A PICTURE.

I.

"A flood of sunlight through a rift
Between two mounds of yellow sand;
Three sea-gulls on a bit of drift
Slow surging inward toward the land;

II.

"An old, dumb beacon, all awry,
With drabbled sea-weed round its feet;
A star-like sail against the sky,
Where sapphire heaven and ocean mee ;"

III.

"This, with the waters swirling o'er
A shifting stretch of sand and shell,
Will make, for him who loves the shore,
A picture that may please him well."

THE FIRE-FLY CLUB.

"Welcome! welcome! a right royal welcome. I am delighted to see you again, my dear Emile!" exclaimed Charlie Sefton, as he entered the dressing-room of his friend, who was just completing his toilet. "I have just heard of your arrival, and hastened to invite you to the house to meet the club to-night; and you may consider yourself a lucky fellow; for I think I can promise you a pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most fashionable families in the city, and doubtless there will be a perfect rush. I am glad you have returned safely. How do you enjoy "a life on the ocean wave," and how did you pass the long weary hours? and how are you?"

"Why, I am here all safe and sound. But upon my word, Charlie, your volubility in putting questions began to make me doubt the possibility of a chance to answer you."

"Then your good looks shall answer for you, for I never saw you looking better; though traveling has effected some change in your complexion, I assure you it is an improvement, my dear Emile."

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied Emile, carelessly, as he gave a finish stroke to his whiskers.

"Ha! ha! as much of a fop as ever!" laughed Charlie.

"Well, you know, my dear fellow, that heaven has been lavish in good gifts to me. Certainly I can not complain of ill looks or bad address," was the conceited reply.

"Then I give you timely warning. You will require all your endowments to-night, for the reigning star is a cruelly cold fair one," said Charlie, still laughing.

"And why say you so? Have you been captured finally, or have you quietly surrendered at discretion?"

"Ah! my dear Emile, that has been the lot of all who have basked in the sunshine of her smile—still her star is in the ascendancy, and she moves on breaking hearts without an effort."

"May I ask the name of this dangerous siren?" asked Emile, becoming deeply interested.

"Charming Celia Bowman."

"And she is as bewitching as cruel, eh?" said Emile, dreamily.

"Aye! Her presence is enchantment. The most stupid becomes inspired, and pour forth their souls in poetry and music as they catch the light of her smile. Then, their woes she so prettily derides, that mockery becomes enchanting when falling from her ruby lips; all feel the stroke, but kiss the hand that smites them."

"The pretty tyrant!" exclaimed Emile.

"Ah, such a tyrant as you have never before seen," replied his friend.

"And nothing can be done with her?" questioned Emile.

"Really nothing. After numerous futile attempts, armed with love, money, and position, all that a beautiful and ambitious woman could wish, we stacked our arms en masse, and declared the fortress impregnable."

"I desire nothing more on earth than to encounter an accomplished coquette," said Emile, as he dashed some delicate perfume on his snowy handkerchief.

"I see you intend to attack her, but I caution you to beware," playfully added his companion.

"May not I be more lucky than the rest?" asked Emile, conceitedly.

"And free us from the bondage of her power?" laughed Charlie, as he rose to leave the room. "But again I say beware."

"Charlie, she has had her day; the hour of retribution is at hand; I will teach her a lesson."

Emile Sinclair was partner in a large business firm in the city, and had just returned from the continent where he had been for the purpose of opening a branch business. He was handsome, had a fine address, and full complement of poetry and sentimentality; which with his clear olive complexion, dark brown hair and deep blue eyes, constituted what the girls denominate "a love of a man." Of his inner man we will not speak further than to say, among men he was counted "a pretty clever fellow." But nature had bestowed on him a bountiful store of vanity. How far the effect of his being in the possession of a large fortune may have influenced the ladies in his favor, is impossible to tell, but certain it is, he had acquired no small reputation as "lady killer," without finding himself, at the age of thirty, possessed of unpleasant heart troubles.

"I will teach this saucy belle what it is to maltreat my sex," was the thought that filled the mind of our hero, as he wended his way to the house of Mrs. Sefton. "I will teach her a lesson, and revenge the wrongs of her victims. Of course she is some pert miss, with a pretty face and some sparkle of wit, without sentiment, refinement or elegance. I will simply make a plaything of her; take her to pieces and put her together with as much ease as a child does a chopped monkey. I will flirt with her to her heart's content; then expose all her imperious affectation. I will place the ridiculous points of her character in the most prominent light, and then overwhelm her with my wit, until in very agony of spirit, she sues for mercy." His dream ended here, for he had reached the brilliantly illuminated mansion of Mrs. Sefton. In a moment more he was in the midst of a scene of gaiety, which seemed like enchantment; look where he would, his eye met nothing but sweet visions of beauty. A band of music poured forth an unceasing flood of the richest and most inspiriting harmony, while the air was heavy with the intoxicating perfumes of rare flowers. What wonder that the eyes of Emile Sinclair flushed with an unusual brilliancy, or that his cheek beamed with pleased surprise, as he surveyed the magnificence before him. Charlie Sefton advanced to meet him, and led him to his sisters. The Misses Sefton were surrounded by a group of lovely girls, to whom Emile was introduced, but in so hurried a manner, as to leave him ignorant of some of their names. He soon fell into an easy conversation with one of this group, a young and exquisitely beautiful girl. Never had he beheld a being half so lovely. She was exceedingly fair, with large, melting dark eyes, which the long black fringe of the silken lashes half veiled; her daintily carved mouth was clothed with a most bewitching smile, while her cheeks glowed with warmth and animation; her luxuriant dark brown hair fell in profuse ringlets down her graceful shoulders, and which set off exquisitely her fair and rosy face; her dress was simple white, and displayed the outline of a form which was perfection.

"Will you dance?" asked Emile, anxious to keep her near him.

"I have refused quite a number of gentlemen," replied the beauty.

"But, you will dance with me?" and the look was full of entreaty.

