The Chatham Record.

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The Ashes Upon the Hearth.

I went to th old time cottage
Where I dwelt in childhood days;
I looked through the dear old window
That seemed to return my gaze;
I sought f r some sweet reminder
To bear from my place of birth,
But ah! there remained no token
But the ashes upon the hearth.

The chambers were bare and empty,
And the echoes seemed to say:
"Oh! where is the busy household,
Oh! why do the children stay?"
A branch of the veteran oak tree,
That now was a century old,
Still curtained my little window
That mirrored the sunset's gold.

I wandered to "mother's chamber,"
To the room where father w.ote,
No sound broke the mournful stillness
But the chimney swallow's note.
Then again I sought the kitchen,
Once a place of joy and mirth,
And naught brought the past before me
Like the ashes upon the hearth.

How often we merry youngsters,
For our cheeks stuns sweet and brown,
Made a bed in the hot "wood ashes,"
With the live coals dropping down,
While the girls pailed molasses candy
And tossed it with glee on high,
And the golden pippins roasted
In an earthen pan near by!

Since those happy days of childhood
It is fifty years or more,
And the boys and girls" have scattered
To many a distant shore,
While some dear hands were folded
And sheltered by Mother Earth,
As they dropped away from the spirit
Like the ashes upon the hearth.

BLACKBERRIES.

Tall and slender, with a fair, flower-like face, blonde hair, and eyes as deeply, darkly blue, as wild forget-me-nots, Phyllis Trescote was a very pretty girl, indeed. So, at least, thought Vane Farrar, as he gazed admiringly down at her, seated on a moss-cushioned bank, over which a giant monarch of the forest waved its leafy branches in the bright summer sunlight.

A party of the young people, who were spending the season at Eureka Springs, had taken a fancy to go blackberrying, and as usually happened, Vane Farrar and Phyllis Trescote found that their paths lay in the same direction.

Phyllis had come to Eureka Springs with her aunt, for the benefit of the latter's rheumatism, and hither Vane Farrar had followed her, determined, ere the summer waned, "to put his fortune to the test and win or lose it all."

"Fair, fair, with golden hair!" murmured the young man, as he watched Phyllis flitting hither and thither through the gloom-shaded woodpaths; and long before they had reached the blackberry patch, in what was known as the "old Hart mea low," he had persuaded her to rest awhile under the shadowy branches of a magnificent oak tree.

Phyllis looked very fair, with the sunlight sifting through the leafy foliage, touching her blonde hair, till it looked like a skein of gold; and with his heart in his mouth, Vane Farrar opened his lips to speak.

"Miss Trescote," he began, "or Phyllis, if I may dare to call you so, I must speak now and place my fate in your hands. I--"

"Oh, here you are!" cried a gay voice, and a thicket of leaves, with tangled grapevines and thorn bushes, was thrust aside, and Olive Derringer appeared in view. "Oh, Phyllis! your aunt has sent for you to entertain a visitor--a very important personage, I should say. She wants you to come immediately. Oh, dear, I'm so tired! I've hurried over the hills so, to try and overtake you.'

And she threw herself half-breathless on the mossy cushion, from which Phyllis had hastily arisen.

"I will go back!" she exclaimed; "but you and Mr. Farrar stay—for the blackberries."

And she flitted away, before Vane, too gallant to leave Miss Derringer alone, could find words to protest.

He had caught a glance from her eyes, however, and a glimpse of her radiant, blushing face that filled his heart with sudden hope—a hope, alas, which was doomed to wither in the bud!

"I knew she would rather go alone," laughed Olive, fanning herself with her broad straw hat. "Her visitor is Elmer Savage; and of course though two is company, three is none."

'And who may this Mr. Elmer Savage be?" asked Vane, in as cool a voice as he could assume, while his heart was beating a furious tattoo in his bosom.

'Why, don't you know?' asked Olive, raising a pair of coquettish, dusky eyes to her companion's handsome face. "Don't you know he's her intended? I didn't suppose she had kept her engagement a secret from you though she does love to flirt, poor child!"

"Young ladies do not usually make me the confidant of their engagements," responded Vane, coolly. "But why do you say 'poor child?' Surely an engaged young lady is not a subject for condolences."

