THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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BY THE HEARTH.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

You come too late;
'Tis far on in November.
The wind strikes bleak
Upon the cheek
That careth rather to keep warm
(And where's the harm?)
Than to abate
One jot of its calm color for your sake.
Watch! See! I stir the ember
Upon my lonely hearth, and bid the fire wake.

And think you that it will?
'Tis burned, I say, to ashes.
It smolders cold
As graveyard mold.
I wish, indeed, you would not blow
Upon it so!
This dead to kill.
I say, the ghosts of fires will never stir,
Nor woman lift the lashes
Of eyes wept dim, howe'er yours shine or love of her!

Ah, sweet surprise!
I did not think such shining
Upon the gloom
Of this cold room
Could fall. Your even, strong, calm breath
Calls life from death.
The warm light lies
At your triumphant feet, faint with desire
To reach you, see! The lining
Of violet and of silver in that sheath of fire!

If you would care—
Although it is November—
I will not say
A bitter nay
To such a gift for building fires.
And though it tires
Me to think of it—I'll own to you
(If you can stir the ember)
It may be found at last, just warm enough for two.
—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE SACRIFICE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.]

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, but the drops of water were still rolling from leaf to leaf with the light sound of a nearly-exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basin, and in the distance the dark path opened out into a wet glade of a deep green of exquisite softness. The trunks of the trees were very black, their branches blacker still, and the massive boughs of the chestnut trees above the young painter's head seemed like the high arches of a cathedral at the hour when all is dark in the church, and when the colored windows cast into the gloom gleams of light so intense and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by a fire of live coals from without.

Maurice loved this hour at the decline of day, when, after the rain, the sun has not shone out, and when a gray tint is cast over everything, blending outlines, softening angles and investing every shape with a smooth and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discovering every moment in the well known forest some beauty till then unknown and he was thrilled to the very depths of being by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics of genius.

Having roached the glade he looked around him. The grass was green and brilliant; the delicate leaves of the shrubs, shining beneath the water which had washed them, formed a fine, lace-like network against the dark back ground of the great forest beyond. He stopped in order to see better to observe better and to take in better the impression of the wet forest, more impressive and more human so to speak, in its great shadows than beneath the sunshine in all the splendor of the day.

The pretty and graceful figure of a young girl stood out against the foliage of the birch-trees. She advanced with a supple movement, without perceiving Maurice, who, as immovable as the trunk of a chestnut tree, was watching her. When two steps from him the young girl perceived him. She started and let fall a few twigs from the fagot of wood that she was carrying on her head.

"You frightened me," she said, smiling, and her large black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde hair.

He looked at her without answering.

A complete harmony which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace-like foliage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young; "I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to push back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her by a gesture.

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete their often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a woman, while the smile was still that of a child.

"How old are you?" asked the painter still working.

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she, with a pretty laugh, and frank and bold as a sparrow; "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers."

"Why, on St. John's day?" asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a lover to dance with around the bonfire."

So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these were to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic! Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart.

"Will you have me for a lover?" said he, resuming his work.

"Oh, you! you are a gentleman and I—I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentlemen."

That is the village code of morals; the young man answered nothing.

"I cannot see any longer; will you come back here to-morrow, a little earlier?"

"For my portrait?"

"Yes."

"I will come back. Good evening, sir."

She raised her bundle of wood and went away into the deepening shadows, beneath the archway of the dark chestnut tree.

Maurice went home dreaming of the fair haired child. He had seen her often, and had always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him; and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

He worked alone, and when the young girl arrived, a little late—already playing the coquette—she was quite surprised.

"Is it really myself!" she said. "Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will make you a little one for yourself."

"And that one, what will you do with it?"

"It will go to Paris; it will be put in a large frame; it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it."

"Ah! yes, I know; in the exhibition."

"Have you heard of the exhibition?"

"There are gentlemen painters here who work for the exhibition, as they say, but they never took my portrait."

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him, and his work advanced a hundred cubits toward posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkered daylight of his improvised studio, and he took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither the depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults nor yet great virtues. Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet scarcely developed, and which her home-spun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in disorder, the little handkerchief tied across her breast—he loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he went away. We always go away with reluctance when we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is so hard to leave behind a bit of one's life of which nothing is to remain.

