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HOW KEPLER ARRIVED AT HIS FIRST LAW.—He calculated the place it ought to occupy according to the theory of its revolving in a circular orbit, and soon found that the place it really occupied in the sky differed materially from that assigned to it. This theory was thus at once shown to be incorrect, and he had therefore to form a fresh one by the combination of several circular movements; and again he diligently calculated its position, till, just as he seemed to be on the verge of success, the planet once more wandered away from the path which he had assigned to it; and once more he had to commence his observations from the beginning. In this way he continued to try one hypothesis after another, submitting each to the test of most careful observation, till at length no fewer than nineteen different theories had been proposed, and the movements of the planets compared with those which were calculated by these theories; and yet the true solution of the problem was still unfound. His perseverance, however, never failed, and he toiled on, though eight long years had been occupied in the task. One important negative result he had, however, arrived at, and this was that whatever was the nature of the curve of the planets described, it was not a circle nor a combination of circles. This was one great step toward the solution of the task. From the very earliest ages it had been assumed that as the circle seemed the perfection of form, all the heavenly bodies must move in circles; but Kepler now cast off this trammel, and then applied himself afresh to his task. In looking at the greatness of his work we must remember that the difficulty is much increased by the fact that our station of observation is itself in rapid motion. Could we view the planets from the sun, we should easily see their courses; but as we cannot do this, allowance has to be made in every calculation for the movement of our standpoint, and this motion was not then clearly understood. Having discarded the theory of motion in circles, Kepler now proceeded to try other forms, testing them as before, and the first that occurred to him was the ellipse. The same series of calculations was accordingly gone through again, and this time the motion of the planet was found to agree with that assigned to it by the theory. The great problem of the heavens was now solved, and the joy with which Kepler enunciated the first of the laws which bears his name can scarcely be imagined. This law may be stated as follows: The planets revolve around the sun in elliptical orbits, the sun being situated in one of the foci.—*Cassell's Popular Education.*

THE WAY TO AVOID CALUMNY.—'If any one speaks ill of thee,' said Epictetus, 'consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, said: 'It is no matter; I will live so that none shall believe them.'—Hearing, at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractively of him, he said: "I am sure he would not do it if he had not some reason for it." This is the surest, as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—*a good conscience.*

☞ Boston *Post* letter: "Gladstone seldom unbends to the social amenities; a frequent and generous host, he rarely seems to thoroughly enjoy the gathering at which, from his high position, his presence becomes necessary. I have seen him standing in the corner of a brilliantly-lighted saloon, with a solemn and thoughtful countenance, at times wearing an uncontrollable expression of weariness and almost disgust; looking as if, though his body was in the midst of the festive scene, his thoughts were far away on the Olympian heights of politicial or scholarly contemplation. Disraeli, however, never appears better than in a drawing-room.

☞ When Sir Walter Scott and his wife were out walking, they came across a flock of lambs, frisking in a meadow.—'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'it is no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of innocence.' 'They are, indeed delightful animals,' answered her ladyship, 'especially with mint sauce.'

BREAD, BUTTER AND POETRY.

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some sweet-heart flutter,
With hope to get the dairy-maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German statter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal and cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy-maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

THE JUDGE AND THE GIPSY.

There is scarcely a person in this country, I presume, who does not know something, practically or theoretically, about the pleasures of nut-gathering. When the season arrives it brings with it great rejoicing, and even the most sedate and studious urchins will play truant to join a nutting-party.

In the autumn of 18—, I was visiting old Major Fly at his plantation in Kentucky. He was a hale, hearty old school gentleman, with an abiding love for horseflesh and mint juleps, and his eldest son Tom inherited his father's characteristics to a degree that was truly remarkable, considering the disparity of their years. Though the Major was a deep drinker few men had ever seen him off his legs, and none of Tom's Fly's young companions dare sit at a drinking bout with him till the "wee hours."

No finer stable, I take it, could you find anywhere in the county (though there might be in the State) than Major Fly possessed. One of the truest turfmen in Kentucky, he spared neither money nor labor to collect and breed horses, some of which will never be forgotten in the annals of horse-racing.

