Farm, Garden and Household.

The Great Proportion of Innutritious Hay.

A man who once kept several cows in this village and sold their milk once asked me as I was receiving a load of hay: "How come you to be so lucky as to get such a capital load of hay? It is the best I have yet seen, except that I cut and cured myself." The farmer from whom I got it brought in, like all the rest of the hay sellers, a load of late cut timothy and clover, full of docks and thistles. I asked him if he had no early cut clover. He replied: "I have some timothy, cut green and cured thirty-six hours in cock, but I have reserved it for my own use." I paid him $10 a ton for a load of it, the present rate being $8, and this was the hay referred to. Our best farmers cut clover in bloom for hay and get seed from the second crop, but they feed all their hay to their farm stock. Once, after wheat harvest, I saw a farmer on Buffalo Creek cutting a large field of dead, ripe timothy and clover with a machine; it was so dry it needed no curing, but was put directly in stack. I asked the farmer if he let all his hay crop thus lose its juices before he cut it. He replied, "It will sell just as well in Buffalo." But this man did not do like another farmer who sold his hay in Buffalo, haul back to his farm a load of cattle-yard dung for every load of hay thus sold, thereby keeping up the productiveness of his farm, which enabled him to buy a large tract in Michigan, where he had settled his children, and was then on the way to visit them.—*Exchange.*

Steady and Sure.

As a general thing, says the *Tribune*, farmers need no quality more than stability. Even some of the most intellectual farmers get discouraged, or we may say upset, by low prices, and they change to something that sells higher. This has been illustrated for the last 30 years with reference to sheep, for so soon as the price of wool declined great numbers who had large and good flocks sold every head for what they could get, and turned their attention to something else. Quite likely they take up sheep again in five or six years, and then sell them all off as prices decline, but as they were never ready when prices were high they made no money. On the contrary, these men who have stuck to sheep, year after year, unconcerned whether prices were high or low, have become independent because when prices were high they made large sums, and when low they did not lose, beside their land all the while grew richer. The same is to be said of general crops providing the soil is suitable; and one is certain to make money in the long run by being steady. Another great advantage to be named by sticking to one thing arises from the skill that is gained, and without it no progress can be made. It is certainly the truth that the sturdy farmers have the best sheep and cattle, the best wheat, corn, oats, and potatoes, because he has learned by long experience exactly how to go to work, and he has risen to the dignity of applying science to his profession.

How to Cook Beans.

This is the way the down East lumbermen cook their beans, who eat them twice a day for four or five months each year: Take one quart of beans; first soak, if pea beans, until they are swelled full; it will take one night certain; if yellow-eyes, parboil until the skins crack open when blown upon with the breath; drain off the water, put about two-thirds the beans in the pot, put in one to one and a half pounds fat salt pork, then the rest of the beans; bake not less than twelve hours, first covering the beans with hot water. These are genuine Yankee pork and beans. The way they are cooked in the woods is this: A hole is dug in the ground, filled with hot coals, the bean pot put on, filled around with coals, and covered with hot ashes, where it remains from about 3 P. M. until breakfast the following morning—about fourteen or fifteen hours. There are probably more beans eaten in Maine than in the whole State of New York.

Prevention of Hog Cholera.

The *Rural World* says that one of the largest hog breeders in Missouri, who frequently has several hundred head at once, never has any sick. He gives them salt, just as he does other stock. In cooking food for hogs—which he does in a large wooden boiler holding thirty or forty bushels—he has the coals and ashes thrown in the boiler and boiled with the food. He also sometimes puts in salt and sulphur. His hogs eat burnt charcoal as freely as they do corn. They are sheltered from the cold and storms by movable sheds. Occasionally, he dissolves copperas (sulphate of iron) in water, and mixes it with their food. This destroys internal worms and is also a tonic. Hogs are as subject to colds and pneumonia as human beings. The internal organs of the hog more closely resembles those of man than any other animal.

How to Make Cheap Frames.

Cut strips of stiff pasteboard about an inch wide the desired length, clip the ends to a point, and cover with any nice black cloth, like broadcloth or fine cassimere; lap the ends at the corners of the frame, and fasten with a white or gilt button. Bind your picture and glass together with strips of gummed paper and glue, on to the frame. Hang against a white wall. Bronzed paper, which can be bought for eight cents a sheet, may be used instead of cloth, in which case a short strip across the corners of the frame is a great addition to its comeliness.