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before it that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work that was already perfect. The picture was admired. The critics, who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist, excepting in the brain of a poet or the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened, smiling, and kept for himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and he refused also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness, he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village. Twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry dance since he had painted the portrait, and when he thought of the young girl, it was with a smile that was something sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she fixed her choice.

His first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of day—night comes quickly at the beginning of October—he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have fastened itself on everyone of the leaves, which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrances of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness, and a more complete disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he had reached the glade he sat down on the spot where eighteen months before he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette—a matter of great consequence surely.

"She would have loved me had I chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without loading with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and intellectual life. * * * He is a fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world; the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings."

While he was thus denying the gods of his youth, he saw coming towards him, in the well-known path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman in one word. She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her, holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made, and richly dressed for a peasant. He bent towards her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl's cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And it was for this," thought he, "that I respected this flower!"

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity of his folly when the young girl addressed him:

"They will not let us marry, sir," said she, her voice broken with sobs, "I am poor; he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of disinheriting him."

"And you, too, do not wish him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice ironically.

"Indeed," answered the lad, "we must live!"

"That is only too true! I pity you, my children."

They went away, Maurice, left alone, with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away—nothing remained of the slender young girl but a peasant, who was still handsome, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

"So it is with our dreams!" said he, rising. "The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them."

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "I received a large sum for it. It is quite a fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may marry your lover."

GENERAL REUBEN was seated on a mackerel-barrel, with his feet on a couple of sugar hogsheads, and had just given an account of how he froze them sliding down hill in the winter of '75. There was silence for a few minutes, interrupted by an interrogation by Mozart Daffadil: "Do you mean, General, to have our understanding comprehend dat you froze boff of dem feet in one winter?" "Boff," replied the General, cutting off a piece of tobacco about the size of a toy harmonica. After another reign of silence the General demanded, "Do you doubt that statement, sah?" "No," replied Mozart, "I was only thinking what a long, hard winter it must have been."

SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

Were They Destroyed by a Meteoric Shower?—Professor Proctor's Theory.

Mr. Proctor writes from Ilion: "The idea that Sodom and Gomorrah may have been destroyed by meteoric downfall is not altogether a new one. I advanced it, but not very seriously, several years ago in the *English Mechanic*, and it was taken up quite seriously by an ingenious, though rather fiery, correspondent of the journal, Mr. E. L. Garbett, the well-known architect. He took up the theory precisely in the form in which I had, half jestingly, suggested it—that the meteor system which produced the destruction of the cities of the plain was the so-called November system, which at that remote date would have been a September system. It can be shown that Tempel's comet, in whose track the November meteors travel, must have passed very near indeed to the earth, at about the time which tradition assigns to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Moreover, there can be little doubt that the comet's meteor-train was then far more compact than it is at present. Again, it is certain that among the meteors of the November system are many which far exceed in size those seen during the display of Nov. 13-14, 1866; for, during the display of Nov., 13-14, 1833, some of the falling stars were bright enough to cause distinct shadows to be thrown. Supposing the meteors forming the comet itself, or very near to the comet, to be larger yet, they would probably be able to break their way through the air as the larger meteorites do, and if strewn with proportionate density, so as to fall in the form of a compact stream, they would descend as a very destructive shower upon whatever part of the earth's surface happened to be most fully exposed to them. Now it happens, strangely enough, that at the time mentioned in the verse you quote—'The sun was risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar; then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven'—the destroyed cities lay almost centrally on that disk of the earth which was turned toward the 'radiant' of the November meteors. If ever a special and not very large district of the earth could be so rained upon by meteors that towns in it could be destroyed, the catastrophe would unquestionably be attended by just such circumstances as these—that is, the region would be as fully as possible exposed to the hail of meteors, and this hail would be as heavy as possible, which would require that either the comet itself or a part of its meteor-train very close to the comet should be the source of the meteoric hail. In the case supposed, the velocity you have mentioned would be far exceeded; for not only does the earth herself speed along around the sun at the rate of 1,100 miles per minute, or more than eighteen miles per second, but the November meteors travel with a greater velocity—about twenty-four miles per second—meeting her almost full tilt, so that we have for the velocity with which the meteors rush through the air something like forty miles per second. Add to this that when the meteors of November 13-14, 1866, were examined with the spectroscope, the element which was found to be most largely present was sodium, the chief component of our common salt, whence may be derived a 'naturalized' explanation of the fate of Lot's wife. Those who take an interest in this theory of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah might possibly manage to find some evidence of heavy meteoric downfall in that part of the earth. The search would be as likely to be rewarded with success as that which my esteemed friend, the Abbe Moigno, has suggested should be made for the chariots, etc., of the destroyed army of Pharoah."

