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NEWS GLEANINGS.

A Mormon has married a Methodist lady in Falkville, Ala.

Sackson, Tennessee, is to have a cotton factory.

The total income tax assessed in Virginia for 1880, was \$3,322,460.

Over 80,000 pounds of tomatoes have been shipped from Chattanooga during the season.

Montgomery, Alabama, has an artesian well that discharges 25,000 gallons of pure drinking water every day.

An oak tree on the Feyer farm, Page county, Va., is twenty-two feet in circumference.

The death rate in July in Chattanooga, on a basis of 17,000 population, was only a little over 18 per cent. per thousand.

Robert Thomas, a colored man of Cooke county, Tennessee, has bought the Carson farm of 205 acres, near Dandridge, for \$8,525.

Jefferson's old clock at Monticello is being repaired. It is a remarkable time-piece on a grand scale, and a splendid piece of mechanism.

A Mississippian by the name of Darling P. Dear, has died at West Enterprise. Wonder if the "P." stands for Pet?

The Coosawhatchie swamp in Hampton county is drying up rapidly, and quantities of fish are being devoured by the buzzards.

John Colbert, of Etowah, has lost three wives, being married thirty-six years, has buried twenty-two children, has lost one arm and thirty horses, and is but fifty years old.

In the death of Colonel Randolph L. Mott, of Columbus, Ga., the Macon Volunteers lost the last of the original and charter members. The company was organized April 23, 1825.

Cork trees are being successfully raised in Georgia. The cork on some of them is already thick enough for use. It is supposed these trees can be successfully raised in most of the Southern States.

Apalachicola, Florida, has a population of over 2,000 souls, forty or fifty vessels engaged in the sponge and fishing trades, and five large mills, with a capacity of over 250,000 feet of lumber per day.

Coal oil has been discovered near Mayflower, Arkansas, and two local companies have been formed, who are leasing all the land in the neighborhood. Prospectors and speculators are flocking in in great numbers.

John Boswell, colored, formerly State Senator in Florida, and a prominent candidate for Congress from that State, is now working out a sentence for disorderly conduct in the street-gang of Galveston.

A bill declaring a wife a competent witness against her husband, when she commits an assault upon her, has passed the Georgia Senate. Likewise, one to make it a misdemeanor to carry intoxicating drinks to any public gathering.

The Georgia Redator says "the House has on hand over 900 bills, or enough, if each sheet were detached and pasted together, to encircle the city of Atlanta, which is nine miles in circumference. No adjournment in sight, even with a first-class telescope."

The farmers in South Georgia suffer so much from watermelon thieves that they poison fine melons frequently to catch the thieves. A few nights since a party of young men of the best families of Decatur county were out late at night and took a melon from a neighbor's patch. All were desperately sick and one has died.

One of the finest light-houses in the world is being erected at Cape Henry, in Chesapeake Bay. It measures from top to base 155 feet; diameter at the base, thirty feet; at the top, 15 feet. It has six stories, and above there is a service room, watch-room and lantern-room. It is constructed of cast-iron, and the interior is sheet-iron. The light room is a circular steel frame, twelve feet in diameter and nine feet high. The glass used for the chimneys will be of French glass.

A negro boy living in Charlottesville, Virginia, fell from a tree about six weeks ago upon a sharp stake, which penetrated his liver. A portion of the organ protruded from the wound. Dr. William G. Rogers attended the case. He clipped off a piece of the torn and protruding liver about the size of a marble and sewed up the orifice. He expected the boy would die, but he got better from the first and is now running about as usual.

Kissing.
A lady of experience gives advice on kissing to a younger lady friend, as follows: "Be frugal in your bestowals of such favors. In the first place I would cut off all uncles, cousins, and brothers-in-law; let them kiss their own wives and daughters; and I would not kiss the minister, or the doctor, or the lawyer who gets you a divorce." You see this lady understands her business, and does not leave out the editor; he of all others needs these necessary attentions to "lighten up the gloom;" she's a jolly, sensible woman, with a heart in the right place.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

GRITTAU is anxious to be admitted to bail.

The Grango idea has just reached Brazil.

PROHIBITION was overwhelmingly defeated in North Carolina.

JIM KEENE, the great speculator, is not in good standing in London, report says.

There are 500 men in New York worth \$3,000,000 and over. We hold that they are lucky.

The President is now anxious to try his legs, but his back is a little bit too sore for that.

