

tive temperament of which she was composed; and, being of a retiring nature, she rather shunned than courted the gay and fascinating world.

Dumida had received her kindness in many a form, and he sought every opportunity to enliven her mind, as a return of kindness to which he felt himself highly indebted, and to whom, if he contributed in the least degree, the smallest amount of happiness, he felt himself amply repaid for the gratification he had given.

Mr. Quinton was looked upon as a suitor to Miss Hellen, although considerably older. In truth, he was nearly the age of her father. It was often the wonder of their circle, why Mr. Grahame countenanced such respects, or that Hellen suffered his attentions. But as Mr. Quinton had attained much wealth, it was conjectured to be on that account, and should there be disparity of age, his extensive practice as a lawyer, coupled with his extensive possessions, were no mean equivalents to counterbalance the difference between them.

His visits, about the time we refer to, were more frequent than at any former period. Often during the cool of the summer evening they might be seen walking together down the serpentine links of Fordhouse-burn, or sitting beneath a clump of old elms, that shaded Lochlyden haugh, conversing together.

Curiosity may lead the enquiring reader to call in question the conduct of Mr. Grahame in tolerating such freedom on the part of Mr. Quinton; but be it remembered that obligations of a serious nature were the first movements of their friendship, and having gone thus far in the paths of avaricious iniquity, a timely check to such procedure might have proven detrimental to both of their interests, which will be seen in the sequel.

It happened on one of these perambulations, that Tantrum, the recluse, having crossed the glen opposite to where they were sitting, was hailed by Mr. Quinton and invited to come up and rest himself beside them. He seemed to take no notice, when Quinton got up and followed him a little way down the glen, when the recluse, turning abruptly upon him, demanded what he wanted, in rather a surly tone. "Am I to be held in derision," said he, "by the taunting vermin of an idle few, whose curiosity would tamper with the lonely wanderings of the wretched, who seek nor look for any thing but to be let alone."

"I am told," said Quinton, jeeringly, "that you sometimes can unveil the future, and foretell the fortune or the fate of man."

"And what of that?" responded Tantrum, his eyes kindling indignantly upon Quinton.

"Perhaps you might," continued he, "open up the secrets of our destiny, and gratify a mind less able to perceive the dangers and the evils that adverse fortune has laid up in store, when peradventure thy advice might lead the wary to prepare for adverse winds, by taking in the canvass ere the boisterous storms should overturn our little bark."

"Pshaw!" grinned the recluse, "light hearts and vainer heads may seek to mock the sufferings of the miserable by taunts like thine of superhuman power, foreseen, to tell of future fate, when in thy mind thou deemst it less than an idle tale; but mark me friend, the curious mind that seeks to know what others whisper of them in their absence seldom hears a good report revealed; but as thou deem'st me a seer, I'll tell thee something from the book of fate." So saying, he opened up his mantle coat and drew from under its lining a small volume. "Seest thou this book?" he cried, in a hoarse sepulchral yell, and ruffling o'er its leaves from board to board. "'Tis all white and spotless like the purity of her, who now accompanies thee; but mark thy fortune by its change." So saying, he muttered a paternoster indistinctly, save to himself, and looking round from side to side, as if some demon of the glen were near, he bowed in antic gesture, and stamping thrice with his foot upon the ground, then turning quickly on his heel he drew a circle with his wand, then knelt upon one knee, and placing the book upon it, began to shuffle over its leaves in rapid succession. "Thy age," said the recluse, "is forty-one."

"How knowest thou that, fiend?" retorted Quinton.

"By this book," groaned the other.

"There is nothing in it," said Quinton.

"Ha! thou can'st not read it," ejaculated the recluse, and grinning, puffed a breath upon its leaves, when two large units filled its page, exactly purporting the figures forty-one.

"So far, so true," said Quinton, "but what of that?"

"Much," replied the recluse, "at forty man suspects himself a fool."

"Go on," said Quinton.

"With the citation?" said the other, grinning with sarcastic, fiendish scowl, looking towards Hellen. Then sternly looking in his face, twirled the leaves again, and holding up the book exclaimed, "there read that picture, and behold thy perjury." The picture traced in glowing features, the figure of one whom Quinton well knew, and to whom he had been secretly betrothed.

Fear and conscious guilt caused him to stagger back a few paces, when Hellen, who had been drawn through curiosity to the spot, glanced at the picture and screamed out "Mary Watson." The recluse, hastily ruffled over the rest of the leaves which were all black, and then stamping thrice on the ground and muttering some incoherent ejaculations, speedily ran down the windings of the glen, and disappeared as quickly among its thick woodland. Scarcely had they recovered from their consternation by this unexpected revelation, when Mr. Grahame, passing on horseback, called upon them to accompany him to his mansion. Hellen tremblingly hung upon Quinton's arm, and both, as if silenced by the magician's power, walked down the footpath leading to the avenue, without speaking one word.