"I suppose I must," and she allowed him to draw her among the dancers. A few moments more, and she was tripping away as gaily as if her soul was in her pretty feet. The soft, enchanting grace with which she moved and spoke completed the fascination of our hero.

The dance ended, he drew her arm in his for a promenade. Celia Bowman was forgotten.

"Do you sing?" he asked, looking into her lovely speaking face.

"Allow me a woman's privilege of answering one question by asking another. Do you write poetry?"

"You see my 'eyes are not in a fine frenzy rolling.' But do not you write as well as sing?"

"I am too merry to string even a few rhymes together," answered she gaily.

"Then you think to be poetical one must necessarily be gloomy."

"Not exactly so; but one should be lofty, thoughtful, dreamy. I am at a loss to express what I mean, but I fancied I discovered some symptoms of a poetical nature in your voice—in your air—in your—but, perhaps I am saying too much." She ceased speaking, and cast down her beautiful eyes with blushing timidity.

"I should like to know what you think of me," said he, after a short silence.

"You are very bold; suppose my opinion should not be very flattering?" and the gay girl looked at him archly.

"Then you mean to intimate that it is not?"

"Never ask a woman what she means," said she, laughing.

"And why not?"

"Because she means anything, or nothing, just as she pleases;" this was said with a mischievous smile, her merry eyes dancing and sparkling like diamonds.

"But still your words conveyed the idea that I should hear nothing very flattering."

"Do not believe my words," said she, softly, as she raised her eyes to his—those eyes which gave a spell-like power to her beauty.

Again they danced together. A lady gorgeously attired in lace and jewels, who danced near them, reminded him of Celia Bowman; for a few moments he regarded her coquetish movements; one gentleman stood beside her toying with her fan, another held her bouquet, to a third she whispered, on a fourth she smiled. Emile was satisfied that this person was the celebrated coquette. How tastes do differ, thought he, as he turned from the belle, and his eyes again rested on the charming face of his partner. For a time he gazed upon her without uttering a word, with eyes, in whose dark orbs the admiration he felt, was apparent to every one around. He was indeed the unconscious subject of general observation; and the spell that bound him was only broken by a tap on his shoulder by his friend Charlie, who was passing in the promenade with a lady on his arm; the arch look, and light laugh which accompanied it, recalled in a measure his self-possession; and now his whole soul became absorbed in the endeavor to make himself agreeable to the fair creature beside him. The young lady held in her hand a bouquet of rare flowers, and in apparent unconsciousness of her work of destruction, tore the delicate petals to pieces, and cast them from her, until the floor was covered with a variety of soft, lovely hues. There was a pensive softness in her air—her eyes were cast down, and a gentle flush came to her cheek, as he playfully gathered the rent and scattered leaves and placed them in his bosom.

"May I keep these?" whispered he.

"Oh, they are not worthy; they are torn and faded. I will give you something prettier," she replied, at the same time taking a white half unfolded rose-bud from her hair.

"I will look on this when alone, and dream of a far lovelier flower," said he, taking it, and earnestly pressing the hand that bestowed it; the pressure was slightly returned, but it thrilled to his very soul; and he fancied those soulful eyes beamed upon him with a dewy light, so eloquent with love and truth, that his heart beat with emotions undefinable and flew. Could mortal man resist for one moment the intoxication of that hour! The dance ended, a young gentleman claimed the hand of Emile's partner for the next set of lancers. Emile engaged her for the last dance, and walked with a proud step of a conqueror across the room, where he joined his friend Charlie Sefton.

"Well, Charlie, I come now claiming an introduction to the wonderful Miss Bowman."

"I don't understand you, Emile," exclaimed Charlie, looking surprised: "I thought you had been introduced to her."

"Why, my dear fellow, I have not yet met her."

"Not met her!" and Charlie roared with laughter.

"No, indeed, why do you laugh?"

"Why, Emile, you have been by her side all the evening, bending over her like one entranced," and Charlie laughed louder.

For a moment Emile stood motionless and speechless as the truth flashed across his mind.

"Surely—surely," said he, recovering his voice, "that angel cannot be Celia Bowman?"

"No other, I assure you, than Celia, the tyrant."

"Well, whatever she may have been to others, she will never be cruel to me! Charlie, she shall be the soother of my cares—the partner of my declining years—the——"

"Let me beg of you, Emile, not to submit yourself to the mortification of a dismissal," cried Charlie, interrupting him. "She is either fooling you, or you have fooled yourself."

"Why, Charlie, I hope you are not jealous," returned his companion, looking compassionately on him. "I begin to suspect you."

"Then I'll say no more;" and Charlie turned and left him, while Emile again sought Miss Bowman.

"I will call on you to-morrow," he whispered, as she prepared to depart.

"Oh, no—not to-morrow!" she replied.

"Why not to-morrow?" and his tones were full of melting tenderness.

"Because—to-morrow—but is it possible you have not heard?—to-morrow—to-morrow—I am—to be married."

Emile Sinclair looked around to see a dozen faces grinning with savage delight. Then arose the pleasurable anticipation, as he heard the galling laugh that followed him, of being ridiculed, bored and goaded to death in the bargain, if he remained longer, so with hasty steps he made for the door, and rushed from the house.

The next day, when Charlie inquired for his friend at his hotel, he was informed that Mr. Sinclair had gone west.

Musical Kites.

In Central Asia the amusement of flying kites is as popular as in Europe or America, but it is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by an emission of soft melodious murmurings at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, bird-like motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of a floating Æolian harp, and thus the flight and the sound of winged warblers are both imitated in the winged plaything. Maj. Abbott gives a description of these musical kites in his "Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva:" "Each kite is a square formed upon two diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected with a tight string, forming the sides of the square. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and the tail is fastened to its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal or cross-stick is then bent back like a strong bow, and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite. And, as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest."

Charles Greville wrote: There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, but I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk in it myself. I have not the familiarity with the poets or the historians which enables me to discuss their merits, and a painful sense came over me of the difference between one who has superficially read, and one who has studied; one who has laid a solid foundation in early youth, and one who (as I have done) has huddled together a quantity of loose reading, as variety, curiosity, and not seldom shame, impelled. One must pay for the follies of one's youth. Reflection of this sort makes me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think of my misspent life.