Heroines and Heroines.

We read of the golden deeds of those noble women whose names are known in the uttermost parts of the earth, and feel proud of them, and do them homage. These high, heroic minds—these self-appointed martyrs—claim our highest respect. But there is another heroism than that which is seen of all the world—a heroism rare among men, common among women—women of whom the world never hears; who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. How many thousand true heroines may exist now of whom we shall never hear! But still they are there. They sow in secret the seed of which we pluck the flower and eat the fruit; and know not that we pass the sower daily in the street—perhaps some humble, ill-dressed woman, earning painfully her own small sustenance. She who nurses a bedridden mother instead of sending her to the work-house. She who spends her heart and her money on a drunken father, a reckless brother, or the orphans of a kinsman or a friend. She who—but why go on with the long list of great little heroism, save to commemorate one more form of great little heroism—the commonest, and yet the least remembered of all—namely, the heroism of an average mother? Ah! when I think of this last broad fact, I gather hope again for poor humanity; and this dark world looks bright, this diseased world looks wholesome to me once more—because whatever else it is or is not full of, it is at least full of mothers.

No Union of the Churches.

A number of private letters which have been received at Baltimore from leading members of the Southern Presbyterian Assembly lately in session at Little Rock, indicates that the Southern Assembly was almost unanimously averse to a union with the Northern Church. They received the overtures of the Northern Assembly with coldness, and, while they considered the subject of union with some other body, their general impression was toward a consolidation with the Dutch Reformed Church. Some of the leading men were inclined to accept the overtures of the Northern Assembly, but they were so overruled that they were obliged to abandon their own ideas in favor of reunion.

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There, now," exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." Oh, no, my dear," answered he, "it's safe—I have my foot on it."

Slaughter-House Butter.

Orange County Butter that Comes Direct from the City Slaughter Houses.

A company has been organized in this city, the New York *Sun* tells us, with a capital of $500,000, for the manufacture of butter. It is claimed that the butter is genuine, the means of producing it being alone artificial; in other words, the discoverer affirms that the article is not merely butyrous, but in every respect the complete and perfect thing, as agreeable, nutritious, and usable as the best Orange county butter. A gentleman of recognized ability as a chemist is the fortunate introducer of this new wonder. Several persons of wealth have bought stock, and in a week or two the manufacture will be conducted on a very large scale. The temporary offices of the Oleo-Margarine Manufacturing Company, as the corporation is called, are at 40 Broadway and their manufactory in Forty-fifth street. Arrangements have been made for securing better accommodations in Fiftieth street, and very soon the market will be supplied with the new product. At present the demand for the article is so great that it is beyond the capacity of the company to supply it. The profits are expected to be over one hundred per cent.

As this city-made Orange county butter is used in many of the most fashionable hotels and restaurants, both for cooking and for the table, it may be interesting to our readers to learn something of the method in which it is made. In the first place agents are employed to visit the slaughter houses and to buy up all the beef fat usually styled suet. This suet is carted to the butter factory and cleansed. Then it is put into ordinary meat choppers and minced fine. It is afterward placed in a boiler with as much water in bulk as itself. A steam pipe is introduced among the particles of the suet and they are melted. The refuse or membrane goes to the bottom of the water, the oily substance floats and is removed. This latter consists of butter matter and stearine. A temperature of 80 degrees melts the former and leaves the stearine at the bottom. The butter matter, or cream, is drawn off; then about thirteen per cent. of fresh milk is added and the necessary salt, and the whole is churned for ten or fifteen minutes. The result is Orange county butter at about one-half the usual cost.

The stearine is sold at twelve cents a pound to the candle maker, and the refuse at seven cents a pound to the manufacturer of food for cattle.

All the leading steamship lines between here and Europe are to be supplied this summer with the newly invented butter. In taste and appearance it is precisely similar to the finest country butter, made from the milk of live cows. Several of the leading men in the butter trade have purchased stock, as have also many of the presidents of the steamship lines and the proprietors of the leading city hotels. Prof. R. Ogden Doremus has testified to the success of the new method of butter manufacture, and prophesies great prosperity for the new corporation. Prof. Paraf, the discoverer, expects that the new product will drive live cow butter out of the market altogether. The few unscientific outsiders who are acquainted with the facts now first made public, regard the whole thing with amazement. It seems extremely odd to them that the same carcass which furnishes a fresh steak for breakfast should also supply the Orange county butter which they spread upon their accompanying hot rolls.

