

drawn. "You cannot give me back my aged father's life, my sister's, my youngest child's; you cannot give me the heart's blood of the Albanian welf who slew them."

Within a quarter of a year, Demetrius the diver was restored to his family. He insisted upon receiving the stipulated reward in advance, probably holding as poor an opinion of the word of a Turk as the Effendi did of the word of a Greek. The momentous day arrived when the third frigate was to be launched; a larger crowd than ever was collected; every body was on the tiptoe of expectation. Demetrius the diver, who, during the past three months had free access to the ship-builder's yard, was on board. The dogshores were knocked away, the frigate slid down her ways, and took the water in splendid style. The launch was completely successful. The Effendi was in raptures, and believed more firmly in the power of the evil eye than ever. A few days afterwards the fourth frigate was launched with equal success.

"Marvellous man!" cried the envoy of the Sublime Porte; "by what potent spells wert thou enabled to bewitch the first two frigates?"

"Simply by these," answered Demetrius the Diver, in presence of a large company assembled at a banquet held in honor of the successful launches.

"Five years ago my father was one of the most extensive ship-builders at Scio, and I was bred to the business from my youth. We were rich, we were prosperous, until we were ruined by the Turkish atrocities at Scio. I arrived in Marseilles, alone, beggared, my father murdered, my wife and children in captivity. How I lived, you all know.—While the first two frigates were being built I watched every stage of their construction. I detected several points of detail which I was certain would prevent their being successfully launched.—When, however, I had entered into my contract with this noble Effendi, I conferred with the shipwrights; I pointed out to them what was wrong; I convinced them, by argument and illustration, what was necessary to be done. They did it.—They altered, they improved. Behold the ships are launched, and the evil eye had no more to do with the matter than the amber mouthpiece of his excellency the Effendi's chibouque! I have done."

The Effendi, it is said, looked rather foolish at the conclusion of this explanation, and waddled away muttering that all Greeks were thieves.—Demetrius, however, kept his piastres, gave up diving for a livelihood, and, commencing business on his own account as a boat-builder, prospered exceedingly with Katinka, his wife, and Andon, Yorghis, and Eudocia, his children.

As to the two frigates, they were equipped for sea in good time, and were, I believe, knocked to pieces by the allied fleets at the battle of Navarino.—*Household Words.*

Miscellaneous.

NEW WAY OF APPLYING LEECHES.—"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt?"

"Oh, yes, surely," said the woman. "He is as well as ever, and gone to the field."

"I thought so," continued the doctor. "The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course?"

"Oh yes, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all."

"Them all! Why, my good woman, how did you apply them?"

"Oh, I managed nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself. "For variety sake, I boiled one half, and made a fry of the other.—The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, "for he was better the next morning, and to day he is quite well."

"Umph," said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head. "If they have cured him that is sufficient, but they would have been better applied externally."

The woman replied that she would do so the next time; and I doubt not that if ever fate throws a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make poultice of them.

NEW USE OF AN OLD WORD.—"Julius, you say you have left Mr. Allen and gone to live with Mr. Green. How did you come to do that?" "He urged me." "Who urged you?" "Mr. Allen." "How so?" "With a big boot. I gave his wife sass, and he kicked me off der stoop."

LOVER'S APPETITES.—An American hotel-keeper boards lovers for two dollars a week less than he charges other folks. There is philosophy in this. Love is very ethereal in its nature, and can live on moonbeams.

DON'T KNOW HOW TO YARD SHEEP.—Some ten years since, in the little State of Rhode Island, one of those gentle dames, who from principles or right or some other locomotive power, have mounted the rostrum to teach their frail brethren and sisters the "better way," held forth on an evening in the village school house, which was, as might be expected, filled to overflowing.

The speaker boldly, some say eloquently, discoursed upon doctrine and duty, and towards the close was illustrating some point by the familiar comparison of yarding sheep.

"Now," said the fair speaker, "you must go carefully into the field, drive them gently towards the pen, cautiously gathering in the stragglers on either side, regulating every step with the greatest care, until you get them all headed towards the pen, and all near its entrance, and then with a mighty rush and a loud shout, drive them into the enclosure."

