

SOME INTERESTING LAMPS.

Very Many Incandescent Lights That Are Real Wonders.

Electric lamps are made of all sizes, from 100 candle power and over down to one-half candle, but the small ones are decidedly the most interesting and picturesque. At a large factory there is a special department devoted to decorative and miniature lamps of all shapes and colors, curious and beautiful. There are "candelabra" lamps, much used for lighting private residences, and which are generally ten candle power. Some of them are pear shaped, while others are long and tapering and of an extremely graceful form. They are often fitted to receptacles concealed in imitation vases, and while they have all the warmth and elegance of the old fashioned wax tapers they give a far steadier and brighter light. One of the most striking styles is the "flame" lamp, which is a narrow cone of glass, twisted spirally and frosted. It has the beauties of a brightly burning flame, with none of the drawbacks.

There is the eight candle power "kinescope" lamp, which illuminates the photographs on the rapidly moving collodion strip in Edison's remarkable picture gallery. A one candle power lamp is used for night work in telephone exchanges. One is placed in each panel of the switchboard and lights up whenever a call comes to its territory and stays lighted until the call is answered, so that one or two operators can easily manage all the night business wherever it is not very heavy.

Many varieties of lamps are arranged to take their current from batteries. Among these is the one candle power miner's lamp, of a flat shape, with metal loops at top and bottom, so that it can be hooked upon springs in the miner's lantern and held steady. The lamp and the battery together are not heavy. Then there are bicycle lamps, microscope lamps, and lamps for medical and dental work. Some of the lamps used for illuminating the interior of the mouth, throat and nose, are extremely small, generally cylindrical in shape, a quarter inch or less in diameter and from half an inch to an inch long. But the tiniest of all is the "pica" lamp, a glass sphere one quarter of an inch in diameter.—Cassier's Magazine.

Forming Characters.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness not only of the present but every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of nonexistence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters? Whose? Our own or others? Both, and in that momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger marks in their primary formations and in their successive strata of thought and life.—Elihu Burritt.

Calvinized.

One very hot day the late Dr. George E. Ellis, the historian, going to an informal dinner with a friend, wore a very comfortable but unfashionable thin coat and manilla hat. A notoriously orthodox clergyman began to banter the Unitarian divine regarding his big straw hat, whereupon Dr. Ellis replied that he would not have a word said against that article of apparel, inasmuch as it had been a good friend of his for four years. "Why," exclaimed his friend, "how could it have lasted so long?" "Because it has been Calvinized," replied Dr. Ellis. The host, misunderstanding the word, inquired with amazement how the hat could be galvanized. But Dr. Ellis, with a sly twinkle in his eye, looked straight at the orthodox minister as he replied: "I did not say 'galvanized.' I said the hat had been Calvinized—dipped in brimstone."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Metatarsalgia.

Metatarsalgia, or fourth toe disease, has been the subject of much scientific discussion. Many patients have been operated on, the operation consisting of the removal of a portion of the bone of the toe, which had become highly inflamed. A new form of treatment is that of shaping the shoe that the weight will not come directly upon the ball of the foot, but slightly back of the ball, and this is secured by making the ankle and instep close fitting and the toe and ball very broad and easy. One physician advises that a depression be made in the sole of the shoe just beneath the fourth toe, so that there shall be no pressure from any direction. This works well in some cases, but in others the surgical remedy is the only successful one.—New York Ledger.

Idol Worship.

I have never had the opportunity of examining the idol worshiping mind of a savage, but it seems possible that the immutability of aspect of his little wooden god may sometimes touch him with an amazed awe, even when and where he is not aware of its divinity.—"Ritual Planning," George Meredith.

Lincoln's memory for the details of national affairs was marvellous. He recalled the particulars of every cabinet meeting with the most scrupulous exactness.

Needles antedate history. They were first made in America in 1680.

LORETTA, OR THE CHOICE.

An Interesting Story for Both Old and Young.

Written by George E. Mills.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

CHAPTER III.

Two new pieces are now in motion at Loretto. Ellen Almy and George Melville. In a few words, perhaps, we may bring them nearer to the eye.

Lel—let us call her so, for it is a sweet name either in itself or from association,—was a year younger than Agnes. The daughter of a wealthy merchant, with all the advantages of wealth and fashion, gifted with no ordinary share of personal beauty, and peculiarly endowed with that indescribable fascination of manner which has no name—Lel was a pet wherever she went. She was above envy and without a rival. Whatever she did became a law for the satellites around her; scarcely had a new fancy struck her, before it was reduced to practice, and once realized, it grew into a fashion. Her actions and sayings were retailed at second hand, and sought after with much avidity by all those who borrow from the fruitfulness of others to supply their own mental sterility.

