

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## News of the Week.

**DOWN EAST.**  
—James A. Cox, a promising young broker at Boston, is charged with "irregularities" involving \$200,000. His method was to alter the figures of stock certificates, raising certificates for one, two, and three shares, to one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred, respectively.

—Of the sloops of war ordered built by the last Congress, one will be given to the Norfolk navy yard and one to that of Charleston.

—The French Atlantic cable is again working.

—A great struggle is said to be prevailing in Shavoken, Penn., for the possession of over ten thousand acres in the anthracite coal regions, valued at \$20,000,000. One party has burned three houses which the other side erected, and retaliation is now threatened. O. H. Wheeler, of New York, represents one side and the Reading Railroad the other.

**OUT WEST.**

—A company of Colorado scouts and sharpshooters is to be raised to fight the Modoc. Gen. Schofield announces his readiness to accept their services.

—One thousand St. Louis ladies petition the City Council for the repeal of the social evil ordinance.

—Correspondence from all parts of Southern Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa, predict a large and excellent wheat crop, but short crops of oats and corn.

—From reports received at the Indian Bureau it is pretty conclusively settled that the working parties on the Northern Pacific are destined to meet with considerable interruption this summer from Indians along the route; and it will not be safe for them to proceed without military protection. The Indians are not only numerous in that region, but very warlike; and it will require a very large force to cope with them if they once start on the war-path.

—The Michigan State Relief Committee has closed accounts and handed a small balance to the Governor to be disposed of as he thinks proper. The whole amount raised for the relief of sufferers by the Michigan fires of 1871 was \$285,229.

—A dispatch from Gen. Custer, dated Fort Randall, Dakota, contains the following statement: Falls, the guide, sent me from Randall, reports positively that two hundred warriors and young men belonging to the Yankton Agency left their reservation a few days ago to join the hostile bands of the Upper Missouri, and the Indians will muster five thousand men this summer.

—Col. Davis reports that about half the Modocs, being whipped and hard pressed by Haebrouck, surrendered unconditionally. Davis says he will push the pursuit of Jack and party, and hopes to end the war soon.

—A special from Fort Hill, Indian Territory, says that great excitement prevails among the Wichita Indians on account of the murder of their principal chief, Isadawah, by the Osages recently. The chief was out hunting alone and the next morning his headless body was found with a bullet hole in the back. One hundred yards away, the head was found stripped of the scalp. Isadawah was a great friend of the whites. Seventeen years ago one of his warriors killed a sentry at Fort Arbuckle and the chief promptly brought the head of the assassin to the Fort. It is believed that the Wichitans and their allies will immediately take the war path against the Osages in spite of all efforts to restrain them.

—A new consolidation line of railroad from New York to Council Bluffs, Ia., has been organized with a stock of \$50,000,000.

—Lieut. Wheeler's expedition party leave Washington in a few days to anatomize the backbone of the Continent—the Rockies in Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico.

—Maj. Forsyth, now on an expedition to Powder River to select military posts for the protection of the Northern Pacific road, reports that the Yellow Stone is more navigable than the Missouri above Buford.

—Commissioner Meacham, wounded in the Canby massacre, is rapidly recovering.

—A special dispatch from Austin, Texas, says that grasshoppers in innumerable numbers have made their appearance in that State, and are laying waste all vegetation. In some localities they have entirely destroyed the corn, consuming it down to a level with the ground. They seem to be moving northward, and it is feared that Missouri, Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska will be visited.

**FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.**

—In the latest intelligence from Peru is a brief statement to the effect that of 80,333 Coolies shipped from Mexico to Peru during the past 12 years 3,827 perished from shipwreck, and five per cent. of the whole from sickness.

—The Emperor of Morocco has escaped a French invasion by paying damages done by his roving subjects in Algeria, and the expense of France's preparation for war.

—The Shah of Persia has reached Moscow, minus his three wives, whom he considerably left at home to mind the children.

