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LILAC.

I can not tell why lilac flowers
Should bring me such strange dreams.
Within their scented purple breath
A witchcraft fancy gleams.
They pictured languid Persian girls—
Star-eyes and Rose-in-Bloom—
The jewel-clusters gathering,
In Orient garden-gloom.
Then from that far and fragrant land
My fitful vision ran,
And kneeled beneath a cory porch
A nun-like Puritan.
Ah, lilac, in your pretty art
You bring me of the best—
The glowing sweetness of the East,
The pure and tender West!

A Double Wedding.

Marjorie Wallace represented to me all that was noble, generous, self-sacrificing in womanhood. My gratitude to her began when I was ten years old, and she came to the hotel where my mother had scraped out scanty food for herself and for me longer than my memory recalls. She lifted me from that mother's dead, cold form, where I was sobbing out my childish agony, and covering my thin, chilled limbs in her own velvet cloak, carried me in her arms to her carriage, to her home, to luxury, ease and love. I never had been loved. My mother loved gin, and not her child. I was fed when drink had made her good-natured, beaten when drink aroused a brutal demon in her heart. I tell this that it may be understood what I owed to Marjorie Wallace. No, I can never tell it. She carried me to her home; she clothed me in garments as soft and as fine as her own; she shared every luxury of her splendid home with me; she gave me teachers for all studies suited to my age. As I grew to womanhood she introduced me to society as her adopted sister. Best of all, she loved me!

She was twenty-five when she took me home, and for eight years I can recall only happiness. I had no whim ungratified, no reasonable wish crossed or denied. If I had been indeed the sister she called me she could not have lavished upon me more tender care and affection. When I was eighteen I had a lover who won my whole heart. I gave him love, unconsciously, and when his words showed me what my own sensations meant I shrank back affrighted. With the intuition of deep, grateful affection, I knew that Marjorie had wrapped up her life in mine. She stood utterly alone in the world. Her paid companion and respect was a mere shadow of a middle age, whose soul was absorbed in preserving pickles, and crocheting. In her loneliness she had taken me into her great, noble heart, and when I left her I knew I should leave her desolate.

So I shrank back from the avowal that was such an ecstasy of delight, such a bitter self-reproach. I thought I had conquered all traces of emotion in my face as I went from the garden where we had walked—my lover and myself—to Marjorie's sitting room. But she looked into my face, with her soft, beautiful eyes shadowed by a troubled inquiry.

"Have you quarreled with Stephen?" she asked.
"No—I have not quarreled—what is it that I do not think he will come again?"

"For the first time she frowned sternly. "Is it possible that you are that base trifier, a coquette," she said, in a voice full of indignation, "that you have led Stephen to believe you loved him only from vanity, and have rejected his honest, true love?"

In my deep pain that she could so misjudge me I sobbed out the truth, that I loved Stephen, but it seemed to me a base ingratitude to desert her.
"Child! child!" she said, softly, gathering me in her arms, "Heaven forbid your life should be sacrificed to me! Did you ever hear among our friends of my love story?"

"Never!" I said, earnestly. "But I know there was a great grief in your life, at some time. I could see that in your eyes, even in your smile. It is tender and sweet but never joyous."
"When I was your age," she said, gently stroking my hand as she spoke, "I was called handsome, and I was as light-hearted as a bird. My orphanhood was an event so long past that I have no recollection of my parents; but my uncle was father and dear companion to me. He was a wealthy man, and gave me every advantage wealth can bestow. And when Arnold fal-

lombé died, I started at that name, but Marjorie did not notice, continuing her story:— "I wooed me for his wife, Uncle Charles made no objection, though my lover was a poor man, compared to my uncle. We were very happy in those days, very happy! Arnold was a true, noble man, one to whom love was a sacred word, a woman's heart a sacred trust. We had been betrothed nearly six months, when Thanksgiving Day was drawing near, and Uncle Charles decided to accept an invitation to spend the day with some city friends; and remain at a hotel for a week, to give me an opportunity to do some shopping. For in the spring I was to be Arnold Halcombé's wife. We started off gayly, and spent a most delightful week in New York. Uncle Charles was a resident there during several years before he retired from business, and could take me to visit all points of interest. We made large purchases for my bridal outfit, and returned home.