The yield of wheat in Indiana is estimated at 24,000,000 bushels against 17,000,000 bushels for 1880.

It has been decided by a Pittsburg Judge that insanity is not sufficient grounds for divorce.

MAY blessings flow profusely upon the heads of correspondents who have ceased to dilate upon the lunatic Guitau.

A THOROUGHBRED Indian has been appointed a clerk in the Indian office, and "things is a workin'."

MR. S. BULL refuses to ride on the cars. He thinks they want to get him where they can break his neck.

EX-MINISTER CHRISTIANCY has paid to Mrs. Christianity and counsel so far, for alimony and counsel fees, over \$24,000.

The real and personal property in the United States is valued \$70,000,000,000. It don't look like very much on paper.

SOME time ago Senator Ben Hill had a cancer cut from his tongue, since which time he has been unable to talk.

THE anti-treating law in Wisconsin is a dead letter. The people—that is, the drinkers—drink together just as they always did.

CANADA is not accused of stealing, but at the same time the Postoffice Department thinks they like to use our mail bags up there mighty well.

A St. Louis Fenian has a plan for sending up balloons and dropping down torpedoes on the hated Saxons, as a means of "freeing Ireland."

THE bullet in the President's body has been located by the aid of Bell's electric machine, but for the present the doctors will let it remain where it is.

THE Paris of America is called Cincinnati by the Louisville Courier-Journal. Watterson refers to excessive warmth. He is familiar with the topic.

LAWTON B. EVANS, of Atlanta, eighty-two years of age, is the youngest Master of Arts in the country. He received the degree from the State University at Athens.

A MOUNT peak on one of the mountains opposite Cornwallis, Mon., fell with a terrific crash the other day, thousands of tons of rocks being hurled into the valley beneath.

THE Philadelphia Herald says if you will catch a few flies and stick them in the butter you can imagine yourself at a seaside resort. The Philadelphia Herald is a pseudologist.

THE Ute Indians will be removed to their new reservation about the 1st of September. They consist of Uncompahgre, Uintah and White River Indians, numbering in all about 2,700.

THE Russian Jews are crossing the German frontier in considerable numbers, intending to form settlements in America. No obstacle is offered to their departure by the Government.

THE white woman in Ohio who recently married Wah Sing, a Chinese laundryman, has eloped with a white man. She got enough of the cheap labor business in a pretty big hurry.

IN ONE of his verses, Oscar Wilde, the aesthetic poet, alludes to "the barren memory of unkind kisses." An unkind kiss probably is the barometer thing within the range of human experience.

ECROPE will not want much bread-stuffs this year, and while the farmers may not be particularly pleased with this news, the poor man may laugh in his sleeve. Our granaries will not be overstocked from present indications.

AN EXCHANGE says "it is much safer to fight a duel in Europe than it is to call a man a liar in Kentucky," and we may add, the man who does not believe it had better try it, but fight the duel first to be sure you will experience both.

CAPTAIN C. A. COOK, of Brownsville, Ohio, made himself great by slapping George Morrison in the mouth for hoping the President would die. The way the cent subscriptions are pouring in upon him, he will be able to buy himself a farm.

A FRENCH newspaper tells a pretty tough story. A millionaire who lost all

of a large fortune but 100,000 francs, died of grief in twenty-four hours. His brother and sole heir died of joy on the sudden receipt of what he considered so large a fortune.

LATEST reports state that Jay Gould owns 7,000 miles of railroad valued at \$140,000,000. He seems to be getting the bulge on us. If King Kalakaua was smart now he would cultivate Gould's acquaintances. He could buy up his dominion and not miss the money.

C. A. COOK, Brownville, Licking County, Ohio, is the address of the man who was fined \$10 and costs (\$32) for slapping a man named Morrison who said he hoped Garfield would die. Morrison, at the time, was flourishing a revolver in protection of his right to his views.

THE Stenbenside Herald, a little folio paper containing only twelve columns to the page, is seventy-five years old. Its remarkable vigor may be attributed to that risible genius, J. W. Lampton, whose "mixed drinks" have been known to intoxicate whole families at one sitting.

THE spot where Gen. McPherson fell is described as a small enclosure, railed in with musket barrels, capped with spears, and covers a little glade in the forest, two and a half miles from Atlanta. From a granite base in the center a thirty-two pound cannon rises in the air, its square cut face rounded by a shell held in the mouth.

