

The Wind Among the Trees.

In the spring the perfumed zephyrs,
Sweeping upward from the vale,
Play among the budding leaves,
Whisper tenderly the tale
To the lovers as they wander
Mid the flowers, and their cease
Trouble thinking, as they listen
To the wind amongst the trees.

HOW DOLLY WAS SAVED.

My name is Hunt. Yes, sir; Anthony Hunt. I am a settler and drover on this western prairie. Well, you, sir, it's little else than wilds now, but you should have seen it when I and my wife first moved up here. There was not a house within sight for miles. Even now we have not many neighbors; but those we have are downright good ones. To appreciate your neighbors as you ought, sir, you must first live in those lonely places, so far removed from the haunts of man.

You ever rode, sir; but night began to set in before I was well a mile away from the town; it seemed as if I were going to be an ugly night, too. Again the thought struck me—should I turn back and wait till morning? I had the price of the cattle, you see, sir, in my breast pocket; and robbers, eyes, and murders also, were not quite unknown things on the prairie. But I had my brace of sure pistols with me, and I decided to press onward.

The night came on as dark as pitch, and part of the way my road would be pitch dark beside. But on that score I had no fear; I knew the road well, every inch of it; though I could not ride as fast as I should have done in the light. I was about six miles from home, I suppose, and I know the time must be close upon midnight, when the storm which had been brewing broke. The thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents; the best I could do was to press onward in it.

Upon this came another thought—upon less welcome; was it a trap to hinder me on my way and ensnare me? There might be midnight robbers who would easily bear of my almost certain loss of home that night, and of the money I should have about me. I don't think, sir, I am more timid than other people; but so much so, perhaps, as some; but I confess the idea made me uneasy. My best plan was to ride on as fast as I could, and get out of the mystery into safe quarters. Just here was about the darkest bit of road in all the route. Mounding my horse, I was about to urge him on, when the cry came again. It did sound like a child's plaintive wail of a child nearly exhausted.

"God guide me!" I said, undecided what to do. And as I sat another moment listening, I once more heard the cry, fainter and more faint. I threw myself off my horse, with an exclamation. "Be it ghost, or be it robber, Anthony Hunt is not one to abandon a child to die without trying to save it."

"What's your name?" I said, as I knuckled to me. "We'll go and find mammy. You are all safe now."

"Dolly's lost!" Just for a moment my heart turned sick. Then some instinct, like a ray of light and hope, seized upon me. Palling the coat off the face of the child I held, I lifted the little sleeping thing to the light, and saw Dolly.

Yes, sir. The child I had saved was no other than my own—my little Dolly. And I know that God's good angels had guided me to save her, and that the first flash of the summer lightning had shone just at the right moment to show me where she lay. It was her white sun bonnet that had caught my eye. My darling it was, and no other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

Dolly, anxious for her doll, had wandered out unseen to meet me in the afternoon. For some hours she was not missed. It chanced that my two elder girls had gone over to my nearest neighbor's, and my wife missing the child just afterward, took it for granted she was with them. The little one had come on and on, until night, and the storm overtook her, when she fell down frightened and utterly exhausted. I thanked Heaven aloud before them all, sir; as I said that none but God and his holy angels had guided me to her. It's not much of a story to listen to, sir; I am aware of that. But I often think of it in the long night, lying awake; and I ask myself how I could bear to live on now, had I run away from the poor little cry in the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp, and left my child to die.

Yes, sir, you are right; that's Dolly out yonder with her mother, picking fruit; the little trim figure in pink—just the same sort of white sun bonnet on her head that she wore that night, ten years ago. She is a girl that was worth saving, sir; though I say it, and God knows that as long as my life lasts I shall be thankful that I came home that night, instead of staying in the town.

Habits of Russian Women. On the boulevards every one knows every one else; and owing partly to the free and easy style of Russian society, the custom of addressing men and women by their Christian names, and chiefly to the narrow limits of the little world in which all life is here confined, the scene on the boulevards is rather that of a huge family party in their own garden than of the public promenade of a large town. Every one is smoking, men without exception, and married women for the most part. The astonishment of a foreigner on seeing a well-dressed woman, apparently a lady, and certainly a stranger to him, bowing to him and asking to be allowed to light her cigarette from the hot ashes of his, may be imagined, but there is nothing out of the common here.