"Oh, but you don't know! Elmer Savage is just as homely; and he's old too, and as cross as two sticks! Phyllis kept him on the hooks a good while; but he's rich as cream, you know, and so she accepted him. But what about the berries, Mr. Farrar? Shall we go on?"

And again the coquettish eyes were leveled full at his face; and though Vane felt as if he had just received a cold *douche*, he rallied his politeness and made a show of being very attentive to Miss Derringer.

"Certainly, if you have rested sufficiently," he responded. "Allow me to carry your basket."

And on through the dim, gloom-shadowed path they went; Olive chatting gaily and easily, as if quite unsuspicious of her escort's heavy heart.

"So much gained!" she thought, triumphantly; "and many a heart is caught in the rebound, they say. I must make haste slowly, though, and give him a chance to get over the old love before he is on with the new. If everything goes right, I may be 'wooed an' married, an' a' ' before this season is over, in spite of Phyllis Trescote's airs and graces."

Phyllis was sitting at the door of the tent which she and her aunt occupied, in preference to taking rooms at one of the crowded hotels.

"It was so much more romantic, to say nothing of comfort," said Aunt Eunice. "At a hotel you must do as the rest do, while in a tent you are free as a lark. You dine when you please, and not when other folks please; and when you have company, if the space is rather limited, it's all the more cosy. Don't you think so, Mr. Savage?"

"Certainly I do," responds Mr. Savage, glancing around the commodious interior of the tent, which was as prettily furnished as any city boudoir--"and, moreover, you have the benefit of fresh air. Witness Miss Phyllis' cheeks, as blooming as a mountain daisy."

Phyllis' cheeks were flushed, but it was not the woodland breezes which had brought the scarlet into them."

She caught sight of Vane Farrar, scarcely a dozen yards distant, with Olive Derringer clinging to his arm, her bright face upturned to his, while he bent his head to hers in a very lover-like attitude.

They were loitering slowly home from the berrying, the half-empty basket on Vane's arm betraying that something besides picking blackberries had occupied his day.

Not one glance did he vouchsafe toward the tent where Phyllis sat, with burning cheeks and wistful, disappointed eyes.

Three days passed heart-aching days for two at least of the parties concerned—and then Vane Farrar suddenly disappeared from the scene, and Olive Derringer's hopes were in their turn doomed to be nipped in the bud, for the time being at least.

But she was not one to give up the siege without a struggle, and when, two years later, she met Vane in St. Louis, her coquetries were once more called into play to aid her in becoming mistress of his heart and fortune.

"Blackberries! blackberries!" came in stentorian tones from a fruit-peddler's wagon.

And Vane Farrar, who was sauntering down the street, felt his nerves tingle, and his heart beat like a sledge-hammer. For the moment he was transported to the moss-cushioned bank, with Phyllis Trescote's fair face half-drooping beneath his gaze.

A few hurried steps, and Vane was beside the wagon, bargaining for a box of the purple-ripe fruit.

The old farmer was good-natured and garrulous.

"Mighty fine berries, them is," he asserted. "None o' yer Lawtons, growed in a garding. Wild blackberries is better-flavored than all yer tame ones. Fifty cents a gallon, square. Hev a gallon box?"

"Do you gather them yourself?" asked Vane, his thoughts still wandering to that brief episode, when he had set out to gather wild blackberries with a lighter heart than he had known in the two years between now and then.

"Gether 'em myself? You're right, 'squire; me an' the old woman an' the youngsters gethered these, 'ceptin' a few gallons Miss Treskit's gal picked—"

"Miss—Trescote?"

Vane was staring eagerly into the sun-browned face now.

"Yas!" returned Farmer Bergamot. 'Phyllis Treskit she gethered some of 'em, an' begged me to sell 'em fur her. They air mighty pore, her an' her aunt, an' I allus accommodate 'em when I kin. Git up, Bally!"

"Stop—stop!" cried Vane. "Where how far is it? I have a notion to go blackberrying myself. I would pay you well, if—"

"Oh, you could go along with me if you're a mind to. Never mind the pay. I'm a'most sold out now, an' will be a-starting home in a hour or two. Jump in, squire, if yer a mind ter."

And Vane jumped in without waiting for a second invitation.

