

Wonders of Plants and Flowers.

Most of the flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves close during the passage of a cloud. The dandelion opens at five or six in the morning, and shuts at nine in the evening; the daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early beams of the morning sun. The ivy-leaved lettuce opens at eight in the morning and closes forever at four in the afternoon. The night flowering cereus turns night into day. It begins to expand its magnificent sweet-scented blossoms in the twilight, it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes forever at the dawn of day. In a clover field not a leaf is open until after sunrise. There are some plants that may be used as weather prophets. The pimpernel spreads its leaves at the end of wet weather, while the different species of clover contract theirs. If the chickweed droops and its flowers are not open, there is rain in prospect. The crowfoot anemone foretells the coming of rain by closing its blossoms; the anemone mentaisa carries its flowers erect when the weather is fine, and drooping when overcast. It will raise if the whitlow grass lets its leaves hang drooping, if the gallium verum swells and exhales strongly, also if the birch scents the air.

The sensitiveness of plants to light, heat and moisture was made by Linnæus, the great botanist, the basis of many experiments and observations, resulting in the arrangement called his "floral clock." It is a curious fact that there are 24 varieties of plants whose blossoms open successively at the different hours of the day and night. The flowers of the water lily close and sink into the water precisely at sunset, rise again to the surface and expand with sunrise. Pliny described the lotus of the Euphrates, which followed the same order; and the reverence which was paid to the lotus by the Egyptians is supposed by some to be from this association with the sacred sun. Flowers and fruits of the lotus are engraved on Eastern tombs and monuments, and adorn the heads of their sculptured deities. Besides the "floral clock," there is a floral calendar, in which each month is marked by its own loyal flower.

It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at an untimely hour by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light at night, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up, from force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and accepted the night for the day without any apparent ill effects.

We notice that an Italian chemist has recently made some experiments which have resulted in the discovery that vegetable perfumes exercise a positively healthful influence upon the atmosphere by converting its oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxidizing influences. The essences found to develop the largest quantity of ozone are those of the cherry, laurel, clover, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, fennel and bergamot; those that give smaller quantities are anise, nutmeg and thyme. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop ozone, and those which have but slight perfume develop it only in small quantities. Reasoning from these facts, the Professor recommends the cultivation of flowers in marshy districts and in all places infested with animal emanations, on account of the powerful oxidizing influences of ozone. The inhabitants of such regions should, he says, surround their houses with beds of the most odorous flowers. There is a mystery about perfume. It eludes the most subtle

analysis. So fine, so subtle, so imponderable, it has eluded our most delicate measures and our strongest lenses. If we could come to the essence of each odor we would make an enormous stride in hygiene and in chemistry, and no profession would profit so much by it as the medical profession if it could be conclusively demonstrated that such an odor proceeded from such and such a cause, as we already know of sulphur, sulphurate-hydrogen, ammonia, and the like.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

High-sounding Words.

In Dr. Farrar's interesting work on "Families of Speech," he illustrates by examples the strange freaks which words are made to play in the languages of uncivilized peoples. Savages, like ignorant persons in civilized lands, are fond of high-sounding words, of which the following specimens are given:

"Day" in Pawnee is "shakoorooce-hairet." In Katskanai, a language of Athabasca, in the north of this continent, the word for "tooth" is "khotzkatkathasia, and that for "tongue" is such that we should think no one would wish to utter more than once or twice in his life. It is this: "Khotzokhtzitzk-hlitsaha." "Star" in Chenook is "tkhkhkhanama."

"These are vocables," as De Quincey says, "enough to split the teeth of a crocodile."

The Mexicans are notorious for their long words. In Mexican the common address to a priest is the one word, "Notlazomahiuzeopixcatezin," which means, "Venerable priest, whom I honor as a father." It sounds like a dog and cat preparing to fight. A fagot is "tlatlalapistientli," and, if the fagot were of green wood, it could hardly make a greater splutter in the fire. "In the same language," says Dr. Farrar, "a lover would have to say, 'I love you,' in the form of 'mi-mits-tsikawakatzal-ta,' and, instead of a kiss, he would have to ask for a 'tetennanigullitzi.'"