## THE LOST PICTURE.

BY MISSA STEVENS MILLER.

It was but a little dreary face—  
There's many and many another one—  
With a lovely pose and a charming grace,  
And yet there is none that is like it—none.

Who may find it with careless eyes,  
This is not a shadow, a piece of art,  
But something to look at, love and prize,  
And press to your lips and hold to your heart.

Long and lovingly you must gaze,  
Lift it from the page and speak to you;  
Fancy the smile-like eyelids raise  
And the sweet eyes look you through and through.

Let your soul be filled with questionings and,  
And say: Is it best that she quit her play,  
And wonder and wait and be never glad,  
Calling me, calling me day by day?

Or is it best that she lift her eyes,  
Combing to those who are in my place,  
That the smile clear-eyed on the sunny skies,  
And laugh and sing and forget my face?

What if, under sorrow's sorcery,  
Lift it from the page and speak to you;  
On a wide and silent forgetful sea  
My darling's features should drift away?

Let your tortured fancy have widest scope,  
With meek and face and tresses bright;  
And then with a quick and sudden hope  
Say: It is all for her dear sake.

There's many a picture under the sun,  
With meek and face and tresses bright;  
And yet for me there is only one,  
And that—lost it yesterday.

**THE TEA ROSE.**

There it stood, in its little green vase,  
On a light ebony stand, in the window  
of the drawing-room. The rich satin  
curtains, with their costly fringes, swept  
down on either side of it, and around  
it glittered every rare and fanciful trifle  
which wealth can offer to luxury, and  
yet that simple rose was the fairest of  
them all. So pure it looked, its white  
leaves just touched with that delicious,  
creamy tint peculiar to its kind; its cup  
so full, so perfect; its head bending as  
if it were sinking and melting away in  
its own richness—oh! when did ever  
man make anything to equal the living  
perfect flower!

But the sunlight that streamed  
through the window revealed something  
fairer than the rose—a young lady  
reclining on an ottoman, who was thus  
addressed by her livelier cousin. "I  
say, cousin, I have been thinking what  
you are to do with your pet rose when  
you go to New York, as to our consterna-  
tion you are determined to do; you  
know it would be a sad pity to leave it  
with such a scatter-brain as I am. I  
love flowers indeed; that is, I like a  
regular bouquet, cut off and tied up,  
to carry to a party; but as to all this  
tending and fussing, which is needful to  
keep them growing, I have no gifts in  
that line."

"Make yourself easy as to that, Kate,"  
said Florence with a smile; "I have no  
intention of calling upon your talents;  
I have an asylum in view for my favorite."

"Oh, then you know just what I was  
going to say. Mrs. Marshall, I presume,  
has been speaking to you; she was  
here yesterday, and I was quite path-  
etic upon the subject, telling her the  
loss your favorite would sustain, and so  
forth; and she said how delighted she  
would be to have it in her green-house,  
it is in such a fine state now, so full of  
buds. I told her I knew you would  
like to give it to her, you are so fond  
of Mrs. Marshall, you know."

"Now, Kate, I am sorry, but I have  
otherwise engaged it."

"Who can it be? you have so few in-  
timates here."

"Oh, it is only one of my odd fan-  
cies."

"But do tell me, Florence."

"Well, cousin, you know the little  
pale girl to whom we give sewing?"

"What? Little Mary Stephens? How  
absurd, Florence! This is just another  
of your motherly, old-fashioned ways,  
dressing dolls for poor children, making  
bonnets and knitting socks for all the  
little dirty babies in the neighbor-  
hood. I do believe you have made  
more calls in those two vile, ill-smelling  
alleys behind our house, than ever you  
have in Chestnut street, though you  
know everybody is half dying to see  
you; and now, to crown all, you must  
give this choice little bijou to a seam-  
stress-girl, when one of your most in-  
timate friends, in your own class, would  
value it so highly. What in the world  
can people in their circumstances want  
with flowers?"

