

The Chatham Record.

The Wind Among the Trees.

In the spring the perfumed zephyrs,
Sweeping upward from the vale,
Play among the budding leaves,
Whisper tenderly to the trees
To the lovers as they wander
And the flowers, and they cease
To be the flowers, as they listen
To the wind among 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 was 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, eye, 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.

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 outre in such an action here.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 gas. 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 the brandy, though she had the heart. In outdoor work to take an active part; though in our fire of Fritz & Endover she wasn't no silent partner whatsoever. When I was logging, burning, chopping wood—she'd holler 'round and help me all she could, and keep me from snoring—all the while. And lifted tons, just with her yoke and smile. With no desire my girl-wife had in me, she used to stir around and show the job; would proudly say, 'We did that pretty well!' She was delicate just to hear and see—That pretty wife-girl that had home for me.