In the meantime the equipages of the wealthy Russians are whirling through the streets. Let us take a glance at the people on wheels. These are for the most part wives and daughters of officers from the fortresses, or the wealthiest of the merchants. The wheels all roll beneath one pattern of carriage, the familiar droshki, enlarged and beautified with paint and varnish beyond the standard of that of the local cab driver, but still to all intents and purposes the same vehicle. Two ladies can lean back in the Victoria-shaped body of the carriage facing the horses, and opposite sits a cavalier, his long legs straightened and confined beneath the narrowest and most uncomfortable of seats. On the box sits the driver in black velvet waistcoat, with a skirt like a toga, and holes instead of arms through which the full pink sleeves of his shirt appear. Round his waist is a gaudy sash, and on his head the square cap of Poland. His team (or troika) is driven three abreast, at a canter, the head of the shaft horse looking straight in front of him, the heads of the other two looking perpetually back at their tails.—Temple Bar.

Absence of Newspapers. The sojourner in Venice wonders sadly how the people exist without newspapers. Yet they manage to do so in very comfortable fashion, if appearances may be trusted. The red-faced Venetian sits lazily under the half-drawn curtain that takes the place of door to his shop, waiting for customers, knowing nothing of the world without; the women, bare-footed or in toe slippers, shuffle and gossip about; but no one has a newspaper or a book; the somber gondolier quarrels for an extra centesimal from his passenger, but he never hears of America or of England, and has never read a word even of his own language. All are proud of Venice, even though she is but the dowdier bride of the Adriatic; proud that she was once conquered by Napoleon; proud of the church and square of St. Mark's; proud of the palace of the Doges, with its quaint Moorish-Gothic architecture; proud, for aught I know, of the Bridge of Sighs, "a prison and a palace on each hand," and of the horrible machinery of persecution underneath, running down a hundred steps into the gloomy earth, where the early Venice developed all that was devious in man. But Venice is a bankrupt city, only half fed, a pauper of grass gowags and sfigres, slowly returning, through gloomy grandeur, to the quagmire from which it sprang.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In bats the heart is aided by rhythmic contraction of wings in the wings. The skin of the hedgehog was used by the Romans for larding hamp. It is supposed that the rubber tree grows wild in all tropical climates. It is said a mole can travel, when frightened, as fast as a horse trots. When a crocodile is sore pressed with hunger, he swallows stones to relieve the uneasy sensation. Dickens used to perambulate the streets of London, gathering queer names for use in his stories. The threads of filaments forming the sponge average 1,000 of an inch in diameter, the finest ones.

A Colonel's Debut. "Are you the editor?" said a man, who wore a conciliatory smile and eyed me as he took a seat in our office. We acknowledged that at present we served and instructed the public in that capacity; and, to prove our assertion, we showed him the histories made on our hands by our exertion in operating the Archimedeum lever that moves the world.

"Well, I want you to surprise me with a flattering personal notice in your paper. I am going to run for constable in the Eight ward, and I want something neat in the way of a send-off." "Our columns are always open to advance the best interests of the public, but we shall expect you to first surprise us with a pecuniary compensation, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a pledge of good faith."

"I'll pay. A man can't expect to be surprised without paying for it in advance. What have you got?" "We can accommodate you with almost any kind of personal notice, from a cheap eulogized biography to an eighteen carat obituary, and at a scale of prices varying according to the strain on our columns and tenacity. In molding public opinion we defy competition. Now, how would you like this? It is a neat little pre-Raphaelite gem, and will cost you only \$1.50."

"Our enterprising townsman Colonel B—, then, whom there is no more popular and genial gentleman, in the length and breadth of our great Empire State, has consented at the earnest solicitation of many friends, to sacrifice his very profitable business to the public good, and has authorized us to announce him as a candidate for the honorable office of constable of this precinct."

"I don't care to lag any personalities into this campaign unless I am obliged to." "We always do that." "And just wind up by surprising Captain Bill Smike. He is running against me. I wouldn't say anything he might take offense at. Only say that he is not fit for the office, because he has a breath like a buzzard. These records of a convict. You might add that my brother hasn't got a wife that has fits. That will hit him where he is sore, for his brother's wife is subject to fits. I don't care to lag any personalities into this campaign unless I am obliged to."

Cameos.