"Just the same as I do," replied Flo-  
rence, calmly. "Have you not noticed  
that little girl never comes here without  
looking wistfully at the opening buds?  
And don't you remember, the other  
morning she asked me so prettily if I  
would let her mother come and see it,  
she was so fond of flowers?"

"But, Florence, only think of this  
rare flower standing on a table with  
ham, eggs, cheese, and flour, and stifled  
in that close little room where Mrs.  
Stephens and her daughter manage to  
wash, iron, and cook."

"Well, Kate, and if I were obliged  
to live in one coarse room, and wash,  
and iron, and cook, as you say; if I had  
to spend every moment of my time in  
toil, with no prospect for my window  
but a brick wall and dirty lane, such a  
flower as this would be untold enjoy-  
ment to me."

as this that streams through our win-  
dow. The beautiful things that God  
makes are his gifts to all alike. You  
will see that my fair rose will be as well  
and cheerful in Mrs. Stephens' room as  
in ours."

"Well, after all, how odd! When  
one gives to poor people, one wants to  
give something useful—a bushel of po-  
tatoes, a ham, and such things."

"Why certainly, potatoes and ham  
must be supplied; but having ministered  
to the first and most craving wants,  
why not add any other little pleasures  
or gratification we may have it in our  
power to bestow? I know there are  
many of the poor who have fine feelings,  
and a keen sense of the beautiful, which  
rusts out and dies because they are too  
hard pressed to procure it any gratifica-  
tion. Poor Mrs. Stephens, for example,  
I know she would enjoy birds, and flow-  
ers, and music as much as I do. I have  
seen her eye light up as she looked upon  
these things in our drawing-room, and  
yet not one beautiful thing can she  
command. From necessity, her room,  
as her clothing, all she has, must be coarse  
and plain. You should have seen the  
almost rapture she and Mary felt when  
I offered them my rose."

"Dear me! all this may be true, but  
I never thought of it before. I never  
thought that these hard-working people  
had any ideas of taste?"

"Then why do you see the geranium  
or rose so carefully nursed in the old  
cracked teapot in the poorest room, or  
the morning-glory planted in a box, and  
the twined about the window? Do not  
these show that the human heart yearns  
for the beautiful in all ranks of life?  
You remember, Kate, how our washer-  
woman sat up a whole night, after a  
hard day's work, to make her first baby  
a pretty dress to be baptized in."

"Yes, and I remember how I laughed  
at you for making such a tasteful little  
cap for it."

"Well, Kate, I think the look of per-  
fect delight with which the poor mother  
regarded her baby in its new dress and  
cap, was something quite worth creat-  
ing. I do believe she could not have  
felt more grateful if I had sent her a  
barrel of flour."

"Well, well, cousin, I suppose you  
are right, but have mercy on my poor  
head; it is too small to hold so many  
new ideas all at once—so go on your  
way," and the little lady began practis-  
ing a waltzing step before the glass with  
great satisfaction.

It was a very small room, lighted by  
only one window. There was no carpet  
on the floor, there was a clean, but  
coarsely covered bed in one corner; a  
cupboard with a few dishes and plates,  
in the other, a chest of drawers; and  
before the window stood a small cherry  
table, quite new, and indeed it was the  
only article in the room that seemed so.

A pale, sickly-looking woman of about  
forty was leaning back in her rocking  
chair, her eyes closed, and her lips  
compressed as if in pain. She rocked  
backward and forward a few minutes,  
pressed her hand hard upon her eyes,  
and then languidly resumed her fine  
stitching, on which she had been busy  
since morning. The door opened, and  
a slender little girl of about twelve  
years of age entered, her large blue  
eyes dilated and radiant with delight,  
as she bore in the vase with the rose-  
tree in it.

