

# The People's Press.

VOLUME XXIV.

SALEM, N. C., SEPTEMBER 21, 1876.

NUMBER 38.

## THE WEEK PAST.

It is rumored in London that Disraeli's reason for occupying the peerage he had formerly refused, is that he is about to again enter the matrimonial state. A few years ago he was reported to be engaged to the countess of Chesterfield, and his present fiancée is said to be a friend of hers. The new peer was born Dec. 21, 1805.

EX-EMPERE Eugenie still wears fine clothes! She recently wore, while lunching with queen Victoria at Windsor castle, an exquisite costume of black grosgrain, with overskirt and sleeveless bodice of crape, and to the belt at her waist she had a pouch suspended, made of crape and embroidered magnificently in silk with her monogram, her arms and her imperial crown.

Of the South Pass jetty works the New Orleans Bulletin says: "The jetty contractors are busily employed in constructing the desired works at the head of the improved pass to get to deep water. We have no doubt but that if they keep on as they have been working for some time past, they will gain the end so ardently hoped for and so long awaited in vain."

SCATTERED about the earth there are supposed to be 10,000,000 or 11,000,000 of Jews alive. Thousands of these people are rich, some of them own colossal fortunes. Rothschild could buy up the fee simple of Palestine. Goldsmith might rebuild the temple of Herod. Montefiore has money enough to cast a golden statue of king Solomon. But of those wealthy Hebrews, not one is willing to go back.

The hair of a woman nearly ninety years of age, who died in Martha's Vineyard, was wholly woven in with false hair which had not been removed for over thirty years, and was held in place by one hundred and eighty pins. One article of her dress was held together by three hundred and eighty pins, although her bureau contained ninety-eight new dress-patterns of all kinds and qualities, some of them bought sixty-four years ago, and one elegant brocade silk could be traced back two hundred years.

The Turks have an enviable facility of disposing of incompetent or unsatisfactory sultans. Murad Effendi had hardly seated himself upon the throne into which he was forced after Abdul Aziz had made such an effectual use of a pair of scissors in his bath when he was summarily retired and Abdul Hamid was declared sultan in his stead. There is little use in giving the details of the new sultan's biography, as they will doubtless appear in his obituary in a day or two. The deposed sultan was incurably addicted to strong drink, and delirium tremens was unfavorable to the management of affairs in the present critical situation of the Turkish state. It is to be hoped that the new sultan will have the good sense to keep sober and save his own head.

REFUS CHAOTE is the subject of an article full of reminiscences in the Albany Law Journal. The writer describes him as six feet in height, with a powerful chest and shoulders, and large frame. His hands and feet were gaunt, and he walked with a rolling gait. His face, of a bilious, coffee-colored complexion, was deeply corrugated with wrinkles and hollows, and his eyes, large deep-set, and wonderfully expressive. His hair was black, curly and luxuriant. He was generally attired in ill-fitting, slouching garments. He shrieked, raved, swung his fists, and distorted his body into unnatural contortions, and poured forth his arguments with startling force and velocity; but with the arrangement, detail and orator, utterly forgetful of himself in the abandon of the moment, his whole soul being thrown into the cause he had undertaken to present.

## MORTALITY OF CITY AND COUNTRY.

Dr. James Stark's investigations and statistics of the relative mortality of town and rural districts in Scotland are published in the Edinburgh Medical Journal. Of the striking facts brought to light by Dr. Stark, the following appears to be among the most important: That were all the town children of Scotland reared in the country, at least eight thousand lives would be annually saved to the population; second, could the mortality of the towns be brought down to that of the mainland districts, upward of thirteen thousand lives would be thus saved to the population, and every individual living in the large towns would, on an average, live ten and a half years longer than he has any chance of doing at present. Still further, if from the rural districts were excluded the towns with populations varying from three thousand to ten thousand inhabitants, the mean age at death would have been about forty years instead of thirty-five, and could the mortality of the towns be brought down to that of the purely rural districts of the mainland, then the average life of the town population would be increased about fifteen years.