* * * * * *

"Two gallons I've picked to-day, Aunt Eunice—that'll be a dollar. A pretty good day's work, isn't it?"

Phyllis Trescote flung her calico sun-bonnet on a chair, and turned, with the last crimson rays of the setting sun lighting up her blonde hair, to meet—not her aunt's faded eyes, but Vane Farrar's admiring gaze and outstretched hand.

It was a poor little room, with bare floor and unpainted walls, but the clusters of scarlet bean flowers shading the low windows were not brighter than Phyllis Trescote's cheeks as she turned to meet the admiring smile in Vane Farrar's handsome eyes.

Explanations and apologies were soon made, and Phyllis learned for the first time of her friend's treachery.

"I was never engaged to Mr. Savage," she assured her lover. "And when our fortune took wings he was the first to desert us."

Miss Olive Derringer was astounded when she received an invitation to the wedding reception of Vane and Phyllis.

But though it was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season, she was not one of the guests.—*Saturday Night.*

Bombay Street Scenes.

Bombay, says a correspondent, is exceedingly interesting to me. I love to soak my handkerchief in camphor, and then start off in the edge of the evening for a long ramble on foot, oblivious of the danger from cholera and other prevalent pestilences.

Here is a single, lone Chinaman—the only one I have seen in all Bombay—who is stepping along to his shoe shop. Here is a group of my esteemed countrymen, as I immediately gather from the gilt inscription, "U. S. S. Trenton," around their hat bands, and also from their sailor suits. They are slightly moistened with benzine, I can see, and I have grave doubts as to the nature of their mission ashore; but they compare so favorably with the men from the British ships in conduct that I do not rebuke them as I pass by. Here are some boot blacks, the first I have seen since leaving San Francisco. Your shoes are always blacked by the hotel porter, or the boarding house porter, or the steamer porter in these Parts, so that the business of the street urchin is sadly injured. I do not hear the familiar American cry, "Shine yer boots?" These Hindoo bootblacks should visit New York and see how it is done.

Here a great crowd of natives are looking off at the sky over the bay. I look also, but see nothing. I move on further until I come in sight of the sea shore, when I discover thousands and thousands of people sitting down and gazing at the blank cloudless sky. I ferret out a Parsee (the Parsees almost always speak English) and he explains it all to me. This is the first day of the Hindoo New Year, and it is a great national custom to look for the new moon. After much looking I discover the queen of night—the smallest crescent I have ever seen.

The streets are thronged with men women and children, all attired in costumes that are more showy than any I have ever seen elsewhere in the world.

A series of terrific shrieks now rise above the babel of street cries. I elbow my way along to the scene of operations and find that a Hindoo is piercing the nose of one of his daughters, aged perhaps ten years. This is of course, a part of every Hindoo girl's education, but it is a medicine that is not appreciated in the taking. The means adopted for performing the operation are rather primitive. The child's head is held by one person, while another jams the wire of the jewel through the shrinking cartilage of the nostril.

Melon Brandy.

The newest addition to our already long list of intoxicating drinks is melon brandy. M. Levat, a French chemist, is said to have succeeded in causing that watery fruit to yield a potent spirit. He took the juice of six pounds of watermelon pulp, and, having added a certain quantity of free sulphuric acid, he warmed the mixture, upon which the sugar became transformed into a mixture of glucose and levulose. This product, which ferments directly, yielded ten quarts of perfectly normal alcohol.

Recent statistics give the number of flouring mills in the United States and Canada as 25,050.

TRYING TO BEAT NATURE.

Artificial Flowers Made in the Twinkle of an Eye.—How the Girls Are Paid.

"No, sir, that is only imitation," said a New York *Mail and Express* reporter who had raised a Jacqueminot rose to his nose. "several persons have thought it was real," he continued; "well, it is one of the best specimens I have seen."

"It must be a delicate business manufacturing these flowers?"

"Very, and a business that has improved considerably during the last few years. Nearly all the flowers used here are manufactured in this country."

"Can you explain how you transform ordinary muslin into such delicate looking flowers?"

"Certainly. Step into the factory. I will show you every part of the performance. Step this way;" and the reporter was shown into a long room which presented a busy appearance. Seated at a long table that extended down the centre of the room, were fifteen or twenty girls all busy clipping and cutting muslin, and fastening it with wires in various ways, presenting as it were by sleight of hand, some lovely rose or delicate lily.