Of course Lel had been spoiled. Most persons only knew her—as a light-hearted, flippant girl, with wit enough to amuse others, but without prudence to govern herself. But those who looked beneath the transparent surface, could see a noble vein of deep feeling responding firmly and healthfully to every genuine touch. Lel had much talent and more genius; she acquired without much difficulty what others had written, but rose without an effort to higher things of which they never dreamed. There are many in the world who resemble her, many we meet daily in the morning and in the evening, who to the same levity unite a certain strength and elevation of character; but there are few who equal her, few who combine such girlish merriment with such womanly worth.

Lel's mother had been a Catholic, but she was dead, and her father being a Protestant, gave her a Protestant Episcopal education. Of Catholics she knew little, save from stereotype calumny, and from her own juvenile observations in France, Spain and Italy.

George Melville was near thirty. Early in life he was left lord of himself, sole heir to a large fortune. There was nothing remarkable in his person besides a high forehead and a bright eye; but all his friends considered him attractive. There was more in him than was seen at first, much that was only perceptible to the few that knew him well. He had been a hard student all his life, and gave to the classics the long winter evenings so generally sacred to revelry and dissipation. He did not, however, totally abstain from society, but carefully avoided becoming its slave. To strangers he was reserved and formal, with others cheerful and familiar. There was an air of close scrutiny about him from which ninety-nine in a hundred shrank. Lel was not one of these; she defied both competition and scrutiny. She and Melville, though apparently diametrically opposite in taste and disposition, had been fast friends for more than a year, and it was rumored that they were engaged to be married. This was false, however, not one word of love having passed between them. The masses—the unreflecting and unfeeling list of visitors, wondered at their intimacy; though surely it was not surprising that Melville should discover Lel's real value, or that she should prefer his intellectual gifts to the superficial endowments of the bulk of her acquaintances.

"Charley!" cried the Colonel the next morning, after breakfast, "saddle fleetly for Mr. Melville and Lily for Miss Agnes! Do you hear, my boy? Off with you, and bring them up in five minutes. Mind the girls, you men, there are two precious lives depending on the proper hole in a leather strap."

"And you don't mean to order a horse for me," muttered Lel, putting as she spoke, "am I to remain here for your special edification?"

"You must not begrudge me an hour this morning," answered her uncle. "I will introduce you to the farm, my dear child, and counteract your excessive affectation by an infusion of rusticity."

"Well," replied Lel, as Charley and

the horses appeared, I shall endeavor to profit by the manners of your turkeys, chickens, pigeons, pigs, cows, and I doubt not, but that after a diligent study of your sheep, I shall prove an absolute lamb. Farewell, mes amis!" she exclaimed as Agnes and Melville mounted. "Farewell!" she repeated as they galloped off, and turning to her uncle, looked him steadily and seriously in the face.

Mrs. Cleveland was sewing in the back parlor. A peculiarly sly expression played around the corners of the Colonel's mouth, and he glanced steadily towards the back parlor.

"Now Lel," he said with great significance, "come to my sanctum and I'll show you my tackle."

The Colonel's Sanctum was a small room next his chamber. It contained all his sporting apparatus, all his curiosities, all his petty bachelor contrivances, a large book-case crowded with Turf Registers and Treatises on Angling, heaped over noble editions of the English Essayists and the old English Dramatists. A round table stood in the centre, covered with papers, heaped up in that glorious confusion which an author loves and a housekeeper hates. Two rocking chairs and a red lounge were the only seats.

Lel took one chair, the Colonel the other.

"Oh uncle," said Lel, shaking her finger at him, "what a little lying hypocrite you have made me!"

"In a good cause, my queen," replied the old man.

"You wrote me word that Agnes intended to bury her beauty in a convent, and that I must come and prevent it. But what possessed you to insist on my dropping in with a lie on my lips? Oh, it kills me to play the hypocrite! I was tempted in spite of your commands to salute Agnes by falling on her neck, and declaring that if she ever took the veil, it would have to go over my head too, all the priests in Christendom to the contrary notwithstanding."