For a fit of passions—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting anyone, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

NUGGETS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Few Inventions and Discoveries—Matters New and Useful.

GLYCERINE AS AN ILLUMINATING OIL.

It has been lately discovered that glycerine of low specific gravity will burn with a steady blue, and non-luminous flame when heated to 150 deg. C. This will permit it to be burned by means of a lamp-wick.

THE "YELLOW SPOT" OF THE EYE.

From the examination of several perfectly fresh eyes, Dr. Schmidt, of Marburg, Germany, has come to the conclusion that the "yellow spot" in the human retina is not yellow, but dark brownish red. Its yellow tint is due to a post-mortem change.

THE TEMPERATURE OF AUSTRALIA.

Australia is one of those countries which has an apparently very comfortable mean temperature, 53 to 50 deg. F., but in reality very uncomfortable extremes. In June, July, and August the thermometer sinks to 27·22 deg., and in January it rises to 117 deg., and in some places to 125 deg. The rainfall is 25.66 inches a year.

PROMOTING GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

Some interesting and significant experiments on the influence of certain compounds on the germination of seeds have recently been made by Hackel, the results of which appear to confirm views advanced by observers years ago. Certain seeds which, when exposed to the action of pure water alone, began to germinate after eight days, when kept moist with iodine-water, germinated in five days. With bromide water the same result followed after three days, and when chlorine-water was used the interval was decreased to two days. These experiments belong to the order which "anybody can try."

ALCOHOL AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.

The anæsthetic effects of alcohol are sometimes manifested in a surprising manner. An old case is that of a drunken man who lay down near a top of a lime kiln, with one foot resting on a lump of limestone. The fire crept through the furnace until his foot became a blackened cinder, but his sleep was not interrupted, and the first intimation he received was when he was aroused at daylight and attempted to stand. Lately a similar circumstance has been reported from England. A drunken man lay down before a fire and remained there until the front part of his body was literally roasted. He died in a few hours after being found.

FACTS ABOUT THE ESQUIMAUX.

Although the Esquimaux are placed, as a race, low down upon the scale of humanity, they are said to have considerable inventive and constructive skill. Their boats are ingeniously made, and their ice huts are arched on correct mathematical principles. A recent writer describes, too, a cruel but really novel method in use among them for killing bears. They sharpen the ends of a piece of whalebone a foot or more long, then bend it double and wrap it closely in fat meat, which is exposed to the air till it freezes. These treacherous pellets are thrown to the bear, which bolts them whole. They thaw in his stomach; the bent whalebone straightens, and the sharp points pierce his vitals whenever he attempts to move.

INCREASED SPEED AND SAFETY OF VESSELS AT SEA.

A Mr. A Pierra writes to the Philadelphia Press that, after long study, he has made two inventions to increase the speed and safety of passenger vessels at sea. One he describes as a contrivance that can be applied with little difficulty to any ordinary steam vessel, and the other as a peculiar construction of the hull. He says: "My object in publishing this communication is two-fold; to place, without disclosing the result of my labors, my discoveries on public record, and to call the attention of inventive minds in a direction in which they may work out the problem of obtaining a high rate of speed for steam vessels. I believe in my schemes, but I am not blind to the fact that every inventor has faith in his own devices, and that the most plausible schemes in theory may prove utter failures when submitted to practical tests.

EFFECTS OF COLD ON THE CONFORMATION OF THE EARTH.

Sir Charles Lyell would have been delighted to chronicle the results of the late severe winter weather upon the configuration of the earth's surface. Several instances of unusually marked effects have taken place. Large landslides, attributed to the frost, have occurred on the chalky Danish island of Moen. In one spot several million cubic yards slid down. Similar occurrences have been frequent on the Seine in France. The cliffs at Sainte Adresse near Havre are suffering steady degradation by the action of the waves and weathering. The city of Caub in Nassau, near Bacharach, will before long be crushed by the fall of rocks not less than 600 feet in height. The catastrophe is reported to be so certain and apparently so impending that two rows of houses have been deserted.

THE GAS GUN FOR FOG SIGNALS.

A very ingenious application has been made of the explosive nature of a mixture of ordinary gas in air. There is established, at any point on the coast where a fog signal is desired, a gas gun. It is simply a tube of iron, connected with the gas-holder by the proper pipe; the latter, of course, may be at any convenient distance. The gas-holder is filled with a mixture of one fourth air, and the remainder coal-gas and oxygen, and this mixture is allowed to flow into the gas gun, when it may be fired off by touching a match to the proper orifice, taking care, of course, to close all communication with the holder. By using an electric spark, instead of the match, the service of the gun may be made still easier. The flash from this gun is said to illuminate the fog much better than that from the discharge of gun powder.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF LIGHT.

In a memoir on the physiological action of light by Prof. Dewar and McKendrick, these authors have especially directed their attention to the effect produced on the retina and optic nerve. Their inquiry divided itself into two parts, first to ascertain the electromotive force of the retina and the nerve; and, second, to observe whether this was altered in amount by the action of light. They conclude that the action of light is such as to alter the amount of the electromotive force to the extent of from three to seven per cent. of the total amount, so that a strong flash of light, lasting the fraction of a second, produces a marked effect. A lamp held at a distance of four or five feet, and, equally, the light of a small gas flame, after passing through a depth of twelve inches of a solution of salts of copper and potash, also produced sensible effects. When a diffuse light is allowed to fall on the eye of a frog, after the latter has arrived at a tolerable stable condition, the natural electro-motive power is in the first place increased, then diminished. The effects in question are caused by those rays of light that appear to be the least luminous; namely, the yellow and the green.

THE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The most powerful artificial light at present in existence is that employed for the great light-house on Souter Point, on the coast of England, near the mouth of the Tyne.