A WOMAN belonging to the sect called Perfectionists undertook to run herself to death at Dallas, Texas. She got the idea from the Scriptural passage about "running the race to the end," that if she ran till she died she would go direct to heaven. She could not kill herself by poison, but she resorted to drowning instead.

MISSOURI County, Missouri, is the great watermelon region of the world. Over 4,000 acres are this year devoted to watermelon alone, and the yield is about a car-load an acre, so that 4,000 car-loads will be shipped to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit and Indiana. Contracts have been made with many farmers at \$10 a car. The general prices run from \$10 to \$105 a car during the season.

THE homoeopathic physicians of Washington City are endeavoring to establish a homoeopathic hospital there. There are now 7,000 homoeopathic physicians in the United States, and the school maintains eleven colleges, thirty-eight hospitals, twenty dispensaries, sixteen journals, 105 local societies, twenty-three State societies, and one national society. There are thirty homoeopathic physicians in Washington.

MISS MONTAGUE, Forough's ten-thousand-dollar beauty, got sick, and as she had to be left behind, and it wouldn't do to be without a ten-thousand-dollar beauty, a Miss Josie Sutherland was employed to succeed her. Miss Montague now sees Forough for the \$10,000 which, the surrounding circumstances would make it appear, she never got. On with the music, and let these things all come out.

MR. HENRY VILLARD predicts that the Northern Pacific Railroad will be completed within two years. He also states that the Oregon Trans-continental Company, which controls the Northern Pacific and Oregon Railway and Navigation Companies, will probably build 800 miles of railway east of the Rocky Mountains and will have 2,000 miles of railway completed by the time the trans-continental line is open, and that the entire system will embrace about 6,000 miles of railway.

DENSELY the past year over two hundred men and women have emigrated from Georgia to Utah, converts to the Mormon faith. Several Mormon churches flourish in Harrison and adjoining counties of the State. A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature to suppress Mormonism in Georgia. It provides that any person convicted of teaching such principles or endeavoring to decoy emigrants to Utah, shall be fined not exceeding \$1,000 or imprisoned not more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

Reward for Lost Property.
One P. lost a diamond pin and published in a city paper the following notice: "Lost, \$25 reward—A diamond pin. The finder will be paid the above reward by leaving the same at this office." The pin was found by C., who demanded the reward, which was refused. P. then demanded the return of the pin, and on being refused, brought action in replevin for recovery. Held that the finder, according to the common law, becomes the proprietor in case the true owner does not appear, and meantime his right as finder is a perfect right against all others. And he is entitled to recompense from the owner for his care and expense in its keeping and preservation; but his status as finder, if only does not give him a lien. Yet, if such owner offers a reward to him who will restore the property, a lien thereon is thereby created to the extent of the reward so offered.—Wood v. Pierson, Supreme Court, Nebraska.

"Is what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

A MAN'S good breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY FAVORITE.

I know she isn't pretty,
Her cheeks are much too pink,
Her eyes are not so blue
As I should like to find.
If only she would smile
I could keep it neat;
No wonder, since her feelings
From a stoop's stocking feet.

But, oh! she's such a comfort
She never weeps,
To go and piddle in the brook,
To help me make mud pies,
To pick strawberries on the hill,
To play her notes in the sweet new hay,
Or in the grass, just so.

If I am sick or sorry,
She takes away the pain,
And when I'm sad, and mamma scolds,
She makes me good again.
I let her charming smiles,
When we're in bed at night,
And I don't mind the dark at all,
It's 'most as good as night.

I have another darling,
A beauty—Edith Grace—
With lovely, curling, golden hair,
And eyes that sparkle like stars,
But she swears face and satin;
She can't play in the dirt,
Nor wet, nor anything, for fear
Her fine clothes may be hurt.

GRANDMA'S STRATEGY.

It was one of those warm, bright spring days when little children are frisky as young lambs, and those of larger growth feel the confinement of the school-room irksome. The Mountville high school was under the best of discipline, but on this particular day the moral atmosphere seemed surcharged with electricity. The scholars were restless and their recitations imperfect. The professor himself was like a bottle of new wine, ready to explode at the slightest disturbance. The rhetoric class, composed of half-a-dozen young folks, was usually tractable enough; but to-day their minds were wandering off in the fields among the violets and spring beauties, to the neglect of their studies.