"Oh, see, mother, see! Here is one  
in full bloom, and two more half out,  
and ever so many more pretty buds  
peeping out of the green leaves."

The poor woman's face brightened as  
she looked, first on the rose, and then  
on her sickly child, on whose face she  
had not seen so bright a color for  
months.

"God bless her!" she exclaimed un-  
consciously.

"Miss Florence—yes, I knew you  
would feel so, mother. Does it make  
your head feel better to see such a  
beautiful flower? Now, you will not  
look so longingly at the flowers in the  
market, for we have a rose that is hand-  
somer than any of them. Why, it  
seems to me it is worth as much to us  
as our whole garden used to be. Only  
see how many buds there are. Just  
count them, and only smell the flower!  
Now, where shall we set it up?" And  
Mary skipped about placing her flower  
first in one position and then in an-  
other, and then walked off to see the  
effect, till her mother gently reminded  
her that the rose-tree could not preserve  
its beauty without sunlight.

"Oh, yes, truly," said Mary; "well,  
then, it must be placed here on our new  
stand. How glad I am that we have  
such a handsome new stand for it; it  
will look so much better." And Mrs.  
Stephens laid down her work, and fold-  
ed a piece of newspaper, on which the  
treasure was duly deposited.

"There," said Mary, watching the  
arrangement eagerly, "that will do—  
no, for it does not show both the open-  
ing buds; a little further round—a lit-  
tle more; there, that is right;" and  
then Mary walked around to view the  
rose in various positions, after which  
she urged her mother to go with her to  
the outside, and see how it looked there.

"How kind it was in Miss Florence to  
think of giving this to us," said Mary;  
"though she had done so much for us,  
and given us so many things, yet this

seems the best of all, because it seems  
as if she thought of us, and knew just  
how we felt; and so few do that, you  
know, mother."

What a bright afternoon that little  
gift made in that little room. How  
much faster Mary's fingers flew the  
living day as she sat sewing by her  
mother; and Mrs. Stephens, in the  
happiness of her child, almost forgot  
that she had a headache, and thought  
that she sipped her evening cup of tea,  
as she felt stronger than she had done  
for some time.

That rose! its sweet influence died  
not with the first day. Through all the  
long cold winter, the watching, tending,  
cherishing that flower, awakened a  
thousand pleasant trains of thought,  
that beguiled the sameness and weariness  
of their life. Every day the fair  
growing thing put forth some fresh  
beauty—a leaf, a bud, a new shoot—  
and constantly awakened fresh enjoy-  
ment in its possessors. As it stood in  
the window, the passer-by would some-  
times stop and gaze, attracted by its  
beauty; and then proud and happy was  
Mary; nor did even the serious and  
careworn widow notice with indiffer-  
ence this tribute to the beauty of their  
favorite.

But little did Florence think, when  
she bestowed the gift, that there twined  
about it an invisible thread that reached  
far and brightly into the web of her  
destiny.

One cold afternoon in early spring, a  
tall, graceful gentleman, called at the  
lowly room to pay for the making of  
some linen by the inmates. He was a  
stranger and way-farer, recommended  
through the charity of some of Mrs.  
Stephens' patrons. As he turned to go,  
his eye rested admirably on the rose-tree,  
and he stopped to gaze at it.

"How beautiful!" said he.

"Yes," said little Mary, "and it was  
given to us by a lady as sweet and  
beautiful as that is."

"Ah," said the stranger, turning upon  
her a pair of bright dark eyes, pleased  
and rather struck by the communication;  
"and I hope she gave it to you,  
my little girl?" Oh, because we are  
poor, and mother is sick, and we never  
can have anything pretty. We used to  
have a garden once, and loved flowers  
so much, and Miss Florence found it  
out, and so she gave us this."

"Florence!" echoed the stranger.

"Yes—Miss Florence! 'Estrange—a  
beautiful lady. They say she was from  
foreign parts; but she speaks English  
just like other ladies, only sweeter."

