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SELECT STORY.

GRAY, BUT NOT WITH YEARS.

Told Over a Counter.

[From Cassel's Magazine.]

'Did you ever see any woman's hair at once so long and silvery as this, Mrs. Marbury?' asked Mrs. Chappell, exhibiting which she was in the act of [illegible] when I entered, as I [illegible] for a rest and a chat, [illegible] lived in that direction.

[illegible] my unqualified answer; [illegible] and once only, and that was not on the head of an old woman—if years are to be counted by the parish register. Mrs. Childers was old enough and odd enough in all other respects, though she had not reached her fortieth birthday when I saw her, and she had a mass of hair as white as a snowdrift.'

'Dear me! that was remarkably young for gray hair,' quoth Mrs. Chappell, putting aside the paper box.

'She was not an Albino surely?'

'Oh, no; she was simply a remorseful woman.'

'Then I suppose her hair turned gray suddenly?' and Mrs. Chappell's speaking eyes, were like two notes of interrogation.

'I loosened my waterproof and settled myself in the chair as I answered those eyes.'

'No; Miss Childers, who was of a poetic turn, told me herself, in the words of Byron:

> "'My hair is gray but not with years—
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night.
> As men's has grown from sudden fear.'

And now, Mrs. Campbell, having raised the ghost of Mother Eve, I suppose I had better set curiosity at rest if you are to have any rest to-night.'

She laughed, and I resumed, her assistant edging a little nearer to listen also, it being past their busy hours.

"You must know that all the eighteen years I have given to nursing invalids have not been spent in the smoke of London. So long as Oliver Marbury was above ground I shifted from place to place, lest he should, by any strange mischance, trouble me again."

"Nine or ten years back I was located in a cathedral city, which I need not identify beyond remarking the great height of its spire and its numerous bridges consequent on open water-courses running like rivers through the main streets.

'In the Cathedral Close stood one house, so isolated in its mysterious neglect and grime, I could never pass it without a shiver, even in midsummer, or without a wonder what crime or chancery suit could have cast such a shadow over that substantial, roomy dwelling. Venetian blinds, which had toned down from a bright green to a dark olive shut out alike sunshine and curiosity, except where the laths had [illegible] heavy for the rotten web, and [illegible] let in accidental streaks of [illegible] and mildewy secrets [illegible] such light, Mrs. Chappell, as could force its way through panes of glass which were never cleaned unless the clouds (good scavengers that they are) compassionately washed the dirt off them. The window frames were of that nondescript gray which paint assumes in its very old age; and from the seldom-opened door the blistered paint had peeled in patches. The bell wire was broken, the knocker rusty. No friend, hawker, no mendicant ever raised it to send an echo through the silent house; even the strange tramp, who glanced up at the windows, passed on and sought no alms, supposing the place deserted.

'It looked desolate enough; nearly twenty years' disuse and dust were upon it; but prior to its abandonment to moth and mildew it had been bright as any in the Close; fitted throughout with taste and elegance; and the magnets of the city and their families had visited with Mrs. Childers and her dark-eyed daughter, who was somehow regarded as a young lady of great intellectual promise and undoubted beauty.

'All this I gathered from hearsay. When I saw Miss Childers first—it was in a book seller's shop—she was a spare woman, with stooping shoulders, a sharp aquiline nose, thin, compressed lips ever on the work, restless gray eyes, deeply sunken under brows that overhung like cottage eaves, heavy with wintry snows; and her braided hair was white as that same snow upon the cottage thatch. I saw as she took out her purse, that her attenuated hands had been well shaped, but it occurred to me the long filbert nail might well have been trimmed more frequently.

Then her dress was most incongruous. It was of good material—or had been; but its fashion was antiquated, its colors lost, and the garments were huddled on with no regard to season or suitability.

Such a being, you may be sure, was as well known as the cathedral-porch—which she never entered. She was cited as an example of eccentric genius, and help up as a warning to other poetical misses who aspired to early authorship; for she had given books to the world (her small world) and still solaced her solitary hours with composition and correspondence.

'Yet, though she had no guests, she had correspondents—people she had known in her girlhood, or among the country families where her books had found entrance first; and one of these assured me that her letters were full of kindliness, good feeling, shrewd common sense, and some critical acumen. Yet no postman's rap ever resounded on her knocker; her letters were passed under the door in silence and lay there until picked up by Mrs. Barford, the old charwoman, who once a week waited upon her, and did what little cleaning was required or permitted in the one room where Miss Childers slept and sat and read and wrote, kept her food and cooked it, kept her coals for the week's fire, where ashes and cinders accumulated on the hearth, to be removed hebdominally by the hands of the only human being she trusted, or thought she could trust.

That same Mrs. Barford had cut her hand with a broken medicine bottle whilst charring in a house where I was nursing. I had plastered and bound it up for her, and that grateful old creature made so much of this slight service it was the means of introducing me to Miss Childers' indescribe muddle of a room, and led the way to a singular confidence.