It used to be the custom to manufacture the floral designs from a material called chiffon, but that is too expensive an article to compete in the present market, so ordinary Victoria lawn is substituted. This is first of all soaked in water to shrink it and then stretched on a frame to dry. When dry it is folded so as to make about sixteen thicknesses and it is ready to cut for any flower we want.

"Now suppose we make the most popular decoration of the present day, the snowball," said the manufacturer, and he took a scollop, circle-shaped steel die and cut out of the muslin sixteen pieces at each blow of the mallet. The pieces were placed in alcohol and tinged in the centre to give them the natural tint of the flower. After drying them, each of the scallops is twisted and about twelve pieces strung together by passing a wire through the centre. A little paste is added and in less time than it takes to relate, the snowball is ready to adorn some lady's bonnet.

"What are the most difficult flowers to manufacture?"

"Well, the rose, I suppose, or the mignonette. All those that have fine petals cause more or less trouble. The manufacture of leaves is a little different. They are cut in a similar way out of green muslin and then put in a press to stamp on the veins. The color is put on with a stencil and dyes, and each leaf is dipped into wax and dried. Every leaf and petal is handled separately, so that will give you an idea of the work accomplished. Fashions are constantly changing and prices vary from twenty cents to $2.50 a flower."

"Are not the dyes used very injurious?"

"Not at all. Paris green was used in the old times, but now it is dispensed with and ordinary aniline dyes substituted. Wages? Some people have an idea that girls barely earn a living. We pay three cents a gross for stamping leaves. That appears very little when you know every leaf is stamped separately, but an accomplished hand will stamp fifteen or twenty gross in an hour, and working nine hours a day will give about $1. Not bad pay, eh?"

Bismarck's Superstitions.

After the battle of Gravelotte, writes Moritz Busch in *Harper's Magazine*, there was some speculation one day at dinner as to what would be the result of a complete conquest of France, and the chancellor concluded an exposition of his views on the subject with the words: "But we should not speak of the bearskin before we have shot our bear. I admit that I am superstitious in these matters." Perhaps something crossed his mind about the grudge of the old Greek gods. "There are not thirteen of us for dinner?" inquired his cousin, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, counting the covers one day at Rheims. "No, that's right, for the minister has an objection to that." Another time, when there were really thirteen of us at table, I drew the attention of Bucher, who sat beside me, to the fact. But he bade me not to say anything about it, as it would put the chief into low spirits. On the 14th of October, 1870, General Boyer met the chancellor at Versailles to negotiate on behalf of Bazaine. But Bismarck does not seem to have arranged anything definitely with him on that day. He asked in the bureau what day of the month it was. "The 14th, your excellency." "The 14th! That was Hochkirch and Jena. No business should be concluded on that day!" Perhaps it occurred to him, too, that this 14th of October was a Friday. In 1852 he writes from Blankenburg to his wife: "I had not as good sport at Letzlingen this time as I had three years ago. It was a Friday!" And in the same year he writes to her from Halle: "I kept cogitating all during the journey yesterday whether, after all, it were not Friday. It was a dies nefastus at any rate." In proof of which he goes on to mention a series of small discomforts experienced en route, such as an inn infested with bugs, "infamous coffee," Jew peddlers, "some 'princesses' from the Reesenjasse," and an obtrusive privy councilor (geheimrath) who traveled in the same coupe. When the title of "count" was about to be offered to him, he hesitated for a long time whether or not he should accept it; for he knew that a number of Pomeranian families which had acquired the title had become extinct in a comparatively short space of time. "The country cannot afford it," he remarked, when mentioning the matter. On the evening of the 23d of November, 1870, as we were sitting at tea in Versailles, he began to speak about his death, and stated definitely the age to which it was appointed that he should attain, and the year in which it was appointed that he should die. "I know it," he insisted, when I remonstrated with him on the subject; "it is a mystic number." Seven years later at Varzin, he repeated the same assurance to the narrator of this remarkable circumstance, but added, "God, however, only knows."

Cutting Cameo Portraits.

