The Camden Journal,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
—AT—
CAMDEN, S. C.,
—BY—
C. C. ALEXANDER.

Subscription Rates:
(IN ADVANCE.)
One Year.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00

The Camden Journal.

VOL. XXXVIII. CAMDEN, S. C., SEPTEMBER 11, 1879. NO. 8.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Time.	1 in.	¼ col.	½ col.	1 col.
1 Week.....	$ 1.00	$ 5.00	$ 9.00	$15.00
2 "	1.75	7.50	12.25	20.00
3 "	2.50	9.00	15.25	24.00
4 "	3.00	10.50	18.00	27.50
5 "	3.50	11.75	20.50	31.00
6 "	4.00	12.50	22.75	34.00
7 "	4.50	13.25	24.75	37.00
8 "	5.00	14.00	26.00	40.00
3 months.....	6.50	17.00	32.00	50.00
4 "	7.50	19.00	39.50	59.00
6 "	8.50	24.00	48.00	84.00
9 "	9.50	30.00	59.00	105.00
12 "	10.25	35.00	68.00	120.00

☞ Transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash to insure insertion.

Watering the Hills.

"He watereth the hills from His chambers."—Ps. civ., 13.

Oh! the rippling and the foaming,
Falling not from dawn till gloaming,
Where the rapids are descending, as for ages
they have done;
On each downward platform taking
Just a moment's rest, then breaking
Into sweet enchanting laughter at the gleeful
triumph won;
All the latent echoes waking
With the fun!

Sweeping from their rocky portal,
Rebed at once in light immortal,
Bringing infinite revealings from the silences
profound;
How the little eddies whiten,
And the longer reaches brighten,
As the showers of brilliant dewdrops on their
silvery slopes rebound;
Falling into gems that lighten
All around.

When the sunbeams come unbidden
To behold the marvel hidden,
All the waters take them captive, to adorn
their raiment white;
But the rainbow tells the wonder
Of the radiance lying under,
And the sun in regal beauty stoops to claim
his own by right,
Till the ripples fall asunder—
Lost in light!

On the brink the mosses glisten,
And the grasses stop to listen
To the never-ending music of the waters
flashing by;
Overhead the elm-trees stately,
In their hearts rejoicing greatly
At the springs of welcome coolness that be-
neath their strongholds lie,
Spread their myriad leaves sedately
To the sky.

When at night the stars assemble
In the far blue heavens, and tremble
At their own reflected splendor, on the torrent
borne away,
Then the laughing waves discover
How the moon—earth's timid lover—
Watches for the perfect mirror they have
broken in their play;
Watches—with the stars above her—
Till the day.

Through all seasons' varied phrases,
Still the waters speak their praises
Of the Power that sweeps them outward, in
their fullness to the deep;
All their rush and tumult guiding,
For each drop a path dividing,
Till in far-off breadths of ocean each its des-
tined place shall keep,
And at last, in calm subsiding,
Fall asleep.

—*Mary Rowles, in Sunday Magazine.*

JACK'S GREAT PERIL.

I never saw such a change in a man in my life! When we last met, Jack—well, I must not give his real name, considering what I am going to relate, so I'll call him Jack Pallant—was, as he had ever been since I knew him, one of the lightest-hearted, cheeriest fellows in the world, full of fun and up to everything, and as gentle and tender as a woman, with the courage of a lion. And now, what did I find him? Even though but three months had elapsed, he had become a grave, dejected, saddened man—in a word, hardly recognizable, either mentally or physically. I was shocked, and of course he saw that I was. He came to see me, indeed, the moment he heard I was in town, that I might learn from his own mouth what had happened, instead of at second-hand.

Jack had always been more or less a spoiled boy—only sons are always more or less spoiled—and having lost his mother when quite a child, it was not wonderful that his poor old dad made much of him. But he had taken the spoiling kindly, and beyond making him perhaps a little idle and thoughtless, it had done him no harm. There was no harm in the fellow; he spent more money than he should, but many young soldiers do that without coming to much grief in the long run, and his father, a soldier before him, regarded the failing leniently, paid his bills and looked pleasant. Beyond adding that he was a rather short, dapper little fellow, I need not say much more about him; I have only to try and put into coherent shape the strange and tragical business which had so fearfully altered him.