I was clearing away my breakfast things on Saturday morning when Mrs. Barford burst into my lonely room, out of breath, and white as my apron.

'With her hand on her side she gasped out, "Oh, Mrs. Marbury, com' wi' I? Doon't stop vor anything! I've had a girt shock! I vound Miss Childers lying theere amoost dead, wee not a bit ov a vire; and she not able ta lift a vinger."

'Questioning the charwoman whilst I hurried on bonnet and shawl and locked up my room, I ascertained that, unable to gain admission otherwise, she had crept through the back kitchen window, which, unknown to her eccentric employer, she had left unfastened the week before, a sort of provision having prompted the unwonted caution. Miss Childers had not been well then but refused to see a doctor.'

'I found the lady lying in a back room, half dressed, across the foot of what had once been a handsome Arabian bedstead, where she had evidently thrown herself, some sudden pang or vertigo having seized upon her whilst dressing. A comb lay close at had upon the bed, and her head lay cushioned, as it were, in a luxuriant mass of long, loose, white hair, glossy as spun glass, a strange background to her pinched face and hollow eyes.'

'Mrs. Barford said she must have lain there at least a couple of days there were so few ashes under the grate and so much food remained uneaten. For my own part I was too much occupied with my peculiar patient to see more in my first hurried glance around a then fireless grate, an accumulation of cinders and refuse on the hearth, food, books, papers, clothes, crockery, furniture, saucepans, lumber of all sorts in discriminate confusion; a fine mahogony wardrobe and large handsome looking-glass adding to the general incongruity.

'I always, Mrs. Chappell, carry about with me a few simple appliances for cases of emergency, such as smelling-salts, plaster, bandaging-tape, lint, scissors, and a pocket flask of brandy, though heaven knows that I would be one of the last to recommend stimulants unnecessarily. Miss Childers, whatever her ailment, was then clearly sinking from exhaustion. Raising her head, with a teaspoon I poured a little brandy and water down her throat, while Mrs. Barford lit a fire, and soon I had the satisfaction to see her face assume a more natural tone, and the ashen pallor disappear, though we had undressed and put her into bed comfortably some time before she was strong enough to speak to us or to Doctor Overton for whom I had sent without waiting for her sanction.

'Anger at his appearance seemed to rouse her more than our restoratives.'

"I'll have—no doctor—no medicine—I'll—I'll—die—first,' she contrived to gasp out.'

'But Dr. Overton, who confirmed my own views of the case, said quietly, 'My good friend, don't exhaust yourself; I do not mean to prescribe any medicine worse than beef-tea—at present.' He added in an undertone, to me, 'We must restore vitality before we seek evidence of disease;' and, observing that his presence irritated his patient, he withdrew, first giving me some very plain directions for dietary, &c.

'Mrs. Barford appeared to know where everything was kept, even to Miss Childer's purse, and soon had a cup of beef-tea ready.'

'We then endeavored to evolve order from chaos, and to purify the impure, with as little commotion as possible; Miss Childers looking on meanwhile in passive feebleness, unable to remonstrate, had she been so inclined.'

'Good nursing and kitchen physic restored Miss Childer's temporary strength; but then there was disease, induced by her mode of life, to combat; and Dr. Overton was not sanguine.'

'You see, she could not be induced to take medicine. She said, why should I take pills and potions to prolong life? What is life to me but one long agony of disappointment and remorse? I do not seek to live.'

'I was struck with the bitterness and anguish of this protest against recovery, and thought that I saw therein a clue to her eccentricities. Nevertheless I argued with her.

'Our lives are not our own, Miss Childers. We have all our appointed work to do, and if we do it ill the consequences are upon our own heads. Thank God, if you have wronged any, that time is given you not only for remorse but penitence and reparation.'

"Reparation' she murmured, her restless, sunken eyes settling on her face and kindling like stars. 'What can I do now to atone? Reparation is impossible.'

"Still,' I continued; 'it is as much suicide to willfully refuse proper remedies for disease as though you flung your body into a pool. And you have no right to fling away the life which God has given you so long as you make it useful to others. Your pen—'

'Of all the miserable wails that ever broke from human lips, that which interrupted me was the most excruciating. It seemed wrung from the very depths of her soul.'

"My pen! I have foresworn it! It was that which marred my own life and the lives of others; filled my soul with bitterness, blanched these abundant tresses, once black as midnight—or my own heart; and then it was she quoted the 'Prisoner of Chillon.' 'My pen! It has been a curse to me instead of a blessing!'

'She had raised herself to give utterance to her emotion, now she sank back on her pillow exhausted and in tears.

'I think those tears were a relief. She wept herself to sleep, and awoke three hours after much refreshed. Strange to say, she asked for the bitterly rejected medicine, and never refused it again.