"'Tis a delightful evening," said Mr. Grahame, as they met at the opening.

"Very," responded Quinton.

"Are you well, dear Hellen?" he continued, "you look exceedingly pale."

"And so she may," replied Quinton.

"Why?" said her father, a little alarmed.

"Oh, that old serpent," responded the other, "Tantrum, the recluse, was going through some of his unearthly gestures there at the round seat below the elms."

Her father mused for a moment, and casting a searching look at Quinton, inquired if he intended purposely to frighten her.

"Oh, no," said Quinton, "I was merely joking with him, and the old wretch, pretending to divine, uttered some foolish expressions out of a book, and Hellen, either from his expressions or gestures screamed out, when he ran down the steeps of the glen, just as you turned the opening of the walk."

"Strange being," said her father, "he has lived in that sequestered ravine on the sea-mark these ten years, and no one knows how he gets a living, excepting a few fish he may take. Half the people near the shore have met him after night-fall, [if reports be true] by the cove of Colzean, the old monastery, and along the sea beach."

"Dumida is very familiar with him I understand," said Quinton.

"I believe so," said Mr. Grahame; "we have attempted," he continued, "to put a stop to their acquaintance, but all our efforts have proved abortive. In vain, I have even threatened to disband him from my house several times these five years. Still he continues to pay his visits, when the night sets in; and what is very remarkable, he is always the first up in the morning, and the most diligent of all my servants. And then to think how I found him, a ragged boy, running among the hills, and now there is not his equal, I dare to say, in the length and breadth of Carrick. In fact he is, in many things, superior to myself. Agriculture, science and philosophy seem to be his untiring study. I don't know how it is, but he has a knowledge almost of everything. And of all things the most remarkable in his character, he never would reveal one item concerning the recluse, although I have tried him by writing on that subject times without number, still he is as silent as the grave."

Being now opposite the mansion, one of the servants took the horse from his master, and Hellen being relieved from Quinton's arm retired to her own room to think over the evening's adventure; and the two gentlemen walked into the garden, where a close conversation was kept up for nearly an hour, when Quinton hastily departed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TORPEDO BOATS—A NEW ENGINE OF WAR.

The British furnished their allies, the rebels, with torpedoes similar to those used by the Russians during their war with the Western Powers and the Turks, which Mr. Wm. W. Wood, chief engineer in our navy, has brought to such a state of perfection that our ports can be defended by them against all the iron clads ever invented. Although Mr. Wood's invention is termed a torpedo, it is entirely different from all others in its construction and application. The Russian and British torpedoes consisted of tin canisters filled with powder, with

a clock-work apparatus for exploding them when anything came in contact with them; but Mr. Wood's torpedo consists of a shell, composed of a casing of any suitable material, so charged with gunpowder, or other explosive ingredient as to leave an air space in the shell, which is separated from the charge by a yielding wad. A weight is so arranged within or adjacent to the casing of the shell, and is so combined with retaining and releasing devices, that the weight can be released at pleasure, and be permitted to fall on any substance that can be ignited by percussion, which communicates with the charge, and causes an immediate explosion.

Not only can these torpedoes be moored in ship channels, but can be used from boats with awful effect also. Already our government has several boats constructed to use them, and contemplates building more. One of these named the "Spuyter Duyvil" is now in James river, employed clearing the obstructions. A letter from an officer on board of her says:—"We commenced at 3½ p.m. The first shell, containing 450 pounds, was placed between two large vessels laden with coal, and when exploded shattered them in pieces and raised their entire upper works to the surface of the water. We then used the small submarine shells, which brought up timbers, keelsons and ceiling, scattering the cargo along the bed of the river at the same time. In two hours and a half we had cleared a channel, through which we could pass with safety. Not the slightest accident occurred, nor did one of the shells fail. I had charge of the machinery and fired the shells myself. They are admirably adapted to blow through an embankment as readily as they have torn in pieces the vessels which were deeply imbedded in the mud. Our vessel is just the craft for this kind of work."

The new boats designed for harbor defense, are iron-plated, very low in the water, very swift, and without any projection on deck. Forward they have an outrigger close to the water's edge, which can be run in or out at pleasure. When in, the shell or torpedo is attached to its end, with gearing to detach it when required.

Suppose an enemy's ship is at anchor, the torpedo boat can be run toward her, and being shot proof and very low in the water, the chances of crippling her, will be very doubtful even if seen; but if not seen, her mission will be certain destruction. When she approaches near enough, the outrigger with a torpedo attached to it is run out by machinery, the shell is then detached from it, and will rise in contact with the enemy's bottom. The outrigger is then withdrawn, leaving the shell entirely clear of the boat, having only a single line of connection with her. The engine is then reversed, a good offing obtained, and then the torpedo is exploded. It was one of these shells which sunk the rebel ram Albemarle. It made a hole 6 feet in diameter through her bottom, gun-deck and casemate armor.