The plantation was a quaint old place, delightfully situated, and having a neighborhood composed of companionable gentlemen, and many engaging and beautiful ladies.

The immediate family of the major consisted of his son Tom and daughters, Naomi and Mary. Add to these some distant relatives whom fortune had cast upon the major's bounty, and who had for years fattened at his board, rendering no equivalent, and never being expected to do so, and you will have a family of ten who made the plantation house the most entertaining spot that one could well imagine.

The year in question was prolific in the quantity of nuts it produced. The spot selected was a tract of about two hundred acres, and had long been a favorite resort. Every tree on it seemed to bear the impression of a green old age, and yet they still yielded their fruit. Here and there some old monarchs lifted their bare dead arms in magnificent decay, like warworn veterans who had breasted many a tempest, and died at last upon their feet.

It was in the last week of September that Naomi Fly proposed that all the young belles and beaux of the neighborhood who were "sound in wind and limb" (she borrowed the expression from her brother Tom), should assemble at her father's mansion and proceed to the woods in grand procession. Naomi Fly was a girl who deserves more than a passing notice. She was black-eyed, rosy and raven-locked. Her figure was not that of a sylph; it was rather unfemininely muscular; still she was perfectly well formed, and, without being handsome, her face was pleasing. She had a peculiar easy gait, and a certain *hauteur* which terrified some of her adorers and kept others in a state of constant trepidation. She was a perfect horsewoman, and no jockey would back the most vicious brute quicker and more daringly than herself. It was her boast that she lived between the earth and sky, and was out of her element in a habitable dwelling.

Mary, her younger sister, was a quiet, small-sized creature, rather good looking, with bright brown eyes and hair, and of a very domestic turn of mind. The contrast between these two was therefore very marked.

Of course, Naomi Fly was the ruling spirit of the *fete*. She laid it down as a regulation, that no persons who called themselves more than thirty-five should compose the party. Now this was a wicked *ruse* of Naomi, because this is the certain age at which we all are so fond of standing. Thirty-five is not so bad, but forty has an ominous sound, and we do not like to confess it. As might have been expected, many added their names to Naomi's list who were approaching their grand climacteric, but who always counted themselves young enough for any whim. It was amusing to witness the entertainment it afforded Naomi to listen to their lame stories, and to mark their maneuvering. However, to insure harmony, nobody who wished to join the party was excluded.—Extraordinary preparations were made for the *fete*, and a fine morning inspired the hearts of the young and fair adventurers.

That the thing might be truly rustic, the major's large tobacco wagon was put into requisition to convey the party and their provender to their destination. But the tone and keeping of the picture was somewhat disturbed by four of the major's "bits of blood" being made to draw the load. The spirited creatures, what airs they gave themselves when they felt the rude harness crossing their glossy backs! It was no use resisting, however, like many of the human kind, they were compelled to suffer a temporary degradation, and to revenge themselves more than once by sending the whole party to "kingdom come."

What a Babel was inside that old tobacco wagon! Ladies screamed, some from fear, others from bravado; gentlemen vociferating to Tom Fly because he did not manage "the four geatlest things in old Kentucky" better. Tom laughed, and none but a good-hearted man could have done so, for, reader, could you have seen that roadway it would have appalled you. They couldn't have known anything about Commissioners of Highways in those days, and the wooden pavement was not then discovered. I don't think there had been a stone either added or taken from that road since the ark landed on Ararat. It may therefore be easily imagined that the ride was not without its dangers, of which all the party were sensible, except perhaps Naomi Fly, who looked on and complacently smiled at the fears of her companions.

By good driving, Tom Fly at length brought the party to the rendezvous in safety. It was beneath a large oak that the halt was made. A giant tree, whose trunk had grown to an immense height—I am afraid to say how many feet—yet, from the vast extent of its shadowing boughs, it appeared by no means as high as it really was. The party was busy in emptying the baskets of wines and meats, for the ride had awakened a keen appetite, and they moreover wished to fortify themselves against the fatigue of nut-gathering.