"Hal ha!" laughed the Colonel; "very good, very good, my own sweet pet. But mark me, Lel, if her mother suspects us, we are gone. I tell you that Agnes Cleveland, in her cradle, was devoted to the cloister, and I know my sister well enough to assert that, if we show our hand, we lose the stake."

"Very well, uncle, as you say. Oh, Lel, Lel, have you come to this! a snake in the grass—a wily, subtle, deep, designing serpent. What would Melville say?"

"Whatever he pleases," interposed the Colonel haughtily. "Listen, Lel, my plan is briefly this: while you stay, to consecrate all your energy, all your fascination, all your genius, to divert your cousin's mind from her present purpose, and spread out before her all the allurements of refined society. But do it so that the transition will be unfeigned, so that her mother—"

"Will have every reason to despise me!" cried Lel, springing to her feet. "Yet, it must be done! The life I lead is bad enough. God knows, but it's better than a convent."

Lel said this mournfully. She was standing by the window, her hand resting on a magnificent pair of antlers whose arms sustained a powder-flask, shot-pouch, bird-bag, and quite a variety of old hats and caps adapted to all the seasons and every species of weather. The Colonel sat silently eyeing her, as if not a little puzzled.

Lel looked out upon the show-cloud plain—upon the pale blue wintry sky, and fell into a reverie, that strange compound of thought and feeling, which soothes and saddens too. She was startled from it by a heavy hand on her shoulder. She turned; the Colonel stood beside her, his cheeks were wet with tears, his upper lip was quivering.

"Lel," he said, "if what I ask is painful, I will not demand it, but—the words died away in his throat."

Lel dried her eyes and her own with her handkerchief. "Uncle!" she exclaimed impetuously, "the road to heaven is not by trampling on your heart, and Agnes must take another path; your hand, uncle!" They joined hands. "I solemnly pledge myself to wear Agnes from her choice of a religious life if all the influence at my command can do it! I will tell her the story that enchanted me, I will tell her of the raptures I have had and of the raptures I still expect. If she resists me, she's invincible!"

"Bless you! bless you, Lel!" repeated the Colonel, putting back her hair and pressing her head to his bosom. Though for ten years he had rarely seen her, and then only for a day or two, as he travelled, yet, at that moment, she was almost as dear

to him as Agnes. "You have given me new life, my child—there's victory in your flashing eyes! Can you guess my next great move?"

"Take Agnes home with me after Christmas!"

"Oh? Have you fathomed your old uncle so soon? To be sure—go with you she must! Take her to every opera and every ball—"

"No, no," broke in Lel; "I shall carefully select from both, or you'll have her back by telegraph, more eager than ever for the convent!"

"Introduce her to the handsomest men—"

"And disgust her at once."

"Surround her with the most stylish women."

"And sicken her completely."

"Well then," suggested the Colonel, taken sadly aback, "begin by accompanying her to small tea-parties, where intelligence makes the absence of music and dancing unfelt."

Lel fairly screamed and laughed till she reeled back again to the window.

"Take her to a tea-party? My dear good for nothing old uncle, why would you have us both back for the convent?"

"Lel," said the Colonel, and stopped short. Lel turned, expecting something else; her bright eyes glittering from laughter, like violet dew in the morning.

"Lel—" He looked up, and catching her mischievous glance, inwardly admitted that he was only making himself ridiculous, and turning away to save his dignity, added, "Do just as you please, and be hanged to you!"

"Tell me, uncle, and tell me truly, am I not the ablest tactician on my own ground? Your conception of the game is a master-plan, but leave the details to me."

"Right, right—you're always right."

"I knew a young girl, situated just as Agnes is, who became a nun because her friends overdid it in trying to prevent her. I don't often praise myself—but I can manage the human heart as easily as I can a horse, provided I once get the reins."

"We must not let her mother suspect; be prudent, Lel."

Lel was looking out of the window instead of listening.

"What fine buildings are those?" she asked.

"The convent," replied the Colonel, suppressing a curse.

"The convent?" said Lel, musing. "So it is, there's the old house; but there are so many new ones around it, it's not easily seen. Ah, me! I don't wonder Ag wants to stay there. Nonsense! they'd cut off all her beautiful black hair, and crimp her face up in a skull-cap, and set her to scrubbing floors and scouring pots. She shan't go!"

"She shan't!" responded the Colonel, "and now my sister, I cry, check!"