"Alas! we returned, mourning heavily, where we had left so gayly. Upon our trip from the city, Uncle Charles, in some way, made a false step upon the platform of a railway car, and fell, injuring himself so severely that immediate amputation of both legs became

necessary. It was in my power then to repay the devotion and care that had been lavished upon me, and I faithfully endeavored to alleviate my dear uncle's sufferings in every way in my power. "It was then, dear, that my heart was torn as yours is torn to-day. The basest ingratitude seemed to me involved in my marriage, necessitating a divided duty, even if my husband would consent to live here. That, too, I hesitated to ask for, for you know, the life here will better suit a retired elderly man or woman than a young, ambitious aspirant for the world's honors and profits. So I made my choice."

"But your choice was to remain with your uncle."
"Yes, dear, I remained here. Arnold Halcombé, the noblest man I ever knew, did not make my duty harder by anger at his dismissal. Very sadly he admitted the necessity of the case and left me. Even then he would have corresponded with me, have held himself bound; but that I would not permit. My uncle's life was not in danger, and I would not let Arnold waste the best years of his manhood, without wife or home. So we bade each other farewell, and a few months later, I heard that my lover had joined a party of men going to Australia."

"And have you never heard of him since?"
"Never!" My uncle lived six years. When I was most desolate, after his death, I found you. You have been my comfort for eight long years; but I do not mean to the young, young life down to mine. When I die, I hope to leave you happy in your own home. Stephen knows this, dear."

"Marjorie," I whispered, "did Arnold Halcombé marry?"
"I never knew, dear."

"But you—do you still love him?"
"Yes, dear, I shall love him while I live."

She told me no more than of her heart history, but talked of Stephen, of our love, of her entire sympathy in our future. I think she must have written to him, for in the evening he came again, and we were betrothed.

"I knew that Stephen must return to his business in New York in a few days, but he promised to return in a few months' time, to spend Thanksgiving. Marjorie gave him a cordial invitation to be our guest. But when Marjorie left us alone, for the confidences lovers exchange, I plunged at once into the subject that had been in my mind all day.

"Stephen," I said, "tell me again about your cousin's offer."
"Why, do you want to go to Australia?" he cried, in amazement.
"No, but I want to know something about your cousin."

"There is but little to tell. When I was a mere boy he went to Australia, a poor man. He invested a very small capital in sheep, hiring his farm. Gradually he increased his stock, bought the farm, and became an enormously wealthy man. About six months ago he came to New York, intending to remain there. But he wishes still to retain some of his Australian possessions, and is looking for an agent, to whom he offers far greater advantages than those he enjoyed himself. When he first proposed to me to go, I thought, as I think now, that I preferred to pursue the business I have here, and grow rich slowly than to exile myself, perhaps for years. But had you persisted in what you said this morning, I think to-morrow I should have accepted my cousin's offer."

"Is your cousin married?"
"No, indeed! And yet he is as free from bachelor eccentricities as I am. He had some disappointment in his youth, but it never soured or embittered him. He is a splendid fellow, one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and as noble as he is fine-looking. But why are you interested about him?"

"I will tell you when you come again. In the meantime, will you use your influence to persuade him to come with you?"
"Here?"
"Yes, here! Bring him for Thanksgiving. Make any excuse you like, only bring him!"

"But I do not understand," began Stephen.
"Never mind! I have promised to tell you then."

"I will bring him, if he will come!"
"I was sure he would come! It was hard to carry a secret hidden from Marjorie's loving eyes, for an entire month, but fortunately we were soon engrossed in wedding preparations. For Marjorie, remembering her own broken love-dream, had consented and won my consent to Stephen's wish to be married in January."

So we spent the late October and early November days in stitching busily upon the finery that every bride wishes to take to her new home. And as our needles flew in and out upon the dainty work we reserved from that in hired hands, Marjorie told me more of her own youthful life, revealing unconsciously how purely unselfish she had ever been, how her whole life had gradually led upward to the noble self-sacrifice that left her at thirty-three still single.