The repast having been concluded, Naomi Fly took her station at the head of the party and led them on to their work.—They had stripped one division of the wood, and, pleased with their success, were proceeding to another quarter, just turning to a deep recess of the vast wilderness, when some of the party set up a loud shout, and looking in the direction she pointed, a blazing fire was discovered, round which were seated a group of gipsy girls and an old woman, apparently belonging to the same species. A cart with a donkey stood near, while a couple of clamorous curs commenced to show their teeth and bark defiantly at the intruders.

"Well, well," cried the jovial Captain Lally, "this is better than we anticipated. Here's a chance to know one's future.—Who are we going to love, and who marry?"

As he spoke he turned to Priscilla Hickey, a spinster, who had celebrated (so it was said) her twenty-fifth birthday for twenty consecutive years.

Miss Priscilla pursed up her withered lips into a smile, while she tapped the captain with the tips of her fingers. "Go away you naughty man," she cried, "you have been endeavoring to make love to me all the morning."

The captain placed his finger upon his lips, and looked silly at Naomi.

"Come, let me tell your fortune, good ladies and gentlemen," cried the old gipsy; "just a dime each. I can tell you the color of your lady's eyes," she continued, addressing the captain.

"Don't run away, ladies," lisped out Adolphus Kerr, the only *parvenue* in the party, who had come uninvited, presuming, it was supposed, upon the fact that he was sometimes useful to Tom Fly in the way of horseflesh. When his presence was first discovered, some surprise was manifested, for he was excessively vulgar; yet Naomi commanded that no one should resent his impertinence, but simply ignore his presence.

'Don't run away, ladies,' reiterated Mr. Kerr in a treble tone, 'let us hear what the old hag has to say.'

The eyes of the gipsy flashed fire as she listened to these words.

'Oh! get out of the way,' said Captain Lally in a low tone to Adolphus, as he brushed him aside, and taking Miss Priscilla by the hand, gayly advanced toward the gipsy.

'Now we will have some fun,' said Naomi.

'I am sure she can tell me no news,' said Miss Hickey, 'my fate is fixed. I shall never, never marry.'

'Marry!' cried the gipsy, catching her words; 'there are other things written in the stars besides marriage. What say you to dying?'

'Oh, let me get away!' cried Miss Priscilla, trying to free her hand from the captain's. 'How spiteful the old witch looks at me.'

'That's because you wanted her to tell your fortune without paying for it,' laughed the captain. He took off his cap as he spoke and put a dime in it.

'Step up and invest in the occult science,' he cried. 'Just one dime; it's cheap I assure you,' and he held out his cap.

All contributed a dime but Mr. Kerr; he kept in the background for some reason which just then seemed to be uppermost in his mind.

'Now mistress, mine,' said Naomi, who was the first to extend her palm, 'what luck do you bring me?'

The gipsy came close to Naomi's side, and fixed her eyes steadily on the inquirers.

'You were born under a planet,' she said, 'which portends both good and evil. The sea is a wide waste, and we love not the sound of its voice when in its fury.—But there is a time for all things. Cheer up, if you are not happy it will be your own fault.'

Naomi grew red and pale by turns; the woman appeared to possess a secret that she thought was safe in her own keeping. She was engaged to a naval officer whose return home was speedily looked for.

'Oh, dame!' she cried, as she endeavored to regain her composure, 'I doubt your skill, but here,' and she gave her another piece of silver.

'What a spendthrift,' said the captain.

'Now for mine,' cried Miss Nancy Sandverson, a lady about the same age as Priscilla. Miss Sanderson was wealthy. She stood heading for the Rev. Barnabas Brown, or was an admirer of Miss Mary, was not without hopes of being her accepted lover. She turned toward the Rev. Barnabas as she spoke and looked at him in a question, as much as to say, 'I am doing [illegible]'

The preacher, however, [illegible] his shoulders and stepped back [illegible] ces, where he leaned against [illegible] Miss Nancy advanced.

'What have you made up your mind?' said Miss Nancy, as she proffered her hand to the woman.