He was coming to town one autumn evening for a few days' leave from Gunnersholt, where he was quartered. I can see him as plainly as if I had been there, springing into the first carriage that offered room, without regard to who was in it; for he was the least fastidious of men, without the slightest particle of "hawhaw" pride and nonsense, or that stand-off-ishness of manner, too usual with men in his position; ready to make himself happy wherever he was, or in whatever company.

But it so happened, it appears, on this occasion that he got into an empty carriage; at least he thought so, for it was twilight, and he did not observe for the first moment the figure of a woman, seated in a further corner, dressed in dark clothes and thickly veiled.

The sudden discovery that he was not alone rather startled him for a moment, and it may be, as he said, that the evening before having been a guest night at mess, his nerves were not quite up to their usual tone. He was not the lad, however, to be long in such a situation without making some remark to his fellow-traveler, though in this case an unusual hesitation to do so came over him, owing to her mysterious appearance and extreme stillness. The between-lights of the carriage lamp and the evening sky prevented him from discerning details; but there she sat, perfectly rigid, and with not a vestige of her face visible, through the thick black vail.

"Ahem! ahem!" he said at last, shifting one seat nearer to her and nearly opposite; "I hope I have not intruded on you; I thought the carriage was empty. I may be disturbing you, I fear." He would say anything, in a random sort of way, to break the ice, as he called it.

No answer. A long pause. "Very singular," he thought; and he moved to a seat exactly opposite to the figure, making another commonplace observation. No response, or any movement.

"Asleep, I suppose," he said to himself; and he sat quietly watching her, while the train rattled on for a mile or two. A station was reached and a stoppage made, with the usual accompaniments of screech and whistling and slamming of doors, but without producing any change in the posture of the occupant of the opposite corner. The train again moved on. "Can't be asleep," he muttered. "What's the matter with her?"

The window was shut close; he let it down with a tremendous clatter and bang, remarking that "he hoped, as the evening was fine, the weather warm and the carriage close" (for he declared to me there was a peculiar odor hanging about which struck him from the first) "she would not object to a little air."

Still no reply. Then he said "he feared she was not well. Would she like him to pull the bell for the guard and have the train stopped again?" But nothing he could say or do elicited any sign of life from her.

Jack now became seriously uncomfortable and alarmed on her account. He thought she could not be asleep, but had fainted. Suddenly it crossed his mind that she was dead. Night had now closed in, but as the last tinge of twilight faded from the sky the carriage lamp gained its full power and revealed every object more plainly than hitherto.

Jack leaned toward the motionless form. A long black veil, falling from a close-fitting hat-like bonnet, enveloped nearly the whole upper part of her figure; indeed, on close inspection, it hardly looked like an ordinary veil, but more like a large thin, black silk handkerchief. Her dress was of common black stuff, much worn and frayed, from amid the folds of which appeared the ends of a piece of rope that must have been fastened round her waist; and one hand, encased in an old, ill-fitting black glove, lay placidly on her lap.

Full of uncomfortable sensations, Jack was about to lift the veil, when, for the first time, the figure moved; its hand stole slowly from underneath the folds of the dress, and the veil was gradually lifted and thrown up over the head.

Involuntarily my friend shrank back into the corner of his seat, for a face was revealed to him which no one could have looked upon without a sense of awe. It was that of a woman somewhat past middle age, thin, haggard and pale to a degree which only death could parallel. The features, finely chiseled and proportioned, showed that at one time there must have been supreme beauty, while, though the iron-gray hair looked a little disheveled and unkempt, the glance of the eye was steady, calm and determined.

In this glance lay, chiefly, the awe inspiring expression of the face, for, in addition to the penetrating look, there was a persistencey in it, and at the same time a fascination, quite terrible. It fixed itself upon Jack from the first moment that eye met eye, and for several minutes not a word was spoken on either side. Presently, however, he tried to pull himself together, and to assume his usual light-hearted manner, which had thus for a minute been so strangely and unusually disturbed, and he said, briskly:

"I beg your pardon; I was afraid you were ill."

She slightly bent her head, but spoke not a word, nor withdrew her glance.

He felt more and more that it was costing him an effort to be himself. Her slow, stealthy, albeit lady-like demeanor, added greatly to the effect already produced, and a curious sensation was gradually creeping over him, that—impossible as it might seem—that face was not strange to him. Little as he, with his temperament, was given to speculation or introspection, he found himself striving to look back for some event or circumstance in his life which might give him a clew. Had he ever dreamed of such a face, or had he seen it in childhood? He was puzzled, affected, quite put out. And still the deep, penetrating eyes were fixed on his, piercing as it were into his very soul. And the hands! what were they doing? Taking off the gloves as with a set, deliberate purpose; and the long, white, thin, almost claw-like fingers worked strangely and nervously, slowly closing and opening upon the palm, as if preparing to grasp something.