The art of cutting stones, comprising the lapidary art, owes its origin to the innate superstition that precious stones hung about the neck were a protection against evil spirits and witches. Beside the brilliant and transparent noble stones or gems, like the diamond, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz, amethyst, which were more rarely employed, the translucent and opaque or soapy-looking stones which take a fine polish were mostly employed. Among the latter are the opal, turquoise, and agate, or common rocks like granite, syenite, and basalt; or those of animal origin, such as ivory, coral, mother-of-pearl, and amber, as well as metals. These were variously ornamented by different kinds of cutting. By deep cutting bold relief pictures were formed; by slight cutting, the bas-relief. The latter are called cameos. The Greeks, who received the art of cutting stones from the East, did some excellent work; they decorated many utensils and vessels with cameos, and in fact cut out whole vessels of great beauty and of technical perfection. This is seen in the so-called Portland Vase in the British Museum. The old Romans, too, who learned this art from the Greeks, are distinguished for excellence in it. In the early centuries of the Christian era this art was cultivated in Constantinople especially, while it seems to have been but little known in the West. In the fifteenth century it was brought to Italy by Grecian workmen from Constantinople. It was cultivated there up to the time of the Renaissance in the sixteenth century, particularly in Florence. The fabrication of vessels and articles of splendor from rare stones, which had also been done in Greece, was renewed here in the finest manner.

The cabinet of gems in Paris and Florence, the imperial treasury at Vienna, the treasure chamber in Munich, and especially the Green Vaults in Dresden, all possess a large number of such works of art from the hands of Italian, French, and German artists. In the seventeenth century, during the Thirty Years' War, when all art was crippled and retarded, the art of cutting stones also declined, and with the exception of a short revival in the eighteenth century, not much has been accomplished since.

At the present time the manufacture of cameos is carried on chiefly in Genoa and Rome, as well as in Paris, as a branch of industrial art. According to the *Traitor*, cameo cutting was exclusively confined to Italy and Rome forty years ago; but now Genoa has about thirty persons engaged in this art, Rome eighty, and Paris over three hundred.

The cameo cutters of to-day employ not only precious stones, but shells, lava, etc. Certain species of univalve shells are especially suited for cameos, because they consist of several layers of different colored material, which also vary in hardness and texture. These shells are worked in such a manner that the direction of the layers of the middle layer runs lengthwise. In these cameos the middle layer forms the body or the relief, and the inner layer the background, and the external differently colored layer on the surface gives to the figure a different appearance or a special setting. In selecting shells with three strata, the artist selects one where the layers adhere together well, the middle one being quite thick, and the three different in color, while the inner one is of such a shade as suits the intended work.

The shells are first cut into pieces of suitable size by means of a slitting tool and diamond dust, or a steel knife supplied with emery and water. These pieces are fastened on a four-sided block, or other shaped stone, and the edges polished with an oil stone. They are then cemented on a piece of wood to serve as a handle to hold the cameo while he draws upon it the figure that is to be cut in it. The marks of the pencil are now followed with a sharp pointed instrument which cuts the required outlines. Then finer tools of steel, wire hardened and polished on the end, files, and engraver's chisels are employed to remove the superfluous parts of the white enamel. The surface of the cameo, so far as possible, is finished with cutting tools, because the sharp edges of the figures would be injured by polishing. After the figure is cut in relief, a final polish is given, using a little putty powder dry on a stiff brush. In this operation great care must be taken not to scratch the surface. The cameo is then removed from its wooden handle, and is ready for sale. The pink conch shells make a very delicately shaded cameo that is highly prized for brooches and cuff buttons.—Scientific American.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Fertilize the Garden. Our vegetables are not as progressive as they might be. Fruit culture has been brought, upon the whole, to a higher degree of perfection on than vegetable culture, and there is still much to be desired in the way of growing vegetables. We believe that much fault lies in the manuring of vegetable grounds. The soil is allowed to get too poor, and it is believed that vegetables can be grown anywhere. Many vegetables require a rich moist soil, and wherever droughts are feared particular pains should be taken to give the earth a moist and full manure. Those dried up beans really lack moisture, so do many carrots and turnips now in the market. The carrot, that we have examined have not half the sugar in them they should have, and the best rooters are poor in color. Turnips are woody, and that delicious vegetable, the kohlrabi, is as hard as stone, instead of possessing a moist, soft flesh. There is no doubt about it, we want much teaching in the growth of vegetables, and those small, green tomatoes tell their tale also. There is not much encouragement given a fair for the growth of vegetables. There would be no harm if all agricultural societies, colleges and meetings were to give their very best attention to the vegetable market. *Fruit and Health.*

Drought and Fertilizer. A wise provision of nature says the Prairie Farmer "turns a long continued drought into one means of restoring or supplying elements of fertility of which many soils have been depleted by constant cropping. Mineral ingredients are indispensable to good crops. Chemical research has shown that an explanation for failing productiveness of soils that were originally rich, is found in many cases in the exhaustion of inorganic or mineral constituents within the reach of the roots of plants. Manures and judicious rotation of crops are the expedients of the provident and intelligent husbandman in restoring or supplying these ingredients which are taken away more or less, by what is removed by the land in the shape of farm products. A very dry season may be accepted as not utterly unprofitable, for by a wise provision the ingredients so much needed are brought up from depths below the reach of ordinary farm crops, and in this way when there is a long period of hot and dry weather a vast amount of moisture is carried from the earth by evaporation, and in the process of capillary attraction, the moisture, which has been stored by previous rainfalls and snow, is brought from depths that vary according to the texture of the soil and the severity of the drought. With the water comes, in solution, a proportion of the inorganic or mineral constituents of plants, which are thus deposited within the reach of present or future crops—that is, where they are needed and will do the most good."