On both banks of this river there is an immense number of manufactories of all kinds, the smoke from which, under the influence of the west wind, seriously obstructs the approaches from the sea. Fogs at this part of the coast are also frequent, and the problem of light-house illumination required that such light should be secured as would penetrate through any slight fog or haze, it having been generally acknowledged that not even the sunlight itself cannot penetrate an ordinary dense fog. The electric light established at Souter Point is considered to be equal in power to 800,000 standard candles, being eight times as powerful as the best American fixed lights. The electric spark passes between pencils of carbon, which are themselves consumed at the rate of about one inch per hour. The electric current is generated by two of Prof. Holmes' patent rotary magneto-electric machines, driven by steam engines of six-horse power. The number of revolutions made by each machine is 400 per minute, and 12,800 sparks pass per minute when both machines are at work. These sparks are, of course, formed so rapidly that the eye does not separate them, and the result is an intense beam of light, so dazzling that the eye of a person within the lantern cannot rest upon them for an instant without intense pain. As observed from a distance of several miles, this light is so bright as to cast a well-defined shadow upon the deck of a vessel.

The Cow Theory.

Speaking of the cow theory—that is, that a man with five acres of land can maintain himself, his family and his cow—a writer in the Farmers' Magazine for last month has the following:

On Sir Baldwin Leighton's estate in Shropshire, England, pauperism is almost exterminated by means of the cow, it being the rule rather than the exception for a laborer to have sums varying from £20 to £80 put in the savings bank out of the proceeds of the sale of butter. I have seen the books with the sums entered to their credit. Most cottages have two or three small fields attached to the holding, mostly laid down in grass. The cow, however, is only a second string to the laborer's bow, and does not in any way interfere with his giving efficient service to the farmer, as the cow can be looked after by the wife, who makes the butter and sends it to market by the carrier.

We have frequently called attention to the great boon a good cow is to the poor man, and the large profits of a good dairy. This is especially the case where only a few cows are kept, and are well cared for.

A friend of ours, with three grade short-horn cows, has realized no less than ninety dollars from the product of each cow in a single season, besides the milk and butter used in the family. But these favorable results depend upon two conditions, one or both of which we frequently see overlooked or disregarded, to wit: First, That we have a good cow, good in form—that a profitable disposition may be made of the carcass for beef, when the cow is no longer wanted for the dairy, and a liberal and steady milker. It is incomprehensible to us that a poor cow should ever be used, when good ones can be obtained at so small an advance upon the common price. This is especially true where feed is high, and the animals kept with a view of supplying milk and butter for the family or market. Indeed, inferior cows should not be kept for any purpose, but should be slaughtered for beef as soon as their inferiority is discovered. To keep an ill-formed cow, or a poor milker, for a breeder, is even worse economy than for the dairy, as in this way we perpetuate and multiply unprofitable stock.

The second condition for success with the dairy cow is that she have plenty to eat and the best and kindest treatment. All farmers understand the importance of crowding hogs designed for slaughter—that it takes half as much to make an animal "hold its own" as to keep up the highest degree of gain, and that, therefore, if we only half feed, what is consumed is a dead loss; so it is when we merely keep alive young cattle or other stock. But in no instance does full pasture, or a proper supply of other food in winter, or when pasture is short, pay better than, in the management of the dairy cow, the more plentiful the food the greater will be, not only the yield, but the absolute profit.—*T. C. J., in National Live Stock Journal.*

The Story of a Pearl.

Arsene Houssaye writes from Paris to the New York Tribune: Here is a pretty story which has been quietly told so long that I think it time to tell it to you aloud. A certain jeweler has a pink pearl which is the joy of all eyes, but never goes into the world. Why does it dwell in perpetuity in the showcase of the jeweler? There is in Paris a lady of shadowy fame who thinks herself a woman of the world because she is very pretty and has a court of suitors. Her means of existence are not known. She came out one fine day from Poland, saying that her husband was a prisoner in Siberia. She is still young, and bears his absence gaily. When a man is dead in love with her she does not say like a celebrated actress, "If you love me, jump out of the window," but she tells you, "If you love me so much, give me the only thing I want on earth. It is an incomparable pink pearl which I have seen at a jeweler's, for which I thirst like Cleopatra." She takes her lover to the jeweler. He is himself charmed with this wonder, which seems to have fallen from the breast of Venus after having rested there a little longer than the other pearls. How could so beautiful a woman be denied a thing so beautiful? Especially as the pink pearl costs only ten thousand francs. No man dead in love could refuse it, especially as the jeweler accepts a check as readily as the cash. So the pearl is bought. A few days afterward the ardent aspirant is astonished to miss it from the lady's neck. "Ah," she says to him, "I have written to India to order one like it, and then I shall have two pendants worthy of a queen. Please keep my secret till I have them both."

And while she is thus talking to one, she is saying in the strictest confidence to another, "My friend, if you really love me so much, do me a favor. There is a pink pearl at my jeweler's worth at least 100,000 francs, which he would give me for 10,000, but my dresses have cost so much that I've nothing on hand for jewels. Help me buy this, which is indispensable to my happiness." She leads him to the shop like a lamb to the slaughter. "Is it not of the lovliest Orient? Old Homer's Aurora never sprinkled finer ones among the roses which she scattered from her fingers." Naturally the second does as the first, captured by the poetry and the mirage of the thing. It is always the same with the third, the fourth, and the fifth. "Above all, keep my secret till the other comes from India." Giving a pearl like this to a woman is not like giving money. It is unhooking a star from the sky; it is cutting a rose from the caliph's garden. This whole little comedy is so well managed that each simpleton imagines his gift a privilege. Who would not be happy to give delight to those beautiful blue eyes, full of poetic dreams?

So that, in short, since she has been in Paris, how often do you imagine that the jeweler has sold his pink pearl? Twenty-one times. Total, 210,000 francs; which the noble Polander from the ancient Poland has levied on the love of her neighbor.

A Strange Story of the Sea.