"Young ladies," said the professor, "I think I never had a rhetoric class before capable of doing so well, that did so poorly. You ought to be ashamed of your standing this month."

"I don't see the good of rhetoric, anyway, and it's an awfully dry, hard study," said one.

"You will remember, Miss Sophy, that your class took up this study this term by your own request. I warned you that studying Baring's Rhetoric was no child's play. But having undertaken it, I insist that you must do your best. If you are not more studious I must report you to your parents."

"Better not report me," said Clara Williams, in a low voice, not meant to reach her teacher's ears, but it did.

"Stoney girl," said he, angrily, "you may leave the class and go home, if you see your father this evening. My patience is quite exhausted."

Clara hastily left the class and walked home as fast as she could decently. She entered the house and reached her own room without being seen. She was angry when she left the class, and her rapid walk had not cooled her temper. She threw herself upon the couch in a flood of tears. "He had no right to speak to me in that way," she said, "and it will be mean in him to report me to papa. Poor papa! He has trouble enough about Rob, without hearing bad reports of me; and mamma said I must be a comfort to papa (another burst of tears). Oh, what shall I do? I wish I hadn't flattered my grandpa's vanity, and papa will be so angry! If I had only thought a moment! Oh, dear, I wish mamma had lived (more tears). What shall I do? Poor papa! I wish I hadn't spoken. Oh, dear—that hateful professor—what shall I do? and plenty more of the same kind, which at last culminated in this: "I'll go and tell grandma."

So down to the best grandma's room she went, and told her all about it.

"Poor child," said the old lady, "maybe he won't come, after all."

"But he will, grandma," said Clara. "He isn't a man to say one thing and do another; and papa is in such trouble about Rob. Oh, I'm so sorry I spoke."

"Poor, dear Rob," said grandma, "I don't believe a word about his being wrong; it isn't like him; the president is too hard upon him."

"But what can I do, grandma?"
"Dear child, maybe you had better see the professor, and tell him you are sorry."

Meanwhile Professor May was not in the most placid frame of mind. Esquire Williams was the rich man of the place, of high social position, and chairman of the board of education. It was not an agreeable task, certainly, that he had imposed upon himself—the complaining to such a man of his only daughter's doings. The professor almost repented his hasty words; but they had gone forth, and who should disarm them? So he climbed the stone steps of the Williams' mansion and rang the bell, conscious of sensations similar to those he had experienced when going to the dentist's with an aching tooth.

"Excuse me a moment, professor," said the "Squire," while I set this boy an example of filial obedience." As he left the room by one door Clara entered by another, and with a face all

bathed with blushes and tears, exclaimed:

"Oh, professor May, I am so sorry I spoke as I did this afternoon, and I will try never to do so again; but I wish you wouldn't tell papa. I will promise anything you ask, and I will apologize before the class to-morrow if you will only not tell papa. He is having trouble about brother Rob. The President has been writing to him, and we are afraid Rob will be expelled if he doesn't do better; and mamma said I must be a comfort to poor papa."

Here a fresh burst of tears interrupted her, and before the astonished Professor could find words to reply, her father's step was heard in the hall, and Clara retreated.

Esquire Williams had found the errand to the garden less important than he anticipated from the urgency of the message. His mother had sent for him to ask his advice about some trilling matters—only the transplanting of some currant bushes that Mike was engaged in. As he returned to the library he began to fear what he never observed before, that his dear old mother's mind was failing. He said to the Professor: "You were about to tell me something about the school, were you not?"

The Professor flushed, but managed to say: "Oh, nothing very important—I am sorry to trouble you, but—(Clara in the next room behind the doorway said: 'It will be so mean if he tells now,') but—we really need a new globe and more chemical apparatus. And I think, sir, the health of the school would be promoted by a better method of ventilation."

The Squire said he would lay these matters before the board at the next meeting, but advised the Professor to consent to so great an outlay at one time. The Professor also had doubts, but did not say so.

Somehow to Clara's dismay the Professor staid to tea by her father's invitation. At the table, as she sat demurely behind the tray and poured the tea, her small brother, in a low whisper (meant to be very confidential), said: "Grandma, what makes sister's eyes so awful red?"

The next day as soon as the rhetoric class had taken their places, Clara Williams arose and made a very humble apology for her conduct the day before, and begged her teacher's pardon, which no doubt was granted.—The Interior.

The Ways of Plants.