Again he strove to throw off the unpleasant, unusual sensation which had crept over him.

"I can't stand this," he thought; "I was never so uncomfortable in all my life! I must do something, or say something to put a stop to this, to make her take her eyes off me!"

He moved abruptly to the further corner of the carriage, and to the same side on which the woman sat.

"I'll try and dodge her in that way," he said to himself: "she shall not sit and glare at me in this fashion!"

But she too immediately shifted her place, and, rising to her full height, which was very great, went over to the seat exactly opposite to him, never for one single second dropping her eyes from his. He looked out of the window with a vague notion of getting out of the carriage; when suddenly, passing a little station which he recognized, but at which the train did not stop, an idea struck him—an idea after his own heart—a comic idea! He availed himself of it on the instant, and assuming an ease which doubtless sat ill upon him, and which he was far from feeling, he pointed with his thumb back toward the station they had just passed, as he said mysteriously in a hollow voice:

"Do you know that place?"

She seemed to answer in the affirmative by a slight inclination of the head as before.

"Ah! you do. Good! Longmoor," he went on; "then I don't mind telling you a secret." He paused. ("I'll frighten her," he thought.) "Criminal lunatics," he said aloud; "I am one of them. I have just escaped from there!"

He leaned forward, as if to impress her with his words; she also bent forward until her lips almost touched his ear, as she hissed into it:

"So have I!"

With what had already gone before, this put the finishing touch on Jack's uneasiness of mind. It was not, as he said, the mere presence of the woman, or the revelation which his joke had elicited, which scared him, though the circumstance in itself might be unpleasant enough.

"I should have faced it right away from the first, as any man would have done, had it not been for the remarkable influence her face and look had upon me; that unaccountable feeling that she was no stranger to me, it was, that unnerved, and even appalled me."

No sooner had she uttered the words, "So have I," than Jack sprang to the cord communicating with the guard's van, for he felt their truth, and saw in them a key to the whole mystery. But ere his hand had reached the cord, she had seized him round the waist with one arm as with the grip of a vise, and at the same instant he felt one of those terrible hands at his throat.

Every effort to release himself was fruitless; her strength seemed superhuman, and was as far beyond his as was her stature. Her face glowered close down upon his now, still with the same fell expression.

"The only thing I could have done," went on Jack, in describing the scene to me—and just here, he shall speak for himself—"the only means by which I might perhaps have made her relax her hold would have been by aiming one or two tremendous blows with my right fist (which was at liberty) at her face. Had it been a man's, there would have been no hesitation; had it been indeed that of an ordinary woman, at such a pass I should not have hesitated to strike her, to stun her, if I could, by any means: but that face, that I seemed to know so well, yet so mysteriously, I could not raise my hand against it, and, as my arm swung up with the first impulse to deal her a blow, it fell helpless by my side. Vain were my efforts to get her hand away from my throat; there was a terrible swaying to and fro for a minute or two, I felt the grip of the long fingers tightening, and myself choking. Suddenly we fell, the whole carriage seemed to be falling—there was a fearful jerk or two, a strange upheaving of the floor, a tremendous rattle and crash—I appeared to be thrown headlong to some great distance, and—all was darkness!"

The termination of that deadly struggle was brought about in a manner as marvelous and unlooked for as could well have been imagined.

Some fifty souls, say, were traveling in that train—all, save one, in apparent security. Jack's life alone was in danger, when, lo! by one of those marvelous coincidences which do happen at times in the supreme moments of existence, the rescue came, but at the cost of many a life, which but just before would have seemed worth treble the price of Jack's.

At the very instant that his might have depended upon another tightening grip or two from the hand of a maniac a frightful catastrophe occurred to the train. The tire of an engine-wheel broke and half a dozen carriages were hurled down a steep embankment. The scene that succeeded is, unhappily, of too common an occurrence to need more than a word of reference here. Seven passengers were killed outright and double that number slightly or badly hurt, the remainder escaping, as by a miracle, with nothing else than a severe shaking.

