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## Select Poetry.

### BIRD LANGUAGE.

BY MRS. E. SHERMAN SMITH

What do the wrens and the robins say,
Talking so tunefully all the long day?
Now on the cedar bush, now on the ground,
Chirping their thoughts to the blossoms around;
Now on the willow-tree, waving so high,
Warbling their canticles close to the sky.

What do the wrens and the robins say?
Do they feel the charm of this beautiful day?
Does the wine of happiness warm their veins,
And give the key-note to those wonderful strains?
Are they mad with love or drunk with delight,
That they revel so wildly from morn to night?

What do the wrens and the robins say?
Let each one answer as best he may,
For every listener holdeth a key
To unlock the musical mystery;
And differently all translate the words
Of that varying language breathed by the birds.

The little child hears in the gladsome strain
A call to the fields and the flower-clad plain;
The sick and the weary, by pain oppressed,
It charms with a promise of infinite rest;
And the lover doth still in each carol rejoice,
For he hears in them ever his sweetheart's voice.

But most do the wrens and the robins repeat
To the dreaming poet a language sweet;
To his finer soul and his keener sense
They speak with a thrilling eloquence,
And with happy tears his eyes grow dim,
As he lists to the oft-repeated hymn.

The goodness of God, and the glory of earth,
Are thoughts which ceaselessly spring to birth,
For the splendor of stars, and flowers, and streams,
Glides with that melody into his dreams;
And the beautiful lore he learns from the strain
He gives to the listening world again,
As he weaves into many a tuneful lay
What he hears the wrens and the robins say.

## Popular Tales.

### THE TWO KENTUCKY HEROINES.

#### A Tale of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

During the early settlement of Kentucky a scene occurred in the "Dark and Bloody Ground," that stamped the name of a lady and her servant girl, with the name of heroines. Mr. David Hickman removed from eastern Virginia into the then new State of Kentucky. He bought a house and parcel of ground from one of the first settlers, which was situated on the Kentucky River, at a place now called "Hickman's Bridge," about sixteen miles from Lexington. The Doctor was a high-toned Southern gentleman, an able physician, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was of a romantic temperament, and his new home answered his every wish. His little farm was on a beautiful plateau formed by a bend in the river, which here winds its tortuous course between high perpendicular limestone rocks. Those grand limestone cliffs, the beautiful placid river, the gigantic forest trees, the profusion of wild flowers of every hue, and the rich abundance of luxurious pastures; all combined to make the place a modern Eden.

The Doctor, by his social and urbane manners soon made himself very popular in his new home, and he soon obtained an extensive and remunerative practice. His family consisted of his wife, two children, fine boys of six and eight years, an Irish servant girl named Betty Malone, and an athletic negro slave named Jim.

Mrs. Laura Hickman was a lady of refinement and education. She belonged to one of the first families of the Old Dominion. She was kind, loving and affectionate, and was possessed of a large share of true bravery. Always calm and collected in time of danger, yet she had the will and ability to act in cases of emergency. Betty was a handsome Irish girl of about twenty summers. She idolized the Doctor and his family, and would have exposed her own life to save any member of her master's household. She, like her mistress, had the art of being calm in case of danger. She had complete control of her passions, but woe to the man that attempted to injure her or any of her friends. Jim was a remarkably large negro. He was as active as a wild cat, and had the strength of two or three common men. Jim was always boasting to his master of his great bravery, telling him "dat dis chile could whip a dozen Injuns any time." He was a good servant, and his master valued him highly.

After the Doctor and his interesting family had been living in their new home about two years, and had enjoyed health and happiness, during which time this locality had not been troubled by the Indians, the future looked bright and promising. It was in the month of June that one evening about sunset the Doctor received an urgent message to attend a patient about twelve miles distant. Jim quickly had his master's horse ready, and he started on his professional visit, little dreaming of the wild scenes that were to occur at his happy home before his return. When he started he told Jim he might not be back before morning, and for him to look well to the safety of the family in his absence. Jim answered, "dat nobody darsent kum where dis chile am, as da all no dat I is so brave dat me can kill twenty Injuns."

Smiling at Jim's braggadocio, the Doctor left. The evening was clear and beautiful; the moon was riding high in the heavens, casting its mellow light over the peaceful plateau. Mrs. Hickman and Betty were seated on the porch, which fronted towards the river. The little boys tired from their gambols were sleeping on a rug in the parlor, and the brave Jim was "a setting in de kitchen a looking outen de winder." Whilst thus sitting, Betty drew the attention of her mistress to a band of men that had just made their appearance from the banks of the river and were boldly marching for the house. As they came nearer they had no difficulty in seeing that they were Indians, their bright musket barrels glittering in the shimmering rays of the moon. One of the men led two females, which the ladies in the porch took to be captives. Jim, "de brave nigga," saw them too, and slipping out at an opposite door he crawled on his hands and knees until he reached a thicket, when he arose and bounded away as if Old Nick was after him.

Mrs. H. now fully comprehended the dreadful situation, and determined to meet it calmly. She whispered to Betty to be calm and show no signs of alarm. The marauders were quickly in the yard and formed themselves in front of the porch, one of them taking charge of the two captives, whom he had tied to two small saplings in the lawn, telling them that if they made any noise "Injun would kill."