The Capture of Capt. Jack.

The story of the capture of Jack, the Modoc chief, is told as fellows by an army correspondent: A series of prolonged yells and cheers aroused the camp from a pleasant siesta. Generals Davis and Wheaton and the other officers and all the men rushed from the house and tents to find the cause of the uproar, and at once the whole camp was in commotion. Down the level plain north of the house was a grand cavalcade of mounted horsemen. The steeds rushed forward at once at a furious rate, and soon neared the groups of spectators scattered about the premises. "Captain Jack is captured," shouted a sturdy sergeant. Again the valley echoed with cheers and yells. The mounted command was that of Perry. He had returned from a scout of twenty-three hours, three miles above the mouth of Willow Creek. At half-past ten o'clock in the morning the Warm Spring scouts struck a trail, and after a brief search the Modocs were discovered. Colonel Perry surrounded the Indian retreat. His men were bound to fight. Suddenly a Modoc shot out from the rocks with a white flag. He met a Warm Spring Indian, and said Captain Jack wanted to surrender. Three scouts were sent to meet Captain Jack. He came out cautiously, glanced about him a moment, and then, as if giving up all hopes, came forward, and held out his hand to his visitors. Then two of his warriors, five squaws, and seven children, darted forth and joined him in the surrender. The command that made this famous scout was the first squadron of the First Cavalry. Captain Jack is about forty years old. He is five feet eight inches high and compactly built. He has a large and well-formed face, full of individuality. Although dressed in old clothes, he looks every inch a chief. He does not speak to anyone. The Modocs are grouped in the field near the house, and surrounded by a guard. Spectators peer into Captain Jack's face with eager interest, but he heeds them not. He is still as a statue.

The Hat Swindle.

The Chicago *Tribune* gives an account of a confidence game that is being practiced in that city at present. An old hat worth fifty cents is carefully done up in a box and taken to the residence of some gentleman whose name is in the directory, always at an hour when the gentleman is not at home. The messenger presents the hat to the lady of the house, and says Mr. ——— has purchased the hat and paid one dollar on it, giving orders to present the bill for the balance when the hat is sent up. The lady looks at the bill, pays it, and the messenger departs with the money. The wrath of the gentleman on coming home and finding a beaver which would disgrace a third-rate pawn-shop can be imagined. The trick has been unusually successful. At one house where the messenger arrived with his hat, the lady surveyed the bill, but having no ready money to squander on plug hats for her husband, gave the man an order on the grocery for $4.50. The beauty took the order, changed it to $14.50, took it to the grocery store and had it cashed.

The Farmers' National Congress.

In the National Agricultural Congress of the United States at Indianapolis, the Committee on Agricultural Colleges reported for adoption a resolution approving and endorsing the efforts now being made to secure additional aid from Congress for colleges established under the land grant of 1862.

An adverse minority report being offered the report was tabled.

The Committee on Miscellaneous Business reported a series of resolutions declaring the efforts of any class to increase or decrease the value of labor, or the product of labor, as pernicious in their influence and against the interests of farmers; that the eight-hour law is unwise, unjust, and a disturbing element in the business of the whole country, and ought to be repealed.

The resolutions were rejected by a large majority.

A lengthy report from the Committee on Transportation was referred back for modification, and the Congress then adjourned.

WHAT THOSE GRANGERS MEAN.—George Kimball, of Kansas, has been sick and unable to do his farm work this spring. Seventeen of the Burrook Grangers rigged their teams on Monday and broke up twenty-seven acres of ground and left it ready for planting. There is something practical in that kind of Grange-work, and it has a smack of brotherly kindness in it that would make almost any half-decent man want to be a farmer and a Granger.

The Devil Fish.

What an English Professor says of the Affair.