My friend was among the shaken. He had been thrown clear of the debris on to a soft, grassy spot, half bank, half hedge; emphatically, his life was saved!

But what followed it was that which caused the suffering—that wrought the terrible change in Jack.

In the darkness of that soft autumn night he strove, foremost among those who had been spared, to render such help as was possible to the less fortunate. When the official assistance came, and fires were set blazing to give light, almost his first care was to try and seek out his dangerous fellow-traveler. In the confusion nobody was prepared, of course, to listen to Jack's account of her, even had he been prepared then to give it. She was not, evidently, moving about among the crowd; he assured himself of that; but supposing her, like himself, to have escaped injury (and he concluded that this was likely), might she not, with the stealth and cunning incidental to her malady, be hiding, and be thus further eluding detention, become, with her homicidal mania, as dangerous to the community at large as some fierce wild animal would be? The thought made him shudder; he must lose no time in assuring himself of her fate.

As soon as an approach to order could be evolved out of that awful chaos, he had convinced himself that she was not among the injured. Then he turned to the dead. His eye fell upon several mutilated and motionless forms, which had been laid in an ominous row at the foot of one part of the embankment. Hers was not among them; he could find no trace of her.

At length, as a sickly dawn was beginning to make the search easier, he endeavored to discover the spot where the carriage he had occupied had fallen, and to retrace his steps (quite to the rear of the train, by the way) to the place where he found himself lying after the catastrophe.

By this time he had made known briefly to some officials that a woman was missing who had been in the carriage with him, and one or two of them followed him in his quest. Presently he realized pretty well where he had been thrown; he all but identified the spot. Then he scrambled through the hedge, and there, on the opposite side, on the sloping bank of a ditch, he beheld, lying quite still, her dark, unmistakable form.

He ran forward, and, bending over her and looking down upon the marble, up-turned face, saw at a glance that there was nothing dangerous about her now—those terrible eyes were closed forever. Except for a slight wound on one temple, whence a little blood had trickled, and the distorted but now rigidly closed hand, which had been so lately at his throat, she looked as calm and uninjured as if she were merely sleeping, while death had restored for a brief period much of that beauty, the traces of which had struck him when her vail was first lifted.

One of the surgeons here came hurrying up, in answer to summons.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "here she is, then, at last! Why, she must have been in the train. How on earth did she manage it?"

"Who is she?" inquired Jack, earnestly, with a strange return of the old, inexplicable sensation. "Who is she? You appear to know her. Pray tell me."

"Oh, one of our inmates; she got away yesterday morning; no one knows how;" was the answer.

"You are from Longmoor, then. How long has she been there? What is her name?"

"Oh, she has been there upward of twenty years, I believe; long before my time."

"And her name?"

"Upon my word, at this moment, I can hardly," went on the doctor, mechanically passing his fingers over one of the pulseless wrists before him, and with a calm hesitation which contrasted strongly with Jack's earnest, impetuous manner, "I can hardly remember. I think she was committed for the murder of her own little girl. It was a sad case, I know. Ah! her name; I have it," went on the doctor suddenly; "her name was Pallant—Rachel Pallant."

Jack sprang from the kneeling posture in which he was as if he had been shot. Why, that was his own dead mother's name! But, pshaw! what of that? Well, it was rather a startling coincidence; that was all. Ay, but was it all? Indeed no!

The quest led to a revelation. That inquiry fully explained what had been the nature of the influence which the weird, pale face and strange presence had had upon my friend.

The strong but subtle link, which no time or absence can quite sunder, existing between mother and son, had made itself felt the instant those two sat face to face, for the unhappy woman was indeed none other than Jack's own mother.

He had never been told—in fact, it had been carefully kept from him. Why run the risk of clouding for life that bright and happy temperament? He was only four years old when the dreadful business happened. Hence he had scarcely known a mother's care; she was lost to him and to the world as completely as if she had died. Nay, death would have been a mercy by comparison, and it was generally assumed that she was dead; only a very few intimate friends knew the truth.

The poor lady's mind had given way suddenly after the birth of a child, who did not live. Within a week, the homicidal mania possessed her; by the merest chance she had been prevented from committing some frightful outrage upon her little boy, my poor friend Jack; and restraint not having been put upon her in time—for her malady had hardly been suspected, so unlooked-for was its appearance—she consummated her deadly propensity upon her eldest child, a girl fifteen years of age—killed her, in a word, as she lay asleep.