'Yours is a very plain [illegible] the witch; 'you have been hoping for a good many years. Now, take a piece of advice; if you don't make up your mind to marry the Hardshell Baptist parson who has been casting sheep's eyes at you lately you will die an old maid. There won't be any joke in that, hey?'

A loud shout of laughter from the company, whose opinions seemed to coincide with the gipsy's, threw Miss Sanderson into so much confusion, that judicious attention from the ladies only saved her from a fit of hysterics.

The old gipsy had told some home truths that disposed the rest of the group to move aside, as if unwilling to test any more of her prophecies, when Mr. Adolphus Kerr, who had until now kept out of sight, advanced, and laying a dollar in the woman's hand, cried out, 'Well, gipsy, have you nothing to tell this gentleman?'

The witch gazed up at him, and her lip curled as she replied. Every word she uttered came with a distinctness and deliberation that left no room to doubt that she intended all that she said.

'I can tell you one thing,' she said, 'and that is you are no gentleman; you are no chicken either. You have been popping and picking all around for a good many years; take care that at last you are not brought to marry your servant.'

This sly hit at a certain rumor in regard to Mr. Adolphus caused a yell of approbation to burst from the lips of all present.

Mr. Kerr's hair almost stood on end. His face grew livid with rage, and he rudely caught hold of the woman and threatened to take her before a magistrate as a vagrant, when Captain Lally coolly interfered.

'Hands off, if you please, sir,' said the captain, as he took Mr. Kerr by the collar; 'you have forgotten that it is a woman that you are threatening.'

Mr. Kerr saw something in the eyes of the speaker that he did not admire, and prudently retired, and got home in a way best known to himself, for he was not among the party who returned in the tobacco wagon.

While all this had been transpiring, Naomi Fly had been conversing with the gipsy girls, who were seated a little apart from the soothsayer. She now advanced and spoke to Judge Haynes, who formed one of the party.

'Now, judge,' said Naomi, 'let us see whether you are to be the Chief Justice.'

'Nonsence! nonsense! Naomi,' he replied, patting her upon the cheek as she laid hold of his arm and dragged him forward.

'Go forward, go forward,' they all cried.

'Yes, you must take your turn. Your fate ought to be big with honor.'

The judge laughed, and good-naturedly allowed himself to be led to the gipsy by Naomi.

'Here, mother,' said Naomi. 'I'll pay for this gentleman, for I'm afraid you may some day see him under other circumstances, when it would be awkward for him to remember he had feed you,' and she laid a dime in the woman's hand.

'Now, my good woman,' began the judge, 'can you tell me something respecting my future wife?'

The woman sat muttering to herself as if she did not hear him.

'Tell me something about my destiny,' he said, laying his broad hand kindly upon her shoulder.

'Am I to marry a wife with the disposition of an angel, or am I to wed a shrew?'

Springing to her feet with the agility of a child, the witch gave the astonished magistrate a sound box upon the ears as she cried in a shrill tone:

'A shrew! a shrew! yes, a shrew!' At the same moment she let her cloak fall from her person, and tearing a tawny-colored crape mask from her face, she stood with her pretty ringlets over her shoulders, the archest little creature in the world, and the wife of Judge Haynes, whose wedding had been celebrated not quite six months previous.

The astonishment of the judge was past expression. He turned and looked at Naomi.

'I assure you, sir, I was as ignorant of the ruse as yourself,' said Naomi.

'We all have been sold, and the gipsy has the money,' laughed the captain.

'So, so!' cried the judge, addressing his wife, 'tis well you had not been brought before me in my magisterial capacity by Mr. Kerr. What would you have done, then, my lady? But who are your confederates?' he continued.

The young gipsies now advanced and displayed to his wondering eyes his four nieces.

'You are a pretty set of impostors,' he continued. 'Well, some day it will be my turn. Come, my friends, let us request Mr. Fly to harness up his doves.'