Professor Lee says of the Devil fish: The arms of the octopus are not used as weapons of constriction, compression, or suffocation. They are eight tapering thongs, in ordinary specimens about eighteen inches long, on each of which are mounted, in a double row, numerous sucking disks, which decrease in size toward the tip of the limbs, and act as so many dry cupping-glasses. There are normally about 240 of these suckers on each arm, making a total of about 1,920. I have counted more in some individuals. The cups themselves, by their internal mechanism for air-exhaustion, and consequent pressure of the outer atmosphere, adhere firmly to any substance to which they are applied, whether stone, fish, crustacean, or flesh of man; but in the octopus they have no power to puncture or lacerate the skin, or to cause blood to flow. They are merely pneumatically prehensile organs, by which the animal's prey is caught and held, by their atmospheric adhesion to the surface of its body. When experimenting on the holding force of an octopus I have allowed it to fix its suckers firmly on my arm and the back of my hand, and by pretending to try to pull them away from its grasp have caused it to exert its utmost power of resistance and retention. The only effect of this has been that the vacuum produced an almost indistinguishable circular mark, corresponding with the edge of the larger disks, and not nearly so distinct as would be caused by the application of a glass tube to the skin, and the partial exhaustion of the air in it by drawing it from the other end by the mouth and tongue. In some of the cephalopods the outer circle of the cups is a horny ring, sharply serrated or dentated around its edge; and in others, the centre of each cup is provided with a sharp, strong hook, which is plunged deeply into the flesh of slippery prey for the better security of its hold; but the cuttle-fishes thus furnished are, unlike the octopus, habitually swimmers, instead of rock-crawlers. The sessile arms of the octopods are considerably longer than those of the decapods, or ten-armed cuttle-fishes, but the latter have, in addition to the eight corresponding limbs, two long tentacular arms, which, in some genera, are marvelous in the perfection of their compound apparatus for securing and holding a struggling captive. This arrangement is well suited to their habits and mode of life. Animals purely swimmers, and which hunt and overtake their prey by speed, would be impeded by having to drag after them a bundle of lengthy appendages trailing heavily astern. But a long reach of arm is an advantage, instead of a hindrance, to the octopus; for, although it can swim on occasion, its ordinary habit is to remain lurking in some favorite cranny—its body thrust for protection well back in the interior of the recess—its bright eyes keenly on the watch; three or four of its arms firmly attached to the walls of its hiding-place, the others gently waving, gliding, and feeling about in the water, as if to maintain its vigilance and keep itself always on the alert, and in readiness to pounce on any unfortunate wayfarer that may pass near its den. To small fish, crustacean or mollusk, the slightest contact with even one of those little arms is fatal. Instantaneously as pull of trigger brings down a bird, or touch of electric wire explodes a torpedo or mining fuse, the pistons of the series of suckers are simultaneously drawn inward, the air is removed from the pneumatic holders, and a vacuum created in each; the victim strives to escape; a further retraction of the central part of the disk makes all secure; and, as arm after arm, containing a perfect mitrailleuse of inverted air-guns, takes horrid hold, battery after battery of them is brought to bear, and the pressure of the air is so great that nothing can effect the relaxation of their retentive power but the destruction of the air-pump that works them, or the closing of the throttle-valve by which they are connected with it. M. Hugo gives us the means of estimating the size of the body of the octopus which attacked Gilliatt. He tells us that its arms were 'nearly a metre (39 inches) long.' None of so great dimensions have, I believe, been found in the English Channel, but it is not impossible that such exist. Granting this, the body of such an octopus would not be much larger than a soda-water bottle or a Florence flask, such as olive-oil is sold in; and so the 'horrible bag, which is a monster,' and into which you are to be inhaled and drawn alive, is but a small affair after all. The sucker, also, which the novelist says ranged from the size of a five-franc piece (which I find to be one and a half inches in diameter) to that of a split pea, would, commencing at the largest of them at the bases of the arms, be from the size of a sixpence to that of the head of the smallest of pins. The plain truth is that the octopus and other cephalopods obtain and eat their food very much like the rapacious birds. They are the falcons of the sea. Some of them, like the Onychoteuthis, strike their prey with talons and suckers also; others, like the octopus, lay hold of it with suckers alone; but they all tear the flesh with their beaks, and swallow and digest their food in as unromantic a fashion as does hawk or vulture.

The Death of Dead-Headism.

The Springfield *Republican* says:—The widely-extended prevalence and gross abuses of "dead-headism" in this country are producing the natural result of a grand reaction, and the whole system is being fast swept away. The last Congress cut it wholly out of the post-office. From and after the 1st of July, neither paper nor letter nor package of any kind is to be carried in the mails without pay. This abolition of the free privileges of the newspapers is not a very great thing in itself. At the outside it will not bring a-half million dollars into the public treasury, but it enforces a principle which is altogether right, and we regret to see any portion of the press deprecating and denouncing it. The free circulation in the counties was an especial demand of and boon to the country press; but we do not believe its loss will be found to harm any real good local paper. No man will give up his county paper, if it is made of any value to him for the matter of 20 cents postage. If it is not worth that sum additional to the old price, it is not worth an existence. The payment of postage on their exchanges will generally be regarded at first a greater burden to the newspapers; but in the end it will prove greatly economical to the press, by reducing the number of exchanges which they send and receive. Nearly every paper has twice or thrice as many exchanges as it really needs.