As a French writer says, "By the time he has pronounced the word, he has certainly earned the thing."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Distressing Mistake.

A distressing case has occurred in the best circles of our most select society. It has come out that a certain lady, Mrs. A., called on Mrs. B. one day last week. The ladies stand on about a level socially, the father of one having been a successful wagon-maker and the other a thrifty carpenter. Both are in comfortable circumstances now, and are nice sort of people. There was nothing wrong in one of these ladies calling on the other. It was a nice and proper thing to do. But the wretched part of the business does not lie there. Both ladies have been residents of Saratoga less than a year. Neither had called on the other before. In a thoughtless and unguarded hour Mrs. A. said to herself that she would call on Mrs. B., forgetting that Mrs. B. had resided in town just a week longer than herself, and that therefore a call was due first from Mrs. B. to her. But the mischief is done and the thing is all over town. No one regrets it more profoundly than we do. For if there is one thing more than another that we pride ourselves on here in Saratoga, when the mixed summer multitude is gone and the summer dining-room is boarded up and the extra bedding and dishes are put away snug for the winter, it is our social etiquette.—*Saratogian.*

ANTS are more domestic than man. These wonderfully intelligent six-footed communists make forays in flank marches by columns or by solid phalanx. They believe fully in the "survival of the fittest," for they exterminate the lazy by biting them in two. Communications are conveyed to one another by their antennæ, and their chief sense is that of smell. They raid the haunts of other species, carry away the pupa, and keep the captured proclinet in a life of slavery. Beetles are their hens, and lay eggs for them. A black ant furnishes a secretion answering to the dominant race for milk, and this milk they actually squeeze from their caws.

—The rich Dublin brewer, Sir Arthur Guinness, has sold his business interest for \$5,000,000.

—Working between meals is what wears out the tramp.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Table.

—Molasses Cookies: One cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one teaspoonful each of salt, soda, and ginger. Mix hard.

—Sugar Cookies: Two eggs, two cups of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix hard and roll thin.

—Corn Bread: Beat two eggs light, mix with one pint of sour milk, add a teaspoonful of soda, one pint of cornmeal, and one tablespoonful of melted butter.

—Coffee Cakes: One heaping cup of brown sugar, two-thirds cup of thick sour cream, two-thirds cup of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, ginger, and a little salt. Mix soft and roll.

—Doughnuts: One cup of sugar, one coffee-cup of sour milk or buttermilk, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard, one teaspoonful of soda, and a little salt and nutmeg. Pour lard over the sugar before mixing with the other ingredients.

—Steamed Brown Bread: One cup of sweet milk, two cups of buttermilk, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of flour, canelle is preferred, two heaping cups of meal, and one heaping teaspoonful of soda. Steam three and bake two hours.

—Pumpkin Pie: The less water you use to boil your pumpkin in the better. Slice the pumpkin, and don't scrape it too much inside—the inside is the best; stew with water, in which you put a pinch of salt, until the meat is tender; mash it and pass it through a fine sieve while it is hot; after straining, add an eighth of a pound of butter, if you have about two quarts of stewed pumpkin; now, to every quart of milk add three eggs, beating up your whites and yolks separately; use white sugar, and sweeten to taste, cinnamon and nutmeg; I don't use any ginger; when you bake your pies you want a hot oven; pour it on thick; a thin pumpkin pie is not right.

—Baked Dried Peas: Three pints of dried peas, seven quarts of cold water, three pounds of bacon or salt pork; pick over the peas, wash and soak them over night in cold water, drain and pour them into a pot with the bacon or pork, the latter previously cleansed; cover and boil gently; remove the scum as it rises; when the peas become soft drain and mash them, put them into a baking dish, smooth the top, place the bacon or pork on top, put the dish into the oven, and bake brown. The liquor from the peas may be strained, put into a pot, thickened over the fire with Indian meal (about four or five tablespoonfuls to a pint) and boiled gently about one hour. When cold it may be sliced and fried.