Bob Ingersoll as a Jury Lawyer.

On one occasion, years ago, he was engaged in Illinois as counsel for a farmer who had quarreled with a neighbor and shot him dead. The evidence was plain and direct on that point, though there was nothing to show that the prisoner had not believed that he was acting in self-defense. When Ingersoll was addressing the jury, he drew a pathetic picture of the prisoner's wife and children—he had declined to allow them to be present at the trial, as a less sagacious advocate might have done—waiting in eager expectation for his return, confident that he would be acquitted of a crime which he would not and could not have committed except to save his own life, so dear to his family, so necessary to their protection and support. "I see the wife now," continued the shrewd barrister, "standing at the door of her home, the sunlight on her hair straining her eyes after the figure of the man dearer than all the world to her. I see his little boys swinging on the gate with smiles about their lips, gazing down the road, watching for their beloved, innocent father, and sure that he is coming. They are all ready, the dear little fellows, to jump down, run after him, leap into his arms, and kiss away his sadness—the shadow of his unfortunate deed—while they cry, 'Dear, dear father, we knew you would come!' And, gentlemen of the jury, you who are yourselves husbands and fathers, wont you let him go home!" The members of the jury were listening with wet eyes, and leaning toward the eloquent advocate. The foreman—a big, brawny, simple-hearted farmer, the tears on his sun-burned cheeks—was so carried away that, thinking the question addressed personally to him and demanding answer, exclaimed in a choking voice, "Yes, Bob, we'll let him go home!" Ingersoll had not half completed his argument, but he knew that that was the supreme moment, and sat down. The prosecuting attorney made a long speech in reply, but it was, of course, entirely vain. The jury, after being out five minutes, returned a unanimous verdict for acquittal.

London Soot.

Soot is valuable enough to be adulterated. Chimney-sweeps say that the value of a bushel of soot and the cost of the quartern loaf always tally. Just now this happens to be the case, but I am not sure about the "always." Owing to the amount of sulphate of ammonia it contains, soot used to be exported in considerable quantities to the West India sugar plantations, and it is still a valued manure at home. Sheep and cattle feed greedily on pasture the soot has fertilized, and it imparts markedly bright green to grass and grain. From it, moreover, bistre is manufactured, and coloring matter for paper-hangings. Like pyroligneous acid, it has been used for the curing of meat, and with a similar effect—the imparting to the preserved provision a taste as if it had been smoked. The best soot is said to be that swept from kitchen chimneys, well impregnated with hospitable fumes.—*Good Words.*

A Strange Romance.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is once more aptly exemplified by the following curious narrative, which reaches the *Nazione* from its correspondent at Lucca: "Some years ago a native of Casamaggiore emigrated to America, leaving behind him his wife and two children. Shortly after his arrival in the States, where he promptly found lucrative employment, he sent 100 lire to the priest of his native place, to be by him conveyed to his family. A few months later this remittance was followed by a second of 1,000 lire; and in subsequent periods other sums were forwarded in the same manner, to the total amount of 25,000 lire, or £1,000. The priest, however, to whom this money was transmitted put it in his own pocket. One day, having come to the conclusion that he had derived sufficient profit from his agency, he sent for the woman and informed her, with many consolatory reflections, that her husband was dead. About the same time he wrote to the emigrant, stating that the latter's wife and children had succumbed to an epidemic which had all but depopulated Casamaggiore, and inclosed in his letter an official certificate of their death and burial. It appears that, after a while, the emigrant, believing himself to be a widower, married again. He prospered in business, became a wealthy man, and a few months ago determined to visit the place of his birth. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Casamaggiore, where he took up his quarters at the principal inn. Strolling out to look up some of his old acquaintances, a little beggar boy followed him, importuning him for alms. Something in the child's appearance arrested his attention. He asked the boy his name, and found him to be his own son. Further inquiry soon elicited the fact that his wife and two children were living, but in the utmost poverty and distress. The reverend embezzler, when confronted with his victims, offered to refund the 25,000 lire; but the affair had come to the knowledge of the police authorities, who refused to permit any compromise, and arrested the holy man, against whom proceedings have been taken by the state. Meanwhile, his unfortunate ex-parishioner finds himself saddled with two wives and families, between whose claims upon his affection and support there is, equitably speaking, nothing to choose either way.—*London Telegraph.*

Immensity of the Stars.