"Yes, sir, I am the artist who cut it," said the tall, shaggy-bearded, elderly man with weary eyes. It was a cameo a trifle larger than a silver dollar. The likeness—that of a well-known man—was very good, and the detail and finish of the work seemed to the unskilled and uncritical reportorial mind very clever.

"I am one of the few cameo cutters in America," said the old man, "and except a bare few, they all do as I do—travel from city to city and solicit orders. I have cut about 200 cameos in Chicago. I cut over 300 in St. Louis and I did the best of all in New York and Philadelphia. Though I did not while there cut very many cameos, I made the most money in Cuba. The Cubans were willing to pay liberally—much more so than the people of this country are."

"How do I work? I have a few more tools than the first cutters and gravers did—those who lived in ancient Rome—but not many. My tools are simple, hardly worth descriptions. A few sharp-edged tools, a little emery, oil, and polishing instruments—that's all. Where do I get the stone I use? It is more properly a shell since only a few people will pay enough to warrant the use of onyx. I get it from a certain part of Germany. The outer layer is white, and out of this I cut the profile, cutting away the white part until I reach the black lower layer. It takes me about a week to finish such a head as this, and for it I get about $25. It is not what you may call an easy trade. It is hard on the eyes, hard on the patience, hard on your chances of becoming independent.

"Are American profiles good subjects? The best in the world as a rule. Their features—especially young women's and girls' features—are distinct, clear, you might say sharp. While there is hardly one type of beauty that is widespread, there are thousands of beautiful women and men, too, in this land, whose features it is a pleasure for an artist to transfer to this ever-lasting stone, even if his reward is only slight."

The Dimensions of Heaven.

The following paragraph entitled "The dimensions of heaven," is from Lewis's Penny Readings": "And he measured the city with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and height of it are equal." —Rev. xxi 16. Twelve thousand furlongs equal 7,920,000 feet, which, being cubed is 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Reserving half of this space for the throne and court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, we have the remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 1000, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,421,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 200,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 33 1-3 years, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000,000 years, or 1000 centuries, making in all 2,070,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in the number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 2,070,000,000,000,000,000 persons; and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Better Whistle Than Whine.

As I was taking a walk early in September, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell; and though he was not much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way—not a regular roaring boy cry, as though he were half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind and fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful whistle.

Jimmy tried to join the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellow, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

The Leveret and the Kite.

A Leveret, one day, bounding across a pasture, suddenly came upon a strange and hideous object such as he had never before beheld. While he stood rivetted to the spot with fear and surprise, two boys came into sight.

One of them pounced on the hideous object, and the Leveret, as he ran away, heard him exclaim, "Ho! Charley, here's the Kite!"

When the Leveret reached his nest he cried out to the old hare, his mother, "Oh, mother, mother, I have seen a Kite!"

"Then let us all be truly grateful that you are alive and safe," replied the mother; "for those Kites are blood thirsty and wicked things, who think no more of killing and devouring a young Leveret than you or I would of eating a head of clover."

"Oh-h-ugh-h!" cried the little Hare, trembling, "I am glad I ran away. I thought it must be a wicked thing, it looked so ugly, with its great big eyes as large as my head and—"

"My child! my child! do not indulge in such exaggeration," said the mother.

"But they were, ma, and o ha great big sharp teeth, and a tail as long as long oh, as twenty cow's tails!"

"Leveret," continued the parent, "just as I am rebuking you for exaggerating, you add to your ill behavior the sin of untruthfulness. I have seen Kites, and know perfectly well what they are like. Their eyes are not so large as our own, and their tails not much longer, and as to teeth they have none at all, but only a sharp hook at the end of their nose, with which they tear honest folks to pieces. I am grieved to see this spirit of exaggeration, and in order to check it shall punish you severely." Saying this, she began to cuff the poor little Leveret soundly about the ears.

She was, however, soon stopped by a hoarse voice, and looking up, beheld an old Raven, who thus addressed her:

"Stop beating that little thing. I have heard all your conversation, and know very well that the Kite your son speaks of is a very different thing to the one you are thinking of. It is made out of paper and sticks and string by human children, and they fly it in the air by means of a long piece of twine."

"But I never saw or heard of such a Kite in all my life."

"Very likely not," retorted the Raven. "But that only shows your ignorance."