Thus plotted Lel and the Colonel, whilst Agnes, little suspecting what mischief they were hatching, rode gaily back to George Melville. Melville was much interested in his companion—she was a new character to him; new, not only because the inexperienced school girl peeped from almost every sentence—or because her manners were artless and unvarnished by social attrition, through subtle, striking and dignified by interior correctness and feeling; Melville had seen many such. It may have been this, in part—but there was something else—something entirely new, yet still suggesting things which had passed for him, but which might come again—something he admired, without knowing why—something which repelled, while it attracted.

The world has some reflecting points, and society might be worse: public opinion is yet sufficiently Christian to discountenance open crime. The thousands we meet have nothing to blush for—their names are stainless—their eyes are bright and fearless, their hopes are high, there is no brand on the brow—the tribunal to which they appeal acquits and commends; their belief in their own integrity, like a good conscience, makes them lovely and enchanting. But, oh! when God and not man affixes the seal of innocence, when the soul, pure in thought as well as in act, walks in the midst of a thousand liveried angels, how different, how different! Aye, Melville was a man of strong sense and true feeling—a keen, experienced observer, a tourist of more than half the world—but he found Agnes a new character—one he had yet to read.

At first he found it difficult to remove her embarrassment, and to converse as cordially as he wished. But the sun was bright, and the horses bounded along; long before their return, Melville had conquered the difficulty, and even reached that desirable point—seldom soon, and

sometimes never reached—the pleasurable exchange of thoughts and words.

"Agnes," said Lel, "are you alighted, do you know the time? Just one half hour after dinner time!"

CHAPTER IV.

The scene is still the same, but patience, reader—it will soon be changed. There are not many spots even in your fancy, superior to Loretto, poorly as our meagre description reflects its beauty. We might labor for hours to picture all its charms—to copy the fine prospect it commanded, without making it a whit more enchanting. Loretto had no waterfalls around it—no gloomy, splendid gorges—no towering masses of rock cleaving the clouds in solemn sublimity; but every tree, every field, every outline of the undulating plain had a meaning; the place had a Genius—the indefinable spirit of beauty haunted the spot.

Lel spent a few more evenings there—they will not be lost—they are necessary to the sequel. Let us still linger around that bright, crackling, intelligent wood-fire, in spriting that little parlor, before we are transported by Lel's magic to the confusion and simplicity of drawing-rooms of the city. Christmas is just a day or two away, and then we leave, not to return until the spring comes, and the snow has passed away and the sun has thawed the frozen heart of the city.

"Why are you so sad, Lel?" said Mrs. Cleveland.

"Because I am going to bed to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" repeated the Colonel.

"I must," said Lel, "or I shall have all the alarm bells in town ringing for me, and all the constables in creation after me. Melville!"

"Are you tired of our village?" asked her aunt.

"No, aunt; but I am sure Mr. Melville is hardly sick of your village, and long for the winter; he has made a capital existence. Much as I love it, I am not selfish enough to deprive myself of his company."

"Is that your only reason?" said Mrs. Melville.

"Not the only one—but a very sufficient one for a creature of delicate and self-indulgent nerves."

"Lel," gasped the Colonel, "are you serious?"

"As serious as I love my own aspect to be."

"Do you love me, Lel?"

"Yes."

"Then stay."

"Can't, uncle!"

"Look on, my young girl, I am used to contrivances."

"Nor I shall be contented with them."

"Do you start to follow your cousin in spite of my commands?"

"Does your cousin intend to follow me?"

"I don't know, but I shall follow him if he goes."

"Did you think me a coward?"

"I spoke of you," replied Lel, "as George Melville's cousin, and the cousin of Loretto is not your wit."

"Lel," said Agnes, "are you and kneeling down before me?"

"I have been silent, because I don't believe you; because I don't want to believe you. I don't want to believe you with your wild, wicked, blue eyes, and tell if you will not speak of this time with me."

Lel hesitated some moments, and then replied:

"On one condition, Agnes, I will."

"Name it, name it!" cried Agnes, brightening like snow in the morning.

"We grant it in advance."

"That you accompany me home."

Agnes said Lel, leaning forward, and for the first time looking at her cousin full in the face. There was a seriousness in Lel's manner that could not be misinterpreted, and Agnes, taken by surprise, continued to gaze at her, not a little bewildered by the proposition. It was not long, however, before her eye wandered to her mother. Lel saw the glance, and, dreading it, rose quite as lightning, and throwing her arms around Mrs. Cleveland's neck, exclaimed:

"My dearest aunt, if you don't mind, we part forever. Never again shall Lel's foot cross the honored threshold—never again."