## SCANDAL MONGERS.

Do you hear the scandal mongers  
Breathing poison in a whisper,  
Moving cautiously and slow,  
Smiling sweetly as they go,  
Never noisy—gliding smoothly like a snake  
Through the meadows fresh and fair  
Leaving subtle poison in their wake.  
Saw you not the scandal monger,  
Beaming bright beneath his nose,  
As she sat, the rose in her hat,  
In her dainty gloves and dress,  
Angel-like and glowing less,  
Seemed she—casting smiles and pleasing words.  
Once she struggled, and shook her head,  
Raised her eyes and nothing said,  
When you spoke of friends, and yet it left a doubt,  
Did you hear the scandal monger,  
Light and all,  
Through the music, rhythm, beauty,  
Moving here and moving there,  
With a whisper per light as air,  
Casting shadows on a sister-woman's fame—  
As a whisper, word or glance—  
As she looked through the dance,  
And the world is busy with a spotted name.  
You will find the scandal mongers  
Sometimes men, but often women,  
Yet their tongues drop foolish lies,  
And they spend their leisure time  
Casting mud on those who climb by worth and work.  
Shun them, shun them as you go,  
Shun them whether high or low,  
They are the hideous serpents of the earth.

## THE MISTAKE OF A LIFE-TIME.

A lover's quarrel! A few hasty words—a formal parting between two hearts that neither time nor distance could ever disunite—then, a lifetime of misery. Edith May stood before me in her bridal dress. The whole world was to be made believe she was happy and heart whole. I knew better. I knew that no woman who had once loved Gilbert Ainslie could ever forget him—least of all, such a heart as Edith's. She was pale as a snow wreath, and bent her head gracefully as a lady in recognition of her numerous friends and admirers.

"What a sacrifice!" the latter murmured. "What a sacrifice!" my heart echoed. Mr. Jefferson Jones was an ossified old bachelor. He had but one idea in his head, and that was to make money. There was only one thing he understood equally well—and that was to keep it. He was angular, prime, old and precise; mean, groveling, contemptible and cunning.

And Edith—our peerless Edith whose lovers were "legion"—Edith, with her passionate heart, her beauty, grace, taste and refinement—Edith to vow "love and honor" to such a soulless block!

It made me shudder to think of it. I felt as though his very gaze were profanation. Well, the wedding was over, and she was duly installed mistress of Jefferson House.

She had fine dresses, fine furniture, a fine equipage, and the most stupid incumbrance in the shape of an old husband. But Mr. Jefferson Jones was very proud of his bride, firstly, because she added to his importance; secondly, because he plumed himself not a little in bearing off so dainty a prize. It gave him a malicious pleasure to meet her old admirers, with the graceful Edith on his arm. Of course she preferred him to them all—else why did she marry him?

Then how deferential she was in her manner since their marriage; how very polite, and how careful to perform her duty to the letter! Mr. Jones decided, with his usual acumen, that there was no room to doubt on that point.

He noticed, indeed, that her girlish gaiety was gone; but that was a decided improvement, according to his view. She was Mrs. Jones now, and meant to keep all whiskered popinjays at a respectful distance.

He liked it! And so, though those interminable evenings, Edith sat, playing long games of chess with him, or listening to his gains or losses in the way of trade; or reading political articles of which the words conveyed no idea to her absent mind.

She walked through the busy streets, leaning on his arm, with an unseem form over at her side; and slept next his heart, when hers was far away!

But when she was alone—no human eye to read her sad secret, her small hands clasped in agony, and her fair head bent to the very dust—was he not avenged.

It was a driving storm. Mr. Jones resolved to dine at a tavern instead of returning home. He had just seated himself, and given his order to the obsequious waiter, when his attention was attracted by the conversation of two gentlemen near him.

"Have you seen the beautiful Edith since her marriage, Harry?"

"No, I feel too much vexed with her. Such a splendid woman to marry such an idiot! All for a foolish quarrel with Ainslie. You never saw such a wreck as it has made of him. However, she is well punished; for, with all of her consummate tact and effort to keep up appearances, it is plain she is the most miserable woman in existence; as Mr. Jefferson Jones, whom I have never seen, might perceive, if he wasn't as all the world says, the very prince of donkeys."

Jones seized his hat and rushed into the open air. Six times he went, like a comet, round the square, then, settling his beaver down over his brow, in a very prophetic manner, he turned his footsteps deliberately homeward.

It was the deceitful calm before the whirlwind. He found Edith pale and self-possessed, as usual. He was quite as much so himself—even went so far as to compliment her on a coquettish little jacket that fitted her round figure very charmingly.

"I'm thinking of taking a short journey, Edith," said he, seating himself by her side, and playing with the silken cord and tassels about her waist. "As it is wholly a business trip, it would hamper me to take you with me; but you'll hear from me. Meanwhile, you know how to enjoy yourself—hey, Edith?"