"He has left a void that cannot easily be filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

[illegible]

The sea at the craig's base brightens,
And silvers in waves of gold,
And overhead, in its vastness,
The unbounded blue is rolled.
There comes no wind from the water,
There shines no sail on the main,
And not a cloudlet to shadow
The earth with its fleecy grain.
Oh! give in return for this glory,
So passionate, warm, and still,
The mist of a Highland valley—
The breeze from a Scottish hill.

Day after day glides slowly,
Ever and ever the same;
Seas of intensest splendor,
Airs which smite hot as flame.
Birds of imperial plumage,
Palms straight as columns of fire,
Flatter and glitter around me;
But not my soul's desire.
I long for the song of the lavcrock,
The cataract's leap and flash,
The sweep of the red deer's antlers,
The gleam of the mountain ash.

Only when night's quiescent,
And peopled with alien stars,
Old faces come to the casement,
And peer through the vine-leaved bars.
No words! But I guess their fancies—
Their dreamings are also mine—
Of the land of the cloud and heather—
The region of Auld Lang Syne.
Again we are treading the mountains,
Below us broadens the earth,
And billows of light keep rooling
Down leagues of empurpled heath.

Speed swift through the glowing tropics
Stout ship which shall bear me home;
O pass, as a God sent arrow,
Through tempest, darkness and foam.
Bear up through the silent girdle
That circles the flying earth,
Till there shall blaze on thy compass
The lone star over the north,
That the winds of the hills may greet us,
That our footsteps again may be
In the land of our heart's traditions,
And close to the storied sea.

A WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

There was no fairer child ever pleaded silently for love and care than the tiny baby my brother brought me one bright summer day, and placed in my arms, saying: 'My Lucy is dead, Mary. Will you care for Constance?'

His voice was firm, yet well I knew how his heart shuddered with the agony of the first sentence. My tears blinded me as I heard the death of the fair, frail little beauty I had learned in one short year to call sister; but I took the babe, and Roger knew by my look I accepted his charge. Only for a few months did he share the care with me, and then my baby, my little niece, was an orphan. Rich in beauty, in this world's treasures, in talents; poor in one great gift, the gift of health. She was never very sick, but she inherited a delicate constitution, and she was always slight and fragile, needing all my loving care to keep her from illness.

We were alone in the beautiful house my darling owned, yet we were never lonely. She was my pride, my comfort, my heart's choicest treasure, and I missed nothing when she was near; for herself, her playthings, and as she grew older, her books, her teachers, music, and work filled all the time, and she shared all with me. We pored together over each day's tasks, for her loving heart fancied that auntie's explanations made them easier; we practised duets, we worked on the same pieces of embroidery.

With this daily companionship my darling's heart was won, not away from me, but into the keeping of another, who said I must love him as he loved me, for the sake of the love we both lavished upon the fair-haired girl who had promised to be his wife, and I accepted my new nephew gladly. He was all I wished, even for my Constance. There was truth in his frank, handsome face; strength in his tall, graceful figure, his hearty genial voice, love in his dark eye, and tender protection in every movement. True, strong, tender; loving—I asked no more.

She loved him fondly. She leaned upon his strong arm, so sure that it would always protect her; and when her step grew weak, her eye dim with age, she knew his love would watch over her, as it did now over her delicate, fragile form. It seemed to me the *beau ideal* of true love. He so strong, dignified and tender; she fair, trusting, and so ready to follow meekly where his judgment led. Her lonely life, her orphanhood, and weak health had made her peculiarly dependent upon love, and she was like the vine that would fall did not a strong heart stand ready to support her clinging love. So I thought then.

My new nephew was the only son of my old friend Frank Lawrence, a man of standing and wealth, who gave his consent to the marriage, and fondled my pet's curls with an abstracted air, which we all attributed to absent mindedness, and thought of no more. Young Frank was a physician, and, as his father desired it, he left home to settle in a small town in Ohio, there to establish a practice. We all thought it odd that Mr. Lawrence should be anxious for Frank to made his own way so entirely; but the lovers parted, with vows of constancy, and he went to Ohio.

Two years passed away, and my pet was of age. There was a meeting of lawyers, some signing of papers, and Constance was in possession of the large property her father had left. On the day she came of age my old friend Mr. Lawrence died, and Frank was sent for to come home. I knew my child's hope, which was alike, too, that his father's death, making him independent, would allow him to remain at home.