Mrs. H. now arose and advanced towards the murderers and inquired what the braves wanted. Her question, delivered in the silvery accents of her voice, accompanied with a sweet smile, appeared to please the savages, and although bent on murder most foul, yet the chief seemed to think there was time enough to eat a supper and do their fiendish work afterwards. He told Mrs H. that "Injun much hungry; Injun want eat; Injun want fire-water."

With a smile the lady told them to be seated on the grass and their wants would be supplied. While speaking with them she saw by the moonlight their belts were hung with reeking human scalps.

Her stern and terrible resolution was at once formed. The Indians now were all squatted on the grass at the command of their leader, while the ladies went into the kitchen for some refreshments for them. They soon returned with a basket filled with bread and dried venison hams, which they carried to the villains, and smiling sweetly on them told them to eat. The savages did not know the purport of those sinister smiles, and were completely thrown off their guard. The lady now told them that they would go and fetch the fire-water, at which the villains gave a grunt of satisfaction.

Mrs. H. taking Betty with her, went into her husband's office. She now took a demijohn which she knew contained a gallon of fine old brandy. She then took from the medicine shelf a vial containing 4 ounces of a clear, inodorous liquid, which was a powerful narcotic. With a firm hand she poured the contents of the vial into the brandy. She and Betty now went boldly and gave the liquor to the Indians. The chief first smelt the beverage, then tasted it, pronounced it good, and commenced drinking and gulping it. One of them said to the ladies: "Pale squaw, good; make Injun wife. Kill children, mebbe, but no kill squaw."

Mrs. H. knowing that a wild scene would now occur as the eight in number had drank a gallon of strong brandy and four ounces of a powerful narcotic, took Betty and went up stairs and watched them from a window. The medicine was now at work. They first commenced laughing; peal after peal of laughter came from their savage mouths. They now attempted to rise, but their limbs were paralyzed, and they could not move. With horrid yells, they one after another sank prone upon the ground, in a deep soporific, drunken sleep, from which the fates had decided they should never awaken. As soon as they had all got quiet, our heroines again made their appearance on the scene of action. Betty lost no time in rushing to relieve the bound captive maidens. With a sharp knife she quickly cut the cruel thongs by which they were bound, and with all the endearing words of love and protection that she was master of, she led them into the house, whither the mistress had retired. The weeping captives, who were two beautiful young ladies, soon told their tale of woe. During the preceding afternoon the Indians had attacked their house, killing and scalping their father, mother and two little brothers, and took their girls with them, telling them that they were to be their wives, and further that they had murdered three other families before they arrived at the Doctor's. The heroines persuaded the weary captives to go to bed after which they proceeded to finish the work that they had so nobly begun. In the first place they took their arms, consisting of musket, pistol, tomahawk and scalping-knife to each murderer; these they carried and hid them in the cellar; the demons still sleeping soundly. They next brought a coil of small hempen cord of great strength, and Betty by her mistress's direction soon had the villains firmly tied and bound hand and feet. Betty now requested her dear mistress to let her take the axe and chop off all their wicked heads, but the lady objected, telling her that the villains would sleep under the effects of the drug they had drank for perhaps 20 hours, and before that time the Doctor would be home, and it was likely other help would arrive; but in the meantime they would keep a strict watch and if any of them stirred it would then be time enough to act. Mrs. H. now took her husband's rifle, which she well knew how to handle, and Betty took her trusty axe; they seated themselves on the porch and watched the sleeping foe, who still continued to lie as still as if they were dead. The short summer night was now on the wane and grey morning soon appeared. About sunrise our heroines were aroused from their weary and terrible vigil by hearing the clatter of many horses feet, when looking towards the river from whence the Indians came, they saw a body of armed horsemen coming toward them at a rapid gait. They saw that they were white men, and hence they knew that they were friends, and they hastened to meet them. The horsemen came dashing up, twenty-five in number, each one carrying a bright rifle. As soon as the captain saw the ladies he made short and speedy inquiries, which our heroines quickly answered.

The noble Kentuckians quickly dismounted and were soon standing around the doomed sleeping foe. As soon as they completely understood the situation, they waved their hats and gave three cheers for the heroines. At this time a single horseman was seen approaching at full speed, looking the picture of dismay. It was the Doctor. Being away in an opposite direction, he had not heard a word of the terrors of the night, and coming in sight of his home, seeing his lawn filled with armed men, and hearing their cheers, he was both alarmed and surprised, and rode up at full speed. He was greeted by his friends at his approach, and told that all was well.

The situation was now fully explained to the Doctor, who heard the recital with tears of joy. The band of sleeping brigands were all of an immense size, and had been capable of doing immense mischief, but the hour of retribution had arrived. The Regulators now held a council of war, to which they invited our two heroines and the Doctor, but the ladies declined taking any part, telling the hardy boys that they had surrendered the enemy into their hands. They now questioned the two released captives and heard their tale of woe. It was now resolved that they would put the culprits into the Doctor's ox-cart and take them away some distance and lose them. They accordingly yoked up the Doctor's oxen, and after stripping the Indians of their belts and ammunition, they threw their bodies in the cart and started. Before they had left the Doctor exacted a promise from them to return and take breakfast with him.