He looked searchingly at her. There was no conscious blush, no change of expression, no terror of the frame. He might as well have addressed a marble statue.

Mr. Jefferson Jones was posed! Well, he bade her one of his characteristic adieus; and when the door closed, Edith felt as if a weight had been lifted off her heart.

There was but one course for her to pursue. She knew it—she had already marked it out. She would deny herself to all visitors; she would not go abroad till her husband's return. She was strong in her purpose. There should be no door left open for busy scandal to enter.

Of Ainslie she knew nothing, save that a letter reached her from him after her marriage, which she had returned unopened. And so she wandered restlessly through those splendid rooms, and tried by this self-inflicted penance, to atone for the defection of her heart. Did she take her guitar, old songs that they had sung together came unbidden to her lips; that book, too, they had read. Oh, it was all misery, turn where she would!

Day after day passed—no letter from Mr. Jones. The time had already passed that was fixed upon for his return, and Edith, nervous from close confinement, and the weary inward struggle, started like a frightened bird at every footfall. It came at last—the letter—sealed with black. "He had been accidentally drowned. His hat was found; all search for the body had been unavailing."

Edith was no hypocrite. She could not mourn for him, save in the outward garb of woe. Ainslie was just starting for the continent, by order of a physician, when the news reached him. A brief time he gave to decorum, and then they met.

It is needless to say what that meeting was. Days and months of wretchedness were forgotten, like some dreadful dream. She was again his own Edith, sorrowing, repentant and happy.

They were sitting together one evening—Edith's head was upon his shoulder, and her face radiant as a seraph's. They were speaking of their future home.

"Any spot on the wide earth but this, dear Ainslie. Take me away from these painful associations."

"Say you so, pretty Edith?" said a well known voice. "I but tried that faithful heart of yours to prove it. Pity to turn such a pretty comedy into a tragedy; but I happen to be manager here, young man!" said Mr. Jones turning fiercely toward the bewildered Ainslie.

The revulsion was too dreadful, and Edith survived but a week. Ainslie came hopelessly insane.

Two lives were thus sacrificed to the mistakes of a moment.

Both had in that brief space opened up the source of grief for life.

They would not hear and forbear when it was yet time, by kindly concession, to repair the breach irritation had made, and a brief word would have amended.

But passion had its way, and the grave only heeded the wound caused by the unguarded utterances.

## ONE-SIDED DEVELOPMENT.

The habit of using the right hand in preference to the left among those people whose monuments date from the remotest antiquity appears to be a universal fact, and this is accounted for by the anatomical mechanism of the human body. It is known that the right lung, liver lobe and limb exceed in size that of the left side, involving, of course, a greater amount of tissue structure and a larger supply of nerves and blood vessels for their nutrition. A person walking in a dense fog figures with his feet the segment of a circle, and, if he is right-handed, he takes a direction to the left, because the right leg naturally takes a longer stride. The left side of the brain is larger than the right, and, as it appears that the power of verbal articulation in the right handed is confined to a certain convolution on the left side, the conclusion is arrived at, in speaking and thinking, the left side of the brain is used, this being the result of dextral education. The opinion has also been expressed by some medical writers that amnesia and aphasia in right-handed men indicate disease of the left brain, and that hammer-palsy and writer's cramp show the results of excessive working of the left brain.

It is estimated that at least 11,000 people have left Savannah since the breaking out of the panic.

## A TRAMP WHO HUNGRED AND THIRSTED FOR WORK.

A robust tramp called at a house for something to eat, averring that he had not tasted food for a week.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the lady to whom he preferred his petition.

"Work!" he ejaculated. "Work! And what have I been doing ever since the middle of May but hunting work? Who will give me work? When do I ever refuse work?"

"Well," said the woman, "I guess I can give you some employment. What can you do?"

"Anything!" he shouted, in a kind of delirious joy. "Anything that any man can do. I'm sick for something to do. Why, only yesterday I worked all day, carrying water in an old sieve from Flint river and emptying it into the Mississippi, just because I was so tired of having nothing to do, that I had to work at something or I would have gone ravin' crazy. I'll do anything, from cleaning house to building a steamboat. Jest give me work, ma'am, an' you'll never hear me ask for bread agin."

The lady was pleased at the willingness and anxiety of this industrious man to do something, and she led him to the wood pile.

"Here," she said, "you can saw and split this wood, and if you are a good, industrious worker, I will find work for you to do nearly all winter."