It is known that the stars are true suns, that some of them are larger than our own sun, and that around these enormous centers of heat and light revolve planets on which life certainly exists. Our sun is distant from us 38,000,000 leagues, but these stars are distant at least 500,000 times as far—a distance that, in fact, is incommensurable and unimaginable for us. Viewed with the unaided eye, the stars and the planets look alike, that is, appear to have the same diameter. But, viewed through the telescope, while the planets are seen to possess clearly appreciable diameters, the stars are still only mere luminous points. The most powerful of existing telescopes, that of Melbourne, which magnifies 8,000 times, gives us an image of one of our planets possessing an apparent diameter of several degrees. Jupiter, for instance, which, seen with the naked eye, appears as a star of the first magnitude, with a diameter of forty-five degrees at the most, will in the telescope have its diameter multiplied 8,000 times, and will be seen as if it occupied in the heavens an angle of 100 degrees. Meanwhile, a star alongside of Jupiter, and which to the eye is as bright as that planet, will still be a simple dimensionless point. Nevertheless, that star is thousands of times more voluminous than the planet. Divide the distance between us and that planet by 8,000, and you have for result a distance relatively very small; but divide by 8,000 the enormous number of leagues which represents the distance of a star, and there remain a number of leagues too great to permit of the stars being seen by us in a perceptible form. In considering Jupiter, or any of the planets, we are filled with wonder at the thought that this little luminous point might hide not only all the visible stars, but a number 5,000 fold greater—for of stars visible to our eyes there are only about 5,000. All the stars of these many constellations, as the Great Bear, Cassiopeia, Orion, Andromeda, all the stars of the zodiac, even all the stars which are visible only from the earth's southern hemisphere, might be set in one plane, side by side, with no one overlapping another, even without the slightest contact between star and star, and yet they would occupy so small a space that, were it to be multiplied 5,000 fold, that space would be entirely covered by the disk of Jupiter, albeit that disk to us seems to be an inappreciable point.—*Prof. J. Vinot.*

The Cause of Whooping Cough.

In 1871, Dr. Ludwig Letzeriek began microscopic investigation as to the cause of the disease. He showed for the first time that the phlegm coughed up in the early stages of the disease contained eliptical-shaped brownish-red fungus spores. This discovery gave a clew to its true nature, and to a new channel of treatment. These spores are lodged by inflection under the tongue, where they remain until they germinate and spread along the sides of the tongue and backward until they reach the larynx and pharynx. When the growth has extended thus far, the full whoop is established. Small elevations or lumps can be seen under the tongue before the patient begins whooping. The time required for the germination of the spores is from nine to fifteen days, varying in different persons. Dr. Letzeriek proved his theory by introducing spores into the trachia of young rabbits, in which he produced all the symptoms of the disease. As quinine readily kills all fungus plants, it is found to be an efficient remedy, the speaker said. In administering this the immediate result is good, the patient usually not whooping more than once a day. The best way to administer it is to place a powder upon the tongue and let it gradually dissolve, but, as children object to the bitter taste, it can be given in other ways, but always so as to be dissolved in the mouth.

THE foundation of every house should be truth, the timbers virtue, the clapboards faith and the roof charity, while the sewers should be so constructed that the devil cannot crawl in the back way.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

The Celebrated Irish Bull Perpetrator—An Interesting Letter.

The most notorious bull perpetrator was Sir Boyle Roche, who was elected member for Tralee in 1775. He had a regular blundering reputation. He was known upon one occasion, after a withering exposure or patriotic denunciation of Government, to say, with solemn gravity: "Mr. Speaker, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to give his last guinea to save the remainder of his fortunes!" Or, if the subject of debate was some national calamity, he would deliver himself thus: "Sir, single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all national calamities is generally followed by one much greater.'