In about three hours they returned, and simply said they had lost their load in the wood. When they returned, an excellent meal awaited them, to which they did ample justice. The negro, Jim, who bounded away at the first sign of danger, returned home in three days after, nearly famished with hunger. He never after boasted of his bravery, and ever after at the name of Indian he would tremble like an aspen-leaf.

The Indians did not trouble this section again, and this murderous raid remained a mystery. They appeared to be an isolated gang who had undertaken to rob and murder on their own hook. No one knew to what tribe they belonged, but as their arms were all of English make and nearly new, it was surmised that they had made their way from Canada through the wilderness to Kentucky. The kind-hearted Doctor finding that the released captives were orphans without a home or relations, at once adopted them, and they became a part of his family. Betty became the wife of one of the Regulators in about three months after the eventful scene of that fearful night. After a time, Doctor Hickman moved with his family further West, where we lose sight of him. During the late war the site of Hickman's old homestead was occupied by the Federals as an Hospital Camp.—*Bel Air Ægis.*

### Trout Breeding.

An Elgin, Illinois, correspondent of the *Western Rural* says:—Any good, cool spring water which does not get warmer than sixty-five degrees in summer is suitable, and it makes no difference if it be hard or soft. The water used by Seth Green, the celebrated pisciculturist, is hard, and I have visited many fisheries in the East and find the trout doing as well in hard as in soft water. It should not, however, be too strongly impregnated with iron or sulphur. I have trout in many places in Illinois and they are all doing well, and comparing these with trout of equal age in the East, I find them fully as large as any I examined, the water we use being hard lime water.

In building ponds, care should be taken not to build them too large for the amount of water. For example, with a one inch pipe of water, a pond ten feet wide, thirty feet long, from three to four feet deep, is large enough. If made out of earth and the ground is so porous that it has to be curbed, then five feet wide, thirty long, and three to four feet deep will be ample. If there be sufficient fall, say one or two feet, another pond of equal size could be built, and the water would be purified and ærated by the fall, so that the last pond would be equally as good as the first. A pond of this size would support from three to five hundred trout, until they reach the age of two years, when they would weigh from one-half to one pound each, and would requre but little feeding the second year.

Trout grow to weigh from three to four pounds at four years old, and commence laying eggs the second year after being hatched. The spawning season is from the first of November to the first of March. The best time for moving trout is when the weather is cool, or say up to the last of May. It requires seventy days for trout eggs to hatch. Take the young trout from the hatching house and turn them out into the pond before the first of June.

The natural food of trout is insects and other living animal matter. No vegetable food is taken, but in artificial ponds, they are usually fed on hashed liver and lights, and other cheap animal food.

### The Pine-Apple.

H. M. Myers writes the *Scientific American* as follows:—There is, perhaps, no production of the tropics which is so generally and deservedly esteemed by the people of the North as the pine-apple, yet of none have they such vague ideas as to its manner of growth. Not unfrequently have we heard it expressed as being the fruit of a tree; associating it with the cone-bearing trees of our own country. The pine-apple plant (*Ananassa sativa*) is a native of tropical America, growing wild in the forests, but is also largely cultivated in those regions, as well as to some considerable extent in the West Indies, and on the Eastern Continent.

It has fifteen or more long, serrated, ridged, sharp-pointed leaves, springing from the root, resembling in its general aspect the century plant, but much smaller in size. In the centre of this cluster of thick, succulent leaves, springs up a short stalk bearing a spike of beautiful flowers, which in time produces a single pine-apple. On the summit of the fruit is a tuft of small leaves, capable of becoming a new plant, which together with suckers, are the means by which it is propagated, as a pine-apple which has been properly grown, or of the wild fruit of the forest, which we always found equal, if not superior to the cultivated ones.

A word as to the manner of preparing a pine-apple for eating may not be out of place here. Let the rough exterior first be removed to a sufficient depth, and then slice the fruit longitudinally with the core, and not across the hard centre, as is generally done with us. As soon should an ear of green corn be divided in sections when the kernels must be pulled from the cob, as a pine-apple across the core, instead of nicely slicing the fruit from its adherents. The deliciousness of a pine-apple when freshly picked from the plant and prepared in the above manner cannot be surpassed.

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At a recent agricultural show "out West," one of the judges "let out" a judge's secret. He said that in one of the classes of beasts there were four animals shown, and three judges to decide the winner. Singularly enough, each judge selected a different beast for the prize; and in this perplexity they were obliged to call in the assistance of a brother judge in another class of animals, and his decision was to be final. We do not know the ultimate result; but we should hope that the umpire put aside the three chosen beasts of the triumvirate judges, and awarded the prize to the fourth, which had been despised. This would have been certainly the most satisfactory to the disputing judges, and agreeable to the owner of the fourth beast. The incident reminds us of an anecdote of the perplexity of a young lady on board a steamer and bound for a voyage. Three gentlemen fell in love with her, and proposed. She consulted the captain in her confusion. The captain advised her to fall into the sea by accident, and test which was the most ardent of the three. She did so; and two of the lovers jumped after her, and came back on board dripping wet. "What can I do now?" asked the lady. "Take the dry one, who didn't jump over," said the captain.