Some of the new torpedo boats, we understand, have an apparatus for firing those shells as well as for exploding them the way we have described.

The excellence of this arrangement is the assured safety of the boat and those in her; and what is more, she can keep on using the shells while there is an enemy left to work upon. The rebel torpedo boats have all been blown up in their attempts to injure our vessels. The boat which sunk the Housatonic, off Charleston, went down with all in her.

Our government is so well convinced of the power and ease of the application of these shells, that they intend to have all our vessels with one or more boats of great speed would render the blockading of any of our ports impossible.

We have been informed that our Navy Department intends to build no more iron-clads, after those which are now in the course of construction are finished, but will rely hereafter upon swift wooden vessels for ocean service and torpedo boats for coast defense.—[Boston Traveler.]

TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

OUR EYES.—Indigestion is the principal source of weak eyes. Reading in the cars often seriously disturbs the vision. A delicate and wonderful apparatus within the eye is constantly busy in adapting it to the varying focal distances. The jerking motion of the cars compels an exhaustive effort to maintain the required adaption. Thousands of eyes are spoiled by reading in cars and other vehicles. Recently I was consulted by a railroad expressman who had become totally blind by reading the newspapers in the cars. Thousands who have never consciously suf-

fered any inconvenience from the habit, are obliged to wear glasses prematurely to correct an unsteadiness of vision produced in this way. Reading with the gas light before you is another cause of weak eyes. The light should always hang quite high and behind you, and allowed to shine over the shoulder. If convenient, it should be over the left shoulder. If using kerosene, it is best to employ the lamps which hang on the wall. Neither should you read with your face toward the window.

Reading by twilight is dangerous. Gradually accommodating itself to the receding light, the eye is more unconsciously strained. I have seen more than one case of grave disease of the eye, produced by an undue effort to us the vision too long at twilight.

White paint is another mischief to the eyes. White paint outside, white paint inside, white paint everywhere. During the season of brightest sunshine the glare hurts the eye. I wonder if it is not in bad taste likewise? I notice that artists have none of it about them.

In our constant reading, the eye-sight is much tried by the white paper. I hope that the tinted paper, with a still deeper color, may become fashionable.

Avoid reading by artificial light when you can. We read too much. We read as we eat—pell-mell, hotchity-potch; no mastication, no digestion. If, as a people, we read less, we might know more. Few indications are more unpromising in a child than a remarkable passion for books. I doubt if a good lady, who called on me the other day, with her son, will ever forgive me for what I said to her. Her boy was of the regular Boston type, great head and eyes, with small and narrow chest. She said in a mournful voice, but with evident pride: "Ah, doctor, he has such a passion for books. As soon as he is out of bed he is down at some great book, and scarcely leaves it but for his meals. He never plays like other children." I told her, among other things, that, unless she could break up that habit, her son would very likely turn out a *dolt*. She left very soon with the belief that I did not understand her son's case. I should have about as much hope of a man who gave himself up to childish sports as I should of a child who gave himself up to the habits and life of a man.

The newspapers have much to answer for in the way of small type and imperfect printing. I would cheerfully give two hundred dollars a year to support a newspaper which would give us, morning and evening, a half column of the really reliable news, instead of fifteen columns of diluted speculations and tricky canards, the reading of which hurts our eyes and wastes our precious time.—[Dio Lewis, M. D.]

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS IN AFRICA.—Capt. Grant, in his *Walk Across Africa*, thus describes the home of a wealthy Indian, a benevolent old man who had an establishment of 300 native men and women around him:

At three o'clock in the morning, Moossah, who had led a hard life in his day, would call out for his little pill of opium, which he never missed for 40 years. This would brighten him up till noon. He would then transact business, chat, and give you the gossip at any hour you might sit by him on his carpet. To us it seemed strange that he never stopped talking when prayers from the Koran were being read to him by a "Bookeen," or Madagascar man. Perhaps he had little respect for the officiating priest, as the same reverend and learned gentleman was accustomed to make him his shirts! After a mid-day sleep, he would refresh himself with a second but larger pill, transact business, and so end the day. The harem department presented a more domestic scene. At dawn, women in robes of colored chintz, their hair neatly plaited, gave fresh milk to the swarm of black cats, or churned butter in gourds, by rocking it to and fro on their laps. By 7 o'clock the whole place was swept clean. Some of the household fed the game fowls, or looked after the ducks and pigeons; two women chained by the neck fetched firewood, or ground corn at a stone; children would eat together without dispute, because a matron presided over them—all were quiet, industrious beings, never idle, and as happy as the day was long. When any of Moossah's wives gave birth to a child there was universal rejoicing; the infant was brought to show its sex; and when one died, the shrill laments of the women were heard all night long. When a child misbehaved, we white men were pointed at to frighten it, as nurses at home too often do with ghost stories.