him."

THRILLING INCIDENT.—Pres. Hitchcock, in a letter to the Amherst Express, from Virginia, describing some of the coal mines in that state, relates the following semi-tragic anecdote:—

Maj. W. related to us a very thrilling incident that took place in this vicinity some years ago, which he assured us was literally true.—A hunter one autumnal evening, eagerly following in the chase, found himself sliding down into an abandoned coal pit. But seizing upon the top of a bush as he slipped down the craggy sides, he hung dangling in the air over the black gulf, and conscious from his knowledge of the place, that if he fell he must drop at least 200 feet, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks beneath. He struggled in vain to regain a foothold: he heard the cry of his fellow hunters and of the hounds as they bounded past. He shouted with all his might, and the forest returned the echo, but no voice of rescue came with it.—The winds whistled around him, and the moon shone upon his face, but they brought no relief; his strength rapidly failed; he thought in agony of a family and friends, but he must die an awful death, and even his mangled body never be discovered. His mind became bewildered; his muscles gave out, and down he went—down—down—swifter and swifter nor struck the bottom till he had reached the enormous depth of six inches!

AN EXPENSIVE NAME.—Mr. Prince, a respectable citizen of Boston, was recently journeying on the continent of Europe. Before visiting Germany he provided himself with a passport, in which his name and residence were duly inscribed, James Prince of Boston, and set out in a plain unpretending style, in company with another American gentleman. At the first town where the travellers stopped, they were received in a stately form by a guard of honor and a grand salute, for which they were presented with a bill of a hundred florins. At a second and a third town they were received in the same costly magnificence. The two Americans finding that at the rate things were going on, their cash would be exhausted before they had arrived at the centre of the first circle, inquired of the host if private gentlemen like themselves could not pass thro'

the German towns without so much ostentation and expense. The host informed them that they could, if they pleased, travel incog, "but then," said he, bowing obsequiously to Mr. Prince, "it will be necessary for his highness to take his title out of the passport." That at once explained the whole matter, and Mr. Prince having caused the proper correction to be made, went through the remainder of his tour without being annoyed with further regal honors.

A SPIRITUAL FACT.—The Spiritual Telegraph records the following spiritual fact. While so many evidences are given of the evil tendency of the rapping phenomena in causing insanity, we gladly place this "fact" on the credit side of our account with the spirits. Wonder if they could not be induced to give an opinion in favor of the Maine law!—*Port Transcript*.

A keeper of a public house in this vicinity, becoming convinced of spiritual intercourse by the development of a medium in his own family, was directed by the "sounds" to "stop selling liquor and send his children to Sabbath school"—and he obeyed!

The Philadelphia Despatch tells a story of a pedlar who wished to sell the editor a pair of spectacles for "three dollars;" but in consequence of not using the article he refused them. The Jew was determined to sell, he said, "to shave his family from starving," and fell down in his price, at last, to the sum of fifty cents.—The editor then said he would buy them, provided the Jew would tell him the exact amount of profit he would make on them at that price.

"You give me your word, you will pay, if I tell you?" asked the Jew.

"Yes."

"Then, so help me Moses, if I sell him to you for fifty cents, my only profit is three shilling and nine pence."

HEXAMETER OUTDONE.—The following is from a languishing swain to his gentle divinity.

"O, lady, hear thy lover sigh,
No truer heart there is than mine,

I read compliance in your eye;

Then why not say at once, I've kept you waiting a long time, and if you'll have patience till I can get a wedding dress made, I'll be thine."

"I tell you," said a warm friend of a newly-elected senator, to an old sober-headed politician, "your party may say what they please, but you cannot deny that Mr. C— is a sound man."

"That's jest what we're afeard on," replied old Beeswax; "it's our opinion that he's all sound!"

It is said that umbrellas are made in the shape of mushrooms, "because they always come up in a shower." Now we should like to purchase an umbrella which would always come up in a shower. We did own a number which won't "turn up" even in dry weather.—*Yankee Blade*.

Miss Fantanling says the first time a young man "sat up with her," she felt as if a sweet briar was climbing up her chair, while money-suckles so hid the legs of the table that she thought she was in "Paradise regained." Poor girl, she had it bad!

With four metallic qualifications a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are—gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart.

Jones says he hates to see women buying furniture at auction-rooms. The prettiest they look ugly, their countenances are so for bidding

"I see through it now," as the old lady said when the bottom of her wash-tub fell out.

PUZZLE.

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