The Art of Scalping.

The troops in the Modoc region are adopting the savage mode of warfare to some extent. They even scalp their victims on the field, as the account of the late fighting informs us. Since scalps are to be among the trophies of modern warfare it is well to know how they are taken, cured and preserved. General Custer introduces the subject. He says:

"These scalps, according to the barbarous custom, were not composed of the entire covering of the head, but of a small surface surrounding the crown, and usually from three to four inches in diameter, constituting what is termed the scalp lock. To preserve the scalp from decay, a small hoop of about double the diameter of the scalp is prepared from a small withe, which grows on the banks of some of the streams of the West. The scalp is placed inside the hoop and properly stretched by a net hoop.

"After being properly cured, the dried fleshy portion of the scalp is ornamented in bright colors, according to the taste of the captor, sometimes the addition of beads of bright and varied colors being made to heighten the effect. In other instances the hair is dyed, either to a beautiful yellow or golden or to crimson."

A Scene in Boston.

Recently a young man, poorly but neatly clad, applied for lodgings at a police station, stating that he had just arrived in the city, and was penniless and heart-broken. He was slowly dying with consumption, and, alone in the cold world he sought only a place to remain until he died. His cheeks were sunken, and his hollow voice too plainly proved the truth of his story. "I can do nothing but put you in a warm cell," said the kind-hearted lieutenant; "nothing but that, and you could scarcely breathe there. If I send you to the City Hospital, you will be turned away, for they receive no incurable cases there. Haven't you relatives who will take care of you?" "Not one, sir. I haven't a relative in the world who knows of my existence. I can't stay long here, sir. It won't be only a little while that I shall cumber you with my presence. Can't I find somewhere some corner where I can lay down and wait? For humanity's sake, sir, don't tell me that a dying man must go into the street." And here the poor fellow broke down, and the tears which ran down his cheeks and the sobs of agony which convulsed his frame showed the bitterness which he suffered. The lieutenant sadly shook his head, and, after a small collection had been made in his behalf, the poor boy sought refuge elsewhere. His future is unknown. The statement, however, shows the necessity of some sort of an institution where the sick and homeless poor can be sheltered. At present the authorities can do nothing with applications like the above, except to tender the cheerless shelter of a prison cell.

A Gas-Propelled Boat.

Mr. William A. Leggo, of Montreal, Canada, is the author of a novel method of propelling vessels, designed especially for canal boats, to overcome the difficulties of horse towage. He discards steam wheels, ropes and other common contrivances. All that Mr. Leggo uses is a large bent pipe which is attached to the stern of the vessel, the mouth of the pipe being placed under water, pointing stern-wise. The pipe rises to the deck, and at the upper end of the pipe is a gas light and valves that open inwardly for the admission of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air. As soon as enough hydrogen and air have entered, to wit, two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, the mixture takes fire from the gas light, an explosion ensues, the valves are closed, and the great pressure produced finds vent at the mouth of the pipe, acting against the water and driving the boat ahead.

The valves then close again, the gases flow in, a new explosion takes place, and so on. These explosions follow with as much rapidity as the motions of a steam engine piston, and thus the boat soon acquires a regular velocity. Whether the manufacture, cost, and storage of the gas, and the working of the gaseous motor, will equal the economies and conveniences of steam power and its propelling appurtenances remains for Mr. Leggo to ascertain by trial. But we think he will find that steam is the cheapest and simplest motor, take it all in all. The same amount of fuel that he requires to produce the gas and work the gas engine will yield a greater amount of useful motive power if used in connection with a proper boiler, engine and propeller.

Australian Method of Cooling Water.

Large buckets of canvas, says the *Bulletin du Musee*, are made about 4 feet high and 15 inches in diameter. A bag of linen or flannel stretched across the top serves as a sieve and a siphon; a wooden cork and a canvas tube inserted below the level of the water are used to draw off the contents. These reservoirs are suspended to branches of trees in shady places and exposed to the light breezes which in summer always exist in Australia. From the damp surface of the vessels a rapid evaporation takes place, which keeps the water within at a temperature much lower than that of the surrounding air.