"Is she here now? is she in the city?"  
said the gentleman eagerly. "No; she  
left some months ago," said the widow,  
noticing the shade of disappointment on  
his face; "but," said she, "you can find  
out all about her at her aunt's Mrs.  
Carlyle's No. 10—street."

A short time after, Florence received  
a letter in a hand-writing that made her  
tremble. During the many early years  
of her life spent in France, she had well  
learned to know that writing. This  
letter told that he was living, that he  
had traced her, even as a hidden stran-  
ger, by the freshness, the verdure of  
heart, which her deeds of kindness had  
left wherever she has passed. Thus much  
said, our readers need no help in finish-  
ing my story for themselves.—*Mayflower.*

**The Shah of Persia and His Jewels.**

Among the many notable shows  
presented is expected at the opening of  
the Vienna exhibition, not the least in-  
teresting to Europeans will be the shah  
of Persia commonly known as Nussur-  
ed-Deen, but whose real name, on the  
authority of Mr. Eastwick, is Nasir-  
ud-din Kajar. To most persons eastern  
personages and affairs are enveloped in  
a sort of traditional haze, not with-  
out a certain charm. The present shah  
is about 44 years of age, well educated,  
speaks Arabic, Persian, French and  
English with ease, and is endeavoring  
to bring his kingdom into sympathy  
with the states system of Europe. He  
left Teheran, a few days since, was con-  
veyed across the Caspian by a Russian  
escort, and by this time landed in Russia,  
and will proceed by train to St. Peters-  
burg, where he will be the guest of the  
czar till the opening of the exposition.  
After spending some weeks at Vienna,  
he will proceed to London, as the guest  
of the British queen. He will doubtless  
be feted at both courts, and perhaps  
subsidized by one or both ere he returns.

Mr. Eastwick, who has seen the shah's  
jewels, estimates their value at \$30,000-  
000. This is, no doubt, by far the most  
valuable collection of precious stones  
in existence. Among these is the  
Darya a Nur, the sister jewel to the  
famous Koh a Nur, which according to  
Persian tradition, was with it in the  
hilt of the sword of Afrasib 3,000 years  
before Christ. Rustam took it to Persia,  
Timour carried it away and Nadir Shah  
recovered it when he conquered the  
great mogul, took Delhi and carried  
away its treasures. The casket of jewels  
of the mogul was taken to Meshed by  
Nadir Shah, and continued in the pos-  
session of his descendant till Aga  
Mahomet, the founder of the dynasty of  
which the present shah is the fourth,  
swore off his treasures to Teheran, and  
is not improbable that some of the most  
famous jewels of antiquity in this col-  
lection, and among them the sacred gems  
that once adorned the breast-plate of  
the Jewish high priest.

## Pies.

The pie is almost an "institution" in  
America. A single New York bakery  
claims that it produces nine hundred  
pies an hour from one of its ten capa-  
cious ovens, and a total of fifty thou-  
sand pies daily, the year round, forcing  
the supply occasionally up to sixty-five  
thousand—probably on Fourth of July,  
or other festive occasions. Let the read-  
er busy himself with imagining the to-  
tal production of pies by this and all  
other bakeries of the country during a  
twelve-month! Nevertheless, these fa-  
cilities would be inadequate to the popu-  
lar demand, were the majority of our  
countrymen of a stomach as unbounded  
as that of the Dundee laborer, whom a  
Scottish journal commemorates. This  
extraordinary person, having not long  
since eaten nine large two-penny pies  
at a Dundee pie-shop within fourteen  
and a half minutes announced his pur-  
pose to eat, on the following Monday,  
twelve pies within twenty-five minutes;  
and, in fact, when the delicacies were  
put before him in the shape of a six-  
pound pile, fourteen inches high, he  
consumed half a dozen in five minutes,  
the next three at the end of eleven  
minutes, and the last three in six min-  
utes more, having ended his repast  
eight minutes sooner than he designed  
—possibly owing to the pangs of hun-  
ger, since he expressed a willingness to  
occupy the spare moments with devour-  
ing another half dozen pies.