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DOWN IN THE SEA.—At 550 fathoms down in the sea there is a perfectly uniform temperature, the same in all latitudes. No cold pierces this wonderful coverlet, no storm ever disturbs the waters beneath. Here in their hidden home safe from the disturbances of this upper life, are myriads of creatures, living, marrying, dying, warring one upon another; organizing into kingdoms, republics, families; working in every form of manufacture, as spinners, weavers, achitects, builders; endowed with mysterious instincts which are quite as wonderful in their way as our higher reason, and bound together by mysterious ties which we are equally unable to comprehend or to call in question. So true is it that the mysteries of science far outweigh those of morals and theology.

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SOMETHING FOR HIS PEN.—"John" relates the following bit of conversation he had with an acquaintance:

"He said he used to write for the papers once, and meeting an editor one day, the eidtor said that he would like something from his pen," and, says he, "what do you think I sent him?"

Says I, "Give it up."

Says he, "Well, he said he wanted something from my pen, and I sent him a pig."

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Bustles are at last out of date, and the more slender and willowy the figure can be made with easy flowing skirts from the bodice down, the more stylish.

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The praises of others may be of use in showing us not what we are but what we ought to be.

## Our Olio.

### The Moon and the Weather.

After testing the question again and again, modern meteorologists have come to the conclusion that the moon has no sort of influence over the weather, agreeing with the Iron Duke that it is nonsense to place any faith in her as a weather predictor. Time was when she was thought absolute mistress of the seasons. Pliny has the following lunar weather wisdom:—Fine weather, wind or rain may be looked for according as the moon rises with a pure white, red or swarthy light. If, at full moon, half the disc is clear fine weather is betokened; if red, wind; if black, rain. If at the rising of the new moon the upper horn is obscured there will be a prevalance of wet when she is on the wane; if the lower horn is obscured there will be rain before she attains her full; if both horns appear obtuse a frightful tempest is near; if they are sharp and erect high winds may be expected. Darwin declares it as a sure sign of coming rain when the moon's head is hidden in haloes. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says a large circle around the moon, with a north or north-east wind, predicts stormy weather; if the winds come from any other quarter there will still be rain, but less of it. If, however, the moon rises after sunset, the appearance of a ring round her is not so significant as the Dutch rhyme puts it:—

A ring round the moon
May pass away soon;
But a ring round the sun
Gives water in the tun.

An old Spanish proverb says the circle of the moon never filled a pond; but the circle of the sun wets a shepherd; while an English rhyme pronounces:—

If round the moon a circle's seen
Of white, and all the sky's serene,
The following day, you may devine,
Will surely prove exceeding fine.

And

Whene'er, in autumn or in spring,
A mist the moon doth with it bring,
At noon the sun will bright appear,
The evening be serene and clear.

The turning up of the horns of the new moon is another sign of fair weather. "There's no likelihood of a drop now, an' the moon lies like a boat there," says somebody in "Adam Bede." Southey notices this notion in one of his letters: "Poor Littledale has this day explained the cause of the rains which prevailed for the last five weeks by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. "I have observed," he says, "that when the moon is turned upward we have fine weather after it, but when it is turned down then we have a wet season; and the reason, I think, is, that when it is turned down it holds no water, like a basin, you know, and down it comes.'" It is a very common belief that the weather depends upon the moon changing before or after midnight—a belief absurd on the face of it, since, as has been well observed, the moon may change before twelve at Westminster and after twelve at St. Paul's.

Dr. Adam Clarke was oblivious of this fact when he put forth a weather prognosticator, through all the lunations each year, forever, showing the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the entrance of the moon into any one of her quarters, and that so near the truth as to seldom or never be found to fail. Our readers can easily decide as to the worth of the reverend doctor's weather guide; they have only to note the time of the moon's entrance upon a new quarter, and compare the actual result with that anticipated by the prognosticator. It would be useless to quote his formulated observations, for, like all other prophecies concerning the lunar phenomena, there is a total neglect of the fact that weather is local and universal. In other words, the change in the moon that is supposed to have given good weather in the south of England has probably been attended with exceedingly bad weather in Scotland.—*Chambers's Journal.*

### Trapping Moles Alive.

The following method of trapping and destroying moles is practiced in Gloucester: A well-used run is discovered in a bank; a cutting is made about a foot in width, and the run is bridged over by a narrow box, consisting of three pieces of wood, forming the bottom and two sides only; the ends are fixed in the run on either side. In the bottom of the bridge is a nicely balanced, self-acting trap-fall. The moles run along, slip through, and fall into an earthenware pot. The bridge is carefully turfed over, grass downward to keep out the earth; every ray of light must be carefully excluded. The trap being always set the moles fall in and perish. The pots are left unheeded, and as new-comers drop in they are eaten by those in the pot, which is gradually filled with skins and bones. Water should be put in to drown them, but this is cruelly neglected. If looked at every day the moles can be caught alive and well. A bank is chosen because the pot can be looked at and replaced without disturbing the bridge; but a run on the flat ground would do by digging a proper trench for the bridge and pot. A very simple plan is to sink in the mole's run a pitcher which will hold three or four pints. Do it very neatly, and not otherwise disturb the existing state of things, and within eight hours the stable gentlemen will be safely jugged. It will be a pure waste of time to try to catch the same animal a second time by the same means. Moles usually "run," as it is termed, at stated times of the day, about eight, twelve and four o'clock, when their workings must be watched; and by quietly and stealthily approaching them they may be dashed out of the heap or little run they are working by one stroke of a spade, and then picked up and bagged before they can again enter the ground; or, when they are working a small run, they are easily taken out of it by jumping on to the run with the heels apart, so that each heel shall enter and stop the run on each side of the mole, which must be immediately drawn out by the hand. I write from experience, and repeat that the greatest care is always necessary to prevent the moles (which are very sensitive) from hearing or feeling your approach.