Sir Boyle Roche belonged to the ancient family of De La Rusee, of Lesmoy; he was created a Baronet in 1782, and was married to the eldest daughter of Sir James Caldwell, but had no heir. He used to account for his lack of progeny by saying "that it was hereditary in our family to have no children." Another of his blunders was made when speaking of the fish-hawkers. "They go down to Ringsend," he observed, "buy the herrings for half nothing, and sell them for twice as much." A letter supposed to have been written by Sir Boyle Roche during the Irish rebellion of 1798 gives an amusing collection of his various blunders. Perhaps he never put so many on paper at a time, but his peculiar turn for "bulls" is here shown at one view.

The letter was first printed in the *Kerry Magazine*, now out of print:

DEAR SIR: Having now a little peace and quiet, I sit down to inform you of the bustle and confusion we are in from the blood-thirsty rebels, many of whom are now, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink except whisky. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this I have my sword in one hand and my pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end; and I am right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on that everything is at a standstill. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning; indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed.

No longer ago than yesterday the mail-coach was robbed near this town; the bags had been very judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and, by great good luck, there was nobody in the coach, except two outside passengers who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday an alarm was given that a gang of rebels in full retreat from Drogheda were advancing under the French standard; but they had no colors nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force a great deal too little, and were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; and off we went. By the time half our party were killed we began to be all alive.

Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, except pistols, cutlasses and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition. We put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. In fact, in a short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different—chiefly green. After the action was over we went to rummage their camp. All we found was a few pikes, without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round, which exactly squares with my ideas of security. Adieu. I have only time to add that I am yours in haste. B. R.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg of you write and let me know.

Corns.

Corns consist of layers of thickened epidermis—the transparent coating that protects the sentitive true skin beneath. This epidermis is in constant process of formation from the true skin, and is as constantly being thrown off in minute particles.

It as destitute of feeling as the nails, indeed the nails—as also the scales on the legs of fowls and on the bodies of fishes—are only modified epidermis.

Corns are among the "excresences" of civilization. A higher civilization, however, which shall conform the shoe to the foot, instead of the foot to the shoe, will know of them only as we know of the crushed feet of Chinese women.

A thickening of the epidermis having been caused at the points of special pressure, this inflames still further the skin beneath, giving rise to successive layers of thickened epidermis, which cannot be thrown off like ordinary scarf-skin.

Between the vital force beneath, and the pressure of the shoe above, the central portion comes to have the hardness of nail. If a splinter is left in the finger, the flesh above and around it will die, and new skin be formed below, which will in time lift the splinter out. But in the case of corns, nature's efforts are twarthed by the persistent pressure from above, which constantly enlarges the corn from below.

The first step toward relief is to secure a shoe *anatomically correct in construction.* Meanwhile remove the pressure from the corn in whatever way may be possible.

A pointed knife run down carefully between the layers will easily take out—for the time—the central core. Sometimes it can be picked out with the nail, after soaking the feet three successive nights in warm water. The soaking swells the core and, like posts lifted by the frost, it seldoms returns fully to its place. But as the cores always fill up again, the only permanent remedy is the removal of the cause.

Preserving the Dead.

A German process for preserving dead bodies is thus described: "The dead bodies of human beings and animals by this process fully retain their form, color and flexibility. Even after a period of years such dead bodies may be dissected for the purposes of science and criminal jurisprudence. Decay and the offensive smell of decay are completely prevented. Upon incision the muscular flesh shows the same appearance as in the case of a fresh dead body. Preparations made of the several parts, such as natural skeletons, lungs, entrails, etc., retain their softness and pliability. The liquid used is prepared as follows: In 3,000 grammes of boiling water are dissolved 100 grammes of alum, 25 grammes of cooking salt, 12 grammes saltpeter, 60 grammes potash, and 10 grammes arsenic acid. The solution is then allowed to cool and filter; to 10 liters of this neutral, color less liquid, 4 liters glycerine, and 1 liter methylic alcohol are to be added. The process of preserving or embalming dead bodies by means of this liquid consists, as a rule, in saturating and impregnating the bodies with it. From 1½ to 5 liters of the liquid are used for a body, according to its size.