The London Times, of Saturday, the 17th of July, says: "A private letter received yesterday, in Sheffield, from one of the crew of the iron ship Glance, of London, which arrived in the Thames from Adelaide, on Thursday gives intelligence of a terrible event which recently occurred at sea. On the 27th ultimo the Glance passed an out-bound vessel, bearing the name of Jesse Osborne, and was hailed by the captain of the latter ship, who reported that one of his crew had gone mad; that for five days the maniac had stationed himself aloft, and that nothing could induce him to return to the deck. The captain further reported that the madman had armed himself with a large chisel, with which he was cutting the ropes, and that the boatswain had tried to bring him down. The maniac, however, threw a block at the boatswain, knocking him on the deck and breaking his arm and leg. As a matter of safety to his vessel and crew the captain of the Jesse Osborne considered that it was necessary to shoot the maniac, and after some consultation that course was decided upon. The crew and officers of the Glance were requested to be present as witnesses, and in their presence the man was shot with a revolver. In consequence of the way in which he moved about the rigging three shots had been fired before he was fatally injured. He fell dead on deck, and his body was eventually thrown overboard."

A London architect has submitted to the municipal authorities of that city a plan for a gigantic pyramidal necropolis, which is to cover five acres of ground, and yet be capable of holding, in its vaults, 25,000 corpses.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Kill Bedbugs.—Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add to this one ounce of quicksilver; apply with a feather in every crevice.

To Remove Iron Mold.—Dr. Thompson recommends that the part stained should be remoistened with ink, and this is removed by the use of muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of water, when it will be found that the old and new stains will be removed simultaneously.

Ginger snaps.—One teacupful of molasses, one of sugar, one tablespoonful of ginger, one-half teaspoonful of alum dissolved in half a teacupful of boiling water, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two of cinnamon, one and a half cupfuls of shortening. Mix soft; bake quickly. This amount makes quite a quantity.

To remove rust from steel, immerse the article to be cleaned (for a few minutes, until all dirt and rust is taken off,) in a strong solution of cyanide of potassium, say about half an ounce, in a wine glassful of water; take out and clean with a toothbrush, with a paste composed of cyanide of potassium, Castile soap, whitening and water.

Raspberry Sirup.—An improved method of preparing raspberry sirup consists in allowing the fruit to remain crushed for two or three days, then pressing out the juice and placing it in glass jars, the necks of which are closed by dipping in water. The juice ferments rapidly, after which the sirup becomes clear, and may be readily bottled and kept for use.

Preserved Cherries.—To twelve pounds of good cherries, stoned, add six pounds of nice brown sugar; cook slowly for two hours. These are very good for common use, but will not keep so long as where one pound of sugar is allowed for one pound of fruit. Another way: One peck of cherries, one quart of best vinegar, four pounds of sugar. Heat the vinegar and sugar together, strain, then cook the fruit in it till done. Leave the cherries whole.

To Extinguish Kerosene Flames.—One of the most ready means is to throw a cloth of some kind over the hands, and thus stifle them; but as the cloth is not always convenient to the kitchen, where such accidents are most likely to occur, some one recommends flour as a substitute, and which, it is said, promptly extinguishes the flames. It rapidly absorbs the fluid, deadens the flame, and can be readily gathered up and thrown out of doors when the fire is out.

A Good Cake when Eggs are Scarce.—One pint of cream, one pint of sugar, yelks of three eggs, soda, if cream is sour, and soda and cream of tartar if the cream is sweet; flavor to taste, flour enough to form a moderately stiff batter; bake in a loaf if you want a plain cake, or in layers if you want a jelly-cake or cocoanut-cake; make stiffer, and put in two cups of fresh, best currants, and you have a nice plain fruit-cake. The cake recipe should be named "hard times cake," as it is valuable to a person whose supply of butter, sugar and eggs is limited.

Pie-Crust.—The most healthy pie-crust is made of thin, sweet cream and flour, with a little salt. Don't knead thin. Bake in a quick oven. Another way is. Stir in the center a little salt and half a teaspoonful of soda well pulverized. Now put in the hole a cup of soft (not liquid) lard, or lard and butter mixed; stir it thoroughly with the flour; next add two scant cups of good sour milk or buttermilk. Stir all quickly with the flour, in such a way that you nedd hardly touch it with your hands till you can roll it out. Bake quick. This will make three or four pies.

How Salt Fish Should be Freshened.—Many persons are in the habit of freshening mackerel or other salt fish, and never dream that there is a right and a wrong way to do it. Any person who has seen the process of evaporating going on at the salt works knows that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the pan where your mackerel or whitefish lies soaking; and, as it lies with the skin down, the salt will fall to the skin and there remain, when if placed with the flesh side down the salt falls to the bottom of the pan and the flesh comes out freshened, as it should be. In the other case it is nearly as salt as when put in.

Saratoga Fried Potatoes.—The following is said to be all there is of the cook's secret for producing those world-renowned potatoes served at the Moon's Lake House, Saratoga Springs, every summer: Peel good-sized potatoes, and slice them as evenly as possible; drop them into ice-water. Have a kettle of lard as for fried cakes, and very hot. Put a few at a time into a towel, shake them about to dry them, and then drop into the hot lard. Stir them occasionally, and when of a light brown take them out with a skimmer. If properly done they will not be at all greasy, but crisp without and mealy within.

Potato Salad.—A most delicious dish may be made in the following manner: Cut eight or ten good-sized cold boiled potatoes in very thin slices, chop half a small onion and a good-sized apple very fine; pick the leaves from a large handful of green parsley, rinse and chop them. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping tray, sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion. Pour over the whole a cup of the best sweet oil or melted butter, and two-thirds of a cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully so as not to break the potatoes; put in a deep dish and garnish with parsley. Suitable for lunch or tea. So says the "Home Interests" editor of the Tribune, and no one better knows what is good and wholesome.