'By that time the disease had got too for ahead for drugs to overtake. I was anxious that some relative or friend should be summoned, but she would not hear of it. Mrs. Barwood and I were all she would permit to wait on her. One day when the old charwoman was out, and she sat up in bed, apparently stronger than ordinary, she whispered to me. Mrs. Marbury, come close to the bedside, and promise faithfully never to reveal what I am about to tell you so long as there is breath in my body. But I feel I cannot die unless I disburden my mind.'

'I gave the required promise and a renovating draught at the same time.

"I was a beauty once,' she began, 'with eyes so dark a grey they might have passed for black, and a head of hair that was never surpassed. You see what it is now!'

'I nodded, and Miss Childers went on:

"I was full of poetry and sentiment, reveling in Byron and Moore and languishing with L. E. L., when I met at the house of the Dean the finest face and form that ever clothed a human soul, and from that spring-tide morning Aubrey Wilton was my fate.' She drew her thin hand across her brow. 'Ah! Mrs. Marbury, I think I see him now as he rose from the sofa to be introduced to 'Miss Childers, the young poetess,' and I almost feel again the blushes rise to my cheeks as I blundered forth a disclaimer of the compliments paid to me. I was not quite eighteen, and bore my poetic honors somewhat bashfully. But I think I was most overpowered by the unexpected presentation to the beau-ideal of my imaginative dreams. There was not an effeminate line in his face or figure, yet Aubrey Wilton was superlatively beautiful, with a skin whiter than my own black eyes which pierced me through, and clustering curls as jetty and lustrous as my own.

'There was a long pause before she resumed.

"'My mother was alive then, and we not only visited but entertained in turn; and wherever we went, Mr. Wilton was sure to be there also. He had been abroad; had come back to take possession of the family estate on the death of his eldest brother. I am afraid this property was his charm in mother's eyes. For myself I absolutely worshipped the man and valued the gold as dross.—Whether to draw me out or make himself agreeable, Aubrey Wilton always led conversation with me into the enchanted realms of poesy, and—luckless witling that I was—I followed, little deeming it was but the avenue of love. I awoke one day to the knowledge in all its strength and bitterness.'

'Recollection seemed to overpower her; the white head went down on the pillow. Mrs. Barford came back; she was followed by the doctor, who forbade excitement, and a week or more elapsed before I heard the remainder of Miss Childer's sad confession, which had many breaks and pauses.'

"'Mrs. Marbury,' she began, 'in my dreams last night I saw my mother, and she beckoned to me. I must say quickly what I have to reveal—but, oh! think not more harshly of me than you can help."

"'I said I awoke from my dream—the shock was a rude one. Aubrey Winton asked me to write some verses in an album he was about to present to his betrothed. I was too much stunned either to faint or scream. I think he took my silence for poetic cogitation. Heaven help me! I was feeling as if the universe had collapsed. Pride lent me its mask, and I rallied sufficiently to banter him, and so ascertain who was the favored fair one. As we were such 'good friends;'—so he said—he showed me her miniature. It was painted on ivory, and was the counterfeit presentment of my very antithesis—a stranger to me—a pale-faced-wishy-washy sort of girl, and one of those beings who are amiable because they are unable to be otherwise. Yet I saw by the look he cast upon the picture, how ardently he loved that insipidity; and I felt as though I could have dashed the miniature to the ground and crushed it beneath my heel.

"'From that hour my whole nature underwent a change; passion was a very demon in my breast and taught me subtlety. You may well recoil, Mrs. Marbury; my own mother would have shrunk from me had she known.

"'I wrote the verses in the album; but I wrote more than these. I made myself acquainted with my rival's parentage and antecedents, and having practiced a strange hand-writing, prompted by the fiends that wait on jealousy, I concocted a series of anonymous letters, in which truth was perverted so as to poison Aubrey's mind against the dainty maid he loved, and set an impassable barrier between them.

'They were cleverly contrived aspersion, calculated to work on a proud, impetuous temperament; but they accomplished only half my aim. He came raving to me—his confidante—with the last of these missives in his hand, and then with seeming friendliness, I put the keystone in the arch. I said that rumors of the kind had reached my ears before I knew he had any interest in Miss Chamberlain, but I held my peace lest I should make mischief; and then I grew genuinely sympathetic, and once I saw his flashing eyes droop as if too strong a light had fallen on them. But if he saw my love he made no sign. The next day he left England, and I have never seen him since—I, who had sinned to win him.'

'He had broken the bonds of betrothal and gone abroad in the very madness of desperation, and left the poor innocent I had maligned to heal her wounded heart as best she might—and me to my despair.