When Thanksgiving came, all my nervous anxiety about our preparations was attributed to my desire to have Stephen pleased; but strange as it may seem, I was not thinking of Stephen. He was to come on the train due at half-past eleven, and the carriage was sent to the station to meet him.

I was dressed early, and fussed about Marjorie till even her quiet gentleness was roused to opposition.
"Why, child, it is absurd," she said, as I dragged my favorite of all her dresses from the wardrobe.
"I shall look like a goose in that, in the morning!"

"But we will have no chance to dress again," I urged, "and this is so becoming!"
"I had pulled her hair down, and was twisting the magnificent raven lengths

into the most becoming coilure my skill could compass. In the glossy braids I twisted a half wreath of fine leaves with the scarlet blossoms I had stolen from the conservatory.—The dress Marjorie would not wear, but she chose a heavy black silk, with trimmings of thread lace, and let me put a scarlet bow upon the fine lace at the throat, and coral earrings in the small white ears.

"I look like a damingo!" she protested.
"You look like a queen," I persisted.

And she did look superbly handsome. The folds of rich silk training upon the ground suited well her tall, noble figure, and her face was always the most beautiful one I ever saw. Her life of constant usefulness, charity, and intellectual development, had left its seal in the depths of her large dark eyes, the smile upon her perfect mouth.

It required some diplomacy to escape observation when I led our visitors into the house, but I invented an errand that sent Marjorie to my room just as the carriage drove up.

Stephen was accompanied by his cousin, and my first look into his handsome face convinced me that memory was busy at finding himself in Marjorie's house. I gave scant greeting to Stephen before I drew Arnold Halcombé into the library. I scarcely know in what words I told him of my debt to Marjorie, of her confidence to me, and my plan, of which I was careful to assure him she was totally ignorant. But his answer sent me, with flying feet to seek my benefactress.

I found her in my room vainly searching for the ornament I had fast in my pocket, but my face caused her to pause in the task.

"What good news does Stephen bring that makes my little girl so radiant?" she asked.

I put my arms about her, and holding her fast, I said, almost sobbing in my eagerness:
"Marjorie, since the day you lifted me from my poverty and suffering to utter happiness, I have never ceased to pray that at some time I might be permitted to bring some brightness to you!"

"Dear child, every hour you are with me answers your prayer," she said, lovingly.

"But I never hoped," I said, softly; "of his true, unchanging love for you; of his faithful devotion to the one deep affection of his life; of—Marjorie, Marjorie, of his presence here to-day to tell you this himself!"

I was sobbing by this time in excited joy. But Marjorie, only a little paler, her eyes slowly irradiating with glorious light, said:
"Here? Arnold here?"

"In the library, waiting for you!" I answered, suddenly releasing her, plunging down stairs, rushing in upon patient Stephen in the drawing room and executing a *pas seul* for his benefit that certainly would have admitted me to any lunatic asylum in the country. Then I pulled him down, and in whispers told him all about it, laughing and crying, till he declared I would wind up with a fit of hysterics.

"But I didn't. I was as proper and prettily behaved as possible when Marjorie came in, leaning upon Arnold Halcombé's arm, with every lurking shadow chased from her face by the gentle happiness there, while he, erect and proud, looked as a man does who gains the supreme desire of his heart after years of waiting.

We were too late for church, but if ever true, fervent thanksgiving ascended from a grateful, happy heart, I am sure it rose from Marjorie's on that November day, when Arnold came to her.

We had a double wedding in January, and Stephen carried me to his New York home; but we make frequent holidays to the lovely home where Marjorie gives us cordial welcome, and where, I am sure, she has the desolation I dreaded to leave, all swept away in the happiness of her husband's presence and devoted love.

The Source of Woman's Power.