At this moment a voice loud and shrill was heard from the audience, near the door. "That's no way to yard sheep." It came from a farmer by the name of Whipple, who had, as usual, made too free with the bottle, but who, with other strange visitants at a religious meeting, had come out to hear the strange preacher. The preacher stopped, when one of the grave conservatives of order said, "Mr. Whipple, you must be still and let the woman go on."

"Well, I will," he replied, "but she don't know how to yard sheep."

"You must be still, I say, and not disturb the meeting."

"Well, I will, I tell you, but she don't know how to yard sheep; if you do as she says, they will run every way."

His earnest pertinacious opposition finally resulted in his being carried from the house, but his last words were, "I don't know but the woman is a good preacher, but she don't know how to yard sheep."

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—The late eminent judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London: "We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible to their greatness, and of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how much is due Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been?—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life;—there is not a familiar being around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it; not a law that does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity; not a custom which cannot be traced, in all its holy, healthful parts, to the gospel."

PASSION ALL IN TATTERS.—"Twas night—the dust on the road of the great city had given way to fog and gloom—the rattling of the carts and stages over the stony pavement was heard no more—ebon Night, on his throne of darkness, reigned supreme; and, from a narrow alley reeking with filth, there wandered slowly forth a ragged girl. She gazed cautiously up and down the deserted street, and then, in a wild, plaintive voice,—her voice sounding in the night air like that of some lost spirit,—cried, "Marn Smith, bring back that ar' tin pan, blast yer."

WEIGHT OF HORSES.—Ordinary sized farm horses weigh from 12 to 13 cwt., riding or harness-horses from 10 to 11 cwt. Amongst the heavy weights was a horse which belonged to the Carron Company, and weighed 18½ cwt., one of the heaviest in London belongs to Barclay, Perkins & Co., the brewers, which weighs net one ton.

SOUND ADVICE.—In a celebrated satire (The Pursuits of Literature), much read about twenty-five years ago, I remember one counsel there, addressed to young men, but in fact, of universal application. "I call upon them," said the author, "to dare to be ignorant of many things;" a wise counsel, and justly expressed; for it requires much courage to forsake popular paths of knowledge, merely upon a conviction that they are not favorable to the ultimate ends of knowledge.—*De Quincy.*

THE LIQUOR LAW.—John Jones has no objections to the lick-her-law when applied to Betty. Betty Jones contends stoutly for the liquor law, as applicable to John. Betty's argument is simple and conclusive. When John does liquor, he does lick-her. When John don't liquor, he don't lick her; therefore if John can't liquor, he won't lick her; the conclusion she wishes to reach.

"None of your reflections," as the old maid said to the looking-glass.

Of what trade were all the Presidents of the United States? Ans.—Cabinet-makers.

TIT FOR TAT.—A courtier who boasted that he would "put down Beaumarchais," originally a watchmaker, but afterwards the music master and favorite of the royal daughters of Louis Quinze, stopped him one day in a large group of persons, when he was just coming out of the royal apartments in court dress, and presented a superb watch to him.

"Sir," said the courtier, "since you know all about watchmaking, would you be kind enough just to look at my watch; it is out of order."

"Sir," quietly replied Beaumarchais, "since I have given up attending to watches, I have become very awkward."

"Pray, sir, do not refuse to oblige me."

"As you will; but I warn you that I am very awkward."

On this he took the watch, held it up, under pretext of examining it, and let it drop on the floor; then, making a low bow to the other—"Sir," said he, "I warned you of my extreme awkwardness," and passed on, leaving the other to pick up the fragments of his broken watch.

ANECDOTE.—A plain unlettered man from the back country in the State of Alabama, came to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meetings in school-houses and private dwellings, where each one appropriated to themselves the first seat which they found unoccupied. He selected, therefore, a seat in a convenient slip and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full toned organ burst upon his astonished ear, he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his lady leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned to the countryman to come out, in order to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not comprehend, and from the situation of the gentleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillion, or a French contra-dance, or some other dance was intended. Rising partly from his seat he said to the gentleman, who was still beckoning to him—"Excuse me sir—excuse me, if you please, I don't dance."