The old Hare's ears dropped, and she slunk away to her nest, heartily ashamed of her conduct.

MORAL.—We should be very sure of the meaning which others attach to their words before we sit in judgment upon them, lest we do them grievous wrong, or perhaps expose our own ignorance.—*Harper's Young People.*

The Deities of Methodist Bishops.

In the Methodist Episcopal church the bishops preside in the annual conferences, divide the conferences into districts and appoint a presiding elder over each, as well as fix the appointment of the preachers, allowing none, except in certain cases made and provided, to remain more than three years out of six in the same appointment. They decide all law questions in the annual conference, and travel at large through the connection, overseeing its temporal and spiritual business. Twice a year the bishops meet and make a plan for a time of meeting for the annual conferences and designate which of their number shall preside over the general conferences, and under no circumstances can they vote either in the general or annual conferences.—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Unselfish Boy.

Our boy was ill and the doctor called in;
He felt his pulse, but his eyes looked bright.
A warm foot bath, a dose of oil
And he will be all right.

We prepared them both and to Willie went,
Of course shirking, take it like a man.
He looked up smiling and said, "Mamma,
I'll be good as I can.

Then he threw his hands around her neck
And whispered in her kissed her,
"I don't want both, so I'll take the bath
And give the oil to sister.

—*New York Journal.*

HUMOROUS.

The dentist deserves well of his party. He is always ready to take the stump.

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. For instance, there is the girl and ice cream.

"This is a warm wave," said the man whose irate wife flaunted a hot fire shovel in his face.

"I am a man of enter-prise," remarked the burglar as he inserted his jimmy into the safe lock.

The young man who went to the picnic with the deliberate intention of making a mash, made one. He mashed a pie.

In the bright lexicon of our girls, during the ice cream season, there isn't any such expression as "No, I thank you."

Ella Wheeler asks in a frenzy: "Is there anything higher than a boy's ambition, that wings its away to the sun-riven skies?" Did Ella ever timidly inquire the price of the first strawberries of gentle spring?

"If I were in California," said a young fop in company the other evening, "I would waylay some miner with a bag of gold, knock out his brains, gather up his gold and run." "I think you would do better to gather up the brains," quietly responded a young lady.

They got mad at each other on the way home from school, and as one of them turned in at her street she called out: "Humph! Who cares for you? We are going to have the electric light in our house. You don't?" "Why?" "'Cause it would show the pimples on your face!"

Crime Exposed.

Only a few months ago the papers gave an instance of the acuteness of a French detective. A man had murdered his female companion and buried her body in a cellar. The corpse was discovered, and the man said that the woman had killed herself by falling down stairs, and that he had buried her secretly, fearing to be accused of her death. He asserted that this "accident" took place in the autumn, in October. The detective observed the traces of smoke on the ceiling. "You had a candle when you buried the body," he remarked, and was answered in the affirmative. "And you say you only entered this cellar on that one day in October?" The suspected man again averred it. "You are speaking falsely," retorted the detective, and showed the murderer, between the crevices of the ceiling, the half consumed larvæ of certain insects which only lay in the spring, and which had been burnt by his candle at the time when he had actually buried his victim. How often has a clever forgery been defeated by some keen observer who noticed some very trifling oversight in the skilful fraud. Forged wills have been found out from the water-mark of the paper not tallying with their date. There is a story of a forged will being propounded in a French court, and the forgery was so skilful that it appeared impossible to deny the document's authenticity, though certain circumstances caused its genuineness to be suspected. It was drawn, not on ordinary paper, but on the back of a map of France professedly over a century old. The name of the publisher of the map was in the corner, together with the date, and the words, "Geographer to the king." Though the relatives who were injured by the will felt convinced that a fraud was being practiced upon them, retires' seemed hopeless. But a clever lawyer discovered that, at the time of the supposed publication of the map, the dignity of "Geographer to the king's had not been conferred upon the mapmaker. The name was correct, that of a well-known publisher of charts in his day, and he had been permitted to assume the title the forger had added, but not till some years after the date of the forged map. Investigations clearly proved that the geographer never assumed the title till it was legally conferred upon him, and never afterward published a map without adding it; the map, as well as the will written upon its back, was a forgery, detected by an observer of unusual acuteness.—*London Standard.*