Insufficient discrimination is made when we imagine that the source of woman's power arises chiefly from a woman's beautiful face.—Though that may first attract and arrest attention, the charming fascination will be found to consist chiefly in those gentle womanly influences, that distinguish her from the rougher sex, such as the soft and graceful movements of her person, the sweet, gentle, genial tones of her voice, the loving moderation evinced in action and expression, her yielding courtesy, her serene repose, the suppression and concealment of her own independent desires and will, when they would clash or come in conflict with those of others. These and such-like qualities inspire love and admiration, which are not unfrequently supposed to be excited alone, or chiefly by more tangible charms of a beautiful face. Beauty of form, however perfect in symmetry, is feebleness; when found apart from the womanly graces. It is these latter, therefore, that should be cultivated if woman would exercise her legitimate power in society. These, and these alone can give her a queenly power in social life.

Rothschild on Unlucky Men.

Never have anything to do with an unlucky man. I have seen many clever men, very clever men, who had no shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?

In the reconstruction of the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a machine is used for cutting stone, which does in one day the work of fifteen men. It is composed of two revolving cylinders furnished with marble hammers, by means of which the stone is separated with great rapidity and precision.

An Engineer's Story.

In the autumn of 1856 I was an engineer on the Galena and Chicago Union railroad, now the Galena division of the great Chicago and Northwestern railway, was sent one Sunday from the junction—thirty miles west of Chicago—to Harlem, to bring up several cars loaded with railroad iron. On arriving at Harlem I found the turn table broken, and, therefore went down to the limits, then Halstead street, to turn my engine about. At that time there were no houses between the city and Oak Ridge, nine miles out, it being a smooth, level prairie all the way, and but little travel except on cars. The road was an air line, and when I had got half over the distance, I saw, walking on the track, a young man and a young woman, each one carrying a small parcel, and having the appearance of fugitives. That was long before Mr. Greeley had instructed the young men to "go west," and this pair had really got the start of the Tribune seer, for they were going west as fast as they could walk, and at the time of my meeting them, had a long stretch before them that promised no pleasing company except such as they found in each other.

After turning my engine I started back, and in a short time overtook the wanderers, when I stopped the engine and invited them to ride. At first they seemed a little timid, but I quieted their fears, and having got them nicely seated in the cab, I started on. By severe questioning I learned that the man had been in the employ of a farmer, in Chautauqua county, N. Y.; that the girl was the only daughter of the farmer; that they had determined on getting married against the will of the parents, and had run away, seeking the haven of rest, Chicago.

Here they got out of money, and, as the young man failed to get work they had started out to look for places among the farmers. I took them to the junction, where his story awakened a good deal of interest for them among the railroad men, resulting in placing him at De Kalb as a night wiper of locomotives. Here they continued all winter, and, as I used to see them at times, I think I never saw two persons better or more lovingly mated than they. The following spring I lost sight of them, but subsequently I learned that they had returned east.

A few days after Christmas, 1875, I went into Everett's dining rooms, Washington market, New York, and ordered dinner. While waiting to be served, I saw a well-to-do farmer-looking individual enter and take a seat at the next table. He was in conversation with a butcher, and I thought I recognized something familiar in the voice and features of the new comer. So I pressed was I with the belief that I had seen him before that on finishing my lunch I approached and asked him if he had not met somewhere. He failed to remember ever having seen me, and I was about going away when I asked if he had ever been on the Northwestern railway. At first he answered in the negative, but quickly corrected himself and said, "Why, yes, I was out there years ago."

"Did you work for the company?"
"Yes, I wiped engines at De Kalb one winter."

Then, for the first time, it occurred to me who he was, and I asked if he remembered being picked up one Sunday between Chicago and Oak Ridge.

"I shall never forget that!" said he; "and I know you must be the man who befriended me then. How my wife would like to see you!" And he grasped my hand in token of my former kindness and his remembrance of it.

I learned that his wife's parents had sent for them to come back the spring that I missed them; that he had finally come into possession of the farm on the death of his father-in-law; had been very successful and was at that time delivering two car-loads of stock to the butcher at his side.

Intermarriages in Germany.