This arrangement is on the same principle as the water jars, or "monkeys," used in tropical countries and the east of Europe. The latter are merely unglazed earthenware jugs, having a very small neck and a spout. We have never seen them used in the United States, but should imagine that during the summer months, and particularly in event of ice famines, such as we have been threatened with during the past two years, they might be advantageously employed. The jars may be made by any potter from ordinary clay at a very small expense. By suspending them in a current of air, the water within is kept during the hottest weather at a delicious coolness, and at a temperature much more healthful than that produced by the copious use of ice. The vessels may be molded in fancy shapes, so as to be ornamental for table use.

Tunnelling the Rocky Mountains.

Says the Denver, Col., *News:* A scheme is now on foot for running a tunnel through the Rocky Mountains. This may seem a prodigious enterprise at first to the casual reader, but the parties who have the matter in hand are sanguine of the most complete success. For some time past gentlemen have been investigating the matter, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the project is feasible in every particular. The idea is to tunnel the mountains from a point about one mile below Black Hawk to the Middle Park, running in the northwesterly direction. The tunnel to be run will, it is presumed, cut many rich veins of gold and silver, and thus a great mining interest be developed. Money for the prosecution of the work is furnished by English capitalists, who are sanguine of the ultimate success of the enterprise. Some idea of the magnitude of the task may be gathered from the fact that the tunnel, if completed, will be twelve miles in length. It is intended to make it large enough to be used for railway purposes, and so, if a road is ever to be constructed to the Middle Park, it will find its convenient route through the tunnel. It will be called the Sierra Madre Tunnel Company, and the incorporation papers for its organization have already been filed.

A New Idea in Building

Wire netting for plastering is being rapidly introduced to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place on the walls, is more continuous, and will not burn. Coarse netting, with one-inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, for it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A still further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire, resembling barrels, and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses, they make excellent building material for break-waters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron-framed buildings, covering them with the wire netting, and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house—walls, floors, roofs, doors, partitions and all—has been built, that is strong, firm, and absolutely incombustible. Various applications of the use of wire netting, and plaster or cement, readily suggest themselves, and the matter is worthy of the attention of mechanics and builders.

UNAPPRECIATIVE. — "Well, Father Brown, how did you like my sermon yesterday?" asked a young preacher. "Ye see, parson," was the reply, "I haven't a fair chance at them sermons of yours. I'm an old man now, and have to set putty well back by the stove; and there's old Miss Smith, n' Widder Taff, n' Mrs. Rylan's darters, and Nabby Birt, n' all the rest, settling in front of me, with their mouths wide open, a swallerin' down all the best of the sermon; n' what gits down to me is putty poor stuff, parson, putty poor stuff!"

Mermaids---Their Appearence at Sea.

In 1737, according to a Scottish magazine, the crew of a ship newly arrived in the Thames river from the East Indies, reported that in the island of Mauritius they had partaken of a mermaid, the flesh of which was a great deal like veal. The mermaid weighed three or four hundred weight—rather a buxom specimen! The head was particularly large, and so were the features, which differed but little from those of a man or woman. The story tells of two of them, one with a beard four or five inches long, the other much more feminine. "When they are first taken," the narrator proceeds to say, "which is often on the ground, they cry and grieve with great sensibility." About the same time a story came from Vigo, in Spain, to the effect that some fishermen on that coast had caught a sort of a merman, five feet and a half from head to foot. The head was like that of a goat, with a long beard and mustache, a black skin, somewhat hairy, a very long neck, short arms, hands longer and larger than they ought to be in proportion, and long fingers, with nails like claws; webbed toes, and a fin at the lower part of the back.

The magazines for 1775 gave an account of a mermaid which was captured in the Levant and brought to London. One of the learned periodicals gravely told its readers that the mermaid had the complexion and features of a European, like those of a young woman; that the eyes were light blue, the nose small and elegantly formed, the mouth small, the lips thin, "but the edges of them round like those of a codfish;" that the teeth were small, regular, and white; that the neck was well rounded, and that the ears were like those of the eel, "but placed like those of the human species, with gills for respiration, which appear like curls." There was no hair on the head, but "rolls, which, at a distance, might be taken for curls." There was a fin rising pyramidally from the temples, "forming a foretop, like that of a lady's head-dress." The bust was nearly like that of a young damsel, a proper orthodox mermaiden, but, alas! all below the waist was exactly like a fish. Three sets of fins below the waist, one above the other, enabled her to swim. Finally, "It is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never exerts except before a storm." The writer in the *Annual Register* probably did not see this mermaid, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* described as being only three feet high. It was afterward proved to be a cheat, made from the skull of the angle shark.