With this item of news in fresh re-  
membrance, we chanced to read in a  
very old English newspaper the supper  
eaten many years ago, by Mr. Oakley,  
of Stanton, Derbyshire—a repast which  
makes the Scotchman's just recorded  
rather frugal by comparison. His first  
dish, says the report, was two quarts of  
milk, thirty eggs, half a pound of but-  
ter, half a pound of sugar, three penny  
loaves, a quantity of ginger and nut-  
meg, and an ounce of mustard, all boil-  
ed together; his second course was "a  
piece of cheese and a pound of bread  
to it;" the third was a half pound of  
bacon, a penny loaf and a quart of ale,  
followed by three half-pennies' worth of  
gingerbread and a pint of ale; his  
fourth dish was a custard of two pound,  
an ounce of mustard, some black pep-  
per, a pint of milk and three pints of  
ale to it. This banquet he finished in  
an hour, and then ungratefully com-  
plained of not having had enough; so,  
after running three hundred yards by  
way of an appetizer, he sat down with  
the rest of the company, who had wit-  
nessed his prowess, and drank pretty  
freely. Yet even this exploit is hardly  
equal to the marvel in digestion report-  
ed in the same ancient newspaper of a  
Truro porter, who, for a bet of five shil-  
lings, ate two pairs of worsted stockings  
fried in train oil, half a pound of yellow  
soap in the bargain. The losers of this  
wager might have been more cautious  
had they known that the same atrocious  
glutton once undertook to eat as much  
tripe as would make himself a jacket  
with sleeves, and was accordingly meas-  
ured by a tailor, who regularly cut out  
the materials, when, to general surprise,  
the voracious fellow ate up the whole in  
twenty minutes. Compared with these  
performances, some of the current prodigies  
of gormandism which the papers  
so often report are surely as trifling in  
amount as they are tame and uninter-  
esting in the character of their details.—  
*Lippincott's Magazine.*

**Bribery in the Past.**

In England for more than a century  
the shadow of suspicion of corruption  
has never been cast on the ermine of any  
magistrate. And yet no longer ago  
than the beginning of the last century,  
a lord chancellor, the earl of Macclesfield,  
was removed from office, fined and im-  
prisoned for receiving bribes. And a  
century earlier the illustrious name of  
Bacon was soiled by the taint of a pecu-  
niary corruption. It is not much  
more than 100 years ago—if the prac-  
tice did not last down to the end of  
Lord North's administration—that  
members of Parliament were bought  
for ready money by ministers, in sums  
proportioned to their market value.  
John Wilkes, in his famous No. 45 of  
the "North Briton," declared that the  
peace of 1763 had been carried through  
the House of Commons. It is on record  
by the evidence of John Ross Mackay, who  
was Lord Bute's private secretary, that  
this was literally true, and that the  
provisions of the treaty could not have  
been carried through the House with-  
out it. And Wilkes, writing from Paris,  
while in exile there, reaffirmed his  
assertion, affirming that the members  
of that House knew that it was extreme-  
ly true and was extremely scandalous.  
The precise sums which were paid to  
secure this end certainly a very good  
one) were £1,000 to forty honorable gen-  
tlemen, and £500 to eighty not less  
honorable but less valuable members.  
The private secretary of Mr. Pelham,  
Mr. Roberts, told a memoir writer of  
the last century (we think it was Wax-  
all) that he himself used to pay with  
his own hands the wages of these faith-  
ful servants of the minister, being from  
£400 to £800 each, conveyed in an ex-  
pressive squeeze of the hand on taking  
leave of them at the end of the session.  
When the Duke of Newcastle succeeded  
to the premiership on the death of his