In the upper classes marriage is determined, if not chiefly, yet perhaps decisively, by means. It is part of the prosaic, practical (and yet how fatally impractical) programme which seems the law of the modern German nature—the money, if in a family, shall not be allowed to go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and land, marriages and intermarriages go on generation after generation, the relationships growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the results, as may be readily imagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of pitiless throats, scarred necks, spinal disease, dip disease, bad teeth, and generally defective bone structure, as in Germany. No hesitation is felt in speaking openly on matters that one might without hypocrisy, be justified in hiding under any available bushel. "Who is that frightfully disfigured person?" asked my neighbor a brilliant young Lieutenant of hussars, at a family dinner. "Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln," said the young lady in question on the other side of me, speaking in the same level, emotional tone that she might have used in asking me to pass the salt. Alas! she had no need to tell the terrible tale; but in a week, neither more nor less, she was engaged to the critical Lieutenant (he was over head and ears in debt), who though he had not been too delicate to sneer at her defects, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de sa coquette* made up for a want of eyelashes, and that sixty thousand thalers covered a multitude of sins. In another family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate spindling boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and, when, after twelve years of terrible existence, death came, and mercifully

set him free at last, the childless father, looking around, picked out another cousin, took her to wife and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

A Spider's Bridge.

A writer in *Hearth and Home* says: "One chilly day I was left at home alone, and after I was tired of reading Robinson Crusoe, I caught a spider and brought him into the house to play with. Funny kind of playmate, wasn't it? Well, I took a wash-basin and fastened up a stick in it like a liberty pole or a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away he anxiously commenced running round to find the road to the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick, and try the other side, and then run back up to the top again. Pretty soon it became a serious matter with Mr. Robinson, and he sat down to think it over. As in a moment he acted as if he wanted to shout for a boat, and was afraid he was going to be hungry. I put a little molasses on a stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the wood-shed. He went slowly down the pole to the water and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass, and suddenly a thought appeared to strike him. Up he went like a rocket to the top and commenced playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times. He got excited and nearly stood on his head before I found out what he knew, and that was this, that the draft air made by the fire would carry a line ashore on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore. I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in his wood-shed again."

Silk Laces.

Silk laces were first made about 1745. At first this new fabric was manufactured from silk of the natural color brought from Nanking, and it was hence called *blonde*. After a time, however, it was prepared from the purest and most brilliant white silk. "Not every woman can work at the white lace. Those who have what is locally termed the *haleine grasse* (greasy breath) are obliged to confine themselves to black." To preserve purity of color it is made in the open air in summer, and in winter in the lofts over cow-houses, as the warmth of the animals enables the workers to dispense with fire, which makes more or less smoke. The most beautiful blondes were once made at Caen, but competition with the machine-made blondes of Calais and Nottingham has caused the manufacture of white blonde to be abandoned at this place, and its lace-makers now confine themselves to making black lace.

The manufacture of black-silk lace was first established in the town of Chantilly, near Paris, and hence, wherever this fabric is now made, it is called "Chantilly lace." It is always made of a lustreless silk, called "grenadine," which is commonly mistaken for thread. As it is only consumed by the nobility, its unfortunate producers became the victims of the Revolution of 1793, and perished with their patrons on the scaffold. This put an end to the manufacture for many years; but in 1833 black lace again became fashionable, and Chantilly was once more prosperous. But the nearness of Chantilly to Paris has, of late, increased the price of labor so much that the lace-manufacturers have been driven away. The so-called Chantilly shawls are now made at Bayeux. The shawls, dresses, and scarfs, that are still made at Chantilly are mere objects of luxury.—*Popular Science Monthly* for March.

A Glimpse of Gen. Washington.

One other scene may properly be added to this brief record of the struggles and triumphs of old New York. There came a sunny day in April, 1789, when George Washington, President-elect of the United States by the unanimous voice of the people, stood on a balcony in front of the Senate Chamber in the old Federal Hall on Wall street, to take the oath of office. An immense multitude filled the streets, and the windows and roofs of the adjoining houses. Clad in a suit of dark brown cloth of American manufacture, with hair powdered, and with white silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles and steel-bitted dress sword, the hero who had led the colonies to their independence came modestly forward to take up the burdens that peace had brought. Profound silence fell upon the multitude as Washington responded solemnly to the reading of the oath of office, "I swear—so help me God." Then, amid cheers, the display of flags, and the ringing of all the bells in the city, our first President turned to face the duties his countrymen had imposed upon him. In sight of those who would have made an idol of him, Washington's first act was to seek the aid of other strength than his own. In the calm sunshine of that April afternoon, fragrant with the presence of seed-time and the promise of harvest, we leave him on his knees in Old St. Paul's, bowed with the simplicity of a child at the feet of the Supreme Ruler of the universe.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

The king of etiquette Thackeray describes as "a king which is like the conset of oysters."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Tight boots show a narrow understanding. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth. True affection grows stronger as it grows older.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down. Every being that can live can do something; this let him do.