A Welsh farmer named Reynolds, living at Pen-y-hold in 1782, saw a something which he appears to have believed to be a mermaid; he told the story to Dr. George Phillips, who told it to Mrs. Moore, who told it to a young lady pupil of hers, who wrote out an account of it for Mrs. Morgan, who inserted it in her "Tour to Milford Haven." How much the story gained on its travels—like the Three Black Crows, or the parlor game of Russian Scandal—we are left to find out for ourselves; but its ultimate form was nearly as follows: One morning, just outside the cliff, Reynolds saw what seemed to him to be a person bathing in the sea, with the upper part of the body out of the water. On nearer view, it looked like the upper part of a person in a tub, a youth, say, of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with nice white skin; a sort of brownish body and a tail were under the water. The head and body were human in form, but the arms and hands thick in proportion to length, while the nose, running up high between the eyes, terminated rather sharply. The mysterious being looked attentively at Reynolds, and at the cliffs, and at the birds flying in the air, with a wild gaze, but uttered no cry. Reynolds went to bring some companions to see the merman or mermaid, but when he returned it had disappeared. If we like to suppose that Reynolds had seen some kind of seal, and that the narration had grown to something else by repeating from mouth to mouth, perhaps we shall not be very far wrong.—*All the Year Round.*

Philosophical Pedestrianism.

Walking, says a writer in the June number of the *Galaxy*, brings out the true character of a man. The devil never yet asked his victims to take a walk with him. You will not be long in finding your companion out. All disguises will fall away from him. As his pores open his character is laid bare. His deepest and most private self will come to the top. It matters little whom you ride with, so he be not a pickpocket; for both of you will, very likely, settle down closer and firmer in your reserve, shaken down like a measure of corn by the jolting, as the journey proceeds. But walking is a more vital copartnership; the relation is a closer and sympathetic one, and you do not feel like walking ten paces with a stranger without speaking to him. Hence the fastidiousness of the professional walker in choosing or admitting a companion, and hence the truth of a remark of Emerson, that you will generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbor. Your cur-dog is a true pedestrian, and your neighbor is very likely a small politician. The dog enters thoroughly into the spirit of the enterprise; he is not indifferent or preoccupied; he is constantly sniffing adventure, laps at every spring, looks upon every field and wood as a new world to be explored, is ever on some fresh trail, knows something important will happen a little further on, gazes with the true wonder-seeing eyes whatever the spot or whatever the road, finds it good to be there—in short, is just that happy, delicious, excursive vagabond that touches one at so many points, and whose human prototype in a companion robs miles and leagues of half their fatigue.

"They Say."

"They say" often tells that which is not true. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely ever is a suspicious report put in circulation, but this Mr. "They Say," is the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living nowhere, he cannot be found. Who said that Mr. ——, the merchant, was in a failing condition? "Why, "They Say" so. On what authority do you affirm that neighbor J. has been in bad company? Why, "They Say" so. Is it a fact that Miss V. is not so circumspect as she should be? Why, "They Say" so. Have nothing to do with that Mr. "They Say;" he is a half-brother to Mr. Nobody, who always does all the mischief, and lives nowhere but in the inventive brain of those who, undeserving respect; themselves, are desirous to pull down to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of "They Say."

Will Not Leave Home.

Mr. Bailey, of the Danbury *News*, in reply to an urgent call, backed by offers of many ducats, to go to New York, says: "Your big city likes fresh oranges; but it very quickly sucks them dry, and throws them away. I don't want to be sucked dry right off; so I think I'll remain where I am. I've seen from my country home how clever fellows turn out who go to New York with grand expectations. They gave up something, and in the end found nothing. I am glad you want to have me come, and I'm gladder that I don't want to go. Danbury, insignificant village as it is, is good enough for me; and as I don't want to steal anything, or get murdered, or get up a reputation for genius, I respectfully but firmly decline to pitch my tent in Gotham."