"PA," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

Pay of French Legislators.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to give a glance at the different deliberative Assemblies which have succeeded each other in this country since 1789. In that year the number of representatives was 774—nine per department and three extra. Each member received 18 francs a day, and thus the Assembly cost 13,832 francs daily, or 331,968 francs a month for twenty-four sittings. The whole session of nine months, therefore, required 2,987,622 francs. In addition, 51,300 francs was allowed for the Bureau, making a total of 3,038,922 francs. The members of the Corps Legislatif, which came after the Representatives of the People, had 10,000 francs each per session, with the obligation of having a carriage for two legislators. Under the Restoration the Deputies received no pay. The President alone received 100,000 francs to meet the expense of receptions. Under Louis Philippe the members did not have any salary, but the President received 120,000 francs. In 1848 the Deputies of the Second Republic, who were 900 in number, received 25 francs a day, or 540,000 francs per month. The session lasted nine months and cost 4,905,000 francs, including the President and the Questors. Under the empire, that is to say from 1852 to 1870, there were 283 Deputies. They received at first 2,000 francs a month during time of the sessions. Afterward they had a fixed salary of 12,500 francs. The President of the Legislative Corps had a fixed allowance of 100,000 francs, and 30,000 francs for costs of receptions. The sessions of the second empire absorbed 3,530,000 francs. In 1871, the Assembly at Bordeaux was composed of 750 members, who were paid 750 francs a month, or 9,000 francs a year. They had their salaries even during the months when they did not sit. The allowance of the President was reduced at this period to 70,000 francs, and the Questors to 15,000 francs. Since 1876 the Chamber is composed of 548 members, including the representatives of the French colonies. Each member has a fixed allowance of 750 francs a month. The President's salary is 70,000 francs, and that of the Questors 15,000 francs. Independently of their salaries, these three functionaries have numerous privileges, such as lodging, firing, lighting, attendance, etc.—*Galignani's Messenger (Paris).*

An Arkansas Cyclone.

This is the way in which one was described by a man who was in it:

"I was about 200 yards from my house when I saw it coming. It was in the prairie when I saw it, and looked like black smoke from a large furnace. Its shape was like a funnel, inside it was red as fire, and around this was the black foggy mist. In looking at it I saw large and small timber carried along with it. My attention was attracted by the roaring, and, as it was coming in the direction of my house, I ran to it for the purpose of protecting my family. I put my three little children in a side-room among some corn, and, with Sylvester Bull, was holding the door, and all at once the whole building was crushed to the very ground by large trees being blown against it. It blew me about sixty feet, and when I became conscious I found myself among a lot of timber and logs, and Sylvester was lying by my side dead; his head and whole body were crushed. As I was on my way to the house I looked again at the cyclone when it was about 100 yards away, and saw it lift and carry away a lot of hogs and a cow. The children when found were not more than thirty feet from where I had placed them, but none hurt. My wife was considerably bruised, being blown about sixty yards, among a lot of lumber.

"My sister-in-law was carried about fifty feet and thrown to the ground, her arms and shoulders badly bruised.

"My blacksmith-shop was also blown flat to the ground, my bellows entirely destroyed, all my planes, augers, saws, and chisels were carried off and have not yet been found, with the exception of one saw found one mile from the shop and broken in two pieces. My wagon was torn up badly, the front wheels being about sixty yards from where the wagon stood, lodged against a stump; the hind wheels were both smashed up; the wagon bed has not yet been found excepting a few splinters. All my bedding and wearing apparel was carried off and entirely destroyed. I lost all my provisions.

"Immediately in the rear of the wind came a flood of water, just like a water-spout, appearing to pour as if from a funnel."

A Royal Fabric.

Velvet was originally an Asiatic production, introduced into Rome at the time of the Emperors. It seems that the ancient Greeks were not acquainted with it. In the middle ages some manufactories of velvet were established at Constantinople, and in some other towns of the Eastern empire. At a later time the fabrication of velvets prospered at Venice, at Genoa, and at other towns in Italy, before they were known in France. Two Genoese imported this branch of industry into Lyons, where they established a manufactory under the auspices of Francis I., in 1536. Velvet, by the richness of its texture, at once took the priority on the continent of all tissues. It became the chief material of the costumes of the middle classes, the ornament of ceremonials, and was employed to set off sumptuous apartments.