Oatmeal as Food.—A powerful competition for the patronage of the dyspeptic is oatmeal. This, however, is popular with classes not likely to be afflicted with indigestion. It is, and has been for years, used extensively by the Scotch and Irish. Laborers drink it freely with water in the summer. But of late years the use of this food has greatly increased among families reasonably wealthy, and many a breakfast table of this class of people would be incomplete without a steaming mess of this humble but wholesome article. The advantages of oatmeal as an article of food are getting to be tolerably well understood, and all persons who have commenced its regular use will agree that its nutricious and health-giving properties have not been overrated. Chemical analysis shows that oatmeal is richer than wheat in starch and the nitrogenous compounds, the first being fat-forming, and the latter flesh-forming constituents. As compared with barley and corn, oatmeal is found to still be richer in these elements.

Changes in the Earth's Surface.

It has been proved that the whole Pacific coast, especially California, with all its mountains, is perpetually rising, and that at a comparatively rapid rate. The land containing in its bosom our great American lakes is slowly sinking; while southern Indiana, Kentucky, and the surrounding states are rising. Geological investigations prove that our great lakes, except Ontario, had formerly a southern outlet; until, by gradual northern depressions and southern upheavals, a northern outlet was formed from Lake Erie into Ontario, about forty thousand years ago. This outlet, the Niagara river, is still wearing away its channel. The division line of the watershed south of the lakes and the Mississippi valley, has since that time been steadily traveling southward; and when Chicago recently turned the waters of Lake Michigan, through the Chicago river, into the Mississippi valley, the old state of affairs was artificially re-established.

New Jersey is sinking, with New York City and Long Island, at the estimated rate of about 16 inches per century. The coast of Texas is ascending at a comparatively very rapid rate, some observers stating that it is as much as 30 or 40 feet in the last half century.

Combining these observations with the results of the recent deep soundings of the United States steamer Tuscarora in the Pacific ocean, we find that the bed is evidently a sunken continent, abounding in volcanic mountains some 12,000 feet high, many of them not reaching the surface of the ocean, and others which do so forming the numberless islands of the Pacific. The study of the coral rocks proves that this sinking has continually been taking place during several centuries, and observation of the coast will undoubtedly reveal the fact that it has not yet ceased.

The most eminent German geologists and ethnologists now maintain that the locality of mans's primitive origin, the seat of the so-called Paradise, was in the Pacific ocean south of Asia, whence the race slowly diffused itself northward toward Asia, westward to Africa, and eastward to Australia. When the great Pacific continent slowly sank, so that the ocean commenced filling the valleys, man retreated to the mountains, which, by continued sinking, were transformed into islands, and now form the many groups of Polynesia. The insularity of the thus preserved races was not productive of civilization, which requires conflict, in which the superiors in the end gain the victory over the inferiors. In those islands, the inferior races were preserved for want of this conflict, hence their savage condition even at the present day; while primitively the greatest advance took place at the spot of the most intense conflict, the continent of Southern Asia.—*Scientific American.*

Interesting Reminiscences of Jefferson

[From Prof. Geo. Long's letter read at the Semi-Centennial of the University of Virginia.]

Early in December, 1824, I traveled from Washington to Fredericksburg, where I stayed all night. I do not know how I was known, but a gentleman called on me and asked me to his house; and I spent a pleasant evening. I saw some young Virginia ladies there, and I thought they were very charming. I was amused with the curiosity which my new friends showed to hear some news about England. A gentleman came up to me and asked how I left Mr. Campbell, the poet. Luckily I had lately called on him in London on some business about a relation of his who thought of emigrating to America, and I could therefore give a satisfactory answer. At Fredericksburg I first tasted corn-bread, and I used it all the time that I lived in Virginia. I wish that I could have it now. From Fredericksburg I had a two days' rather unpleasant journey to Charlottesville in the stage-coach. The roads were bad, the accommodation not good, and the company rather indifferent. The young men of the present day can hardly conceive what this road was then, for I suppose that there is now a railroad the whole distance.

At the university I lived at least two months in the house which was assigned to me in great solitude, and during bad weather it would have been still worse if I had not experienced the kindness of the proctor, Mr. Brockenbrough, whose wife's sister I afterward married. The other professors had embarked in an English vessel for Norfolk, and they had a very long passage. The ship was described to me as something like an old hay-stack. It could just float and go before the wind. I had more wisely embarked in one of the New York American packets from Liverpool. Since that time the English have learned to build good ships for the American trade. When my brother professors arrived at the university, they found me eating corn-bread, and already a Virginian in taste, and habits. Things were rather rough, but I have always had and still have the faculty of making myself happy under any circumstances. A few days after my arrival at the university I walked up to Monticello to see Mr. Jefferson. I made myself known to his servant, and was introduced into his great room. In a few minutes a tall, dignified old man entered, and after looking at me a moment, said: "Are you the new professor of ancient languages?" I replied that I was. He observed, "You are very young," to which I observed that I would grow older. He smiled and said that was true. He was evidently somewhat startled at my youthful and boyish appearance, and I could plainly see that he was disappointed. We fell to talking, and I stayed to dine with him. He was grave and rather cold in his manner, but he was very polite; and I was pleased with his simple Virginian dress, and his conversation, free from all affectation. I remember the interview as if it took place yesterday.

During my solitary residence before the university opened I visited Monticello several times, and occasionally passed the night there. I thought Mr. Jefferson became better satisfied with the boy professor, and we talked on all subjects. He saw that I took great interest in the geography of America and in the story of the revolution, and he told me much about it, but in a very modest way as to himself. He showed me the original draft of the declaration of independence, and he could clearly see that I was in habits, as I have always been and still am, a man who preferred plain republican institutions to the outward show and splendor of European kingdoms—when I say republican institutions, I mean genuine republican, for a republic may have the name, and very little besides that I value.

I often saw Mr. Jefferson between this time and his death. When he came on his horse to the university he generally called on me. His thoughts were always about this new place of education, of which he was really the founder; and though the first few years of the university were not quite satisfactory, he confidently looked forward to the future and to the advantages which the state would derive from the young men who were educated in the University of Virginia.

