

ing services on the Sabbath, he is ever the same, a deep, meditating brain. Dr. N. B. Sizer, B. Sc., M. D., is a good chip of the old block; "born," as the father says, "not with a silver spoon in his mouth," but 'as the result of intentional prenatal influences—"with a book in his hand"—teaches "Anatomy and Physiology." Dr. Robert A. Gunn, treats of "Magnetism, Psychology and Clairvoyance." Prof. E. P. Thwing, Ph. D., M. D., Dr. John Ordronaux, son of the famous Naval officer, and Prof. Fred A. Chapman, the instructor in "Elocution and Vocal Culture," were then occasional lecturers. But of most interest to the writer of these accessory features was Prof. James B. Richards's course in "Idiocy, Imbecility and Abnormal Men-

talities." Made master of arts by Harvard, early associated with Dr. Howe, of Boston, at the expense of the Commonwealth sent to Paris to study the subject in the light of the great French University and Academy, and having won phenomenal success in his treatment of idiots and imbeciles since his return, his course alone was well worth the expense of the entire Institute session. A son of the Richards, who with two others kneeling around the haystack at Williamstown, Mass., formed the American Board of Foreign Missions, he fulfilled well his mission. The Institute of Phrenology is a modest, quiet working power in the heart of the great Metropolis, doing a good work.

ARTHUR CUSHING DILL.

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

I WAS traveling on the Erie railroad on my way to the illimitable West, when at one of the stations I was attracted by some energetic demonstrations of the baggage master, implying the extreme of contempt; while an old, worn face was lifted to his, expressive of some pity and some mixture of terror as she laid her hand tenderly upon an old spinning wheel with which the profane foot of the baggage master had just been in contact. The fact had smote upon the heart of the ancient one, and she had gathered the desecrated article from the ground, and placed it in an upright position, with a look of tender affection.

"What is the matter?" I questioned, in turn laying my hand upon the wheel, which called to life many a childish reminiscence.

"Matter! Why, that woman wants me to 'check' that thing standing there; enough to half fill a baggage car. I don't see what the thing is for, anyhow."

Unhappy man! he had never seen a linen wheel, once prominent in every household. He had not even seen the great spinning wheel where pretty maid-

ens stepped back and forth; none of your pale, nervous girls, but bright and blooming, keeping time to the burr of the wheel, to the tune of some old ballad: of Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond, The Major, Only Son, or The Nut-Brown Maid.

He had never seen stately dames sitting like the weird sisters who open the thread of life, distaff in hand, and foot on pedal, their blue-veined fingers feeding the spindle, a picture in itself full of suggestion, and a feature of an age gone forever.

But to our story, which is brief. I replied at length:

"Why, my good man, that is a wheel upon which to spin flax. If you had a grandmother—I hope you had—she spun your first summer suit on just such a wheel."

The woman turned upon me a look of grateful admiration. I had risen at once in her estimation by this bit of knowledge, and she gave me an audible blessing, which is the best thing to give in this world.

"I am sure you will 'check' the wheel, and look after it, too," I con-

tinued to the man. "It has great value in this woman's eyes; it takes so little to make people happy." I added the last clause by way of parenthesis, for the pleasant conductor had already gathered up the wheel as tenderly as if it had been a disabled lamb, his tongue stuck in his cheek, for it all looked foolish to him, but the sunny side of the man's heart had been turned like a ripe peach to the glowing light.

Women oftener know how to reach a man's heart than one of their own sex under like circumstances, and men are more easily prompted to these virtuous escapades than we women are, for they more readily respond to a sweet tone of voice, or a pleasant smile, and they feel at once that charm of manner so often lost upon us.

Shenstone gives us a pretty picture involving the spinning wheel.

"Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each lovely flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue."

This is a sweet portraiture, and the name Lucy appropriate, coming from Lux, light, and suggestive of hawthorn shimmering in the sunshine, and birds talking an unknown tongue along the hedge-rows. Wordsworth appropriately calls the lady of his early love Lucy, where

"She dwelt amid the unfrequented ways
Beside the spring of Dove—
A maid, whom there were none to please,
And very few to love."

Burns puts a pretty song of the spinning wheel upon the life of his Bessie:

"On ilk a hand the furnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot;
The scented birk and hawthorn white,
Across the pool their arms unite—
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes cooler rest;
The sun blinks kindly in the liel
Where blythe I turn my spinning wheel."

I remember to have heard when a child the girls sing an old song while they turned the wheel, the purport of which was that a youth was in search of a wife, saw a handsome girl singing a medley while she turns the wheel with great spirit, breaking the thread and cut-

ting it away, while she warbled

"Break the thread—I do not care,
For I am young, and gay, and fair—
Out, and away, *and sprawl ye there.*"

The lover listened, disenchanted, and went away singing

"Were you prudent as you are fair
You would make a web out of sprawl ye there;"

a delicate allusion to the sweet web of love she had failed to spin.

Burns in the same relation has a stanza for the wheel was an appendage to every household not many years back.

"I bought my wife a stone of lint,
As good as ever did grow,
And all that she could make of it,
Was a weary pound of tow."

To understand the above allusion it must be known that she had tangled and wasted the lint or flax, which should have made a good thread of linen. Tow is the waste of the flax.

The upright arm of the linen spinning wheel is called the distaff, and is identical with these found in ancient doorways, where royal dames and beautiful maidens occupied themselves in the industries pertaining to the "fine linen of Egypt."

The Parcae are represented spinning with a distaff. With the introduction of the spinning Jenny and the loom of the factory, no less than the sewing machine, much that was once picturesque and elegant has disappeared in the industries of women; and, if they have lessened her toil, and opened to her broader fields of knowledge, have not the less disturbed her social and domestic relations.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

GOOD FORM IN VISITING CARDS.—The fashion of cards used for calls, etc., changes slightly at times, but there are certain general rules that always hold good. The card should not be noticeably large or small, white, of fine, unglazed texture, without decorations of any kind, and bear nothing but the name, with possibly the residence, or day of reception, in clear unflourished script. Mrs.