And here, after a lapse of twenty years, was the climax and end of the tragedy, as dreadful as anything that had gone before. The order for release, when it came, brought with it as much suffering (to all but one) as had the order for captivity. No wonder that Jack was an altered man. I have never seen a smile on his face since—though I trust that time, with its healing influence, may at least soften the blow.

Thoreau's Thoughts.

When we cease to sympathize with, and to be personally related to men, and begin to be universally related, then we are capable of inspiring others with the sentiment of love for us.

What is peculiar in the life of a man consists not in his obedience, but his opposition to his instincts; in one direction or another he strives to live a supernatural life.

Do you know on what bushes a little peace, faith and contentment grow? Go a-berrying early and late after them.

Woe to him who wants a companion, for he is unfit to be the companion even of himself.

What does education often do? It makes a straight-cut ditch out of a free meandering brook.

Cheap persons will stand upon ceremony, because there is no other ground; but to the great of the earth we need no introduction, nor do they need any to us.

That virtue we appreciate is as much ours as another's. We see so much only as we possess.

Make the most of your regrets; never smother your sorrow, but tend and cherish it till it come to have a separate and integral interest. To regret deeply is to live a fast. By so doing you will be astonished to find yourself restored once more to all your emoluments.

There is nowhere any apology for despondency. Always there is life while life lasts, which, rightly lived, implies a divine satisfaction.

Whatever your sex or position, life is a battle in which you are to show your pluck, and woe be to the coward. Whether passed on a bed of sickness or in the tented field, it is ever the same fair flag, and admits of no distinction. Despair and postponement are cowardice and defeat. Men were born to succeed, not to fail.

Nothing is more saddening than an ineffectual and proud intercourse with those of whom we expect sympathy and encouragement. I repeatedly find myself drawn toward certain persons but to be disappointed. No concessions which are not radical are the least satisfaction. By myself I can live and thrive, but in the society of incompatible friends I starve. To cultivate their society is to cherish a sore which can only be healed by abandoning them.

No fields are so barren to me as the men from whom I expect everything but get nothing. In their neighborhood I experience a painful yearning for society which cannot be satisfied, for the hate is greater than the love.

The blue sky is a distant reflection of the azure serenity that looks out from under a human brow.

The Family Hammer.

There is one thing no family pretends to be without. This is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer with a handle that is inclined to sliver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon, and as smooth as glass. When it strikes a nail full and square, which it has been known to do, the act will be found to result from a combination of pure accidents.

The family hammer is one of those rare articles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out of doors in search of that hammer, and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails and mashing off joints and slipping off the handle, to the confusion of the mantel ornaments and breaking the commandments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics without let or hinderance. And yet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers, and if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost we kick up a regular hullabaloo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.—*Young Scientist.*

The editor who can cause the names of two subscribers to be written down where only one was written before, is greater than the man who invented the patent inside system.—*Quincy Modern Argo.* And the man who invented the "patent inside system" enabled thousands of editors to write down the names of two subscribers "where only one was written before." You'll have to acknowledge that fact after Dooley considering it.—*Monthly Union.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

An article in the New York *Sun* says that Holyoke, Mass., is the great center of the paper trade of this country. The town contains 20,000 inhabitants, of whom 4,000 are employed in the seventeen large paper mills of the place. The capital invested in the paper trade at Holyoke is estimated at about $5,000,000, and there are annually produced about 36,500 tons of paper. The mills are run by water power.

Henry Face killed the young man who had wronged his daughter, at Clerkenwell, England, and public sentiment favored him so strongly that a fund was raised to support his family during the year and a half of imprisonment to which he was sentenced. His escape from a worse punishment was regarded as lucky, and he went to prison in good spirits. But his daughter taunted him with being a murderer, and in consequence of that he hanged himself in his cell.

An association, under the name of the "Jasper Monumental Association," has been formed at Savannah, Ga., for the the purpose of erecting a monument to Sergeant Jasper, who on the 9th day of October, 1779, fell in the attack of the American forces on Savannah. The sergeant's exploit in leaping over the ramparts of Fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, during the hottest part of the British attack at that place, and fixing anew the flag which had been shot from its staff, will be remembered as one of the most stirring episodes of the Revolutionary war.