"'From time to time I heard of him, but heard only of his deep, unquenchable love for the girl he was too proud to marry. I had separated them indeed, but I brought him no nearer me, and my punishment began. I dared not and I could not confess and reunite the severed leaders. So I wrapped the fox beneath my mantle and let it knaw my life away. I was not without offers, Mrs. Marbury, but I turned a deaf ear, and my mother died, regretting she had left me alone in the world. Alone, indeed! I was in no frame of mind for society then; I closed the doors against visitors; closed the doors of my heart against humanity, and this room at once became a prison and penitentiary to me. When Aubrey Wilton had been gone five years Marion Chamberlain accepted a less credulous and more generous lover. She married and bore a family, whilst I—I sat here in solitude, a gray-haired, isolated, miserable wretch, brooding over my own sorrows, lamenting my lost love, and growing harder to the world, more remorseful, more suspicious year by year. I fell into the pit which I had dug for another.

"And in all those twenty years did you never relent—never send Mr. Wilton a line to clear his lost love?' I asked when she ended.

'I was not prepared for the energy with which the sick woman snapped me up. 'Why should I? She was married. Was I to blacken myself in the eyes of him I adored—and still adore? I know not why I should have bared my heart to you; but since you have been about me, I seem, I know not why, to feel how great a wrong I have done as I never felt it before;' and the keen eyes looked at me questioningly.

"'Miss Childers,' I said solemnly, 'you are standing on the frontier of another world. It is not my presence, but an awful impalpable that sways you now, and calls you to repent and atone if you hope yourself to be forgiven.'

'I rose, gave her a sedative and left the room on some pretense that she might be alone with her conscience.

'The next day she was quiet, but the subject was not adverted to. In the middle of the night she awakened me with a touch.

'Is Mrs. Barford coming in the morning?' she asked eagerly, though very affirmative.

'Let her go—to Lawyer Longmore's—and bid him—come quickly. I must make a fresh will.

'The will was made, signed, attested and borne away by the lawyer.

'A week later eyes and lips were at rest; the long gray hair was coiled, as in life, round the coffined head, which could neither plot nor poetize more. The Childers door stood open, the surface dust was removed from the drawing room; the late mistress of the mansion was laid as dust to dust herself, and Lawyer Longmore read Miss Childer's will to the few friends whom feeling, curiosity, or expectation had brought to the funeral.

'With the exception of a legacy to Mrs. Barford, who had well earned it by long and faithful service, and a slight memorial to myself, Miss Childers devised the whole of her property real and personal, to one whom she had never seen but greatly wronged—to Mrs. ——, who when Marian Chamberlain (as is set forth) had been separated from Aubrey Wilton through the testatrix, in the vain hope to win him and his love for herself.

"Relatives threatened to dispute the will on the plea of insanity, but they had not a title of evidence to support the plea; never was a clearer-headed woman than Miss Childers.

'And that, Mrs. Chappell,' said I, as I refastened my water-proof,' was the true story of a more abundant and remarkable coil of gray hair than that which you put away in yonder box.'

'May be not,' said she, 'if that gray had its chronicler likewise.'

'Perhaps you are right. One never knows.' And so saying, away trudged

MARY MARBURY.

MISCELLANY.

The Kitchen Garden.

In the interest of good living and good health we again offer a few words upon the importance of more attention to the kitchen garden. Vegetable food doing summer is the diet demanded by the appetite, and is essential to perfect health and comfort, and should be provided for as carefully as the grains, fruits, stock and other products of the farm. Too often, however, the farmer leaves the care and keeping of the garden to his already overtasked wife, on the plea that he has not the time to attend to it. The consequence is that only a small space of ground is planted, but a few varieties of seeds are sown, and the scanty cultivation that the women folks or the little boys are able to give them, make but a slim display of the commonest vegetables for the table during the summer months.

There is no good reason why the table of every farmer should not be abundantly supplied with all the most desirable vegetables and fruits; but the farmer or the large boys or the hired man should do the work, and it should be done mainly with plow and cultivator. The common plan of cultivating vegetables with the spade and hoe, in beds in a small square inclosure, ought to be discarded by all good farmers. Most vegetables and small fruits can be grown successfully, and with less than a tenth of the labor usually bestowed upon them, by planting or setting them out in long rows and plowing them, as with corn and potatoes. Peas, beans, cabbages, squashes, melons, onions, beets and many other vegetables are susceptible of this method of cultivation, with the best results. If the ground has been properly tended previously, but little hoeing will be required, and the work of raising an abundant supply of vegetables for the family is reduced to half an hour's plowing a week.—[Indiana Farmer.

How the Africans Make Rubber.