Miscellaneous.

—Turpentine will remove ink from white wood work.

—Cockroaches may be driven away by putting Scotch or other high-dried snuff round their haunts.

—Waterproof Whitewash: Slake half a bushel of lime with boiling water, and cover to keep in the steam. Strain and add five gallons of hot water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a paste and hot, half a pound of Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue dissolved to a thin paste. Stir the whole, and keep it covered for a few days. The whitewash must be used hot, but one pint of it will cover a square yard.

—Coal oil—crude petroleum—is the cheapest and quickest dressing for steel and iron surfaces that are to be kept from rusting over winter, such as plows, cultivators, scrapers, etc. I don't see why it would not have been just the thing to have wiped our laid away stove-pipes with last spring, if we had thought of it in time. Unused sheet iron rusts in summer more than it wears in winter, and the civilized nostril is become so accustomed to coal oil smoke that a few minutes of it, more or less, at the time of rousting out winter stoves would add but a trifle to the usual fume of that chaotic period.

—To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and like all fine arts has a right method. Well done, it renovates the entire room, and the occupant takes possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance of the hands, but a work into which taste and judgment, in other words, brains must enter. Are these closets opening into the room to be swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers

or clothing preparatory to sweeping-day, then let this be the first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets, as also all heavy articles that can not be removed, first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all furniture that can be easily set in hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it; then, taking a step-ladder, begin to sweep or brush, or wipe the cornice and picture cords and pictures. Draw the shades to the top of the window, or if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it. Now begin to sweep, not towards a door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room towards the center, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush and dust-pan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred that will follow out the details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance, while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is as the finishing touches to a picture.

Truth Worst of All.

A man who said he was trying to get enough money together to reach Toledo, yesterday entered an office on Griswold Street and told his story, and added that his name was Caesar.

"Any relation to Julius or Augustus?" queried the citizen.

"Well, no. I want to be honest and square about this thing, and I tell you honestly that I am not related to either."

"Then I can't help you any. You are nothing but a common sort o' plug, and it won't make any difference whether you ever get to Cleveland or not. If you were related to the great Julius I should feel in duty bound to help you."

The man backed out without another word, and entering the office next door he walked up to the occupant with the remark: "My name is Caesar, and I am closely related to Julius and Augustus. Can you spare me ten cents to help me get to Toledo?"

"Sir, you are a base deceiver!" replied the other. "You are no more related to the Caesars than I am! Had you come in here and told me a straight, truthful story I should have given you a quarter! You can go, sir!"

The man went out, and now he determined to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Halting the first man who came along, he said:

"I have been telling folks that my name was Caesar, and that I was trying to collect money enough to take me to Toledo. Now, the real truth of the matter is that I am named Clark, and I wanted the money to buy whisky. That's the solemn truth, and can you help me with ten cents?"

"Ten cents! Why, you base liar and deceiver, I'll hand over to the police!" exclaimed the other.

"I've told you the truth."

"And it's enough to send you up for six months! Don't you dare ask me for money!"

The tramp sat down on a cold stone block, took his last chew of tobacco, and mused:

"I've lied and I've told the truth. I've told the truth and I've lied. I made as much one way as the other, and nothing out of either. Looks now as if I'd got to play deaf and dumb or go to work!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. SCOTT-SIDDONS, well known to the amusement patrons of this country, has separated from her husband, and states the fact thus: "Upon my travel in England in May last we separated by mutual consent, I giving him a valuable piece of property worth probably £30,000 located at New Zealand, which was the net profits of my three years' engagement in Australia."

MADAME SIN-FU-GEN, the wife of the Chinese Minister at Berlin, is the object of great wonderment. She is the first Chinese lady who has set foot—and a very small foot, too—in Germany.