It was the evening after the funeral. We were seated in the parlor, listening to a gentle rain pattering on the window-panes, listening, too, for a well-known footstep, when the bell rang violently, and then with a hasty step, Frank came in.

We knew he would be sad, for he had loved his father well; but we started as the light fell upon his face. Such a look of utter, despairing misery I never saw before. Constance was beside him instantly.

'Frank, dear, you are ill?'

His lip quivered, and he took her in his arms, and looked into her face with a passionate look of love and sorrow that was heart-breaking; then he came to me, and putting her on the sofa beside me, he said, softly:

'Take her, auntie! I—I must give her up.'

'Give her up?'

'I am not mistaken! I love her'—his voice broke here; but after a moment, he said: 'I will tell you. When my—when Mr. Lawrence's will was read this afternoon, it was found that he had only a few thousand dollars to will away; these he left to me. The rest of his property goes to the heir-at-law, his nephew.'

'Surely his son is heir-at-law' I cried.

'I am not his son!'

'Not his son?'

'I never meant to deceive you; I thought until to-day that I had the right to call him father, but I had not. He left me a letter, telling me that years ago he was called to see a dying woman, who had heard that he was rich and charitable; she begged him to care for her baby, and died whilst she spoke. He did as she requested. May God reward him for it! And—and—that is all! I know not who I am; nameless, poor, I came to tell Constance that she is free.'

My darling had listened quietly; now she left her place beside me to go to her dearest resting-place, in his arms. She did not speak; she only rested her fair head on his bosom, drew his arms about her waist, and so, silently, lovingly, renewed their engagement. I stole away leaving them standing there.

The next day he left us to return to Ohio. He wished, he said, to make himself a home and a position before he married, and we respected the noble heart that shrank from seeming to woo the *heiress* and he went back. At first his letters were frequent, then longer intervals came between them, and we noticed that each time the writing was less distinct, the words of love more constrained, and the letter shorter. Constance trusted; I—I blush now to own it—I doubted. There was at least an interval of six months, in which our letters were unanswered. Then came one in a strange hand. I opened it, for my pet shook and trembled so that she could not break the seal.

'He is not dead?' she whispered.

'No; the letter is signed with his name.'

'Read it.'

So I read the letter:

B———, *June 16th*, 18.—

I am writing to you, Constance, by the hand of a friend to tell you that which I have tried for months to tell, and yet hoped might not come true. There is no hope now, and I must resign the one love of my life. I am blind! Incurably blind! I have tried to believe this gradual dimness, darkening every day, was temporary, and that I might still work on for the dear end I so prayed for—the power to call you wife; but it is all over now. I know my dark future; I can only pray for strength to endure it, and that God will comfort you and bless you in a happier choice. Farewell, Frank.

Constance took the letter, and looked at the name, in large straggling characters which the loved hand had traced, and then she folded the paper and put it in her bosom.

'We must go to-day, auntie. Poor Frank!'

'You will go to him?'

'Certainly.'

So we went. We took rooms at a hotel, or rather tavern, and then inquired for Dr. Lawrence's office. It was easily found, and we were soon on the door-steps. The door was open and we entered very softly. He did not hear us. He was seated before a little table, upon which were writing materials, and he was evidently learning to trace the letters without seeing them, and what was on the page—no word but Constance—in large irregular characters, crooked, meeting, crossing each other, often the one name was multiplied upon the sheet.

Constance went close to him, and then bent over and read what he wrote. The next moment she drew the pen from his fingers, and knelt before him; he did not start; he only said, softly—

'Constance!'

'Yes, Frank. How could you write such a letter, Frank? If I were in trouble you would cast me off?'

'Constance!' so soft and tenderly, he said the name again; his hand resting on her head, and his sightless eye fixed on her face.

I cannot tell how my darling became gradually the strong one to lead the wavering steps of her blind husband. Some there were who pitied her for passing her bright youth with a man blind, poor, and nameless; but I knew that his loving helplessness made him dearer to her than all else the world offered her; and that in heart and truth they were indeed one.