In a great many cases leaves are said to sleep; that is to say, at the approach of night they change their position, and sometimes fold themselves up, thus presenting a smaller surface for radiation, and being in consequence less exposed to cold. Mr. Darwin has proved experimentally that leaves which were kept warm from moving suffered more from cold than those which were allowed to assume their natural position. He has observed with reference to one plant, *Maranta arundinacea*, the arrow-root, that if the plant has had a severe shock it cannot get to sleep for the next two or three nights.

The sleep of flowers is also probably a case of the same kind, though, as I have elsewhere attempted to show, it has now, I believe, special reference to the visits of insects; those flowers which are fertilized by bees, butterflies, and other day insects, sleep by night, if at all; while those which are dependent on moths come themselves toward evening, as already mentioned, and sleep by day. These motions, indeed, have but an indirect reference to our present subject. On the other hand, in the dandelion (*Leontodon*), the flower-stalk is upright while the flower is expanded, a period which lasts for three or four days; it then lowers itself and lies close to the ground for about twelve days, while the fruits are ripening, and then rises again when they are mature. In the *Cyclamen* the stalk curls itself up into a beautiful spiral after the flower has faded.

The flower of the little *Lauraria* of our walls (*L. cymbalaria*) pushes out into the light and sunshine, but as soon as it is fertilized it turns round and endeavors to find some hole or crevice in which it may safely ensconce itself until the seed is ripe.

In some water-plants the flower expands at the surface, but after it is faded retreats again to the bottom. This is the case for instance, with the water-lilies, some species of the *Potamogeton* (*Trapa natans*). In *Valisneria*, again, the female flowers are borne on long stalks, which reach to the surface of the water, while the flowers float. The male flowers of the contrary, have short, straight stalks, from which, when mature, the pollen detaches itself, rises to the surface, and floating freely on it, is wafted about, so that it comes in contact with the female flowers. After fertilization, however, the long stalk coils up spirally, and carries the ovary down to the bottom, where the seeds can ripen with great safety.—Sir John Lubbock, in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

Some Definitions.

One of Thackeray's daughters has just published a little book about her friend, Miss Evans, in which she prints some delightful definitions made by that lady. Some of these are as follow:

"A privileged person—One who is so much a savage when thwarted that civilized persons avoid thwarting him."

"A liberal-minded man—One who disdains to prefer right to wrong."

"Radicals—Men who maintain the supposed right of each of us to help ruin us."

"Liberals—Men who flatter Radicals."

"Conservatives—Men who give way to Radicals."

"A domestic woman—A woman like a domestic."

"Humor—Thinking in fun while we feel in earnest."

"A musical woman—One who has strength enough to make much noise, and obtuseness enough not to mind it."

A GENTLEMAN and three ladies who must have had a great deal of spare time have found by count that a blonde has about 140,000 hairs on her scalp; a brunette, 100,000; and a red-haired beauty only 88,000. This last provision of nature is undoubtedly to prevent involuntary faccidarianism.

FEELING THE EARTH MOVE.

Account of Some Experiments of the Wind by a Philosopher on the Roof.

[New York Special.]

"Would you like to feel the motion of the earth whirling on its axis just as you feel the motion of a buggy by the air driven against your face?"

The man who asked this singular question looked both sane and serious. As he spoke he touched with his finger a small globe, which, with the slight impulse thus communicated, began to revolve smoothly and swiftly within a brass ring and a broad wooden zone, on which were pictured the twelve signs of the zodiac. The green painted oceans and the variously tinted continents, on the little globe blended into a confused jumble of color with the motion. Europe and America, the Atlantic and the Pacific lost their outlines. Greenland made a dark circle about the pole like a streak on a boy's top.

"You know the earth is whirling like that—many times faster than that," said the philosopher, "and if the atmosphere did not partake of the same motion it would be a constant hurricane blowing at the rate of a thousand miles an hour. Most persons accept the explanation that the atmosphere revolves as fast as the solid ground without inquiring any further, and so they lose sight of one of the most startling facts in nature. Just step up here."

The reporter followed the philosopher to the flat roof of the house.

"Don't you feel that?" asked the philosopher, putting his hand to his cheek.

"I feel a wind from the northeast," replied the reporter.