"Well, now," said the tramp, while a look of disappointment stole over his face, "that's just my luck. Only three days ago I was pullin' a blind cow out of a well for a poor widow woman who had nothin' in the world but that cow to support her, an' I sprain't my right wrist till I ain't been able to lift a pound with it sinst. You kin jest put your hand on it now and feel it thro', it's so painful and inflamed. I could just cry of disappointment, but it's a Bible fact, ma'am, that I couldn't lift the axe above my head if I died for it, and I'd jest as lief let you pull my arm out by the roots as to try to pull that saw through a lath. Jest set me at something I kin do, though, if you want to use the dust fly."

"Very well," said the lady, "then you can take these flower beds, which have been very much neglected, and weed them very carefully for me. You can do that with your well hand, but I want you to be very particular with them, and get them very clean, and not injure any of the plants, for they are all very choice and I am very proud of them."

The look of disappointment that had been chased away from the industrious man's face when he saw a prospect of something else to do came back deeper than ever as the lady described the new job, and when she concluded, he had to remain quiet for a moment before he could control his emotion sufficiently to speak:

"If I ain't the most unfortunate man in Ameriky," he sighed. "I'm jest dyin' for work, crazy to get somethin' to do, and I'm blocked out of work at every turn. I jest love to work among flowers and dig in the ground, but I never dasset do it, for I'm just blue ruin among the poises. Nobody ever cared to teach me anythin' about flowers, and it's a gospel truth, ma'am, I can't tell a violet from a sunflower, nor a red rose from a dog fence. Last place I tried to get work at, woman of the house set me to work weedin' the garden, and I worked about a couple of hours, monstrous glad to get work, now you bet; an' I pulled up every last livin' green thing in the yard. Hope I may die if I didn't. Palled up all the grass, every blade of it. Fact. Palled up a vine with seventy-five dollars, that had roots reachin' cl'ar under the cellar and into the cistern, and I yanked 'em right up, every fibre of 'em. Woman was so heart broke when she came out and see the yard just as bare as the floor of a brick yard that they had to put her to bed. Bible's truth, they did, ma'am; and I had to work for that house three months for nothin' and find my board to pay for damage I done. Hope to die if I didn't. Jest gimme suthin' I kin do, I'll show you what works, but I wouldn't dare to do foolin' around no flowers. You've got a kind heart, ma'am, gimme some work; don't send a desparin' man away hungry for work."

"Well," the lady said, "you can beat my carpets for me. They have just been taken up, and you can beat them thoroughly, and by the time they are done I will have something else ready for you."

The man made a gesture of despair, and sat down on the ground the picture of abject helplessness and disappointed aspirations.

"Look at me now," he exclaimed. "What's goin' to become of me? Did you ever see a man so down in luck like me? I tell you, ma'am, you must give me somethin' I can do. I wouldn't no more dare for to teach them carpets than nothin' in the world. I'd tear 'em to pieces. I'm an awful hard bitter, an' the last time I beat any carpets was for a woman out at Creston, and I just wreted my carpets into strings and carpetags. I couldn't help it. I can't hold in my

strength. I'm so glad to get to work, that's the trouble with me, ma'am, it's a Bible fact. I'll beat them carpets if you say so, but I won't be responsible for 'em; no makin' no work for nothin' for five or six weeks to pay for tearin' 'em into shits, yer know. I'll go at 'em if you'll say the word and take the responsibility, but the fact is I'm too hard a worker to go foolin' around carpets, that's just what I am."

The lady excused the energetic worker from going at the carpets, but was puzzled what to set him at. Finally she asked him what there was he would like to do and could do with safety to himself and the work?

"Well, now," he said, "that's consider in ye. That's real consider, and I'll take a hold and do somethin' that'll give the wuth of yer money, and won't give me no chance to destroy nothin' by workin' too hard. If ye'll jest kindly fetch me out a rookin' chair, I'll set down in the shade and keep the cows from liftin' the latch of the front gate and gettin' into the yard. An' I'll do it well and only charge you reasonable for it; for the fact is I'm so dead crazy for work that it isn't big pay I want so much as a steady job."

And when he was rejected and sent forth, jobless and breakfastless, to wander up and down the cold, unfeeling world in search of work, he cast stones at the house, and said, in dejected tones: "There now, that's just the way. They call us a bad lot, and say we're lazy, and thieves, and won't work, when a fellow is just crazy to work, and nobody won't give him nary job that he kin do. Won't work! Land alive! They won't give us work; and when we want to, an' try to, they won't let us work. There ain't a man in Ameriky that 'ud work as hard an' as stiddy as I would if they'd gin me a chance.—Burlington Hawkeye.