A Missouri farmer has been figuring on the damage done by dogs in that State. In thirty-two counties 10,602 sheep have been killed. He estimates the number of dogs in thirty-two counties to be 462,000; that a hog will thrive on the food necessary to support an able-bodied dog, and at the end of the year weigh 200 pounds; therefore, if the food for these 462,000 dogs was given to the hogs, it would make 92,000,000 pounds of pork, worth at least six cents a pound, or $4,550,000—nearly twice the value of all the school-houses in the State, and more than twice the amount used by the State for school purposes.

The classification of a company at one of the seaside hotels, by a child who had not troubled herself to remember names, has a great deal of significance. To her they were "the lady who whines, as if she were going to cry;" "the lady who talks about her headache;" "the lady who scolds the children for making a noise, and who plays the piano so much herself;" "the kind lady who speaks to all the strangers;" "the happy lady who draws pictures and lets us look over her shoulder;" "the young man who thinks he is handsome;" and "the boy who always offers to take you out in his boat when nobody else will take you." Truly, many things which are thought to be hid by the wise and prudent are revealed unto babes.

Even princes sometimes starve to death. Recently, the St. Petersburg papers announced the death from sheer starvation of Prince Serge Michaelovich Galitzin, employed as a censor of books, and removed by "supreme orders" to Odessa, where he took lodging in the house of a carpenter, occupying a dark, damp room, of such limited dimensions that his coffin could not be got into it. An inquir elicited the fact that for months he had subsisted on dry bread, with occasionally a morsel of cheese or an apple. He left no effects save the rags on him when he died. His mother is a wealthy dame, resident in Moscow, where she owns several houses, a fine mansion surrounded by a park and a fashionable nunnery. His wife—for the unfortunate nobleman was married—hastened from Moscow to attend the funeral, but was too late.

Words of Wisdom.

He that gets out of debt grows rich.

Light burdens long borne grow heavy.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously
Where the will is ready the feet are
light.

Agreeable counsels are rarely useful
counsels.

One triumphs over calumny only in
scorning it.

Talking comes by nature; silence by
understanding.

It is only for innocence that solitude
can have any charms.

No man ever yet looked on the dark
side of life without finding it.

Manner is one of the greatest engines
of influence ever given to man.

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through our vanity.

Conscience is the voice of the soul;
the passions are the voice of the body.

Men seldom improve when they have
no other models than themselves to copy
after.

We live to learn, but death comes to
thousands ere they have mastered the
alphabet of common sense.

Men spend their lives in heaping up
colossal piles of treasure, which stand at
the end like the pyramids in the desert
sands, holding only the dust of kings.

How many useful hints are obtained
by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views,
neglects the truths that lie open before
her.

Pride is seldom delicate; it will please
itself with very mean advantages; and
envy feels not its own happiness but
when it may be compared with the misery
of others.

A Queer House.

An eccentric Englishman has recently built a house in the Quarter Tivoli for the residence of himself, his wife and eight children, which is the talk of all Paris. It is circular, and has neither door nor window externally. The approach to it is from the ground floor on to the roof by means of a ladder, which is moved up and down by machinery similar to that of a drawbridge. There is only one floor, and that contains eighteen apartments, more or less small in dimension, looking into the center, which is lighted from above by a glazed cupola. One stove for all these rooms is in the middle, and in summer its place is to be occupied by an exquisite parterre of flowers. A circular balcony, open to all the apartments, surrounds this space. The motive for this oddity is, of course, only known to the author of it, but everybody can see that two points are gained by it—immunity from the taxes on doors and windows, and a perfect preventative of any attempt at burglary.

FARM, GARDEN, AND HOUSEHOLD.

Planting and Transplanting.