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Fine sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding; but very poor things if allowed to creep along the ground.

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Says Dr. Arnold, "The difference between one boy and another is not so much in talent as in energy.

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A Western editor recently rode sixty miles on a cow-catcher, and failed to catch the cow, after all.

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All men are kings by birth, for no man is born without a crown on his head.

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When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

### Stones of the Temple.

Three thousand years, with their wearing, wasting processes, have not entirely destroyed the stones of the Temple. They exist to-day, but not in that glorious House which Solomon builded to the Lord. No earthly Temple rears its solid walls, built by Hiram's art, on Mount Moriah. That is buried beneath the dust. Where, then, do we find the stones that once composed it? In one of two places, and both wondrously strange. Either in a far-off land, on English soil, in the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptain hall, London, or else in excavations now in progress beneath Jerusalem. We owe it to the Palestine Exploration Society that these "Stones of the Temple" are exhibited as sacred relics in the metropolis of Great Britain, and they are being still dug out from under the mass of *debris* that thirty centuries have heaped over them in their original position. These squared stones that are recovered have on their faces the original chisel marks made by the Fellow Crafts of King Hiram. What a testimony do they bear to the origin, history and truth of Masonry! What a thrilling effect would be produced in the work of the third Degree, if the W. M. possessed one of these stones! How the Lecture would glow with a living light—a light reflected from the buried centuries—the work of three thousand years ago illustrating the work of to-day!

The spoils of the Temple were once thought worthy of forming the principal decoration of the most beautiful of Rome's triumphal arches and the Emperor Justinian's highest architectual ambition was that he might surpass it. Its spoils are now spread before the world, to teach it that Freemasonry is not a myth, a tradition, but a reality, ancient and honorable, founded upon Truth as its corner-stone and Wisdom as its cap-stone. Verily, the stones of the Temple, even in their material shape, are still with us, while their parallels, the spiritual stones—the Brethren who are built into our Fraternity—are found in every clime, and on every sea and land.—*Keystone.*

### How Verdigris is Made.

Verdigris is termed by chemists a "tribasic acetate of copper," and is formed by the action of acetic acid upon metallic copper in the presence of oxygen. There are several methods of conducting the manufacture; in one the refuse of grapes after the expression of the juice in wine making is used as the source of the acid which rises in vapor from the decomposing residuum. In another vinegar is used, the copper being dipped in at intervals; in a third flannels are wrung in vinegar and wrapped around the copper which is then laid where it will be acted upon by currents of air.

The grape refuse is used at Montpelier, in France, in the following manner. The copper in very thin sheets is rubbed in warm boxes where the requisite corrosion is merely initiated. In the meantime the grape refuse is packed in barrels and allowed to remain until it begins to undergo acetic fermetation. This accomplished, a portion of the material is spread in the bottom of a ditch lined with brich. On this is placed a layer of the prepared copper then more grape refuse, then more copper and so on, until the pit is full. When the grape residuum becomes white its effect is spent. The sheets are then removed and exposed to the air. As soon as they become dry they are wet with water and again exposed, and so on six or seven times in succession, until the layer of verdigris having become sufficiently thick is scraped off. This done, the plate is again rubbed with vinegar, and in the grape refuse, etc., undergoes again the same treatment until completely exhausted.

### Vegetable Perfumes and Health.

An Italian professor has made some very agreeable medical researches, resulting in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence on the atmosphere, converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxodizing influence. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of cherry, laurel, cloves, lavender, mint, juniper, lemons, fennel, bergamot; those that give it in smaller quantity are anise, nutmeg, and thyme. The flowers of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley develop ozone in closed vessels. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts the professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts, and in places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxygen influence of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should surround their dwellings with beds of the most odoriferous flowers.

### The Presidents.

General Washington was in his 58th year when he became President. John Adams was in his 62d, Mr. Jefferson in his 58th, Mr. Madison the same, Mr. Monroe is his 59th, John Quincy Adams in his 58th, General Jackson in his 62d, Mr. Van Buren in his 55th, General Harrison in his 69th, John Tyler in his 52d, General Taylor in his 65th, Mr. Fillmore in his 51st, Mr. Buchanan in his 66th, Mr. Lincoln in his 53d, and Mr. Johnson in his 57th. Three Presidents crossed their fifty year line during their incumbency of the office—General Grant, Mr. Polk, who entered office seven months before he was 50, and General Pierce, who was in his 49th year when taking his seat. Gen. Harrison was the oldest man ever elected to the Presidency; General Grant the youngest. Four Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams—were all in their 58th year when they entered office, and four—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison—went out of office in their 68th year. General Jackson went out of office only eleven days before the completion of his 70th year, and Mr. Buchanan fifty days before he was 70. John Adams was the longest lived of the Presidents, being in his 91st year at the time of his death. The next oldest was Mr. Madison, who died in his 86th year. Mr. Jefferson died in his 84th year, John Quincy Adams in his 81st, Mr. Van Buren in his 80th, General Jackson in his 79th, and Mr. Monroe in his 73d. General Pierce was the youngest retiring President, who went out of office soon after he had completed his 52d year. Mr. Polk retired in his 54th year, and died in a little more than three months after, at the age of 53 years, 7 months and 13 days—youngest of all Presidents in death. The most notable deaths are those of John Adams and Thos. Jefferson, which occurred July 4th, 1826, at nearly the same hour.