## SOUTHERN NEWS.

ARKANSAS has a nominal indebtedness of \$100,000.

A SPANISH vessel brought yellow fever to Savannah.

OUT-DOOR religious meetings are being held in Columbus, Ga.

THE first new crop of Carolina rice has already reached New York.

THE cultivation of tobacco in Arkansas is receiving attention.

THERE is some complaint of grasshoppers in east Tennessee.

TEXAS boasts of having nine railroads in process of construction.

THE employees have yielded to the demands of the striking New Orleans cooper.

NUMBERS of Georgia negroes who emigrated west are on their way back to their old homes.

ALL the cities and towns around Savannah are quarantined to prevent the spread of yellow fever.

YU drummer, book agent, lightning-rod peddler and insurance agent fledeth business dull in the south.

BISHOP MARVIN, of the Methodist church South, is about to sail for China and Japan to look after the missionary work.

GONOR FAVOR, colored, under sentence of death, escaped from the Newsum (Ga.) jail on Wednesday last.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN C. BROWN, of Tennessee, has been re-elected vice-president of the Texas Pacific railroad.

A BOILER exploded at Marietta, Ga., Tuesday, killing two negroes and wounding another so that he died.

GEN. PENNYPACKER has been ordered to the department of the gulf, and will make headquarters at Ft. Vernon, near Mobile.

INDICATIONS of silver have been discovered fifty feet under ground by a company operating near Maryville, Tenn.

A WILD horse, bearing the dead body of a man severely strapped to his back, dashed into Waco, Texas, a few days ago.

THEY are changing things in the South. A firm in Tennessee, a few days ago shipped a thousand bags of corn to Illinois.

It is generally believed that southern girls at the various watering places this season dress very plainly, and are not demonstrative in any way.

Mrs. CLEMENTS, of Atlanta, reproved her hired girl for washing potatoes in the wash-tub, and the hired girl reproved Mrs. Clements by setting fire to the house.

A FLORIDA man made \$4,500 this year by getting three hundred bushels of cucumbers into the New York market before the season at which they are generally offered.

## FLORIDA SEA-COWS.

The manatees or sea-cows, which were shipped from Florida to New York, last week, belonged to a Mr. Estis, one of the oldest settlers on the Indian river, who, with the assistance of two or three others had caught them and was seeking a market for their sale, having chartered a schooner for that purpose as far as this city. The manatus is evidently a near relative of the seal family, resembling it in general appearance very closely, although growing to an enormous size, approximating in the largest specimens, nearly or quite a ton in weight. It lives wholly in the waters, feeding exclusively on what is known as manatee grass, which grows under water and is abundant in the Indian river, near the mouth of the St. Lucie and St. Sebastian, where large droves of these animals are occasionally seen. They pass in and out of the ocean at the inlet at Capron, and occasionally one is killed. A few years since one was captured alive and sold for \$1,200, for a New York show, and a schooner chartered to take it there at a cost of about \$600; but it died on the passage. One killed by Mr. Payne last summer was skeletonized and shipped to the Smithsonian institute, which paid \$50 for the skeleton. The bones are remarkably hard and fine, being used as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of billiard balls, and for many other purposes. Mr. Estis, at an expense of nearly one hundred dollars, manufactured very large and strong nets and placed them at the mouth of the St. Lucie river, and was rewarded by obtaining the specimens now in his possession which are a great curiosity, few persons having seen them. Of course no regular price attaches to them, and their value for show purposes is much lessened by the danger of their disease, which is very great when removed from their native haunts. The region of Indian river where these animals came from has furnished very many rare specimens for the naturalist, some of which may be found in the cabinet collections of various institutions in the country. Among them saw-fish, which measure fifteen feet in length, with a saw of six feet; alligators sixteen to twenty feet, and fish of mammoth size, and rare birds of various kinds and many visitors from the north make a specialty of camping there for a time in the winter season to fish and hunt and get fat on oysters and hominy. In the summer season sand-flies and mosquitoes abound too much for comfort or pleasure.

LIFE IN TENNESSEE.