The well-known three requisites for the germination of seeds, says the *Country Gentleman*, are heat, air and moisture, but not light. In a cold soil they remain dormant; if too dry, they will not sprout, and if buried deep and compactly beyond the action of the air, no movement toward growth takes place. The small seeds of weeds often remain in the soil for years when turned under deep by the plow; when brought again to the surface, the new and copious growth which at once takes place has led superficial observers to the erroneous notion that they have sprung up spontaneously. Nurserymen sometimes keep peach stones dormant a year when they happen to have a surplus, by placing them two feet under the soil until needed. The depth for planting must depend largely on the size of the seed; and the general rule has been given to bury them from three to five times as deep as their diameter. This rule will vary somewhat with the nature and condition of the soil. If heavy and moist, the depth should be less than in a light, dry and porous soil. In a moist, well-pulverized soil, most seeds, whether large or small, will grow if merely covered and kept moist; but this condition cannot be commonly continued, as a few dry and warm days will dry the surface of the soil and prevent the germination of the seed. Hence the common practice to vary this rule with circumstances. Corn, planted early in the season when the ground is moist, will grow freely if buried only an inch deep; but under ordinary circumstances two inches will be better. It will find its way freely to the surface after many days when buried six inches below. Early in autumn, when winter wheat is sown or drilled in, the soil is usually much drier than in corn-planting time, and for this reason, although the seeds are smaller than grains of corn, it should be placed at a depth of two inches. In a dry spring corn should be planted deeper than in a wet one, and the old practice of pressing each hill with the hoe, when the work was done by hand, was useful when the soil was dry. When planting is done with a machine, a roller to follow the tube would be useful in dry weather.

In a dry season, as the present has been in many places, much care is required to impart sufficient moisture to seeds when planted. If the particles of soil are dry, the small grains or lumps which compose it will touch the seed only at a few points, and the chances for its germination will be small. Even if moistened by a shower, the water will be conveyed to the seed only at the few points of contact. It is better, therefore, to plant seed after a shower than before it, as the soil is rendered moist and yielding, and, pressing the whole surface of the seed causes germination at once. On this principle, experience has shown that under common conditions seeds grow much better if planted after than before the rain. The exceptions are, when the soil has been so finely pulverized that it eases the seed well on all sides while yet dry; and when the rain is so copious that it fills with water for a sufficient time the interstices which surround the seed.

The Rose Bug Pest.

Another bug has strangely increased in numbers, in the past two years, and it promises to be more troublesome than the enemy of the potato. The rose bug has come upon us in swarms, and it destroys not only our grape and peach crops, but our apples and plums, if unchecked. The best method of checking them it is desirable to learn, if there be any method. We have tried hand picking, whale oil soap, and a variety o agents, but our efforts have been only partially successful. The white hellebore dust is the most effective destroyer, but it is expensive and troublesome to apply. It occurred to us this year to take our grapevines from their supports and lay them close upon the ground when in blossom. This course saved our crop so far as the experiment was tried, and we present the plan for the benefit of grape growers everywhere. The insect cannot or does not reach the blossom when the vines are in this position, and no injury results to the vines during inflorescence. As soon as the fruit is formed, the danger is over, and the vines may be raised and secured to the supports. This we regard as important information, and it should be remembered. Our peach crop we saved this year by passing through the orchard and jarring the trees by a blow with the hand once or twice a day. The insects are detached from the fruit and fall upon the ground, and do not return to the fruit until after a considerable period of time. The better way is to place a sheet under the trees, catch the bugs and destroy them in a pan of whale oil soap suds.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

Household Hints.

Glass held level under water may be easily cut with a pair of shears or strong scissors. Cut a little at a time.

Never wash raisins that are to be used in sweet dishes. It will make the pudding heavy. To clean them wipe them on a dry towel.

In boiling eggs hard put them in boiling water ten minutes and then put them in cold water; it will prevent the yolks from coloring black.

To make macaroni tender, put it in cold water and bring it to a boil. It will then be much more tender than if put into hot water or stewed in milk.

All milk vessels should, in their last rinsings, have boiling water or hot superheated steam applied, as nothing short will destroy the putrefaction which is abundant in milk vessels not thoroughly cleansed.

To take out tea stains, put the linen in a kettle of cold water; rub the stains well with common castile soap; put the kettle on the side of the stove, to let the water get gradually warm; wash it thoroughly in warm soap suds; then rub the stain again with soap, and boil; then rinse.

Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea or coffee. Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands forty-eight hours. Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change to butter.

Small holes in white walls can be easily repaired without sending for the mason. Equal parts of plaster of Paris and white sand—such as is used in most families for scouring purposes—mixed with water to a paste, applied immediately and smoothed with a knife or flat piece of wood, will make the broken place as good as new. As the mixture hardens very quickly, it is best to prepare but a small quantity at a time.

The Owl's Matins.

Behold the East with gates ajar,
Through which the morning peeps.
Hail, dawning light and fading star!
Awake the world that sleeps!
Sing heigh ho! to whit, to whoo!
Fair Phœbus upward leaps.

The glow-worm pales her amorous light
The fire-fly flickers dim.
The god of day shuts out the night,
And lights the ocean's rim.
Sing heigh ho! to whit, to whoo!
The world awakes to him.