Men who fish for compliments don't care how dirty the water is. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

Observed duties maintain our credit, but secret duties maintain our life. Two vane birds—The weathercock and the peacock.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The supreme self-indulgence is to submit the will to a spiritual director.—*Holmes.*

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe they are free.—*Gauche.*

Age is to the work of contesting human hands a wonderful harmonizer of differences.

Saturn's rings are conceived to be composed, not of fluid or gaseous matter, but of separate particles, and it is suggested that they are probably drawing in upon the planet. The value of New Zealand timber for shipbuilding purposes has been acknowledged by the Lords of the Admiralty, who have entered into a contract with Mr. J. Russell, of Auckland, to supply the department with 2,500,000 feet of spars and bulk timber annually for a term of years.

The use of the "Cachemere shawl" was first introduced in Paris by a young Greek, the wife of a Frenchman. She was very beautiful, and it was the fashion for several seasons. Her exquisite loveliness enhanced the beauty of the garment, and all the grand dames wrapped themselves in what to-day is called the Indian camel's hair shawl.

Tupper has been passing off other men's wares as his own all this time, and now, marvellous to relate, somebody has been passing himself off as Tupper. At hotels the name of Tupper is inscribed, when the great poet has never been there, and in divers other directions and inconvenient ways does this false Tupper make his appearance.

Abernethey, the great physician, said that a glass of ale before bed time is a cure of sleeplessness. Another authority says that holding the hands in water will bring a slumber to the eyelids. Now arrives a writer in *Wood's Great Year's Oracle*, who says that the best remedy for those to whom Morpheus does not easily come. Thank you.

It is said that about 15,000 bunches of violets are sold per day in Paris. Their sale amounts to 500,000 francs a year. They are not in so much favor now as they were during the Empire, for the violet is looked upon as an imperial flower. It is, therefore, a political danger, and some people fear to be thought imperialists if they wear a violet in their button-hole.

Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.

It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the air shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day, arm-in-arm with a companion: "Depend upon it, Tom, St. Edmund, of Canterbury, was right when he said to somebody, 'Work as though you would live forever; live as though you would die to-day.'"

And, which is yet worse, let everyone but dive into his own bosom, and he will find his private wishes spring out and his sacred hopes grow up at another's expense. Upon which consideration, it comes into my head that Nature does not in this swerve from her general policy; for physicians hold that the birth, nourishment and increase of everything is the corruption and dissolution of another.—*Montaigne.*

Of the origin of the term "Hoosier" it is related that on a certain occasion a Mr. Short, who had heard old Colonel Lemonsky lecture on the wars of Napoleon, in which he related the battle of the Cossacks and Hussars (the Colonel pronounced the last word Hoosars), was in Louisville, and got into a row, when he jumped up and swore he was a Hoosier; since which time the term has been applied to Indians.

According to Dr. Hoffman, a fluid called "liquid paraffin," consisting of gutta percha softened and soaked in ether, is especially adapted for forming a coating for pictures and cards, as it permits the removal of dirt with a moist rag. Penell and crayon drawing may be rendered ineffaceable by sprinkling them with the liquid by means of an atomizer, an exceedingly delicate film remaining after the evaporation of the ether.

There is a gigantic ice-house in Brussels, Belgium, whose roof covers an area of sixteen hundred square metres. The walls are double and filled with moss and sawdust. There are nine separate ice-chambers, each of one thousand cubic metres capacity. The temperature never exceeds 34 degrees Fahrenheit. There are galleries set apart for the storing of meat in hot weather, capable of hanging two thousand quarters, and having them perfectly isolated. A million tons of ice have been stored in the building at one time.