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—The influence of the female mind over the mind of man is greater, perhaps, than any are willing to acknowledge. Its operations are various, and some men struggle fearfully to disengage themselves from it. But this we believe—that, more or less, all men have felt its power; and those, perhaps, have experienced it to the greatest extent, who would have it supposed they despised it most. A woman, loses many of her charms, and consequently much of her power, in the opinion of many, when she ranges herself on the side of that which is wrong; whilst it is impossible to calculate the influence of virtuous women, when that influence is exercised with tenderness and modesty. The ruin produced by a bad woman may be sudden and violent, and compared to the bursting of a volcano, or the overflowing of the ocean; but the influence of a virtuous woman is like the gentle dew and morning showers, which descend silently and softly, and are only known by their effects in the smiling aspect of the valleys, and the weight of the autumnal branches.—*Atke- neum.*

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without hearts.

A father had better extinguish his son's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart. Who would not rather bury his wife than bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection?

UNCLE OR FATHER.—"Say, boy, whose horse is that you're riding?" "Why, its daddy's." "Who is your daddy?" "Don't yer know? Why, Uncle Peter Jones." "So you're the son of your Uncle?" "Why, yes, calculate I am. You see, dad got to be a widower, and married mother's sister, and now he's my uncle."

Two men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess that she is wrong.

DIGGING FOR MONEY.—"What are you digging for?"

"I'm digging for money."

The news fled—the idlers collected.

"We are told you are digging for money?"

"Well, I ain't digging for anything else."

"Have you had any luck?"

"First rate luck! pays well; you had better take hold."

All doffed their coats and laid hold most vigorously for a time. After throwing out some cart loads, the question arose.

"When did you get any money last?"

"Saturday night."

"How much did you get?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Why, that's rather small."

"It's pretty well—seventy-five cents a day is the regular price for digging cellars all over the town."

The spades dropped and the loafers vanished.

A "dem foine" young gentleman, in turning swiftly on his heel, in Broadway, ran his head against a young lady. He instantly put himself into a position to apologise. "Not a word," said the quick witted maiden; "It isn't hard enough to hurt anybody!" The coxcomb frowned and sloped.

MURDER.—A murder was committed three years ago by some boatmen, near Three Rivers, and recently divulged in secret confession by one of the perpetrators of the deed. His two accomplices are now in gaol. The skeleton has been found, with two leather belts filled with gold, the murdered man having recently returned from California before the perpetration of the deed. He is supposed to have been a native of Riviere du Loup or Maskinonge.—*Toronto Globe.*

Men are not attracted by highly-accomplished women, so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently well educated to be able to speak and write accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.

DANGEROUS.—A person who was in delicate health, being asked by a friend "if he would venture on an orange?" replied, "No, I thank you, I should roll off."

Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

RAILWAY TO JERUSALEM.—At the recent annual meeting of the British Society, the Chairman, Sir Culling E. Eardley, mentioned the fact that a railroad is about to be established from the Mediterranean to Jerusalem, with the sanction of the Turkish and British Governments, and that is likely that the material of the line from Balaklava to Sebastopol will be transferred for the purpose.

A person asked Chapman if the tolling of a bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. He replied, "No, sir; but the rope puts me in mind of yours."

"Boy," said a lady in a modern hoop skirt, can I go through this gate to the river?"

"Yeth, ma'am, I gueth tho," replied the urchin, "a load of hay went through thith morning."

THE BEST JUDGE.—A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of the transmigration of the souls of men into animals.

"Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?"

"The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being judge, but a horse, never."

STEALING AN UMBRELLA A CRIME.—We notice that a decision has been made, establishing the fact that the stealing of an umbrella is an actual crime. This takes away half the terror of a rainy day. A man in Philadelphia has been sentenced to six months imprisonment for stealing an umbrella worth \$3. The *Ledger* says:

"This is a very important question, and hundreds will now grasp their ivory handled parachutes with a feeling of conscious safety, as that species of transitory merchandise is now legally recognised as property within the provisions of the common law, subject to larceny."

A NEW METHOD OF KILLING FLEAS.—Place the ferocious animal on a smooth board, and pen him in a hedge of shoemaker's wax; then, as soon as he becomes quiet, commence reading to him the doings of Congress during the present session, and in five minutes he will burst with indignation.

What word can be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Ans.—Quick.

In every material action of your life, consider well of its probable results.