brother, George II. demanded the book  
in which the record of these parliament-  
ary benefactions had been kept, and  
put it into the fire and held it down with  
the poker with his own annotated hands  
until it was entirely consumed. So  
that it appears that Charles Surface had  
some reason for boasting as to his two  
ancestors, who had been M. P.'s, at the  
sale he made of his family portraits, in  
the "School for Scandal," that "he  
verily believed that this was the first  
time that either one of them had been  
bought or sold!" Not to go back to  
the old days of the French farmers-gen-  
eral, and the sale of justice in the old  
French courts, the fall of the dynasty  
of Louis Philippe was mainly owing to  
the notorious corruption of the legisla-  
ture. Under the late Bonaparte the  
legislative bribery, if any, came from  
above, in the shape of imperial favors;  
and even his judges, though they could  
not venture to deviate from the course  
in political cases commanded by their  
maker, were never, we believe, accused  
of taking bribes. And no such imputa-  
tion has ever been laid upon the present  
Assembly by its various enemies,  
or upon the administration of justice,  
that we have ever heard of.—*New York  
Independent.*

**CURIOS AND SCIENTIFIC.**

**ORTHOGRAPHY OF WHISKY.**—The word  
whisky is a corruption of the Celtic  
word "uisge," or water—a verbal root  
which appears in the names of the  
Wisk, Ask, Esk, Exe, Thames, and  
other Celtic rivers; and "grog" is con-  
nected with the name of the British  
Admiral Vernon. A sailor used to wear  
a grogram coat and the seamen gave  
him the nickname of "Old Grog,"  
which was afterward applied to the rum  
and water, the use of which was intro-  
duced by him into the navy.

**IRRIGATION BY CANALS.**—It is more  
than 100 years since the Spaniards set-  
tled in New Mexico and introduced the  
practice of terrace irrigation. In the  
valley of San Antonio, Western Texas,  
the same system of watering land was  
commenced in 1718, and perfected in  
1740, or 133 years ago. Preston, the  
historian, describes, or rather notices,  
irrigating canals in Mexico 500 miles in  
length, constructed by the unknown  
but more civilized people of this conti-  
nent, who preceded the Indians found  
by Columbus. Our industrial develop-  
ment has not reached the point of dig-  
ging canals 500 miles long to manure  
cultivated and impoverished fields; but  
we are rapidly hastening to that neces-  
sary work.

**DECAY OF FRUITS.**—The rapidity with  
which fruits decay after they have  
ripened is owing to the development of  
certain fungi. Of one of these, the  
well-known mildew *Mucor stolonifer*,  
Wyllie Thomson says: "This species  
is often found on juicy fruits, covering  
them with white woolly patches scatter-  
ed over with small black heads, and  
producing a very rapid putrefaction be-  
neath the surface of the fruit. A num-  
ber of delicate branching filaments  
form a rich network in the substance of  
the fruit filaments, which are easily dis-  
tinguished from those of some nearly  
allied forms by their long, simple tubes  
without partitions. These delicate fila-  
mentous tubes, which are the parts  
first to appear and form the basis, as it  
were, of the fungus, are called the  
mycelium, and are found in almost all  
fungi."

**AN EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERA-  
TION.**—The *Lancet* gives an account of  
an extraordinary operation in which the  
nerves of the left upper extremity, from  
their origin at the vertebral column al-  
most to their insertion at the hand, were  
raised from their beds and subjected to  
stretching and pulling. The patient  
was a soldier who had been struck on  
the nape of the neck by the butt end of  
a musket, and following the injury  
there was the most violent contraction  
of the muscles of the upper extremity,  
attended by a loss of sensation in the  
skin over the same. This continued  
for nearly two years, when the opera-  
tion was performed by making three  
long incisions, one on the arm, one in  
the axilla and one over the left clavicle;  
the nerves were raised, submitted to the  
manipulations described above, then re-  
turned, and when the wounds healed  
the parts were entirely restored to their  
normal state.