The coast region north and south of the Congo is becoming quite an important source of caoutchouc. It is produced by a giant tree creeper (*landolphia*), which grows principally along the watercourses. It covers the highest trees, and frequently considerable extents of forest are festooned down to the ground, from tree to tree, in all directions, with its thick stems, like great hawsers. Sometimes its stem is as thick as a man's thigh. Above, the trees are nearly-hidden with its large glossy leaves of dark green hue, and studded with beautiful bunches of pure white star-like flowers, most sweetly scented. Its fruit is of the size of a large orange, yellow when ripe, and perfectly round, with hard brittle shell; inside it is full of a soft reddish pulp of an agreeable acid flavor, much liked by the natives. It is not easy to obtain ripe seeds, as the creeper is a favorite resort of a villainous, semi-transparent, long-legged red ant—with a stinging bite, like the prick of a red hot kneedle—which is very fond of the pulp and the seeds distributed through it.

Every part of the creeper yields a milkly juice when wounded; but unlike the American rubber tree, this milky sap will not run into a vessel placed to receive it. It dries so quickly that a ridge is soon formed over a cut, and the flow arrested. When collecting it, the natives make long cuts in the bark with a knife, and as the sap gushes out they wipe it off continually with their fingers and swear it on their arms, shoulders, and breasts, until a thick covering is formed. Then they peel it off and cut it into small squares for transportation.—[Scientific American.

A woman has been making a living in Chicago by applying to persons who advertised for servants, but making her visits so tardily that the places would be previously filled. Then, with a woe-begone air, she would say that she had come from the country to get employment, and had no money with which to return. About a dollar each place was the profit of the business, until the police interfered.

Battle between Guns and Armor.

The Inflexible, the new English double turret ship, which was launched at Portsmouth on the 26th of April, is unquestionably at present the most formidable engine of naval warfare in the world. She has four 81-ton guns, which carry a shot of 1,650 lbs., and her turrets are encased in eighteen inch armor, with backing of the same thickness, and an inner plating of one inch, in two equal thicknesses. The walls of the turrets have an internal diameter of 28 feet and an external diameter of 33 feet 10 inches. The turrets are so arranged that the whole of the four guns can be discharged simultaneously at a ship right ahead or right astern, or on either beam, or in pairs toward any point of the compass. The guns of each turret can be projected clear of the ship's side. They can be then depressed enough not only to strike a vessel at close quarters below the line of her armor, but even to fire down on the deck should the enemy be ranged along-side.

The citadel, which protects all the vulnerable parts of the vessel, is armored to the depth of 6 feet 5 inches below the water-line, and 9 feet 1 inches above it. There are 24 inches of iron plating in two thicknesses at the water level; 20 inches, in thicknesses of 12 inches and 8 inches respectively, above the water line, and 16 inches in two thicknesses of 12 inches and 4 inches, below the water line. The Inflexible is 320 feet long, and 75 feet broad at the water line. She will carry 100 rounds per gun, and have a crew of 350 officers and men. The hull is divided into 135 water tight compartments. The weight of the hull is 7,500 tons. Two engines are of 1,000 nominal horse-power in the aggregate, but are guaranteed to possess 8,000. The ship will be brig-rigged, having two iron masts, but no bowsprit or stay gear.

Grass-Lands.

Thousands of acres meadow and upland pastures produce less that half the quantity of hay and feed which the land is capable of, from a deficiency of plants of those kinds which are most productive and suitable for the soil. In some cases, where the pasture is very foul with weeds and moss, it is advisable to pare and burn the old sward, and renew the land entirely as above directed. In some other instances it may be desired to drain and manure the land; but in most cases great improvements can be effected by merely sowing renovating seeds (which should consist of the finest and most nutritive kinds of perrennial grasses and clovers) in the following manner: Heavy harrows should be drawn over the old turf early in the spring, to loosen the soil for the admission of seeds, which, if sown freely, will occupy the numerous small spaces between the grasses already growing, and supersede the coarse grass and noxious weeds. After the seeds are sown the land should be carefully rolled. It is a good practice to sow the seeds at the same time as the top-dressing, if any is applied; but this is by no means necessary. The earlier the seeds are sown the better, as the old grass will protect the young from frost. It is also useful to sow in July and August, immediately after cutting hay. Should the old turf be very full of moss, this is generally an indication that draining would be beneficial. The following is, however, an almost infallible remedy for the moss, not only destroying it, but preventing the growth in future. Mix two cart-loads of quicklime with eight cart-loads of loam, turning the compost several times, that it may be thoroughly mixed and the lime slacked, and spread this quantity per acre over the pasture, dragging the turf well with iron harrows.

Cooking Meat by Cold.

Those who have handled a piece of congealed mercury, which freezes at a temperature of forty degrees below zero, will know that the sensation is similar to that produced by holding a coal of fire in the hand. In other words, intense heat and intense cold bear a striking resemblance to each other in their effects. A Hungarian chemist, whose speciality consists of finding out the best methods of preserving meats, has made practical use of this analogy in the action of intense cold. Strange to say, meat subjected to this temperature is reduced to a condition similar to that produced by heat. The material must be perfectly fresh, and after being exposed to a temperature of thirty-three degrees below zero must be carefully sealed in tins. It is found when opened to preserve a remarkable freshness, and to be in a more satisfactory condition for use than has hitherto been attained by any other method for the same purpose. A large manufactory is being built in Hungary for preparing meat on this novel principle.