☞ "Have you Blasted Hopes?" asked a young lady of a librarian with a handkerchief tied over his jaw. "No, ma'am," said he, "it's only a blasted toothache."

GOOD RECIPES.—*Blackberry Wine.*—The season for making this pleasant beverage is approaching. We give below two recipes for making it. The first one has been used for several years, and is highly approved. The second is from Hon. E. J. Henkle, of Anne Arundel. Try them and send the editor a bottle.

One Way of making Blackberry Wine.—Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours; stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar, cork tight and let it stand to the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling.

Dr. Henkle's Way.—Take 100 quarts of blackberries, crush them and press out the juice. Then dissolve 110 lbs. white sugar in 20 gallons cold water. Measure the syrup; add the juice, and as much more water as will be required to make 40 gallons in all. If you want to make a smaller quantity preserve the above proportions. After putting it in the cask (one that has recently had whiskey is preferred,) set it in the cellar or other cool place with the bung open to the air until Christmas. Then stop tightly or bottle it.

Blackberry Cordial.—To two quarts of juice add one pound of white sugar; half-ounce nutmeg; half-ounce cinnamon pulverized; half ounce cloves pulverized.—Boil all together for a short time, and when cold add a pint of brandy.

This syrup is said to be almost a specific for summer complaint or diarrhœa. From a teaspoonful to a wine-glass is to be taken, according to the age of the patient, until relieved.

Currant Wine.—To a quart of juice add three quarts of water and four pounds of sugar, brown or white.

Another.—Two quarts of juice and two quarts of water, to which add four pounds of white sugar. Mix all, and put it in a nice keg, where it had better remain a year, though it is very good to use in six months.

☞ The *Financier* makes two suggestive remarks in its review of the Currency bill:

"The 'redistribution' scheme in the bill is folly now, as it always was. Capitalists who wish to organize banks in the South and West must buy bonds in the East at about 115, for which, when duly deposited, they receive 90 per cent of their face in circulating notes; this will require about $70,000,000 of currency paid to the East in order to get the new $55,000,000, the immediate result being to transfer money from the 'needy' and 'debtor' sections to the 'greedy' and 'creditor' ones. And of course the 'redistributed' currency, which, to complete the absurdity of the whole scheme, is probably circulating in the West and South rather than in the East, will not stay for a single hour in the equal adjustment which the bill proposes.—Further, no good would accrue to the poorer sections if the banks there were stuffed full of paper money, for that is not wealth; it is useless to point the fact out, however, to a body of politicians who came together with the idea that paper is wealth and have not learned better after seven months of talk.

"As to the fixing of the legal tenders at $382,000,000, most of our contemporaries fall into the important error of assuming that this 'makes permanent the late increase of $26,000,000,' and defines the aggregate of $382,000,000, neither to be increased nor diminished without further legislation. The vetoed bill provided that 'the *maximum* amount of U. States notes is hereby fixed at $400,000,000,' thus allowing the issue of the other $18,000,000; all the other bills passed by either branch provided that the aggregate 'shall not exceed' $382,000,000; this bill adopts the same phraseology and enacts that the legal tenders 'shall not exceed' $382,000,000. The maximum is 'fixed'—until inflation shall hereafter get the ascendant more fully than at present—but the *minimum* is not; there is, therefore, nothing to prevent the withdrawal of the illegal $26,000,000. But as the law also provides that no part shall be treated as a 'reserve,' the Treasury is taken out of the money market at last, and this is a gain which can hardly be overestimated."

HOW THE EYE IS SWEPT AND WASHED.—For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept clean. For this purpose it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid (tears), which is spread over the eye by the lid, and it is afterwards swept off by it and runs through a hole in the bone to the under surface of the nose, while the warm air, passing over it while breathing, evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of fish, as the element in which they live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when you look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eyelids there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flows an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from being sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep tears within the lid. There are also six little muscles attached to the eye which enable us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him who formed them, and thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wished to view an object.