WHEN Miss Neilson was playing "Viola" in *Twelfth Night*, at a San Francisco theater, during her last tour, the "Sebastian," the twin brother, was a young actor who, by the most artistic skill in "making up," so disguised his features that it was almost impossible to tell "t'other from which." The orchestra leader was a particular friend of the young actor, and after the first act hurried behind the scenes to congratulate him. Seeing a trim figure clad in the handsome Greek costume, leaning against a wing, he rushed up to it, and, giving its leg a terrific slap and squeeze, he shouted: "Nick, old boy, by the Lord, you've hit it." But what was the fellow's horror and dismay when two lustrous orbs were turned on him, and Neilson sternly said: "What is the meaning of this impertinence, sir?" The poor musician left the the theater that night and didn't show up for two weeks.

LADIES who have difficulty in making their hair remain crimped may find the following of use: Let five cents' worth of gum arabic be dissolved in a very little hot water and left to stand over night in enough alcohol to make it thin; then bottle. The hair should be wet with the mixture before being crimped.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

FEVER AND AGUE.—There are some situations where fever and ague prevails every season, and this is the case in the vicinity of creeks and swamps. An acquaintance of ours, who has resided for several years on one of these creeks, never has had a single case of fever and ague in his family, while all his neighbors have been more or less affected with it every season. He attributes his immunity from this troublesome disease to the use of a good fire in his house every chilly and damp night in summer and fall. When the Indians travel at night or early in the morning in swampy regions they cover their nose and mouth with some part of their garments to warm the air which they inhale, and this they say prevents chills and fevers.

AN AN STIMULANT.—The exciting and stimulating properties of pure oxygen are well known, and every one has felt the invigorating influence of fresh air, yet no practical application has been made of these beneficial properties of a substance so cheap and universal. When the body is weak, the brain fatigued, and the whole system in a state of lassitude, just go into the open air, take a few vigorous inspirations and expirations, and the effect will be instantly perceived. The individual trying the experiment will feel invigorated and stimulated, the blood will course with freshness, the lungs will work with increased activity, the whole frame will feel revivified, and nature's stimulant will be found the best.

SODA FOR BURNS.—All kinds of burns, including scalds and sunburns, are almost immediately relieved by the application of a solution of soda to the burn-surface. It must be remembered that dry soda will not do unless it is surrounded with a cloth moist enough to dissolve it. This method of sprinkling it on and covering it with a wet cloth is often the very best. But it is sufficient to wash the wound repeatedly with a strong solution. It would be well to keep a bottle of it always on hand, made so strong that more or less settles on the bottom. This is what is called a saturated solution, and really such a solution as this is formed when the dry soda is sprinkled on and covered with a moistened cloth. Dr. Waters thinks the pain of a burn is caused by the hardening of the albumen of the flesh which presses on the nerves, and that the soda dissolves the albumen and thus relieves the pressure. Others think that the burn generates an acrid acid, which the soda neutralizes.

LEARN ABOUT THE PULSE.—Every intelligent person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then, by comparing it with what it is when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the health pulse of each child—as now and then a person is born with a peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be of that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is 140; a child of 7, about 80; and from 20 to 60 years is 70 beats a minute, declining to 60 at four-score. A healthful grown person's pulse beats 70 times a minute; there may be good health down to 60; but if the pulse always exceeds 70 there is a disease; the machine is working itself out, there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is over 70, gradually increasing, with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches 110 to 120, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over 70 for months, and there is a slight cough, the lungs are affected. There are, however, peculiar constitutions, in which the pulse may be over 70 in health.

The Late Editor of the London Times.