I remember well a long conversation which I once had with Mr. Jefferson on George Washington. He spoke of him freely and generously, as of a man of great and noble character. Mr. Tucker, in his life of Jefferson, has given the character of Washington as Jefferson wrote it, and it is, perhaps, certain that character was written at the time when Mr. Jefferson spoke of Washington to me, though he told me something more than the written character contains, but nothing that is contradictory to it. The character is exceedingly well written, and it proves that as a mere writer Jefferson might have excelled most men of his day.

I discovered that Mr. Jefferson was well acquainted with Polybius, who is not a good writer, but a man of excellent sense and the soundest judgment. The last time that I saw Mr. Jefferson, when he was suffering from a complaint which caused his death, he was reading Pliny's letters, and we had a conversation about a passage. A few weeks after, when I was at the Sweet Spring during the summer vacation, I heard of his death. There was much foolish display in Virginia, and some extravagant bombastic orations. Those who had more sense showed their feeling in another way. The man who had done so much for Virginia and the United States was honored for his services, for his talents, and for his grand and simple character. He ought to be revered by all who enjoy the advantages of being educated in his university, and ever remembered as one of the great men whom Virginia has produced. His great deeds are recorded on the epitaph which he wrote for his own tomb.

The Suttee.—Another case of suttee lately occurred in a small village in Lucknow, India. The following are the details of the case: Having bathed and dressed, the suttee went to the burning place, accompanied by her relatives and a number of low-caste Hindoos, who were in charge of the dead body. Wood being scarce, the funeral pile was in part constructed of other fuel, which was heaped around the woman as she sat with the head of her deceased husband in her lap. The pile was then covered with straw, her nephew handed the suttee a lighted torch, and in a moment the whole mass was on fire. The Chowkeydar and the policeman, when they arrived, found only a heap of ashes. About thirty persons, including the village headman and the woman's relatives, have been committed to the sessions on the charge of having been directly or indirectly guilty of murder.

AT THE DOOR.

The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my life are more;
And I scarce can see for weeping;
But I knock at the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray,—
But I come as he has bidden,
And He will not say to me, Nay.

My mistakes His love will cover,
My sins He will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gate of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go his hand,
I shall see Him in His beauty,
The King in the far-off land.

WRECK OF THE FLORIDA.

A Romantic Story Spoiled—A True History of the Affair.

Some weeks since an article from a New Orleans paper was extensively published throughout the country, to the effect that the crew of the schooner Florida, which sailed for California from New Orleans in 1849, and was supposed to have been lost, with all on board, had been discovered on an island in the Southern Pacific by an English vessel, which had been driven thither by continued storms. The crew stated that the Florida had been wrecked on this uninhabited island twenty-six years ago, and that in the interval they had not seen a human face. They declined, however, to leave the island, having established themselves in comparative comfort. The narrative was said to have created a great sensation among the surviving relatives of the crew, and an effort was stated to be on foot to fit out a vessel which should visit the island. A gentleman who was living in Valparaiso, Chili, in 1849, states that the Florida put into Port Famine, at that time the Chilian penal settlement; that the convicts boarded her, massacred all of the crew except a young man named Marcum, and made sail for the main land. On her way she was recaptured by a Chilian war vessel and brought into Valparaiso, where the gentleman referred to got the above details from Marcum's own lips. Marcum, whose parents are still living in Versailles, Ky., proceeded to California, where he soon after died of small-pox at Placerville, in that state. The British steamer Thetis had first seen the Florida after her capture by the convicts, and gave the information to the Chilian authorities, which led them to send out the vessel which brought her back into port. A revolution was in progress in Chili at the time, and the records of the event may be lost, but the full details were on the log book of the Thetis, which may be examined in the office of British admiralty.

Herzegovina.

The meagre dispatches which have come across the cable concerning the insurrection in Herzegovina give little indication of the importance which really attaches to the succession of troubles that have been breaking out within a few years in the northern provinces or European Turkey. The outbreak which immediately preceded the present uprising was in Montenegro, a smaller province adjoining Herzegovina, and both border on Dalmatia, which is a part of the Austrian empire. The fact is that all the Turkish provinces in Europe, north of the Balkan range of mountains, are alien in race, language, traditions, and religion to the governing power, who are Turks. This includes the large states of Moldavia, Wallachia, which have already achieved a sort of independence. Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Cromatia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro are still under Turkish oppression. When the Turks forced their way several centuries ago into Europe, the native population gradually receded before them into the northern provinces. The further north the Turks went the smaller were their numbers, and they composed a lesser proportion to the whole population. In the provinces we have named, the proportion of Turks is not more than one-fifth of the entire population. Four-fifths of the people are of Slavic origin, and belong to the same family as the population of Hungary and Transylvania, which are now parts of the Austrian empire. They are of a race that was among the first to adopt the Christian religion, and the present population is divided in dogma between the Greek and Roman churches, but with a large preponderance in favor of the former. There is, therefore, not the slightest sympathy between these people and their Asiatic Mohammedan rulers.

The news that Servia has begun to raise subscriptions to aid the insurrection, and is petitioning Austria to maintain a strict neutrality, would indicate that these Turkish provinces have determined upon something like a general insurrection and a blow for independence, if they can be assured of the moral support of Austria. What Servia has done, Bosina, Cromatia, Montenegro, and the rest, are ready to do in the common cause. If England and Russia would keep their hands off, there is no question but what the inhabitants of these provinces, in a united effort, would develop sufficient strength to throw off the Turkish yoke. There would also be an opportunity here for Austria to resume something like her former position among the great powers of Europe. There is certainly a close affinity between the provinces ripe for a revolt and the Hungarian portion of the Austrian empire; and, if they were joined to the empire, they would give Austria a population of from 45,000,000 to 47,000,000 in all, and add a rich agricultural district and a hearty people to the productive resources of the empire. In this way the little cloud that now appears in the obscure province of Herzegovina, no bigger than a man's hand, may yet overshadow all Europe, and get great nations by the ears. It is morally certain that the Slavic population in Turkey, north of the Balkan mountains, will not submit many years longer to the extortions and abuses which Turkey imposes upon them for the support of an extravagant and corrupt court and government with which they have no sympathy, and a religion which they despise.