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The *Builder* says the ocean holds 1,600,000,000,000,000 in gold in solution. This surely beats all the gold mines of Australia, California, and of all the world put together. How to get this gold out in an economical way, so as to make it pay, is the problem which the chemists and metallurgists of coming ages are to solve.

## Wit and Humor.

THE NEGRO AND THE MULE.—The following anecdote, finely illustrative of the characteristics of two denizens of the South, we find in the Editor's Drawer of *Harper's Magazine:*

"The negro and mule (writes a friend in Clinton, Louisiana,) are inseperable companions in the southern cotton fields, and like the Hiawathan string and bow, useless each without the other. The lazy indifference and careless cruelty of one, and wonderful powers of endurance of severe labor, bad treatment and neglect of the other, complete the compatibility of the two races necessary for the production of four millions of bales. A characteristic anecdote may be relished by those who have had experience of the two. The spectator had taken refuge from the sun's perpendicular rays under the shade of a spreading beech, *sub tegmine fagi*, and lay recumbent, enjoying the fitful breezes and the sombre frothiness of the country newspaper. Along the dusty road which passed by this retreat came jogging a negro, mounted on a mule, both apparently fast asleep. As the somnolent pair approached the spot, some wicked sprite of the place gave the paper a flirt, which no sooner seen and heard than the mule, as mules only know how, instantly 'swapped ends,' and leaving the negro sprawling in the dirt, took his departure under full sail. The negro, half raising himself, and wiping the dust from his eyes and mouth, watched the retreating mule for some time in silence, but at length, unconscious of an auditor, gave expression to this philosophical soliloquy: 'Dat's what makes me 'spise a mule.'"

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THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.—In 1828, there lived in Burlington county, N. J., a Quaker preacher by the name of Abraham ——, a very mild, pleasant spoken person, who had a beautiful and accomplished daughter of the name of Patience. There were several young men in the neighborhood who were very anxious to win the lovely Patience. Among them was one by the name of David C., who was thought to be the favorite of both father and daughter, and yet nothing had passed that could be considered as an engagement. One morning as David was about to leave, having passed the night at uncle Abraham's, as he was familiarly called, his horse was brought to the door, most of the family being there to see him start. The animal became very restless, and it was some time before he could get upon his back; he got out of patience, and struck the horse several cuts with his whip. Uncle Abraham looked at David very seriously, and said, "David, thee should have patience." "Uncle Abraham, I will, if I can get her," was the immediate reply. Patience consented, and Uncle Abraham blessed them on the spot, and he often laughed at the way David caught him.

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Another clever gentleman has been deceived by hydrants. While homeward bound, working long longitudes, rejoicing under the influence of about 1000 drops of the oil of-joy, he ran against a hydrant. He happened to mistake the hydrant for a small colored boy. "Skuse me, sonnie," said he, patting the hydrant paternally; "didn't run yer down because yer was black. Grow up (hic) and be a useful man. Imitate (hic) my example." And here he laid a quarter on its nozzle, and went on with a lighter heart and the satisfaction that he had made one poor soul happy.

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Our Teutonic friend, Johannes K——, entered one of our drug stores, and thus addressed one of the clerks: "Toctor, I feels sig oll ofer, un de beebles dells me I better take one fissick." "All right, sir," says the clerk, "will you have a dose of salts or some purgative pills?" "Vell, vot it cost for dem saulds?" "Ten cents, sir." "Und how mooch, is it for dem fissicking pills?" "I'll give you a dose at the same price." After a vain search in his pockets for the required sum, he asked: "Toctor, you tond got no second hand fissicking pills, ain't it?"

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A father, in consoling his daughter, who had lost her husband, said: "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child. You will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow; but I'll do my best!" The father went home comforted.

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"Get out of my way—what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little bright eyed urchin, who happened to stand in the way. The little fellow, as he stepty to one side, replied very gently: "They make men out of such things as we are."

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An Iowa debating club will discuss the question: "If one man applies the toe of his boot *a posteriori* to another, which of the two can be said to have proceeded to extremities?"

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A young lady kept a list of her gentlemen acquaintance in a small pocket diary, and being asked by a friend what it was, replied that it was her *him* book.

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As the quickest way of making a fortune, a contemporary suggests marrying a fashionable young lady and selling her clothes.

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"A woman is at the bottom of all mischief," said Joe. "Yes," said Frank, "and when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the bottom of me."

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"The Mosquito is intensely religious," said Sparques to his spouse, to-day. "How so?" she inquired. "Because he is preying all the time."

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What is the difference between Micawber and a loafer at the bar? Answer. One is waiting for "something to turn up" and the other for something to turn down.

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Punch in fashionable trade report says materials for ladies' dresses of all colors are in brisk demand, and fetch good prices per acre.

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A Hibernian Senator, speaking of suicide, said: "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offence, punishable with death."

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Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's hiding of the sun.