John T. Delane, was for thirty-six years the chief editor of the London *Times*, which he found a great newspaper, and made the greatest journal in England. Up to his day, the *Times* had been great in its news. Some of its "beats" during the Napoleonic contests have never been surpassed, and its fearless publication of facts touching high personages led to one or two of the greatest libel suits in the history of English journalism. Mr. Delane, the nephew of the previous financial manager of the paper, became in 1841 its chief editor at 24 years of age, and he made the paper great in two new particulars, with extraordinary success for twenty years and more; it reflected the sentiment of the English ruling class, and it was served by a body of men altogether superior in ability and character to any previously employed on English papers. Delane showed signal ability in choosing his agents, and an almost cynical contempt in the management of the paper for consistency. The paper first went hopelessly wrong under him in its treatment of the United States from 1861 on, and he had a rough tumble in a newspaper war with Richard Cobden only a few years later which sadly damaged Delane in popular estimation. The anonymous secrecy of English journalism always left in the dark Delane's real work in making the *Times* what it was, but he has generally had the credit of being the great master mind of the enterprise.

What Greeley and Carey Thought of Each Other.

Horace Greeley and Henry C. Carey were our great writers on political economy in their day, and were both ardent champions of protection. Their views of each other as political economists is a painful illustration of the infirmities of greatness. Greeley wrote of Carey: "He is a man of marked ability and learning. In many respects he has hardly an intellectual superior in the country; but when he touches political economy he stultifies himself, showing considerable ingenuity, but not a particle of common sense." Carey's opinion of Greeley was summed up as follows: "Greeley is an excellent leader writer; he understands public sentiment as well as any man I know; but he makes fearful mistakes the moment he approaches political economy. I admire him as a journalist, but as a political economist he is beneath contempt. Indeed, it is not too strong to say that on the subject of political economy he is simply an idiot, and always will be."—*Philadelphia Times.*

SHOEMAKER'S WAX has been used with success in Glasgow to illustrate to the students of natural philosophy, in a model, the flow of glaciers. It is wonderful how closely the flow of this wax resembles that of ice. Sir W. Thomson has also employed this sort of wax to show the motion of lighter bodies, like cork, and heavier bodies, like bullets, through a vicous substance.

PASSING SMILES.

A TREE may be downcast, and not chop-fallen It may be blown down, for instance.

CONGRESSMAN CANNON of Utah, is the husband of six wives, and the father of twenty-seven small boys, each one of whom is a son of a gun.

"THERE'S a pair of home-made-suspenders," said the Governor of Texas, pointing to a couple of newly elected Sheriffs.

No thief ever experienced so much remorse of conscience, as he who steals a curl from a pretty woman's head and afterward learns that it is false hair.

THERE was a young girl of Gelena;
She'd a mouth like a howling hyena;
When her [illegible] you felt her head
On his sh[illegible] he said:
"[illegible], ain't [illegible] darling gay lena!"

[illegible] voice were section of Massachusetts and one lady frequently said to another, "Her ballot is old fashioned and doesn't look fit to be seen." This will not do.

THE Czar of Russia receives $8,250,000 per year, or $25,000 per day; the Sultan of Turkey $6,000,000 per year, or $18,000 per day; Emperor Frances Joseph of Austria, $4,000,000, or $10,000 per day; King William of Prussia, $3 000 000 per year, and the King of Italy, $2,200,000 per year.

COUNTRY Practitioner (surprised at the visit of a notorious quack and pill-vender)—"Well, what brings you here?" Quack (evidently suffering from disturbed peristaltic action)—"Well, sir, the fact is I feel rather queer, and——" Country practitioner—"Then why don't you take one of your 'pearls of health?'" Quack—"That's just it, sir! I think I've swallowed one—by mistake."

THE velocity of a falling body may be 16 feet the first second, 48 the next, and thence vary inversely as the square of the distance by twice the product of the first by the second and so on by progression *ad infinitum* but calculations of velocity momentum and projectile force are utterly lost on a man when he hits the wrong end of a stick of kindling wood, and it flops up and knocks the skin off his nose in four places.

A TENNESSEE pie-eater has reformed, and will henceforth eat pies no more. He was employed by a bakery firm, and they, missing various pies, baked some with croton oil. The dishonest pie-eater got sick, and, thinking he was booked for the region whence no bone of any traveler returns, confessed stealing the pies, and learned what had been put in them. He was so mad that he got well and had his employers arrested for attempting to poison him.

A YOUNG man from the country passing McLeod's tobacco store in St. John, saw a five cent piece on the sidewalk and immediately put his foot on it until he could pick it up undiscovered, and you can bet that rustic youth exhausted his vocabulary of cuss words when he found it was only a tin tobacco stamp