"Well, that's it, then," said the philosopher. "As the surface of the earth revolves eastward, it meets a current of air flowing from the north, which has not yet acquired a velocity of rotation equal to that of the ground it passes over. So objects on the earth are driven by the earth's motion through air that is moving more slowly to the eastward than they are. The result is that the wind which started to blow from the poles toward the equator, instead of moving straight from north to south appears to come from the northeast. The reason of this will be plain the minute you look at a revolving globe. You see the circle close to the poles, the revolution of the surface is very much slower than at the equator, just as a point on the hub of a wheel moves more slowly than a point on the tire.

"You must not, however, suppose that every wind from the northeast is the result of this curious law. In fact, in this latitude it is very difficult to say when the true wind of revolution, if I may so speak of it, is felt, because there are many local causes that govern the direction of the wind. Nevertheless, whenever a current of air starts from the far north toward the equator, this phenomenon will be experienced in all the places it passes over, although it is very often obscured by the changes of direction caused by ranges of mountains, great valleys and local temperatures. You see the fact remains that we can feel at the wind the whirling of our globe about its axis. In the tropics this phenomenon manifests itself perfectly in the famous trade winds; those winds which are fertilized by bees, butterflies, and other day insects, sleep by night, if at all; while those which are dependent on moths come themselves toward evening, as already mentioned, and sleep by day. These motions, indeed, have but an indirect reference to our present subject. On the other hand, in the dandelion (*Leontodon*), the flower-stalk is upright while the flower is expanded, a period which lasts for three or four days; it then lowers itself and lies close to the ground for about twelve days, while the fruits are ripening, and then rises again when they are mature. In the *Cyclamen* the stalk curls itself up into a beautiful spiral after the flower has faded.

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The Style.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, style, yet in all of them there is a strange diversity of opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nation, adores it under a different form. In England an honest citizen picks up himself, his family, and his style in a buggy or timewhisky, and rattles away to spend Sunday. A baronet requires a chariot and pair a lord must needs have a harem of four; but a duke, O a duke, cannot possibly number his style under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen. This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a household, for no sooner do they set up for style, than all the honest old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded, and you stalk cautiously about, among the uncomfortable splendor of a room of state, Egyptian tables and Etruscan vases. The vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment, and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience, now employs half a dozen for style. Bell Brazen was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arena. She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lay down to take an afternoon's stroll but she must have one servant to scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delicate person while she slumbered. The thing took—it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned and scratched and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd.—Living.

SAYS THE *Hawkeye* solemnly: "Yes, daughter, you should go somewhere this summer. You cannot stay at home during warm weather and live. To be sure your mother, who hasn't been out of town since she was married, can stand it; but then she is old-fashioned and doesn't know any better, and besides, she has fun enough doing the washing and ironing. By all means go. Get a linen duster and a basket and go at once."

BITS OF INFORMATION.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVENANT invented his safety lamp, to prevent accidents which are liable to occur in coal mines, so early as 1815.

The signature of "Boz," used by Dickens, was adopted from "Moses," pronounced through the nose—a nickname of his younger brother.

The phrase "piping hot" originated from the custom of a baker blowing a pipe or horn in the villages of England to let the people know he had just drawn his bread hot from the oven.

MOLASSES, liquorice paste, a decoction of figs, and glycerine are used in the sweet taste, give color and prevent rapid drying; common salt and other salts are used for flavoring; anise and other aromatics are added for their flavor.

BANCROFT, in his history, has the following in regard to the introduction of slaves into what is now United States territory: "In the month of August, 1619; a Dutch man-of-war entered James river and landed twenty negroes for sale. This, indeed, was a sad introduction of negro slavery in the English colonies."

The most of the authorities make the date December, 1620.

Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, life-time editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb." The origin of the poem is this: A daughter of Mrs. Hale's neighbor was taken very ill, and the doctor was asking the girl's mother what she had been eating. Mrs. Hale, who had just come over to the house, heard the mother say: "Mary had a little lamb, and Mary loves lambs, you know." These simple words touched Mrs. Hale so deeply that she went home and wrote the immortal poem.

It is said that the custom of presenting eggs at Easter is the survival of an old pagan custom celebrating the anniversary of the creation or the deluge. The egg presented by the pagans was an allusion to the mandrake egg, for which Ormuzd and Ahirman were to contend till the consummation of all things. The custom of dyeing eggs at Easter is very old and common to all countries, but may have been taken back to the East by Christian travelers.

The house of John O'Groat's was situated on Duncan's Bay Head, the most northerly point in Great Britain. It received its name from John O'Groat and his brothers, who came