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A Chicago bankrupt's assets are set down as follows:—"An unshaved mule and a cart, and 45 cents in money."

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The Spring crop of marriages is about harvested. The next process will be cradling.

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Mrs. Jones says her husband is a three-handed man—right hand, left hand, and a little behind hand.

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Matchless misery—having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

### Specific for Rheumatism.

A recent number of the *Scientific American* contains the following:—Without intending to tresspass on the domain of the physician, it may be well to give, for the benefit of all, some information concerning the nature and treatment of this malady.

As it is a constitutional disease, proper diet and close attention to the general health are of more benefit than local applications, which may be useful in exceptional cases, but generally they give only temporary relief, and often drive the pain from one part of the body to another. In all cases of this disease, the blood is in an abnormal condition, and may be considered to be poisoned; persons who live high (which means, live on rich and highly nitrogenized food) are apt to have this disease in a peculiar form, which is commonly called gout, of which the chief disease is in the joints. A lower mode of diet is then advisable. Persons who live low and get this disease by exposure, combined with over fatigue, are apt to suffer from the so called chronic form chiefly seated in the muscles, and in these cases, the system may suffer from one or two opposite causes, an excess of either alkali or acid, which, when neutralized, ends the disease. Hence the curious and formerly unexplained fact that sometimes acid treatment, as with lemon juice, and at other times alkaline treatment as with Rochelle salt, etc., has produced a cure.

There is one very severe form of rheumatism called acute or inflammatory, which is a most formidable disease, and which in olden times was treated by blood letting. This disease has the remarkable feature of suddenly leaving one part of the body to appear in another. If, by blood letting, the heart receives a sudden shock by the withdrawal of a quantity of blood, the malady is very apt to settle there and produce disease of the heart, which is a very common cause of death among persons who have been treated for rheumatism by blood letting. The latter operation relieves the patient; but, considering the often fatal results, it is now abandoned by all enlightened physicians, and the treatment by colchicum wine and opiates is used instead. Besides the derivatives of opium, morphine and codeine, sal ammoniac has been often praised as an effective remedy when others failed; but perhaps these derive their efficiency from their similarity to a new substance, a derivative of opium and ammonia, which has recently been found as effective a specific against rheumatism as quinine is against fever and ague. This substance is propylamin. It is a volatile, watery liquid, with a strong odor of herring pickle, and was found by Dr. Winckler in distilling a watery extract of ergot with potassa, also in distilling cod liver oil with ammonia. But the most effective way of obtaining this substance is that of Wertheim, who prepared it by the decomposition of narcotine and codeine by alkalies. Its name is based on its chemical composition; it is a combination of the third member of the hydrocarbon series (methyl, ethyl, propyl, amyl, etc.) with a derivative of the ammonia (amidogen.) There is, however, still some doubt about its true chemical composition, so that some chemists suppose it to be trimethylamin; in the mean time, its specific effect on most forms of rheumatism has been established. By taking five drops in a tablespoonful of peppermint water every two hours, the pains usually abate after twelve doses.

### The London Press.

There is a general impression pervading the public that the London *Times* is the leading paper of England, in circulation as well as in influence. This is most erroneous, the "Thunderer" ranking only as fourth in the list of great dailies. The aggregate list of circulation of all the morning and evening newspapers published in London is set down at 569,000, of which 170,000 belongs to the *Daily Telegraph* 140,000 to the *Standard*, 90,000 to the *London Daily News*, 80,000 to the *Echo*, and 70,000 to the *Times*. The first three of these papers are published at one penny (two cents) each, the *Echo* at a halfpenny, and the *Times* at three pence. Of course the power and influence of a journal is in part dependent upon the *number* of its circulation; but they are also influenced in a great measure by the class of readers to which it goes. The *Telegraph* is plainly the people's paper; but the readers of the *Times* are by all odds the best people of the British Empire; and its great power and influence are due to the fact that it reaches the thinkers, the law-makers and the money-arbiters of the metropolis of the world. And its great success is due to its sagacity in seizing each popular tide precisely at the turning point, rather than to any peculiar foresight in governmental philosophy. The *Times* is a shrewd follower of public opinion, not its arbiter.

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THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.—The *Memorial Diplomatique* gives the following interesting account of the density of population in the great centres of humanity throughout the globe. There are nine cities having a population exceeding 1,000,000 souls, viz.: London, 3,251,000; Soochow, 2,000,000; Paris, 1,825,000; Pekin, 1,648,000; Yeddo, 1,554,000; Canton, 1,236,000; Constantinople, 1,075,000; Sian-tan, in the province of Hunan, 1,000,000, and Tchantchaon-foo, in the province of Fakien, 1,000,000. It will be seen that, although London holds the first place, the Chinese Empire can still boast of possessing more populous cities than all the civilized States of the West. The number of cities possessing a population from above half a million up to a million, is twelve, viz: New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hang-kaow, Philadelphia, St. Petersburg, Bombay, Calcutta, Fowchow, Tchebing, Bangkok and Kioto. Twenty cities have a population of from 300,000 to 480,000 inhabitants, thirty-three of from 200,000 to 300,000, and ninety of from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. Europe alone possesses 171 cities containing more than 50,000 inhabitants, at the head of which stand London, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

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CARAT.—The word carat, used to express the fineness of gold, is so called from an Abyssinian bean, which from the time of its gathering, varies very little in its weight, and for this reason is used in Africa as a weight for gold, as it is in India for gems and pearls. It is, with us, an imaginary weight, used to express the proportion of gold in a given mass of metal. Thus, if an ounce of gold is divided into 24 parts or carats, then gold 20 carats fine is that in which 20 parts are clear metal, and 4 parts silver, copper or some other alloy.