Southern Waters and Southern Levees

The booming floods in the lower Mississippi, threatening general devastation at any moment, suggests an occasion for a word or two about a matter in which the whole country is interested—southern levees, and particularly the levees of the Mississippi. The New York Graphic, referring to this subject, has some timely remarks which we reproduce:

The Mississippi and its tributaries, forming the finest river system in the world, have been neglected till their value has become impaired and their future worth is imperilled for want of proper care and protection. While their banks were covered with forests they were controlled by natural laws, whose protection was ample, but the settlement of the country and the clearing up of the vast wilderness of the north and west have put the whole river system of the valley under human control and left it to the mercy of the government, which has done next to nothing for it, and what it has done has in many cases been worse than nothing at all. The time has now come for the nation to see and say what ought to be done to save and utilize these great rivers, on which the prosperity of the nation depends. It is a matter that no single state can manage. The welfare of fifteen great states is bound up in the preservation and development of that system of rivers. The Mississippi belongs to Illinois and Missouri and Ohio as really as to Louisiana, and belongs to the nation far more than to either, and it should be protected and utilized as a great national property and trust. The damage inflicted by these recent storms would have more than paid for all the improvements required on that river for the next fifty years."

Advice for the Married.—Preserve sacredly the privacies of your house, your marriage state, and your heart. Let not father, mother, brother, sister nor any third person, even presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you two alone. With Heaven's help build your own quiet world, not allowing the dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let alienation, if it occurs, be healed at once. Never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew or review the vow at all temptations—it will do you both good. And thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one.

Midsummer Fashions.

The novelty in belts is the gros grain ribbon, more than two inches wide, and worn about the waist, to fasten in front on the left side in a bow, with loops and ends reaching nearly or quite to the knee.

Undressed kid gloves retain their old favor and are much used not only in traveling, but for country and street wear. Cotton gloves, for extreme warm weather, come with kid finish backs and two or three buttons.

For indoors, beautiful waists and overskirts are made of lace and insertings (usually white), designed to be worn over silk and velvet long skirts, while if the wearer is possessed of fair neck and arms, a low bodice, without sleeves, and edged with handsome lace, is worn as an underwaist.

Hats of English straw are much more serviceable than those of chip, and consequently accepted as most suitable for traveling, and are unpretentiously trimmed. A twilled scarf of Madras plaid or plain silk, with or without the addition of a wing, constitutes the garniture of many.

The light airy dresses of organdy, linen, lawn, and other translucent textures, are fast being abandoned because of the impossibility of that crisp freshness which constitutes their chief attractiveness. Instead are worn over underskirts of silk and velvet over dresses of gay Madras plaids, soft India fabrics, batistes and ecru lace.

Traveling dresses are almost invariably made in three pieces, consisting of a plain cuirass basque, a long, full over-skirt, simply draped and finished on the edges, like the basque, with a piping, a crimped fringe or other equally simple trimming, and an overskirt sufficiently short to escape the ground in walking, and sparsely ornamented. The favorite color is brown.

Broad-heeled shoes, having a tendency to square rather than round toes, furnish the favorite walking boot, and a half-low tie is also admissible. Colored stockings are more in vogue than ever, and come both plain and striped. The former are the later of the two, and show the new red, for which there is such a furore. After the silk hose, the most expensive as well as the handsomest are of Lisle thread, and many of them bear the old-fashioned clocked instep and ankles.

Old Maids.

A writer on maiden ladies says: It cannot have escaped remark that to many minds in many cases it is considered sufficient to condemn a cause to say that it is promoted by "a lot of old maids." Sometimes they are "strong-minded females;" at others "blues;" but if you want to cover them with ineradicable ridicule, dub them "a bevy of old maids," or throw in the male friends who assist them in the promotion of their philanthropic or charitable objects, and facetiously term the whole "a parcel of old women of both sexes," and your end is at once accomplished. Why this should be so we were never able to understand. Age is surely as honorable in a woman as in a man. Celibacy can be no more worthy censure in the one sex than in the other. If it be, indeed the men are in the worst predicament; for it so happens that in Great Britain there are a half-million more women than men, so that the ladies could not all get married if they would. Nor are the professed misogynists at all consistent in the bestowal of their ridicule. Let a persevering band of spinsters strive to break down the wall of prejudice which bars their entrance to the suitable and honorable profession o medicine, for the purpose of alleviating the ailments of their own sex, and no terms of obloquy are thought too discourteous to apply to them. Let Miss Nightingale go out to Scutari to bind up the wounds and attend to the sick wants of soldiers brought fresh from the battle field, and she is a heroine. The woman as nurse may be deified, at physician she cannot be tolerated. Let women strive to enter our universities, the so-called nurseries of *belles lettres* and the arts, and they "unsex themselves," yet who think of "old maids" as they read the novels of Miss Austin or admire the pictures of Rosa Bonheur? Let them seek to obtain the right to vote for widows and spinsters who have the same qualification and fulfill the same state duties as men, and politicians are aghast. Yet Miss Harriet Martineau's "Political Economy" has been in its time a text-book, and Miss Burdett-Coutts was made a peeress in her own right for her efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes of the community.

The man who swears turns speech into a curse, and before his time rehearses the dialect of hell. He waits for no bait; but "bites at the devil's bare hook." The shrewd Quaker's advice to the profane youth, "Swear away, my young friend, till thee gets all that bad stuff out of thee," points to the real source of the vice; for it is out of an evil heart that proceeds evil thoughts, false witness, and blasphemies. We fear that the purest tongue will need purifying before it is fit to join in the celestial praise of God's upper temple. For that worship let us attune our voices by ceaseless prayers, by words of love, by earnest vindications of the right, by habitual "speech seasoned with salt" of divine grace. The melody of heaven will spring from a harmony of hearts; each voice there will bear a part in the song of Moses and the Lamb.—*Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.*

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