The London Telegraph says: It is a pity, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, that life in tents should not be more general than it is among those whose means and leisure enables them to secure its advantages. No doubt the practice has grown within the last few years. None who are familiar with the Thames can fail to have observed amidst its quiet, beautiful reaches dainty little tabernacles of snowy canvas stretched upon many a green spot along the banks. About them and in their neighborhood is every sign of comfort. The well-appointed boat rides at her painter a few yards off, complete and finished, from the white rudder lines to the dainty little fenders that keep her varnish from the rough touch of the lock side. Without the fairy-like dwellings are spread, under the shade of overhanging boughs, comfortable mattresses each resting upon a waterproof sheet, which effectively prevents the absorption of moisture from the ground. Suspended from a tripod, over a fire of turf and sticks, the kettle sings a cheerful invitation to evening tea, while bottles of mineral water and still book are left cooling in the stream. Camping has, in short, become a recognized institution. All who have enjoyed its pleasures know how comfortable it is, and what fresh life of a week under canvas seems always to impart.

## SLEEPING PLANTS.

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 untimely hours 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, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed 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 the 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 turned day into night, without any apparent ill effect.

A Welsh judge, notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness, was once complaining of being neglected. "My dear sir," said Jekyll, in his most amiable tones, "you have asked the minister for almost everything else, why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

## GRAVE AND GAY.

"Did she not return your love?" inquired a sympathizing friend of a young man who intimated that he had had some difficulty with his sweetheart. "Yes, she returned it, and that is exactly what the trouble is. She said she didn't want it."

The government has ordered that no more guns or ammunition shall be sold in the Indian country. This order is issued probably because "peace commissioner Sitting Bull sent in word that his command was now fully armed," and he had no storage-room or transportation for any more cartridges.

This is a policeman's story: A good, pious man, who limps slightly, happened to be out late, up town, the other night when a hilarious young chap, with an unlighted cigar stuck, stopped him and asked for a match. "I don't carry matches; I never smoke," replied the good man, indignantly. "B-b-but, you know, you want to get in easy, old fellow, to-night, and you ought to have one for the k-k-key-hole," said the wayward youth. At this point the policeman interfered, and the matches man moved on.

A hater of tobacco asked an old negro woman, the fumes of whose pipe were annoying to him, if she thought she was a Christian. "Ye, brudder, I 'spects I is." "Do you believe in the bible?" "Ye, brudder." "Do you know there is a passage in the scripture which says that nothing unclean shall enter the kingdom of heaven?" "Ye, I've heard of it." "Well, Chloee! you smoke, and you can not enter into the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?" "Why, I 'spects to leave my breff behind me when I go dar!"

A Scotch minister thus discoursed on the carelessness of his flock: "Brethren, when you leave the church, just look down at the duke's swans; they are very bonny swans, an' they'll be coming about an' eye dookin' down their heads an' 'lavin' themselves w' the clear water till they are all sleekit; then you'll see them coming to the shore, an' they will gie their wings a bit flap an' they're dry agin. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I have you a' over w' the gospel till ye're fairly dookit w' it. But you just gae aw' hame, an' sit down by your fire-side, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever agin."

## THE POOR INFANTS.

The following report of the sanitary committee on the prevailing disease of infants contained such reasonable advice that the board of health of New York ordered 20,000 copies published and distributed:

"Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant. Consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smells to come from sinks, garbage boxes, gutters, etc., about the house where you live. See to your own part being right, and complain to the board of health, if the neighbors' houses are offensive. When an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good, and may prevent cholera infantum. Do not allow your children to eat unripe or dried fruit. An infant under a year old should not have any fruit except by a physician's orders. In very hot weather dress your children in thin clothing, and bathe them with cold water one, two, or more times a day.

"Children under ten months to a year do not need anything but the breast or good milk. Cow's milk, when pure, is made like mother's milk by adding one-third water to two-thirds milk and warming to blood heat, and a little over one and a quarter ounces of white sugar to a pint of the mixture; but in the city a good deal of the milk has plenty of water and too little cream. If you do not nurse the child, see that the nursing bottle tube and mouthpiece are kept in clean water when not used. The addition of a little soda will keep them from turning sour. If the baby does not thrive well on cow's milk, consult a physician."

GERMINATION FROM SEED TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

London Examiner.

A most interesting observation, referring to the power of germination in seed when it is hundreds and even thousands of years old, is said to have been made by Prof. Hendrich in Greece. In the silver mines of Laurium, only the slags left from the ancient Greeks are at present worked off, in order to gain, after an improved modern method, silver still left in that dress. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it, the seed of a species of glaucium or poppy was found, which had slept in the darkness at the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the melting events, there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown in modern botany, but which is described by Pliny and others as a frequent flower in aetna, Greece.