Recipe. BAKED SOLE FOR INVALIDS.—Take a pound of juicy steak, from which all the fat has been removed; cut it up into pieces of about an inch square, salt and pepper it slightly; take a stone jar to hold two pints; pour into it a pint and a half of cold water, a teaspoonful of whole rice; cover the sauce, and let it bake slowly for four hours; remove any fat present.

Apple Treble.—Scald as many apples as, when pulped, will cover the dish you design to use to the depth of two or three inches. Before you place them in the dish add to them the rind of half a lemon, grated fine, and sugar to taste. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of an egg. Scald it over the fire, keeping it stirring, and do not let it boil. Add a little sugar, and let it stand till cold; then lay it over the apples and finish with the cream whip.

The Old Farmer's Young Wife.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good, and I loved her every blessed day she could; she seemed to take to every rough old tree, as singular as when first she took to me. She kept our little log house neat as wax; and once I caught her filling with my ass. She learned a hundred new-fangled things to do, she aimed a shotgun pretty nigh all the time. Although, in spite of her excess desire, she always shut her eyes before she'd fire. She had't the brains, though she had the heart.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. Of the 6,229,000 Baptists in the United States, 1,629,000 are in the South, of whom 740,000 are colored. The French believe that if a branch of mistletoe is hung in a tree with the wing of a swallow the birds will fly to it for a distance of two leagues. There was so much drunkenness in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the Christmas holiday, that the city council passed a special ordinance forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors on New Year's Day. The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that a school board cannot exclude children from the public schools on account of race or color, as such exclusion would be in violation of the statute of the state. The bone of the lion's foreleg is of remarkable hardness. It contains a greater quantity of phosphate of lime than is found in ordinary bones, so that it may resist the powerful contraction of the muscles.

DI MORGUES. Entertaining dialogue between a Danbury man and a New Haven man, at the Bridgeport railway station: New Haven Man—Any shooting up your way? Danbury Man—Lots of it. New Haven Man (sneering)—What do they shoot? Danbury Man (looking up at the clock)—Guns, mostly. Hyemuel—A tall servant. A very emphatic personage—G. Whitaker! A site for a gas house—Anthracite. Lawyers in Massachusetts carry green bags to show that they belong to the "Old Baitz State." A weekly list of business embarrassments might with propriety be called "Review of the week."

"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are so fond of larks." Then there was a silence, and the Limberger cheese might have been heard scrambling around in its tin box on the cupboard shelf.

Novel Remedy for Shipwreck. Perhaps at no point on the east coast of Scotland do the waves come rolling in more furiously in stormy weather than at Peterhead. Situated as it is on the most easterly promontory, it is fully exposed to the German Ocean. As far back as the days of Earl Marischal it was found necessary "to build an hulmark at the mouth of the haven" there, and since then many improvements have been effected with a view to the safety and convenience of the craft which during the fishing season in the north sail out from the harbors. But of all attempts made in this direction the latest is in every respect the most extraordinary. It consists simply of "throwing oil upon the troubled waters." The idea is not altogether a new one, but so far as we are aware it has never received that attention which it would seem to deserve. Mr. Shields, a Perth gentleman; Mr. Armit, submarine and wreck engineer, Bronghty Ferry and Mr. Yeaman, one of the late members of Parliament for Dundee are, however, now determined to thoroughly test its efficacy. The experiments are to be carried out at the bar of the northern harbor of Peterhead. Here a wooden building has been erected on the quay wall, in which a tank with the oil and a force-pump will be placed. From this tank the oil will be conveyed by iron pipes to deep water—a distance of some two hundred yards—and thence in a gutter percha pipe across the harbor entrance. The piping will be kept stationary by heavy blocks of metal, and it will be perforated and fitted at intervals with "roses," to permit of the oil being properly distributed. From the pipe the oil will be forced by the pump, and will rise to the surface of the water, and form a film; and while it is not expected that by this means the volume of the waves may be very much lessened, it is believed that the wind will be prevented from breaking their crests, which it seems is one of the great dangers to which small craft are exposed. Should the experiments be rendered with any degree of success the same thing could be done in a variety of circumstances.—Pulvis Echo.