A Whitewash Equal to Paint.

The following recipe for whitewash, sent out of the Treasury Department to all the light house keepers, makes an article that answers on wood, brick or stone nearly as well as oil paint, and is much cheaper. Slack a half bushel of unslacked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolve in warm water, three pounds of ground rice put into boilding water and boiled to a thin paste; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water; mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace and when used put it on hot with either painters' or whitewash brushes.

A case of general average: "Arn't you rather too old to ride for half price?" said a ticket cleak to the elder of two boys. "Well," remarked the youth, "I am under fourteen and this boy with me is under six. That don't make twenty, and you will take two boys under ten for half each." And he took them.

The Russian court invited Dr. Ayer and his family to the Archduke's wedding in the Royal Palace. This distinction was awarded him not only because he was an American, but also because his name as a physician had become favorably known in Russia on its passage round the world.—[Pueblo (Col.) People.

A Certain Cure for Rheumatism.

Judging from his article in the Wiener Medizinische Presse, Dr. Franz Zeller is an enthusiast in the administration of caustic ammonia in rheumatism. For several years he had been a sufferer from severe muscular rheumatism in the right shoulder; he had taken all the anti rheumatic remedies, with but little alleviation, when he began to reason that in rheumatism as in gout, there may be uric acid diathesis; he thought that liquor ammoniae, on account of its rapid volatilization, would be the remedy most readily absorbed and the most prompt in action. In almost the same moment in which he took one drop, diluted with water, he felt a complete relief from the pain, which had lasted for ten hours; he was now able to move freely the arm which, an instant before, he could scarcely bear to have touched. The remedy, he claims, has proved a positive cure in all recent cases of muscular rheumatism which have fallen under his observation; he cites numerous cases in which relief, as instantaneous as his own, was experienced. He also observed its effects in several cases of acute articular rheumatism, in two of which six drops sufficed to subdue the pain and swelling within a period of twenty-four hours. In one case of chronic rheumatism of a finger joint, which had lasted over half a year, the simple administration of the ammonia completely dispelled the inflammation and pain in the joint within two days. He then discussed the mode of action of his remedy. "If we consider an excessive acidity as the cause of the rheumatism, we can scarcely claim in the cases in which one drop will instantaneously relieve the pain in recent rheumatism, that one drop was sufficient to counteract the effects of the excess of uric or (according to Fuller) lactic acid. Nothing remains, therefore, but for us to seek the source of rheumatism in morbid nervous activity, induced by disturbances of nutrition, and to believe that the ammonia acts as a nervine directly upon the nerves."—After the cure of one attack of rheumatism, our object should be to put the patient in such a condition, as to prevent their recurrence. This, the writer thinks, can be done by building up the general system, and thus diminishing the nervous excitability.

Good Washing Fluid.

Some time ago I saw a recipe for making old pantaloons look like new. The lady who gave the information, said it took her one hour. It took me about half of that time, and the pantaloons were very dirty. I took a press board—any board will do—place it inside the legs, then took the scrubbing-brush, and with the help of a little washing fluid, that we make, and a hot flat-iron to dry with, they were soon ready to wear again, and looked nearly as good as new.

Here is a receipe for the Washing-Fluid: Take 1 pound soda ash, a piece of unslacked lime about the size of a tea-cup and ½ gallon of soft water. Place them in a kettle, and boil about fifteen minutes; take off the stove, then add ½ gallon more water, let it stand, then skim. After it has thoroughly settled, turn it carefully into a jug, allowing none of the settlings to escape; then add one gallon more of soft water to what remains in the kettle, let it stand for a short time, then turn this also into the jug, and you have two gallons of washing fluid at a cost of about ten cents. Soak the clothes over night in clear water, then to a boiler of water add one teacup of fluid, and slice thin about two ounces of soap, let this thoroughly dissole in the warm water, by rubbing a little, and a little soap on the dirty dirty places. We do a washing for five in about two hours that used to take from half to two-thirds of a day. The clothes should be thoroughly rinsed.—[L. D. G., in American Rural Home.

The Luxury of Home.

Travel is pleasant. The change of air and the change of scene are benificial alike to body and mind. It is pleasant to meet so many agreeable people, and it is delightful to look on the varying and often beautiful scenery.

Travel is instructive. It suggests new ideas, gives one a knowledge of the world to be acquired in no other way.

But, after all, there is nothing so pleasant and so enjoyable as the independence and the luxury of one's own home at last. Travel is pleasant but home is delightful!

A Bull Fight in Vermont.