**"KEEPING" ANIMAL LIFE IN ICE.**—  
Some curious facts with respect to the  
freezing of certain animals have long  
been known. During his voyage to Ice-  
land, in 1828 or 1829, Gaimard, having  
exposed in the open air a box filled with  
earth in which toads were put, opening  
it after a certain time, found the reptiles  
frozen hard and brittle; but they could  
be restored to life when put in warm  
water. Many ancient authors cite simi-  
lar cases, and we can almost bring our-  
selves to understand how a great Eng-  
lish physiologist might for a moment  
have given them the whimsical inter-  
pretation that he did. John Hunter  
fancied it might be possible to prolong  
life indefinitely by placing a man in a  
very cold climate, and there subjecting  
him to periodical freezing. The man,  
he said, would perhaps live a thousand  
years, if, at the end of every ten years,  
he were frozen for a hundred, then  
thawed out at the end of the term for  
ten years more, and so continuously.  
"Like all inventors," Hunter adds, "I

expected to make my fortune by this  
scheme, but an experiment completely  
undecided me." Putting carp into a  
freezing mixture, he observed, in fact,  
that, after being entirely frozen they  
were dead, past recovery. The case is  
the same with all other animals, as the  
late and very remarkable efforts of F.  
A. Pouchot have proved.

**WHAT ARE CYCLONES?**—Professor T.  
B. Maury, in a recent article on the  
subject, said: "The word *cyclone* has  
frequently, but incorrectly, been used  
as significant of an enormous or very  
violent meteor, as if its application was  
to be confined to the devastating hurri-  
cane of the West Indies or the terrible  
typhoon of the China seas. It simply  
means a storm which sets in a circular  
direction, and whose winds converge,  
by radials or simoons' spirals, toward a  
centre, moving in our hemisphere in  
the opposite direction to that of the  
hands of a clock, and in the southern  
hemisphere in a contrary direction.  
Taking this as the definition of a cyclone,  
it seems clear, from observation alone,  
that all storms are to be regarded as  
cyclonic. Volcanoes have been writ-  
ten to prove that this is not the case.  
But we have only to examine a few  
series of weather-maps from week to  
week to see that, wherever you have an  
area of low barometer, into its central  
hollow the exterior atmosphere from all  
sides will pour, and that in so doing a  
rotary spiral or vorticeous storm is gen-  
erated. The tornado, the simoons, the  
dust-whirlwind, the fire-storm, even the  
slow and sluggish storm which moves  
on our Western plains as the laboring  
wheel of the steamship buried in a  
heavy sea, all attest that a body can  
not move on the earth's surface in a  
straight line. It is not more true with  
us that the Gulf Stream turns to the  
eastward, the Polar Stream to the west-  
ward, and the equatorial currents to  
the northward, than that every air-cur-  
rent, in obedience to the same law,  
should turn to the right of the line  
along which from any cause it is called  
to move. The meteorist has therefore  
only to ascertain by observation where  
the barometer is lowest, to know at  
once the direction of the wind from the  
circumjacent districts, far and near, or  
at least to test the mathematical law by  
a grand experiment.

**TRANSMISSION OF BLOOD.**—The follow-  
ing is from the *Popular Science Month-  
ly* for April: The first experiment was  
tried on a man aged twenty. He was  
bleeded at 8 o'clock in the morning;  
eleven hours later all traces of irritability  
had disappeared from most of the  
muscles of the body. Injection in-  
to the muscles was begun at ten min-  
utes past 3 in the evening; the quantity  
of blood (which the operator took  
from his own veins) was enough for a  
limited part of the body; he therefore  
confined his experiments to the hand.  
Injection was made by the artery in  
which the pulse is usually sought, a  
little above the wrist, and of course, in  
the direction of the fingers; it was urged  
at first quite fast, then slowly. The  
blood, which went in