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The poultry-houses, if well managed, will furnish a valuable lot of manure. Guano is the excrement of sea-birds, deposited in localities where it is not destroyed or washed away by rains. Proper attention to and management of these houses will pay well.

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Employment is nature's physician, and is essential to happiness.

## Useful Recipes.

### Lemons for Fever.

Says that walking cyclopedia of health knowledge, Dr. Hall:—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in the mouth especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greatest part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it downward into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at "tea time," as an entire substitute for the ordinary "supper" of summer, would give many a comfortable night's sleep, and awakening after rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea or supper or "relish" and "cake" and their berries or peaches and cream.

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TANNING AND DYEING SHEEP SKINS.—In answer to a question, a correspondent of the *Scientific American* says: Wash the pelts in warm water, and remove all fleshy matter from the inner surface, then clean the wool with soft soap, and rinse the soap thoroughly out. Second, apply to the flesh side the following mixture for each pelt; common salt and ground alum, one quarter pound of each, and half an ounce of borax. Dissolve the whole in one quart of hot water. When cool enough to bear the hand, add rye meal to make a thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side of the pelt. Fold the pelt lengthwise, and let it remain two weeks in an airy, shady place, then remove the paste from the surface, wash and dry. When nearly dry, scrape the flesh side with a knife, working the pelt until it becomes thoroughly soft. A beautiful blue may be imparted to the wool by using the following recipe: Add a wine-glassful of sulphuric acid to a gallon of water. Put into the solution a table-spoonful or more of imperial blue, regulating the quantity of the dyestuff to the shade of blue required. Put in the pelts and boil for ten minutes. After boiling, the pelt will need working again to make it soft.

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TO BAKE A HAM.—A young and fresh ham eats much better baked than boiled, and keeps longer good. Place it into plenty of cold water to soak over night. The next morning place it in warm water for an hour or two, wash it very clean, trim smoothly off all rusty parts, and lay it with the rind downward into a coarse paste rolled to about an inch in thickness; moisten the edges, draw, pinch them together, and fold them over on the upper side of the ham, taking care to close them so that no gravy can escape. Send it to a well heated but not too hot oven. Bake from three to five hours, according to the size of the ham. Remove the crust and skin while hot. When part only of a ham is cooked, baking is far preferable, as it retains the juices better.

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A GOOD RECIPE FOR YEAST.—For a small family, take 1 ounce of dried hops and 2 quarts of water. Boil them fifteen minutes; add 1 quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain and add ½ a pound of flour putting the latter into a basin, and pouring on the water slowly to prevent its getting lumpy, ¼ of a pound of brown sugar and a handful of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. Little bubbles will soon rise in it. When it ferments well, add 6 potatoes which have been boiled, mashed, and run through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

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BLACKBERRY WINE.—The following is the plan used by Swiss settlers in the United States, and is said to make the most excellent wine: To one bushel of berries put two gallons of water, and express the juice; to each gallon of the liquid add one pound of refined white sugar. Put into a cask, about a peck of freshly-burned charcoal, broken into small pieces; then pour the liquid upon it. Let it ferment. As soon as the fermentation subsides close the cask tight, and let it remain until January, or later; then rack off and bottle it, and set it in a cool cellar.

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DYSENTERY.—The following simple remedy has been known to cure the most obstinate cases of Dysentery, when other remedies had failed. It has the merit of being harmless and always effectual: Take one-fourth of a pint of hot water; vinegar half pint; mix. Now add common salt as long as it will dissolve in the mixture, stirring it freely. Give for an adult one tablespoonful every hour, until the bloody discharges cease, or until it operates freely upon the bowels.

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CHANGING THE COLORS OF FLOWERS.—The *Gazette des Campagnes* say that M. Hueghe has succeeded in changing the common cowslip from its natural yellow to an intense purple by merely transplanting it into richer earth. The color of plants can be readily varied by mixing certain substances with the soil. Wood charcoal will darken the hue of dahlias, petunias and hyacinths. Carbonate of soda turns the last mentioned flowers red, and phosphate of soda alters greatly the shades of many plants.

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COCOANUT CAKES.—To one pound of grated cocoanut, one pound of light brown sugar, add half pint of water; bring the sugar and water to the boiling point, then add the cocoanut; boil the whole three-fourths of an hour, or until the water has entirely disappeared. Make it up into cakes, sprinkle flour on a board or tin, put the cakes thereon and dry them in an oven, not browning them.

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NEURALGIA.—Half a drachm of sal-ammonia, an ounce of camphor water, to be taken a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes if the pain be not relieved at once, is a most excellent cure for neuralgia.

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Hot sand-baths are claimed by a London Doctor to be an infallible remedy for rheumatism. Should this prove true it will be a great boon to those afflicted with this terrible malady.

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GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Twelve ears of corn grated, two quarts of milk, four well beaten eggs, one teacup and a half of sugar; mix and bake in a buttered dish; bake three hours; sweet corn should be used.