A Vermont paper says: "Jason Cole, a farmer at Danville, and his son Rush, had a desperate encounter with a bull the other day, in which they came near losing their lives. The bull was a full-blooded three-year-old Jersey, and having shown a belligerent disposition, they had placed a ring in his nose, to which was attached a guard stick and rope. While being led from the stable into a small pen connected with the yard, he broke away and knocked down first the farmer and his son. Either of them might have escaped, but for one to run was certain death to the other. So they continued the contest, fighting him with stones, clubs and whatever they could lay hold of; but their strength was fast failing, their clothes were nearly torn from their bodies, they were covered with mud and badly bruised. Mr. Cole was finally knocked down and unable to rise, but at this stage their dog appeared upon the scene and took a hand in the fight, driving the bull back into the barn, and rescuing them from their perilous position. The bull was instantly killed."

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he answered, "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

An old Baptist minister enforced the necessity of differences of opinion by argument: "Now, if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman." One of the deacons, who sat just behind him, responded: "Yes; and if everybody was of my opinion, nobody would have her."

Evening Amusements.

For many reasons, often selfish ones, the evening amusements of young people are left entirely too much under their own control. Darkness is a temptation to evil and allowing young men and boys to be absent from the family hearth, when the light of day does not restrain them from misconduct, is really training them to it, and producing incalculable mischief and ruin. All the riots, disturbances of any kind, and crimes, are the result of running in the streets after nightfall. In the home something more is necessary than the mere command, and parents should endeavor, by their own examples, to show the importance of spending the hours of darkness with the family, for if heads of households cannot experience the truth of the assertion that 'there is no place like home,' how can they expect their off spring to be domestic? Even recreation and employment in the family circle are infinitely more agreeable and pleasant than any amusement and dissipation abroad; honorable and learned men are the products of one, while miserable and dissipated specimens of the human race are the results of the other. Let home be the place it should be, and let the same fascinations and inducements be offered at the homesteads as abroad, and a more exalted and creditable class of citizens would people the world.

Combustion of a Drunkard.

An inhabitant of Fontenay-sous Bois, one of the most charming little suburbs of Paris, has recently departed this life under circumstances which merit the attention of everybody, but more particularly of the scientific and medical world. The man in question had long been a confirmed drunkard, and imbibed, on an average, a quart and a half of brandy per diem. Conscious of the degradation of his besetting vice, he kept aloof from his family, and at times shut himself up in his room for days together, in order to pursue his devotion to Bacchus unmolested by the reproach or remonstrance of the infidel. He had frequently been forced to abandon the brandy-bottle by the approach of delirium tremens, but he was no sooner cured by the doctors than he returned to his favorite love. At length he was seized with an irresistible desire to destroy himself, which the medical sages call the "nostalgia of alcohol." On Easter Sunday he shut himself up again; but, remaining secluded longer than usual, the neighbors broke open his door. An overpowering smell of spirits struck them on entering the room, where the remains of a charcoal fire were found, and on looking on the bed, there lay the body of the man reduced to cinders! The doctors say that spontaneous combustion must have taken place shortly after the drunkard lay down to die.

PUNISHMENT OF A WIFE-WHIPPER.—An Attica (Ind.) man, who was brought before the Police Court for whipping and ill treating his wife, was fined $10, but he would not pay it, and said he would die before he would work on the streets. So the Marshal got a very large cannon-ball, chained it to his leg, and locked it around a lamp post on a street corner; after letting him stand there all forenoon, he next rolled a store box into the street and placed a chair on it, and the man, ball and all, and let him sit there all the afternoon, with a placard with these words on it: "He whipped his wife." The man took it very coolly and philosophically, and made no answer to the jeers of the boys and the scorn of the people.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer states that he kept a plum tree from curculios by sprinkling the ground under the tree with corn meal. This induced the chickens to scratch and search. The meal was strewn every morning from the time the trees blossomed, until the fruit was large enough to be out of danger. The consequence was that the fowls picked up the curculios with the meal, and the tree being saved from the presence of the insects was wonderfully fruitful.

On Thursday, says the Philadelphia Bulletin, an Irishman met Professor Archer, of th. British Commission, in the Main Buildinging, and immediately knocked him down. The Exile of Erin was arrested, and upon being arraigned before a Magistrate he explained that he did not object to Mr. Archer personally, but he hit the Professor because in striking him he "struck the Crown of England." The logic was not accepted, and this Irish Patriot was severely punished.

California has 2,500,000 acres of wheat this year, and expects a yield of 50,000,000 bushels. The sale of agricultural implements and sacks is immense, the export trade still refusing to ship wheat in bulk. It is said that London underwriters are requiring the Baltic shipmasters to take their cargoes partly in sacks, and that the general tendency of maritime practice is against bulk shipments. The erection of elevators would seem to be a vanity in that case.