CURT-PLASTER.—To make court-plaster, take half an ounce of benzine and six ounces of rectified spirits; dissolve and strain. Then take one ounce of isinglass and half a pint of hot water; dissolve, and strain separately from the former. Mix the two, and then set them aside to cool, when a jelly will be formed; warm this, and brush it ten or twelve times over a piece of black silk stretched smooth. When dry, brush it with a solution made from four ounces of Chian turpentine and six ounces of tincture of benzine.

Equal to the Situation.

A rich broker in San Francisco lately made a desperate effort to prevent his pretty daughter from marrying a man who mended harness for $65 a month. The girl loved the man, and seemed determined to go ahead with the business of true love. The broker offered the harness-mender $1,000 to desert his daughter forever. The young man refused the bribe as no equivalent for his claim. He then went to the young man's employers to get them to discharge him. They could not think of doing this, as he was a good, faithful fellow, and gave entire satisfaction—so the old broker didn't know what to do next. His daughter helped him out of his uncertainty, but plunged him into deeper trouble than he had ever known before. She disappeared one day, and search for her proved unavailing. In two or three days traces of the missing girl were found in the office of a Justice of the Peace. There was a record there of her marriage with the faithful harness-mender. The broker draped his house in mourning according to the custom of his religion, and of course regards his daughter as dead. She immediately found a place as saleswoman in a millinery store at $45 a month, and $45 and $65 make $110, which is not so bad a figure after all for a young married couple to cut. It is just the sort of beginning that founds a happy home, into which mothers-in-law are not apt to enter with their disturbing influences, and fathers do not break through and steal their daughters away.

The Fetish of Society.

In the *Arcadian* there are some sharp observations on "the parlor of the period."

Among those fetishes which we worship with slavish idolatry, none is more thoroughly our master than the parlor of the period. Coming in from the cheerful glare of daylight, the unhappy caller is blindly ushered into the mysterious chamber of horrors. Groping his way to find a seat, he hits his knee against the sharp cornered ottoman which lurks in ambush on his path, or catches his feet in the sprawling legs of the large easel on which it is now the fashion to display engravings and paintings, or rather the frames which are supposed to set off to advantage these works of art. As his eyes become accustomed to the dim twilight, he gradually discerns chairs scattered around at regular distances, more ottomans, a table or two with knick-knacks, and, looming up far away, a grim piano-forte carefully covered with a gloomy pall. It is too dark to read, too dark to examine the knick-knacks, too dark to do anything but impatiently await the tardy hostess. Ten minutes of a life which ought at least to share at will in God's gifts of light and air, are lost every time we visit a friend and are kept waiting in the dismal receptacle we call a parlor.

Compulsory Vaccination.

The benighted Asiatics, says an exchange, find, to their surprise, that Russia has a very summary method of practically enforcing the behests of European civilization. Great Britain's temporizing method of dealing with the Orientals finds no favor in Russian eyes. Recently small-pox made its appearance in one of the Asiatic possessions of the Czar. His officers at the post requested the people to come and be vaccinated. Compliance with this invitation being summarily refused, a few medical officers, well supplied with lancets and vaccine virus, were detailed for active service. These surgeons were accompanied by a regiment of Cossacks. The dashing lancers ran down every man, woman, and child in the infected district, and held them each and all until the physicians pronounced them thoroughly vaccinated. This is advancing humanity at the points of the lance and lancet.

The Congress appointed the time and place of the next meeting of the American Agricultural Congress at Atlanta on the second Wednesday in May next year.

EDITORIAL NOTICES are so common that it is almost impossible for an editor to express his honest opinion of the merits of any article without being suspected of interested motives. This fact, however, shall not deter us from saying what we think of a new addition to the Materia Medica to which our attention has been recently directed. We refer to DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS, a remedy which is making its way into more families just now than all the other advertised medicines put together. Its popularity, as far as we can judge, is not based on empty pretention. There seems to be no question about the potency of its tonic and alterative properties, while it possesses the great negative recommendation of containing neither alcohol nor mineral poison. That it is a specific for Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, and many complaints of nervous origin, we have reason to know; and we are assured on good authority that as a general invigorant, regulating and purifying medicine, it has no equal. It is stated that its ingredients, (obtained from the wilds of California,) are new to the medical world; and its extraordinary effects certainly warrant the conclusion that it is a compound of agents hitherto unknown. If popularity is any criterion, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the VINEGAR BITTERS, for the sale of the article is immense and continually increasing.—*Com.*

A Virginia journal gives notice that if any of its patrons fail to get the paper they should call at the office and subscribe. This journal "means business."

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