In flaming glow his orbit see,
High o'er the mountain crest,
Drips sparkling light from out the sea
And lights the owlet's nest.
Sing heigh ho! to whit, to whoo!
I take my flight to rest.

—*Christopher C. Merritt.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Hard money is that which is hard to get.—*Picayune.*

The letter D is truly an old salt—has been following the C for years.

James Liar and Henry Slander are two of the best citizens of Dubuque, Iowa

There are said to be only four word in the English language ending in c-i-o-n. What are they?

During 1878 there were 187 miners killed and 602 injured in the Pennsylvania coal mines.

We see a great deal about "spelling reform" in our exchanges. We don't think "reform" is very hard to spel'.—*Norristown Herald.*

There is a man in this city so averse to being dunned for his bills that he can't bear to see a crowd "collect" in the street.—*Boston Gazette.*

The man who got into a barber-chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck and began to read the towel may justly be called absent-minded.

A house in the Avenue de Clichy, Paris, was lately struck by lightning, which first followed a water-pipe to the earth, and then reascended to the fourth story.

Look not upon the watermelon core when it is red, and tackle it not heartily just before going to bed. A word to the wise is "nuff ced."—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

Kansas has now 559 churches, 69 of which are Baptist, 59 Congregationalist, 33 Lutheran, 22 Episcopal, 125 Methodist, 99 Presbyterian, and 15 United Presbyterian.

The *Railroad Gazette* says that John Houghtaling, of Rochester, is the oldest railroad conductor in the United States. He has served forty-three years, and is now poor and disabled.

Sh! Don't give it away. We keep a bottle with a stick in it constantly on our table. And we find that it adds much to lighten our editorial labors. It paste to keep it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The editor of the Hastings (Minn.) *New Era* was attacked in his office, recently, by three masked men, but he escaped from their clutches and now gives notice that he will be prepared to receive company at all hours.

A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked the meaning of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple as they start on the trip. He said, "To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slipper-y."

The small, meek-looking wife of Tom Cottrell, a Missouri horse thief, followed him weeping out of a St. Joseph court room, after his trial and conviction. In the corridor she flew at the sheriff like a tigress, threw him on the floor, and thus enabled the prisoner to mount a mule and escape.

The weather was getting cool and the empress told Peter that he had better get an additional grate while he was down town, but with his usual forgetfulness he came home without it, when his wife remarked, reproachfully: "Peter, the grate," and the cognomen stuck to him ever after.—*Griswold.*

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,"
There is a witchery in summer's kiss,
There is a spell that charms our tend'rer
moods
When day brings on the twilight's benefice.
There is a richness in the morning chant
Of birds just wakened from a night's repose,
There is a something in the onion plant
That's uncongenial to the average nose.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The maddest newspapers of the present time are those which are published in the Austrian lunatic asylums. Contributions are received from all the inmates who have either hobbies or grievances. Those who are afflicted with any monomania whatever may explain their delusions and support their convictions by argument and example. The logic employed in an article of a recent issue by one gentleman to disprove the belief of another that his beard was of heather and required constant watering, was so faultless and incisive as to have done credit to a Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy. Alas! he himself firmly believed that his own nose was made of sugar, and to prevent its getting wet, and consequently melting away, always drank through a straw.—*New York Tribune.*

A Russian Tragedy.

A sanguinary tragedy has occurred in Russia, taking its rise from the recently inaugurated wholesale slaughtering of plague-infected cattle. All the cattle in the Czar's dominions are subjected to a strict veterinary examination. Such as are plague-suspected, or as exhibit tendencies likely to expose them to danger of infection, are at once ruthlessly slaughtered. The carcasses are burned and the owners remunerated, unless they have striven to conceal the existence of the pest among their herds.

One Ivan Borksomvitch did, or is alleged to have done, this. The inspector, however, discovered that his cattle were diseased and came to slaughter them. Ivan refused to permit it unless he was paid. The inspector declined to sign the indemnification papers. A quarrel ensued, when Ivan assailed him with one of the slaughtering knives and disemboweled him at the first blow. The murdered man's assistants fell on the assassin, and in the melee which followed three of them were very seriously injured. Borksomvitch was finely secured and locked up. Next morning he was found dead. He had broken a tile from the porcelain stove which heated his cell and cut his throat with it.