The Farmers' Monthly says: "A farmer states that he planted five rows of corn with seed taken from three inches below the top of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the extreme point; then five rows taken from the middle and base of the ear; rejecting the imperfect grains at the butt. The result was that the five rows planted from the middle and butt of the ear ripened about two and a half weeks before the other rows, the corn of the former being better eared and filled to the end of the cob.'

"Class in the middle of geography, stand up," said a schoolmaster. "What is a pyramid?" he asked. "A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other." "Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was." "Where's Wales?" "All over the sea." "Very well," said the schoolmaster; "stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over the land."

One Ohio editor says of a contemporary who had assumed the part of a mummy in a dramatic performance: "He was obliged to put a little animation into himself to come up with the character, and to wear more recent linen, but that was about all. Nature had admirably qualified him to act the part."

Variety.

A beneficial strike—striking a job.

A truism: An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

The good Samaritan stopped at the sound of woe; so does a good horse.

Marriage is described by a French cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine preface.

The difference between an overcoat and a baby is: one you was and the other you wear.

Crusty says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

The entire assets of a recent bankrupt were nine children. The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Mrs. Irs. Mead, of Greenwich, who is one hundred and six years old, says: "Few people die after they get to be a hundred."

What is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs?—One stems up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

Irate wife (whose husband has returned home late)—"Now, I'll give you a piece of my mind." Husband—"Don't, my dear, you can't spare it!"—[Judy.

The wool crop of Darke county won't materially increase until there are more dogs going around on three legs with a broken back.—[Grrenville (O.) Courier

Another conscientious man is opposed to opening the Centennial Exhibition on Sunday. He says Sunday is the only day he gets time to go fishing.—[Norristown Herald.

A pair of pantaloons containing $141 were blown away by the Fremont (Ia.) hurricane. We suspect the wearer clung to a sapling, but his suspender buttons couldn't have been sewed on very strongly.—[Norristown Herald.

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free-and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er—that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

The Cincinnati Commercial, although not authorized to speak for him, says that Carl Schurz would certainly not support Blaine, Morton or Conkling, and would certainly support Tilden against either of them.

Pope Pius will have occupied the pontifical throne thirty years if he lives until the 10th of next month. On the 13th inst., he was 84 years old, the fifty-fifth anniversary of his priesthood occurring one month previous.

At this season the question which interests a boy is not so much whether his life will be crowned with glory and honor as whether his new Summer's vest is going to be made out of his father's old trousers.

Any excuse better than none. A toper says he would be a temperance man in a minute if it wasn't for his wife. He knows she'd be lonesome if she hadn't something to jaw about and find fault with.

Norwich Bulletin: It is said now that it is not the thing to make a long call on a lady, and to obviate any danger of their staying too late, most of our conscientious young men arrange with the milkman to rap on the parlor window mornings when he comes around.

The young lady who vowed she'd never marry a man under five feet ten in stature, has not as yet been led to the altar of Hy-men.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated in literature and in life. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but man can make a goose of himself in five minutes with one quill.

When a California woman defeated a lion in a hand-to-hand combat, the neighbors were greatly astonished, but her husband quietly remarked: "Oh, that's nothing; that woman could lick the devil."

In the Phrenological Journal of this month is a question from some one who says he has a red nose, and describes himself as one who never uses coffee, tobacco, or alcoholic liquors. The editor of the Phrenological Journal says that the real cause of red noses is cold feet. That is the reason why men say, "Give me a glass of cold feet."—[New York Herald.

Boys and girls under ten years of age are not hereafter to be permitted to work in the factories of Massachusetts. The law passed by the Legislature on the subject has gone into effect against the opposition of interested parties at Fall River and elsewhere. It has already taken many little children away from factory work.

In regard to the flight of bees, Murray says: "Two miles may be considered as the radius or the circle of their ordinary range, though circumstances will occasionally drive them at least a mile more. Judging from the sweep that the bees take by the side of a railroad train in motion, he should set down their pace at about thirty miles an hour."

The Kentucky meat shower, like many other strange affairs, is still being investigated. One learned professor, convinced by the microscopic examinations of two of his brethren, withdraws his original theory as to reptilean spawn. He now favors the buzzard theory, which is so extremely unpleasant that we are unwilling to give it as "the true inwardness of the whole matter."

A discovery made last week shows how cautious every one should be in imputing crime on mere grounds of suspicion. Two years ago H. W. Edmonds, the paying teller of the Second National Bank of Boston, was discharged because he could not account for the disappearance of $10,000. On Thursday last the money was found in a crevice of the safe into which it had slipped, at the time of its disappearance.

That our girls have a fine ear for music cannot be gainsayed.—Milwaukee paper. Right you are, neighbor. When a Milwaukee girl is requested to play the piano (like) forte, she does not, like her Chicago sister, ask *him*, with a smile that meets at the back of her neck, to